

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

BY ROBT. A. THOMPSON.

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SELECTED POETRY.

Trodden Flowers.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,
Clings to kindly rocks and ruined towers,
Spirits that suffer and do not repine—
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers,
That from beneath the passer's heel arise
And give back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lowly love that haunts their eyes and ears;
That would fond faith with anger worse than steel
And out of pity spring draw idle tears.
O Nature! shall it ever be thy will
All things with good to mingle, good with ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of one complaining less,
Alike charity that strikes not from distress,
Gentleness, both her tyrants to oppress?
Though virtue weep forever and lament,
With one heart deep turn to her and relent.

Why should the reed be broken that will bend,
And they that cry the tears in others' eyes
Feel their own anguish welling without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke of sighs
Sure Love to some fair Eden of life soon
Will flee at last, and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth always—weepeth for the just,
For woes that are, for woes that may befall;
Why should not hard-heartedness weep at last,
Easy and hasty, avarice and pride?
For while we sorrow, sorrow is your lot,
They would be rebels—love rebellious not.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE KEOWEE COURIER.

Mr. Editor: I ask a place in your columns, from the fact that I see you were present at a "Pic Nic" on Tunnel Hill, through your paper of May 30th.

The *Valhalla Banner* of June 6th in its editorial says "We were not present." Of the orators spoken of at that time, one is out in the *Banner* as "Book-keeper of Tunnel Hill." The other in the *Keowee Courier* 6th June, as "Vespucci." If you had have given the words of the song delivered by "Vespucci" (which I sincerely hope you will yet do) then the picture would have been complete, and all persons could have judged as to which portion of the picture they admitted most. I admire your editorial very much, and I have no doubt that every young lady that is a reader of your paper will say the same. A few more "Pic Nics" and editorials of the same kind, and you will win from one of Carolina's fairest daughters a chaplet that a Prince might well be proud to wear. Senator SUMNER, of Mass., claimed unrestricted privileges in debate, in reply to oral or written speeches. I think all parties concede as much when they are governed by a strict regard for truth and morals. I am, like him, in another point. I am an old man and non-combatant.

The other side of Mr. SUMNER's picture "is the rock on which we split." I would prefer to take Abraham of old as my model with his three hundred and eighteen servants, born in his own household. I think he had more of God in his heart and less of the Devil than Senator SUMNER. In the few remarks I shall make to "the Book-keeper of Tunnel Hill" and "Vespucci," I will try and not perversely facts in my criticism. I exceedingly regret the position of the man who claims the Keystone State as the place of his birth. The almost undivided response of the different Southern States to the claims of JAMES BUCHANAN, for the Presidency, shows that they are above sectional and party feeling. And passing strange this man from the Keystone State (I shall quote his own language) says I do not wish to boast of Northern men. But after telling you of the great stories I have heard at home of Southern Chivalry, I have found in the Palmetto State, let me say I am not yet seen within its limits a Palmetto tree. I am told there is one growing in Charleston. This can be illustrated by an anecdote of two little boys. One of them was invited to dine and when the soup was handed around he wept—why so, said the other—the response was, "I can't eat except with my own spoon." "This man can't be fed on Southern Chivalry unless he has his Pennsylvania spoon with him." It is possible that the history of the Palmetto Regiment, and their fight at Churubusco, has never reached the Keystone State, which is the residence of the President recently elected to preside over this Republic. This man says he has never seen a Palmetto tree. I am no chemist. I have heard it is rejected by scientific men that there is a very large amount of electric fluid in the constituent parts of this tree. I believe the British thought so during the Revolution, as a general mounted on a few Palmetto logs on Sullivan's Island demolished their fleet in the Charleston Harbor.

I believe the people of Boston had some peculiar notions of that kind, as they sent Mr. HARRIS, a very distinguished man to Charleston, to test the principle of one of our laws. He was so operated on by its spirit that some of the most distinguished and wealthy gentlemen of Charleston kindly assisted him on board a vessel, and he was relieved by the water breeze on his way home. This man from the Keystone State, as Mr. BUCHANAN is President, had better go to Charleston and examine that tree and report to some of the scientific societies of Philadelphia. He may get a prize. He will have another advantage.

he will pass through the District of Edgemoor, the home of the lamented Brooks. From the fact that he caned SUMNER he had more gold-headed canes than any man living. Perhaps as this man is from Mr. BUCHANAN'S State, Brooks' friends might give him one of these canes. To "Vespucci," I hope you may ever have at your tongue's end, if the emergency requires, a song equally as appropriate as the one sung at "the Tunnel Hill Pic Nic."

CAROLINA.

Anecdotes of the Palmettoes.

Last week the city council of Columbia, (S. C.) entertained the remnant of the Palmetto regiment of the Mexican war with a handsome supper. Several eminent gentlemen were present, and narrated some very interesting incidents of the war. Hon. Mr. Keitt, M. C., delivered a speech from a report of which we extract the following: Mr. Keitt said it was out of his line to make a set speech, but, with the permission of the company, he would ramble along, and give an incident or two which he had derived from Gen. Quitman and others in relation to the Palmetto regiment—a few of which we report.

Gen. Quitman told him that when a portion of his brigade was ordered into battle, Col. Butler was refused to be allowed to go, because the Palmettoes were actually broken down by fatigue and privation, and he was too feeble for duty. He detailed the New York Regiment and another, and ordered them forward. Col. Pierce Butler demanded "a place in the picture." "No, sir, your place is in the hospital." "Sir!" said he, elevating his noble figure, with the fire flashing from his eagle eye, "never, sir, while the enemy is in sight, and our flag moving onward!" He could not resist him; his demand was acceded to, and the regiment took its "place in the picture," a brilliant light on the canvass. Gen. Quitman told him, too, that the flag of the Palmetto regiment was the first that waved over the city of Mexico. "Sir, I was with that regiment at the gates of the city, and when I called for a flag, to plant upon that gate, the Palmetto flag was the only one there, and that was the flag that first spread its folds in triumph over the Capitol of Mexico."

Mr. Keitt mentioned this glorious testimony to the brave Palmetto boys, because an effort had been made to supplant them and falsify this truthful history.

Another incident he could not omit, in his desultory ramble. While others had spoken of gallant commanders, who had fallen in the post of honor, there were others and many subordinates and privates, to whom he could award a passing tribute did time allow, but he would only allude to one—who had been there, but had fallen in another field battling for the Palmetto State. He alluded to the noble Brooks—his poor friend Brooks—his colleague—his champion—his room mate. He spoke of his nobleness, his gentleness, his magnanimity, and related many beautiful incidents in illustration of his character.

When another regiment had fled, and all the horrors and scourges of war were pouring down on the gallant Palmettoes, bathed in the blood of their comrades—when Shields said "who will follow me?" and Butler said "we will"—Brooks, yes, the stripling Brooks, cried out, "yes, all will follow you to the death!"—and he did. The same ball which pierced his body shivered his musket—and a shivered musket was to adorn the signet, with the motto *ad us meruisse*. When his brother left home, Brooks told him, his father said to his old body servant, "go with him and take care of him—I confide my son to you." How did the good old negro act when the baptism of blood was going on—when perils were lingering around—when hot ignition of stratagem was everywhere—with none to watch the wounded boy but this old servant, he was at his labor of love, taking care of his charge. Crushed bones worked out from the wound—he gathered them up and preserved them. The noble spirit passed out, and the corpse alone was left. What did the old and faithful slave? The regiment gave him a mule and cart—the soldiers helped to make a rude coffin. With his own hands he placed the earthly remains of his beloved young master in this hearse—he conveyed it to Mexico—he carried it to Vera Cruz—he bore it on a shipboard and by railroad, to his old master's home, and delivered the body and bones of her child to his widowed and bereaved mother, at the hotel of his birth place. This is literally true. In classic story—in legendary annals—in ancient or modern times—where is the equal of this touching story?

The Charleston Mercury adds to the report of the meeting a singularly interesting narrative as follows:

Among the many very interesting incidents of the Palmetto Regiment, which were related on the evening of the entertainment, there was one which was not told, and to us it was one of the most interesting, the most thrilling scenes, among the many which occurred on the land field of Churubusco.

When the Palmetto Regiment was left alone on the bloody field, surrounded on all sides by overwhelming numbers of merciless and treacherous foes, who were pouring volley after volley in rapid succession through their ranks, each of which told with fearful effect, the voice of the noble Butler could be heard high above the hoarse din of battle, and encouraging his boys to deeds of valor. "Remember South Carolina, my boys," was his watchword. So

long as that voice was heard, his boys moved slowly but steadily on. Suddenly that voice ceased, and was heard no more; but there came a cry, which swept down the lines quick as lightning, "Butler is killed! Butler is killed!" The regiment was paralyzed; their arms unnerved; all hope of victory had fled—for their head, their gallant chief, their loved father, had been taken from them at a time when he was most needed, and they felt that they were orphans indeed.

The gallant Shields saw, at a glance, the effect the fall of Col. Butler had produced on the Palmettoes; and, putting spurs to his noble iron gray, rode up the lines crying out, "Palmettoes, you have lost your Colonel! Now avenge his death!" Instantly the regiment recovered, and, with clinched teeth, grasping their arms firmly, there came a shout, followed with a cry, "Go on, General, we'll follow." "Charge bayonets!" commanded Gen. Shields, and in a moment the serried ranks of the foe were pierced by the bayonets of the Palmettoes, and soon they were flying in all directions, as a gallant comrade once said, "like clouds before an angry wind."

This charge ended the long and bloody battle of Churubusco, for as soon as it was known that the Polque Guards, the dandy regiment of the city of Mexico, were routed, the forces at the telegraph, the convent, and the bridge, lowered their flags and victory, for the fifth time that day, perched upon the American flag.

A Poisoning Case.

A man named Rosa, residing in the town of Mandana, Onondaga county, was slightly ill on Wednesday, the 6th of May; that he was quite ill on Thursday 7th, and that he died on the Tuesday following, which was the 12th. Suspicions that something was wrong were, it appears felt by the attending physician as early as Saturday evening, which were not allayed by ensuing observations of the case. But nothing was done towards solving the matter until the early part of last week, when, at the request of several reputable citizens of the vicinity, Coroner Kneeland proceeded to the spot for the purpose of examining the case.

This examination was begun on Thursday morning. The coffin was disinterred, taken to a barn close by the burying ground, removed from the coffin, and a post mortem examination made by medical gentlemen understood to be competent for the work. Some of the contents of the stomach were removed, and submitted to the test of a chemical analysis by Dr. Fuller of this city, aided by Dr. Benedict of Skaneateles. For the purpose of occupying comfortable quarters, the jury then adjourned to the house of Mr. Van Ingeweg, at Mandana. The examination of the witnesses was begun early in the afternoon, and did not terminate until Friday evening about 11 o'clock. On Saturday morning a verdict of guilty of murder was found against the wife.

Much interest was manifested during the examination of the accused. She was on the stand from three to five hours, and under the circumstances, passed the ordeal very well. She was, however, contradicted in some points, by other witnesses. The testimony shows that she sent to Auburn for arsenic, and afterwards borrowed some more from Mrs. Northrup, under somewhat suspicious circumstances; but there is no positive evidence to show that she administered any of the poison to her husband. "This jury had to infer from other circumstances. There appears to be yet lacking a sufficient motive for the commission of murder."

A number of the friends of the accused were present after the rendition of the verdict and when she was arrested; among them her father, her little boy, and her sister. The scene was heart-rending. She protested her innocence of the crime, and called on God as her witness; but her relatives appeared grief-stricken and inconsolable. On the way to Skaneateles she inquired if she could have the use of any books in the jail, and being answered in the affirmative, said she wanted nothing but the Bible. The accused woman is a daughter of Nathaniel Lefevre, an old resident of the place and a man of large property. The Rosa family also reside in the neighborhood, and are reputable people, and in good circumstances. The case naturally excites a deep interest in that quiet and respectable neighborhood.—*Syracuse Standard*.

CINCINNATI, June 13.—This morning as four United States Deputy Marshals were arresting a fugitive slave and his wife, the slave stabbed Mr. J. C. Elliott, one of the Marshals, with a long sword knife; upon which another Deputy Marshal shot the slave in the abdomen four times. The negroes were then taken in custody. The Marshal's wound is of a dangerous character. The negro's is thought to be mortal. The affray occurred in a room on Vine street, near the Post-office, where the negroes were arrested.

COLUMBUS, June 16.—W. H. Gibson, the State Treasurer, has resigned. A deficit of over half a million having been discovered in the treasury. Mr. Gibson says the deficit existed when he took the office, and that it was caused by the defalcation of John G. Breslin, the former State Treasurer. The Governor has appointed a committee to investigate the affair. Notwithstanding the defalcation the interest on the State debt, in July, will be paid.

A Capital Jeu D'Esprit.

REPORT OF A FISHY CONVENTION.

All the marine monsters, big fish and small fry of the great deep lately met in convention, to take into consideration the conduct of the Ocean, and also of mankind in general. The Whale was elected President, and from his greatness might be termed the Prince of Whales.

He opened the convention by stating that he did not wish to make a speech; he would take up as little room, and be no longer than possible. (Cheers.)

The Shark whispered to the Swordfish that it was not possible for the Whale to be much longer, for he was eighty feet now; in his opinion, he only wanted a chance to spout, and he considered him as a regular old blower.

The Whale contended that, notwithstanding his great size, he was not exempt from suffering. He had been grossly insulted by man—he would say *lampooned*, not that he would pun upon the use made of his fat, as he did not wish to make light of such a matter. He had been harpooned at least. Man had been sarcastic towards him, and his shafts were sharp and pointed. Some of his fellow whales had been very much cut up and exceedingly tried. He had lately learned that a substitute for oil had been invented, which might lessen the persecution of whales, but he learned it was all gas. The whale alluded to a harpoon which had lately hit him—it made a great impression upon him, and he feared had affected him deeply. (Great sensation.) Here his feelings overpowered him, and he sat down (on the shark) amid a general blubber.

The Shark rose with some difficulty, and remarked that the tail of the whale had moved him; in fact, it was very striking. His own situation was far from pleasant. He was, by profession a lawyer, and he flattered himself one of the deep kind. (Cheers and laughter.) But business was bad, and he had been obliged to take in a few pupils. He had already represented a *fas opening* to a young man who fell overboard, but was soon obliged to reject his *suit* as indigestible. Unless he had more cases he should leave the law, and open as a dentist, as he was acquainted with the art of *setting teeth*. He held up one fin as a signal that he had finished.

The Sea Serpent did not wish to intrude upon the convention, as he did not know whether he properly belonged to the fish tribe, and did not want to appear officious. All he asked was to be classed with the Eel, whom he regarded as a *slippery character*. (Here the eel was observed to wriggle.)—Lately he was passing a certain species of the eel when he happened to touch him, he had been so shocked that he hardly recovered.

The Eel arose and said that he was *elecc trifled* at these remarks; it was evident that the serpent was more than half seas over, and if he was not careful he would get himself into a regular coil. As for being a "slippery character," he thanked Neptune he did not belong to such a *secky set* as the serpent. The Whale called the Eel to order, and the Eel called the Whale a confounded old swell head, and was then summarily put out of the convention.

The Turtle was suffering from a slight indisposition. He was walking ashore, a short time since, when he met a party of young sailors. The result was, that he was laid flat on his back, and was unable to move for some time, and since he had not felt as usual. There was one thing to which he would call the attention of the convention. He prided himself upon the purity of his political principles; he was the adherent of best friend. The shark had insulted him by calling him a regular old hard shell. [Here the Shark interrupted him by asking if he was not the case?] The Turtle replied that he should have something to lay before the next meeting. The Shark (contemptuously) yes, a few eggs, probably.

The Porpoise did not exactly understand the purpose of the convention, nor whether all the members were present. The Secretary called the roll. The whale called him to order, and was sorry to see him feeling about in that disagreeable condition. His motion was quite out of order, and he appeared to be attempting to get up a *revolution*. The Porpoise assured the convention that his movements proceeded entirely from the motion of the waves, but still he should waive his motion. He then took a back seat amid cries of "you're a blower."

The President remarked that he should be happy to hear from some of the small fry—the oyster, lobster, and others—who, if not the "bone and sinew" of the tribe, were at least the *muscles*. The Oyster proceeded to open his case, which was a hard one. He was continually in trouble, and always in some *stew or broil*. He had family troubles also; his half brother, the *Clam*, was a disgrace to the family; always in liquor, and generally considered a *squirt*. Some of his family were very lazy, and spent most of their time in *beds*. There had also been some *rakes* among them, creating a great disturbance. He was most respectable himself; his father was quite distinguished, and his maternal ancestor was *Mother of Pearl*. He went in for his own rights, and did not care whether the rest got theirs or not.

The Jew fish remarked, that was very *shel fish*.

The Oyster continued: There was one of his neighbors—he would not call him names—who was *surly and crabbed*; that

he was a *one-sided* individual, and no one approved of his motions.

The Crab protested against this abuse, and said the rest took advantage of him because he was "soft." He respectfully retired *backwards*.

Here the Codfish entered and apologized for his lateness, as he had been *visiting a school*. He thought the whale was badly off, since men took his oil to make *lights* of. His own case was the reverse of this: they took his *lights*—and *liver*, too, for that matter—to make oil of. This might be very good for consumption, but it was confounded bad for him. The most alarming kind he had ever heard of was the consumption of codfish. It might be very good fun for men to cut him open and salt him, but to hang him up afterwards was rather too bad a joke.

The Herring said there had been a disposition manifested to play tricks of this kind in his school; and that lately some of his companions had been badly smoked.

The Shad, too, in his spring migrations up the rivers, had been greatly persecuted, especially by the members of the legislature. Men had greatly *netted* him, and had nearly driven him in *sane*. He was a superstitious fish, and a most unlucky day to him was *fray-day*. However, he thought his enemies had suffered somewhat in the warfare, and found his *tail* a regular *bony part*.

The Flatfish was not particularly *flattering* in reply to the shad, for he did not believe there was a *shad* out of truth in his remarks.

The Salmon, also, had his troubles. He was an aristocrat—(here there was a general turning up of nose, and some titteing, not of the codfish kind either)—and did not associate with the small fry. He spent most of his time in travelling, and in summer went up to the inland rivers, and took his family to the *springs and the falls*. He had lately been much afflicted and grossly maltreated at the South. Passing up the Savannah river, his family had been surrounded by a party of infamous kidnappers, and some of his children *hooked*. It was his intention to inform Uncle Sam and Tom of this outrage, and the Union would be dissolved immediately. Here there was a general row among the small fry. The Trout called the Salmon a "Northern fish," with Northern principles, who had no business poking his nose up Southern rivers." He considered the story of the Salmon all gammon, and got up for political effect. He was a small fish, but any insult to his native streams he would not brook.

The Flying fish flew into a tremendous passion, and appealed to the Back fish; who modestly thanked Neptune that though his back was black his belly was white. Just then there was a great disturbance, also, among the small fry; who had evidently been drinking.

There was a lot of suckers who were much inebriated, and one small fish sung at the top of his gills that he was a "jolly old *sole*," and the convention, like many of our political meetings, broke up in a general row; therefore it is presumed everything will go on as if nothing had happened.

From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.

Hoops vs. Moustaches.

BY MAUD MARY.

It is really too bad that we ladies cannot start a new fashion, but all the rowdies must ridicule us. I say rowdies, and I mean rowdies, for were they gentlemen they would not make a lady's costume the subject of their jest. It does not matter what outlandish fashion the gentlemen may adopt, it is all right, but let the ladies put on something new, whether for comfort or convenience, the gentlemen like so many swallows flying round a cat, each one tries to see which can give the hardest hit; and because poor Puss lies quiet for a while, they think she cannot hit back. It is a queer comparison Mr. Editor, but it is as good as one as I choose to give. It is not at all gallant for the sterner sex to ridicule us so, and we ladies have borne it in silence quite long enough, but can't do it much longer, indeed we can't.

Pray tell me if those horrid moustaches, imperials, &c., are of any use to the gentleman? If they are, I shall not say one word against them for I approve of adopting anything, however ugly it may be, if it is convenient, economical, or useful, or pertains to the comfort of the person who uses it.

Come, now, since your sex are so opposed to "hoops," let us reason together, and we shall see, if justice were done, which would be the best subject for ridicule, moustaches or hoops, and then we will discuss the hoop question.

First, then, are moustaches convenient? Of course not; because, in the first place they need a good deal of care. You must have them just exactly so, or those stiff little brushes will be poking themselves into your mouth when you are eating. Bah! anything but a hair in one's mouth; the very idea is enough to disgust a gentleman. Then they are a terrible one's nasal organ, judging from the effort the possessors are continually making to smooth them down. I should not think it a very pleasant sensation. Is it? Well, then, that is a settled point, is it not, that moustaches are not convenient?

Neither are they economical. I do wonder how much they would cost, if you had the courage to count the number of half times, dimes, quarters of dollars, &c., that you gave to the barber for trimming them, and have spent for cologne, musk, oils, &c.

Oh! that is not much. No, not much, perhaps it isn't, but you might do some good with just that little. I warrant you would think it considerable were you to give it to some unfortunate being who asked alms of you; but it is nothing to spend on your moustaches. Well, for my part, I think there is no economy in spending money for such inconvenient appendages.

Now, since they are inconvenient and expensive, are they useful? Oh no, they are not worn for use, but "give such a foreign air." That is true, for all monkeys are foreign; and do you think they contribute to the beauty of a gentleman's feature? If you call a monkey handsome then they certainly do, for those that wear them in connection with a goatee and imperial, bear a strong resemblance to that animal.

Perhaps they are worn to attract the attention of the ladies. If so, they have attained their purpose, for a lady's eye never fails to rest upon the bushy crop encircling a gentleman's mouth, and their little heart beats with pity to think that those who should be the noblest of our earth, are trying their best to resemble the hairy-faced animals I have mentioned before.

When a farmer, in looking over his possessions of growing wheat, finds any more bearded than the rest he regrets it exceedingly, for he is sure it will turn out poor, for he knows that the head contains but little substance, or it would not all run to the beard; and our sex reason from the same principle, knowing that when the crop around the mouth and chin are so flourishing, there can be but little in the "upper story," and I find my conclusion is generally right, for now a days, the most of our gentlemen seem to think but little of anything but kissing us ladies; and their conversation consists of but little else than trying to flatter us, by telling us of our beauty, grace, &c., let us be as ugly and awkward as we may. They can certainly have little sense, or they would not even suppose we took their word for it when we have seen in mirror, of our own, and I know the ladies are quite as good judges of beauty as the gentlemen. So they may laugh at us if they please, we can laugh too. I am sorry indeed that there is such a scarcity of gentlemen of good solid sense, and such a profusion of moustaches.

So you are tired of talking about the moustaches. Well, it is the truth, they are disagreeable things to talk about, let alone to look at, and if you really wish it we will change the subject to hoops.

We have said that moustaches were neither convenient to a person or useful; nor do they pertain to a person's comfort; but, dear sir, hoops are just exactly what moustaches are not.

In the first place, hoops are healthy. You need not laugh, for let it appear as it may, it is nevertheless true. Had the gentlemen of the present age cultivated their brain, instead of their moustaches, they would not fail to remember, what every physician asserts, that the number of heavy skirts which the ladies have been in the habit of wearing that they may not present a dowdy appearance, which would exceedingly mortify their fathers, besides brothers and uncles, are decidedly injurious, and often result in serious consequences.

We have long been aware of the fact, but the ladies in general would rather have sacrificed their health, ease and comfort than hurt the feelings of their male friends, until they found the gentlemen had consideration, which was proved when we donned the Bloomer costume, so we determined to dress as best suited our feelings; we doffed the Oriental fashion and once more donned the long skirts, and though dressed warm enough, we use the light hoops in place of a superfluity of heavy quilts. There is abundant evidence that the hoops are healthy.

Hoops are economical, for the cost of them is but a trifle, in comparison to that of the superfluous garment heretofore worn. They are convenient, too, for they do not hinder the warmth of our dress in the winter, and in summer we do not have to sacrifice our own comfort for the sake of appearances.

Now we have proved that hoops are useful by showing that they are healthy, convenient and economical; but they are useful in another way, too. You know the gentlemen are very fond of kissing us ladies. Now it is always bad enough to be kissed by a gentleman, minus a moustache, but it is worse to be kissed by them now that their mouth is entirely surrounded by bristles. When it is necessary to use a flesh brush on our faces we prefer to buy one of the right kind, and not take the greasy hair appendages of a latter day gentleman's upper lip and chin. But we are the weaker sex, Mr. Editor, and the gentlemen are so head strong, that all our resistance would be like chaff scattered to the wind, and we must needs submit to have our faces well greased, could we not invent something to keep the gentlemen at a proper distance. So here comes the hoops to our assistance and they have proved themselves really useful. So, say what you will, we intend to wear them until we find something to suit us better.

MARKED AND THEIR DESTROYERS.—Marked pay best—1. Those who destroy them, heroes and warriors. 2. Those who cheat them, statesmen, priests and quacks. 3. Those who amuse them, as singers, actors, dancers, and novel writers. But best of all, those who speak truth, and instruct them.