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AGRICULTURAL.

PROTECTION AGAINST DROUGHT.—The best protection against the effect of a severe drought is the thorough pulverization and frequent stirring of the soil. No one without experiment or nice observation would believe that so great an effect would be produced. A naturally dry soil, when stirred often in dry weather, is moist nearly to the surface, while the same kind of soil, in grass lands, or when the land has not been stirred, dried down eight, ten, or twelve inches, and the vegetation on such soil, even the hard deep rooted weeds dries upon with heat and drought, while the crops on the stirred soil look vigorous and grow luxuriantly. These are facts which we have learned from experience, and they are confirmed by numerous experiments of others.

The salutary effect on vegetation in a dry time, from stirring the soil, has been accounted for on the principle that the loose soil more readily imbibes dews from the atmosphere, and thus supplies the root of plants. But this view of the subject is erroneous, as any one may learn by observation. All the dew that falls in the most dewy night would not saturate a dry soil half an inch, and of course it would not reach the roots of the plants, and that would be dissipated in a short time by the morning sun. Again the dews would not so soon reach the roots of the plants through a finely pulverized soil, the latter being a better conductor of moisture which is in a very small quantity of vapor, as in case of evaporation from the earth.

But the great advantage in fine loose soil at the surface, is in it being a non-conductor of moisture, as it rises in vapor from the earth retaining it near the surface as it ascends, to nourish and support the plants.

The following is an illustration.—Place a bar of iron some four or five feet long, with one end in the fire with the handhold of the other end, and the heat will soon extend to the hand. Let this bar be cut into very fine particles, and place in a tube of very thin glass, which is merely to hold them together, and then place one in the fire, and see how long it will require, if ever, for the heat to run to the other end.

So with the earth. A compact earth conducts off the vapor as it rises from the earth, the fine loose earth obstructs its ascent and retains it for us. All the dews that fall are but a trifle. The evaporation from the earth is great, and in a dry time the moisture passes into other regions and forms rain. Therefore it is of great importance to retain in the earth the abundant supply of water.

Hay, straw, sea weed, litter cloths, boards, staves, weeds, &c., laid around trees or plants, obstructs the passage of vapor upwards and guard effectively against drought. These materials also keep the earth in good condition to receive rain when it comes instead of it running off, as is often the case when the soil is very dry and a crust is formed over it. So when the earth is finely pulverized, the same state of the soil that obstructs the passage of water upward in vapor, facilitates its descent into the earth when it comes in copious showers.

Boston Cultivator.

SCRATCHES AND COLIC IN HORSES.—Mr. Editor: I have never failed to cure the worst cases of colic, by drenching the horse with about a half a pint of good hop yeast. The yeast may be diluted with an equality of warm water. And half pound of gun-powder well mixed with about the same weight of hog's lard, will cure the scratches. Wash the part clean with soap suds, and rub in the mixture several times daily, for a few days. I have applied it, as a poultice on cloth.

T. T. T.

Southern Planter.

SORE TONGUE IN HORSES.—Take 1 part sugar lead, 1 part bole ammoniac, and 2 parts burnt alum, the whole to be added to 3 quarts of good vinegar. With this wash out the mouth twice a day.

TO PRESERVE BEEFSTEAKS.—We find the following mode for preserving beefsteaks in the Anderson (S. C.) Gazette, which we hope some of our citizens will test:

"We have often found it a difficult matter to preserve beefsteak sweet and tender for any length of time after procuring it in market, as the ordinary method of salting is sure more or less to harden it and to render it less palatable. Speaking of this matter not long since to a lady friend of ours, she remarked that she had heard it said that beef well enveloped in corn meal would keep for a considerable length of time without salt. We, on hearing this, determined at some convenient time to try the experiment. So on Saturday morning 15th ult., we purchased

a fine piece of steak, and after cutting it into pieces of the weight of two or three pounds, instead of applying salt, each piece was completely enveloped in corn meal, and packed away with a sufficient quantity of meal between the pieces to prevent them coming immediately in contact with each other. In this condition it was permitted to remain till it was prepared for the table. On Thursday morning following being the sixth day after it was slaughtered, the last of it was pronounced by those who partook of it to be in every respect more delicious than it was the day we procured it. We state the above simple facts for the information of those who may not already be informed as to what is here stated, knowing at the same time that one simple fact is worth a dozen theories.

A CHEAP PAINT.—As this is the season of the year when the good house-wife delights in furnishing up the homestead and making it and all its appendages look almost as good as new, we re-publish the following receipt for making a cheap paint. It is by Col. Boyle, of Annapolis, a gentleman, who, notwithstanding the incessant claims upon his time in his legal profession, still devotes a portion of it to rural occupations, and has in times past, very acceptably occupied our pages, much to the edification and delight of our readers.—*American Farmer.*

TO MAKE PAINT.—Having been so frequently applied to for the following receipt, until it has become troublesome to give copies of it, I request you to publish it:
JAS. BOYLE.

To make paint without white lead or oil: 2 quarts skimmed milk 2 ounces fresh slacked lime 5 pounds whiting.

Put the lime into a stoneware vessel, pour upon it a sufficient quantity of milk, to make a mixture resembling cream, the remainder of the milk is then to be added; and lastly, the whiting is then to be crumbled and spread on the surface of the fluid, in which it gradually sinks. At this period it must be well stirred in or ground, as you would other paint, and it is fit for use. There may be added any coloring matter that suits the fancy.

It is to be applied in the same manner as other paint, and in a few hours it will become perfectly dry. Another coat may then be added, and so on, until the work is completed. This paint is of great tenacity, and possesses a slight elasticity, which enables it to bear rubbing even with a coarse woollen cloth, without being in the least degree injured. It has little or no smell even wet, and when dry is perfectly odorless. It is not subject to be blackened by sulphurous or animal vapors, and is not injurious to health. All which qualities give it a decided advantage over white lead.

The quantity above mentioned is sufficient for covering 27 square yards with one coat.
Annapolis Republican.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE ROSE.

The Rose deservedly occupies the first place among the favorites of a flower garden. In whatever lights we view this beautiful flower we find matter for admiration. If we look on it when in full bloom we are forcibly reminded of the power and goodness of God; and when its blossoms have fallen from the parent stem, they form an article of commerce which richly rewards the care and attention of the cultivator. There is not, perhaps, another flower in the class to which it belongs, combining so much of pleasure and profit as the rose.

In some parts of the East Indies great quantities of roses are grown for the purpose of distilling rose-water, and making the well known otto of roses, these, however are generally of the common kind.

In England roses are cultivated to a very great extent. In number they rival those of the East, but far surpass them in the rarity and beauty of their species and varieties. In the rose gardens of Hartfordshire alone, which occupy an area of about 70 acres, there are upwards of 1,900 varieties in cultivation, many of them of the most beautiful kinds.

Among the red roses the Moss rose is the most beautiful and next it may be marked the Cabbage rose; but both are excelled in fragrance by the leaves of the Sweet Briar, a rose shrub, which for the sake of its delicious odor and hardy green leaves should have a place in every garden. The China rose is delicate with few petals in the flower, and yields a succession of blossoms monthly through a great part of the year. The select double Scotch roses, the Burgundy rose, the Provence rose, any other varieties might be mentioned as deserving of particular notice.

The rose is generally propagated by cutting, a strong shoot of last year's growth, is cut from a parent stem or branch, and set in the ground. The cutting should be six inches long, and cut off slantingly and smoothly. The soil in which the cutting is inserted, requires to be not too moist, nearly dry.

The operation of cutting should be performed in January or February, so that the cutting may root and vegetate in the opening of the spring; but several months are required to bring them to a state fit for transplanting. A few varieties are sometimes reserved for transplanting after the general period, in order to have a late bloom.

Great care is required in preparing vacant ground to receive plants. If the soil be poor add fine loam, with suitable compost; if clayey, cold, or heavy, add drift sand, light earth, marl or rich loam.

The branches require careful pruning. Where the shoots of the previous year were not pruned immediately after flowering, regulate them in February, or at farthest, about six weeks before the plant is ready to leaf or flower. In July and August the rose bush may be pruned for forcing.

Care should be taken to keep the ground clear of weeds, dead leaves or decayed branches; and when any of the blossoms seem about to wither they should be cut

off. Each variety of blossom must be kept separately, if intended for commercial purposes. In the winter months the tender kinds require to be protected from the frost with matting, &c. In mild weather when the ground is friable, proceed with the winter dressing of the garden.—*Bost. Traveller.*

PEACH TREES.—A writer in the Horticulturist thinks that the shortening in mode of pruning and the use of ashes, will drive that most fatal malady to peach trees—the yellows—out of the country, if cultivators can be brought to estimate their joint value. He uses wood ashes, either leached or unleached—half a peck of the former, or half a bushel of the unleached, for a young tree just beginning to bear. The best time of applying it is in October, but it has been found to answer admirably as late as June. It is best to prune the peach early, but the writer has seen no bad effect from shortening in as late as the middle of May, and he advises those who have not performed that operation already to take knife in hand, and suitably forth immediately.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRISHMEN AT HOME AND ABROAD.—Douglas Jerrold, in a work called "The Dreamer and Worker," thus shows why it is that Irishmen work best and fight best out of their own country. The mere fact, he says, of eight hundred thousand Protestants holding all the church wealth of the country in quiet defiance of seven millions of Catholics, is in itself a sufficient proof of their comparative helplessness at home. The reason why they are so much more energetic and practical abroad, is because they are more free. Not feeling equally so at home, they never put out for any length of time their full and undivided force. There has always been some drawback. When they fought on their own ground they did not feel quite sure if they were doing right, except in a few extreme cases, especially as so many of their own countrymen were fighting against them; and when they work at home, it is never so much for themselves as for their absentee landlords and masters. Always they have a sense of insecurity at home—abroad it is different.

LARGEST.—We were until recently under the impression that England was larger than Scotland. But a Highlander, who held an argument with a Cockney on the relative merits of the two countries, beating him on every point, at length drove him to this, as the latter supposed, unanswerable position: "You will, at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?" "Certainly not," was the confident reply, "you see, sir, now is mountainous, yours a flat country. Now, if our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles." The Cockney thrust his hands in his pocket, and whistled God save the Queen, until he felt cool, and then changed the subject.
Amer. Courier.

"Doctor," said a hissing fashionable young belle, who had graduated at half-a-dozen boarding schools, to a friend of ours who had just been introduced to her at an evening party, "Doctor, which do you prefer, thoidility of intellect, or brillianthy? Some admiriths brillianthy, and others admiriths thoidility; but, ath for me, I prefer brillianthy and thoidility combined!"

The doctor sank into the nearest chair, wholly overcome by the dazzling originality and profound depth of these views; and having by-and-by recovered, started for home in his carriage, to solve the problem at his leisure.

Hogs are every thing in Cincinnati. "Bacon" is bought and sold like the old Chancellor himself; tender-loin is a legal tender; sausages abound, without any thanks to the dogs—and better things than whistles are made of pig tails! Swine being the established "currency," when one Cincinnati duns another, he tells him to "pork over!"—So the Boston Post says.

MORE "GEMS OF TRUTH."

Life is a wasting thing; its strength is not the strength of stones; it is a candle that burns out, if it be not get blown out.

That calling and condition in life are best for us, and to be chosen by us, which are best for our souls, which least expose us to sin, and give us most opportunity of serving and enjoying God.

Grace does not run in the blood but corruption does.

God looks down upon them with an eye of favor who look up to him with an eye of faith.

It concerns us to hasten out of our natural state, lest death surprise us in it.

When we go out of the way of our duty, we put ourselves from under God's protection.

It is just in God to deprive us of those enjoyments by which we have suffered ourselves to be deprived of our enjoyment in him.

Strong faith is often exercised with strong trials, and put upon hard services.

hope that he who sends mouths will send meat. He who feeds the brood of the ravens, will not starve the seed of the righteous.

GEMS FROM DODSLEY.—The man to whom God hath given riches, and a mind to employ them aright is peculiarly favored, and highly distinguished.

He looketh on his wealth with pleasure, because it affordeth him the means to do good.

He seeketh out objects of compassion; he inquireth into their wants, he receiveth them with judgment and without ostentation.

He assisteth and rewardeth merit; he encourageth ingenuity, and liberally promoteth every useful design.

He protecteth the poor that are injured; he suffereth not the mighty to oppress the weak.

He carrieth on great works; his country is enriched, and the laborer is employed; he formeth new schemes, and the arts receive improvement.

He considereth the superfluities of his table as belonging to the poor, and he defraudeth them not.

The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune in riches, and his joy is blameless.

ADVERTISING, to be profitable to the advertiser, should be systematic; there is no charm or juggle in it by which one advertisement will make a man's business grow—it should be pursued as a regular and necessary expenditure, as much as part of one's business as rent, light, or fuel; the mere fact of keeping one's name before the community by advertising in a paper which every body sees, attracts the best kind of customers, those who go a shopping with cash in hand.

A good stand, a good supply of goods, an accommodating disposition, are all good things; but regular advertising makes all these merits known to ten, where one would only find it out by accident.
Louisville Courier.

A POSTILION IN LUCK.—Madame Cinti Damoreau, the famous French Vocalist, who travelled in this country some years ago, tells a very good story of one of her travelling experiences in France.

She was travelling in a post chaise, and the postilion, who rode one of the horses, took so many glasses of eau-de-vie, to fortify his stomach against the cold, that he became non-sensé, or in other words, extremely tipsy. His great coat lay on the back of one of his horses, and after sliding out of place from the jolting of the animal, fell into the road. The postilion noticed it, dismounted, picked it up, and laid it on his horse.

"I'm in luck," said he with a hiccup—"I've found a great coat."

A little while afterwards the same accident occurred to the coat. The postilion picked it up again.

"I've found another coat," said he. This circumstance was repeated a third time.

"By Jupiter!" said the postilion, "this road is full of overcoats. However, I've got three besides my own, and I'll not get off again."

With these words, he rode on to Marseilles, without finding any other surtouts but unluckily he lost his own.

GRAMMAR.—John, parse 'Girls are lovely.' Girls are a common noun, third person, plural number, and objective case.

Objective case? No, nominative case. Nominative to what verb? I don't know, sir.

Well, what follows girls? John Dickinson followed our girls that we've got home, last Sunday afternoon.

Oh! young man! well, I suppose they were in the objective case. No sir—when I see 'em I should think they were in the possessive case, for he was huggin' 'em like thunder!

A lady of our acquaintance, riding in the cars a few weeks since, found herself seated by the side of an old matron, who was exceedingly deaf.

"Ma'am," said she in a high tone of voice, did you ever try electricity?

"What did you say, miss?" "I asked you if you ever tried electricity for your deafness."

"O, yes, indeed, I did; it's only last summer I got struck by lightning," and I don't see it did me a bit o' good."

A son of Neptune, was in the habit of quarrelling with his better half, was one day remonstrated with by the minister of the parish, who told him he and his wife ought to live on more amicable terms, as they were both one.

"One!" said the old salt, shifting his quid, "if you should come to my house sometimes, blast my tarry topknots, if you wouldn't think we were twenty."

A CRUMB FOR OLD BACHELORS.—A great deal of ridicule is heaped on old bachelors; hence it is no more than right that they should now and then have a crumb of comfort. Their condition is had enough Heaven knows, without being satirized. So we'll give them a chance for a laugh this week.

Mr. Slang always used to say 'my horse, 'my boys,' or 'our farm,' &c.— This substitution of 'our' for 'my,' by Mr. Slang, was brought about, says a contemporary, thus:

"My dairy! my dairy! my dairy!" vociferated the husband.

"Our dairy! our dairy! our dairy!" re-echoed the wife, emphasizing each, 'our' with a blow of the poker upon the back of her cringing spouse.

Mr. Slang retreated under the bed. In passing under the bed clothes, Mr. Slang's hat was brushed off; Mr. Slang remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out of the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell.

"What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" says she, "I am looking, my dear," snivelled he, to see if I can see anything of our hat."

The struggle was over. And, ever since the above mentioned occurrence, Mr. Slang has studiously avoided the use of the odious singular possessive pronoun.

GOOD TEMPER.

By CHARLES SWAIN.
There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet on half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth;
Or thousands gain'd a year;
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content;
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.

It meets you with a smile at noon;
It fills you to repose;
A flower for poor and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the frown from care;
Turn tears to smiles, make dulness gay—
Spread gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possess'd.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threatening storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs the arch across the tide,
While waves conflicting foam,
So comes this scrap to our side,
This ang' l of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
To charm this bright divinity?
Good temper nothing more!
Good temper!—'tis the choicest gift,
That woman heavenward brings;
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS FAMILY.
We compile from the New York Express a few facts which may be interesting at this time: Louis Philippe, the deposed King of the French, was born in Paris, October 6, 1776. He married in November, 1809, Princess Amelia, second daughter of Ferdinand, King of Sicily.

His oldest son was the late Duke of Orleans, born in 1810, and killed by jumping from his carriage in 1842. The Count of Paris is the son of this Duke of Orleans, and grandson of Louis Philippe. He was born on the 25th of August, 1838, and, of course, is not quite ten years of age. His mother, the Duchesse of Orleans, is but fifty-four. She was a German princess, and possesses an admirable and irreprouchable character. She has one other son—the Duke of Chartres, born in 1840.

Louis Philippe had eight children, six of whom survive. The Duke of Orleans, and the Princess Mary, died within a few years. The survivors are Louisa, Queen of Belgium, (wife of Leopold), born 1812; the Duke of Nemours, born 1814, married a cousin of Prince Albert; Maria Clementina, born 1817—unmarried; the Prince de Joinville, admiral of the Navy, born 1818, married a sister of the emperor of Brazil, and the Queen of Portugal; the Duke of Aumale, born 1822, married a cousin of the King of the two Sicilies; the Duke of Montpensier, born 1824, married a sister of the Queen of Spain.

Besides the young Count of Paris, there are two other claimants of the French Throne, viz: the young Duke of Bordeaux, son the Duke de Berri, and grandson of the late Charles X, deposed in 1830; and Louis Napoleon, son of the late Louis Bonaparte, former King of Holland, and of Hortense, daughter of Josephine. Louis Napoleon, it will be remembered, (lately escaped from a prison in France, and since resides in England), left London for France immediately upon hearing of the Revolution. The partisans of both of these claimants will probably be heard from, though their chance of success is worth but little.

Prince Lucian Murat, son of Murat, (who was King of Naples), and of a sister of Napoleon, is said to be full of enthusiasm in the cause of France and her new institutions. He has been a resident of Bordentown, N. Jersey, and was to sail for France, on Saturday last.

THE QUEEN AND THE BABIES.—Queen Victoria will be twenty-nine years old on the 24th inst. She was married on the 10th of February, 1840, and has already given six heirs to the throne, namely: Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa, born November 21, 1840; Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, November 9, 1841; Alice Mund Mary, April 25th 1843; Alfred Ernest Albert, May 6, 1844; Helena Augusta Victoria, May 25, 1846; and an infant born March 18, 1848. The allowance to each child is \$135,000 a year.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY.—A curious calculation has been made by Judge Embury, and mentioned by him in a speech in the House of Representatives. The Expenses of the war and the purchase of territory, worthless, will be a hundred and seventy millions of dollars. This amount, in silver, placed in two horse-wagons, a thousand pounds to every wagon, would fill ten thousand six hundred and twenty-five wagons, which would make a dense train extending thirty six miles; a wagon load of dollars for every family in his district, or enough to educate all the children of the country, and liquidate all the state debts, and clean out every harbor, and checker the United States with rail roads and canals. Ten thousand six hundred and twenty-five wagons, filled with silver, on their way to Mexico, he supposed meant "progressive Democracy."

IRISH GRIEVANCES.

The following extracts from a letter written by the great Irish reformer, Wm. Mitchell, to his Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, serve to show some of the grievances to which the poor of Ireland are subject under the present English laws:

For twelve long months we have desired to see this day. Twelve months ago, on the Easter Monday of last year, Dublin was one of the most ignominious Easter festivals—one of the ghastliest galas ever exhibited under the sun—the solemn inauguration, namely, of the Irish nation in its new career of national pauperism. There, in the esplanade before "Royal Barrick," was erected the national model soup-kitchen, gaily bedizened, laquered, and bannered, and fair to see; and in and out, and all round, sauntered parties of our supercilious second-hand "better class" of the caste-officers, fed on superior rations at the people's expense, and hevia of fair dames, and military officers, braided with public braid and padded with public padding; and there, too, were the pale and piteous ranks of model paupers, destitute seamstresses, ranged at a respectful distance till the genteel persons had duly inspected the arrangements, and then marched by policemen to the place allotted them, where they were to feed on meagre diet with CHARLES SPOONS—to show "gentry" how pauper spirit can be broken and pauper appetites can gulp down its bitter bread and its bitter shame and wrath together; and all this time the genteel persons chatted and simpered as pleasantly as if the clothes they wore and the carriages they drove in were their own—as if Royal Barricks, Castle, Soup-kitchen, were to last forever.

We three criminals, my Lord, who are to appear to-day in the Court of Queen's Bench, were spectators of that soup-kitchen scene; and I believe we all left with one thought; that this day we had surely touched the lowest point—that Ireland and the Irish could sink no further—and that she must not see another Easter Monday, though we should die for it.

My Lord, I came to the conclusion that day that the "Queen's Crown and Government" were in danger—nay, that they ought to be in danger—and I resolved that no effort of mine should be wanting to make the danger increase and become CRITICAL. As I looked on the hideous scene, I asked myself whether there were, in 'red, law' or 'Government' in the land—or if so, whether there was not worse than so law and no Government. What had law done for these poor wretches and their million fellow paupers throughout Ireland? It was the 'law' that carried off all the crops they raised, and shipped them to England; it was 'law' that took the labor of their hands and gave them half food for it while they were able to work, and cast them off to perish like supernumerary kittens. 'Law' told them they must not wear the cloth they wore, nor eat the corn they raised, nor dwell in the houses they builded, and if they dared do any of these things, or remonstrate against the hard usage, 'law' scourged and hauled them; to bring them to a more submissive mind. And what was more shameful and fatal still, this devoted people were in the hands of 'leaders,' who told them that all this 'Law'—this London Parliament Law—was the law of God; that if they violated it, by eating the food they made, or wearing the cloth they wore, they committed a crime, and gave strength to the enemy; nay, those 'leaders' never failed to thank God in public, with sanctimonious voice and head uncovered, that their fellow countrymen were dying in patience and perseverance amidst their own bounteous harvest, Parliament Law was acknowledged as the Supreme Ruler and Judge, and its decrees submitted to as to the inscrutable dispensations of a Parliament Providence.

Such degradation was unexampled in the world. To think that Ireland was my country became intolerable to me; I felt that I had no right to breathe the free air or to walk in the sun: I was ashamed to look my own children in the face, until I should do something towards the overthrow of this dynasty of the Devil. And I resolved that Parliament Law must be openly defied and trampled on; and that I—if no other, even I—would show my countrymen how to do it. For I knew, my Lord, that the monster, for all his loud roar and formidable tasks, was impotent against Truth and Right.

In other words, that not Parliament Law at bottom, but God's justice, ruled the earth. In short, I determined to walk before the eyes of this down-trodden people, straight into the open jaws of 'Law,' to draw his fangs, to tear out his lying tongue, and fling his carcass to be trampled on by those who had trembled at his nod.

I may be devoured, it is true. 'Law' may be able to resist the first attack; and three first assaults may fall;—yet shall we do our business. We may be destroyed; we will not be defeated.

COURT OF INQUIRY AND GEN. SCOTT.—The American Star, (Mexico City) of the 22d ult. states that the Court of Inquiry adjourned on the 21st ult., and was to meet during that day, to decide upon some place to re-assemble in the United States. The Star says General Scott was to leave in a day or two on his return home—adding:

It is painful to reflect that he returns home, after his brilliant and unsurpassed achievements, under the circumstances in which he does. No other commander, we verily believe, could have marched from Vera Cruz to this Capitol, with so small a force, and such signal success. He has given the army possession of the Imperial city of the Aztecs, and indeed of the Republic. No officer is more endeared to the army, and the absence of hope could be more deeply regretted. There are many who are attached to Gen. Scott as to a brother or a father, and there will be wet eyes when he leaves. What a reception will not the Great Captain of the age meet with upon his landing at New Orleans, and in his progress to Washington. We believe his fame will grow brighter at every step of the investigation which is to be renewed in Washington! It cannot be otherwise, and the days not remote when even his few revilers and enemies will acknowledge the lofty pre-eminence of the conqueror of Mexico!

A man who was hanged lately in a neighboring state for burglary and murder, confessed under the gallows, as we read, that his career of crime began by stopping a newspaper without paying for it.

Miss Brown, in England, preaches in a state of somnambulism. In this country it is quite the reverse, the preacher is wide awake, and the audience asleep.