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Miscellaneous.

GRAND SECRET OF MASONRY.

The following incident needs neither preface nor comment. It speaks for itself: On a visit to a neighboring city recently, I called at the house of my friend B——, with whom I had been long and intimately acquainted. To my astonishment, I found his lady reading a Masonic paper. I asked her what change had come over her, that she could not only admit such a paper to her house, but sit down to its perusal; for I knew her father's family was among the most vindictive, bitter, proscriptive anti-Masons, that ever left the infected district of New York. She replied, that she had discovered the grand secret of Masonry, and if it would be agreeable to me, she would relate how she came to make the discovery. I requested her to proceed, which she did as follows:

"Soon after you left here last fall, I learned of my extreme mortification, that my husband had become a Mason. I attributed it to your influence, and I need not say what my feelings were toward you or my husband. At once came to the conclusion that my domestic happiness was at an end; but I resolved that any conduct in all the relations of wife and mother, should see that I had done all a woman could do. Some three or four months after I learned my husband had joined the Masons, a circumstance occurred that, for the first time, gave me any reason to doubt his integrity. It was one of the coldest nights of last winter, that my husband returned at a late hour, and said to me, 'Margaret, cannot you do without your blanket shawl?' I replied that I could. He asked me to get it for him, and bring him a bedspread or comforter. I handed the articles to him, and he immediately left the house. My first thoughts were to follow him. I went to the window, and by the light from the lamps I discovered another man with a large basket—thesawl and comforter were placed in it, and they both disappeared. My husband returned in about half an hour. I expected in the morning as a matter of course, he would have some story prepared to explain his mysterious conduct, but not a word did I get out of him. I determined to keep a sharp look out for my shawl, for if I could once get my eyes on that, I would be able to unravel the whole mystery. It was not long after, as I was in the street, that a female whisked along past me, upon whom I discovered my shawl! The good for nothing hussy! thought I; while a glow of triumph thrilled every nerve, and quickened my pace in the pursuit. I followed her closely from one street to another into the fourth story of a bindery. I saw her very composedly lay aside my shawl, and sit down to her work—where, urged on by that insatiable desire to get the clue to my husband's perfidy, I soon learned the street, the number of her residence, and immediately left for it. I was not mistaken, neither, for I saw my comforter there. The whole secret flashed on my mind at once, as clearly as if it had been written with a sunbeam from Heaven. There I found a widowed mother in the last stages of consumption, and three children dependent upon the scanty pittance earned by the elder sister, whom I had so suspiciously followed. I learned from the lips of the dying woman a lesson, that in all my philosophy I had never dreamed of—such a tale of sorrow as I had never before listened to—and when she had related the deed of charity, that had been the cause of all my unhappiness, I felt that there was not room in my bosom to appreciate the disinterested benevolence of my husband. She said, 'I do not know how we should have lived but for the kindness of two persons who came here late one night, and left a basket filled with provisions and some bed clothes, a shawl and five dollars. They just opened the door, and set in the basket, saying: 'Accept this, and ask no questions; and left before I had time to inquire even their names. I do not know who they were; and I have had some doubts from where these things came. But I never forget in my daily prayers to Him who openeth His hand and filleth the poor with bread, to ask if these were men, He will keep them and theirs from the sorrows with which I am visited. I left the house a better woman than when I entered it.'"

"But the grand secret of Masonry," said I, "I thought you were to tell what it is." She replied, "It is this—to do good, and not to tell of it."

EXTENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—We certainly have a big country! From the easternmost town in the United States, Eastport, Maine, via the St. Lawrence, Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, to Astoria in Oregon, the distance by the travelled route is 4,517 miles. From the Madawaska, in Maine, by the Atlantic route via N. York, Washington, New Orleans and Galveston, to the mouth of the Rio Grande, 2,923 miles. From New York to the head of Lake Superior, via Detroit and Mackinac, 1,856 miles; thence down the Mississippi, to the Gulf of Mexico, is 2,824 miles. From Eastport, Me. to the Bay of San Francisco, California, on the Pacific, via Portland, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Santa Fe, and the Colorado of the West, is 2,544 miles.

KISSING BY TELEGRAPH.—A man was found at Trenton the other day mounted on a ladder, with his lips pressed to the telegraph wires.—He was kissing his wife in Philadelphia "by Telegraph." It was found afterwards that he was a newly married man.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—The Nashville American notes the marriage, in that place, of Mr. Xayver Hippo to Catherine Hoskum-dle.

THE "GREAT MYSTERIES"

From Scott's Philadelphia Dollar Weekly Paper.

OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE FOUND OUT. "I've just found it all out 'bout you Sons of Temperance," exclaimed old Mrs. Credulous in an ecstasy of ill concealed delight. "You Sonnies can't cheat me, I'm 'litt'le tew cunnen for you. No use for you to tell me 'bout your Love for Brethren and all that sort of stuff, and put on your mysterious airs and keep your tongues under lock and all that. I've found it all out. I know the hull on't, from the beginnin' to end." And she looked very knowingly, as she tossed her head proudly. Her eyes sparkling like coals of fire. The old lady had just returned from a tea party given by Mrs. Jones; where a young man not a member of the Order, but who affected to be one, and well acquainted with all the "mysteries of the Order," and every thing appertaining to it, had quietly fallen in with the whimsical objections the dear old creature had wisely made against the Sons of Temperance, and to fix them in their opinions, and superstitious conjectures, had amused himself by favouring them with a pretended development of the secrets of the Order, and a full description of the ceremonies of initiation.

Her son-in-law, to whom she made the triumphant exclamation above quoted, was a member of the Order, who had long ago ceased, from what he saw a vain attempt to eradicate the good old lady's objections, and now suffered her to enjoy her opinions to her heart's content. But on this occasion her triumphant and emphatic manner, excited his curiosity, and he quietly asked her to explain herself.

"Oh! Johnny, said she, "you wouldn't ax me to 'splain myself of you know'd what I could tell you, ef I was a mine tew. But I won't gratify you so much, that I won't."

"Well!" said Johnny, as he took up his hat and stepped towards the door.

"You remember that no persuasion was powerful enough to induce Jack eat to his supper on a particular occasion don't you?"

"What do you mean?" cried Johnny.

This raised the ire of the old lady, and she declared she would tell it now "jest out of spite." She was dying all the while to make her revelation but hoped Johnny would coax her to unfold the tale.

"Well," said Johnny, "I'm all attention."

"In the first place," began the old lady, "the feller that's to be took in, has got to go with a passel of fellers in a dark room, and when they git him there, they lock him up in a big iron chest, with a hole in one end for him to breathe through. And there he's kept three hours, then he's snaked out of that and rubbed all over with soft soap, and down a big holler pipe till he hollers like a loon. Then he's taken out and tied up in a sack, and a passel of them heatenish fellers carry him into the room where they hold their meetings. Then the lights is all out, and when the room's as dark as Egypt he's taken out of the sack and put in a coffin. The lid is screwed down, and he's lugged round the room nigh about half an hour."

"How does he breathe, mother?"

"Yew needn't make so strange 'bout them holes bored in the top on't; about half an hour, as I was sayin' and then the coffin is set up on one end, and a dead march is sung, and he's axed in an awful solemn voice that sounds jest for all the world like a ghost, ef he's will n' to proceed. Ef he says he is, then the lid is unscrew'd, and finds hisself standin' with six sharp pynted swords held close to his breast and neck, by fellers dressed like evil spirits. Oh! massy on us! it's enuff to make a body's blood run cold tew think on't. And he's told of he ever tells a word about the secrets of the Order, he'll be made away with jest as sartin' as the death."

"Do you believe they would murder him if he should tell mother?"

"To beshure I do, I know they would."

"How did Tom Smith escape to tell you this?"

"Poor creetur!" exclaimed the good old lady. "I'm the fust one he ever told, and I'pect ev'ry mint to hear that he's missin'. But don't interrupt me so—yew put me out. Wall, he promises faithfully—I'm blessed if I don't believe he dasset for his life do any other way than promise that he'll never tell to livin' creetur. Then he's told ef he dus that his tongue 'll be chopped off and his hands sc'd up, his eyes put out, and his hands tied behind him, and in that distressed condition he'll be put in a coffin and buried alive in less than no time."

"Wall, the miserable creetur is then let out of the coffin and walked about the room on his hands and knees, and ordered to thank them heatenish fellers for pinchin', kickin', and punchin', him, pullin' his hair, ringin' his nose, and treadin' on his corns. You needn't laff. It's all as true as the Gospel an' you know it. It's shameful to treat human natur that way, and not to be laffed at nuther."

"Then he's ordered tew set on a plank covered all over with burgundy pitch, and made tew smoke opium and sneezin' snuff till he's nigh about half dead, and then they give him the grip and—"

"Why mother they have no grip."

"No use for you tew try tew deceive me I know the hull on't from top to bottom."

"Well then, what is the grip, mother?"

"Why, one on 'em grabs him by the neck, and he grabs tother and then they give each other an all chokin' squeeze. Then they whisper the secret word in his left ear."

"What's the word mother?"

"Bellymashazzar, to be shure; you know as well as I do, You needn't laff agin. 'Twon't do. Then they give him the sign; that great secret sign you always make so much fuss about."

"This way," promptly replied the old lady. "By shuttin' your left eye, and takin' the end of your nose in your right hand."

Wall, then he's marched up and down

the room dressed in a red gown lookin' for all the world like a witch, and after he's taken an oath, awful enuff to makes one's hair to stand on an end every which way, he's told to take a seat among the rest of 'em, and welcomed as a Son of Temperance.

"There you see I know the hull on't and I'll tell everybody. I won't do nothin' else; for I think as I allers said, its heatenish, barbaryous mummery, that makes heatenish and infidels of christian men, and shud orter be put down tew smash. How d'ye feel now, Johnny, you begin to find the old woman's 'bout right, don't you," triumphantly exclaimed the old lady, as she took an enormous pinch of snuff, drew her spectacles over her eyes and turned towards her son-in-law.

Johnny was in a convulsion of laughter, but contrived to gasp his convictions that the Order was all blown to picces.

Mrs. Credulous believes to this day, that all this mad wag Smith told her is true to a letter. Nor is she alone in her strange belief. There are 'thousands like Mrs. Credulous, ev'rywhere, whose prejudices are nursed and kept alive with nameless surises, terrible suspicions, and outlandish stories relative to the character and "secrets" of the Order, not a whit less ridiculous, and as far removed from the truth as the veracious developments by this good old lady.

From the Temperance Advocate.

THE CHARM.

Her raven hair, that once did curl,
Around a snow-white neck,
That hair is changed, for beauty's home
Is almost beauty's wreck.

But still she hath a charm—a charm
More dear than any other;
And what, think ye, that charm can be?
Of John the school-boy's mother.

Fled is the rose that decked her cheek;
That cheek is pale and thin;
Yet that remains doth tell a tale,
Of beauty rarely seen.

And still she hath a charm—a charm
More dear than any other;
And what, think ye, that charm can be?
Of little Peter's mother.

Gone is the fire of maiden's eye;
But yet some fire is there;
Enough is left to tell you why,
She once was thought so fair.

And still she hath a charm—a charm
More dear than any other;
And what, think ye, that charm can be?
Of her that Tom calls mother.

The hand of Time may grey her head,
And make her eye grow dim;
The weight of years may bow her down,
And weaken every limb.

And still—and still she'll have a charm,
A charm worth thought so fair,
If heart you have, the query's solved,
She is my children's mother!

TANK'S OWN BRAND.

LANCASTERVILLE, Dec. 25, 1848.

OYSTER WAR.—We learn from a gentleman just arrived from the Eastern Shore of Virginia that a serious collision took place a few days since, in the neighborhood of Drummondtown, between the citizens of that section and a number of depredators from Philadelphia. The facts, as we learn them, are these: A fleet of some twenty boats from Philadelphia recently entered that quarter of the Bay and commenced taking oysters from the Virginia banks with dredging machines, in direct violation of the known laws of the State, which prohibit the use of taking oysters, under a penalty of \$250, and in open defiance of her local authorities. The people whose rights were thus invaded determined finally to take the matter in their own hands, and to drive the marauders from their shores and the authorities in arresting them. Accordingly, five small boats were manned and armed with two pieces of cannon, thus prepared the Virginians came upon the Philadelphia fleet, and an engagement ensued, in which one oysterman was killed and a mast of one of their schooners cut away by a cannon shot. The fleet was then driven into the mouth of a creek, where the Virginians succeeded in taking ninety of the party prisoners, whom they conveyed to Drummondtown, in Accomac county, where they were lodged in jail. By some informality in the original warrant the legal proceedings were quashed, and the magistrates had issued a new process, and strenuous efforts were making to bring the aggressors to justice. In the course of the skirmish one of the Virginians was shot the ball entering near the mouth and coming out at the side of the head, carrying away one of his ears. Our informant states that great excitement prevailed throughout the neighborhood of Drummondtown.

Balt. Amer.

CANNIBALISM IN FEJEE.—The Fejee Islanders indulge in the delectable practice of broiling and eating human bodies, and they train their children to the taste by rubbing the flesh over the infant's lips. This practice succeeds admirably, according to the recent published account from a missionary, for we find that the practice is general, and that a slice of humanity is better relishable than any other kind of food. Some of the Fejeeans carry their epicurean gust so far that they not merely kill and eat their enemies, but live upon their friends, and these are frequently eaten raw! The Chief of Ragi Ragi has been known to have a good supply of human flesh in his box, salted down, and has lived upon it as his daily food, seldom eating any other kind of flesh. The flesh of women is rather better than the flesh of men; and when the Chief wants something very delicate, or, in case many bodies are before him, a child is roasted for his repast. Mr. Hunt asserts, and other missionaries confirm it, that the Fejeean language contains no word for a corpse; but the word they use, *bakola*, conveys the idea of eating the dead. This is their war cry when one of their enemy is slain and his body found: "Here is a dead body to be eaten"—the word they use is *bakola*. They also affirm that, within the last four years fully one thousand

people have been killed within twenty miles of Vewa, and that they keep far within compass, when they say that of these slain, five hundred have been eaten. There are probably none who can read this account who will envy the Fejeeans their taste, or wish to be considered in the category of their friends.

MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following is the Message of Gov. Briggs, transmitting to the Senate of Massachusetts the resolutions of the South Carolina Legislature on the Wilmot Proviso: To the Honorable Senate:

I herewith communicate for the use of the Senate, the Resolutions of the Legislature of South Carolina on the subject of applying the principles of the Wilmot Proviso to the territory acquired from Mexico.

One of those resolutions declares, in a decorous but plain terms, that the time for discussing this subject, on the part of the slave States, has passed and that South Carolina is prepared to co-operate with her sister States in resisting the application of the principles of the Proviso to such territory, at every hazard.

With undoubting confidence that slavery may be excluded from any territory belonging to the United States, where it does not now exist, without the least infringement upon the constitutional rights of the slave States, Massachusetts has expressed her purpose of opposing such extension as inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution, the views and intentions of its framers and the rights of humanity. It is to be hoped that the National Legislature will promptly extend the principles of the Ordinances of 1787, over all the Territories of the Union, and leave those who may choose to resist such a law, to judge of their own course.

GEORGE N. BRIGGS,
Council Chamber, Feb. 17 1849.

"I HAVEN'T TIME TO READ."

Of all the ridiculous reasons offered by persons, to excuse the fact of their not taking a paper—none is advanced more frequently and more groundless, than the *want of time to read*. If those who use this subterfuge, would say, *want of inclination*—they would be correct. For there is no man, who has the desire, that cannot find time during the week to peruse at least one paper, be he ever so much oppressed by business. Besides, by offering such an excuse, they prove how much they need the instruction, they would derive from a good newspaper. It would teach them, if they were not aware of it before, that man is not an animal. It would show them that man is of a combination of natures—physical and mental.—That their bodies need to be refreshed by daily food, they are taught by instinct—and can always find time to eat. That their minds crave food is surely as true—and is a fact they should also heed—and for the same amount of money and time, a well conducted paper affords more information and amusement, than can be obtained from any other source. So intimate also is the connection, between body and mind, that the condition of the one, always influences the state of the other. To such an extent is this true, that the person who attends to the wants of the one, without considering the necessities of the other, will always come off loser in the game of life, be his object money or fame. We are certain that any man who does not take time to read, is doing himself injustice—and not himself only, but his friends and children, by thus neglecting the nobler part of his nature. Believing thus, we think every man should take a paper—particularly, those who have not time to read. Let them try it one year, and take time to read, and never will they regret having so employed their time.

N. C. Argus.

INDUSTRY—AN ELEMENT OF FEMALE EXCELLENCE AND HAPPINESS.

A clever female writer, speaking of the physical training of girls, earnestly exercises of the moral powers, the enlargement of the mind, by the acquisition of knowledge, and the strengthening of its capabilities for firmness, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combatting such as may be overcome, are the ends which female education has to attain; while, on the other hand, weakness, if met by indulgence, will not only remain weakness, but become infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. The physically unhealthy and morbidly delicate predicament of thousands of young females, arises from the neglect of the homely *adae*. "Keep your children busy." It is a fatal mistake, to allow the mind to prey upon itself and run to waste. The compiler of a "Present for an Apprentice" introduces an opinion somewhat strongly, in advising his young ward, if he would avoid falling in love, to keep employment; for, he observes, "nothing fosters love so much as idleness." Now, without subscribing to the full extent of that opinion, as a rule it is quite certain that idle, sentimental young men and women are extremely apt to fall in love, if their passionate attachments deserve the name; and generally their attachments are of any character but that which bids fair for lasting happiness in domestic life. Who are the girls that forget themselves, and form low, improper alliances? Not the industrious, the happily employed. No, as a class, they are mostly the delicate victims of laziness, and beggarly, proud, false gentility. In a word, the grand mistake of the present day, as we take it, is the cultivation of the intellect, to the exclusion of the moral sense and the affections."

Balt. Amer.

A gentleman who has a warm side for a young lady, was making fun of a sack which she wore.

"You had better keep quiet, or I'll give you the sack," replied the lady archly.

"I should be most happy," was the gallant's response, "if you would give it to me as it is, *with yourself inside of it*."

LIBERTY.—Henry Smith, the "Razor Strop Man" says: "When first I became acquainted with strong drink, it promised to do a great many things for me. It promised me liberty, and I got it with a vengeance. I had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my boots—the water had liberty to run in at the toes and out at the heels—my knees had the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows had the liberty to come out of my coat—pimples had the liberty to settle on my nose, and I had the liberty to lift up the crown of my hat, and scratch my head, without taking my hat off."

"And I not only had liberty, but delicious music too; for when I walked along on a windy day,

The crown of my hat went flippety flap,
And the wind whistled "how do you do."

HAPPY TOWN.—The town of Paris, in Monroe county, Mo., contains no such thing as a licensed drinking house; and the Mercury says peace, quietness, sobriety and good order is the consequence.

A boy called on a benevolent lady friend of mine, telling a piteous yarn of destitution, requesting her to relieve the starving wants of a poor family. The lady presented a fine cured shoulder of pork. In about half an hour the boy returned, and said, "Please marm, can't you take this back and give a ham, as mother says she has too many shoulders?"—*Cin. Chronicle*.

WHAT MUSIC IS A NAME?—They have a musical instrument in Charleston, S. C., which is called Xylo-Cordeon, or Tronde-umphilipinotrasimento.

A learned doctor, referring to tight lacing avers that it is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow to be women.

If a man will reap 'whatsoever he soweth,' what a harvest of coats and breeches the tailors will have, one of these days!

One of the exchanges says:—"When a Baltimore girl is kissed, she says she is taking chloroform and remains insensible as long as the operation lasts."

PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN IN VIRGINIA.

A bill has been introduced in the House of Delegates which is entitled "A bill to protect the property of Married Women." The bill provides that the real and personal property of any woman who may hereafter marry, and which she shall own at the time of her marriage, and the rents, issues and profits thereof, shall not be subject to the disposal of her husband nor be liable for his debts, but shall continue her sole and separate property as if she was a single woman. It also provides that she be lawful for any married woman to receive by gift, devise or bequest, from any person other than her husband and to hold her sole and separate use, as if she were a single woman, and profits thereof, which shall not be subject to the disposal or liable for the debts of her husband, provided however that the rents, &c. of such estate for any one year shall be liable for contracts made by her husband within that year in the purchase of articles for the use of his family. To secure the benefits of this act, the woman must cause an accurate inventory of her estate to be recorded in the county or corporation court where she resides within eight months after her marriage, or 8 months after coming in possession of any gift, &c. Clerk of the court to publish a description of such inventories.

The woman is not authorized by the act to make sale of any of her estate, but the County Corporation or Superior Courts, upon the joint petition of herself and her husband may order the sale of any portion of her estate and direct the proceeds to be loaned out or invested for her sole and separate use. The bill further provides that in case the husband survives the wife, she leaving issue, she shall have a life estate in all her property; and in case she dies without issue, she shall have a full title forever to all her personal property.—*Richmond Republican*.

AN INCIDENT OF UNDESERVED SUFFERING.

—We give place to the following from the New York Commercial, in the hope that the lesson that it inculcates may not be lost:

A few weeks since a poor and apparently respectable woman went into a store in the Sixth avenue, where children's clothes are made and sold, to ask for work. Her dress did not comport with the intense cold without, and she was found to be almost entirely destitute of under clothes. The young women employed in the store furnished her with some, and raised among themselves three shillings for her. She went away "clothed" and grateful. A day or two since she called again, pale and seemingly miserable. In a few minutes she tottered and fell, and some time elapsed before she rallied. She exhibited so much weakness that she was asked "how long it is since you have eaten any thing?" "Nothing since yesterday morning," was her reply. "A lady" (she said) "had kindly given her some work, which came to fifty cents, and she had come from Cherry street (more than a mile) five times to get the pay; (more the lady had no change, and four times she was out."

Did that lady know that the withholding of that pittance from this poor woman was sending that arrow to her famishing heart, and that by such means, with other causes, she was fast sinking to the grave?

An association for furnishing work for the poor in the same vicinity, of whose operations for the past few years I have known something, will furnish statements similar. I have myself lent them money to pay these poor women, when the price of their hard earned labor was withheld by those who would not refuse themselves every luxury which could be bought with money, but who refused themselves the luxury of kindness to the poor. Is it thoughtlessness in some instances? Even then it is very heartless—it is more.

POMEGRANATE COTTON.—Since our last, in which we noticed the existence of this singular and superior species of cotton, we have had the pleasure of an interview with Gen. G. D. Mitchell, of Warren county, Mississippi, now in this city, who has with him several specimens of the plant, indicating its rich and

luxuriant qualities. It is decidedly superior to any species of upland cotton which we have ever seen. The bolls are larger and more abundant, literally covering the branches; the staple is longer, stouter, and finer, and the cotton can be picked or gathered with greater ease and rapidly. The stalks and branches have the peculiarity of having no joints, and other varieties, and being stout and upright. Gen. Mitchell, who is a highly intelligent and practical planter, has cultivated this cotton for two years, and has found it easy of cultivation, and remarkably prolific. One acre yielded over six thousand pounds of superior cotton, of which one hundred pounds in the seed weighed thirty-two and a half pounds of staple. By accurate experiments, he found that sixty-five bolls yielded one pound of ginned cotton.

The origin of this species of cotton is involved in some obscurity, as it was accidentally obtained, but specimens of the plant, and of the produce in the boll, the raw-state, and ginned, may be seen at the counting room of Messrs. Baker, Williams & Co., where the seed can be obtained.—*Mobile Register*.

WEALTH OF CALIFORNIA.—In the excitement caused by the discovery of gold in California, it appears to have escaped attention that there are vast pearl fisheries there, from which the early Spaniards derived an immense revenue. We have no doubt that those pearl deposits will be again opened by the enterprising people who are going there in such great numbers from all parts of the United States. Pearl fishing, where the pearl oyster is abundant, as it is represented to be on the coast of California, is as profitable a business as digging for gold. The well known ingenuity of our countrymen would soon discover means to obtain those treasures, much better than the old system of diving, if a proper incentive were held out. We suppose, however, that the pearls will remain undisturbed as long as the yield of gold is as abundant as it was at the last accounts.—*N. Y. Herald*.

GIRLS, DO YOU HEAR THAT?—Judge Kildred of Pennsylvania has decided in court, that listening at a keyhole, though against all statutes, good manners and the clearest maxims of common law in a man, is perfectly legal and punishable in any individual of the gentler sex, owing to the amiable weakness of curiosity which nature has implanted in female bosoms. We are rejoiced that the point is settled at last.—The Judge deserves a "piece of plate" from the ladies, in the shape of a gigantic keyhole as big as the ear of Dionysius.—*Bost. Courier*.

TERRIFIC THEORY.—Prof. Stillman mentions the fact that in boring the Artesian Wells in Paris, the temperature of the earth increased at the rate of one degree for every fifty feet, towards the centre. Reasoning from this known to exist, he says:—"The whole interior portion of the earth, or at least a greater part of it, is an ocean of melted rock, agitated by violent winds, though I dare not affirm, it is still rendered highly probable by the phenomena of volcanoes. The facts connected with their eruption have been ascertained and placed beyond a doubt. How, then, are they to be accounted since, that they are caused by the combustion of immense coal beds, is presently unexplained, and is entirely abandoned. All the coal in the world could not afford fuel enough for a single capital exhibition of Vesuvius. We must look higher than this; and I have but little doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles, which are constantly in operation in the earth."

"Pete, Pete, I see a toad, said a little boy to his brother, one day, as they were digging over a heap of manure.

"Where am he Joel?"

"Why, right dar—don't you see him, Pete?"

"No, I don't see 'im; strike him 'till do hoe."

Joe hit the toad a crack, which brought Pete to the ground.

"Oh you fool, Joe! dat was my toad, used dat all de time."

A NOVEL OFFENCE.—John Rodd, a German, who was on the hospital staff of the American army in Mexico, has been arrested at New York, on a novel species of complaint. While employed in the army he kept a register of the soldiers who died in the service, with other memoranda, by which means he could trace elderly females to pass for the mothers or widows of the dead departed." By this means the German has victimized Uncle Sam extensively.

PATHTIC.—No one possessing a bosom susceptible of kindly emotions, or a heart open to love, can help sympathizing with the despairing swain, or to feel a hope that his wishes were realized:

Quiet is stealing
Soft in each breast,
Soothing each feeling
Balm-like to rest;
Lonely I languish—
Thee I find a flea
Would bite my beloved
And wake her for me.

"Hab you got the janders, Pete; de white of your eyes am yellor as suffum."

"Hush your mouf of dose insiduous comparisons, Sambol! I'se got de Kallumfores gold fever—when de crisis arrives in de delirium stages, den dis individual also lebes for de regum of perpetual gold."

"Well, Pete, you is insane" A gemstone of your color talk of foolishing off after dese white folks down Cape Horn.—I guess 'twill be in a horn dey'll find de gold! If you includes to take de stage, Pete, I shall detract my remark on your appearance, and subvert out dersors dat all ober alike you is de darkest, greenest, blackest in Bellnap tree—you is a disgrace to de whole colored sex! you is as green as grass."

Empty dis building of your presence, Sambol, or I'm not responsible for early disease."

TERRIFIC SPEECH.—We understand that one of the Northern orators (Mr. Wilson of New Hampshire) declares in his speech in the House of Representatives on Friday, the 2nd inst. that he would not surrender the Wilmot Proviso to the field not only see the Union, but the American Republic.

A fearful resolution, indeed! "There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."—Mr. Bedinger, of Virginia, in an eloquent speech, denounced this violence, and vindicated the rights of the South with great power.

Union.