The Democratic Watchman.

"BOTH LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ARE PRECARIOUS, UNLESS THE POSSESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

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Original Essay.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

Peeping into more Parlors than our Own.

BY NELIA NORA.

Just as I desired, Saturday evening was bright and beautiful as you can well imagine, and I was ready for a ride, with my quaker hat on, of course! But I had to disorder my brain considerably, to know where I should ride to first. I knew well enough what was revolving in my cranium previously. The thought had struck me several days before, that I should like to satisfy my curious mind, once in eighteen years, by peeping into more parlors than our own.—But how should I do it, so as to remain undiscovered? My mind soon suggested two things: "be sly, and take care of number one" as all selfish people do. Mounted on pony, with whip in hand, (by the way, I did not apply with remarkable activity, I started off on my impertinent trip, to have no small amount of fun at others' expense. It was rather soon to start off on such an excursion, for some person might have seen me, and dashed all my hopes into air castles, as it was not long since "Old Sol" had retired to let drowsy folks sleep, and twilight was very slowly, though surely, approaching. But trusting to fortune, Coley's swiftness, and my own fantastic appearance, I expected to get through peeping, victoriously. So here we go to the home of the lovely, modest, unassuming Miss ——. Here I had to be very cautious, and tied pony to the fence, ever so far from the house, and then walked smartly until I came to the porch. Along I slipped, as though I was walking on eggs, and soon arrived at the parlor door. I stopped and listened, when, much to my satisfaction I heard voices—But as that was not going to satisfy the more pleasant sense of seeing, I stepped to the window, and to my pleasure, the curtain had not been drawn, and the room was lighted by a huge lamp, as if the occupants had never thought there might be parlor-peepers just there and then; and that if the blind was down they could be certain of no one looking on. But "it was to be," I was to be favored with a funny and tempting sight. Mr. —— had happened in, and can you believe me? was sitting quite familiarly beside Miss ——, with his arm somewhere about the premises of her delicate waist, and I don't know what he did, but I don't think he pinched her, or she would'nt have looked so pleasantly. He talked so fast and low, that I could not hear the half he said; but heard them talk and laugh about a picnic that was in the neighborhood on the fourth of July, which was truly magnificent; and he told her there was a ridiculous report in circulation, about the happy participants having to go to the trouble of collecting all the smaller domestic animals in the vicinity, to devour the remaining provisions. Then, as I peeped around to see whether any person had discovered the Saturday evening peeper, I heard a strange noise as of two pair of lips colliding, and then an echo sounded in my ears, the melting word, "kiss." I almost involuntarily looked in, and if he did'nt kiss her, then there will be no snakes in dog days, for I could plainly see he had been applying the lip salve, for there went it again, and the rich blood mounted to her temples, until it crimsoned her cheeks. But I shan't tell you all I heard and saw, or my parlor-peeping scenes won't be diversified enough to make me interesting. And now for a similar peep. Walked a few rods, when lo! I was at another parlor window; but whoever the inmates might be, they were more thoughtful than my first victims, for, unfortunately for me, the curtain was drawn, but I could see there was light in said apartment, and I fancied I heard a familiar voice, which did not particularly belong to that house; so my curiosity was excited, and around to the side of the house I flew, and to sufficiently indemnify my curious mind, the second parlor blind *was aside*. "Of course" I peeped in. Was not that what I was to do that evening? There sat a manly looking fellow with dark eyes and hair of rarest richness, and rather handsome and dignified, apparently well pleased with his company, who will answer the description of a modern beauty, and who had a matchless expression, lighting up her countenance, and making her face beam radiantly. I am almost afraid to tell you he had his arm around her neck, but behold! I have already "let the cat out of the bag," and now must suffer the consequences incident to such a fearful discovery. How thoughtless I am betimes! After while he commenced sipping the nectar from her lips, and who would'nt? and I declare she reciprocated. It made me feel awful jealous to think of one of the parties concerned, and existing circumstances. So for fear of betraying the "green-eyed monster," by letting them know my whereabouts, I retreated rather quietly, forgetting nearly all they conversed about, and what I do recollect I am not going to tell you; for remember I told you a minute ago, something I had not intended for your ears.

Away up the valley I went two or three miles, to the romantic village of ——, smiling on the way at what I had seen, and wondering whether there would be anything laughable at the next peep. I stopped at the first house, for I knew very well who would be courting there. I tried my best to find some place to peep in, but did not succeed; and besides, the parlor was dark, save the pale rays of the moon, which stealthily crept in occasionally, only to render the darkness more melancholy. So I listened attentively to hear, where I could not peep. As they must have been conversing for some time, and rapidly too, I dare say, I can't tell you what topics had been brought up and left off at the interesting couple's leisure; [illegible] heard him tell the rosy-cheeked [illegible] side, that he had loved her [illegible]ently," but had up to that good [illegible] great courting crisis—trembling [illegible] idea of "popping the question," [illegible] ing her to be his companion in [illegible] monial state, but now, to take [illegible] he was going to pass over the river [illegible] line the same time he broke the [illegible] so he did, but did not mention [illegible] time to get off the canoe into the heretofore strange land of matrimony. I felt sorry to think I could not peep, but almost shed crocodile tears to find they did not set the wedding day, for now I shant know. But I need scarcely tell you, she most willingly adhered to his proposals, for five years had elapsed since he first bent his steps, on Saturday evening, toward the home of the fair, curly-haired girl. I know who the couple were, but I am not going to "tell tales out of school." I suppose it is immaterial to you, but quite material to the anxious parlor peeper. After thus feasting my curiosity on funny things, I loosed Coley, led her a few rods, hitched to the fence, and then for the enjoyment of two similar scenes. Went to the next neat, though lowly dwelling, for I knew who was on a courting expedition there, and being acquainted with the lady, I did'nt care whether she saw me peeping or not. With more trouble than I cared much about, I got my physiognomy close to the window, and shocking to tell you, the first thing was a shower of kisses, that came long and loud. I tried to think of several things that it resembled, but could only call up to my confused imagination, sma' bed turnips. There the loving two reclined so lovingly upon a sofa, he with his arm thrown carelessly around her, and talking on the nonsense of matrimony. I assure you I put the sense of hearing into full exercise. I heard them very distinctly talk our about being married in Autumn, when the one could relieve the other of the dull melancholy, charging Autumn broods over the mind. Oh, how sweet she looked! and what a modest blush diffused her countenance when he talk. I so decidedly sentimental! Indeed I once thought she was counting the stripes in the carpet for her eyes rested so long on the floor. But I am liable to make mistakes and this may be a very great one. I listened eagerly and looked sharply a while, but getting tired, I left this rich and soul-amusing scene, and approached a dwelling where I saw light emitting from the parlor window.

I just politely told myself I would have a rich time. But it was not as rich as was previously anticipated, for on peeping in I only saw two young ladies in the parlor and one of them had for her company a nice little dog, talking to it with exciting animation, and learning it "dear little Tippey" all kinds of amusing pranks, and telling it that it was beautiful beyond conception etc. The other lady who was beautiful and lonely, and very modest looking, had a music book studying the principles for the next singing day. After a time however, they both grew boisterous and had a great deal of fun, but the tall lady, spoken of first, seemed to be perfectly natural in her manners, and appeared strongly inclined to take her *own* fun, at her cousin's expense. However they suddenly become still, and each tried to vie with the other in innocent looks and had me wondering what it was for, when to my chagrin in stepped a tall good looking fellow, walked to the stand placed his hat on it and took a seat as though he was accustomed to visiting a particular lady there. A few compliments passed around, and he apologized for being so late; a few more remarks were made, when the small Miss left the room, for the beau to enjoy his lady love's society. The table was between them when she retired, and so it remained. Yankee style of course. They commenced, withal, in an animating manner, and appeared interested in each others company. After all they were only cousins! As I had some more peeps to make I applied the enemy whip to Coley, and made her rack briskly three miles farther, and was going to stop and peep into the parlor of a newly married couple, wondering why twelve o'clock should find their parlor so brilliantly illuminated, but hearing the merry voices of several, and seeing them passing to and fro, I concluded there was a party and I would not be safe peeping there. So up the road I went a little farther and peeped in through the parlor window. By listening sharply I found the occupants had been at the party and had just returned to have a private conversation. Miss ——, walked up to the cupboard, and out emerged a hugh cake. How tempting it did look to the parlor peeper! She handed him a piece, and took one herself; then they ate a philopena and enjoyed some harmless fun until part of the cake was devoured, when to my utter consternation, he got up and put the candle out. It did provoke me so to think I could not see. As I could not hear anything save the faint echo of a few lip applications, I left, to bend my steps where I pleased. I often wonder since what friend —— would think, if she knew I peeped in on that particular evening; would'nt she exclaim, what an impudent girl she must be. And so, of course, I was then, but if no person knew it, was the difference much? You see my principles are admirable. When I passed Mr. ——'s the party had dispersed, and as I had on my way up seen a certain couple at the party who were famous qualities, I thought he certainly seen her safe home, so I took another mile before I got to the next parlor I took the liberty of peeping into. The light was doing its duty there. I could peep in quite conveniently, and how injurious it was to my selfish principle to see Mr. ——, seated beside Miss ——. It did make me feel so badly to think she would allow him to kiss her. But how could he resist the tempting ruby lips. The temptation was before him and he yielded. Then I heard him whisper to her in low, dejected, mournful tones, that sent a vivid conviction of *softness* to my mind, and "over the left" melted me under their melancholy, and softening influence. I enjoyed the fun for a time, and then rode home, wishing on the way I had only time to visit the village of S——. But as it was late I went directly home, immagining that if I could peep into a certain parlor there, I would see a small gentleman seated at a familiar nearness to a small lady—he pouring love sentiments into her attentive ear, and a great many other funny things I can't mention; but can assure you I was perfectly satisfied with peeping into more parlors than our own, and wondering if you could have the patience to pass with me under the direction of my plain pen, through all these parlor peeping scenes, and if so, I will promise you a greater diversity of impertinent amusements, at some future period.

PROSPECT HILL, PA.

A Rich Puff.

A manufacturer and vender of quack medicines, recently wrote to a friend living out West, for a good commendation of his, (the manufacturer's) Balsam. In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty "[illegible]

Dear Sir:—The land composing my farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get his living off it—and so stony that we had to skin cutpurses and plant them edgeways, but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten acre lot surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into oven wood and piled up symmetrically in my back yard.

I put half an ounce into the middle of a huckleberry swamp in two days it was cleaned off, planted with corn and pumpkins and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle.

As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest daughter, drew my eldest son out of a mill pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in the lottery.

FIDELITY. Never forsaken a friend. When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—then is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend Who loves you and studies your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power, who never have loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

As a new married couple from away down east were one night lying in bed talking over matters and things, a heavy thunder storm arose. The loud peals of thunder and the vivid flashes of lightning filled them with terror and fearful apprehensions. Suddenly a tremendous crash caused the loving couple to start as tho' they had received an electric shock. Jonathan throwing his arm around his dear, exclaimed "Hug up to me, Liz—let's die like men."

A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry, whether she had read Crabbe's Tales?

"Why, no," she answered; "I didn't know that crabs had tales."

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said he, "I mean have you *read* Crabbe's Tales?"

"And I assure you, sir, that I was not aware that red crabs, or any other crabs, had tails."

The "Local," of a promising sheet up the country, solemnly inquires: "Is this the nineteenth century?"

In reply to our brother in arms, we take pleasure in stating that a report to that effect prevails extensively in this section of the country.

WHICH IS, BEST?—I love you, Ruth; you surely have been able to discern it? My love is ardent and sincere. Oh, say that you will return it?" "*Return* it, Paul!—No, no, not I. I've striven hard to gain it; and now I've got it, by our leave, I'd rather far *retain* it."

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

A Sketch of Western Travels.

BY [illegible]

(No. 2.)

Plymouth—La-Porte—Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Rail Road—Lake Michigan—Its Embankments—In Chicago—Increase of Population—Statistics—Michigan Avenue—Lake Scenery—Mammoth Depot—Presbyterian Church—Chicago River—Clark Street Bridge—Court House.

The country over which we traveled in Indiana State was much better adapted to grazing than Agricultural purposes. The lands are generally low, and in many places marshy.

At Plymouth we changed cars, and were carried north to La-Porte and there connected with the Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan Rail Road. When the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Road is entirely completed, it will be much the best route in traveling to the West. No change of cars will then take place between Pittsburg and Chicago, which is a matter of considerable importance to the traveling community.

Along the Southern shore of Lake Michigan huge embankments of white sand are washed up by the waves. They are almost entirely destitute of vegetation. A few scrubby oaks and yellow pines are scattered along this barren waste.

A good view of Lake Michigan is not obtained from this Rail Road, although an occasional glance of it is to be seen a few miles east of Chicago. In the afternoon of the second day we arrived safely in this great emporium of the West. Who, indeed has not heard of Chicago's fame? The rapidity of its growth is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any city in America, except those that have sprung up, as if by magic, along the golden shores of the Pacific. Its population in 1840 was only 4,500, in 1850 over 29,000, and now reaches the enormous figures of 127,000 souls. In 1856 seven thousand three hundred and twenty-eight vessels discharged their cargoes and reloaded again—In the same year 24,674,821 bushels of grain were received, and the lumber trade during the same period, amounted to 476-763,169 feet, which were received by the dealers in this great city.

The few remaining hours of the afternoon, we occupied ourself in making such observations of the place as time and circumstances would allow. We left the "Revere House" after partaking of refreshments, and the first that came under our view was especially worthy of notice, was the scenery of Lake Michigan. We passed along Michigan Avenue more than a mile. It fronts upon the Lake. Some of the most beautifully finished private residences are located along it. Many are constructed after the Gothic mode of Architecture. All that wealth can command and the ingenuity of man devise seems to have been brought into requisition in the construction of those dwellings. Ornamental trees, in almost endless variety decorate their princely magnificence. Not only is a view of the Lake, with its steamers and sail vessels gliding majestically over the water, to be seen, but the order of things truly is diversity and progress. Train after train arrived and departed from the depot of four different Railroad Companies. The track leading to it is constructed on piling in the Lake, at a distance of ten or fifteen rods from shore.

We wandered along the finely shaded walks of this portion of the city, and were highly interested in the running of passenger cars over the superstructure. It was indeed a glorious exhibition of the ingenuity of man in the construction of internal improvements.

Our attention was next called to the mammoth Depot, with its crowds of human beings, and the usual throng of Omnibusses that infest the place on every arrival of the cars. Every avenue of travel within the vicinity, was literally a mass of moving creatures.

More of the different phases of human life can be seen during an hour's visit to this place, than a lifetime spent within the limits of our isolated village.

The depot is said to be the largest in America, and was built by the Illinois Central, the Michigan Central, the Burlington and Quincy, and the Chicago and Galena Union Railroad Companies. Each Company has its respective locality in the building, over which is placed in large, conspicuous letters, the name of route, to designate to the inquiring stranger the information he is often most desirous to obtain. The entire building is constructed on piling in the Lake as also many others adjoining.

As we directed our steps through a labarynth of streets, we soon came to the Old School Presbyterian Church. Its dimensions are enormous. As viewed from the street, it surpasses anything of the kind we ever saw in any of our Eastern cities. The walls are composed of granite, and since their completion, a substance oozing from the surface of the stone, detracts nothing from the appearance, but gives the effect upon a distant view, of beautifully clouded marble. Pursuing our course into the interior, we soon came to the Chicago River, which divides the city. Every thoroughfare is spanned by large and costly draw-bridges. Clark street is the general route of western travel. We approached its bridge just as the draw was leaving to let a steamer pass, and soon found ourself jammed in with carriages and drays, among an immense and impatient crowd. It has been estimated that the number on foot who crossed this bridge, averaged daily, for the space of two weeks, twenty-seven thousand persons, and within the same time, forty-six hundred vehicles.

Leaving this point, the Court House was next visited. It occupies the centre of a large square, on a gentle elevation of ground. It is an immense structure of cut stone, and is fully in keeping with the enterprising character of the citizens of Chicago. Ornamental Iron fencing encloses the square, and at a suitable distance from each of the four corners of the Court House beautiful fountains of pure sparkling water were flowing. Shade trees and gravel walks most skillfully arranged combined with everything around, gave to the place an aspect unusually imposing. As we lingered, admiring the place, the gentle shades of twilight gave evidence of the waning hours of day, and we again returned to our quarters at the "Revere House."

This is a first class public house, kept by Wm. Irish, and is five stories in hight. Its walls are very finely fresco painted—Money seems lavished on everything about in great profusion.

We remained here during the night, and the next morning, at an early hour, had taken passage on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad. Our observations of Illinois shall in due time be forthcoming.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fate of the Apostles.

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was put to death by the sword, at the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria in Egypt till he expired.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree, in Greece.

St. John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, near Malabar, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simon Zelotes was crucified in Persia.

St. Matthias was stoned and then beheaded.

A KENTUCKY GIRL.—When the steamer Alona was sinking from her collision with the Fashion on Thursday night, and the passengers in confusion, some preparing to secure a safe retreat from the sinking craft, and some in the water making their way to land, a young girl of about seventeen summers was standing on the guard intently contemplating the scene, and looking anxiously towards the shore. A young man, in the rush of gallantry, stepped up to her and remarked, "Miss if you will put yourself under my protection, I will get you safely to shore." "Thank you" replied the young heroine, "but you need not trouble yourself; I am only waiting for the crowd to get out of the way, when I can take care of myself and reach the bank." Soon the crowd cleared the space and she swam to the opposite bank with apparent ease and without the least perceptible fear.

Krautsalaat's wife has a great fancy for country life, and insists on keeping a hen in the back yard, as Hood says, "to furnish milk, butter and eggs," for the family. The other day she came to Krautsalaat in great trepidation.

"My dear," said she, "the hen has commenced to set. I took the eggs away from her, and she is now setting on the corner of the coal bin, on an old axe-head!"

"Well, my dear," responded Krautsalaat, in his subdued bilious way, "if the hen is setting on an old axe-head, it seems quite likely she may hatch it.

Editors who are disposed to complain of hard times should compare their condition before desponding with that of the gentleman conducting the Weldan (N. C.) Patriot who winds up a stirring appeal for material aid, in his last issue, as follows:

"Although we prefer the money, yet those who can't pay it, will please send us some of their old clothes, shanghai eggs, sourcrout, rotten pine-apples, &c., we will take anything in the world except a *scolding wife or a dull razor.*"

CLIPPING.—A lady said to her servant the other day at dinner, "go down into the cellar, and bring up the bread which lies on the shelf there." "It won't do no good, ma'am," was the reply, "for the bread on that shelf down in the cellar is up here in this cupboard, ma'am."

"Say, Pomp, you nigger, where you get dat new hat?"

"Why at de shop ob course."

"What is the price of such an article as dat?"

"I don't know, nigger—I don't know, de shopkeeper was'nt dar."

"Tom! Did you get that black eye in a fight?" "No! I tripped on an orange-peel late last night." "*Orange*-peel!" Ned exclaims with a grin. "*Orange-peel!!* I guess you mean *whisky-skin.*"

[From the Lycoming Gazette.]

Gen. Packer the Poor Man's Friend.

It is well known that while Speaker of the House of Representatives, in 1849, Gen. Packer, the Democratic candidate for Governor, contributed very materially by his influence toward the enactment of that now popular measure known as the "Three Hundred Dollar Exemption Act." During the winter of 1850, it will also be remembered, a strenuous effort was made by persons who fancied themselves aggrieved by the law, to have it repealed. Gen. Packer was then in the Senate, where he at once took the lead among those who opposed a repeal. A remonstrance against the law, numerously signed by his own constituents, being forwarded to him to present to that body, he complied with the request, accompanying it with the eloquent remarks which we print below, and which the Philadelphia *Sun* when publishing them, at the time, prefaced as "philanthropic, just, and truly Democratic." We need hardly say they contributed largely to prostrate further efforts at repeal, and the poor unfortunate debtor and his dependant family now enjoy the protection which that humane law affords and a sympathizing public opinion sustains. Gen. Packer said:

Mr. Speaker, I do not sympathize with the prayer of the petition I have just presented. I do not believe that the law of last session will injure the "*poor and middle classes*" of community. I do not believe that exempting the last three hundred dollars worth of property of the poor unfortunate debtor from levy and sale on execution, and by driving from the door of poverty and distress, the sheriff and constable, urged on by a close-fisted, miserly and heartless creditor, that you injuriously affect the interests of the poor. Sir, it can not be true. Do you, for a moment suppose that you would benefit "the poor and middle classes of community" by exposing their last article of household furniture—the last bed—the last stove—or the last cow—to the tender mercies of an avaricious creditor?

If Senators entertain such an opinion, let them comply with the prayer of the petitioner, and vote for the repeal of the law of last session, together with all the exemption laws previously enacted, and they will promote the interests of the poor and middle classes, to the heart's content of the rich. Sir, so far from sympathizing with the petitioners, I would extend the exemption still further, so that they shall be secure when every family will be protected in their little *home*, in defiance of the bad conduct of an intemperate father, or a profligate husband. *The day is coming, may it be soon here, when it will be considered that the man with a comfortable, well furnished home, with much money, much honor, much of the world's goods, is not necessarily happy, for he may be the victim of a scolding wife, and every other domestic vexation.*

Many of the States of the Union have led the way in this humane reform. Many exempts a homestead to the value of $500, and in the absence of a homestead, personal property to that amount. Vermont exempts a homestead to the value of $500. Iowa and Mississippi, forty acres of land or a lot. California exempts 320 acres of land or a lot worth $1000. Deseret, the proposed Mormon State, it is said secures a home to every family. All the States and Territories named having acted on this subject within the past few months. Georgia, Texas, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Connecticut, have long since enacted liberal exemption laws. New York, always amongst the foremost in popular reforms, is also pressing on in this matter. I have before me the annual message of Gov. Fish to the present Legislature of that great State, to which I beg leave to call the attention of Senators. On the subject of homestead exemption, the Governor says:

"While it is admittedly a primary duty of the Legislature to enact laws for the punishment of vice, it is no less its duty to remove the causes which frequently lead to the commission of crime. The impressions made upon the youthful mind, by the gentle force of parental authority and example, and by the associations of the family circle, are among the most active and enduring of the influences which control the conduct of after life. Much of the vice that we are called upon to deplore may be traced to the removal of its subject from the reach of that authority and example, and from the innocent, but wholesome association of a home, however humble. The cause of morality, no less than the dictates of humanity, demands the preservation of the *family circle*, and the maintenance of the *family home*, as efficient preventives of vice, and sure and permanent contributors to individual virtue and happiness; and to public prosperity and order."

Such, Mr. Speaker, are the views of the Governor of New York. They are the sentiments of a humane and far seeing Statesman—and I honor him for his manly independence in giving them the weight and sanction of his official station. Sir, I go with the Governor of the Empire States. I would secure to every family a HOME and a HEARTH. *I would not permit the covetous and hard-hearted creditor to drive his unfortunate debtor, naked and penniless, out upon the cold charities of an inhospitable world.*—The law which authorizes such a procedure should be blotted from the pages of the statute books of every State in this Union—they are repugnant to the spirit of the age, and revolting to humanity. Like the laws sanctioning imprisonment for debt, they should be repudiated by every philanthropic legislature—they should exist but in the history of the past—an obsolete idea.

It has been truly said, Mr. Speaker, that he who sells out the last little property of a wife, and family of small children, of a rash, heedless, or perhaps intemperate husband and father, and afterwards with a cheerful countenance goes home to dine—goes home TO FEAST ON HUMAN HEARTS! Sir, money thus obtained has a damning curse upon it!

Entertaining these views, Mr. Speaker, I cannot go with those of my constituents who demand the repeal of the exemption law of last session; nor can I believe that any considerable number of them desire it.

Politeness in Married Life.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice.—And the husband answered, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure." It was quietly but heartily said, the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate. We thought how pleasant that courteous reply! how gratifying must it be to the wife!—Many married husbands of ten years' experience are ready enough with courtesies of politeness to the *young* ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife and do many rude little things, without considering them worth an apology. The stranger, whom they have seen but yesterday, is listened to with deference, and although the subject may not be of the pleasantest nature, with a ready smile; while the poor wife if she relates a domestic grievance, is subdued, or listened to with ill-concealed impatience. Oh! how wrong this is—all wrong. Does she urge some request—"Oh! don't bother me!" cries her husband. Does she ask for necessary funds for Susy's shoes and Tommy's hat—"Seems to me you're always wanting money!" is the handsome retort. Is any little extra demanded by his masculine appetite—it is ordered, not requested. "Look here, I want you to do so and so; just see that its done," and off marches Mr Boor, with a bow and a smile of gentlemanly polish and friendly sweetness for every casual acquaintance he may chance to recognize. When we meet with such thoughtlessness and coarseness, our thoughts revert to the kind voice and gentle manner of the friend who said, "Yes, my dear; with pleasure." "I beg your pardon," comes as readily to his lips, when by any little awkwardness he has disconcerted her, as it would in the presence of the most fashionable stickler for etiquette. This is because he is a thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to precedence. He loves her best—why should he hesitate to show it, not in sickly, maudlin attention, but in preferring her pleasure, and honoring her in public as well as private. He knows her worth, why should he hesitate to attest it? "And her husband he praised her," saith Holy Writ: not by fulsome adulation, not by pushing her charms into notice, but by speaking as opportunity occurs, in a manly way of her virtues. Though words may seem little things, and slight attentions almost valueless, yet depend upon it they keep the flame bright, especially if they are natural.—*Ladies' Enterprise.*

True Religion.

At the late session of the Protestant Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of California, held at Sacramento, Rt. Rev. Bishop Kip, in the course of his pastoral address, alluding to the political contest then going on, and its exciting effect upon the public mind, took occasion to say:

"From all these excitements our church stood aloof. Its ministers contented themselves with doing their Master's work, and inculcating the truth that their duty was to preach the Gospel, that "thereunto were they called," not to carry into God's house the engrossing topics of this world, but rather on the day of holy rest to remind their hearers that all these things must pass away, while for us eternity is waiting. On no one act of any of your number has the gainsayer been able to throw discredit on your holy calling. When urged to take part in these exciting topics, as all of you have been, your conduct has shown the same spirit which actuated Nehemiah, when his answer was, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."

It would be well, alike for the cause of religion and politics, were all the denominations in our land to imitate the example set by the ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in its systematic abstinence from intermeddling with political matters.

"STRAIGHT" AND UNION NOMINATIONS.—Our opponents, both the straight-out Hazlehurst Know-Nothings, and the Wilmot fusionists of the Woolly-Head stripe, are completing their distinctive nominations, and neither appear willing to compromise, as has been their practice formerly. Perhaps they would gain nothing by giving and taking, for all their previous operations in that line have been conducted on the principle of the little boy who had a colt and dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him to give them one or both of his pets. One day he told a gentleman present he might have the colt—reserving the dog much to the surprise of his mother, who asked, "Why, Jacky! why didn't you give him the dog?" "Say nothin', say nothin', mother; when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him!"

A man out West came into a printing office to beg a paper. "Because," said he, "We like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."