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December 5, 1850

AN INCIDENT OF THE RE...

It was a beautiful night in the sum... that some half dozen officers belonging ... Rawdon's detachment of the British army, then lying at Camden, were present at a social gathering at the house of a noted planter, whose feelings and sympathies induced him to favor the cause of royalty. The doors and windows of the old mansion were thrown open for the admittance of the evening breeze; and the light which radiated in a thousand directions from the heavy chandeliers, seemed to vie in brilliancy with the full moon which poured its silent beams upon the corridor. Voluptuous music floated out upon the air, gay voices and the merry laugh fell upon the ear of the passer-by, and everything within and around betokened a scene of ... mirth. Now the young officers in their gay ... with the ladies in the giddy dance, ... paced the long piazza, and anon, ... groups about the spacious hall, ... brilliant sally of wit, the quick ... sarcasm of the guests. ... uttered, and many ... the poor colonists ... erty. The ... claret circulated freely, and the ... were lavished upon lips redolent ... of freedom, and reddened ... who dared assert it.

Leaving the party to its festi... a moment at a different scene, ... south of the town, by a portion ... which was the constant butt for ... of the red coats; and though hu... it was, its mighty heart beat ... true patriotism, and its hardy ... to serve the interests of freedom. By so... the American commander ... got wind of ... near Camden, and resolved to make them pay for their frolic. Sergeant Williams, with eight ... being detailed for the service, they left the camp ... soon as the darkness ... would afford them a cloak, and ... the vicinity of the ... when his guests were in the ... the men being scattered ... so as to ... and with ... steadily ... crept silently through the bushes ... steady tread of the Indian, ... Having approached within a ... Williams arranged with ... and seizing the sentinel, ... disarmed him. The officers, ... without, rushed for their ... walked straight to the house, and ... examined, "You are surrounded ... of the American army; in the name ... Nathaniel Greene, I demand a ... astonished officers saw plainly ... caught in the toils, ignorant of the ... captors, and judging resistance to ... they gave the Yankee Sergeant their ... sword, and accompanied by a guard, ... the end of the hall to await in chagrin his ... orders.

Meantime the ladies, alarmed at the prospect of a fight, had retired from the hall; and now Williams ... brave comrades reaped the reward of their toil. Again the merry wine sparkled in the cup, and the men forgot their fatigue and suffering as they pledged in rapid toasts their country and commanders. The sharp retort and merry joke were now ... upon the red coats, and the hall, a few ... ments before vocal with the scoffs of the British, now ... echoed to the shouts of freemen. Having sufficiently refreshed themselves, they mustered the captive officers into line, and, the shrill fife striking a brisk "Yankee-doodle," they marched off in double quick time to the encampment.

A SIBERIAN WINTER.

The traveller in Siberia, during the winter, is enveloped in furs that he can scarcely move; and under the thick fur hood, which is fastened to the bear-skin collar and covers the whole face, one can only draw in, as it were by stealth, a little of the external air, which is so keen that it causes a very peculiar and painful feeling to the throat and lungs. The distance from one halting place to another takes about ten hours, during which time the traveller must always continue on horseback, as the cumbrous dress makes it insupportable to wade through the snow. The poor horses suffer at least as much as their riders, for besides the general effect of cold, they are tormented by ice forming in their nostrils and stopping their breathing. When they intimate this by a distressed sort of a snort and a convulsive shaking of the head, the drivers relieve them by taking out the pieces of ice to save them from being suffocated.—When the icy ground is not covered by snow, their hoofs often burst from the effects of the cold. The caravan is always surrounded by a thick cloud of vapor; and it is not only living bodies which produce this effect, but even the snow smokes.

These evaporations are instantly changed into millions of needles of ice, which fill the air, and cause a constant slight noise, resembling the sound of torn satin or thick silk.

Even the reindeer seeks the forest to protect him, self from the intensity of the cold. In the tundras, where there is no shelter to be found, the whole herd crowd together as close as possible to gain a little warmth from each other, and may be seen standing in this way quite motionless.

Only the dark bird of the winter, the raven, still cleaves the icy air with slow and heavy wing, leaving behind him a long line of thin vapor, marking the track of his solitary flight.

The influence of the cold extends even to inanimate nature. The thickest trunks of trees are rent asunder with a loud sound, which, in these deserts, falls on the ear like a signal shot at sea; large masses of rock are torn from their ancient sites; the ground in the tundras and the rocky valleys cracks, forming large yawning fissures from which the waters, which were beneath the surface, rise, giving off a cloud of vapour, and become congealed immediately into ice. The effect of this degree of cold extends even beyond the earth.

The beauty of the deep polar star, so often and justly praised, disappears in the dense atmosphere which the intensity of cold produces. The stars still glisten in the firmament, but their brilliancy is dimmed.—*Travels in the North.*

IMPORTANCE OF BEING ABLE TO DESPISE RIDICULE.—I know of no principle which is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance; it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds, to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these. But learn from the earliest days to ensure your principles against the perils of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic; however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear—do it, not for insolence, but *seriously* and *grandly*—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait until it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you feel that you are firm; resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.—*Sidney Smith.*

A GOOD RULE.—The Editor of the Pottstown *Ledger* thinks that every subscriber to a paper should make it an unfailing rule to pay his dues regularly once a year. They are then paid without being felt, but when they are left to accumulate for years, they amount to a sum that is not willingly paid. This is most excellent advice, and if followed up, would be beneficial both to the publisher and his subscriber. We commend the advice of the Ledger man to the consideration of all our subscribers.

HOW IS IT TO BE DONE?—An Irishman who was very near sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and that they were both to fire at the same time! This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a slim one that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside the chalk line it was to go for nothing.

Female Socialism in France.

I have often stated that what are called Social... doctrines—that is, doctrines which proclaim ... religion is a farce, property a robbery, and ... an infamous institution—were making ... progress among the masses. Indeed, they ... professed by the majority of the work... ation, of the great towns, and, it is to be ... have spread among the peasantry to an ex... than some people are willing to be... withstanding their mingled stupidity, ... licentiousness, these doctrines create ... veritable fanatics, and find persons of both sexes who are willing to become martys for them—as if they had the sanction of Heaven, and were destined to promote the happiness of man. Even women—shocking to relate—openly profess them; nay, some ... even devoted themselves to preaching them with extraordinary fervor.

Yesterday ... was witness of a curious and pain... the fanaticism of some of these she... a trial of several persons for illegal ... in which women are concerned. The ... a female, one of the accused, and who ... to belong to a respectable class:

"You are a Socialist?"

"I am a citizen!" said she, as if it were somothing to be proud of.

"You are an adversary of the rights of proper...?"

"Citizen," she answered, "property has no rights—it is a robbery."

"You object to marriage?"

"I think it, citizen, an infamous thing, because it leads to the oppression of women by men."

"But if there were no marriage, society would ... given up to prostitution?"

"Call it what you please, citizen; but I maintain that man and woman should be allowed to ... their own inclinations unchecked by any ...

"Then children would be illegitimate?"

"So much the better, citizen!"

"Who would be responsible for bringing them up?"

"The community; the rearing of children is a charge which should not be thrown on either the father or mother!"

"Women," cried the judge, trying in vain to check his indignation, "what you say is abominable!"

"In your opinion it may be, citizen—but it is not in mine!" And the amiable creature seated herself with the swelling dignity of a tragedy queen.

And to think that such abominable principles as these are entertained by thousands and tens of thousands, aye, millions—verily it is no wonder that France is *malade.—Paris Cor. of the Britannia.*

GOOD ACTIONS.

It is a custom among the Arabs for each pilgrim in passing by a memorable spot to cast a stone thereon. In this way a pile is reared. It is a common excuse among men when urged to contribute their mite in the general good, that their individual efforts would be of no avail. No person is so obscure in our opinion, who has it not in his power, by good actions and upright conduct, to aid his fellow-beings and raise the standards of liberality, truth and justice. No good action is ever lost.

A pebble seems but a small and insignificant part of the world's surface, yet cast it into the water and an infinite succession of circles surround it, widening far beyond the reach of vision. So with a good action—it is a gratifying thing at the time; it may have impressed but one human heart—Yet the lesson will never be lost. Wider and wider grow the circles till they lose themselves in the sea of eternity. Do not neglect the day of small things. Trifles make up the sum of human existence.

There is some grandeur and magnanimity in doing a great action or making a great sacrifice, but true charity and true greatness are content to labor unseen, saving by the one unsleeping eye that seeth and rewardeth all things. Do not fancy yourself useless. Nothing in the wide world is so. But one thing is certain, we cannot be quiescent, and unless our influence is for good it must be for evil. Though our contribution to the general good be but the widow's mite, let it be given cheerfully and unrepiningly, and it may yield an abundant harvest. There is an able monument or rather mound of earth, which now stands on the borders of the Vistula, raised to the memory of the illustrious Coskiusco, by his countrymen, and during its erection, no one passed without carrying their portion of earth towards its completion. Men, women and children, each and all, labored together for this one grand object; the rich and poor; for the love of the patriot was strong in the hearts of all, and each hastened to do honor to his illustrious countryman. Let none despair or be idle, for they know not what destiny is before them.

CURIOUS REVENGE—OR HOW A WOMAN LOST A BEAUTIFUL LEG.—The London Lancet, of July, tells the following extraordinary story:—

Late one evening a person came into our office and asked to see the editor of the Lancet. On being introduced to our sanctum, he placed a bundle upon the table, from which we proceeded to extract a very fair and symmetrical lower extremity, which might have matched "Atalanta's better part," and which had evidently belonged to a woman.

"There," said he, "is there anything the matter with that leg? Did you ever see a handsomer? What ought the man to be done with who cut that off?"

On hearing the meaning of these interrogatories put before us, we found that it was the leg of the wife of our evening visitor. He had been accustomed to admire the leg and foot of the lady, of the perfection of which, he was it appears, conscious. A few days before he had excited her anger, and they had quarrelled violently, upon which she had left the house, declaring she would have revenge upon him, and that he should never again see the object of his admiration. The next thing he heard was that she was a patient in the hospital of ———; and had her leg amputated. She had declared to the surgeon that she suffered intolerable pain in her knees, and begged to have the limb removed—a petition to which the surgeon complied with, and thus became the instrument of her own absurd revenge upon her husband."

LABOR AS A PROFESSION.—There is a vast amount of foolish discussion and false sentiment in regard to the respectability of labor professions. Every pursuit of industry that is honest and promotive of human well-being, is respectable, honorable and dignified. The profession of labor has no essential merit in itself, beyond being more or less productive; the merit belongs entirely to the manner of its pursuit. It is hard to say which of the two is the most vulgar—he who decries and scorns all labor that is soiled or soiling—all common, every day toil—or he who values labor only as begrimmed with dirt, and turns up his nose at the man who works with hands or face cleaner than his own. Both are immensely vulgar, and both will have to learn much before they truly understand the nature and dignity of labor as a profession.

INTERESTING FACT.—A friend now in Trebizond, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, in a letter, makes the following comment: "Last week I read news from America only twenty-eight days old, and yet it had travelled probably more than eight thousand miles, and been twice reprinted on the road."

The Secret of Success.

The following few lines, from the *New Yorker*, convey wholesome advice:

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—What is it? In this country among people who are equally protected and encouraged, it lies in the steady pursuit of intelligence, industry, temperance and frugality. So far as outward comfort and competence constitute wealth, there is but a fraction of society who may not possess it, if each will but turn his hand and brain to the vocation for which his instict and capacity most fit him. If the great fortunes which so dazzle the misjudging poor be analyzed, they will be found, in nearly ninety-nine out of the hundred cases, to have sprung and matured from calm, patient and simple toil—toil which had an endurance and faith behind, and an object and hope before it. Soo, too, with success in whatever man seeks to accomplish. A clown may stumble upon a splendid discovery in art or science, but a fixed general law provides that high achievement shall require profound and ceaseless labor. The price of success, except in isolated cases, is the price of one's life. He is a fool who trusts to any dream for possession or advancement, unless he connects with it the present exercise of his own energy and judgment. The little spring in the mountain rock becomes a brook, a torrent, a wide rolling river, and a part of the fathomless ocean, simply by pushing steadily and bravely forward.

A SAD CASE.

The Delaware Republican gives the following account of the trial and acquittal of Jacob Green, charged with the murder of the seducer of his wife:—

"Jacob Green was tried on Tuesday last, at N. Castle, for the murder of Abraham Redden. It was proved that Green was married about six years ago, and lived happily with a woman to whom he was much attached, and that Redden seduced her from her fidelity to him. He would frequently take her from her house and keep her away all night; and there was proof of adulterous intercourse. On Green accusing him of it, he said "Yes, I have had your wife, and will have her again whenever I like, and if you don't keep quiet, I will blow your liver out." He carried two pistols loaded for the avowed purpose of shooting Green, and on one occasion assaulted and beat him severely. He loaded these pistols with slugs on Saturday, the 20th of July last, telling his own wife that he intended to shoot Green. That night he took Green's wife from her house and kept her out all night.

Green discovered the guilty pair about daybreak the next morning; went some two or three miles and borrowed a gun; returned and found Redden sitting asleep in a neighboring house, and shot him through the open door. He immediately surrendered himself. After being tried, he told told the story of his wrongs in so affecting a manner that he drew tears from the officer and all present. He wound up by saying—"Now, Mr. Hickman, had you been in my place, would you not have done as I did?" To which the officer religiously, but feelingly, replied—"If not restrained by divine grace, I think I should." Green begged to see his wife, and she was brought to him. He put his manacled arms around her neck, kissed her, and gave her his forgiveness; and was taken off, he said, to die for the love of her.

He was mistaken. The law in Delaware makes it no higher offence than a misdemeanor for a husband to kill a man found in the act of adultery with his wife, and the jury considering even that as beyond the guilt of this defendant, under the circumstances of aggravation and outrage presented by his case, acquitted him entirely.

The unhappy man ... being discharged from the dock, was received by a crowd of friends, who gave three hearty cheers when they had got into the street. The guilty wife was not there; and the widow of the deceased contributed, by her testimony, to the acquittal of the man who slew her own husband.

TALE BEARING.—Never repeat a story unless you are positively certain that it is correct, and even not then unless something is to be gained either of interest to yourself or for the good of the person concerned. Tattling is a mean and a wicked practice, and he who indulges in it grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful. If you have no good to say of your neighbor, never reproach his character by telling that which is false. He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults; and so the dish of news is handed from one to another until the tale becomes erroneous. A story never loses anything is wisely remarked, but on the contrary gains in proportion as it is repeated by those who have not a very strict regard for the truth. Truly, "the tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

HAPPINESS.—Happiness results from the occupation of time usefully or agreeably. When persons are actively engaged in their several callings and professions, the time is usefully employed, conducting to respectability, honor or profit—never failing sources of satisfaction. They who have no regular business or profession, resort to the expedient of beguiling their hours by some pursuit or amusement that shall supply the place of business. Their endeavor is to fill up time agreeably. Thus the country gentleman devotes himself to the sports of the field, making dogs and horses his principal occupation, while town men of fortune fills up his evening hours in frequenting theatres, card parties, routs, and masquerades. These modes, however, of employing time are by no means the most eligible; they are not productive of that genuine self-satisfaction which results from pursuits of a more tranquil description; such as reading, music, painting or gardening.

A NEWSPAPER.—The Boston Times says that a man eats a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind, to be enjoyed anew, to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man, or of two men; it is the wisdom of the age, and past ages too. A family without a newspaper, is always half an age behind the times. In general information, besides, they never think much, or find much to talk about. And there are little ones growing up in ignorance, without any taste for reading. Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who, when her work is done, has to set down with her hands in her lap and nothing to amuse her, or divert her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Who then would be without a newspaper?

NOBLE AND WITTY REPLY.—In 1561, Philip II., of Spain, sent the young Constable de Castile to Rome, to congratulate Sextus the Fifth on his advancement. The Pope imprudently said:

"Are there so few men in Spain that your King sends one without a beard?"

"Sir," said the fierce Spaniard, "if his majesty possessed the least idea that you imagined merit lay in a beard, he would have deputed a goat to you, not a gentleman."

DESCRIPTION.—"This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all twenty-eight feet. He cries in the woods in the night, season like a human being in distress, and then devours all those who comes to his assistance; a sad instance of the depravity of human nature."

THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—Dr. Pusey, and some of his associates, have addressed a letter to the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in the United States of America, intimating that the expression of the full concurrence of the American clergy with the views entertained by them, would be of the highest service "in a contest with heresy or indifference."

Odds and Ends.

PAPER.—Paper from tow is stated to have been invented and made at Berlin, so difficult, if not impossible, to be counterfeited, that it will supersede all other fabrics for bank notes, stamps, &c.

☞Great excitement was created one night some weeks since, in the suburbs of Memphis, by loud cries as of a woman in distress. A body of police and citizens started forth, but found no woman. The cries were made by a Panther.

TENNYSON, the Poet, has received the laurel, left by Southey, at the fair hands of the English Queen. The author of "In Memoriam" and "The May Queen" will wear it worthily and gracefully.

INFALLIBLE RECIPE.—Mr. Speckles says that the best vegetable pill that has yet been invented, is an apple dumpling. For destroying a gnawing at the stomach, it is the only pill to be relied on.

SERMONS.—The eccentric Sidney Smith, in speaking of the prosy nature of most sermons, said—"They are written as if sin were to be taken out of man, like Eve out of Adam, by putting him to sleep."

GLORY.—How it strips war of its glory to apply arithmetic to it—don't it? All that Gen. Scott got for fighting the battle of Chapultpec was seven dollars and seventy-three cents. He could have made more by selling bottled soda.

HOMER mentions brass money as existing 1484 B. C. The invention of it is inscribed to the Lydians. Money was used in Rome 578 B. C. Iron money was used in Sparta, and tin money was used in Britain when under the Romans.

KNOWLEDGE.—The more a man knows, the less he is apt to talk—discretion allays his heat, and makes him coolly deliberate what and where it is fit to speak.

CICERO'S RETORT.—The Roman orator was one day sneered at by one of his opponents, a mean man of noble lineage, on account of his low parentage. "You are the *first* of your line," said the taller; "and you," rejoined Cicero, "are the *last* of yours."

DR. FRANKLIN'S father had seventeen children. He was the fifteenth. He says in his autobiography, that his father died at the age of eighty-nine, and his mother at the age of eighty-five, and that neither were ever known to have any sickness except that of which they died.

☞He who stops the act of breathing will soon lose its power, and they who don't exercise their talents, will not long be conscious of their possession.

OCCUPATION.—One occupation is precisely as creditable in itself, and as commendable to the industrious pursuer as another, provided it be honorable, and in perfect harmony with the laws of God and man. It is the man that ennobles the occupation, not the occupation that dignifies the man.

ADVERTISE.—If you want to do business and become rich, advertise. It is the only way to get along—no mistake about that. It appears just like oil on machinery.

RESIGNATION.—It is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well.—"It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

LOVE.—A young lady who talks eloquently about love, is, probably, incapable of feeling much of it.—Deep feeling does not overflow in words. Many a young woman sincerely believes that she is capable of a never-ending attachment, when she likes only the excitement of having a lover, and hearing her virtue extolled by others.

MODESTY.—An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her—"My eyes have planted roses in your cheeks; why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

PRINTER'S TOAST.—At a Printer's Festival, held in Nashville, the "type stick" was toasted, and described as "the charmed casket by which the printer holds the destinies of empires, states and communities as in the hollow of his hand."

☞The *Native African* calls thunder "the sky's gun;" morning, "the day's child." One who had seen ice, said "it was water fast asleep," and the locomotive, he said, was a "thunder mill."

DULLNESS.—A talkative member of Parliament was reproaching one of his colleagues for not having opened his mouth during the whole session. "You are mistaken," he replied, "for I yawned through all of your speeches."

THE PAST.—Look not mournfully into the past—it cannot return: wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

STIR THE SOIL.—The greatest horticulturist almost of the present day, says: "If I had *a call*' to preach a sermon on gardening, I should take this *for my* text: 'Stir the soil.'"

THE KING OF BAVARIA has formed the gigantic design of causing to be executed a series of pictures on subjects derived from the annals of all times and all nations—the whole being destined to form a sort of pictorial universal chronology.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The difference between fair ladies and ladies' fair is this: the former besiege men's hearts, and the latter besiege their pockets.

A BATCH OF CONS.—Why is it better to be burnt at a stake, than to have our head cut off at a block? Because a hot stake is better than a cold chop. Why is a young lady like a careful house wife? Because her *waist* is as little as she can make it. Why is an ignorant Judge like *necessity*? Because he knows *no law*.

☞Archbishop Hughes, of New York, preached in London on the 1st ultimo, at the Roman Catholic chapel in Spanish Place, which was crowded to suffocation on the occasion.

AN ANOMALY.—The Vice Chancellor's mace bearer has £700, and the Professor of Greek at Oxford only £40 a year. This is one of the beauties of the British Government.

CHARACTER.—An honest and virtuous man may sometimes be unjustly suspected, and the breath of the slanderer may tarnish, for a moment, an innocent reputation, but the right side comes up sooner or later, and truth triumphs.

LUCK.—He who waits for good luck to come to him, is destined to die in poverty. No man has a right to expect a good fortune unless he goes to work and deserves it.

PRENTICE says, South Carolina is about passing laws to abolish the use of magnets, because they point to the North, to prohibit her citizens from the construction of houses fronting the North, and to forbid their exposing themselves out of doors when the wind blows from the North.

HEAVEN.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, after denying a place in heaven to all actors and actresses, is down on tobacco chewers, and reminds them that there are no spit boxes there.

ADVICE.—It is easier to give counsel than to take it; wise men think they do not need it, and fools will not take it.

LIBERAL.—A retreat for indigent men of letters and artists, is about to be established on the estate of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. The funds are to be raised by a series of dramatic entertainments, and a new play by the baronet.

☞Three hundred silver Roman medals have been found in an urn, at Nisores, in France. Some of them are very rare, at least of those saved from the vermilli, unfortunately, got possession of half of the number, and melted them up.

☞Dress makes the man, and the feathers are sometimes more valuable than the bird.