

Ruffum's Journal

BY S. B. ROW.

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THE CONTRAST.

BY FRIGEE CAREY.
You look to the future, on above,
I only look to the past;
You are dreaming your first dream of love,
And I have dreamed my last.
You watch for feet that are yet to tread
With yours on the shining track;
I hear but the echoes, dull and drear,
Of feet that come not back.
You are passing up the flowery slope
That I left so long ago;
Your rainbows shine thro' the drops of hope,
And mine through the drops of woe.
Night glides in its visions sweet away,
And at morn you live them o'er;
From my dreams by night and by day,
I have waked to dream no more.
You are reaching forth with a spirit glad,
To the hopes that are still untried;
I am burying the hopes I had,
That slipped from my arms and died.
I pray that the blessedest things be there,
On thy future may descend;
But for mine, it were well for me,
If I made a peaceful end!

BLUE EYES BEHIND A VEIL.

BY LUCY A. RANDALL.
Mr. Edge was late at breakfast—that was not an unusual occurrence—and he was a little disposed to be cross—which was likewise nothing new. So he retired behind his newspaper, and devoured his eggs and toast with voracious eagerness, save occasional monosyllables to gentle the remarks of the fresh looking little lady opposite—to wit: Mrs. Edge. But she was gathering together for the grand final onslaught, and when at length Mr. Edge had got down to the last paragraph, and laid aside the reading sheet it came.
"Dear, didn't you say you were going to leave me a hundred dollars for my furs to-day?"
"What furs?" (Rather shortly it was spoken.)
"Those new sable, dear; my old affairs are getting shockingly shabby, and I really think—"
"Oh, how! what's the use of being so extravagant? I haven't any money just now to lay out in useless follies. The old furs are good enough for any sensible woman to wear."
"Mrs. Edge, good, meek little soul that she was, relapsed into obedient silence; she only sighed a soft, inward sigh, and presently began on a new tack.
"Henry, will you go with me to my aunt's to-night?"
"Can't you go alone?"
"Alone? How would it look?" Mrs. Edge's temper—for she had one though it didn't very often parade itself—was fairly roused. "You are so neglectful of those little attentions you used to pay me once—you never walk with me, nor pick up my handkerchiefs, nor notice my dress, as you did once."
"Well, fellows can't be forever waiting upon the women, can they?" growled Mr. Edge.
"You could be polite enough to Miss Waters last night, when you never thought to ask me if I wanted anything, though you knew perfectly well that I had a headache. I don't believe you care so much as you used to do!"
And Mrs. Edge looked extremely pretty, with tears in her blue eyes and a quiver on the round rose lips.
"Fshaw!" said the husband peevishly.
"Now don't be silly, Maria!"
"And in the stage yesterday, you never asked me if I was warm enough, or put my shawl round me, while Mr. Brown was so very affectionate to his wife! It was mortifying enough, Henry—it was indeed!"
"I didn't know women were such fools," said Mr. Edge sternly, as he drew on his overcoat to escape the tempest which he saw rapidly impending. "Am I the sort of a man to make a ninny of myself by doing the polite to any female creature? Did you ever know me to be conscious whether a woman had a shawl or a swallow-tailed coat?"
Maria eclipsed the blue eyes behind a little pocket handkerchief, and Henry, the savage, banged the door loud enough to give Betty in the kitchen a nervous start.
"Raining again! I do believe we are going to have a second edition of the deluge," said Mr. Edge to himself that evening as he encased his six feet of intimacy in the south-west corner of a car at the City Hall. "Go ahead, conductor, can't you? What are you waiting for? Don't you see we're full, and it's dark already?"
"In one minute, sir," said the conductor, as he helped a little woman with a basket upon his board. "Now, sir, move up a bit if you please."
Mr. Edge was exceedingly comfortable, didn't want to move up, but the light of the lamp, just ignited, falling full on the pearly forehead and shining golden hair of the new comer, he altered his mind and he did move up.
"What lovely eyes!" quoth he mentally, as he bestowed a single acknowledging smile.
"Real violet blue! the very color I admire most. Bless me! what business has an old married man like me thinking about eyes? What would Maria say, the jealous little minx! There—she's drawn a condescended veil over her face, and the light is as dim as a fallow deer, but those were pretty eyes."
The fair possessor of the blue eyes shivered slightly and drew her mantilla closer round her shoulders.
"Are you cold, Miss? Pray, honor me by wearing my shawl. I don't need it at all myself."
She did not refuse—she murmured some faint apology for troubling him, but it was not a refusal.
"No trouble—not a bit!" said he, with alacrity arranging it on the taper shoulders; and then as the young lady handed her fare to the conductor, he said to himself, "what a slender, lovely little hand! If there's anything I admire in a woman it's a pretty hand! Wonder what kind of mouth she's got? It must be delightful if it corresponds with the hair and eyes—Plague take that veil!"
But "plague," whoever that mystical power may be, did not take possession of the provoking veil, so Mr. Edge's curiosity about the mouth of the blue-eyed damsel remained ungratified.
"Have you room enough, Miss? I fear you are crowded. Pray, sit a little closer to me."
"Thank you, sir," was the soft reply, coming from behind the veil, as Mr. Edge rapturously reflected—"Like an angel from the gloom of a dark cloud." And his heart gave a loud thump as the pretty shoulder touched his own shaggy overcoat—"a nestling sort of a way."
"Decidedly this is getting rather romantic," thought he; and then, with an audible whisper, "What would Maria say?"
The rest of that long, dark, rainy ride was

delicious with that shoulder against his own. How gallantly he jumped up to pull the strap for her—by some favoring freak of fortune, if happened to be at a very street where he intended to stop. And under all circumstances we can hardly blame him, when the car stopped so suddenly that she caught instinctively at his hand for support, for the squeeze he gave the plump snowy palm. Any man in his senses would have done the same—it was such an inviting little billy!

Out into the rain and darkness two pilgrims sailed, scarcely more than able to steer their course by the glimmering reflection of the street lamp on the streaming pavements.
"Allow me to carry your basket, Miss, as long as our paths lie in the same direction," said Mr. Edge courteously, relieving her of the burden as he spoke. "And—may-be you'd find less difficulty in walking if you'd just take my arm!"
Well, wasn't it delightful. Mr. Edge forgot the wet streets and the pitchy darkness—he began to feel a little nervous, and wish that the lovely incognita wouldn't hold on quite so tight. Suppose Maria should be at the window on the lookout for him, as she often was, how would she interpret matters? He couldn't make her believe that he only wanted to be polite to a fair traveller! Besides his sweeping declarations of the morning—she would be sure to recall them.

As he stopped at the right number and turned round to bid the blue-eyes a regretful adieu, he was astounded to see her run lightly up the steps to enter likewise! Gracious Apollo! he burst into a chilly perspiration at the idea of Maria's horror!
"I think you have made a mistake, Miss," stammered he, "this can't be your house?"
But it was too late—she was already in the brilliant lighted hall, and turning round threw off her dripping habiliments, and made him a low courtesy.
"How much obliged to you for your politeness, sir!"
"Why, it's my wife!"
"And happy to see that you haven't forgotten all your gallantry towards the ladies," pursued the merciless little puss, her blue eyes (they were pretty!) all in a dance with suppressed roguery.

Edge looked from the ceiling to the floor in vain search for a loop-hole of retreat; but the search was unavailing.
"Well," said he the most sheepish of all tones "it's the first time I ever was polite to a woman in the cars and hang me if it shan't be the last."
"You see dear," said the ecstatic little lady, "I was somewhat belated—didn't expect to be delayed so long, and hadn't any idea I should meet with so much attention in the cars, and from my own husband too! Goodness gracious, how aunt Priscilla will enjoy the joke!"
"If you tell that old harp!" said Edge, in an accent of desperation, "I never shall hear the last of it."
"Very probably," said Maria provokingly.
"Now look here, darling, said Mr. Edge coaxingly, "you won't say anything, will you? A fellow don't want to be laughed at by all the world! I say, Maria, you shall have the prettiest furs in New York if you'll only keep quiet—you shall on my honor."
The terms were satisfactory, and Maria capitulated—who wouldn't? And that is the way she got those splendid furs that filled the hearts of all the female friends with envy; and perhaps it was that made Mr. Edges such a scrupulously courteous husband ever after.

NOT QUITE A SECOND DANIEL.—One of the judges of a court in New Orleans recently decided that a husband was not responsible for the debts of his young wife. It appears that she had a passion—it is known in places outside of New Orleans—for silk-dresses. Accordingly, during a two days' shopping, she purchased a couple of dresses for which the shop-keeper charged \$645. These figures, it must be confessed, are a little steep; but on the other hand it must be taken into account how extremely pretty the young wife would look when prettily encoined in the rich attire. Nevertheless, the young husband, who was a clerk on a salary of some \$2,000, does not appear to have appreciated the purchase, and accordingly refused to pay the silky bill. The shop-keeper in time brought a suit, but failed to recover a cent. The judge ruled that the purchase was extravagant, and therefore that the husband was not liable for the debt. The shop-keeper appears to have been the only sufferer, for he not only lost his \$645 worth of silk, but had to pay a round bill of costs for the suit. We fancy that hereafter the shop-keepers in the Crescent city will keep their eyes open, and not trust wives, even if they are young and pretty. It is highly dangerous to the profit and loss account.

The story runs that a gentleman living at St. Joseph's Island, out West, was engaged to be married to a pretty French girl, and the banns were published in the Catholic Church on a certain Sunday. The next day a Yankee made a bet of \$100, with a friend, that he would marry the girl himself. The money was placed in the hand of a third party; the Yankee then called upon the young lady and made a proposition of marriage. She told him that her intended had already given her \$40 to buy clothes, but that she didn't like him very well. At this her new suitor handed her a like amount, and then placing forty dollars more with it, remarked:—"There's his forty dollars, and I'll go forty better." The young lady could resist no longer, and taking the money, returned the amount given her by her first lover, and married his competitor within an hour, well satisfied with the bargain. The bet was won, and in the course of a month the St. Joseph Islander married the sister of his first fiancée.

THE OIL REGION.—REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—The other day we met a gentleman who owns a tract of land in Venango county, and who recently visited that region for the purpose of prospecting for oil. In one locality, after penetrating only ten feet, he struck a rich vein of "fluxed oil," and in another locality the surface indications of "New Orleans Molasses" were regarded as unmistakable. He is about sinking a well in the saccharine district, and expects to strike a vein of "Boston Syrup" at the depth of about thirty feet. Great excitement prevailed, and intelligent grocers anticipated an immediate decline in the price of "treacle."

"Who is that with Miss Flint," said a wag to his companion. "Oh, that is a spark which she has struck."

GEN. SAM DALE.

The life and Times of Gen. Sam Dale, the Mississippi Partizan, has recently been issued from the press, under the editorship of Hon. J. F. H. Claibourne, of Mississippi. It is a most interesting work, full of startling incidents, with a running commentary on men and things of the day in which the partizan lived.

Below we give his impression of men and things in his day and generation. "About this time I resolved to visit Washington City, to attend to my claim for a large amount due me for corn and other supplies, furnished to the troops in the service of the United States at various times, and on the expedition to Fort Dale, in Butler county. On arriving I put up at Brown's hotel, and next day went to the quarters of the Alabama delegation. The third day, Col. William R. King, of the Senate, brought me word that President Jackson desired to see me. 'Tell Dale,' said he to Col. King, 'that if I had as little to do as he has, I should have seen him before now.' The General was walking in the lawn in front of his mansion as we approached. He advanced and grasped me warmly by the hand—'No introduction is needed,' said the Colonel.

"Oh, no," said the General, shaking my hand again, "I shall never forget Sam Dale." We walked up into the reception room, and I was introduced to Col. Benton and five or six other distinguished men. They were all very civil, and invited me to visit them. They were talking "Nullification," the engaging subject at that period, and the President turning to me, said, "Gen. Dale, if this thing goes on our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open. Pick it up in the middle or otherwise, and it will run out. I must tie the bag and save the country." The company now took leave, but when I rose to retire with Col. King, the General detained me, and directed his servant to refuse all visitors until one o'clock. He talked over our campaigns, and then of the business that brought me to Washington. He then said, "Sam, you have been true to your country, but you have made one mistake in life; you are now old and solitary, and without a bosom friend or family to comfort you. God called mine away. But all I have achieved—fame, power, everything—I would exchange if she could be restored to me for a moment."

The iron man trembled with emotion, and for some time covered his face with his hands, and tears dropped on his knee. I was deeply affected myself. He took two or three turns across the room, and then abruptly said—"Dale, they are trying me here; you witness it; but, by the God of heaven, I will uphold the laws."
I understood him to be referring to nullification again, his mind having evidently recurred to it, and I expressed the hope that things would go right.

"They shall go right, sir," he exclaimed passionately, shivering his pipe upon the table. He calmed down after this, and showed me his collection of pipes, many of a most costly and curious kind sent to him from every quarter, his propensity for smoking being well known. "These," said he, "will do to look at. I still smoke my corn-cob, Sam, as you do, but I often do one together; it is the sweetest and best pipe."
When I rose to take leave, he pressed me to accept a room there. "I can talk to you at night; in the day I am best." I declined on the plea of business, but dined with him several times, always—no matter what dignitaries were present—sitting at his right hand. He ate very sparingly, only taking a single glass of wine, though his table was magnificently set. He was a man of a most cheerful and contented disposition, and he personally ambitious, equally ambitious for the glory of his country. His style of speaking was peculiar—fluent, often vehement, but wholly without ornament; he rarely used a figure of speech; his gestures were few and simple, but he spoke with his eyes—they were full of concentrated fire, and looked you through; he was earnest in everything. He fond his way very soon to my heart, and I then and now deeply regret the dissensions sowed by intriguers between him and Gen. Jackson.

When I visited Colonel Benton, at 5 o'clock in the evening, I was conducted to him in a room where he was surrounded by his children and their school books. He was teaching them himself. That very day he had presented an elaborate report to the Senate, the result of laborious research, and had pronounced a powerful speech—yet, there he was, with French and Spanish grammars, globes, and slate and pencil, instructing his children in the rudiments. He employed no teacher. The next morning I was strolling, at sunrise, in the Capitol grounds, when, whom should I see, but the Colonel and his little ones. Shaking me by the hand, he said, "These are my pickaninies, General—my only treasures. I bring them every morning along the flowers, sir; it teaches them to love God—love, sir, I was struck with an sentiment, and with the labor this great man performed; and yet he never seemed to be fatigued. He was not a man of conciliatory manner, and seemed to be always braced for an attack. He spoke with a sort of snarl—a protracted sneer upon his face—but with great emphasis and vigor. His manner towards his opponents, and especially his looks, were absolutely insulting; but it was well known that he was ready to stand up to whatever he said or did. It was wonderful how he and Mr. Clay avoided personal collision; they hated each other mortally at one period; they spoke very harsh and cutting things in debate; both were proud, ambitious, obstinate and imperious; both were fearless of consequences, and though habitually irascible and impetuous, perfectly collected in moments of emergency.

They differed on almost every point, and only agreed cordially on one—both hated Mr. Cal-

houn. As an orator, Mr. Clay never had his equal in Congress. I would liken him, from what I have heard, to Mr. Pitt. No single speech that consummate orator and statesman ever made produced the impression made by Sheridan in his celebrated oration on the impeachment of Warren Hastings; no speech of Mr. Clay's may be compared with the great oration of Mr. Webster in reply to Mr. Hayne; but for a series of parliamentary speeches and parliamentary triumphs, no British orator may be compared with Pitt, and no American with Clay. To a very high order of intellect, they both united a bold temper, indomitable resolution, the faculty of command—the highest faculty of all. Mr. Webster, with brilliant genius, with a wit less studied, if not so sparkling as Mr. Sheridan, and with oratorical gifts not surpassed in ancient or modern times, was of a convivial, not of a resolute temperament, and was deficient in nerve and firmness. The one of these was felt throughout his career, and enabled others to succeed when he should have triumphed. As a companion, especially after dinner, he was most delightful; at other times he was saturnine and repulsive. Mr. Clay was haughty, and only cordial to his friends. Colonel Benton was stiff with every one.

Mr. Calhoun was affable and conciliating, and never failed to attract the young. But for grace of manner, for the just medium of dignity and amiability, and for the capacity of influencing men, no one of these great men, not all of them together, may be compared with Gen. Jackson. The untutored savage regarded him as a sort of avenging deity; the rough backwoodsman followed him with fearless confidence, the theories of politicians and jurists fell before his intuitive preceptions; systems and statesmen were extinguished to gether; no measure and no man survived his opposition and the verdict of mankind awards early, but who had the knack of throwing his feet were lost in the lustre of his character; he was too arbitrary and passionate, and too apt to embrace the cause of his friends without inquiring into its justice. But there were faults incidental, perhaps, to his frontier life and military training, and to the injustice he had experienced from his opponents.

I saw Blair, of the *Globe*, Amos Kendall, and Col. Joe Gales, of the *National Intelligencer*. Blair had the hardest face I ever inspected. The sphero who suns sounds the earth produces a similar effect. It transmits the rays from the sun, and heats the earth beneath, which in its turn emits rays that do not readily penetrate the air, but give rise to an accumulation of heat at the surface. The resistance of the transmission of heat of low intensity depends upon the quantity of vapor contained in the atmosphere, and perhaps also on the density of the air. The radiation of the earth, therefore, differs very much on different nights and in different localities. In very dry places, as, for example, in the African deserts and our own western plains, the heat of the day is excessive, and the night commensurately cool. Colonel Emory states, in his Report of the Mexican Boundary Survey, that, in some cases, on the arid plains, there was a difference of 60 degrees between the temperature of the day and that of the night. Indeed, the air is so permeable to heat, even of low intensity, in this region, that a very remarkable difference was observed on some occasions when the camp-ground was chosen in a gorge between two steep hills. The inter radiation between the hills prevented in a measure the usual diminution of temperature, and the thermometer in such a situation stood several degrees higher than on the open plain.—Prof. Henry.

It is hardly necessary to add that Georgia paid for the oysters.
The first time I saw Blair, about 11 o'clock at night, he was writing an editorial on his knee. He read it to Col. King and myself. It was a thundering attack on Mr. Calhoun—what is called a "slasher" for something that had been said that morning in the Senate. Col. King begged him to soften it. "No," said Blair, "I will not do that. I will stand by all this concealed fire, he was a man of singular mildness of manners. He invited me to an elegant dinner at his splendid mansion, crowded with distinguished guests. He entertained liberally and without affectation, and I was charmed with the beauty and the kindness of his fascinating wife.

Amos Kendall, of whom I had heard so much, as the champion of the Democracy, I found a little, stouped-up man, cadaverous as a corpse, rather taciturn, and speaking in a manner, but of most wonderful resources and talent.
Col. Joe Gales is a John Bull, they tell me, by birth and in sentiment, and he has the hearty look of one. But if so, how came the Bulls to burn his office during the war? The *Intelligencer*, I well remember, stood up manfully for the country, and often have I and my comrades, in 1813-'14, hung hungry and desponding, but bested by our dangers, been cheered up by a stray fragment of his paper. Col. Gales shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to dine with him. Being compelled to decline, he insisted on my taking a drink out of his canteen—the very best old rye I ever tasted. The same evening he sent a dozen to my quarters—large, honest, square-sided, half-shouldered bottles, that we rarely see now-a-days.

The printers at Washington all live in a princely style, spacious dwellings, paintings, statuary, Parisian furniture, sumptuous tables, choice wines! Nothing in the metropolis astonished me so much. A printer in the South usually lives in a little box of a house, not big enough for furniture; his pictures and statues are his wife and children; his office is a mere shanty, stuck full of glue, paste, and all sorts of traps; he works in his coat-sleeves, with the assistance, sometimes, of a ragged, turbulent, and dandified boy; he toils night and day, often never paid, and half-starved, making great men out of small subjects, and often receives for it abuse and ingratitude; the most generous fellows in the world—ready to give you the half they have, though they seldom get much to give. In Washington, they drink Port, Madeira, and Old Rye; with us, they seldom get higher than rot-gut!"

THE TIDE TURNING.—The famous Faench Lamorieux has gone to Rome to take part with the Pope against aggression. This we look upon as a most significant fact. If all the dissatisfied chiefs of France fall out sides after this fashion, Napoleon may begin to count his days. The Legitimists are in high hope, and the little court of the exiles at Claremont, in England, is beginning to fill with anxious nobles who see the tide turning.

No other men are so intolerant as those who have just reformed, just as no other roads are so rough as those that have just been mended.

Let a youth, who stands at the bar with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider which he had better throw away, the liquor or himself.

We ought not to judge a man by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them.

COOKING BY THE SUN'S RAYS.

Were it not for the aerial envelope which surrounds our earth, all parts of its surface would probably become as cold as night, by radiation into space, as the polar regions are during six months' absence of the sun. The mode in which the atmosphere retains the heat and increases the temperature of the earth's surface may be illustrated by an experiment originally made by Saussure. This physicist lined a cubical wooden-box with blackened cork, and, after placing within it a thermometer, closely covered it with a top of two panes of glass, separated from each other by a thin stratum of air. When this box was exposed to the perpendicular rays of the sun, the thermometer indicated a temperature within the box above that of boiling water. The same experiment was repeated at the Cape of Good Hope, by Sir John Herschel, with a similar result, which was rendered, however, more impressive by employing the heat thus accumulated in cooking the viands of a festive dinner.

The explanation of the result thus produced is not difficult, when we understand that body heated to different degrees of intensity gives off rays of different quality. Thus, if an iron-ball be suspended in free space, and heated to the temperature of boiling water, it emits rays of dark heat, of little penetrating power, which are intercepted by glass. As the body is heated to a higher degree, the penetrating power of the rays increases, and, finally, when the temperature of the ball reaches that of a glowing or white heat, it emits rays which readily penetrate glass and other transparent substances. The heat which comes from the sun, consists principally of rays of high intensity and great penetrating power. They readily pass through glass, and as this substance is a bad conductor of heat, its temperature is soon elevated, and it in turn radiates heat; but the rays which it gives off are of a different character from those which it receives. They are non-penetrating, and have little penetrating power; they cannot pass through the glass, and are retained within the box, and thus give rise to the accumulation of the heat. The limit of the increase of temperature will be attained when the radiation from the cork is of such an intensity that it can pass through the glass, and the cooling from this source becomes just equal to the heating from the earth, therefore, differs very much on different nights and in different localities. In very dry places, as, for example, in the African deserts and our own western plains, the heat of the day is excessive, and the night commensurately cool. Colonel Emory states, in his Report of the Mexican Boundary Survey, that, in some cases, on the arid plains, there was a difference of 60 degrees between the temperature of the day and that of the night. Indeed, the air is so permeable to heat, even of low intensity, in this region, that a very remarkable difference was observed on some occasions when the camp-ground was chosen in a gorge between two steep hills. The inter radiation between the hills prevented in a measure the usual diminution of temperature, and the thermometer in such a situation stood several degrees higher than on the open plain.—Prof. Henry.

PLEASE EVERYBODY.—Heaven help the man who imagines he can lodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded, we should like to know it. Not that we believe in a man's going through the world trying to find beams to knock his head against—disputing every man's opinions—fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinions—so have you—don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you less for maintaining it, or respect you more for turning your coat everyday to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, spite of wind or weather, storm or sunshine. It costs the vascillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind, and shuffle, and twist, that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground. Take what time you please to make up your mind; but having made it up, stick to it.

As Mr. Eaton, of Rockport, Ohio, was plowing in his field, not long ago, he turned up the skeletons of three persons. Two of these had all double teeth and all sound. The skeletons lay near together, only a foot below the surface. About a year since, near the same spot, another was plowed up. The affair is mysterious, and excites the people among whom it occurred.

Another Mortara boy affair has disgraced the order of the Jesuits. They have seized upon a youth eleven years old in Rome, made him join the order, and transfer all his property, which was very large, to the fraternity, and the Pope refuses to do justice to the frantic mother.

"PERHAPS Brother Johnathan does carry his hands in his pockets," said a drawing Yankee in dispute with an Englishman, "but the difference between him and John Bull is, that Brother Johnathan has his hands in his own pockets, while John Bull has his in somebody else's."

According to Dr. Forbes Winslow, there are in London 16,000 children trained to crime; 5,000 receivers of stolen goods; 15,000 gamblers; 25,000 beggars; 30,000 drunkards; 180,000 habitual gin-drinkers; 150,000 persons subsisting on profligacy; 50,000 thieves.

A boy being praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed:—"When children are so very keen, they generally become stupid as they advance in years." The lad immediately replied:—"What a very keen boy you must have been."

IS THIS A FREE COUNTRY.

The Republicans of Maryland, who are far more select than numerous in that State, undertook to hold a Convention in Baltimore, on the 25th April, to appoint Delegates to Chicago. The event appears to have excited the indignation of that respectable class of folks, of whom Baltimore is so prolific, generally called "the Roughts," and with that respect for the rights of others and for their own freedom so characteristic of the class, they determined that "the Black Republicans" should not have a good time in their dominion, but that they "would put them through." Accordingly, under the lead of Ras. Levy, their chief, they appeared at the place of meeting, upset the President's table, knocked several of the Republicans down, and tore up their papers and documents. The Convention rather hastily adjourned, and had by no means complimentary escort along the streets, being compelled to hurry their steps a good deal by their attentive friends, and being refused the use of the Hall in the afternoon, met at a private office, and completed their list of delegates with Francis P. Blair and Judge William L. Marshall at their head. We note these transactions as evidence of Southern respect for freedom of opinion and of speech. Here are a set of men, who in the exercise of legal and constitutional rights, recognized and admitted in every parchment which has professed to set out the fundamental civil and political privileges of freemen since the day of the date of the Declaration of Independence, peaceably assemble, with no seditious purpose, but simply to co-operate in measures intended to prevent the extension of slavery, which they believe to be a curse, over free soil. And yet they are mobbed, beaten, pursued and dispersed by a set of fellows who rightly deserve the penitentiary; if not the gallows, who have been at once the terror and disgrace of the city which bears with them—and these exploits are looked upon with complacency by "the solid men" of Baltimore, engaged in "the cotton trade and sugar line," and sore-footed on the score of their business with the South! The papers, such as the *Sun*, which have been loudly protesting against the "blood tubs," "spig ughies" and all that genus, and admitted in every parchment which has professed to set out the fundamental civil and political privileges of freemen since the day of the date of the Declaration of Independence, peaceably assemble, with no seditious purpose, but simply to co-operate in measures intended to prevent the extension of slavery, which they believe to be a curse, over free soil. 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