The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

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POETICAL.

To Our "Mutilated Flag."

"At one of the banquets given to Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe, in Edinburg, Scotland, she (an American woman) shared in the festivities while the American Flag was displayed in a terribly mutilated condition—having the stars without the stripes."

Blush, blush, thou proud dishonered Flag,
For once forget thy birth,
The stars have parted with the stripes,
And thou should'st droop to earth.
The fatal breeze that's round thee now,
Will never let thee wave,
The very air a traitor breathes
Is deadly as the grave.

A foreign power may well deride
The land she calls her own,
When she can frown on "Freedom's signs."
For flatt'ry from a throne.
She caught the taint from ARNOLD's breath,
In passing o'er the sea,
And through her veins the poison ran,
Till she despised the Free.

There's scarce a man that God has left
So far removed from Heaven,
But to his soul some noble life,
Some love of home is given:
But when he hears his country's praise;
Will feel a warmer glow,
Will share the fortunes of her friends—
And spurn her every foe.

The very Pirate while he moves
A scourge upon the deep,
And watches every distant ship
He hopes to win and keep,
Will falter when his native flag
Floats from the mast-head high,
And to his heart will come the scenes
Of brighter years gone by.

But Woman, she who all her life
Has watched young Freedom's light,
And seen her stars come one by one
From out the gloom of night.
She, she could see Columbia's flag
Abused by touch profane,
And yet from hands so soiled and base
Can take her sordid gain.

And she can yield her purchased sighs
For those that yet are free,
Beside the "pauper hordes" that live
In dens of misery.
They breathe the damp and sulphurous air,
That earth would cast away,
They know no God, no Hope, no Heaven,
They see no light of day.

O, would that those dear banner folds,
With half their glory shorn,
Could once descend the cavern homes,
Where "BRITISH SLAVES" are born,
Then would our Genius linger there,
To guard her holy prize,
And stranger lips would bless the flag
A daughter can despise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Little Folks at Home.

Has your experience in watching the development of those flowers of eternity never informed you that the child's year of all others richest in graces of body and mind is the *fifth?* Mine has; I well remember how often, when my boy was at that age, the clear look of the large, round eyes, that seemed to mirror heaven, and the few simple words from the frank lips, told like a rebuke upon some light word or act of the parent. And now his sister has reached that most interesting period, so rich with lessons worth reading.

We live in the country, and our neighborhood is measured by miles, not "blocks." One winter evening, not long ago, while the family were, as usual, gathered around the centre table, a neighbor drove up, and, entering soon with hearty friendliness, had Kitty on his knee. "Come Kitty," said he, "won't you go home and live with me?" The child looked up in his face; the golden curls fell backward to her shoulders; and her deep blue eyes met his as she answered:

"*God gave me this house.*"

The tone was simple as the words, and the silvery voice was childhood's; yet for a moment the sounds seemed as if wafted from a far-off-world where angels only dwelt. A shadow—no, not a shadow, but a sober brightness, as of something profound and holy, was cast over the meditative mood of the dwellers in "this house;" and every heart within it swelled with gratitude for the great God's gift.

Kitty still calls my daily trip into town "going down-town," as when we lived "up-town." The other day, she was sitting alone with me in the library, and as usual, on my knee, when, after a moment's reflection, she threw the brightness of her blue eyes into mine, and said: "Do you ever get time to say your prayers down-town, papa?" "Heaven bless the child! No! no! Too little time is taken in the turmoil of "down-town" for breathing a prayer to heaven for its blessings on our work!"

Not long since, I was on a visit to a sister, whose home is made joyous by the presence of three bright eyed "wee things," whose unceasing chatter makes sweet household music. I arrived in the early evening, just in time to hear their sweet good-night; and in the morning with the lark I heard their frolic voices. I was soon among them. It was one of those gorgeous autumnal mornings which sometimes kiss the fading brow of October. As I descended to the parlor, "How do you do, uncle?" was the united cry; when a dear little girl, of four smiling summers, caught me by the hand, and hanging fondly thereby, raised her bright eyes, and, with a half tearful expression, said: "I am so sorry, uncle, that you staid so long in your room!" "Why, my dear!" said I. "O dear, it's all gone now!" she replied, "but I do wish you had been up early, for the morning made the sky look so beautiful when the night went to bed!"

A friend told me the following as having occurred under her own eye; and well does it illustrate that false dignity which is too often assumed by those who wear the vesture of the pulpit, in their intercourse with the people of their charge:

Door-bell rings. The Rev. Mr.——— is introduced to the family-room, where three children are busily engaged at play, snuggled in the corner of the room, the mother diligently engaged in sewing. She rises to meet, "the minister," and salutes him; while he, with lofty, cold, repulsive dignity, says: Good morning, Mrs.———, are you well to-day?" And as dignifiedly takes his seat. After a few moments pause, he says, in the same unbending, unfamiliar manner; "I trust, madam, that you have been well since I saw you last?" "Thank you, sir, quite well." A brief pause. "I hope your family have been, and are, in health?" "Well, I thank you, aside from the ordinary sickness of children." Another pause. "I trust that you have found consolation and rejoicing since my last visit?" etc. And thus passed away some ten or fifteen minutes; the children all the while having suspended their play with a kind of indescribable fear, which children only can look; first glancing wondering at each other, and inquiringly at the mother. Rising to depart, with the same unrelaxing dignity, the clergyman said; "I leave my blessing with you and your family, Mrs.———, and will bid you good morning." Hardly had the door closed when a little boy of four years, ran towards his mother, and clinging tightly to her dress, raised his eyes inquiringly, and with all the simple earnestness of a child, said: "Mamma, mamma, was dat Dod?" I thought the question conveyed a most important lesson, and one so plain that none could misunderstand or misinterpret it, coming as it did from the lips of innocent childhood.

In the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, I used to visit a venerable Virginia gentleman of the olden time. His house was the abode of genial hospitality and refined opulence; and surrounded by his children and grandchildren, I never saw a more perfect picture of domestic happiness.

It was Mr. P's. custom to call his little grandson to his side morning and evening, and on his bended knees, and with his little hands clasped and raised to heaven, teach him to utter the simple prayers appropriate to lisping infancy. One morning the good old gentleman ventured to instruct him in the Lord's prayer; he had advanced most successfully as far as the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread,' when little Willie looked up, his eye sparkling with animation and delight, exclaimed: "O! ganpa, *put some butter on it!*" Even the gravity of my venerable friend yielded to this assault.

I know of a family very strict in religious observances—evening prayer, grace before meat, etc. On a recent absence of the parents, grandma—who makes no pretence to piety—presided at the tea table. Observing the silence. Mary C———, a very tiny girl, whispered, "Grandma, I can say grace." Permission being given, little Mary put her hands together, closed her eyes, and with an air of great sanctity and gravity, repeated the following:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Knickerbocker.

Twenty Three Years in the Water–Found at Last.

Some twenty-three years ago—in the year 1830—a man named Mr. McClay was missing from the neighborhood of Mr. Hunter's quarries, Marble Hall, about five miles below this borough. He was, at the time of the accident, about sixty years of age. It was supposed that during the night he had missed his way, and fallen in one of the quarries that had not been worked for some time previous, which contained water to the depth of about seventy feet.—Repeated attempts were made to recover the body, and whole days together were spent in grappling for him but all without success, until the effort was finally abandoned. It was thought that he might have floated under the ledge that jutted out, and so matters remained until quite recently. This quarry being about to be used again, some weeks since an effort was made to pump the water out, in which they finally succeeded last week; and towards the close of the week the skeleton of this man was discovered. The water is very cold all the year round, and it was thought petrification had taken place, but such was not the case. However, about nine years after the accident, a large quantity of stone fell in, and that may have struck and mangled him. He was found to be a complete skeleton—nothing but the bones left. The shoes were as perfect as they were twenty-three years ago; the strings by which they were tied were as readily undone as though it had just happened. In the shoes was a portion of flesh; the buttons of his vest were laid as regularly where they had rotted off as though they had been placed there. A very offensive affluvia arose, as if decomposition had just commenced. The remains were handed over to his friends for interment.—*Norristown Herald.*

An Exquisite Story.

BY LAMERTINE.

In the tribe of Neggdeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain his camels for it and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, whom he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home, but the rogue replied: "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he galloped off, calling out as he did so: "It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted, at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse.—Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then, springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

Marshfield.

A correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser gives an interesting account of a recent visit to the farm of Mr. Webster, from which we copy the following extract:

"Every thing at the house of Marshfield is just as Mr. Webster left it. There is no one living in the house except the one or two servants who take care of it, but it does not have the desolate air of a vacant establishment.—One almost expects to see some of the family come forward to give the cordial welcome which always greeted visitors there. We went through the house. We paused a few moments in silence in the room in which the great statesman breathed his last. We seated ourselves in the beautiful library, the shelves of which are still loaded with books, and the walls adorned with the well-known pictures.

"The farm is carried on under the same superintendence and in the same manner as formerly, the general directions and supplies being furnished by Mr. Paige, in behalf of the trustees. It is thought important to ascertain whether it will sustain itself, and how much income, if any, can be realized from it. It thus presents the same general appearance as formerly.

"We walked across part of the estate to the grave. It lies, as you know, just at the edge of the old burying ground, where repose the remains of some of the old pilgrims, on a rising ground which overlooks the ocean. The mound of earth which covers the tomb bears a slab of marble with the simple inscription "DANIEL WEBSTER." In front are small monuments to Mr. Webster's first wife, and the children,

"Two other monuments, one with the names of two of Mr. Webster's children who died in infancy, and two of Mr. Fletcher Webster's children, and the other with the epitaph which he directed for himself, are ready, and it is expected that they would be set up to-day or to-morrow. All these things were either arranged by Webster himself, or, since his decease, in accordance with his own specific directions. The epitaph has been engraved upon the marble, line for line, precisely in accordance with his request. The difficulty attending an exact compliance with the directions is the reason why the completion of the monument has been delayed hitherto."

An Extraordinary Man.

David Wilson, an old Revolutionary soldier, and a native of New Jersey, died, after a very short illness, in Dearborn county, Indiana, in August, 1833, aged one hundred and seven years two months and ten days. He had, at different periods of his life, five wives, and, at the time of his death was the father of forty-seven children! Whilst residing in Pennsylvania, near the old Redstone Fort, his wife gave birth to five children in eleven months! This extraordinary man, when in his one hundred and fourth year, mowed one week for Esq. Pendelton, of Hamilton county, Ohio, about two miles from Cincinnati, during which he mowed one acre per day of heavy timothy grass. He was about five feet six inches in height. His frame was not supported by ribs, as the frames of ordinary men are, but an apparently solid sheet of bone supplied their place. He could hold up his hands in a verticle position and receive a blow from the fist of a powerful man on the lateral portion of his body with inconvenience. He served throughout the entire revolution, under Washington; was engaged in most of the Indian wars since, and was the companion of Marion and Rogers, and of many other distinguished and early pioneers of our western and southern wilds. Our readers may rest assured that this statement is correct, as we received it from Mr. Alexander Wilson, of North Madison, who is the forty-fifth child of the subject of this paragraph.—*Madison Banner, July 29th.*

☞ Think before you speak.

Searching for a Lost Child.

The Mt. Pleasant (Iowa) papers give long accounts of a search for a lost child which recently took place in that county. It is stated that the child of Mr. and Mrs. Beach, who live two miles south of Hillsboro', and seven miles south of Salem, in Lee county, had been lost the evening before, and was then missing. The child must be looked after, was the ready response of every one, and forthwith 40 or 50 persons were ready for the search, and on the way to Mr. Beach's. There they learned that 100 persons had been out all day in an ineffectual search. Arrangements were made for an early commencement of the hunt next morning; and long before day, the tolling of the Seminary bell warned the people of their duty to their neighbors in sore distress. There were many sleepless eyes that night, and early dawn found hundreds of people of all classes, on the alert. The girl about 5 years old, and with a twin brother and another child, had gone to a neighbor's house, shewas observed to climb a garden fence, and lingered behind, while her cnmpanions went home and reported that their sister would be along soon. That was the last seen of her. On Sunday, as we have stated, the general search was commenced. A line was formed with men but 10 feet apart, and woodland and prairie searched by more than 500 men, but not a trace of the lost child could be found.—But they did not despair. They resolved to continue the search on Monday morning with increased numbers. Monday came, and the country for miles around was hunted over, and still without success. Again they resolved to devote themselves to the work next day. Tuesday found these good neighbors again at their task. A hollow square was formed from five to six miles in diameter, making Mr. Beach's house the centre of the square, and up to 12 o'clock, no tidings of the lost one. But then, when two miles from Mr. Beach's, and exactly opposite from where it had been last seen, in an almost impenetrable thicket, Mr. F. A. McElroy, of Salem, was the first to catch a glimpse of the child's dress as it made into the brush a few steps from him. A moment more, notwithstanding her attempted flight and resistance, he held the child in his arms. She was found near a pool of water, where she had passed the night. Being asked how she slept at night, she replied, "I just slept on the ground, without anything to cover with." She was very much reduced, and had a vacant look in her eyes. For four days she had been without anything to eat. Hundreds of people assembled, as the news spread, at the house, and the feeling and excitement was intense to see the lost one who was thus providentially restored to her parents. Rev. Joseph Cooper returned thanks to the multitude for their prompt aid, and then they separated.

The Dead Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who is so busied, so unweary—bitter, bitter is the tears that fall upon her clay.—You stand beside her grave and think of the past; it seems an amber-colored pathway, where there the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, and the stars hung glittering overhead.—Fain would the soul linger here. No thorns are remembered above the sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwillingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty, and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that lie often laid upon your bosom, now rests upon pillow of clay.—The hands that ministered so untiringly are folded, white and cold, beath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet.—And there is no white arm over your shoulder now; no speaking face to look up in the eyes of love; no trembling lips to murmur—"Oh it is so sad!" There is so strange a hush in every room! No smile to greet you at night-fall—and the clock ticks and stares and ticks!—it was sweet music when she could hear it!—Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows gathered upon her sweet face. But many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shad, and beautiful words and deeds registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is in a happier world, but feel that she is often by your side, angel-presence.—Cherish these emotions:—they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In new and pleasant connections, give her place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory.

Glorious Uncertainty of the Law.

A laughable illustration of the heading of this article occurred in Illinois lately, as will be seen by the following from the Peoria News:

Mr. B. was out hunting with his rifle, and crossing the field of Mr. C. Frenchman, C.'s large dog attacked him savagely, while C. stood looking on, without attempting to call off his dog; B. getting out of pace shot the dog, and he fell apparently dead. C., in high dudgeon, forthwith got out a warrant, and had B. arrested for killing his dog. Swore to the killing, and was corroborated by two of his neighbors, who were present at shooting.

The Magistrate fined B. dollars, and costs, which amounted to about more; B. paid the fine and costs—and the parties got home from the trial, they had come home also, and was not killed. then got a warrant against the Frenchman for his two associates for perjury, in swearing B. had killed the dog. They were frightened and made peace with B., paid him back twenty dollars, and ten more for his trouble—no trial was had; and when the parties reached home from the last suit, lo! the dog waited. Imagine the "feelings" of the French and his party.—The Frenchman says, "shoot my dog—he die—I swear—and damn sourrects himself. By gar I find I swear be settle for him—then my dog die by gar re!"

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

What the French Wear, and how they wear it.

The French regard the American people in much the same light as they do they do the "outside barbarians" of the far off islands of the sea; for they assert that they find an equally good market with each for the sale of rich and gaudy articles of manufacture. Thus a large proportion of the silk looms of Lyons are constantly employed in the manufacture of gaudy tissues for the North American market; while the finest and most costly styles of the cloths and cassimeres of Elbauf and Sedan find nowhere so ready a customer as the United States. The Paris merchant sometimes complains when asked for a fine piece of goods, in which his stock is deficient, that all those styles are carried off at higher prices than he can afford to give, by the American importing agents. When an American, on entering a tailoring establishment in Parris, announces, in reply to the polite interrogatory which is sometimes put to him, the name of his country, he is very apt to be saluted with a broader smile and a greater convexity of the spine than the citizens of other countries, followed by the remark, "then you want to see the best goods we've got."—The moral conveyed by these facts should not be forgotten. The fact is, we are a nation of of envious, money-making spendthifts; and in the absence to titles, and those class distinctions universally recognised in Europe, endeavour, by gaudy display, to place ourselves in advance of each other in the world's appreciation. Our country offers the curious anomaly of possessing more aristocrats, and at the same time more republicans, than any nation in existence. It is the aristocracy of broadcloth, brown free-stone fronts and fast horses.

From the fact that America derives its fashions from Paris, one naturally arrives here with the idea that he will see at once in the streets of the best dressed people in the world. He is quite astonished to find how far he has been deceived. He sees much; very much less of fine goods in the street, particularly on the men, and he sees a much greater variety of style, both in London and Paris, than in the large American cities. The *latest* style is confined to a very few persons comparatively—few in comparison to the population, and few in comparison to the number of persons who conform to the changes of fashion in the large cities of America. Outside of that limited number one could not decide what was the reigning style, they are so diversified. One cause of this diversity is, that no people pay so much attention to contrasts of person as the French; while another very powerful one is, that money is less equally distributed than with us, and fewer persons can afford to conform to the frequent changes of fashion. But frequent changes must take place in France; it is a national characteristic, which is ground so deep into a Frenchman's existence, that its influence runs through every action of his life, to be arrested only at his religion, and even to that he holds not too tenaciously. So that, in some measure to compensate for the frequent change which is required, the French have acquired the habit of wearing a coarser quality of cloth than that which their manufacturers send to our country. The Emperor of France wears every day coarser cloth than nine-tenths of the "down-town" clerks of the American cities.

In Paris, however, every one but the workman engaged at his work, looks neat. I am inclined to believe that it is this general neat appearance which has induced other nations to borrow their fashions from Paris. Certainly, for elegance and appropriateness, the French styles do not equal the English or American modifications. It is easy to recognise a New York or London man in the streets of Paris by his back. The Parisians ask nothing more than to see a man's back to know whether he is English or American, provided he be a fresh arrival, and carries with him the clothes which he brought from home.

Another reason why we endeavour to follow the French style is, that the French people carry their clothes with such infinite grace, giving to the most unnatural and out-of-taste styles an easy elegance that our more awkward people cannot approach in any style which they may choose to adopt. It is rare to see a French fop, that is, what we understand by a fop. There are plenty of men who pay as much attention to their clothes as with us, but their manner, when carrying them, don't advertise their thoughts. It is amusing to look at our very young men when they get on their first Paris outfit; a thing which soon takes place, unfortunately for them, for the longer a man stays here, the more simply he dresses. I do think the most ludicrous sight a man can see in Paris, is a freshly arrived boy-aristocrat trying to be graceful in one of Dusautoy's best out-fits—for our genuine "blood" won't go to a shop that is not patronised by the Emperor.—If American fathers would give their sons, whom they send here, one or two good suits, and then limit the amount of supplies at "my bankers," until through the medium of their eyes they had learned a little good sense, they would confer a favour on the boy and their purse at the same time. Although I have been here a year, and have grown perfectly accustomed to the dress, a well-made American suit, (American made clothes are always modified from the French,) whenever I encounter it, still strikes me as the most beautiful, the most reasonable, and the most tasteful; and their is no reason why the American people, who lead in so many things, and are destined to lead in so many more, should not invent a dress of their own, which, by their great travelling propensities, would soon become universal. It is time that the American people ceased to run crazy after European fashions. It is well to remember, too, that few French coats are made well; it is all a rage for a brief season for a *style* and not for *fit*. At the present moment, if the skirts of a coat scarcely cover the hips, and the sleeves have a clean foot of opening for the hand, it is sufficient, no matter what the cut may be otherwise. It is a great absurdity for a sensible people to endeavour to follow such fashions as these, with the sincerity and gravity which our people do.

The women of Paris dress with much more taste, generally, than the men. They study contrast more, and understand that part of the art of dressing better perhaps than any other people. They seem to be slaves only to the style of bonnet—an article in which the French certainly excel. Their bonnets are always tasty and piquant, The French women do not put so much money on their backs as either English or American women, but they arrange it to better advantage. They are rather too fond of velvet trimmings and jewelry; but other wife they dress admirably, and much more reasonably than the men. Two styles, however, no worn by the *bon ton* in Paris, I think will find little favour in America. They are the manteau, called *Talmas*, and a kind of silk for dresses with changeable, fanciful-shaped stripes running around the skirt in place of flounces, generally of a light brick-dust colour on black silk. The bonnets are round, very small, and reach forward only to the middle of the head—somewhere in the region of veneration. Like the men, the women carry themselves so gracefully that they seem not conscious of it when extravagantly dressed.

A habit prevails in France in regard to the dress of young unmarried ladies in the wealthier classes, so entirely different from our own system that it is worthy of mention. All young ladies, till the day of their marriage, must dress plainly and cheaply; they must not, even in company, wear jewelry, flounces or ribbons to any extent. The mother may carry into company ten times the value that her daughter can. And it is astonishing how the old women of France *do* dress. One might very well take their modestly-dressed daughters at their side for a family instructress or a favorite servant. Not only must the daughters dress plainly and modestly, but they must never move out of sight of their mothers or chaperones, nor speak to a gentleman without permission, until they are married; then custom allows them to make up for lost time, and so far as I have been able to observe, they do make it up with a vengeance. The study of the fashions is very apt to become at once a mania with them, and unless they are gratified to the extent of their desires, the husband very often becomes a sufferer in more ways than one. A Frenchman, however, can not resist the facinations of a French woman, and he generally yields to all her wishes, if he even sacrifices his happiness in other particulars. A more independent, exacting, diplomatic, showy race of married women cannot be found. The young women are units in society.

In physical characteristics the women of this country have been much more favoured by nature than the men. The persons of the men in Paris are, for the most part, of a middle stature, slightly built, rather small-boned than thin, with small regular features, fine eyes and picturesque heads, though not of the bold masculine description which belongs to the northern nations. They are generally sallow, with dark hair and beard—very seldom fair, while red hair is scarcely ever seen. The faces of the women resemble much the men; they have regular features, dark hair and magnificent eyes. They carry their heads high, look independent, interesting, (not beautiful,) are excessively polite, and make the most agreeable society one can find. They are generally brunetts, and have but little color furnished by nature, nor is art so often resorted to supply this deficiency as in some countries. They are of middle stature, exceedingly well formed, and graceful in all their actions. Their forms are very much better than the men, and better than the English or American women, but they lack the modest beauty of face which characterizes the American and English ladies. The French people admit the fact themselves, that America possesses more beautiful women than any other country, while they complain of their shapes, and cold, reserved manners. Where an American girl wins the affections of a man by her silent, modest beauty, a French woman does it with her eyes and her tongue. A blush in Paris is as rare as a snow-storm, and certainly there is no place where they ought to occur so often.

The Emperor and Empress, whenever they appear in public, unless it be on state occasions, are always dressed plain—*a la bourgeois*, and the people like it. An extravagantly dressed man at the Emperor's ball is sure to be ridiculed. One is surprised, just now, to meet so many plain-looking persons in coronetted carriages in the streets of Paris. It is to be hoped that the example of the Emperor, whom all acknowledge to be the perfection of a gentleman in his manner and his dress, will exert a good influence in curing the unlimited extravagances of Parisian artists in cloth. The custom of modifying after the London style, has been growing considerably lately; and it is not at all uncommon to see a fashionable Frenchman carrying a long-waisted paletot.

MIAMI.

Hon. Edward Everett.

Few, if any, who are familiar with the career of this distinguished son of Massachusetts, will dissent from the justice of the following tribute to his talents and worth, which is taken from the N. Y. *Mirror*. Mr. Everett is not only a man of undoubted genius, and highly cultivated mind, but an eminent statesman and sincere patriot:

"Edward Everett's career has been marked, and as men say, fortunate. But he owes nothing to accident. He is not a chance man.—His flower, from the bud, has been self-nurtured, self-developed. He has wrought his own fortunes. As a scholar he is ripe. In all the elegancies and refinements of literature he has no superior. With the story of the past ages—of men, nations and governments—he is a familiar. He is a philosopher, gathering wisdom from their errors; a poet, weaving his own glorious web from their romance; a statesman, heeding their lessons; an orator, glowing with fires kindled from their heroic, their sublime, and their beautiful epochs."

The Danubian Principalities.

The Principalities, while retaining their independence and sovereignty, placed themselves under the suzerainty of the Porte—Wallachia in 1460 and Moldavia in 1513; and they engaged to pay the Porte a tribute, on condition that the Porte should defend them by her arms against any foreign aggression. Subsequently, in the course of the last century, Russia began to introduce into her treaties with the Porte some clauses concerning Wallachia and Moldavia: at first, in order to stipulate in the treaty of Kainardji for a right of intercession in their favor; and afterwards in order to take, in the treaty of Adrianople, the title of guarantee of those Principalities. Russia assumed for the first time the title of protector, in the preamble of the organic regulations which she caused to be drawn up for Moldavia and Wallachia during their occupation by her troops from 1828 to 1834. It results clearly from these treaties that Russia's right to interfere in the disputes of the Principalities with the Porte is limited solely to the case of the Principalities making the demand of inference, a demand which they have never made; and, besides, treaties to which the principalities have not been contracting parties cannot have any obligatory force for them. As to the neutrality and inviolability of their territory, they have been repeatedly recognised by all the great powers, not excepting Russia; and even, according to the Convention of the Balta-Liman, the Russian armies can only occupy the Principalities simultaneously with the Turkish troops, for the purpose of restoring order, if it should happen to be disturbed. Nevertheless, these Principalities have often been considered as an integral portion of the Ottoman Empire, as Russia now regards them. In fact, the last diplomatic documents which have emanated from St. Petersburg state, that as Russia has not been able to bring the Porte to reason by pacific ways, she will give orders to her troops to cross the Pruth, and will occupy the Principalities, in order to have material guarantees until she can obtain from Turkey the moral guarantees set forth in Prince Menschikoff's note.

The inhabitants of the Principalities are descended from the Roman legions led into Dacia and Trajan. They call themselves Roumans, and their language, which much resembles Italian, is derived, like that language, from the Latin. Their origin, their recollections, their tendencies, everything attaches them to the nations of civilized Europe. To the Russians, on the contrary, they have no similitude; their nationality, race, language, historical traditions, and manners, all separate them from the Russians. They have no connexions, not even commercial relations, with the Russians. Even their church is not the same. The Roumans possess a national and independent church; they possess liturgies and sacred books in the Rouman tongue; and they regard the Russians as schismatics, because they recognize the Czar as their spiritual chief.

The population of these Principalities, amounting to 4,000,000 or 4,500,0000 inhabitants; the great extent of their territory, which could easily support three times their population; the richness and variety of the produce of their soil; their situation, between the Carpathians and the Danube, which renders them powerful bulwarks both for Austria and Turkey; all these concur to give them real and considerable importance both in commercial and political respects.

These countries, rich in natural produce, and deficient both in capital and manufactures, would become a productive outlet for British capital and industry, and would soon attain a high degree of prosperity; if they could enjoy in full security the rights which they derive from their treaties with the Porte. And the Principalities ardently desire to see themselves placed, as well as Turkey, under the collective protection of the great Powers.—*London Paper.*

Our Foreign Debt.

Near the close of the last session of Congress the Senate adopted a resolution requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to ascertain and report to the Senate at the opening of the next Congress "the aggregate amount of State, county, railroad, canal, and other corporation bonds, stocks, or other evidence of debt held in Europe or other foreign countries on the 30th of June, 1853, specifying, so far as the same can be ascertained, the amount of each of the above descriptions of bonds and stocks."

Pursuant to this resolution, the Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular to all the incorporated companies in the Union, from which we make the following extract:

In order to enable me to comply, so far as practicable, with the above resolution, I will be obliged to you if you will communicate to this Department—

1st. The authorized amount of capital stock of your company, the amount actually paid in, and the amount, so well as can be ascertained, held by foreigners, residing beyond the bounds of the United States, on the 30th June, 1853.

2d. The whole amount of bonds, if any, issued by your company, and the particular amount, so well as can be ascertained, held by foreigners, residing beyond the bounds of the United States, on the 30th June, 1853.

The answers to these questions, if given with even tolerable accuracy, will reveal a fund of information of incalculable importance. At present all the information which we have about our indebtedness to foreign capitalists is altogether conjectural, and two men of equal experience and judgment might differ ten millions from each other in estimating its amount.—The value of this inquiry might have been greatly enhanced if it had embraced the amount of indebtedness one, two, or three years back, so as to have given a standard of comparison by which to estimate the increase of foreign capital within the year or series of years. If Mr. Secretary Guthrie could hit upon some plan by which this species of information could be furnished to the country annually, it would be of infinite service, and does not at present seem to us at all impracticable. The first experiment now making, we have no doubt, will be found of so much interest as to lead to its annual repetition, unless some self-operating system is devised.—*New York Post.*

☞ One of the most celebrated members of the Paris bar was consulted the other day by a young practitioner, upon an obscure point of law. "I cannot give you a positive answer, young man," replied the advocate: "I have pleaded once one way, and and once the other, and I gained my suit each time."

☞ An Irishman in distress asked a gentleman for relief. He was repulsed with 'go to h—ll.' Pat looked at him in such a way as to fix his attention, and then replied: "God bless yer honor for your civility, for yer the first gintleman that's invited me to his father's house since I kim til Amerikey!"

Height of Ambition—To marry a rich widow wot's got a cough.