Herkimer County Democrat.

TERMS—$2 A YEAR. "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality" $1 50 IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XII. HERKIMER, WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1854. NUMBER 31.

The Herkimer County Democrat.

C. C. WITHERSTINE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The HERKIMER COUNTY DEMOCRAT is published every WEDNESDAY MORNING at Herkimer, Herkimer County, N. Y., and will be left at the residence of village subscribers for $2,00 per annum. Mail subscribers, $2,00 per annum, or $1,50 in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square or less, one insertion,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	0 25
One square 2 months,	2 00
One square 3 months,	3 00
One square 6 months,	5 00
One square one year,	8 00

☞ A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING, in all its branches, executed with neatness and dispatch, and on reasonable terms.

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Ah! why, unfeeling Winter! why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy season, fly,
And yield the year to Spring.

Spring,—the young cherubim of love,
An exile in disgrace,—
Flits o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,
Nor finds a resting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blows the wind,—and dark and bleak
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She woos her embryo-flowers in vain
To rear their infant heads;
Deaf to her voice, her flow'rs remain
Enchained in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms;
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their with'ring arms.

Her favorite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And strain their stammering throats;
To charm thy blast away.

Ah, Winter! calm thy cruel rage,
Release the struggling year;
Thy power is past, decrepid Sage!
Arise and disappear.

The stars that grace thy splendid night
Are lost in warmer rays;
The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
Unrolls celestial days.

Then why, usurping Winter, why
Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to Spring!

CHARACTER.

BY THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Rev. H. W. Beecher usually lectures to some purpose. Witness the following report of a recent lecture by him, on character:—

I will draw a distinction between character and reputation, which are not synonymous. A man's character is the reality of himself; his reputation, the opinion others have formed about him; character resides in him, reputation in other people; that is the substance, this the shadow; they are sometimes alike, sometimes greater or less. If a man be able to achieve things beyond his time, the reputation will be different from his character. He who seeks reputation must be beyond the times he lives in. It is important to men beginning life, to know what they want—character or reputation. To build a character is a work of time; as ships are built on one element and used on another, so character is formed in youth for after life. Reputation is easily got; it is genarally charlantanism, empiricism, taking many forms—as that of the patriot, a tribe numerous as musquitoes, who, like them lean and hungry, suck all the blood they can, but make none—who live on suction. In a man, as in a ship, the material must exist originally; a man naturally mean may be improved, but never will be a noble man. Reputation may be made *for* a man; character must be made *by* him, with labor and time, and it cannot be taken away. The antagonist between the two is not so great as the disproportion. Thus, a man, if wise, will be content to be considered wiser; he likes a shadow three times his size; likes banks that issue three paper dollars for every one in specie they have; if worth a quarter he likes to be called worth half a million, until the assessor brings him to senses. He will disclaim "popularity," but claim the same thing under the name of "influence;" but it is what God made a man, and what he makes of himself, that determines his influence; the weights never ask a favor of the scales; a thousand pound will weigh down five hundred by their actual force. So he speaks of "prudence." Prudence is coincident with rectitude; and there have been men against the grain of life all their days, who yet were most prudent men. He substitutes love of approbation for love of truth. Thousands lose their characters to save their reputations. I will consider three classes of men; those whom a single faculty rules; those who are controlled by groups of faculties; and those who have several characters of different times. I will consider two instances in the first class: men who are ruled by love of gain. Approbativeness is almost exclusively an American faculty; it originates in the necessity for popular approval; we are exceedingly vain, and growing vainer.—Our public man is the most pliant in the world; you may knead him; so may your neighbor, and thousands after him; but he is dough still; his morals are not absolute, but vary with the company he is in; his religion is like a navigator's dress, changed for every latitude. Yet the faculty has its uses; without it the attrition in the world would be harsh, but, where it rules, it causes weakness. It leads men different ways; some shun anything new; others throw bombs into the midst of stale proprietors, and like comets, slap the sun in the face with their tails.—These ultras are like the engine and the anchor—both are useful; but much as I respect anchors, I would prefer to be an engine. The faculty is shown in fashion, whose first question is, "What will people say?" and whose last, "What did people say?" Sometimes, I believe, there is a vain minister; (though I believe there is no honester class in the main;) it is hard to bear constant applause and love too; the toughest plank will crack under perpetual sunshine; but the minister's vanity is principally shown in fearing to lose the esteem he has gained. Characters founded on this faculty can never be great; he that does not write or speak from enthusiasm from his subject produces nothing that will permanently control the mind. Love of applause is the fertile source of mediocrity; excellence springs from sympathy with God, man and truth.

The lecturer next considered the love of money as the controlling faculty.—The miser, fearing poverty amid wealth, he esteemed as much a monomaniac as the ragged beggar who thinks herself a queen. Misers are but the wrecks of a larger class. The lover of money may have other and good tastes; but economy is his conscience; he will boast of his Rubens, but more of having bought it at one tenth of its value from one who did not know it. If it be asked what character is the most profitable, the answer depends on what the question means. If it mean money, the lean man is the best character, who, like a weasel, can creep through anything, or like an oyster-scraper, can collect a great deal without enjoying anything.

The lecturer next considered men whom a group of faculties control.—The men controlled by the animal faculties is respectable, so is a cellar, but it is always a cellar. Those whom the social qualities control, are the saints of the family, but not the men for public conflicts. The active men who have no time for enjoyment, are locomotives all the week, and, on Sundays, only lie by to be oiled. The esthetic class enjoy etherial things; but an etherial wife brings curses on many a dinner of bread and cheese. The intellectual class know nothing of a sentiment till they get an "idea" of it.—Those who are controlled by the moral faculties, feel in moral deformity a violation of their own minds as much as of God's law. Their contests of life are not so much from a hatred of evil as from a love of good. By elective affinity those classes run into schools and sects; and 'tis as vain to try to unite them as to bid the eye to taste, or to the tongue to see. The truth is, not that men group themselves, but that when grouped, they will not behave themselves.

Under the third head the lecturer considered the difference between the man at home, where benevolence rules him, and in his store where he is controlled by selfishness. The manufacturer, merchant and lawyer were warned that principle is the same in all places; and the manufacturer's frauds are the result of the buyer's dishonest passion for having more expensive things than he can afford—a low price can command only an inferior article.—Commerce is a benevolent scheme by which both buyer and seller should be profited. If the request in the Lord's Prayer were granted, it would bring life from heaven on half the occupations in the world. If "*His will were done on earth*," how many bales of cotton would fly to slaves, and how much cutlery to starving operatives in Birmingham! If dollars had voices what fearful words they would utter in the ears of their owners! The lawyer takes a fee to equivocate—that is, lie—place him on the bench and he refuses it as a bribe, though the work and the principle are just the same. But there is a parlor door and a kitchen door; certain things ought to be in the house; only they won't come in through the right door. Thus, it is wrong to bring lies to the floor for truth. Take them to the other and all is right! The true Christian is he to whom what is right in the sanctuary is right everywhere else.

The lecturer concluded by cautioning youth against supposing, from anything said, that character is most useless.—The dissecting room is not the place to see the beauty of the frame. A character formed according to the scheme of love and benevolence, and God's will, more than any other, give peace of mind, and even material prosperity. But character takes time to form it.—Who sows to-night to reap to-morrow, must sow mushrooms. The oak is a growth of ages. The lecturer was frequently applauded.

AN OLD MAN A MATCH FOR TWO INDIANS.

David Morgan, a relative of the celebrated General Daniel Morgan, had settled upon the Monongahela river, in Virginia, during the early period of the revolutionary war; and at this time had ventured to occupy a cabin the distance of several miles from any settlement.

One morning in May, 1781, having sent his youngest children out to a field a considerable distance from the house, he became uneasy about them, and repaired to a spot where they were working, armed as usual with a rifle. While sitting upon the fence, and giving some directions as to their work, he observed two Indians upon the other side of the field, gazing earnestly upon the party. He instantly called to the children to make their escape, while he should attempt to cover their retreat. The odds were greatly against him, and in addition to other circumstances he was nearly seventy years of age, and of course unable to contend with his enemies in running. The house was more than a mile distant, but the children having two hundred yards the start, and being effectually covered by their father, were soon so far in front that the Indians turned their attention to the old man. He ran for several hundred yards with an activity which astonished himself, but perceiving that he would be overtaken, he fairly turned at bay and prepared for a strenuous resistance. The woods through which they were running were very thin, and consisted entirely of small trees, behind which it was difficult to obtain proper shelter.

When Morgan adopted the above mentioned resolution, he had just passed a large walnut, which stood like a patriarch among the saplings which surrounded it, and it became necessary to run back about ten steps in order to regain it. The Indians became startled at the sudden advance of the fugitive, and were compelled to halt among a cluster of saplings, where they anxiously strove to shelter themselves. This however, was impossible, and Morgan, who was an excellent marksman, saw enough of one of them to justify him in risking a shot. His enemy instantly fell, mortally wounded. The other Indian taking advantage of Morgan's empty rifle, sprung from his shelter and advanced rapidly. The man having no time to reload his rifle, was forced to fly a second time. The Indian gained rapidly upon him, and when within twenty steps fired, but with so unsteady an aim, that Morgan struck with the but of his gun and the Indian whirled his tomahawk at one and the same moment.—Both blows took effect—and both were at once wounded and disarmed. The breech of the rifle was broken against the Indian's skull, and the edge of the tomahawk was shattered against the barrel of the rifle, having cut off two of the fingers of Morgan's left hand. The Indian then attempted to draw his knife, in order to terminate the struggle at once; but having lately stolen a woman's apron and tied it around his waist, his knife was so much confined, that he had great difficulty in finding the handle.

Morgan in the mean time being a regular pugilist, according to the custom of Virginia, and perfectly at home in a ground struggle, took advantage of the awkwardness of the Indian and got one of the fingers of his right hand between his teeth. The Indian tugged and roared in vain, struggling to extricate it. Morgan held him fast, and began to assist him in hunting for the knife. Each seized it at the same moment, the Indian by the blade, and Morgan by the handle, but with a slight hold. The Indian having the firmest hold, began to draw the knife further out of its sheath, when Morgan suddenly giving his finger a furious bite, twitched the knife dexterously through his hand cutting him severely. Both now sprang to their feet, Morgan brandishing his adversary's knife and still holding his finger between his teeth.

In vain the poor Indian struggled to get away—roaring, plunging, and bolting like an unbroken colt. The teeth of the white man were like a vice, and he at length succeeded in giving him a stab in the side. The Indian received it without falling, the knife having struck his ribs, but a second blow, aimed at the breast, proved more effectual, and the savage fell. Morgan thrust his knife, handle and all, into the cavity of the body, directed downwards, and starting to his feet made the best of his way home.

The neighborhood was quickly alarmed and hurrying to the spot where the struggle had taken place, they found the first Indian lying where he had fallen, but the second had disappeared. A broad trail of blood, however, conducted to a fallen tree-top, within a hundred yards of the spot, into which the poor fellow had dragged himself, and where he now lay bleeding, but still alive.—He had plucked the knife from the wound, and was endeavoring to dress it with the apron which had cost him his life, when his enemies approached.

The love of life appeared still strong within him, however. He greeted them with what was intended for an insinuating smile, held out his hand, and said in broken English,

"How do do, brother? how do do?—glad to see you!"

But, poor fellow, the love was all on one side. Their brotherhood extended only to tomahawking, scalping and skinning him, all of which operations were performed within a few minutes after the meeting—to such an extent had mutual injury inflamed both parties.—*Sketches of Western Adventure.*

BEAUTY.

"The wind passeth over it, and it is gone."

How often do we hear men eager in the pursuit of partners for life, inquire for a beautiful woman and yet how brief the existence of what they seek, and how unproductive of happiness is its possession.

We know full well the satisfaction that sleeps beneath the snow-white lids of a beautiful eye; in the haughty curl of an exquisite lip, in the blush of a rose that leaps into a budding cheek, in the fine turn of a swan-like neck, the gentle motions of a symmetrical form, in the shadowy rebundance of dark and beautiful flowing tresses. The hearts of the young and passionate leap gladly, and are filled with wild impulses while gazing upon these things—but when the soul is scrutinized and found unblessed by elevated thoughts and generous imaginings, when the intellect is uncultured, and the imagination cold, the slumber of forgetfulness will soon fall upon the dream of beauty, and the flame of affection be quenched with apathy and disgust.

With men of genius, strong feelings and powerful passions are ever associated, and if beauty is unmingled with the qualities of will, thought and affection, if delicacy and virtue are not admirably blended with mental attractions, the light of love will soon be extinguished, and the generous impulse of the bosom chilled by apathy and contempt.

Many men of intellect may yield a momentary homage to a beautiful woman, dispossessed of other fascinations; even a village urchin will chase the gilded wings of a butterfly, but in both cases the external splendor falls upon their senses, and something of an innate character is sought for, to sustain the regard which beauty excited.—Nothing is so flattering to the feelings of man, as the exhaustless and quenchless regard for females and no incense so rich can be offered upon the shrine of a woman's ambition, as the avowed and enthusiastic affection of a man of genius. Beauty, thou art a poor and unmeaning joy, when contrasted with depth of feeling and power of mind, and she who would aggrandize to herself consequence from the little ambition of personal beauty, is too imbecile in her aspirations, to merit the attention of an elevated thinker.

KISSING.—The editor of the Wilmington (Del.) Herald who appears to know all about the matter thus discourses about kissing: "Of course you must be taller than the lady you intend to kiss. Take her right hand in yours and draw her gently to you. Pass your left arm over her right shoulder, diagonally across her back under her left arm and press her to your bosom. At the same time she will throw her head back, and you will have nothing to do but lean a little forward and press your lips to hers and the thing is done.—Don't make a noise over it as if you were firing percussion caps, or trying the water cocks of a steam engine nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove, but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without deranging the economy of her tippet or ruffle, and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth revel in the sweet blissfulness of your situation, without smacking your lips on it as you would over a roast duck." We never tried it, but from the description should think it might be very soothing.

UNPARALLELED PARSIMONY.—Mons. Vaudeville was one of the most remarkable men in Paris for his avarice. In the year 1735 he was worth one million sterling. At the age of seventy-two he contracted a fever, which obliged him to send for a surgeon to bleed him, for the first time in his life, who, asking him tenpence for the operation, was dismissed. He sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand. He then sent for a barber, who, at length, agreed to undertake the operation for threepence a time.

"But," said the stingy old fellow, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?"

"Three times," answered the barber.

"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?"

"About eight ounces," was the answer.

"That will be ninepence; too much, too much," said the miser. "I have determined to adopt a cheaper way—take the whole quantity you design to take in three times at once, and it will save me sixpence."

This being insisted upon, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, which caused his death in a few days, and thus left his immense property to the king.

☞ A starving man, who had committed a theft was asked by a pious person if his conscience had not cried out to him. "Forbear."

"Alas," replied he, "if it did, the cries of my stomach were too much louder, that they prevented me from hearing those of my conscience."

From the Louisville Journal.

HOPES AND FEARS.

Our hopes are like the wreaths of foam
That glitter on each shining wave,
When with a gushing sound they come
The white and thirsty beach to lave.
The waters part—the ripples gleam
A moment on the silent shore,
And vanish as the hopes that seem
A moment bright, and are no more.

Seeking for love, for fame, for power,
To the fair threads of life we cling,
For *hope* we cull a *withered* flower
And tune a harp with broken string,
And hope will shed a glimmering ray
Of light on pleasure's ruined shrine,
For mouldering columns still look gay
When summer sunbeams o'er them shine.

Though severed be love's magic chain,
Still to its broken charms we trust,
And *hope* to mend the links again,
When grief has eaten them like rust.
Frail as the bubbles on the beach
That hope may be—a transient beam,
But reft of joy, 'tis sweet to teach
The heart to hush its grief and dream.

Our hopes are like the flowers that bloom
Upon the mountain's verdant side,
That mountain's heart a burning tomb,
Cleft by the lava's scorching tide.
They spring and flourish, fade and die,
Like human hopes—as frail and fair,
While quenchless fire beneath them lie,
Like human passions hidden there.

Our fears are like the clouds that shed
Their gloom across a summer sky,
When life is fairest, some wild dread
Of grief is ever hovering nigh.
That gloom may pass—the shadows fade,
And sunlight only seem to reign,
But still there is a lingering shade,
A *fear* that clouds will come again.

Where the bright wells of gladness spring,
Hope will the youthful heart decoy,
But fear is hovering there, to fling
A shadow on the path of joy.
A canker worm within the fruit,
A serpent in the linnet's nest,
A sentry ever grim and mute,
Is fear within the human breast.

A rainbow never spans the sky,
But some dark spirit of the storm,
With sable plume is hovering nigh,
To watch its soft and fairy form.
Hope never chants her fairy song,
Or bids us rest beneath her wing,
But fear, with all its phantom throng,
Is in the distance hovering.

We seek the laurel wreath of fame,
And all her fickle favors trust,
To live—perchance without a name;
And find the chapel turned to dust.
Life wears away, 'mid smiles and tears—
The wedding peal, the funeral toll;
But though o'ershadowed still by fears,
Hope is the sunlight of the soul.

A STREET SCENE.

This is a great dice box, and nobody can tell what will "turn up" at the next throw. There are incident and romance enough transpiring every day in the streets of the metropolist to furnish material for the poet and novelist to the end of time.

Yesterday afternoon, a well dressed gentleman was passing up Broadway.—Foreign suns had evidently given to a face once fair a tinge of bronze, and though nearly half a century might have rolled over his head, yet it had left few traces behind it, and no evidence that the shadows were falling far to the eastward.

Near Trinity Church sat an old apple woman. A tattered cloak of plaid was thrown over her shoulders; her eyes were dim, her hand trembling, and the thin gray hair, escaped from the keeping of a cap guiltless of lace, lay upon her cheek. The old woman was watching for purchasers, and her eyes rested upon the form of the stranger as he proceeded leisurely along, pausing now and then as he seemingly recognized some spot familiar in other days; or noted some unexpected, and to him, doubtless, painful changes.

The old woman suddenly dropped her basket and the apples rolled hither and thither, but she did not heed them. "George!" she exclaimed, as she sprang to her feet, "George!" The stranger turned in the direction of the voice.—In an instant his quiet manner vanished. "George!" "Mother!" and the twained were clasped in each other's arms. Greatly did some marvel at the scene. "Has the old woman fainted?" cried one. "Has she been stealing?" asked another. Yes she had been stealing—stealing whole years of care from Time, and flinging it to the winds. But "one touch of nature makes the whole kin," and there was many a heart that beat softer at the scene.—Twenty years ago "George" had left home in Utica, New York, and gone "down to the sea" and done "business upon the great waters." After varied fortunes, that brightened at last, he had returned to find the old homestead razed to the ground, a block of stores occupying its site, every inch of which was dear to him. He found no brother, no sister, to welcome him,—but an old man pointed out his father's grave. It was sunken and without a stone to mark where he lay. Of his mother he could obtain no trace. She had left Utica long ago to seek her son in New York and had never returned.

Who can tell how she watched and waited and wept for that first born, wandering son! Who can tell by what a painful descent she went down from comfort and a home to the street, old age and poverty!

But yesterday it was all made right. "The dead was alive again, and the lost was found." And to-day, who thinks she would exchange places with the most favored of fortunes that dwell in mansions of marble?

God grant that much joy break out the pitcher at the fountain or the wheel at the cistern. God grant many such meeting in this world of partings.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

DRESS IN OLDEN TIME.

Much is said of the extravagance of the present generation in the manner of dress, and there is undoubtedly too much of it. Our forefathers, however, were not free from the folly of indulging in fine clothes. The upper classes—and these distinctions of society were far more regarded than at present—made a great display in particular.—Scarlet and gold were the favorite colors. Could some of our ancient citizens walk down Middle Street in their full costume, they would create sensation. Mr. Joshua Freeman, a prominent citizen here during the latter part of the last century, thus describes according to Willis, the dress he wore when he went a courting in 1750. He said he wore "a full bottomed wig and cocked hat," scarlet coat and small clothes, white vest and stockings, shoes and buckles, and two watches, one each side. This surpasses any foppery of the present day.

The ladies were by no means behind the other sex in their finery. They indulged in high head-dresses, stomachers, brocade gowns, with ruffles at the elbows and necks, and scarlet or crimson cloaks. These articles were often imported from London, at a high cost. Col. Jacob Wendell, a merchant of Boston, who died in 1761, is thus described:

"His dress was rich, being scarlet embroidered long waistcoat, and small clothes, with gold knee buckles, as the occasion or business required; full ruffles at the bosom and wrists; and walking with a goldheaded cane."

It was quite common to trim coats and breeches with gold, and gold buckles and buttons are mentioned in wills. *Portland Transcript.*

DIGNIFIED REPROOF.—A brief sentence of dignified reproof, is often far more effectual than whole pages of precepts. The records of history furnish us with numerous examples in illustration of this axiom. I need not quote the instance of Canute's reproof to his courtiers, which must doubtless be quite familiar to every class of readers. The following anecdote is, probably, not so universally known.

A situation of some responsibility under the Persian government being vacant, the Shah desired his chief minister would recommend a competent person to fill it. The minister mentioned the name of one whose abilities he thought suitable to the office.

"The man you mentioned," answered the Emperor, "is a Jew, and, of course, by our laws, ineligible to the situation."

"He was, please your majesty, but has lately embraced our faith, and may, therefore, be employed."

"Speak of him no more," was the reply. "He who has been false to his God, will never prove true to his sovereign."

MANNERS AND GOOD SENSE.—I make it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners; they may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic. I care not what they are, if he means well and acts from honest intentions without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of "society," as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is one founded in reason and good sense, and not upon artificial regulations.—Manners like conversation, should be extemporaneous and not studied. I always suspect a man, who meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same congeening of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the (it may be rough) grips of the hand, the careless note of recognition, and when occasion requires, the homely welcome salutation, "How are you my old friend."

SMOOTHING IT OFF.—A raw downeaster was recently hired by a cabinet maker in the city, and like a true Yankee, managed to pass for more than he was worth. One day the proprietor showed him a very pretty mahogany veneered bureau, and told him to "smooth it off," as the purchaser would call for it in the course of the morning. Shortly after, Jonny Ray made his appearance in the warehouse.

"Well, John, have you made that bureau shine well?"

"Wall, I guess it don't look bad; but 'twas a tarnal job, though. I couldn't get at it any other way, and I took the fore-plain *and peeled the darned bark off on't!*"

☞ Virtue stands in need of nothing but itself; it renders man illustrious in this life, and glorious after death. It is not grey hairs that begets respect; but a life, virtuously passed, surpasses glory. It is a strange fatuity in man, that he never takes thought how to live virtuously, but is very careful how to live well; but it is out of his power to live long. It is the bounty of nature that we live, but of virtue that we live well. And this is a greater felicity than life itself.

☞ Love one human being purely and warmly, says Jean Paul, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

MR. MASON IN PARIS.—Extract from a recent Paris letter:—

"Judge Mason, our new Minister, has taken a house permanently at No. 26 Avenue Gabriel, facing the Champs Elysees. It is the most beautiful spot for a residence in Paris, and is also convenient of access for business. Mr. Mason has employed a tall colored man, of the true Virginia type, who was brought out here fifteen or twenty years ago by an American Minister, and who has remained in Europe ever since in the employ of American Ministers, either here, in St. Petersburg, or in Germany. He speaks French, Russian and German, and is as polite as a well raised Virginia servant united to a French dancing master. His honest black face in the anti-chamber of Mr. Mason does one good to see, and looks more like home than anything I have seen this side of the water."

☞ Two fellows were quarreling one day one of them being dark-hided. After some wrangling a friend of Fairskin stepped up to him told him to tell the other fellow that he had nigger blood in his veins:

"I hate to do so," said Fairskin.

"You can *insinuate*, I reckon!" replied the other.

"Look here!" said Fairskin addressing his antagonist, "I say nothing agin your blood. All I've got to say, is this, if they'l dig down four feet, whar your grand-father was buried, they'l find *wool*."

☞ Dr. Staats tells a very good thing about his friend W——, who once kept a dry goods store in this vicinity. W. —— was head and ears in debt, yet he continued to issue due bills in a manner that rather staggered the doctor's good sense; he at last spoke to him:

"W——, how the duce do you manage it? With such a load of debts as you labor under, I cannot imagine how you even sleep."

"My dear doctor you surprise me. My sleep is nothing; but how the devil my creditors close their eyes, is more than I can fathom."

W—— was one of those light-hearted, devil-may care men, who shed trouble as a goose would rain. When we last heard of him, he was out in Iowa "eating potatoes on shares."—*Albany paper.*

NOTHING TO DO.—Dr. Franklin used pleasantly to repeat the words of his negro servant—

"Every thing, massa, work in this country, dog work, man work, wind work, fire work, water work, smoke work, bullock work, horse work, every thing work here but de *hog*; he walk about like a gemman."

We hope our young friends will try to be useful and active. They surely do not wish that the saying of the negro should be true of them.

A FAMILY PARTY.—A Persian merchant complaining heavily of some unjust sentence of the lower court, was told by the judge to go to the cadi.

"But the cadi is your uncle," urged the plaintiff.

"Then you can go to the grand vizier."

"But his secretary is your cousin."

"Then you may go to the sultan."

"But his favorite sultana is your niece."

"Well then go to the d——l."

"Ah, there is still closer family connections," said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.

DANISH MORMONS.—About four hundred men, women and children have just arrived in St. Louis from Denmark, on their way to the mormon settlement in the Salt Lake country. They are accompanied by a Mormon missionary or elder, who superintended their embarkation at a Danish port, their passage across the Atlantic, and their voyage up the Mississippi river, and will continue in charge of them until their final settlement in Utah territory. On the way up the river there occurred among them four deaths and one marriage.

☞ A man's reputation has been very aptly compared to a sheet of white paper. If it be once blotted, it can hardly ever be made to look as white as before. Apologists of youthful immoralities should think of this.

☞ Why is a carpenter who is putting a roof over a schooner, that fights on her own hook, like a gal weeping in solitude for her lover?

Do you give it up?

Because he is "shedding a private tear."

☞ New Orleans has suffered severely this winter in its trade, by the low stage of low waters and the ice on the western rivers. The Bulletin says that the last season has been without a parallel for the last twenty years. There is now $15,000,000 from the single article of cotton alone, less in the commercial community, than at the same period last year.

☞ An Albany editor says that the only reason why his house was not blown down with others in the great storm last week, was because there was a heavy mortgage on it!