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BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (six lines,) inserted ONE TIME for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each.

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THE season is now at hand to buy your *Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges, &c.* Also look and see what *Repairs* you want done to your *Stoves* and send in your orders early that we may execute them at once; further delay may cause you inconvenience.

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39 Light Street.

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oct 8-tf

JOSEPH RASIN,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN PHILADELPHIA
IMPORTED LIQUORS:

BRANDIES, Whiskies, Gins, Jamaica Spirits, and Peach and Apple Brandies, Port, Sherry, Maderia, Malaga, Lisbon and Champaigne Wines. Also a large stock of

DOMESTIC LIQUORS

of all kinds, such as common Whiskey Gin, Rum and Brandy. The largest stock to be found on the shore. Having taken out a

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andewith my long connection with one of the oldest; largest and most reliable Liquor Houses in Philadelphia, enable me to supply a purer article and at less price than can be purchased by any house on the shore. Thanking my friends and the public generally for the very liberal patronage they have bestowed and defying all competition, I ask an examination of my stock, feeling confident that I can give entire satisfaction.

dec 17 JOSEPH RASIN.

$1! 650,000 $1!
WORTH OF
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Offer the following Inducements to buyers of valuable Jewelry:

HAVING been for a long time engaged in the Packet business, and established our reputation for promptness and reliability and possessing great facilities for selling Jewelry in this way, we are confident that we can give satisfaction to all who feel disposed to patronize us.

$650,000 worth of Watches, Diamond Pins, Chains, &c., to be sold for one dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.

JUST LOOK AT THE
FOLLOWING LIST OF ARTICLES
TO BE SOLD FOR
One Dollar Each:

175 Watches (handsomely engraved and warranted perfect time keepers,) varying in price from	$20 00 to $120 00	each.
223 Ladies' Watches, solid gold hunting cases,	65 00	"
250 Gentlemen's Silver Watches,	15 00 to 25 00	"
6,000 Latest Style Vest and Neck Chains	4 50 to 30 00	"
5,500 Gent's California Diamond Pins	2 50 to 25 00	"
4,000 California Diamond Ear-Drops	2 00 to 15 00	"
3,000 Miniature and Enameled Revolving Pins	5 00 to 25 00	"
2,000 California Diamond & Enamelled Gent's Scarf Pins, new styles	5 00 to 15 00	"
2,000 Masonic and Emblem Pins	3 00 to 10 00	"
2,500 Gold Band Bracelets engraved and plain	3 00 to 20 00	"
3,000 Jet and Mosaic Brooches	3 00 to 70 00	"
2,000 Cameo Brooches, rich patterns, very tasty,	3 00 to 60 00	"
4,500 Florentine and Lava Pins, the real article	4 00 to 10 00	"
3,500 Lava and Florentine Ear-Drops	3 00 to 10 00	"
3,000 Coral Ear Drops	4 00 to 600	"
2,000 Ladies' Cateline Chains Jet and Gold	15 00 to 20 00	"
6,000 Gent's Pins, a splendid assortment	2 00 to 15 00	"
4 000 Solitairs Sleeve Buttons, entirely new styles	2 00 to 5 00	"
3,000 Studs and Sleeve-Buttons, in sets, very rich	3 00 to 15 00	"
5,000 Sleeve Buttons, plain enamelled and engraved	2 00 to 8 00	"
10,000 plain and handsomely engraved Rings,	2 50 to 10 00	"
8,000 Spring Lockets, double case, richly engraved	2 00 to 15 00	"
15,000 sets Ladies' Jewelry, new and latest styles	6 00 to 12 00	"
2,000 Gold Pens, and handsome silver cases	5 00 to 10 00	"

This entire list of beautiful and valuable goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the above articles will be placed in envelopes and sealed. These envelopes are sent by mail, as ordered without regard to choice. On the receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article, or not.

Five certificates can be ordered for 1 dollar; thirty-five for 5 dollars; sixty-five for 10 dollars; and one hundred for 15 dollars. We will send a single Certificate on the receipt of 25 cents.

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Box 4270. 36 Beekman, St, N. Y.
feb 18-6m

FRESH FIGS,

In large and small drums.
Raisins, Almonds, English Walnuts, &c., for sale by
jan14 LEVIN H. CAMPBELL.

PLANTATION BITTERS—A further supply just received by
nov 19 DAWSON & BRO.

From my Tent, Bolivar Heights,

September 13, 1864.

BY C. D.

Within this little tent, Most High!
Fearless of every ill, I lie,
Dependent, alone upon thy might,
Whatever the dangers of the night.
Should lightning flash, should thunder roll,
Thou, that hast sent them, can control—
Should lurking Rebels lift their hand
Thou, Lord, canst drive them from the land.

And oh, most Mighty! hear my prayer!
Let me not be Thy only care;
To patriot arms give thou the power;
Thou gavest to Gideon in the hour,
When vanquished Midean flew the land,
Thou gavest into Israel's hand
To GRANT, our leader, oh, impart
Thy Holy Spirit—fill his heart
With love of country, love of Thee,
Love of his soldiers, love of liberty,
Make him rule wisely, by sea and land
The hosts that follow his command;
Let Joshua's prudence fill his head;
Let Jeptha's sword be by his side,
A patriot champion let him be
Fighting for God and liberty.

And oh! Great God! amid our ranks
In port—on march—in tented field
Let this one prayer ascend on high
"God save the Union," "though we die."

But oh, in skirmish and battle fray
To patriot arms give thou the day,
Let triumph bless their war worn ranks
And nations far and near give thanks;
Then—battle o'er—and peace proclaimed—
Let Thy great name alone be named
The God of freemen—Friend of men—
Blessed be Thy Name, oh, God! Amen!

JOHN TAYLOR,
THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

The subject of the following sketch, John Taylor, was licenced when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the Bar of Philadelphia. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The graces of his person, combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty. Twelve months afterwards her husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city, to go on a mission as land agent to the west. As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bid farewell to his wife and infant son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employers which exclaimed all. Shortly after his departure for the west, the wife and her father moved to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of the Legislature, married again forthwith, and, to complete the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Mark—that of her second matrimonial partner! The perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career, from that period, became eccentric in the last degree; sometimes he plead at the bar, until at last a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.

At an early hour, on the 9th of April, 1840, the Court House at Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war time, past, there had never been witnessed such a gathering in Red River County, while the strong feeling apparent on every flushed face throughout the assembly, betoken some great occasion. A concise narrative, for facts will sufficiently explain the matter.

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men of Northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of the chief overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. The occurrence produced intense excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of poular opinion, or at least to mitigate the public wrath, which at first was violent against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the woman who had already suffered such cruel wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two cases, one criminal and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in the April Circuit Court for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issue, became far deeper when it was known that Ashly and Pike of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, each with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for his defence.

The trial on the indictment for murder ended on the 9th of April with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might have been foreseen, by comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on either side. The Texan Lawyer were utterly overwhelmed by the argument and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was set for the 9th; and the throng of spectators grew in number as well as excitement and what may seem strange the current of public sentiment now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured perjured witnesses who served most efficiently his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been his successes of the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—they had all withdrawn. The pigmy-pettifoggers dare not brave again the sharp wit of Pike, and the scattering thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Juge Mills looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the Judge glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were as silent as death.—Judge Mills repeated the question.

"I will, your Honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd situated behind the bar. At the time of that voice many started half way from their seats; and perhaps there was not a heart in the immense throng, which did not beat something quicker—it was so unearthly sweet, clear, ringing and mournful.

The first sensation, however was changed into general laughter, when a tall, gaunt spectral figure, that nobody present remembered ever to have seen before elbowed his way through the crowd and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx herself. His high, pale brow and small, nervously twitching face seemed alive with the concentrated essence, and cream of genius; but then his intantile blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looked dim, dreamy, almost unconscious, and his clothing so exceedingly shabby, that the court hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge, suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name being on your rolls," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips, curling up with a fiendish smile. "I may be allowed to appear *once*, by the courtesy of the court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America," and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment. The trial immediately went on.

In the examination of witness, the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as it was commonly thought. He suffered each one to tell his own story without interruption, tho' contrived to make each one tell it over two or three times.—He put few cross questions, which with keen witnesses, only serve to correct mistakes; and he made no notes, which in mighty memories, always tend to embarrass.

The examination being ended, as consel for the plantiff he had a right to the opening speech as well as the close; but to the astonishment of every one, he declined the former, and allowed the defence to lead off. Then a shadow might have been observed to flit across the fine features of Pike and darken even the bright eyes of Prentiss. They saw that they had *caught a Tartar*; but who it was or how it happened, it was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a dash of that close, dry logic which years afterwards, rendered him so famous in the Senate of the United States.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed with a rich train of wit, and a hail torrent of caustic ridicule in which you may be sure neither plantiff's ragged attorney was either forgotten or shared.

The great Prentiss concluded, for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words brilliant as showers of falling stars, and with a final burst of oratory brought the house down in cheers, in which the jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the "order" "order" of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the south-western people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

It was the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still, and straight, and motionless in his pale, smooth forehead soaring up high like a mountain cone of snow; but for that eternal twitch that came and went perpetually in his sallow cheek, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim, dreamy eyes, were invisible beneath these grey shaggy eye brows.

But at last he rises—before the bar railing not behind it—and so near to the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long bony finger. With his eye half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron his thin lips curled as if in a measureless scorn slightly a part, and the voice comes forth. At first, it is low and sweet insinuating itself through the brain, as an artless tune, winding its way into the deepest heart like the melody of an incantation; while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least sign of excitement to tear in pieces the argument of Ashley which melts away at his touch as the frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once so brief and so luminously clear, that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without effort.

Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer Pike. Then the curl of his lips grew sharper, his sallow face kindled up, and his eyes began to open, dim and dreamy no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring like thin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye—the full heart streamed out on the face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed the foam of folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity, when contrasted with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasms of the stranger, interspersed with jest and anecdote that filled the forum with roars of laughter

Then without so much as bestowing an allusion on Prentiss, he turned short on the perjured witness of Hopkins, tore their testimony to atoms, and hurled into their faces such terrible invective that all trembled as with an ague, and two of them actually fled dismayed from the Court House.

The excitment of the crowd was becoming tremenous. Their united life and soul appeared to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the powers of his own passion. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long-hidden secret of attention. He was the sun of the sea of all thought and emotion which rose and fell and boiled in billows, as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eye began to glare furtively at the assassin, Hopkins, as his lean taper fingers slowly assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch around with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hopes of escape. He dug beneath the murderers and slander's feet ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overleap, and no stretch of ingenuity evade, and stripped himself to the work of massacre.

O!, then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His action, before graceful as the wave of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuously as the motion of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a triumpet filled with whirlwinds, deafening the ear with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet undersong of the softest cadence. He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that in comparison, hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed black at noonday when shining on such an accursed monster; and then fixing both portraits on the same burning brow of Hopkins he nailed them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once, the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered *dead*, described the sorrows of the widowed *living*—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept and lovely women sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the by-standers. He entreated the panel, after they should bring in their verdict for the plantiff, not to offer violence to the defendant however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not to lynch the villain, Hopkins, but leave his punishment to God"—This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury returned a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchers, and beaten almost to death.

As the Court adjourned, the stranger made known his name, and called the attention of the people with the announcement—"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle light."

The crowd of course all turned out, and Taylor's sermon equalled, if it did not surpass, the splendor of his forensic efforts. This is no exaggeration. I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dewy, Tying and Bascom; but have never heard anything in the form of sublime words even remotely appropriating the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire.—And this is the opinion of all who have heard the marvalous man.

☞ A sewing machine is called a mechanical make-shift.

Oil on the Brain.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing from Parkersburg, Va., gives the following description of the all oil-pervading mania in that locality:

If you want to be *bored*, come to this region. Here's the place where you bore and get bored. It's nothing but oil from morning till night—oil on paper—boiled oil—people talk, write, sleep, and snore oil. Ask a man how far it is to Charlestown:

"Twenty-six miles from Slabsides' oil spring.'

"What time does the steamer leave for Wheeling?"

'Just as soon as Slocum's oil is loaded.'

"What was the fight about yesterday?"

"Oil.'

"Jenkins married an oil well yesterday—or just as good—married Miss Smitkins, whose father struck "ile," a few days ago.'

Smitkins hadn't time to go to his wife's funeral last Tuesday—his 'ile would run over.'

Preachers preach about oil being poured upon the troubled waters, and say this is the very spot where the oil for that occasion comes from.

I slept on four barrels of oil last night—every hotel full. The entire country looks greasy, people have oily tongues, and your olfactory nerves are strongly impressed with the terrible stench. Everybody has territory for sale, and there are plenty of 'fools and their money' who anticipate the realization of the Baron Munchausen stories that are afloat.

Every sharper has a map of the region, and can tell a stranger exactly where the nicest spot is—he has been there, knows the place, but is short of funds—has no personal interest in the matter, not he indeed. But in mere matter of friendship advises you to buy there and then do what he is doing—bore and oil must come.

Men seem crazy; victims are plenty. Seeking to become suddenly rich many a tolerably well-to do, but over-sanguine individual goes his pile and loses all he has and sneaks off; a few strike ile and become millionaires, but not one in a hundred but get their fingers terribly burned.

Artemus Ward Insures His Life.

'I kum to the conclusion lately, that like waz so onsartin, that the only wa for me tu stand a fair chance with other folks, waz to git my life ensured, and so i ka'ld on the Agent or the following questions, which waz put to me over the top of a pair ov goold specks, by a slik little fat old feller, with a little round gray head and az pretty a belly on him, az enny man ever owned:

QUESTIONS:

1st.—Are yu male or female? if so, state how long yu have been so.

2d.—Are yu subjec tu fits, and if so, do you hav more than one at a time?

3d.—What iz your precise fiteing weight?

4th.—Did you ever have enny ancestors, and if so, how much?

5th.—What iz yure legal opinion ov the constitutionality ov the 10 commandments?

6th.—Du yu ever have enny nite mares?

7th.—Are yu married and single, or are yu a Bachelor?

8th.—Du yu believe in a future state? if yu du, state it.

9th.—What are your private sentiments about a rush ov rats tu the head; can it be did successfully?

10th.—Hav yu ever committed suicide, and if so, how did it seem to affect yu?

After answering the above questions, like a man in the confirmatif, the slik little fat old feller with goold specks on, ced I was insured for life, and probably would remain so for a term ov years. I thanked him and smiled one ov my most pensive smiles.

How Pat Saved his Quarter.

A physican, whose sign once hung out on Essex street, tells the following good story. He was sitting one day in his office, when there came in an Irishman, who, after making his bow, which an Irishman always has the politeness to do, addressed him thus:

"Can ye pull a tooth for me, doctor? Sure its the devil's own brother I've got in my head, that's been keeping me awake these nights entirely."

"Yes I think I can take it out for you," replied the doctor "sit down and let me look at it." The tooth proved to be a large double one, badly inflamed around it, and very sore. When the instruments were brought out to commence operations. Pat showed evident signs of nervousness.

"Och! sure, ye'll be murthin, quite," said he.

"To be shure I shall hurt you," said the doctor in a jocular way; "if I don't I won't charge you anything for pulling it."

Pat said no: another word, and the doctor went to work. The tooth was firmly knit to a firmer jaw, and stuck "like a Democrat to the constitution," but our persevering doctor tugged and pulled, fairly lifting his patient in the struggle, who bore it all the way through like a martyr, "making no sign." At last offending molor was out, and triumphantly laid upon the table.

"There," said the doctor, "didn't I hurt you bad enough?"

"*Not a bit Sir,*" said Pat, "and sure you're not the man to be going back from your own word."

Query—Which got the worst of it, Pat or the doctor.—*Portfolio.*

A DUELLING ANECDOTE.—Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilboa, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents.

'We wish to fight—to fight to the death,' they replied to the representations of their companions.

At this moment a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice, said:

'Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and if you would——

'My good-man, don't trouble us now!' cried one of the officers; 'don't you see my friends are going to split each other? We are not in a charitable humor.

'It is not alms I ask for,' said the man; 'I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that those gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins.' At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and both throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other and walked away.

MILITARY CONUNDRUMS.—Why did the rebels surrender Fort Fisher? Because they took too much *Porter* and were *Terry fied.*

How were they overcome? By good *Ames* and much *Curtis y.*

WHY are the rebels like vicious school-boys? Because they dislike to be watched by monitors.

WHAT is General Terry's particular *forte?* Fisher.

WHY is General Sherman the most gallant of men? Becaus he rushed across the country to *Sare Anna?*

WHAT ails Jeff? His *Foote* troubles him.

Newspapers and Bacon.

An old and worthy subscriber to the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, (noted for his good bacon,) stepped in recently, and proposed paying his subscription for six months. The book-keeper made out his receipt for $3.

"How is this," said our country friend.—"You have put up the price."

"Yes," answered the book keeper, "we have been compelled to do it in self-defence."

"Well, sir, it is extortion. I won't take it."

"Well, then, if you don't like it that way, we will let you take the paper at $2—our old price—for six months, if you will pay us in that fine bacon of yours at ten cents a pound the old price. That is certainly fair."

"How much bacon would it take?"

"Just twenty pounds, sir."

"Why, that would be giving you $12 for your paper for six months, at the lowest price at which such bacon as mine sells now!"

"I know it," answered the book keeper.—"We can't help it; and for this reason we have been compelled to put up the price of our paper. Each sheet of the plain paper on which we print our daily now, costs us two cents, and every other thing in proportion."

Well, well," said our friend, "that bacon argument is a clincher. Give me a receipt; here is the money. I must act upon the prevaling opinion. I must *save my bacon.*"

This reminds us of a similar case. A close-fisted farmer came into our sanctum a short time since to pay for his paper. In handing the money he asked what was the price We replied, $2.

"Why you charge more than you used to."

"Yes; we have to pay nearly three times as much for paper, considerably more for every thing else in the printing line, and two to three times more for all we eat and wear, so we are compelled to make a slight advance."

"Well, I cannot afford to pay $2. You may stop it when the time is up."

"Very well," we replied, for we had not the patience to argue the case with such a small-souled man, who would charge us double for a bushel of wheat or corn, three times as much for poultry, pork or other produce, and then want us to furnish the paper at the old prices.

Mark the difference! About the same time a widow lady came to our office and handed us fifty cents, which we took, waiting for her to state the object, which we found was nothing less than an extra instalment on her subscription, having paid for the year before the advance in price. We insisted on her taking it back, as she had paid before the advance in terms, but she positively refused, maintaining that we should have advanced in accordance with the rise of every thing else before we did, for she knew we could not afford to publish for less than $2. People will differ.—*Smyrna Times.*

What Money Will Do.

Money is a queen institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. Everything resolves itself into cash; from stock jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies, youth aspires to dimes, manhood is swayed by the mighty dollar. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client, the judge decides the case of life and death for a salary. Money makes the man therefore man must make money, if he would be respected by fools—for the eye of the world looks through golden spectacles. It buys Brussels carpets, lace curtains, gilded cornices, rich furniture and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in splendid equipages, and pays the rent of the pews. It buys silks and jewelry for my lady, it commands obsequious attention. It enables us to be charitable; to send Bibles to the heathen. It gilds the rugged scenes of life, and spreads over our rugged existence a velvet carpet soft to our tread; the rude turmoils and scenes are encased in a gilt frame. It bids care vanish, and soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness—stops short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hand spares none, but levels all mortal distinction, and teaches poor humanity that it is dust. This wealth pauses on the brink of eternity—the beggar and millionaires rest side by side beneath the sod; and rest in an equality to answer the final summons.

IKE HEARD FROM.—By our last from Mrs. Partington she thus discourses concerning Ike:

Nancy Jane writ to you about poor Ike being grafted in to our union army; it was during the late prevailing restruction. I've been so dreadful uneasy—laws a me! But Dan'l, at last we have heard of him by a neighbor, who is home on a furrow. He—poor innocent—at one't took his place as a neighbor Tibbins says, as First Corpulent, and soon proved so deficient that he was prompted to be an Ordinary Surgeon—poor child! But what the blessed dear knows about arterials, computation of limbs, and the like, surpasses me. Howsumever if he can be the humble implement in the hands of the Lord of saving the lives of the gallus fellows whose heads have been disseminated by the bursting open of pontoons and things, why we must sacrifice him freely on the altar of epelurisy uniform, and the Lord have mercy on his solar system.

☞ CURIOUS ANALYSIS.—We find in one of our French exchanges, published in California, the following analysis of the human system, considered in relation to the principal countries:—An Englishman is composed of mutton and water; an Irishman, of potatoes and water; a Scotchman, of water-gruel; a Frenchman, of omelet, frogs and water; and a German of cheese, sourkrout and water. The author of this analysis, says our cotemporary, is an American, and does not, either from pride or modesty, mention his own nationality; but, having been called to analyze him, we ascertained with surprise that he consisted of tobacco-juice and water.

DATES OF SECESSION.—The following may be of some importance in answering inquiries:

South Carolina seceded Dec. 20, 1860.
Mississippi seceded Jan. 9, 1861.
Alabama seceded Jan. 11, 1861.
Florida seceded Jan. 11, 1861.
Georgia seceded Jan. 19, 1861.
Louisana seceded Jan. 26, 1861.
Texas seceded March 5, 1861.
Virginia seceded April 24, 1861.
Arkansas seceded May 6, 2861.
North Carolina seceded May 21, 1861.
Tennessee seceded June, 9, 1861.

☞ How fish hang around the bait till they are hooked, said the deacon, as he pushed through the crowd of fops waiting the egress of the ladies' at a church door.

IF you don't wish to get angry never argue with a blockhead. Remember the duller the razor the more liable you are to cut yourself with it.

☞ An Irishman who had been asked to furnish proof of his marriage, took his hat off, and exhibited a scar on his head. "Here," said he, "is my marriage certificate—that's Judy's mark."

A Rebel Naval Officer Deserts With His Wife to Escape Hanging.

Another deserter from the enemy in the person of a young lieutenant, an aid on the staff of Lieu. Col. Robert D. Minor, commanding the navy and ordinance department at Richmond, came into our lines a few days ago, accompanied by his wife. The young man is a native of Savannah, Georgia, and confesses that he left Richmond to avert the penalty of death, which no doubt would have been awarded him for the offence of running men into our lines, a business which he had followed for several months, and in which he states had been making from $4,000 to $5,000 in Confederate money weekly.

Much of his story, which is full of interest, it would be important to publish, lest it give to the enemy information which would lead to the apprehension of the parties engaged in passing men into our lines and the closing of the avenue through which they escape.

Being an officer on the staff of Colonel Minor he operated in conjunction with his confederates for a long time before suspicion rested upon him. The night preceding his arrest, he had sent off a small party to our lines, but by some accident one of them was apprehended and returned to Richmond, and, on his arrival there, made a confession, implicating the lieutenant referred to which led to his arrest.

Having always sustained a reputation for loyalty to the rebel government, Major Carrington, Provost Marshal of Richmond, ordered his detention at the Soldiers' Rest for a day or two, in which time it was believed he would be able to establish his innocence of the charge. Knowing his inability to do so, the young lieutenant at once set about means to escape before his incarceration in Castle Thunder, which was sure to follow, and on the same night endeavored, but in vain, to bribe his guard. On Friday night he was more successful, and on escaping from the Rest repaired immediately to the house of a negro whom he knew to be engaged in the business, and giving him $600 dispatched him with his wife and a carriage by a circuitous route to our lines. As his wife had a few days previous received a pass to visit her relatives living outside of Richmond, she found no difficulty in passing the outer defences. Her husband followed her by a shorter route reaching our lines seven hours after her arrival.

He states that negroes and others have during the past six months amassed large fortunes in hazardous business of running men through the rebel lines. In the capacity of aid he had frequently visited the rebel flotilla in the James, and at the time of the late raid was on board the Virginia, which he represents as by far the most formidable vessel of the fleet, being coated with 11 inches of iron plating, and carrying eight guns one of which carries an 18 and another a 14-inch shot. He states that the new ram Jeff. Davis is nearly finished, and that when he left Richmond she was receiving her armament of 14 heavy guns. Although she is the largest of the rebel rams, he regards the Virginia as the most effective vessel in the rebel navy, owing to the calibre of her guns, and the thickness of her plating. The pirate Semmes, now commanding the Virginia, is spoken of as the commander of the Jeff. Davis when ready for service.

He is firm in the belief that the rams will visit us again at an early day, and thinks the Virginia capable of demolishing any vessel of our navy, the Ironsides included. All the naval machine in Richmond has been sent to Selma and other points south, and he thinks the evacuation of Richmond within sixty days highly probable. He proceeds North with his wife this morning.

A PRISONER STARVED KILLED.—A late Norfolk letter thus records the death of a notorious rebel conscript hunter and prisoner starver, by the hand of a conscript assassin:

Colonel Joseph Johnson of Eufaula Talapoosa county, Georgia, was murdered on the 4th instant, by some deserters from his regiment. He was attendeding the bedside of an invalid wife, about 8 o'clock on the 4th of February, having seated himself beside the window of his wife, a shot penetrated his skull and caused almost instant death.

A party of men in the vicinity were seen running from the spot, and were fired upon by Col. Johnson's son-in-law, but the murderers all escaped, and none, at last accounts had been captured. It is alleged that Col. Johnson, having been instrumental in levying a greater number of conscripts for his district than he should have done, he was thus summarily dealt with. Colonel is said to have been a very mercenary and heartless wretch, and is believed at one time to have been the means of reducing the amount of of relations of our prisoners in the pens at Andersonville, Georgia.

☞ In the rebel House on the 14th inst., a report was made of the names of men who had sold wheat to the goverument at extraordinary prices. The first man on the list, is the Hon. Jas. A. Seddon, late Secretary of War, who sold 500 bushels at $10 per bushel.

☞ A coxcome, talking of the transmigration of souls, said: "In time of Moses, I have no doubt, I was a golden calf." "Very likely," teplied a lady, "time has robbed you of nothing but the golding."

☞ The New York Anti-Slavery Standard agrees with Mr. Garrison in advising the dissolution of the anti slavery societies, because slavery is virtually dead and must be legally so in a few months.

☞ A cast iron pot containing eleven coins of silver, copper and lead, the inscriptions of which were illegible, was exhumed in Newport, last week, on the Neck. It is thought this spot was at one time an Indian burial ground.

☞ The Richmond Whig, in referring to President Lincoln, styles him "the Illinois accident." He is about the worst accident which could have happened to Mr. Jefferson Davis.

☞ Out of 1,900 rebel prisoners at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, only about one fourth are willing to be exchanged. The remainder want to take the oath of allegiance and remain at the North.

☞ Vice President Johnson will not be in Washington on the Fourth of March. He will stay in Tennessee till the new civil government is inaugurated.

☞ The whole number of sick and wounded in different military hospitals throughout the country, on the 31st of January last, was a little over seventy nine thousand.