

be of territories as by the treaties of 1815, or of grandeur as by your law

Gentlemen, before concluding, permit me to address from this tribune, a serious counsel to the party of the priesthood—the party which invade us. It is not ability which it lacks; when the circumstances aid it, it is strong. It knows the art of maintaining a nation in a mixed and lamentable state, which is not death, but which is not life, and it calls this governing. It is governed by lethargy, but take care, nothing like this agrees with France. It is dangerous game, if you allow her to espy it—only to copy it; and here is the ideal of it, the sacrilegious sovereignty betrayed, intelligence conquered and lettered, books torn, the homily replacing the press, might spread over the mind by the shadow of surplises, and genius checkmated by the lead. It is true the party of priesthood is able, but this does not save it from being simple. What! it is terrified by socialism; it sees the flood rising, and it opposes to this rising flood I know not what obstacle—a lattice. It sees the flood rising, and it imagines that society will be saved, because it has combined for defence social hypocrisies with maternal resistance, and has posted a Jesuit wherever it could not provide a GENÉRAL. What a pity!

I repeat it, let this party take care: the nineteenth century is opposed to it; let it not be obstinate; let it renounce the mastery of this great epoch, full of new and profound instincts. If not, it will only succeed in rousing it to anger, will imprudently develop fearful events. Yes, with this system, which makes education spring from the sacrilege, and governments from the confessional. (Loud interruptions, cries of order, many members rising, and the President and Mr. Hugo holding some conversation, which was inaudible in the great noise; violent tumult.)

Mr. Hugo continued,—with these doctrines that a fatal and inflexible logic must carry with it, in spite of men, and fruitful with the evil which horrifies us when we read of it in history—yes, with this system, this doctrine, this history, which the party of the priesthood only knows, wherever it be, it will bring about revolution. Everywhere men will throw themselves into the arms of Robespierre to escape Torquemada. That is what makes a serious danger of the party calling itself the Catholic party; and those who, like me, equally dread anarchical overthrow and sacerdotal lethargy, raise the cry of alarm while there is yet time! You interrupt me. Your cries and murmurs now drown my voice. Gentlemen, I speak to you not as an agitator, but as an honest man. Gentlemen, does it happen by chance that you suspect me?

THE PESTILENCE AT NEW ORLEANS.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

From the Crescent, 11th August.

To verify the many horrible reports of the doings among the dead, we the other day visited the cemeteries. In every street were long processions, tramping to the solemn music of funeral marches. In the countenances of plodding passengers were the lines of anxiety and grief, and many a door was festooned with black and white hangings, the voiceless witnesses of wailing and of sorrow. On the one hand slowly swept the long corteges of the wealthy, nodding with plumes, and drawn by prancing horses, rejoicing in their funeral vanities; on another, the hearse of the citizen-soldier, preceded by measured music, enveloped in warlike janoply, and followed by the noisy tread of men under arms; while there again the pauper was trundled to his long home on a rickety cart, with a boy for a driver, who whistled as he went, and swore a careless oath as he urged his mule or spavined horse to a trot, making haste with another morsel contributed to the grand banquet of death. Now among the steeples was heard the chiming of the bells, as of Ghoulies up there, mingling their hoarse voices as in a chorus of gratulation over the ranks of fallen mortality. Anon from some lowly tenement trilled the low wail of a mother for the child of her affections, while from the corner opposite burst the song of some low bacchanal, mingling ribaldry with sentiment, or swearing a prayer or two, as the humor moved him.

The skies wore a delusive aspect. Above was all cloudless sunshine, but little in keeping with the black melancholy that enveloped all below. Out along the highways that lead to the cities of the dead, and still the tramp of funeral crowds knew no cessation. Up rolled the volumes of dust from the busy crowds, and the plumes of the death carriages nodded in ceasing sympathy to the swaying cypresses of the swamp, enveloped in their dun appareling of weeping moss—fit garniture for such a scene.

At the gathering points carriages accumulated, and vulgar teamsters, as they jostled each other in the press, mingled the coarse jest with the ribald oath; no sound but of profane malediction and of riotous mirth, the clang of whip thongs and the rattling of wheels. At the gates, the wind brought intimation of the corruption working within. Not a puff but was laden with the rank atmosphere from rotten corpses. Inside, they were piled by fifties, exposed to the heat of the sun, swollen with corruption, bursting their coffin lids, and sundering, as if by physical effort, the ligaments that bound their heads and feet, and extending their rigid limbs in every outrageous attitude. What a feast of horrors! Inside, corpses piled in pyramids, and without the gates, old and withered crones and fat luster women, fretting in their own grease, dispensing ice creams and confections, and twirling away, with brooms made of bushes, the green bottles that lay on their merchandises, and anon huzzed away to drink dainty imitations from the old and new. A Maximon at the gates was making thrill outside by the action of his black and sweating minions, that tendered sweat-meats and cooling beverages to the throngs of mourners or of idle spectators, who, inhaling the fumes of rotten bodies, already "heaved the gorgo;" while within the "King of Terrors" held his Saturnalia, with a crowd of stolid laborers, who, as they tumbled the dead into ditches, knocked them "about the mazzard," and swore dread oaths, intermingled with the more dreadful sounds of demoniac jollity.

Long ditches were dug across the great human charnal. Wide enough were they to contain a legion, but only fourteen inches deep. Coffins laid in them showed their tops above the surface of the earth. On these was piled dirt to the depth of a foot or more, but so loosely, that the myriads of flies found entry between the loose clods, down to the cracked seams of the coffins, and buzzed and flew there their ovaria, creating each hour their new hatched systems.

But no sound was there of sorrow within that wide Gehenna. Men used to the scent of dissolution had forgotten all touch of sympathy. Unconth laborers, with their bare shock heads, stood under the broiling heat of the sun, digging in the earth; and as anon they would encounter an obstructing root or stump, would swear a ludeous oath, remove to another spot, and go on digging as before. Now and then the mattock or the spade would disturb the bones of some former tenant of the mould, forgotten there amid the armies of the accumulated victims, and the sturdy laborer with a give, would hurl the broken fragments on the sward, growl forth an energetic d—n, and chuckle in his excess of plee. Skull bones were dug up from their long sepulture, with ghastliness staring out

"From each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,"

without eliciting an "Alas, poor Yorick," and with only an exclamation from the digger, of "room for your betters!"

Economy of space was the source of cunning calculation in bestowing away the dead men. Side by side were laid two, of gigantic proportions, bloated by corruption to the size of Titans. The central projections of their coffins left spaces between them at their heads and heels. This was too much room to be filled with earth. How should the space be saved? Opportunely the material is at hand, for a cart comes lumbering in, with the corpses of a mother and her two little children. Chuck the children in the spaces at the heads and heels of the Titans, and lay the mother by herself,—out there none! A comrade for her will be found anon, and herself and babes will sleep not too less soundly from the unwonted contact!

The fumes rise up in deathly exhalations from the accumulating hecatombs of fast coming corpses. Men wear at their noses bugs of camphor and odorous soices—for there are crowds there who have no business but to look on and contemplate the vast congregation of the dead. They don't care if they die themselves—they have become so used to the reek of corruption. They even laugh at the rottings of the skeleton Death, and crack jokes in the horrid atmosphere where scarcely they can draw breath for utterance.

The stoical negroes, too, who are hired at five dollars an hour to assist in the work of interment, stagger under the stifling fumes, and can only be kept at their work by deep and continued potations of the "fire water." They gulp deep draughts of the stimulating fluid, and reeling to their tasks, hold their noses with one hand, while with the other they grasp the spade, heave on the mould, and rush back to the bottle to gulp again. It is a jolly time with these ebony laborers, and with their white co-workers—as thoughtless and as jolly, and full as much intoxicated as themselves.

And thus, what with the songs and obscene jests of the grave diggers, the buzzing of the flies, the sing-song cries of the huxter women vending their confections, the hoarse oaths of the men who drive the dead carts, the merry whistle of the boys, and the stifling reek from scores of blackened corpses, the day wears away, the work of sepulture is done, and night draws the curtain.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the wisest men.

An Alderman once called on Dr. Francis, when the following dialogue took place:

"Doctor, I have a strong tendency to the gout; what shall I do to arrest it?"

"Take a bucket of water, and a ton of anthracite, three times a week."

"How?"

"Drink the former, and carry the latter up three pairs of stairs."

We have not heard that he needed advice afterwards.

There is no truth in the rumor, published in Brattleboro', that Eng. of the Siamese twins, had eloped with Chang's wife.

It is an oriental idea that the spider draws its venom from the rose; and thus from the sweetest sources comes the blight of happiness and human affection.

A young physician asking permission of a young lass to kiss her; she replied, "No, sir, I never like a doctor's bill stuck in my face."

"THROW IN THE BACon." The following is too good to be lost. It illustrates one of the peculiarities of this "fast age!"

An old lady in Cincinnati had a large quantity of bacon to ship to New Orleans, where she was going herself to buy supplies. She stipulated with the captain of a steamer, that he should have her freight, provided he would not race during the trip. The captain consented, and the old lady came aboard. After the second day out, another steamer was seen close astern, (with which the captain had been racing all the time,) and would every now and then come up to the old lady's boat, and then fall back again. The highest excitement prevailed among the passengers, as the two boats continued for nearly a day almost aside. At last, the old lady partaking of the excitement called the captain and said—

"Captain, you ain't going to let that thar old boat pass us, are you?"

"Why, I shall have to, Madam, as I agreed not to race."

"Well, you can try just a little, that won't hurt."

"But Madam, to tell you the truth, I did."

"Gracious! but do try it a little more—see, the old boat is almost even with us;" and a loud cheer rose from the passengers of the old boat.

"I don't propose to race any more, Madam, as all the tar and pine is used up."

"Good gracious, what shall we do? see, the old boat is passing us!" is there nothing else on board that will make steam?"

"Nothing, Madam—eh, eh, (as if a new idea struck him), except your bacon."

"Throw in the bacon," shrieked the old lady, "throw in the bacon, captain, and beat the old boat."

"Judge, you say if I punch a man, even in fun, he can take me up for assault and battery?"

"Yes, sir, I said that, and what I said I repeat. If you punch a man, you are guilty of a breach of the peace, and can be arrested for it."

"Ain't there no exceptions?"

"No, sir; no exceptions whatever."

"Judge, I think you are mistaken. Suppose, for instance, I should brandy-punch him? then what?"

"No levity in court, sir! Sheriff, expose this man to the atmosphere. Call the next case."

FRESHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF AN ENGLISH PUBLIC DINNER.—Nothing is more curious than one of these repasts, which recall to mind the feasting described by Homer. Enormous pieces of beef whole fishes, load an immense table bristling with bottles. The guests, clothed in black, calm and serious, seat themselves in state, and with an air which one takes at a frown! Behind the presiding is placed a functionary called the toast-master. It is he who is charged to make the speeches. The president whispers to him de mot d'ordre, and "Gentlemen," says he, with the voice of a Scotchman, "I am about to propose to you a toast, which cannot fail to be received by you with great favor—it is the health of the very honorable, very respectable, and very considerable Sir Robert Peel, &c. &c." The guests, then shaking off their stentatiousness, rise as once as if they were moved by springs, and respond to the invitation by thundering forth laudatory cries. Whilst the glasses are being emptied, three young girls, with bare shoulders, slip from behind a screen and play a tune on the piano. The toasts do not cease until the guests, having strength neither to rise nor to remain seated, roll under the table.—M. Hygiene Canard in the Seede, Paris Paper.

A contemporary, speaking of the report on gentlemen's fashions, says—"there is not much change in gentlemen's pants this month." Very likely.

THE REASON WHY "BRUDDER DICKSON LEFT THE CHURCH".—Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of our large New England towns, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connexion with a colored church in that place.

"I believe you are connected with the Church on Elm street, Mr. Dickson," said the customer.

"No sah, not at all."

"What, are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not as year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson? if I may be permitted to ask."

"Why, I tell you sah," said Mr. Dickson, strapping a coarse razor on the palm of his hand. "It was jess like dis—I jined at church in good fail. I gin ten dollars towards de stated preaching de gospel de fass year, and de church peepil all call me BRUDDER DICKSON. De second year my business not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church peepil call me MISTER DICKSON. Dish razor hurt you sah?"

"No, razor toibul well."

"Wall, sah, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my body—and I didn' give NUFFIN for preaching. Well, sah, arter dat de call me OLE NIGGER DICKSON, an I LEFF 'EM!"

Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

WHO WILL SING IT?

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

A fig for the sorrows of life and its care,
Those joy-cheating knaves as they be;
To fair open battle the coward's you dare,
Like nists of the morning they flee!
Oh! ne'er let them enter thy heart's secret chamber—
That sanctum sanctorum of thine;
One thing thou should'st always and ever remember,
That folly delights to repue!

Thou' grief in the morning peeps in at the door,
Ere noon she will vanish away;
If hidden no welcome, she cannot endure
More than a moment to stay!
And beggarly trouble, her kinsman, is loth
To dwell, though he'll often intrude;
The best of all ways to get rid of them both,
Is treating them curtly and rude!

For why should we cherish a robber or thief,
To plunder our hard-gotten wealth,
Care shortens a life that's already too brief,
And trouble is bad for the health!
Then let us, as pilgrims o'er life's varied way,
What heaven hath will'd us to bear,
Endure it with patience—let hope be our stay,
And cheerfulness battle with care!

Spencerville, Nov. 27th, 1851.

"WOMEN AND WINE."

BY MRS. LINDSEY.

While dining in one of the fashionable hotels in Ohio, 2225 quantance, and a gentleman, by the way, of close observation remarked that gentlemen at hotels seldom called for wine with ladies present, and requested us to observe those gentlemen accompanied by ladies, and those who were not.

The idea was new and novel to us, and, as a matter of course we observed closely to test the truth of our friend's suggestion. Above us sat gentlemen with ladies, below us sat gentlemen alone. Presently, we saw the gentils above lean over and whisper to the ladies and immediately an order for wine was given, and in came the sparkling champagne and other wines. As then we caught the eye of the gentleman who called our attention to this matter, and although he spoke not, yet his eyes seemed to say—"Was I not right?"

Why is it that ladies give their countenance and influence the propagation of this evil which brings so many victims to miserable, premature grave? Do they ever think of the good that would be done if they ever think of the hard struggles of the young men who learn to look upon the wine that is sold, as they are engaged in carrying on fashionable drunkennes; if their company, and for the sole purpose of feeding their vanity the vanity that ever gratifies by being able to say—"We eat sumptuously to-day—we had a basket of champagne."

How tempting. No matter whether the young gentils loves wine or not—he loves his lead. She holds a glass of goblet—with love in the eye and gladness of nature made more glad by the momentary exhilarating influence of the sparkling catawba, or the transparent Bordeaux. She, though she utters not a word, looks with an expression that speaks volumes, tongued to him who addresses, and by whom she is loved. He drinks because beauty bids him—because a manly sense of propriety of this impudently compels him. He drinks because the tempter. The wine that was forced upon him once is now become a necessity. Its hold upon him becomes stronger and stronger. All that he may do—all that he can borrow—