

"THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES, AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE."

W. I.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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THE KENTUCKIAN IN BOSTON.

Ralph Carter (for such we will call him) was a member in an ornate carriage on the banks of the Ohio, and was in the habit of visiting semi-annually...

As he was going among other strangers, he observed a female in a dress with a fine suit of blue, he was worn on great occasions, or when his whim should incline him to doff his backwoods garb...

"I never give my note," said Ralph—"here I'll pay you in advance," pulling out of his pocket a large roll of bank notes...

"The bar keeper beginning to think the fellow something of a curiosity, no longer insisted upon his registering him, but had ordered a waiter to bring him a trunk to a certain number, (naming it), which was located at the very top of the house...

"Put down that trunk," said Ralph authoritatively; "I cannot go another step till I have rested myself. Here (giving him two twenty-five cent pieces) go and down there, and bring me up two juleps; keep the other quarter yourself. Be quick, old boy."

Ralph was not disturbed by returning to his room, who the night of the next morning broke in upon his slumbers. He rose early, dressed himself in his new suit of blue, and was again ready to go...

whole appearance that the other did not recognize in him the civilized Kentuckian of the evening before. Puffing and blowing, like a man after a long walk, he began: "Ralph—Well, Mr. Bar keeper, I've arrived."

"Ralph—don't know—long way. I started away up there, at the top of the Tower of Babel, and have been ever since daybreak getting here."

"The bar keeper, who had by this time recognized the Kentuckian, and had already prepared his julep, insisted on his going to the bar to get it, and, as Ralph had taken no refreshment since the juleps since his arrival the evening before, he yielded without much reluctance to the request."

"By an early hour had made a deed out of the julep, repeating often, and in a loud voice, to join him, and to call him "a good fellow," though a very odd and a very green one. He was pronounced "an original" and "a curiosity" and that he should be put in the museum of the company."

"The party took seats in a room, and commenced their discourse and awaited the rising of the curtain. Ralph gazed about with an awkward, gawky stare upon everything and everybody around him. The orchestra struck up and played several fine pieces: Ralph gave little heed to the music, and seemed to be impatient for something more diverting."

"The curtain length rose. Ralph was all attention; and, as the play proceeded, commented upon every thing that was said on the stage. His comments, however, were made so loud as to attract the attention of large portion of the theatre."

Ralph, getting worse, "Stop!" shouted he, "I'm going to my bed. I can't sleep a wink. I'll play—play—play!" "That's what we call fit in Old Kentucky, and I never see it going on without taking a hand. Stop here, stop here. I can't stand that any longer; with this off case his coat. His companions, now using their utmost exertions

ECENTRIC HOSPITALITY.

During the late American war a soldier who had been wounded and honorably discharged, being destitute and homeless, knocked at the door of an Irish farmer, when the following dialogue ensued.

Patrick—And who the devil are you now? Soldier—My name is John Wilson. Patrick—And where the devil are you going now, John Wilson? Soldier—From the American army at Erie, sir.

Soldier—Not I, I have been fighting to secure the blessing you enjoy. I have assisted in contributing to the glory, and the honor of the country, and I have happily received you, and can you so inhospitably reject me from your house?

Patrick—Reject you? who the devil talked a word about rejecting you? My boy, I do not the scurvy soldiers on take me to you, John Wilson. You asked me to let you lie on my floor, my kitchen floor, or in my stable, now, by the powers of the Lord, I'll perfect trust do that, when I have half-a-dozen soldiers all empty? No, by the Hill of Howth, John, that I will not do.

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THE OFFICE SEEKER.

The following extract from a humorous story entitled "the Politician," written by Paulding, is forcibly brought to mind by the unprecedented rage for office that now prevails all parts of the country. It represents a conversation between a member of the Cabinet and a longer-on for office.

"The Secretary was called from his bed one cold winter morning, to attend to business of the 'utmost consequence.' He found a 'quack, long-sided man, at least six feet high, with a little apple head, in long queue, and a face, critically ruined as long as a pie-cherry; and the following conversation ensued."

"Well my friend, what situation do you wish?" "Who-j-y I'm not very particular; but some how or other, I think I should like to be a Minister. I don't mean of the Gospel; but one of them ministers to foreign parts."

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AN OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I saw an old man lie within his shroud. On his lifeless face there sat a smile, and in his dying eyes a gleam of cheer, by the faith of the gospel. And that smile of "faith triumphant over death," lingered still, like a golden beam on the brow of charity, well remembered in that hour of solemn woe. But why should they weep—why lament? The hour of his liberation has come. The Christian has been gathered home to his God. We do not weep when the leaves of autumn fall—we do not weep when the full-crested corn bends down to the reaper's sickle. The summer flowers will blow again—the trees again wear their mantle of green and the corn once more wave in the rich luxuriance of harvest. Old man! rest in peace! Thy life was long. Thy spirit is in the better-land—bright, glorious, unfading heaven! Thou hast gone, from hearts that loved thee fondly; from those whose infant years were nurtured by thy care; but that hast found a resting place.

"We were, for many demands it. But 'mid the our tears their arises a glow of hope; and we pour forth our souls in humble prayer that our Heavenly Father would bind anew, in a happier world, the ties which death hath broken in this. 'Tis but a passing trial, 'till we meet our form! To God we commit thy spirit. New York Sun.

CAPTAIN CHARLES W. MORGAN.

There was no braver or worthier man among the nine officers who were recently presented with the swords of honor, by the Virginia State Convention, than Capt. Charles W. Morgan, of the United States Army. We recollect an anecdote of his gallantry during the late war, related to us by a friend, and which we believe is not generally known.

At the commencement of the war the now silver-haired veteran was a gay young man, and we were told that he was on board of shipship in the celebrated action with the Guerriere. On that memorable occasion he performed some of the most heroic deeds. After the commencement of the battle, both vessels became enveloped in a heavy cloud of smoke, from the incessant cannonade, and he was unable to distinguish either from the other. At this period, young Morgan respectfully suggested to Com. Hull that a man should be sent to the Virginia State Convention, to ascertain the position of the Guerriere, and direct the men how to plant the guns. The Commodore declined sending any man on a service so desperate. Young Morgan immediately volunteered, ran up the shrouds, and in a few moments he was directing the men in the discharge of their duty. His clothes were cut in half a dozen places, and he received one or two slight wounds while in this perilous position. He was the first to reach the top of the mast, and he was the last to be seen by the commander inquired of Com. Hull, whether that man who had been in the clouds of the Constitution, was the man who had been in the clouds of the Guerriere? "Because," said Morgan, "I have been firing at him his half hour; he must have a charmed life." Star.

NUTSHELL TRUTHS.

First—The report of the Investigation Committee of the Bank, shewing as its disclosures are, does not tell all. The people of the country and the exigencies of the times demand the whole truth at the hands of the present reform board of Directors.

Second—The exculpating No. 1 of Nicholas Biddle, amounts to a confession of the mal-practices charged upon him by the Investigating Committee, Keat's Communitaries to the contrary notwithstanding.

Third—The Biddle balloon, self-inflated Bids, Dynasty, and all, has finally exploded. The Biddle system is a "breach forer and deeper." All shew, of course, to over soon.

Fourth—An old friend of mine used to say, "The country and the exigencies of the times demand the whole truth at the hands of the present reform board of Directors."

...the same date men read and ponder well over them.
On loans of \$12,000,000, raised in Europe, there was a loss of more than \$17,000,000, produced mainly by the adventitious circumstances under which these loans were raised.

Mr. Jaundon took good care, while negotiating these extravagant loans in Europe, to feather his own nest well, and provide for some of his family at the same time. But Mr. Jaundon, it seems, had good company, for while he was robbing the bank in England, other officers and agents were playing the same game.

Several officers of the Bank had engaged in large operations with money obtained from the bank in the same manner as had been loaned to speculations and undertakings by companies, in which they were engaged, and large sums had been advanced from the bank.

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...in the possession of a gentleman from Louisville, who had been residing in the South, and who had determined to visit the West with a view of buying up produce. The letter stated, also, that the certificate had been certified in upon the Bank of Kentucky, on his arrival in the city, with a view of negotiating his certificate of the specie deposit.

...The fraud upon the Cincinnati Bank. We published in our last, an account of an extensive fraud practiced upon the Bank of Kentucky, by a person calling himself Parker. This fellow, it seems, is doing the business of a quack doctor.

...We learn that a similar attempt was made at Louisville, Monday, April 15, when Gano received a letter from Mr. Hall, Cashier of the Commercial Bank of New Orleans, advising him that no such certificate had ever been issued by that bank.

...More of the St. Louis Menace. By the steambot Embassy, which arrived last evening, we have the St. Louis Republican of 19th inst. (No. 10,000) containing the details of the horrid affair of which we noticed yesterday.

...The excitement was intense. A public meeting was held, and a reward of \$2000 offered by the Mayor, and \$300 more by the St. Louis Fire Company for the detection of the perpetrator of that horrid deed.

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