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HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE DEMOCRAT,
AND DORCHESTER ADVERTISER.

BY JOHN T. TAYLOR.] "THE HOME OF THE FREE, OR THE TOMB OF THE BRAVE." [$2. IN ADVANCE.

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POETRY.

[From Neal's Saturday Gazette.]

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES GRENNELL.

When God exclaimed "let there be light!"
From realms of dark chaotic night,
With the first bright refulgent ray,
Which ushered in creation's day;
Lo! beauty to the earth was born,
Fair daughter of the virgin morn.
From heaven, on wings of rosy light,
Descending, smiled, and all was bright—
Mysterious power—celestial birth—
Beloved of heaven, adored on earth.
Where'er we turn our wand'ring eyes,
The earth, the sea, the starry skies,
Reflect thine image, and proclaim,
God's glorous presence, and his name.

Ethereal spirit—power divine!
Man bows submissive at thy shrine,
The rosy morn attests thy power;
The sparkling dew-drop, and the flower.
The mid-day sun's resplendent blaze,
Bespeaks thy loveliness and praise—
And eve, with gorgeous skies unfurled,
Commands the homage of a world.
The moon, sweet mistress of the night,
Displays thy majestys and might
And every bright and twinkling star
Sends forth thy glory from afar.
O'er all creation blest and fair,
Thou'rt living, breathing everywhere!

Marion, Ala., August, 1845.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIMUS PRIGGINS,
OR,
"HERE COMES ELECTION!"

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"Hurrah, Jim!" shouted a ragged little urchin in Dock street, a few days since, as he ran along like a frantic thing—what sort of a thing?—but the phrase is approved by the usage of novelists—and, therefore, like a frantic thing, ran along the ragged little urchin on Dock street, hoarse with effort and breathless with excitement. "Hurrah! hurrah!—Whoo-o-ra a-a-r—here comes election!"

The lad fairly danced with delight; and his faithful frend Jim, who was so earnestly invoked, and who, like the first speaker, rejoiced—prematurely—in one of the longest of the long nines—the long nine seems essential to the progress and development of the age—he appeared to have his sensibilities equally affected, giving comfortable assurance all around that the republic must be safe, if these juveniles, who are the very "rose and the expectancy of the fair state," are thus ready to abandon the pleasures of recreation and the profits of trade—for they seemed both to be in the newspaper line and literary way—to look after and abstract matter such as the election. But it was at least a week too soon—in advance of the mail as it were—we turned naturally enough to ascertain the shape in which this antedated election was coming upon us. Ho! ho!—"there she blows!" as the whalers have it—"rub-a-dub—too-ra-loo—tra-tree-tra-ta-ra!" There it was—there trotted election, in a venerable furniture car, drawn by a still more venerable horse, both covered with flags and placards, bearing the dignified persons of a drummer, a fifer, and a bugler, with other distinguished citizens, who, to the tune of "Oh, look'ee here—oh, look'ee thar," were travelling through the highways and the byways of the metropolis, to pump up fervor and excitement for a "grand rally" and an "overwhelming demonstration" at the political meeting in the evening. Election was taking a ride for the benefit of his health. Rub-a-dub. Who could withstand such an appeal, let it come from what quarter it might?

But after all, though we do not like drums and trumpets, in their appropriate sphere—shoulder arm, lock step, and all that sort of thing—still this furniture car and omnibus method of allowing the civil power to coquet with the musical department, always strikes us dismal, as it were, and sulky.—The ballot-box is overshadowed by visions of show-beef and reminiscences of the menagerc. Flittings of the "bear-dance," and of "learned pigs," trailed after by Mr. Merryman of the circus, with vermillion on his nose and the seven stars on his back, with conundrums in his mouth, and the "master's" whip about the lower extremities, will intrude upon the thought. Does not such a "turn out" look to you a little like "admission twenty-five cents," and "causing the animals for to growl," by the judicious administration of a long pole to enable the spectators—"children under twelve years of age, half price"—to have the entertainment, classical and otherwise, to the full amount of their expenditure? It rather wounds the dignity of citizenship, that it should be thought necessary to "boom-a laddy" after us in this sort of style, as if it were the property of "purdy, Welsh & Co." or a detachment of Iowas, done up in a blanket.

But such was not the thought of Primus Priggins—the illustrious Primus, whose peculiarily it is to attend to every body's business but his own. Primus is always on hand, except when he is wanted. If the soldiers parade, there is Primus. If a gentleman is to be hanged, be sure of it there is Primus. He always watches the steamboats a they come in, and invariably observes the rail-road cars as they go out. He sees all the riots, from the movement of him that throw'd the first brick, down to the last shot of the contest; and as the election approaches, there cannot be a doubt of it that a man of Priggins' peculiarity of temperament is at the very "high top-gallant of his joy." Be assured then that Primus Priggins was seated in the furniture car aforesaid, on a board, right behind the man with a drum and in luxurious proximity to the fife and bugle; and as the dulcet strains of "Oh, look'ee here—oh, look'ee thar," awoke the echoes of the town and gently stirrd the circumambient air, who but Priggins with his hat cocked over his nose? Priggins felt as if he combined in his own person all the constituent elements of a town meeting, and he were a whole election in himself. "I am the state," said Louis XIV. "I am the party," thought Priggins. "If I let go, down bumps the whole republic, ca-mash! and there won't be enough of the constitution left to shake a stick at."

Under such emotions of "essentially"—if we may call it so—which impress upon us that without our aid and countenance, it would be impossible for the world to go on revolving upon its axis, or that if it did contrive to creep round, it would be rustily and with doleful breakings—it is no wonder that Primus Priggins, in the furniture car, had sensations of pride. He felt, indeed, as he progressed through the crowded thoroughfares, aloft, in awful state, that he was in effect a big placard of mammoth lettering, stuck up against the most conspicuous corner of the universe to cry "To the Polls!" to all creation, and that when he died his tomb should be of marble carved into the shape of a ballot box, and at least as large as the capitol at Washington. When the dogs barked and the juveniles cried "whoora-a-r! here comes election!" Priggins suffered the sunbeam of a smile to steal across the more fixed dignity of his countenance, as much as to say, "that are a fact—it takes me to be the election!" But towards those who wanted to know when the wild "beastesses" would be along, or when the show shop would be opened, to those who mistook him for Punch, or said that he was the man who "wrastled with the lion" even to the individuals who derisively exclaimed "show beef!" for some of each there were Primus Priggins glanced more in sorrow than in anger. "You a gentleman's son!" quoth Priggins. "Where did you get your fotching up, I should like to know?"

"Priggins!" exclaimed his "Boss—such are the checks in this world, to proud ambition, that even a Priggins may be hampered with the dead weight of a "Boss"—Priggins, if you don't turtle up to the shop like a white-head, Priggins, I'll discharge you on the spot—finish that job, you Prigins, instead of sitting up there like a monkey eating chesnuts—or else walk Spanish!"

It was beautiful—it was overwhelming—sublime—stupendous and appalling, to observe the air—both airs—Priggins, air, and the air of "Oh! look'ee here—oh, look'ee thar!" played by the "musician-ers"—this 'ere and that ,are—with which our hero responded to the sorbid mercenary appeal of his narrow minded Boss, who would have a patriot attend to his business. Prepostreous thought!

"Old boy, it it's a crisus, and no mistake—the crisus is come; and if we don't meet the crisus, the crisus will meet us; and it will swaller up every right we've got, right or wrong! We are asleep upon a wolcaner, and can never wake unless we buckle on our armor and take the wolcaner by the beard, as it comes along seeking whom it may devour. Discharge me!—what, you, a man who hasn't got two ideas to jingle against one another! I discharge you! Drive on jake!"

And Jake complied with the order, amid the reiterated shouts of the populance, who appeard fully to appreciate the heroic self-devotion of Primus Priggins, to whom Curtius, and Horatius Cocles, and Mutious Scævola were in fact the merest trifle. But if grief is dry, so also is patriotism, in its extreamest ardor; and so also is Primus Priggins, when his mental fibre is strained to tension. He became much athirst—the burning heats of the approaching "wolcaner," rendered him like a beaten highway, under the July sun, and the furniture car was compelled to make frequent halt of a reinspiriting nature. Priggins therefore, drank to the success of "the ticket"—to the triumph of "the party," and to the supremacy of the "glorious principles" to which he was devoted, so often that he began at last to sink somewhat under sthe weight of the enormous duties which he had so generously assummed.

"Hurrah for us!—it takes us," said Primus, late at night, and after the meeting had adjourned.

"Takes you where? inquired a sympathetic guardian of the right, as he observed Primus with a deal of interest—"you are going such a queer circumbendibus sort of a road, I should like to know where it take us—perhaps it takes us to take you up."

"Take yourself off! mutterred Primus, preparing to strike a blow for the republic. "It takes me—rally, freeman, rally!—now's the day and now's the hour!—hurrah! one hundred guns at Bush Hill, for the victory, and free blow and handbarrows afterwards!"

"Well," replied the Charly, "may be wheelbarrows will answer the purpose now—we'll put you in office in less than no time; and you can tell your folks that you've been took care of and have got a situation already.',

Poor Primus—"oh, world, thy slippery turns!"—was bundled off unceremoniously, just as if he had done nothing for the good of the republic. But fortunately, he thought himself in the middle of next week, and dreamed that he was moving through the streets as one of the largest ingredients of a triuphal procession in honor of the victory, which is yet to be gained. "Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!', said Primus, "a hundred guns on Bush Hill—a free blow all night, and a handbarrow gratis! The republic is safe till next time, and the crisus is out at grass. This is the way to carry an election, it takes me!"

"He! he!" replied the watchman. "I never see'd an election carried in a wheelbarrow before, but if this feller is the election it must go by steam."

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[From the Brimingham (England) Advertiser]

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

It has been truly remarked that many of the events of real life would surpass the pages of romance if told with the same pathos and feeling; and this town and neighborhood has lately been the theatre of deeds as romantic as any novelist could conceive, though invested with all the true sobriety of matters of fact. A young American planter, named Da Costa, of good family and immense fortune, without any incumbrances, and almost without living relatives, had latterly it appears, come over to England in search of a wife—rather a romantic errand, considering the number of ladies to which the United States have given birth; but one respecting which he had only one person to please; and that one himself. After visiting some of the most fashionable cities of the kingdom, and "spending his money like a prince," without meeting the object of his search, he paid a visit to Birmingham, and was standing one day at the door of the Hen and Chickens, when, as old wives would say, (and circumstances have in this case proved the truth of his saying,) the very person he came to England to look for walked across New street, nearly opposite where he stood. Struck by her appearance with those peculiar sensations which lovers will best understand, but which we—maugre our gray hairs, have not yet quite forgotten, he followed the lady, and with much politeness (in words we will not pretend to detail) expressed a wish for a better acquaintance, and a desire to see her home The young lady, a Miss Rimmer, of Alcester, was at that time on a visit at Mr. Heeley's, Bristol-road, to whose house the stranger accompanied her, but his partner in life not quite liking such a romantic visitor to a young lady then under her matronly protection, with due sense of propriety discouraged the gentleman, and referred to her parents. The traveller, however, was not to be diverted from an object in search of whom he had travelled so far. and the little town of Alcester was shortly after well nigh frightened from its propriety by a carriage and four driving up full speed to the house of Mr. Rimmer. After many wonderings and many "guesses" among the inhabitants who it could be, it turned out that it was Mr. Da Costa, come in the most gentlemanly and honorable manner to request of the parents permission to pay his addresses to their daughter. Advice was asked of those with whom they usually advised on other matters, and all circumstances duly weighed, and consent was very naturally given; and the stranger gave such evidence of the sincerity of his attachment that he was not long finding his way to the heart of Miss Rimmer; and then—well, then? why, what think you, gentle reader? he neither abandoned her to a broken heart, nor seduced her and left her to comfort herself with a dose of pruscic acid, though many tales were afloat of what the modern "blue beard" would do, but *married her at Alcester Church, on Saturday last!* three carrieges and four conveying the parties who graced the nuptial ceremony with their presence. You see we are not writing a tragedy, but an opera; and an opera we trust it will be, as far as the characteristic goes of *all ending happily*, for the people whose daughter has thus become a wife are good, honest people, in moderate circumstances, the lady possesses good sense as well as personal attractions, and the stranger has shown himself, by his munificent presents, and by various acts of kindness, as delicate as they were generous, to be really what he passes for a man of vast wealth, and a gentleman. We understand that the eldest brother of Mis Rimmer is to accompany her to her new residence on the other side of the Atlantic, when his fortune, as well as hers, will be made. And so ends our romance of real life.

A Vegetable Waistcoat.—"Tom, what kind of a waistcoat is that you have on?"

"Why, it's cloth, to be sure."

"Didn't it come from old Threadneedles's, the tailor?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it's a vegetable waistcoat."

"A what?"

"A vegetable waistcoat! it's made of *cabbage*."

Fashion.—When Paddy O'Rafferty was put into a sedan chair which had no bottom, he said, "if it were not for the name of the thing, he might as well be walking." The same might be said of the ladies' network gloves.

An Indian Execution. The following account of an Indian execution shows with what cool determination the death penaly is met among the aborigines of the country.

An Indian Hanging. The first Indian that was capitally executed by the Cherokees, under Cherokee laws and by a Cherokee Sheriff, was a man named Nat, who was hanged several years ago about five miles from Van Buren, Arkansas, for the murder of another Indian, who was called Musquito. We have the particulars from an eye witness. The Sherriff had caused a gallows to be erected a short distance from the Court Lodge, but when the culprit was brought to it, he being a very tall man, it was found to be too short for his accomodation, and some other place had to be sought for the execution. The whole band of Indians, with the Sheriff and Nat in the midst of them, then betook themselves to the banks of the Arkansas, in search of a proper tree from which to suspend the prisoner; and after a little time, a tall cotton wood was found, with a projecting branch far up from the trunk, that in the opinion of all was suitable for the purpose. Nat now that all things were ready, expressed a wish to bathe in the river once more, which he was permitted to do carefully regarded by the rifles from the shore. He went into the water, frolicking about for sometime, swam to and fro with great apparent pleasure, then came to the shore, donned his blanket and stood ready for the last act of the drama. The Sheriff now told him to climb the tree, which he commenced doing, the officer of law toiling up after him with the fatal cord. Nat reached the projecting limb of the tree, and was desired by the Sheriff to work himself as far out upon it, from the trunk as he could—which was done, when the Sheriff ajusted the noose around his neck, and tied the other end of the rope around the limb. All these preparations was conducted with the utmost coolness, and the most perfect good understanding existed between the Sheriff and the Indian. When all the arangements were completed, the Sheriff told Nat that he would [illegible] down the tree to the ground, and make [illegible] when he, the prisoner, must jump of the [illegible] which Nat cheerfully assented. The Sheriff [illegible] ed the ground, and looking up to the [illegible] which sat the poor victim, he shouted—"N[illegible] you red-devil, jump!" And jump Nat did, [illegible] ter a few struggles, hung a mass of lifeless clay, [illegible] the infinite wonderment of his red brethern, who had never before been regaled with the sight of an execution of that kind.

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Parisian Fashions. A letter from Paris, dated the 1st inst., thus speaks of the fashions in vogue there.

Since I last noticed the fashions, a new change appears on the eve of taking place. Heretofore, ladies have tried to rival the rain-bow in the colors with which they adorned their lovely persons; now they appear to have given the rainbow the go-by, and to have taken the sky into favor, that is to say, variety of colors has been sent adrift, and sky blue has taken its place. Within the last fortnight I have seen, at the theatres and on the promenades, ladies in blue bonnents, blue gloves, blue gowns, blue shawls, blue boots, and, in cold weather, blue all over. The innovation is so daring that it creates a droll effect at first; but, like every other oddity in dress, the eye soon gets accustomed to it. As for the fashions of gentlemen, if the New York and Washington *elegantes* will only take the trouble to make themselves as much like monkeys as possible, they may go to sleep every night with the comforting assurance that they are in the *derniers modes de Paris.*

The following paragraph from a London paper will give some idea of the prevailing fashons in that city:

Fashionable colors are now mostly of asombre hue, as well those shot silks which produce all the colors of the rainbow; glance silks are gradualy disappearing, and giving place to plain colors; they are greatly preferred by our most distinguished elegantes. The only material which allows of a mixture of colors being the damas, which has a broad black stripe, upon a ground of moroon, blue and green, sometimes, indeed, the ground is of a lighter color, such as pink or sky, blue the stripe being then of white Pekinee.

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Exercise for the Young. Action is a law of our being. Seasonable, well graduated exercise is highly promotive of health, and as regards the young, can never be dispensed with without engendering most serious evils. The parent, therefore, who restricts, unduly, that rational exuberance of animal spirits which vents itself in action, and circumscribes the sports of his child to the juvenile and tawdy engrossments of the kitchen, nursery and parlor, violates an important and essential law of nature. Let them out into the glad sunshine, where the bland airs of nature will enamel their young cheeks with the carmine of rosy vigorous health, and where the grnat influences of creation operating through the intelectual, will tend to energies and develope the physical powers.—*Maine Cultivator.*

Parental Reproof.—"Here, you little rascal, walk up and account for yourself—where have you been?"

"After the girls, father!"

"Don't you know better than that? Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?"

A dog going upon three legs is cyphering, because he puts down three and carries one. So somebody has said—we forget who.

Why is a man in jail like a boat in a storm?—Because he wants *bailing out.*

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