

The Universal Yankee Nation.

There are a great many in this world who are done on the Yankees for one thing and another, which should be otherwise, for when you go nowhere then you will get where a Yankee never has been.— Without this race, we to day would have been as flat as a flounder, to use a plain expression. But among the numerous enemies there is one man who has indeed "showed his cotton" in allowing such an ungentlemanly sentiment to fall from his lips. He has not only caused the New Englanders to dislike him out of whole cloth, but the Yankee ladies are out upon him in armies. His sentiment was uncalculated for, and a man of sense should be taught a lesson of the past—of what the Universal Yankee Nation has already done—what in short, is the building up of the world. Do you ask to whom we here referred? We will answer you. We refer to Senator Soule, of Louisiana, who but a short time ago, avowed publicly the following:

"GENTLEMAN, I care very little for the opinion of this city—New Orleans is under Yankee influence—an influence which we must get rid of."

Let him unbutton his eyelids—wake up and remember what we are now about to say to him, which is our duty to defend—we being Yankees.

From the rocking cradle to the quiet grave, the cool, wide-awake, go-ahead Yankee grasps with all his might at something new. He is always on the go, and what he does not know is not worth knowing. He'll roll off a log—catch an idea by accident; go to work privately, and make his machine—put right off, by going the "outer round," and secure a patent—make his fortune in twenty-four hours afterwards, at one wholesale sale, and then, if he is asked how he got such a thundering big nest of gold, he'll squint up his eye in a bug-horn kind of way, scratch his head, and reply in a scolding manner, "Wall, I reckons there's time enough yet to know that—anyhow I guess so."

Among the great human lady that sprung from the great shell of nothing the Yankee shines as A. No. 1.—Queen Victoria?—astonishes, just at the sight of a patent churn; while her "dear Albert," and the rest of the nobility, would not for the life of a patent corn cracker. He sells mouse traps to Metemorphosis; both powders to the Orleans branch; tinware to the Arabs; introduces Anderson's heat to the refined nobility; prescribes Townsend's Sarsaparilla to the Pope of Rome; Sherman's Lozenges to the King of Wellington; Hitching's Dyspepsia Bitters to Queen Victoria; Davis' Pain-Killer to the mandarins of China; Moffat's Life Pills to Louis Philippe; and Brandreth's to the famous emperor of Russia. He makes a foreign bully run like a hare just at the doubling up of his list; talks a three hundred thousand dollar talk right into the Governor of Jamaica; on the cash plan sells wooden coaches of any quantity to the grandees of Timbuctoo; in a gale, heaves over a cork stove, when short of an anchor, introduces himself to Lord Brougham, while letters of introduction remained in his own trousers pocket; kisses a Spanish belle when no one else dare undertake the job; appears before the Queen of Portugal as the celebrated Yankee corn doctor, on the "scientific—scientific" plan, with tools in hand; offers to sell, in a gentlemanly way, the very best magnan bonum razor straps to Sir Robert Peel, just as he is descending the steps of Parliament; sells cow-horn boots to O'Connell; makes love to the Florence ladies; sells cakes, and cakes of the real regular Yankee shaving soap, at the main door of the Royal Exchange; takes off his hat, and makes a regular shipshape bow to Lamartine; gets his candid opinion of Bancroft; boasts of Yankeeism right on the steps of the Bank of England; in an independent way, he walks before the Emperor of Russia; presents to him an acorn from Mount Vernon, and then rides seven different times in the royal carriage; rolls up the white of his eye like a duck in thunder, to a celebrated Vienna belle, and says "how do you do, marm?" and what caps all, makes several Dublin grandees believe by "Yankee convincing proof," that he could scoop the water out of the Thames with a sieve; change the wind at his calling; run an ordinary horse seven miles in seven minutes; live for ever, and then turn into a white oak post! Whew! what a genius.

He sells wooden nutmegs to another chap just because he owed him a grudge; manufactures mahogany hams to perfection, and then sells a real host of them to a widow, just because she refused to let him marry her only daughter; gets up wooden cucumber seeds, and charms a wholesale dealer by blowing about their

superiority, although rather hard in the shell at first, to sell to a would-be "cute New Yorker, a boat of horn gun locks, manufactured in Connecticut on the improved plan; palms off any number of india rubber door latches in Valparaiso, notwithstanding the softness of the season—and all such kind of original tricks, he executes where he owes a grudge or wishes to give them what we call politely, in these fashionable times—particular fits.

Throw him up in the air and he will like a cat, strike upon his legs. Place him in the middle of the ocean outside of land, throw him overboard—give him a bunch of Connecticut cedar shingles, and he will work himself on shore by the aid of a jack-knife. He is all action and bustle, and wherever the railroad and steamboat is seen, accidents, adventures and horrors occur, he must, of course, see and hear, touch and take a part in. Alas! the notable Yankee, "quiet repose" and "meditative tranquility" there is none. He has been seen seated backside of a moving iceberg as a New Bedford whaler was doubling Cape Horn.

Put your finger on a bit of territory where a Yankee has never been—do it, and we will bet you fifteen cents—we never go any higher. On the top of the alap cloud peaks of the Rocky Mountains he has deliberately whistled "Yankee Doodle," and in the Valley of the Sacramento, he has goldily, goldily, enlightened obnoxious minds. On the top of the Mount Ararat, he has solemnly sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," while on a thousand oriental pyramids, he has boldly scratched his name. He knows the whole sea coast of Bidraza; the entire map of all ancient dominions; and has scraped the eastern world jerry clean. Every crook and corner of the Amazon, he swears he knows; and as for Mozambique, he's no stranger about those diggings. Gibraltar he knows—Ichaboe seems like home—to Chimborazo he has carried cheese; and the tight path leading to the mountain of the Moon, he aches to know.

Put your finger on a bit of territory—on any spot, in any particular cove, for instance, away out of the world, into unknown, and seven cases out of ten, he'll very likely sprout up and say, "Wall, so many years ago, so and so, I was in them 'ere diggings—wal, I was." What a thundering, wide-awake, true gritted, all-go-ahead chap a true Yankee is, anyhow! Away up in Greenland he has administered the cold-water pledge; sold matches in Norway; peddled Yankee notions as far off as he could get; hailed a Bangor schooner in Baffin's Bay, and a Connecticut river sloop on the eastern shores of Nova Zembla; made an independent fortune by selling eggs; taught a whistling school in Constantinople; exhibited the striped pig to the world, not excluding the elephant.

To a genuine Yankee the building of a mammoth steamships (a year's job) seems kinder hard at first; but boldly he'll go about of the job; and when the year rolls round, then he's ready to flood the vaults of Wall street. Won't his brain get up a queer lot of thoughts, take him on a long run? One will make a coffee mill, an other a cork-stove, another a celebrated pill of chalk and wheaten bread, and the fourth an improvement on the telegraph. Wherever a Yankee diggeth, gold he's bound to find. He never looks for nothing. What a magnan bonum chap! Yes, street. He is the bone and muscle of this world—the only existing original; the chap that can crack nuts with a steam engine; march and counter-march like a well drilled company of soldiers, at command, a team of one hundred and eighty pairs of oxen at a cattle show; walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours; and humbug at his will, the whole born civilized, far-famed world.

Among the many specimens of humanity, a Yankee will at once get the premium for a crack story. For this faculty, he is naturally considered—some. He's as much faster than some folks, as lightning is ahead of a growth of white oak trees. His only motto is onward. One will prove that he gathered 443 lbs. of squashes, all from one seed; another, an apple from his tree, that weighed 3 lbs. 5 ozs.; another two bushels of pole beans, all from one hill; and the fifth swears that the weight of his family equals 2370 lbs., good honest weight; a sixth makes twenty thousand dollars in old iron; while his next door neighbor clears as much more by the manufacture of "sausages" for the European market. Another is doing a smashing thing in the manufacturing of shaving boxes; while an intimate friend of his has just retired with a fortune, made by the manufacture of wooden shoe pegs. So goes the Yankee. Yes, from a cambric needle to a twenty pound shot—from a wooden nutmeg to a seventy-two pounder—from a bouncing stage to a rail-

road car—from a block of matches to a mammoth steamship—and from a coffee mill to a magnetic telegraph, the Yankee is bound right ahead. When run out of work, he'll snatch his jack-knife out of his pocket, and make a clock out of cedar shingles. He has not only built up New Orleans, but the whole South; and if the great Senator Soule would only put a clean shirt on, and come North, among Merriman Sheetings or Lowell Spindles, he would soon learn to be more cautious how he sprinkled salt on the tail of a mackerel, how he came out death to the characteristics of "Yankee influence." He has soared amid the skies—amid the imperial palaces of the sacred armory of heaven; inspected the bowels of the earth away down under ground; rode the waves of every sea; ascended mountains and boldly dived into the caverns of the earth—performed marvellous things; awed into silence kings and senates; settled the destiny of a nation by a word—poured out his wrath of indignation here and his soft soap yonder; crossed the Dead Sea; kissed Lot's wife; sang psalms on Jordan's Banks; revelled in the Hall of Montezumas; fought boldly in distant countries; sells bottled cider to the King of Denmark; makes macadamized roads for Spain; puts full chisel to California with a charge of "pistols and pain-killers;" pilots up and down the Columbia River, and runs a steamcraft up streams, noted for being so full of snags that a fish couldn't swim without rubbing his scales off; sets two hogs to rooting in the gold mines and then writes home that he is picking it up after them. He constantly employed, gets more in a day than any other six men, that he's head, neck and ears in gold, and has got a mountain of the precious stuff stored away, covered over with diamonds, and sprinkled down with a few choice pearls. He goes to Canton in a rickety old sloop—builds an oven on board, goes to manufacturing ginger bread, and in due time returns with a cargo of teas and silks. He is always about something. He may preach; next see him hammering horse shoes; then weaving cotton table cloths, or trading horses. When he can get into a tub, take hold of the handles, and lift himself up, then he shall take a patent out for Perpetual Motion.

A few Definitions.

- Marriage—A "State Lottery" not yet put down.
War—Congregational worship of the devil. Murder to music.
Character—The only personal property which every body looks after for you.
Sleep—A clank thrown around us at the side-scenes as we leave the stage for a while.
Napoleon—A naughty boy who was put in a corner because he wanted the world to play with.
Woman—The melody of the human duct. A golden coin which educators place over with silver.
Pen—A lever small enough to be used by one man, but strong enough to raise the whole world.
Revenge—Bitter sweets plucked from the devil's garden. Quenching your thirst with brandy.
Metaphysics—Words to stay the appetite until foetus are ready. Feeling for a science in the dark.
Tobacco—A triple memento mori due for the nose, ashes for the mouth and poison for the stomach.
Life—One to whom we are always in indebted without our consent, but whom we seldom quit without regret.
Sword—The first hope of the oppressor, and the last hope of the oppressed. Passion's special leader in folly's court of appeal.
Scholar—A diver for pearls, who generally loses his breath before he gathers much treasure.
Duel—A strange old custom, according to which men suffering from inflammation, attempt to cure themselves by bleeding somebody else.
Ball-room—A chess-board played upon by love and hate. A confined place in which poor creatures are committed by fashion to hard labor.
Newspaper—The great general of the people, who has driven the enemy from the fortified heights of power, and compelled him to give battle in the field of thought. A winding sheet in which Parliamentary speeches are interred.
POLITENESS AT HOME.—Always speak with the utmost politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil everywhere else except at home; but there they are rude enough. Shameful! Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards parents and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless but peculiar charm.

From Gilly's Shipwreck.

A Terrible tale of the Sea. The loss of the Magpie, in 1846, was distinguished by circumstances of remarkable horror. She was a small schooner under the command of Lt. Edward Smith, and was sunk by a sudden hurricane in the West Indies, in spite of every precaution to prepare for it. At the moment of the vessel going down, a gunner's mate of the name of Meldrum struck out and succeeded in reaching a pair of oars that were floating in the water; to these he clung; and having divested himself of a part of his clothing, he awaited in dreadful anxiety the fate of his companions; not a sound met his ear; in vain his anxious gaze endeavored to pierce the gloom, but the darkness was too intense. Minutes appeared like hours, and still the awful silence remained unbroken; he felt, and the thro' was agony, that out of the twenty-four human beings, who had so lately trod the deck of the schooner, he was left alone. This terrible suspense became almost beyond the power of endurance; and he already began to envy the fate of his companions, when he heard a voice at no great distance inquiring if there was any one near. He answered in the affirmative, and pushing out in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, he reached a boat to which seven persons were clinging, amongst whom was Lieut. Smith, the commander of the sloop. So far this was a subject of congratulation; he was no longer alone; but yet the chances of his ultimate preservation were as distant as ever. The boat, which had been placed on the beams of the schooner, had fortunately escaped clear of the sinking vessel, and if the men had waited patiently, was large enough to have saved them all; but the suddenness of the calamity had deprived them of both thought and prudence. Several men had attempted to clumb on one side; the consequence was that the boat keeled over, became half filled with water, and then turned keel uppermost, and when Meldrum reached her, he found some stretched across the keel and others hanging on the sides. Matters could not last long in this way; and Mr. Smith, seeing the impossibility of any one of the party being saved if they continued in their present position, endeavored to bring them to reason by pointing out to them the absurdity of their conduct. To the honor of the men, they listened with the same respect to their commander as if he had been on board the schooner; those one the keel immediately relinquished their hold, and succeeded with the assistance of their comrades in righting the boat. Two of their comrades got into her and commenced bailing with their hats, whilst the others remained in the water supporting themselves by the gunwales. Order being restored, their spirits began to revive, and they entertained hopes of escaping from their present peril; but this was of short duration; and the suffering which they had as yet endured was nothing in comparison with what they had now to undergo. The two men scarcely commenced bailing when the cry was heard of—"A shark, a shark!" No words can describe the consternation which ensued; it is well known the horror sailors have of these voracious animals, who seem apprised by instinct, when their prey is at hand. All order was at an end; the boat was again capsize, and the men left struggling in the water. The general safety was neglected, and it was every man for himself; no sooner had one got hold of the boat than he was pushed away by another, and in this fruitless contest more than one life was nearly sacrificed.

Even in this terrible hour their commander remained cool and collected; his voice was still raised in words of encouragement, and as the dreadful enemy did not make his appearance, he succeeded in persuading them to renew their efforts to clear the boat. The night had passed away—it was about ten o'clock on the following morning of the 25th; the bailing had progressed with little or no interruption; a little more exertion and the boat would have been cleared, when again was heard the cry of—"Sharks, sharks!"—But this was no false alarm; the boat a second time capsize, and the men were literally cast amongst a shoal of these terrible monsters. The men for a few minutes remained uninjured, but not untouched; for the sharks actually rubbed against their victims, and to use the exact words of one of the survivors, "frequently passed over and between us, while resting on the gunwale." This, however, did not last long; a shriek soon told the fate of one of the men; a shark had seized him by the leg, dyeing the water with his blood; another shriek followed, and another man disappeared. But these facts are most too horrible to dwell upon; but human nature revolts from so terrible a picture, we will try therefore to hurry over

this part of our tale. Smith had witnessed with the deepest distress the sufferings of his followers; and although aware that in all probability he must soon share the same fate, he never for a moment appeared to think of himself. There were but six men left; and these he endeavored to sustain by his example, cheering them on to further exertions. They had once more recommenced their labors to clear out the boat, when one of his legs was seized by a shark. Even while suffering the most horrible torture he restrained the expression of his feelings, for fear of increasing the alarm of the men; but the powers of his endurance were doomed to be tried to the utmost; another limb was scrunched from his body, and uttering a deep groan, he was about to let go his hold, when he was seized by two of his men, and placed in the stern sheets.

Yet when his whole frame was convulsed with agony, his energies of mind were as strong as ever—his pain was disregarded, he thought only of the preservation of the crew. Calling to his wife a lad by the name of Wilson, who appeared to be the strongest of the remaining few, he exhorted him, in the event of his surviving, to inform the Admiral that he was going to Cape Ontario in search of the pirate, when the unfortunate accident occurred.

"Tell him," he continued, "that my men have done their duty, and that no blame is attached to them. I have but one favor to ask, and that is that he will promote Meldrum to be a gunner." He then shook each by the hand and bade them farewell. By degrees his strength began to fail, and at last became so exhausted that he was unable to speak. He remained in this state until sunset, when another panic seized the men from the appearance of the sharks; the boat gave a lurch, and the gallant commander found an end to his sufferings in a watery grave.

A speech by Mrs. Jane Swisshelm.

We observed by a letter in the Cincinnati Commercial, written by Mrs. Celia M. Burr, that Sister Swisshelm made a speech in the Akron Convention, and dealt some sledge-hammer blows at a certain Dr. Brooke. We copy the conclusion of Mrs. Celia M. Burr's letter: "The principal bone of contention, and what drew out the greatest amount of talk, were some verbose and silly resolutions drawn up by Dr. Brooke; I am glad no woman was guilty of them—commencing with—

"Whereas, it is undeniably self-evident, and proceeding to set forth that man and woman are morally and intellectually the same, 'subject to the same physical necessities,' and that woman in her present position is the victim of 'criminal injustice' and 'gross tyranny.' But for the determined opposition of Mrs. Swisshelm, they would probably have passed at once. She maintained that the principles involved in the resolutions were essentially untrue, for though the sexes are perhaps equal, they are not alike, nor are they subject to the same, or anything like the same physical necessities. She objected to the harsh expressions used, and was very far, she said, from being prepared to accuse her father, husband and brothers, of 'criminal injustice' and 'gross tyranny.' If woman is deprived of rights which belong to her, it was carelessness, or neglect on the part of man, which had kept her from those rights, and not wilful injustice and oppression. Mrs. Swisshelm's speaking is like her writing, a rapid succession of sledge-hammer blows upon whatever she disapproves. The discussion took up more than half the time that the Convention was in session, and at last after being several times laid on the table, referred to the business committee for alteration and amendment, and referred back by the committee unaltered to the Convention, they were adopted to the great delight of the ultras, and the disgust of the more conservative and better class of minds composing the minority.

One thing amused me not a little; the most zealous advocates of the resolutions were men; with a single exception, Mr. Baker of England, they voted unanimously for their adoption, and had these headed radicals in pants been excluded they would not by any chance been carried. Whatever of odium may hereafter attach to the proceedings at the Convention, I bespeak for the gentlemen more than an equal share. I forgot to mention one thing that added materially to the interest of the Convention, the presence of the Hutchinsons, who sang songs of the "Good Time Coming," and gave desultory lectures on tobacco chewing and eating pork, talking, singing, teasing and nagging. Mrs. Chair-man has gone home to attend to her house-keeping and babies, Mrs. Swisshelm to fight radicalism and abuse the resolutions. The convention is ended, and this is what because of it."

Abolition Dumas.

There is a certain noted author, whose pen is worth a California placer, so prolific is it, but whose extravagance would exhaust the Paotolus if it flowed through his house. Now this literary Hercules was early one morning visited by a hussar and two assistants, who avowed their purpose of seeing him safely to prison, on account of a certain debt, they being in fact only deputies of the garde de commerce. He attempted to discuss, to negotiate, to entreat—but all to no purpose, the officer was polite and inexorable, the orders were formal, the writ regularly issued, 1800 francs must be forthcoming, or the doors of the prison of Clichy would close upon him. How was he to extricate himself?

"You will at least go with me to my bookseller?" said the author, perceiving a ray of hope.

"Certainly, Monsieur, anywhere you please, I'm at your service until sunset." The whole entered a coach, were speedily conveyed to the bookseller's where the debtor alighted, and accompanied by his three satellites made known his object, which was to procure an advance of twelve hundred francs on his forthcoming work.

"Sorry to refuse you, my dear Dumas, but the fact is, you know our express agreement, not one cent in advance. In exchange for your manuscripts, I will go up to any amount at the rate of 40 francs per page of writing; otherwise nothing."

"Take me home again," said the prisoner, addressing his guard.

"And what am I to do with my writ?" "Don't be alarmed, take me back to my house."

Again they entered the coach, and in a few minutes were at the author's residence.

"Leave your baggage in the passage, and come into my library," said he to the officer. It was done. "Now take a comfortable seat on the sofa; here are cigars, rum, and all my books, five hundred volumes—I admit none but my own works. Smoke, drink and read."

"Until sunset, Monsieur!"

"Yes, no longer time is necessary."—So saying Dumas threw off his coat, and seating himself at his desk, seized his pen, and commenced writing furiously.

"What are you about to do, Monsieur?" asked the officer.

"Don't disturb me; I'm coining money."

A quarter of an hour elapsed. Dumas rang the bell, his valet answered it.—"Take that to the publisher, he will give you forty francs for it."

He was obeyed; in fifteen minutes there was another ring; the groom appeared and was similarly commissioned. Each succeeding quarter of an hour a leaf was dispatched—messengers were in demand, they formed almost a chain between the author and the publisher. In a short time the crowds began to arrive; the copy and the money passed each other continually in the street, the pile of each growing perceptibly larger. At last, after seven hours and a half of intense labor, the battle was gained, and the debt discharged, while the sun was yet fifteen minutes high.

The hussar immediately sounded a retreat, much astonished at what he had seen, and somewhat so at what he had drank. It was only then that Dumas was conscious of having taken no sustenance since the evening before; seating himself at the table with as much spirit as if he had been taking a refreshing nap, he exclaimed:

"I have not wasted my day."—[Gazette Francaise.

John Gorman, assistant marshal, who was engaged in taking the census of New Mexico, discovered in the town of Chalmilo, in Rio Arriba county, a substance resembling soap. It makes a lather like soap, and has the property of removing grease spots or stains out of any kind of cloth. When put in water, it immediately slacks like lime. At the place where the discovery was first made, it is even with the surface, and about fifteen yards square. It is rotten on the top in about the depth of three feet, but appears cleaner and sounder at greater depth. It can be taken out in large lumps of ten or fifteen lbs. weight. It is as white as snow, and seems to exist in large quantities.—Specimens have been forwarded to the census office, at Washington.

A COWHIDING FOR A KISS.—The New York Mirror says:—A young man by the name of Fawcett, a daguerreotypist, was cowhided in Broadway for kissing a young lady at the daguerreotype rooms of her father in the upper part of the city. The chastisement was inflicted by the lover of the young lady, who, of course, felt that he had pre-emption rights to all such little luxuries. But the young man was sorely tempted; and the young lady had no business to be so beautiful.

"If a body has a body, need a body any?"

AMERICANS IN PARIS.—There are now nearly three thousand Americans in Paris, some residing there for months, some for years.