State Library

Carolina Watchman.

VOL. IV.---THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY N. C., NOVEMBER 14, 1872. NO. 9.---WHOLE NO. 849.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY:
J. J. BRUNER,
Proprietor and Editor.
J. J. STEWART,
Associate Editor.

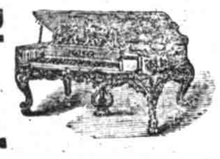
RATES OF SUBCRIPTION
ONE YEAR, payable in advance, ...$2.00
SIX MONTHS, " " 1.00
5 Copies to one address, ...10.00

MONUMENTS,
TOMBS,

HEAD & FOOT STONES, &C.
JOHN H. BUIS
TENDERS his compliments to his friends and the public, and in this method would bring to their attention his extended facilities for meeting demands in his line of business.—He is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Grave Stones, from the cheapest Head Stones, to the costliest monuments. Those prefering styles and very costly works not on hand, can be accommodated on short time, strictly in accordance with specifications, drafts, and the terms of the contract. Satisfaction guaranteed. He will not be undersold, North or South. Orders solicted. Address,
17:tf JOHN H. BUIS, Salisburv.

W. A. HAYS. E. BRYCE SILL.

NEW FIRM
HAYS & SILL
Druggist & Apothecaries,
SALISBURY, N. C.
Having purchased the contents of the Drug Store formerly occupied by Dr. Edward Sill. We respectfully call the attention of the Citizens of Salisbury and the surrounding country, to the new arrangement, and inform them that we will continue to carry on the business at the same place, and the same excellent way. We will endeavor to keep on hand all the various goods the people may need pertaining to our line, and therefore hope by strict attention to business, to receive a liberal patronage.
Physician's Orders Promptly Attended To.
Prescriptions accurately and carefully compounded by reliable and competent Druggists day or night.
43 1y

TRIUMPHANT!
Pianos!  Pianos!
UPWARDS OF FIFTY FIRST PREMIUMS *and Gold and Silver Medals* were awarded to CHALES M. STIEFF for the best Pianos in competition with all the leading manufacturers of the country.
Office and New Warerooms,
No. 9 North Liberty St., BALTIMORE, Md.
The Stieff's Pianos contain all the latest improvements to be found in a first-class Piano, with additional improvements of his own invention, not to be found in other instruments. The tone, touch and finish of their instruments cannot be excelled by any manufacturer.
A large assortment of second-hand Pianos always on hand, from $75 to $300.
Parlor and Church Organs, some twenty different styles on hand from $50 and upwards.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing names of over twelve hundred Southerners (five hundred of which are Virginians, two hundred North Carolinians, one hundred and fifty East Tennesseans, and others throughout the South), who have bought the Stieff Piano since the close of the war.
J. ALLEN BROWN, Agent,
22:4m Salisbury, N. C.

The Cheapest is not always the BEST, But the BEST is always the CHEAPEST.

INSURE IN
Georgia Home Insurance Co.
Of COLUMBUS, Ga.
INCORPORATED, 1850. CAPITAL. $350,000
J. RHODES BROWNE, *President*,
D. F. WILLCOX, *Secretary*.
All Losses Equitably Adjusted
And Promptly Paid in Full!
Property owners desiring to obtain reliable Insurance will do well to protect themselves by securing a Policy in "Georgia Home Insurance Co." Agencies at prominent points in all the Southern States.
J. ALLEN BROWN, Agent,
Office No. 2, Granite Row,
April 25, '72. [1y] Salisbury, N. C.

Marriage Certificates for sale here.

A SECRET.

It is your secret and mine, love!
Ah me! how the dreary rain,
With a slow persistence all day long,
Dripped on the window pane!
The chamber was weird with shadows,
And dark with the deepening gloom,
Where you in your royal womanhood
Lay waiting for the tomb!

They had robed you all in white, love,
In your hair was a single rose;
A marble rose it might well have been,
In its cold and still repose!
O, paler than yonder carven saint,
And calm as the angels are,
You seemed so near me, my beloved,
Yet were, alas, so far!

I do not know if I wept, love.
But my soul rose up and said;
"My heart shall speak unto her heart,
Though here she is lying—dead!
I will give her a last love-token
That shall be to her a sign
In the dark grave—or beyond it!—
Of this deathless love of mine."

So I sought me a little scroll, love,
And thereon in eager haste,
Lest another's eye should read them,
Some mystic words I trated.
Then close in your clasped fingers,
Close in your waxen hand,
I placed the scroll as an amulet,
Sure you would understand!

The secret is your's and mine, love!
Only we two may know
What words shone clear in the darkness
Of your grave so green and low,
But if, when we meet hereafter,
In the dawn of a failure day,
You whimper those mystical words, love,
It is all I would have you say!

—From the Aldine for November

"KING BABY.

His sceptre is a rattle,
His throne is mother's arms;
He reigns a tiny tyrant,
In all his dimpled charms!
Yet round his royal presence
Our loving hearts entwine;
Dictator of the cradle,
And king by right divine!

Whatever be his mandates,
No courties dare rebel;
His mother's chief of the household,
Prime minister as well!
In you perambutar,
His downy car of state,
Exacting, rosy monarch,
What triumphs on him wait!

In purple ease and splendor,
Long, long he seeks to reign;
All hints of noise disjointed
He smiles at with disdain!
Alas! that royal greatness
Should ever be disowned;
Here comes a tiny stranger—
King Baby is dethroned,

— From the Albine for November.

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

BY FATHER RYAN.

I walked the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim voiceless Valley—alone;
And I heard not the fall of a footstep
Around me—save Fod's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers when Angels have flown.

Long ago—I was weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago—I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago—I was weary of places
Where I met but the Human—and Sin.

I walked thro' the world with the wordly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said; "In the world, each Ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is tossed on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Muman for Heaven
But I caught a mere glimpse of its Blue,
And I went when the clouds of Mortal
Velled even the glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;
And I moaned 'mid the masses of men;
Till I knelt long at an Altar
And heard a voice call me—since then
I walked down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley!
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine;
And I fell at the feet of the Holy
And above me a voice said: "Bemine."
And then rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I wept—and I dream—and I pray—
But my tear is as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses of May;
And my pray'r like a perfume from censors,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush in the Valley of Silence
I dream of all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wring,
That to man, like the Dove of the Deluge,
The message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech:
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
Ah! me, how my spirit was stirred;
And they wear the holy veils on their faces;
And their footsteps can scarcely be heard
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by cause?
It lieth far away between mountains,
And God and his Angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one—the dark mountain of Prayer.

Of all consolations, work is the most fortifying and the most healthy, because it solaces a man not by bringing him ease but requiring efforts.

GEN. HAMPTON IN FREDERICK MARYLAND.

The False Education of the Times.

The recent address of the great cavalry leader is full of grand and noble thoughts. We give an extract on the subject of education, which in the address was prefatory to his plea for agricultural colleges, in which our youth should be admitted to become practiced and intelligent farmers:

Of the three pressing wants, the lack of proper education among our people, especially among the great body of our farmers and planters, it has been specified as the first and most serious. I am not one of those who measure the virtue and intelligence of a people by their ability to read and to write. There is as much truth as poetry in the aphorism:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

The fatal mistake of the age, at least in some portions of this country, springs from the prevalent belief that mere intellectual training is of itself sufficient for all the purposes of this life, without that better education of the moral sense, which can alone teach man his duty to his neighbor and to his God. In the ceaseless and unseemly struggle for place and riches which is debauching the moral tone of so large a part of the population of this country, all true education is neglected, and many young men are launched on the sea of life with intellects sharpened at the expense of all higher faculties, which are left undeveloped and uneducated. The wild pursuit of wealth as the only object of life—"the cursed greed of gold"—leaves no time for the proper training of heart and soul, and too much of what is falsely called education has for its whole end to impart only such knowledge as will quality its possessor to enter the mad race for power, wealth and other mere temporal blessings. The caustic words of the Roman satirist, describing that education which teaches that money is the chief good, are sadly applicable to many of our youth, who are taught in the same school:

"Make money; honestly if you can, but, if not honestly, make money by any means."

It is this pernicious teaching that is making so many of the people lose their ancient and hardy virtues, and it is against this abuse of all high and true education that I now protest, not against education itself. It is undoubtedly a good thing to know how to read and write, but the mere possession of these rudiments of education profit a man but little, unless his nobler faculties are directed in the proper way; and it is a mistake to suppose that because he can read and write he is a better man or more intelligent citizen. The Atheniens, it may safely be assumed, though the great body of them were without these acquirements, were quite as well versed in literature, science, politics and the polite arts, as the people of New England, whose boast it is that their system of free schools has diffused education more generally among the people than in any other country; and the experience of every thinking man in the South will bear me out in the assertion, that in all the elements which go to make up true manhood—honesty, truth, honor, faith, courage and intelligence—our own people, all unlettered as many of them are, have proved themselves, in war as in peace, at least the equals of those who pride themselves on their superior education. But while these are facts which cannot be successfully controverted, it does not follow that a proper education, a development of the full powers of body, of mind and of heart, should be neglected, and it is in behalf of this higher and nobler education that I now appeal to you and through you to the people of the South.

THE HIPPORHINORRHŒA.

As the terrible horse malady that has so excited the minds of the Northern people for the last week is spreading South, and the probability is that it will soon break out in our State, we publish with pleasure the following valuable suggestions handed us by Mr. S. J. Fall, one of our recent English settlers. Mr. Fall has seen much of this disease in England, and lost several valuable horses before he obtained the remedy he now kindly offers to the renders of the *News*.

CAPT E. D. WOODSON, *City Editor Daily News*.

SIR: Having noticed the accounts of the fearful disease now ravaging among the horses of the North, and having lost five horses myself from it, I thought perhaps the relation of my experience and observations might possibly be of some service, should it unfortunately reach as far as Raleigh or this neighborhood.

Precisely the same disease first appeared in the locality in which I resided, in England, at the same period of the year in 1870 Its spread was peculiarly rapid, and scarce a stable within a large radius escaped, whilst its diagnosis and development being so entirely without precedent completely baffled the skill of the local veterna y surgeons.

The first thing noticable was a sudden weakness manifesting itself whilst the horse was at work; then, in the course of an hours or so, their eyes and notsrils became affected precisely in the same way as in influenza; then a hollow cough, and in a few hours a great swelling of one, two and sometimes all the legs from the thigh to the knee, affecting also the lower parts of the body, and likewise a great difficulty in taking any food or nourishment. In those which recovered, it seemed to run its course in about three weeks; but it was a long time before they regained their whole strength; and in this lay the greater danger, as, if put to work too soon they relapsed, and either died at once, or the disease settled in some particular part or limb; for instances, I had a valuable one rising 6 years, a very heavy and powerful draught horse, which seemed to get quite well, was sent to work, but in three days, the disease returned and settled in one of its hind legs, and no remedy nor care could overcome it; he lived, eating heartily for five months, quite unable to work, and eventually dropped down from sheer weekness and never rallied

At first the surgeons bled most horses and the condition of the blood seemed to warrant it; but invariably the one bled died; seemingly from loss of strength, and with mine, those only, which were not bled escaped; this was observed all round.

The following hints deducted from my own observation, (though I should be sorry to place it in contradiction to the opinion of any veterinary surgeon) may be found to be useful.

Let the stable be thoroughly ventilated, but kept thoroughly free from draught, and be well lime washed; cover the animals over as close as possible, with warm rugs, place straw in the stall, instead of saw-dust, if possible; but if not, clean it out entirely every day, hang a bag of hot bran mash up to its nostrils twice a day, give it all the nourishing and stimulating food it can take; such as gruel with eggs and a little wine beaten up in it, as a drench, if it will not take it otherwise, and let it have a little gentle exercise in the run once a day as soon as it can walk. Immediately upon the appearance of the disease, let every horse be put into a stable as far off from the others as possible. The best plain is to let it remain its own, and remove all the rest, if this is practicable; and, remember, do not be in a hurry, at however great inconvenience and loss of time you may be placed, to put it to work too early.

Trusting however, that from its non-appearance in this district, my note will be valueless.

I am sir, yours &c.,
SAMUEL J. FALL.

Bloodworth Street,
Raleigh N. C., Nov. 1st, 1872.

COMFORT FOR MEN WHO WANT TO LEAVE NORTH CAROLINA.

Two young men of Catawba county, N. C., John and James Mallard, were not satisfied with their native State, and went out West to Montana Territory, to try their fortunes. They are now satisfied and want to get back home. They write about the "new country" as follows:

"We have been out here ever since the 16th of May, from that time up to the 1st of August we had very cold weather with a heavy snow storm in July. During the month of August the days were pleasant, something like the days of March and April in North Carolina; but the nights were cool and some of them frosty and the weather of this month so far has been colder than that of August; one night last week was freezing.

The farms are situated along the creeks and rivers; the soil of a dark mud like character, the production of which is small grain, such as wheat, oats, barely and Irish potatoes; but owing to the short season this year the small grain crops hav'nt had time to mature before it had to be cut. The average yield of wheat per acre is from thirty four to forty bushels; and the hiring expenses are $50 and $60 per month during the summer season; and the days are long enough to enable them [the farmers] to work 15 and 18 hours. That only gives them about six hours to rest and sleep in. It requires a great deal of capital for a man to farm successfully here.

I heard one of the oldest farmers in Montana say the other day, that he hadn't made any money off of his farm; and if it had not been for his business outside his farm he wouldn't more than make a living. There is more money made off of stock than anything else; but they are so dear, a poor man can't afford to buy much of a start. The price of good milk cows are from $75 to $200; and inferior stock can be bought for $50 and $60. Butter is worth 50 cents during the summer, and in the latter part of winter and first of spring it is worth from 75 cents to $1.25. Hogs are very scarce. Pigs two weeks $2 50 and $3. The most important thing for a man to consider is this: that whilst you can get good wages, $50 and $60 dollars per month during the summer; in the winter its so cold that not more than one-fifth of the laborers can get employment; and it takes pretty near all they can make in summer to board them in winter. During the winter you can see men going around offering to work for their board.

The society generally is bad; no young ladies to associate with. We hav'nt had the pleasure of a lady's company since we left good old North Carolina. We don't expect to remain out here very long before we return home; for we can live better and make more money raising wheat in Western N. C., than we can here.—Wood and timber is hard to get at here. Corn meal is worth $7 per bushel. The seasons are too short to raise it here.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

THE LATEST IN SUICIDE.—The latest novelty in suicides comes from Cleveland, O., where an individual who had drawn a blank in a lottery went to his death after the following unique and elaborate preparations: He first procured a loaded revolver and connected it with clock work, so that it should be fired off at a certain time. He then got into bed, and, after placing the pistol behind his ear, took a dose of chloroform. Under the influence of the narcotic he then went asleep. At the given time the clock work pressed the trigger, discharging the pistol and launching the slumberer into eternity. This device is an accession to the plain self shootings and hanging of ordinary suicide, and in its mechanical merits seems neater, if not quieter, than the guillotine.

A MENAGERIE ON A STRIKE.

A TERRIFIC SCENE DESCRIBED BY A TITUSVILLE REPORTER.

All the Wild Beasts Loose and on the Rampage - Eight Men Killed.

From the Titusville Evening Press.

The muss was originated by the efforts of the proprietor of the show to train a hippopotamus to run around the ring and jump through hoops and banners, after the manner of trained ponies, the "boss" hoping, if successful, to make all rival establishments take a back seat. For several days the training had been going on whenever the exhibition stopped long enough in one place to afford a few leisure hours, but up to the occasion referred to, the hippotamus had only been allowed to perform in private with his limbs pinioned by log-chains, and a large force of employees on hand with red-hot pitchforks, pickaxes, crowbars, and bricks to subdue him and keep him within bounds should any symptoms of a rebellious spirit be manifested.

Everything was lovely, however; the Behemoth struck his gait admirably, and with such seeming good nature that his owners determined to unshackle him for a short time, and make him jump through paper balloons.

The assistants stationed themselves around the ring; a mammoth balloon was placed in position, and at the word "Go!" the shackles were unloosed, and sure enough they did go. Allowing his under lip to drop down like that of a steal canal dredge when it expectorates a mouthful of mud, the hippotamus gave a snort that reverberated through the balloon, wrecking it in a very handsome manner, but unfortunately killing the two men that held it, and

Upsetting the Lion's Cage.

which contained four lions of unusal fierceness. The moment the overturned lion's cage caught the eye of the hippopotamus he bounded at it and bit out a mouthful of woodwork and iron bars, leaving an apperture through which the lions escaped, and at once began to add their roars to the tumult that raged on al sides. The big elephant "Horace Greeley," who had been quietly looking on all this time, instead of keeping a check on his trunk, began to waive in the air, and after a moment's trumpeting broke his fastenings and picking up the Cardiff Giant, which lay upon the ground near by, threw this unfortunate being across the tent, killing another man in its passage and knocking in the end of the cage that contained

A Wild Rhinoseros.

who at once came out, and running his horn into the ground, gave the now affrighted showmen some specimens of ploughing that were never equalled by human or steam power. The four lions now began to lash their tails in fury and walk in circles around the centre pole, up which seventeen of the showmen ascended the moment the hippopotamus first bellowed. The latter animal was in the meantime diverting himself by a set to with a couple of grizzly bears that he had liberated.

"Horace Greeley" seemed to grow infuriated at this juncture, and, after killing a couple of camels, turned his attention to the other cages, and with one sweep of his trunk demolished each, the rhinoceros following behind and completing the work.

Fortunately the Canvass was New.

and without a flaw; and all of the liberated animals were roaming about the enclosure. Hyenas sneaked around under the seats, bears growled from the upper benches, monkeys shrieked and chattered from the ropes and supporters, the air was filled with flying cockatoes, parrots, eagles, owls, and other birds, while ostriches roamed at will below, and heard above all this uproar were the pitiful calls from the seventeen men who hung for dear life to the centre-pole, which was new and slipoery and difficult to cling to. The only animal that retained its presence of mind was

Blarneyum's Gorila.

His cage had escaped being upset, and he stood inside, beating his breast and roaring in that half dog bark and half leonine roar that Du Chaillu describes as "curdling the very hair on your head in an African forest." By this time, however, voices were heard on the outside, the entire neighborhood having become aroused by the pandemonium, and the moment the gorrilla heard these voices he changed his tactics and shrieked, "For the love of the St. Patrick, help me out of this bloody scrape, and I'll never hire out for a gorilla again as long as I live." We will leave this unhappy animal to his fate, and return to the

Awful Scene Going on

around us, and among the other wild beasts who had now made their way to that portion of the tent used by the proprietors as a museum. Excited by rage and hunger a Bengal tiger was the first to attack the contents of the museum, and he commenced by killing the "Temperate Man and his family," after which he sprang upon the "Sleeping Beauty," and began to devour her. The hyenas, who are not so particular in regard to their diet, sprang upon the "Drunkard and his wife," and were soon feasting on them. The lions reveled in blood in the cage containg the "Bell Ringers," while elephant amused himself by knocking the stuffing out of the "Egyptian Mummies," and also destroying several prominent generals of the war. But while these horrible scenes were being enacted here others more alarming were going on in the main portion of the tent, where nearly every animal which had not succeeded in getting a taste of the "wax figures"

Stood with Distended Jaws.

around the centre pole, awaiting the moment when the hold of some of the unfortunates above should become loosened and the victims come tumbling down.—The first man to drop was the ringmaster, who was the lowest on the pole. He struck squarely in the jaws of an alligator that swallowed him whole and without choking. This sight so frightened a "canvass" man that he fell, and the alligator snapped at him, but too quickly, and the victim bounded from the tip of crocodile's mouth into the arms of a bear, who hugged him fondly and carried him off under the seats to eat at leisure. The elephant now reached out with his trunk and shook the centre pole as a boy shakes an apple tree for fruit, and this caused

Seven more Victims.

including two very plump and juicy acrobats, to drop off. The man on top, however, had by this time succeeded in gnawing a hole through the roof of the tent, through which he crawled and slid down the canvass to the ground, the remainder of the frightened men following his example. A hook and ladder company and two hose companies had arrived, and holes being cut in the canvass, several streams of chloroform were thrown upon the squirming mass of animal life within, and in ten minutes the employees of the show had entered and began securing their charges. It took several hours to repair all the cages and get the occupants back in their old quarters, but it was at last accomplished, and preparations for the burial of the dead began.—

The Killed were all doing Well,

most of them having died regularly every season ever since they entered into the show business. One man in particular, who was swallowed by the alligator, recovered more rapidly than any of the others. His name is John Smith, and our readers will remember him as one of the band that was devoured by lions down in Mississippi in 1871. He was killed previously at Chicago by the mad elephant Romeo, and also had his head crushed into a shapeless mass by a lion which he was rawhiding, while doing the lion-taming scene at Joliet, Ill, in 1870. He was destroyed again at Philadelphia in the spring of 1872, when Forepaugh's animals broke loose, and his last death (previous to the one just related) occurred when a rhinoceros stepped on him at Red Bud, Illinois, in August, 1872. Mr. Smith is still on deck with Blarneyum's great show, and can be seen with the other fossils and petrifications at this place next week. Remember these are the same animals that broke loose and killed so many people. This fact alone should induce every husband to procure tickets for his wife and mother in-law and neighbor's children.

THE INDIANA MURDER—THE DARKEST OF MURDERS MYSTERIES.

Henry H. Armstrong, a well known citizen of this place, and one of the proprietors of the Madison marine railways, came to his death about eleven o'clock last night, under circumstances that rival in mystery the celebrated Nathan murder case of New York. The evidence before the coroner's jury discloses the following facts: Mr. Armstrong had not been living amicably with his wife for some time past. During the last two weeks he has been at New Albany, and not long ago his partner in this city, H. Clay Jones, received a letter from him, asking for information regarding his family. Mr. Jones informed him that his wife was selling off and preparing to move to New Orleans.

Mr Armstrong unexpectedly returned home last night, and went to his wife's room up stairs, where, Mrs. Armstrong says, he beat her, abused her in every manner, and finally dragged her down stairs. At the foot of the stairs she screamed, and he released her. She went up stairs immediately, crying, into a room occupied by her sister and her two daughters, when presently they heard a pistol shot, the daughters remaining it, but no further attention was paid to it. Mrs. Armstrong then wanted her sister to go down stairs with her while she fastened the door through which her husband had gone out, and, as she supposed, had left open. This her sister was afraid to do, and Mrs. Armstrong called Andrew McManaman, who occupies the house next door, to come. Mr. McManaman answered the summons, and coming into the yard, found the body of Mr. Armstrong lying across the walk, with a bullet hole just at the corner of the left eye.

Upon examining the body, the forehead was found to be covered with bruses, and one of his hands was somewhat cut and torn These injuries, Dr. Collins testified, from their appearance had been inflicted immediately before death, showing that the deceased had been engaged in a violent struggle. In reference to the probability being self-inflicted, witness observed that there was but a possibility that such was the case. To inflict the wound himself, Mr. Armstrong would have been obliged to use the left hand, and hold the pistol in a very unnatural manner. In addition to this, were the wound self-inflicted, powder marks would have been found on his face, and the weapon on or near the spot, neither of which facts were the case.

The most mysterious part of the affair is how Mr. Armstrong got in the house. That he was inside is proved by the fact that the body was found without boots, and the boots were found in the parlor.—Mr. McManaman states that when he arrived all the doors were fast. Mrs. Armstrong says that she thought he had entered through the cellar, but the jury, after examining the premises, think he did not. That the case is one of murder, and not one of suicide, there can be no reasonable doubt.—*Madison Ind., Courier, Oct. 18.*

WOMEN AND SLANG.

There is a lengthy article in the "Saturday Review," comparing the women of England and those of other nations, which promises to attract no little attention. In the outset, it hints at the existence of a state of affairs in good English society that has no parallel here, simply because our best society is at once neither so good nor so bad. There was a time, and within the memory of the majority of those who read this, when the English partician girl was the very type of modesty and sweetness, compared with whom the French girl was a forward, subtle "thing;" but according to the writer referred to above, all that has been changed, and a comparison of the two ladies redounds to the disadvantage of the fair young Britain. Slang, it seems, is at the bottom of it. For the last ten years the fairer half of English patrician society seems to have been gradually cankered by the introduction of slang phrases. According to the *Saturday Review*, ladies in England are breaking out into strange oaths, and adopting the used up expletives of roughs and rowdies. This is a sufficiently startling assertion, but the writer evidently knows whereof he speaks, and gives some fearful examples withal. It is the characteristic of the publication referred to that it is prescriptively entitled to speak for and of the higher classes of English society. Among that society its circulation is almost universal, and the plain inference is that no statements would appear in its columns whose falsity could be speedily exposed. That English society, therefore, has become vitiated by the prevalence of fashionable slang may be accepted as a fact; and unfortunately this slang appears to be of the worst description. The writer even goes so far to charge the English ladies with "little ventures into the region of blasphemy," an accusation which clearly indicates that slang is allied to irreverence, and that its effects may not be expected to stop at the mere corruption of speech.

American society, it is feared, if weighed in the balance, will be found by no means free from this social weight upon good breeding.—Slang in one form or another, is almost universal here, but we are happy to believe it a stranger to the boudoir. At all events, if American women—certainly if Southern women—use slang, and widely separated from the sort to which the English writer refers. The worst that they are guilty of, and it is not a trivial fault, is the assumption of nicknames, which has changed all our Marys and Sarahs and Harriets and Margarets into Mollies and Sallies and Hatties and Maggies. But slang is objectionable in any form, and no one who has under his control the morals of a household should neglect to suppress its first exhibition, as a dangerous laxity which brings immodesty and irreligion in its train.

THE TREE OF CORTEZ—AN ACT OF INFAMOUS VANDALISM.

[From the San Francisco Bulletin.]

One of the great historic trees of the world has just disappeared through an act of vandalism, the motive for which it is utterly impossible to discover. Every student of history will remember the story of the "Neche Trieste," or "Night of Grief," when the Aztecs, infuriated at the fell designs of the Spaniards under Hernando Cortez, the representative filibuster of all time, assailed his force with an indiscribable fury, cut it to pieces, and almost succeeded in cutting off the few survivors in their escape from the City of Mexico by tearing up the causeway which led across the shallow waters of the lake to the mainland, in the direction of Chapultepec.

The Spaniards hemmed in on all sides, and fighting hand to hand with the energy of desperation, forced their way along the causeway, step by step, and, by throwing the bodies of the dead into the gaps of the causeway, succeeded at last in dragging their artillery over them and reaching the solid land.—Cortez, wounded, disheartened and exhausted, halted under a great cypress tree, near where the Girata de San Cosmo, within the walls of the city, was subsequently located, and there rallied the remnant of his forces for the retreat toward Tlazcala, where he found the allies, who subsequently enabled him to reduce the city to capitulation.—This tree was held in great reverence by the Mexicans, both of Spanish and Indian descent, and a church was erected by it in commemoration of the event which occurred there.

The "Tree of Cortez" stood green and flourishing, though large sections of its gigantic trunk were decayed, until last month, when some vandal filled the cavity with rags saturated with coal oil, set them on fire in the night, and at dawn only a heap of smoking coals marked the spot where this great historic landmark stood. Private letters received from the city of Mexico say that the greatest indignation was awakened there by the dastardly outrage, and the Government and the historic Society had offered rewards for the discovery of the perpetrator of it.

WE learn that a serious difficulty occurred at Moss Neck, on last Monday night, between a number of the copper colored inhabitants of Scuffletown, the result of which was that two of the Oxendines were very badly wounded, one of them having been pretty well cut up with a knife. We could learn no further particulars.—*Wilmington Journal.*