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**NATURE AND ART—AN EPIGRAM.**  
By R. Morris, Esq., Editor Pennsylvania Inquirer.  
When Eve, the first of woman kind,  
As Queen of Eden roved,  
Her thoughts were pure as mountain wind,  
And all who saw her, loved,  
The eagle screamed a lofty note,  
The lion tossed his mane,  
And e'en the linnet's little throat  
Essayed a fluttering strain.  
The eye—the lip—the soul-fraught face,  
These won the best of man:  
Each movement gave to life a grace,  
To deck the mother of our race—  
There were no busses then!

**CIVILIZATION AND ART—AN EPIGRAM.**  
By J. R. Chandler, Esq., Editor U. S. Gazette.  
When Eve through early Eden moved,  
And tuned her maiden voice,  
It was not strange that Adam loved,  
He'd only "Hobson's choice."  
But when the girls are found at home,  
With chance for scarce two men,  
Not idle grace, nor "linnet's" hum,  
Will catch the beaux—to make them come  
Each girl must bustle then.

**PAGANINI.**  
A Graphic Sketch by the "Sketcher" of the Boston Atlas.  
He whom I am about to introduce has long since "shuffled off his mortal coil," but his was a form which once seen could never be forgotten; and, as I have not yet fallen in with a graphic description of him, I should fail in producing a "pen and ink" likeness of the greatest violinist of modern times—PAGANINI.

On the day following that on which I heard Mr. Hinton, the remarkable Italian was to perform in the Reading Theatre, for the first and only time. He was then in the full flush of his brilliant reputation, and expectation was on tip-toe to hear the sounds of his reported-to-be magical instrument. He was the great lion of the day, and a thousand exaggerated rumors were in circulation respecting him. Some said that his violin was his familiar spirit—others, that he had acquired his extraordinary skill whilst incarcerated in a dungeon at Naples, for some horrible crime; and there were not wanting those who hinted that the devil had lent him his violin, on the stern condition that after playing on it for a number of years, he should personally return it, and deliver up himself, into the bargain, to the father of evil. Of course great anxiety was manifested to see and hear him; so having paid seven and sixpence sterling for a ticket, and it was hard to procure it at that price, I got tightly packed in the pit of the Reading Theatre, where I waited anxiously for the appearance of the lord of the "unerring (fiddle) bow."

Several pieces were to be performed before PAGANINI made his appearance, and these like oysters and lemon juice before a Parisian feast, served only as sharpeners of the appetite for what was to follow. This preliminary playing and singing was doubtless very fine; but it passed off heavily enough, and glad was I to discover, by the aid of the programme, that "The Carnival of Venice," by Paganini, was the next piece.

An interval of a few minutes. The "gods" of the gallery have sobered down. Nuts are no longer cracked and the shells showered down on the heads of those in the pit. The popping of ginger beer corks has ceased, and the cry of "apples and oranges" is heard no more. The pit folks have squeezed themselves into as comfortable positions as possible, and along the boxes is seen a row of anxious faces, and a line of ready opera glasses. There is a dead silence in the house. The musicians in the orchestra are all on the qui vive; the first fiddle looks amazingly anxious, as if he knew that an extinguisher was about to be put on him; the flutes rest with their lips half puckered up, and fingers resting lightly on their orifices; the clarionets stand with their reeds ready for vibration, and the drum sticks describe an angle of forty-five. There is a waving of the curtain, and a prolonged sh— goes round the house; a little bell rings once, and the musicians fix their eyes intently on their books, all but the flutes, who squint at the stage; another, and a louder ring—and up goes the green baize. Up—up—up—till the last fold of the curtain is invisible, and there is the broad open stage, with a grand piano in its midst. A gentleman, dressed very neatly in black, with a music book in his primrose gloved hand, enters, bows, and takes his seat at the instrument. He looks first at the audience, with quite an air of unconcern, as if he had already seen and knew every thing about the great man; and has all the calm consequence of a man who knows what others do not know about him. Now he bends, looks intently at the wing, and as he gives a jerk on his chair, and takes off his gloves, it is evident some one is coming. How deathlike is the silence!

With the slow and stealthy step of a tiger drawing near enough to its victim, in order to make the sure and fatal spring

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

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—noiselessly, and with a horribly sardonic smile on his countenance, glides sideways from behind the wing, a being who startles every one who beholds him. He is very tall, and so remarkably thin that his black clothes fall loosely about him—his trousers bagging as if they hung upon poles. These trousers were so large that, at their termination, where they came in contact with his small, lady-like shoe, the polished leather of which seemed of exactly the same width, united, as his shoulders. His hips did not in the least project, so that he seemed, from his arm-pits downwards, to be of exactly the same breadth; there was no projecting point to disturb the straight line. His double-breasted coat had long skirts, and was buttoned up close to his chin, round which was a white cravat, and a turned down collar. But, extraordinary as was his figure, his face and head were the great points of attraction and wonder; so much so were they, that when a first glimpse of the face, especially, was caught, people involuntarily drew back, as if they had seen a spectre.

He was ghastly pale. In the centre of his forehead, which had nothing very remarkable as to its developments, that I could see, at least, his jet black hair was parted, and from thence it fell down in curly, frowsy masses over his shoulders. His eye-brows were dark, and, where the outer parts terminated, there were deep foveae in the temples. His nose was slightly beaked, and on either side of it were the most remarkable eyes that, I believe, mortal ever possessed. They were small, dark, and not sparkling, but of a lustre more resembling that of polished steel, when seen in a dimly lighted room, than any thing else I can compare them to. Their expression, as he smiled horribly at the audience, in recognition of their plaudits, and as he bowed his long back, was absolutely snake-like. As I said, he came on the stage sideways, gradually, as he bowed and smiled, approaching to near the centre. His arms were so long that, as he bent, the fiddle and bow, which he held in one hand, would have touched the stage, but he held them obliquely. At last he reached the front and almost the middle of the stage, near the footlights, drew himself up to his full height, held out his violin at arm's length, surveyed it as if it were the most beloved thing in the universe, and then slowly brought it to his shoulder, with as much gravity as if it had been a deity and he a devotee.

With a firm and decided air the great Maestro planted his right foot a little in advance of his left, which remained with the knee firmly fixed, threw back his head, then inclined his left ear towards his fiddle, smiling faintly, as if it were saying something to him and he was intently listening; and lastly, lifting his long fiddle-bow high in the air, stood, with flashing eyes and compressed lips, a few seconds—motionless—a perfect study.

At a nod from Paganini, the orchestra struck up, and the pianist's fingers flew over the ivory keys—but still, like a sorcerer with his wand, stood the king of Fiddlers, with his uplifted bow. At length, a faint smile stole over his rigid and marble-like features, and every heart beat quickly, as his long arm descended, so gradually, that you could scarcely see it move; and bringing the lower end of the stick upon the strings of the instrument. To the disappointment of many, however, it rose again, and remained an inch or two from the bridge, whilst the exceedingly long fingers of his left hand struck a few notes, which were heard sharply and distinctly, above the warblings of the flutes, and the grumbling of the trombones. Once more his arm ascends, and now it comes down so delicately on the smallest string, that something like the shadow of an exquisite sound is heard—"so soft, so sweet, so delicately clear," that it is heard as distinctly as a silver rivulet is seen winding its sinuous course through a vernal wood. It is unlike anything ever before heard produced from the instrument, or rather it seems as if the sense of hearing had been sharpened. And now succeeds a flood of delicious melody, which laps the audience in elysium. It is not, cannot be fiddling; and see, the leader of the band has forgotten himself, and sits in wide-mouthed wonder, listening to the astonishing effects of Paganini's genius. The Maestro, as his inspiration becomes more profound, partakes in the enthusiasm which he has created, and his snakey eyes flash almost supernatural fire. He smiles a ghastly smile, as he

"Pours forth the notes like enchanted wine,  
Loosens the chords in a silver shower."

By a change in the composition, he now produces the most discordant notes, and then surprises all, by alternating them with snatches of almost celestial harmony. Now he moves to tears, and anon convulses with laughter. His violin for a few seconds almost roars; and then, as he slowly draws the bow across the "quivering strings," he elicits a sound

"—so fine that nothing lives  
Twixt it and silence."

At length the spell ceases—the finale is played, and with outspread arms, the bow in one hand, and the fiddle in the other, he bows himself off the stage, smiling horribly, as when he entered from the wing. Not the least interesting portion of the proceedings, were the astonished looks of the musicians; especially of the fiddlers—and when they commenced playing in the interval between the first and second appearance of Paganini, I could not help thinking of the couplet, addressed by some one to a very indifferent musician:

"When Orpheus played so well, he moved Old Nick,  
But thou move'st nothing but thy fiddlestick."

Not that the leader of that evening was a second rate artist. By no means; he was of the first in his line; but what excellence could stand, when compared with Paganini? Like Cavanah, the celebrated racket player, to whom Hazlitt refers in his Table Talk—the Italian had not only no equal, but no one stood second to him.

The only musician who has been thought to rival Paganini, is OLE BULL, whom most of my readers have doubtless heard. Few, however, who have heard both, will be disposed to admit that the latter is worthy to be named with the former.—Paganini possessed genius—OLE BULL sedulously cultivated talent alone. Paganini hopelessly distanced all competitors. OLE BULL has been excelled by Vieux Temps, Artor, and De Beriot. The former resembled, in his moods of inspiration, the rushing cataract; the latter would be more appropriately symbolized by the placid, rolling river. Energy, force, passion, boundless enthusiasm belonged to the one. Grace, tenderness, mildness, and sweetness to the other. Paganini demanded and received the homage due to exalted genius. OLE BULL wins applause by the very power of his gentleness. In short, the Italian attained, scarcely with an effort, to heights which the Norwegian never can reach, though he devote a lifetime to the pursuit. I do not wish to depreciate the talents of Ole Bull; he is admirable, but he has not, nor has any one else, caught the falling mantle of the wonderful PAGANINI.

The celebrated violinist happened to be staying at the same hotel as myself, and the next morning, as I was standing by the window, I observed a crowd in the street below. On asking the waiter what caused it, I learned that Paganini's chaise was at the door, and that the people had collected to catch a glimpse of him, as he got into it. "One fool, they say, makes many," and so I joined them. I had not waited long before I saw him coming down the stairs. He had on a blue cloth cap, from which hung what appeared to be a bullion tassel, and he was so muffled up in the folds of a most voluminous fur-lined cloak that I could see nothing of him but his pale, hawk-like nose, and his two dark, awful looking eyes, which seemed to have no occupation, but in anxiously looking after a little boy, who, muffled up like himself, was taken to the chaise in the arms of an attendant, his own servant. This was his son, the only living thing, it is said, towards whom he exhibited any marks of attachment. The landlord told me that happening, one day, to enter his guest's room unannounced, he found Paganini lying on the floor, hugging and kissing the child, with the utmost earnestness. The great Fiddler, however, was much enraged at the intrusion, and immediately on the man's retiring, locked the door, a precaution he failed not to take during the remainder of his stay.

**Commerce of Albany.**—There were lying at our docks this morning one hundred and forty-one sail of sloops and schooners. This is exclusive of the usual number of steam, tow, and canal boats. This is a large fleet, but no more than the fast growing commerce of Albany imperiously requires. Such impregnable statistics of what Albany is doing tell their own story, and render unnecessary all boasting of what will be done at some indefinite future period!—*Albany Jour.*

At Preston, England, a coroner's jury returned the following sapient verdict:  
"Found hanged in a state of insanity."

## THE FOREIGN NEWS.

### THE MARKETS.

#### Advance in the price of Flour and Grain.

The Baltimore Patriot of the 18th, says:—By reference to our commercial review of today, it will be seen that the character of the recent English advices has created quite an excitement in the flour and grain markets, and that prices have materially advanced. Shippers and speculators are anxious to purchase at the quoted rates. It will be seen that some taken place at an advance of 50 cents per barrel, and 7 to 9 cents on the bushel for wheat. Corn has also improved. There is likewise an active demand for Rice. In other articles of merchandise there is no particularly new feature to notice.

The New York Express of Wednesday, says:—As soon as the news by the steamer transpired, there was a good deal of excitement in the grain market. The Flour and Grain dealers were very active. Flour advanced nearly 50 cents per bbl., and nearly five thousand bbls. were taken mostly for export. Wheat went up 9 cents, and corn was held at an advance. Ashes are a little quicker. The Cotton market is a little depressed.

In another article the Express thus speaks:

The news from Europe, by the Great Britain, continues to be highly important. Great importance is attached to the partial failure of the potato crop. Besides this, the weather had been exceedingly unfavorable in the northern portion of the kingdom. It appears to be quite settled that the crops will fall considerably short of an average. It also appears that in Holland, and in other parts of the Continent, there will be a deficiency of many descriptions of grain. These advices are calculated to have a still further influence on our market.

Already has there from previous accounts, been a rise in breadstuffs here, and upwards of thirty thousand barrels have been exported. Nor have the shipments been confined to flour. Last week, four thousand bushels of Rye were purchased at the high price of seventy-one cts., to be exported to Holland. It is a singular fact, that ever since the organization of our Government, this is the first instance, we believe, when rye has been taken for the markets in Holland. On the contrary, we have been accustomed to receive large supplies of this article from that country.

Letters have also been received from the continent, ordering potatoes to be shipped from here. There is every prospect that corn as well as flour will feel the effects of the news. Besides grain and flour, cheese has continued to go forward to England, ever since the fall season commenced, in greater quantities than usual, and at higher prices. Instead of supplies of grain being sent from Holland, Belgium, and other parts of the continent, to England, it is now certain that these countries will be deficient, and they will have to import grain to make up their deficiency.

The increased exports of flour, grain and provisions will increase our funds on the other side, and should the imports not be increased, Exchange must rise decidedly in our favor. For several months past there has been so little variation in Exchange, that there have been no exports, but rather increased receipts of specie.

The Commercial Advertiser says:—"The news is favorable to the export of Breadstuffs from this country. The failure of the potato crop is even more general than was expected; there will be a serious deficiency in wheat, and fears are entertained that there will be a falling off in barley, oats, beans and peas. No supplies are expected from the Continental ports, for the same state of affairs exists there. Among the measures of relief recommended by the English papers, the Manchester Guardian suggests to the consideration of Parliament, when it re-assembles, the entire remission of all duty on the importation of Indian Corn."

Letters from Poland represent that there has been great suffering in the ancient palatinates of Sandimir, Plock, Lublin, Augustow, as well as in part of the palatinate of Cracovia. Famine, and all the evils in its train had been felt. In those unfortunate provinces, entire masses of people, deprived of every necessary, wander about the country divided into bands, in search of the most loathsome food, which is often more adapted to soothe their hunger than to afford nourishment. Numberless diseases, the unavoidable consequence of destitution, rapidly diminish the number of these unfortunate men, and despair sometimes drives them to acts of violence which the authorities are not always able to repress.

The New York Tribune of Thursday morning says:

"The Flour market has gone up under the advices by the steamer about 37 1/2 cents per barrel and leaves off firm at that advance. There are considerable orders for shipment and the sales are about 5000 barrels Genesee for England at 5 25. The demand for the home trade is also large, and the transactions have been extensive. We notice sales of 1000 barrels Genesee, rather better than common, at \$5 37 1/2 a \$5 50. The market leaves off with good enquiry at \$5 21 1/2 a \$5 37 1/2 for good brands Genesee. Sales 500 barrels Jersey meal at \$2 87 1/2, and 175 do Brandywine at \$3. The packets generally ask 3s Sterling freight for flour, but transient ships are taking at 2s 6d. Sweet States Flour was worth at Liverpool 27s sterling, equal with exchange to \$6,50 per bbl."

The New York Courier says:

"The news per Great Britain did not appear to have any effect upon the Provision market."

Cheese and Lard were firm. 600 barrels of old Prime Pork at \$10. Sales of new were made at \$10 37 1/2."

The Boston Courier says:

"The news by the steamship Great Britain has completely unsettled the market. Most of the holders either refuse to sell or ask much higher prices than dealers or speculators are disposed to give. Sales of Genesee were made early today; good brands at \$6,06, at 5,12, and one parcel of 407 bbls, to arrive, at \$5 per bbl. The Grain market, on account of limited supplies, has further improved. Sales of yellow round Corn 60 1/2 a 68c, and do flat 67c per bushel. Delaware Oats 42c do. Cotton—no movements in the market since the advices per steamship. Molasses—300 bbls. Cuba taken today by distillers at 22c per gallon, 6 mo."

The New York Express of Friday evening says:—"The excitement still continues in consequence of the steamer's news. The speculation of flour and grain continues. The advance on flour has been nearly a dollar, which is quite a new feature in the market. The rise has been so rapid that a very considerable portion of the flour purchased at \$4 75 and \$4 87 for shipment prior to the steamer's arrival, has been resold, buyers preferring to realize a profit here than to ship to England."

The news by the Great Britain reached Albany before it did New York. Its effect was electrical upon the flour market, and flour advanced at once. The Albany Atlas says:

"On the receipt of the Great Britain's papers, some speculators chartered an express train, on the Eastern Railroad, reached here yesterday morning and after communicating with their correspondents here, it was said, started West to extend their arrangements."

To counteract this rumored movement, the Utica and Albany Railroad despatched an extra train at 2 P. M., which was expected to connect with the train at Auburn. The express messenger was also accompanied by the agents of several of our large dealers, whose purpose was to notify their correspondents, the millers and other dealers West, of the intelligence. It is now said that the Boston operators did not arrive in time to go West in the morning train, and that the afternoon express from this city carried the first news thither."

### OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

The official paper at Washington continues to give out intimations that a declaration of war against Mexico may be made at the coming session of Congress. "The more we reflect upon the present relations of the two countries," says the Union, "the better are we satisfied with the position we have taken and the advice we have administered to Mexico." This advice is, in substance, that the Mexicans leave off their gasconading, open their eyes to their true condition, provoke no longer the Great Republic, pay what they owe us and congratulate themselves on getting off so well. They are reminded that, although the President of the U. States cannot declare war, the congress of the Union can—and the hint is given rather distinctly that such an event may take place. The Union quotes with approbation the following language from the Boston Times:

"With others, we would ask, how long is this state of things to be endured by the American people? Even if war be not carried on by Mexico to its last resort, who is to guaranty to us, as a nation, the expenses to which we have already been subjected by her audacious threats and declarations? It is well known that the executive cannot declare war; and all it can do, of itself, is to guard against and repel invasion. It has nobly occupied and sustained this position. But if Mexico keeps up her declaration of war, and continues to gasconade about her armed forces marching to our frontier, it will be the duty of Congress to consider the question, whether it is not due to our honor, and the great interests of our commerce and trade, to declare war against her, and compel her to pay her debts, to reimburse us for the expense to which we have been subjected by her silly but wicked bravadoes, and to give sufficient guarantees for her good behavior for the future."

"We repeat, she has played this game of threatening and skulking long enough—to the injury of our peace and the disquiet of our trade; and we think it high time for Congress, when it comes together, to take a bold stand, and show to Mexico that the American people will no longer tolerate her conduct, and that, if it becomes necessary, they will manifest their intention at the mouth of the cannon."

If the war fever so rife in some parts of the country can be assuaged by a hostile demonstration against Mexico, to the extent of blockading her ports and compelling her to pay the indemnity due to American citizens, it would perhaps be deemed by the Administration a politic movement and a good mode of putting off the crisis of the Oregon difficulty. Under the cloud and noise of a war declaration against Mexico the popular attention might be drawn off from other questions, and the Occupation Bill of the last session be suffered to sleep. We shall not undertake, however, to guess at future probabilities—save thus far, that Congress will have its hands full of perplexing matters before the first month of its session is over. *Baltimore American.*

The London Times has amused itself and its readers, with a leader of a column and a half, about certain bits of iron alleged to be "slave shackles" brought up by divers from the wreck of the Missouri, in Gibraltar Bay. The first point to be established, is the fact that these things are "slave shackles," and not the mere iron (hand-cuffs, &c.) invariably kept on board ships of war for the contingent benefit of mutineers and criminals. The ridiculous tale, and the officious comments of the Times, were exposed fully afterwards, by a correspondent of that paper.

## IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.

We learn from the Kingston (Canada) Chronicle, that warlike preparations on a large scale are being made at that point. The front of the splendid Town Hall, says the Chronicle, is to be laid open to the Lake, by the pulling down of Messrs. McPherson & Crane's store-houses and the erection of a heavy battery. The shoal in front is to be secured by a large Tower, which will be of great utility in a naval point of view, as a mark for a harbor. It is also proposed to erect a large Tower at Stuart's Point, and strengthen the works of Fort Henry. The last steamer brought advices that it was contemplated to send out a large additional military force to Canada, and also that the construction of 17 war steamers was to be undertaken forthwith.

In noticing these pregnant movements, the Buffalo Advertiser very properly says:—*N. Y. Courier.*

"At every point England seems to be strengthening her means of offence and defence, and there is much reason to believe that at no time, within the last quarter of a century, have our relations with that power been in a more delicate, if not critical, situation. What is our government doing? Denuding many of the most important points on the frontier, and the seaboard of nearly all their effective defensive force, and without the authority and scarcely the color of law, transferring this force to Texas, a foreign country by our laws. Why is Buffalo, one of the most important points on the whole frontier without any troops, while several companies are still kept at Plattsburg, Sacket's Harbor, Oswego, Detroit and Fort Gratiot?"

**Supremacy of Law.**—Next in order to the creation of law must be its due and proper enforcement. But if a law—it may be the best ever made—lie dormant in the statute book; if there be no officer duly authorized to carry out its sanctions, we may as well have no laws, or perhaps it would be better to tolerate the enforcement of laws impartial in their bearings upon the world. It is evident, therefore, that in order to reap the benefit of law, it must be supreme, and its supremacy must be made manifest. In this country the officers of law are not the suppliant tools of despots, but the efficient agents of the people, affording protection to all, and dispensing the blessing of a free Government; hence results the necessity that the people should at all times assist not only in sustaining the laws, but in their enforcement. Every good citizen has, then, a personal interest at stake in all the affairs of the Government; and, would he see peace and harmony prevail, he must discountenance all violations of law and resistance to lawfully constituted authorities, in accordance with the cardinal principles of a democratic government. If every good citizen would only thus come up to his duty in this particular, we should hear of fewer mobs, riots, and lynchings. Why it is that we are sometimes pained to find persons censorious against our public officers, it is difficult to understand, unless it be that some professing to be Americans in feelings are virtually ignorant of our Government. That man who takes a sympathizing stand with a public offender against lawful authority is a secret foe to the Government which protects his property and person, and ought to be made to share the penalties of violated law with the convicted offender. On the contrary, every good citizen will respect the officers of law, and assist in their proper and lawful execution—a course of conduct alone which will sustain our courts and other public tribunals.—*Sou. (Miss.) Reformer.*

Cassius M. Clay has revived the True American at Lexington, and seems ambitious of making a martyr of himself. Near the close of his impassioned address on the occasion, he expresses the hope that Americans may "rise up in the omnipotence of the ballot" and "overthrow the slave despotism of this nation;" and, he adds, "avoid the damning infamy which awaits them for all time in the judgment of the civilized world, if they leave me here to die!" This looks very like wishing to be killed for fame! We have every confidence in the coolness and wisdom, as well as firmness, of the people of Lexington. They will hardly help Mr. Clay to the accomplishment of his desire for martyrdom. But they will take care of their own safety.—*Richmond Times.*

## TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

It has been unanimously resolved by the Executive Committee of the State Temperance Society, to call a State Convention of the friends of the Temperance reform, to meet in this city on the first Friday in December next. The proceedings of the committee will be published in a few days; and every Temperance Society in the State will be urged to arouse themselves to action, and prepare to send delegates to the Convention.—*Raleigh Star.*

**A Princely Hebrew.**—From Prague, we hear of the death, at the age of seventy-seven of the Hebrew merchant, Maurice Sedekauer—a man whose title to a record in pages like ours consists, not in the princely fortune which was the work of his own honorable toil, but in the noble way he made of it. Fifty years ago, M. Sedekauer came penniless, to Prague; and he has left behind him seven millions of florins—£700,000. In his lifetime he devoted the larger part of his immense revenues to the encouragement of science, art and national industry, and to the relief of the indigent, without distinction of religion or race; and, by his will, he has bequeathed three millions of florins—£300,000 among the benevolent institutions of all the principal cities of Bohemia. He was followed to the cemetery of his nation by men of all ranks and beliefs—the poor, of course, the civil and military authorities of the capital, all its distinguished men, and, it is very pleasant to add, many clergymen of various Christian sects. Everywhere where the spirit is passing into dishonor which would once have "spit upon the Jewish gaberline," or trampled on the grave of a man like this.—*Athenaeum.*