

Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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ERICK; OR, TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

A TOUCHING STORY.

It was a stormy evening in the month of November, that a Russian nobleman, called Baron Jaroslaw, his wife, and little daughter Helena, and their faithful servant Erick, in heavy travelling chariot and four, driven by two postillions, drew up at the only inn of the little town of Kobrin, lying on the borders of Russia and Poland. They were returning from their travels in Europe, and as the Baron had already overstayed the time he had intended to be absent from home, and the weather was every day growing worse and worse, he was anxious to press forward with all the speed possible. The fur caps of the postillions, the long manes and tails of their horses, and even the rough leather portmanteaus were white with frost, clouds of steam rose from the weary beasts as they were unharnessed, and the landlord coming up to the door of the chariot, observed that his honor would not think of proceeding further.

"Not if I were at liberty to follow my inclinations," said the Baron; "but as it is I am pressed for time, and we must get over another stage to night."

"It's a long one, sir," said the landlord, "thirty versts at least, and you have the forest Rosta to pass. The road is bad, and I dare say the snow is deep, and the wolves are getting hungry."

"Oh, I am not afraid of wolves," cried the Baron, "they would not dare to attack a carriage so early in the year as this. Let us have four good horses, and we may be in by nine, for it is not more than half past six."

"Well, sir, a wifful man must have his own way. I only hope you may not repent your determination. Horses on directly, Nicholas. But may be your honor and your honor's lady will take something hot, for you will need it before you go to Bolisvo."

So a cup of spiced wine was brought for the travellers, and Erick had a double portion. He set up in a huge fur cloak on a low kind of a box in front of the Baron's carriage, though old-fashioned, had been built in England. In a few moments the fresh horses were harnessed, the postillions cracked their whips, and amidst the thanks and good night of the landlord, the carriage rolled on.

"It is bitterly cold," said the baroness, as she pulled the cloak more completely around her, and the little Helena on her lap—"it is bitterly cold, and a fearful night to travel!"

"If the moon can but break through the clouds, as it is trying to do, we shall have a pleasant ride yet," replied the husband.

"What, Catharine, a Russian and afraid of a little snow?"

"Well, I am glad that we come on, too," said the wife; "it is pleasant to think that every mile we travel, brings us nearer to home, and my dear little Nicholas and Frederica."

They were now passing over a wild moor; the wind whistled mournfully round the carriage, driving and chasing the snow before it, for it was snowing heavily. The glare of the lamps cast a kind of a ghastly haze on the immediate neighborhood of the carriage, and seemed to make the distance still darker.

"O, mamma!" cried Helena, "let me come closer to you, it makes me afraid to look out of the window!"

"Why, what should you be afraid of my lovely one?"

"One is always afraid in the dark you know mamma; and then just listen to the wind how it howls!"

The clouds passed off, the moon was walking in brightness, the wheels rolled noiselessly along over the snow, and as far as the eye could see was one glistening sea of white. On passed the carriage.

"What is Erick looking at?" asked the baroness, for the box was so low that its occupant might be seen from the window.

"I cannot tell," said the husband, "but he must have good eyes if he can see anything."

"Hark, what is that," cried the wife, as a long, low, melancholy howl, different from the wind and yet like, was heard for a moment and then died away.

"It is wolves," replied the baron, "this cold weather makes them restless."

"There it is again, it is certainly nearer," Erick said his master, letting down the front window, "tell the boys to drive on, we must keep out of the way of these wolves."

"On with you men," shouted Erick; "and then in a low voice he said, 'I doubt whether we can altogether keep out of the way of these wolves.'"

"How is that?" asked the baron alarmed.

"There is a large pack of them, sir, and they are in scent of us."

"There they are. They cannot be more than half a mile off."

"What are we to do?" asked the baron.

"I know you are a Scotland man, and more used to those things than I am."

"Why, sir," said the servant, "if they come up with us we will take no notice of them, unless they attack us. As they are very timid creatures, the glare of the lamps and the sight of us will keep them well off, and in an hour we will be in. But I would advise you, sir, to draw the bullets from your large pistols and load them with swan shot, it would be more to the purpose to wound a good many than to kill one or two."

"O, papa!" cried Helena, as the baron took his pistols from the top of his carriage.

"We shall do what we can, my dear child, and God will do the rest for us. There is no great danger from these wolves, except in the very depth of winter, and if there were, He who delivered David from the paw of the bear, and the paw of the lion, and Daniel from the seven hungry lions, can deliver us also."

"They are coming," said Erick.

The baron looked, and about a hundred yards back to the right, in the woods, he could just make out a grey mass moving through the trees, and leaping into the carriage track. They did not howl, but layed fearfully. They moved steadily, but altogether, and were evidently gaining on the carriage. The post boys plied both whip and spur, and the horses themselves, in agony of fear, broke out in a canter, despite the heavy snow.

"Do you think there is any danger, my dear husband?" asked the baroness.

"I cannot tell," said her husband, "they do not seem disposed to attack us yet, but they are certainly savage. It is for the horses we have to fear first."

"Are they gaining on us?"

"A little, but they are not putting out their speed; they could be up with us in a moment if they liked."

Thus the carriage rolled on for about five minutes. Erick never took his eyes off the pack; and the baron thrusting himself out from the left hand window, watched them carefully.

"Are your pistols loaded, sir?" cried Erick.

"All with swan shot."

"I have two loaded with ball, and two with shot, so we shall do."

The pack was now not more than ten yards from the carriage, there might be about two hundred in it. At the head was an old, strong, gray headed wolf, the leader sprang on one of the wheel horses, and at the same time received a bullet through his head from Erick, who was prepared for him. "Now, sir," said he, "if you will let me have a piece of string we may be able to make something of it."

"A piece of string?" cried his master, "yes, here it is, but to what purpose?"

"Why, sir," said he, "wolves, like cowardly creatures, as they are always suspecting a trap; so I will just tie the string to this stick and let it drag behind the carriage. It will keep them off ten minutes."

Erick was right; the stick was dragged along about the distance of ten yards behind, and for some time the pack kept behind it, and were plainly afraid of it.

At last they began to grow bolder, they seemed to have discovered the trick, and passed the stick, and were again making up to the carriage.

"They will be upon us in a moment," cried Erick. "When I cry 'now sir,' be ready to fire upon them from one side, and so will I upon the other."

"Very well,"

Helena sat with her hand in her mother's looking up to her face. Her mother looked sad, but very calm; she was evidently praying.

"Now sir!" cried Erick.

Master and servant both fired at the same moment; there was a savage yell from the foremost of the fierce pack, and three or four fell.

"Load again," cried Erick; "if this lasts you will want all your pistols soon."

After they had fired once or twice, the wolves were no longer frightened by the fire and flash; and they began to surround the coach on every side.

"There is but one thing left," said Erick, "we must cut the traces of one of the leaders and turn him off—that will divert them for a little while, and turning to the fore-boy he directed him to cut the traces of his horse. The man obeyed, the terrified animal started off to the right into the forest, and with a loud yell, the whole pack rushed after him.

"Thank God for that," exclaimed the baroness. "Then we may be safe, after all."

"Ay, Madam, if it pleases Him," replied the servant, "but this relief will not last long and they will soon be upon us again."

"How far do you imagine we are from the post house now?" eagerly enquired the baron.

"Some half hour," answered Erick, "but they will chase us up to the very door—I never knew them so fierce. Hark! they have got him."

As he spoke there came a scream, or rather a shriek so horrible in its sound that once heard it could never be forgotten.—Helena and her mother exclaimed, "what can it be?"

"It is the poor horse," exclaimed the baron, "they are tearing it to pieces."

A horse shriek is the most horrible of all things.

"Drive on for your lives," shouted Erick, "they will be back presently!"

But the snow became deeper, and the road worse, and three horses, worn out with fatigue, fell in the place of four fresh ones.

On the right hand the road thinned a little opening into a glade, in the centre of which was a frozen pond; as the travellers passed it the wolves appeared dashing up the valley and the jaws and heads of many were steeped in blood.

"We must let another horse go," cried Erick, or they will be too much for us; but we must take care what we are about. You and I, sir, will fire at once, and do you Peter, he added, addressing the foremost post boy, cut the traces of your horse, jump down and leap up here by me."

This was done and the pack were again drawn off. The remaining two horses strained their utmost, and all the travellers instantly listened for any sign of the re-appearance of their enemies. The baron spoke twice to Erick but received no answer; he seemed taken up by his thoughts. At length the carriage reached the top of a hill, and at a distance of apparently two miles before it, a clear steady light was to be seen.

"Thank God! there is Bolisvo," exclaimed Erick. "Now, then, sir, I believe that you are safe." As he spoke, the wolves were again heard in the distance, and though the post light grew lighter and larger every moment, the pack gained on them, and at last surrounded them.

"It must come at last, my dear master," said Erick. "I have served you and your father these twenty years, but I never did you better service than I now intend to do. If we all remain together we shall all be torn to pieces. I will get down and with my pistols I shall, I trust, be able to keep them at bay a few minutes. You go on with all speed possible and leave me here, I know you will take care of my wife and child."

"No, Erick," said the baroness, "we will not allow this. We will all be saved or all perish together. I could not bear to escape at the price of your blood."

"No, indeed, Erick," said little Helena. The baron looked at his wife and child and said nothing.

"Besides, I will try and climb a tree," said Erick, "may be they will give me time.—But if I delay a moment longer, we shall all be lost together."

"God bless you, Erick," said his master. "God bless you, and he will bless. If you perish I will look on your wife as a sister and bring up your child as one of my own."

"Thank you, sir," said Erick firmly. "Now, God be with you all. Fire sir, two pistols at once!"

And while the baron fired, Erick leaped to the ground.—On dashed the horses; the pack terrified for a moment, stood still and layed. Almost instantly they heard the report of a pistol, and in about a minute after two close together! But they heard no more.

And now they were within a hundred yards of the strong log-hut inn; the pack close behind them; the post-boy cracks his whip; the baron; the whole party shout, and as the carriage dashes up to the door, and a fresh light pours into the road, the wolves turn and the baron and his family are safe.

Of Erick no trace was found. His pistols were discovered next morning where he had been left, three discharged, one still loaded; it is supposed he had not time to fire it before he was pulled down. I need not tell you how nobly the baron fulfilled his promise to his wife and child.

On the sacred spot now stands a monument bearing on one side of its pedestal the name and story of Erick, on the other—Greater love hath no man this—that a man lay down his own life for his friend."

SOME LETTERS.—One million two hundred and thirty thousand letters passed through the London post-office on Saturday, January the 21st. It is said to be the largest number known to have been received in one day.

THE CAPE FEAR BAR.

The passage through the Senate of a bill to appropriate \$200,000 to remove the obstructions on the Bar below Wilmington, is an event of much importance to that town, and to the whole of this part of the State.

Those of our readers who remember the prejudice attempted to be created against Senator Badger last March, by the Wilmington Journal, for an alleged indifference to this important work, will read in the proceedings of the Senate on Monday and Tuesday last, a notable commentary on that incident. If Mr. Ashe, "our talented and attentive Representative," could only have secured the "co-operation" of the North Carolina Senators, Messrs. Badger and Mangum, why the thing might have been accomplished, pretended the Journal. That paper said it knew that the Senators, (or one of them,) had turned their backs upon the application for aid. The whole story was thoroughly exposed at the extra session in March last, when it was abundantly shown by Democratic testimony, that our Senators, and particularly Mr. Badger, did all that was done, and that if the "talented and attentive" could have effected as much in his House, this most just and necessary appropriation would have been granted.

Well, now here is the bill again; presented to the Senate without a report of a Committee, without the formality of a reference at all, taken up out of its time, upon the simple request of Mr. Badger, and passed at once, without a dissenting voice. It was sent to the House on the same day, and Mr. Ashe will have a chance to exercise his talents and give his attention to it. In the Senate there are about two to one of political opponents of Mr. Badger. Yet he has inspired so much confidence in his integrity that his simple statement of facts is received as conclusive. He has earned a respect so complete, and a popularity so universal, that no one "objects" when he asks that a measure be taken up. In the House, Mr. Ashe has two-thirds of the members on his side. Let us see how he will fare among his friends. We wish that he may be as successful as those whom his Wilmington organ attempted to traduce.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

THE PUBLIC LANS.—Facts worth thinking about.

The Legislature of Illinois convened in extra session a few days since, and the message of the Governor states facts worthy of consideration in North Carolina as well as in Illinois.

He states that a few months since Illinois had only a few hundred miles of railroad; she has now more than *nearly* *hundred* miles in operation, and in less than a year will add another thousand, now in course of construction!

The Great Central Road, 704 miles in length, will be completed in the course of this year, the money for its construction, more than \$10,000,000, being derived from the public lands.

The taxable property had increased in value fifty per cent. on last year's assessment. \$1,000,000 of State debt have been paid in the last year, and the remainder, \$15,000,000, will be paid in less than ten years. The population has increased and the State is enjoying unexampled prosperity.

A very different state of things exists here. Months and years of toil are necessary to build roads here. And why? Because we send Representatives to Congress whose constitutional scruples or something else refuse us a share in those lands which are so freely bestowed upon Illinois, and to which we have a better claim.

Let us change our policy.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

THE EVENING PRAYER.—

We can scarcely imagine a scene more full of beauty and meaning than that presented by the little child who kneels at his mother's knee to ask God's blessing upon the sleep into which he is about to enter. There is a great deal of significance in the mighty prayer. It recalls the past to-day, and it reminds us of the future to-morrow; leads us to feel how much to-day's words and deeds will affect to-morrow's; and, above all, to teach us that the greatest physical or moral power which we may possess is not our own, but lent to us by a kind Creator. Sir T. Browne says that "Sleep is Death's younger brother, and so like him that I dare not trust him without my prayers." Who will deny that the night's rest is sweeter for having received a Father's blessing? Received, we say; for does not every one that asks receive it?

You look upon the babe asleep in his cradle, and say it is a picture of perfect repose. You are right. The infant feels the fullest faith in its mother's or its nurse's care, and thus its repose is perfect. The child will grow to manhood, and his face will no longer wear that happy look of peace and faith, unless he has learned to turn from a mother's to a father's care and love. If, at his mother's knee, he has daily asked for that love, he will still have the trustful child's spirit which hung so beautifully over his infancy, and grow every day more and more like those who, having "become like little children," are ready to enter the kingdom of heaven.

From present indications, it is thought, that, in a few years, France will raise, in Africa, cotton enough to supply all its own manufactures.

There are 10,780 licensed vehicles in Baltimore, and 7,537—nearly four-fifths of these, are one horse pairs.

EFFECTS OF LUXURY.

Luxurious habits will not, of course, engender crimes of turbulence or violence; will not become the parents of the rougher and fiercer vices; but, not the less, they may demoralize a man to his heart's core. They have an enervating and enfeebling influence; nay, it is an indisputable truth, though it may sound like a paradox, that in softening and hardening a man at the same time. They soften him, as they render him more and more unable to endure privations or cope with difficulties, and as they bind him round with the roscate chains of self-indulgence; they harden him as they accustom him to live in a state of callous apathy with respect to the necessities and distresses of his fellow-creatures, and as they turn his face like a flint, against any appeal which may disturb his repose or offend his fastidiousness, which may give him trouble or demand of him effort and exertion; they make him a sickly Sybarite, neither resolute nor gentle; without vigor, and yet without tenderness.—*Scientific American.*

We see that the papers of Wilmington are advocating the necessity and importance of establishing a line of steamers between that place and Cuba. It is believed that a large and profitable trade could be secured with the West Indies, and that such an enterprise would greatly stimulate the agricultural and manufacturing interests of the State. It is to be hoped that such a line will be established; the well known enterprise and liberality of the citizens of Wilmington induce us to believe that they will not willingly see it fail, but will take up the project with the energy that has always characterized them, and make it not only a fixed fact, but a very profitable investment in it. We hope to see the time, not far off we trust, when all portions of the State will be animated by the same liberal and energetic spirit that has so marked the business men of Wilmington for the last twenty years.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

A Thought for Young Men.

There is no wreck so shocking to behold, as that of a dissolute young man. On the person of a debauched inebriate, infamy is written. How nature hangs labels over him, to testify her disgust at his example. How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame! The wretch whose life-long pleasure it has been to debase himself, and to debauch others, whose heart has been spotted with sin so that it is black all over, is an offence to the heart of the unblemished.

A HIBERNIAN BULL.—

The New York Tribune says of Bodoico, the Russian Minister:

"A few years after his arrival here he married Miss Williams, of Georgetown, a young American lady of remarkable beauty. By her he leaves seven small children, besides three grown up nephews and a niece of whom he always took a paternal care."

The World and its Rulers.

There are at present eighty-three empires, monarchies, republics, principalities, duchies, and electorates. There are six emperors, including his sable highness, Faustin I. of St. Domingo, sixteen kings, numbering among them James, King of all the Mosquitoes, and also those of Dahomey and the Sandwich Islands; five queens, including Ranavalona of Madagascar, and Pomare of the Society Islands; eighteen presidents; ten reigning princes; seven grand dukes; ten dukes; one pope; two sultans, of Borneo and Turkey; two governors, of Entre Rios and Corrientes; one viceroys of Egypt; one shah, of Persia; one imam, of Muscat; one ameer, of Cabul; one bey, of Tunis; and lastly, one director of Nicaragua.

Prohibitory Liquor Law.

A special committee of the Massachusetts Legislature have reported nine to four in favor of the immediate and unconditional repeal of the "Maine Liquor law" enacted in that State two years ago. A minority report was also submitted that it is inexpedient to legislate on the subject. Each report is accompanied by a detailed argument. Of these reports the Boston Post says:

"The majority of the committee deem the present law an infringement upon popular rights and privileges; and, like all similar descriptions of legislation, incompetent to bring about the end it professes to aim at. The committee are of opinion that the main effects of the existing law are disrespect to all law and an extensive demoralization of the people."

"Grandmother," said a little girl, "buy some cucumbers." "No, my child," replied the old lady. "Why not?" asked the little girl. "Because I should hate to be seen carrying them home, when everybody knows they are only a cent a piece."

LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.

The Milton (Fla.) Courier delivers the following lecture to young men. It is too good to be cast aside, and therefore we copy it for the benefit of whom it may concern:

Young men, do you suppose the physical frame is made of iron, or gutta percha, or India rubber, or some other tough, impossible-to-use-up substance, that you knock and tumble it around in such an unaccountable manner, deprive it of rest, sear it inwardly with vile alcoholic concoctions, distend it with untimely and indigestible feeds! Do you suppose it is used to last 3-20 and 10 years, if you use it thus badly? You allow it no time to recuperate its exhausted energies; you make it work so hard doing nothing that it has no more chance than a bob-tail calf in fly time. You are foolish, for you are young; but because you are young, is no reason why you should be fools—only a little excuse. The young life-blood, vigorous and fresh, is coursing through your veins with mill-stream power, and your being overflowing with the poetry of motion, adventure, excitement; small space to retrospect, despising actualities, you fasten on hope, and catching that comet by the tail, it snakes you through immensity, till it scorches your fingers, and you drop into the mire of siber reality, and in a snow storm.

Our young men are too fond of being with the young men; for when they gather, the Old Scratch is in their midst—so certain as it was a Democratic caucus, and there's more devilry concocted in a half hour than a ten-dollar subscription to the Washington Monument Fund or a face a yard long at a "distracted meeting" would atone for. The experiences of our youth strengthen the impression that there's more real enjoyment in one quiet evening with nine yards of calico, than a three ten-strikes, eleven gin-slugs, four plates of oysters, five gates taken off the hinges, seven signs pulled down, two hours' sleep and a head-ache the next forenoon. Excitements of a different nature are equally pleasurable, according to temperament; we prefer kissing a pretty girl in the entry to knocking down a watchman, for the present and transitory bliss of the thing—on the score of consequences they being equally delectable—assault and battery vs. breach of promise; but there's no accounting for tastes, as the cookery-man said when a customer called for "assassins!" The girls are right in the road to heaven, and one can't look heaven-ward without looking at them, and you can't travel without following after overhead, and the fellows that are not 'fast' overtake their somest and enjoy them longest."

A NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN.

I was sitting dozing in my chair, when a tremendous knock was heard at my door. The servant opened it, when a man rushed in in the wildest disorder.

"For God's sake doctor," said he, "come with me! it's a case of life or death. A young girl has stabbed herself; she is bleeding to death. One thousand dollars if you save her! Come, oh, do not delay!" and he rushed towards me, as if to drag me along.

I hurried away with him, snatching my instruments from the table as I passed it. I think I never saw before such convulsive grief as this man's face expressed. He was a handsome man, with one of those faces the ladies so greatly admire—jet black hair, clustering in wavy curls over a white forehead. The lower part of his otherwise feminine features was relieved by a deep, jet black beard.

I asked him for the particulars of the case:

"Doctor," said he, "make haste. I shall go mad. Why, I would give every drop of blood in this body to save one drop of hers. Oh, God! said he, preserve my reason. She stabbed herself before I could prevent her. Make haste, doctor—oh, my God! my God!"

We reached the house. On a satin couch, in a splendid room—the rich Turkey carpet covered with her blood—lay a young girl. I think I never saw such a beautiful creature. Even with pallid countenance and bloodless lips, she was more of heaven than earth. What she was when the roses played on her downy cheeks I could only fancy.

There was a deep wound over her heart, and it was quite evident that the blow had been given with right good will. On the floor, covered with blood, lay the weapon—a slight damascene dagger, the handle richly set with pearls, strongly lit up with the reflection from the blood stained ivory.

I was too late! Alas, the life-blood was slowly dropping away. That masterpiece of creation was soon to be cold and inanimate. She slowly opened her eyes and fixed them with dying love upon the young man who had summoned me to this scene of death.

"Sidney," she said, "Sidney I am dying. My own Sidney, I could not live neglected. I told you I would love you to death. Kiss me, Sidney." She sank back, and death closed upon his victim!

My companion sat for some time strangely staring at the lifeless form on the couch. I could perceive that reason was tottering on its foundation. I was fascinated by his strange look. At last I went up to him. "Sir," I said, "she is no more. Death has released her from her troubles."

"Dead! did you say she is dead, doctor?" said he, with a strange and enigmatical expression.

ous stare at me. "Ah, and you have murdered her," yelled the madman—for such he was now. "You have murdered her, and I—I—shall murder you. Ah! ah! I will murder you with her dagger. I will stab you in the same place: Oh! it will be rare sport to see you groan and struggle like she did. Ah! ah!" and he made a bound at me. Now this was far from pleasant. In fact, it was a very awkward fix to be in. I did not know how to act. The madman made a grab at me, but fortunately I eluded his grasp, and thinking it better to fight in the dark, I seized the lamp and cast it on the floor. The room was now dark. The madman set up a terrific yelling, and I could hear him lock the door and put the key in his pocket, while he kept muttering, "I will kill him, I will kill him. Oh, it will be rare sport to see him die like she did!"

I felt my courage rise with the emergency. I half determined to try a struggle with him, but I knew the increased strength that the insane possess, and I thought it scarcely prudent. What should I do? I must do something. It would soon be daylight, when I would again be in his power. I felt for some weapon with which to defend myself, and as luck would have it, I found a heavy dumb bell in the corner where I lay concealed. Presently, I heard the madman slowly searching for me. I raised the dumb bell; "May God forgive me," I said; "I descended, and I was free. The madman lay stunned on the floor. I rushed to the door, smashed in the lock with the heavy metal, and rushed down stairs.—Presently the house was all in commotion. Oh! what a scene—the girl dead in a pool of blood—the man—insane on the floor, with the dagger firmly clutched in his hand! I bled him, and he slowly recovered. But reason never returned. He is a madman to this day. I never heard the history of my patients of that night. They were strangers in the house. I never will forget that night's adventure.

Pickpockets.

We judge, from the number of pocket books lost in this city within the last few days, that there are several skillful pickpockets on a visit to this city. Last Saturday night Mr. Weed and other gentlemen lost their pocket books at the National Theatre. We know of one gentleman who was more fortunate than others—having found a pocket-book in his coat that did not belong to him.—The gentleman gave us a description of the book and contents, when we informed him that it was the one lost by Mr. Weed. If persons will go into crowds with money about them when we know of no better advice than—"keep your hands on your pocket-books."—Since Saturday night we understand that the light fingered gentry have been successful in relieving other persons of their money at the National Theatre. One gentleman lost seventy dollars on Monday night, and another ninety.—*Washington News.*

One of the Chester county prize fighters, HUGH SLOAN by name, was arrested on Friday by the authorities of Chester county. While on his way to Philadelphia, in charge of the Sheriff, he jumped from the car while it was going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The Sheriff got off about an eighth of a mile distant, hurried back, and found his prisoner lying senseless in his encounter with the earth he had come off second best. The Sheriff secured and lodged him in Chester county jail. Some young people in Warrenton, had a candy stew, a few nights ago, and after the usual sports on such an occasion, retired from the room, leaving a portion of the candy in a dish, on a table. A mouse visited the plate during the night, to lick the butter with which it had been greased to keep the candy from sticking. His tail was suffered to fall on the candy, which, it appears, was soft and yielding. It became embedded, and the mouse lingered long enough for the candy to cool and harden; and next morning was a fast prisoner! This is one of the tales of Moore, the editor of the *Warrenton News.* POWERS OF ATTORNEY FOR THE PAYMENT OF PENSIONS.— It is held in the Treasury Department that the amount of pension due a pensioner under several acts of Congress can be properly paid without a separate power of attorney under each act. One power of attorney will be sufficient, if it covers all the time for which the pension is due under all the acts—the attorney making oath, as required by the regulations, that he has no interest in the pension money to be received. Rapid Growth. In 1847, there was scarcely a dozen white inhabitants in the place now known as St. Paul, in Minnesota territory. The village now contains 700 houses and 4700 inhabitants. The amount of taxable property in 1853 was \$901,437. The capital at present invested in business is \$825,000. There is an anecdote alluded to the effect that Lord Palmerston, in answer to a question put to the other day by an indiscreet toady, as to whether a war was imminent, replied, very concisely, "Barely impossible." The first cold cut nail in the world was made in 1777, by Jacobus Wilkinson, of Cumberland, E. I., who still lives."