

THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

WARING & PRITCHARD, Proprietors.

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, MINING, AND NEWS.

PRICE \$2 PER YEAR—In Advance.

"The States---Distinct as the Willow, but one as the Sea."

VOL. 4.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1855.

NO. 10

WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

R. P. WARING & H. M. PRITCHARD.

Office, one door south of Sadler's Hotel—up stairs.

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Fall Fevers, and how to avoid them.
The season has come when fevers prevail. A fever taken in the fall, moreover, is more apt to be stubborn than one caught in the spring. Under such circumstances, a few hints, without regard to autumnal fevers, may do good.

Most fevers are the result of carelessness. Of course, we speak of fever in its ordinary form, and not of it when epidemic. The prevailing fever of the fall season is the intermittent, commonly known as the ague, in which the fever goes off for a time, or intermits, making way for an access of cold, which in severe cases, rises to a chill that shakes the whole person. This fever, once taken, is frequently not got rid of till the following spring, and often hangs about the victim for a longer time, continually recurring. A drink of iced lemonade, or a north-easterly wind, has been known to bring back this fever long after the individual had supposed himself cured of it. Not infrequently it is present with the least suspicion. A nervous irritability, a slight disposition to chilliness, and a feeling of indescribable wretchedness, often attend persons, who are yet unable to tell what is the matter with them. They usually suffer from intermittent fever. In fact, it prevails, under this low type, to a far greater degree than is generally imagined.

Exposure to the night air at this season, sitting in damp rooms, or remaining with wet clothes on, are the most ordinary examples of the carelessness through which this fever is caught. Citizens who are visiting in the country, or who live in suburban cottages, are particularly liable to intermittent, for they sit out in the moon light, without their heads being covered, just as they would in town, and the consequence is a fit of the chills. Others, forgetting that country houses are damper than city ones, neglect to make fires morning and evening, a thing almost indispensable for health, for though farmers do not do this, it is because they sit in the kitchens, where there are such fires, and therefore do not feel the need of it. Physicians attribute these fevers to the miasm in the atmosphere, caused by the decay of vegetable matter in damp localities. Intermittents always prevail most where, after heavy rains in June and July, the sun comes out hot in August and September. To live near a tract of land actually buried under water, is not therefore as unhealthy as to reside near a half drained meadow or swamp. High lands generally, though not invariably, are exempt. A wood or hill sheltering a house from the winds that blow from a noxious locality, frequently protects the inmates from taking the disease.

Care, in avoiding an intermittent, is the more necessary, because the fever sometimes, though not often, runs into severe types. Next in danger to intermittent is the remittent, in which the fever subsides for a while, but afterwards returns with its old violence. The ordinary bilious fever is of this character. The continued fevers are the most dangerous of all. When yellow fever prevails epidemically, fevers of less violence, and of all types, rage in the same region, attacking those who escape the pestilence; and some physicians say that they also exist, to a greater degree than usual, for a year or two preceding the epidemic, thus giving warning of its approach. But this opinion is not universally held. A careful collection and analysis of facts, derived from the late experience of New Orleans, Savannah and Norfolk, might, however, definitely determine this question.

Exhaustion of the physical powers, either by excess, fatigue, or protracted grief, renders the individual peculiarly liable to fall fever. The surest way to avoid them is to live moderately, eating nourishing food, taking daily exercise, and cultivating cheerfulness of mind. An ounce of prevention is worth a bushel of cure. —Philadelphia Ledger.

COUNCIL OF STATE.—This body assembled at the Executive office, in this city, on Thursday last—present, Messrs. Hawkins, Stowe, Trolinger, Kennan, Holmes, and Love. The vacancy in the Council, occasioned by the resignation of William Badham, Esq., of Cowan, was filled by the appointment of Dr. Richard Dillard, of the same County.

The Board of Internal Improvements, which met on the 5th, having made the States' subscription of \$600,000 to the North Carolina Western Railroad Company, in accordance with the provisions of the charter, the Governor and Council appointed the following Directors on the part of the State in said Road: A. A. Caldwell and Chas. F. Fisher, of Rowan; A. M. Powell, and T. W. Bradford, of Catawba; Alexander Clark and Geo. F. Davidson, of Fredrick; and W. W. Avery and R. C. Pearson, of Burke. —Standard.

VISITORS.—Rev. Dr. Cone, the distinguished Baptist clergyman, who recently died in New York, was formerly a theatre actor, and his last appearance on the stage was on the terrible night of the destruction of the Richmond theatre in 1811 when the Governor of Virginia and a great many other prominent citizens perished in the flames. —He was afterwards editor of a daily paper at Baltimore, Md., then a Departmental clerk, at Washington, and in 1823 became a Baptist pastor in New York.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, on Know-Nothingism.

The Mason (Ga.) Telegraph of the 11th inst. contains an editorial report of the speeches delivered at a grand mass meeting of Democrats and anti Know-Nothing held in Griffin on Thursday, the 6th inst., from which we clip the following which the editor gives as the substance of the remarks made by the Hon. A. H. Stephens, now a candidate for re-election to Congress from that State. The battle is over in Virginia—the monster was effectually strangled by the gallant Democracy in this State on the 24th of May last. Notwithstanding we have none the less interest in similar struggles in our sister States, and are, therefore, assured that even a brief synopsis of the remarks of the eloquent, bold and gifted Stephens—we might add, with perfect propriety, the patriotic and truly Southern Stephens—will be acceptable to those in Virginia who have enjoyed one victory and who earnestly hope for the pleasure of congratulating their Democratic friends of Georgia upon a similar triumph in that State.

Gov. McDougal opened the proceedings, and then introduced to the audience, the Hon. A. Stephens, whose appearance was greeted with cheer upon cheer of congratulation and delight.

Mr. Stephens said he wanted the people to hear his words and remember them. He came to speak not to their passions, but to their reason—not to their hearts but to their heads. He had confidence in the people and their capacity to govern themselves. They needed no secret dictators and he had no fears for the result when he saw them, as then, feeling an interest in public affairs, and determined to examine into them. The question was merely this: Were they willing to live under the Constitution of their fathers, or did they want another? We have formerly differed about measures, but now the difference was about a form of Government. The Know-Nothing propose to substitute their supreme council for the present Government, and their Constitution for the Constitution of the country. Let the people choose. Which would they have—the Constitution of their fathers, or that of the Know Nothing Council? That was the real question. He had the Know-Nothing Constitution in his hand. It was genuine and he knew it. It declared that the Supreme National Council should "decide all matters appertaining to National politics," that it should have power to "tax," and "power to punish," without limitation or restriction. This was more power than was claimed for Congress. Our forefathers guarded our liberty with checks and balances. It made the Senate a check upon the House—the President a check upon the Senate, and the Judiciary a check upon the President. But this party claimed all these powers for their secret National Council alone. Here was power to decide our National politics—power to tax and to punish—power over the sword and power over the purse—in short, all the great powers of government, in the hands of a few men, and men not chosen by the people at that. What then was the use of our Constitution or of our Government? This party made another Constitution and Government for us. Would a freeman acknowledge their right to tax him? To punish him? To decide all political questions for him? What was the question? Did the people want a new Government? Were they tired of the Constitution of Jefferson and Washington and Franklin? They must choose between them. They must say whether they wanted another form of Government. He held in his hand the two Constitutions. The one made by our fathers, the other by the Know-Nothing. Choose ye, this day which of the two ye will have.

He said that a good deal had been said about a phrase of his, in reference to the "dry rot" and the Democratic party. When that party had free soldiers in its fields, he did not think they had the "dry rot" but they had met at Middleville and cut off the "dry rot" part of it, and refused to acknowledge such men as the Van Burens and Preston King. Banks of Massachusetts was the leader of the "dry rot democrats" who voted against the Kansas Bill. As soon as that bill passed, Banks and forty three dry rot Democrats went and pitched into the pool of Know-Nothingism. The seven Southern Whigs who opposed that bill, went and pitched into the same pool with Banks. Such a whig as they were, he never had been, and so help him God, he never would be. For his part he would rather act with those who had cut off the dry rot part, than with those who had it. Every man who fought by his side for the Kansas bill—he meant from the North—called himself a Democrat; every one of them. He was none of your glass-eyed skittish horses to shy at a shadow. He went not for sound but for substance. He was not frightened at a name, and he would strike hands with any man from the North or South, no matter what he called himself, when he stood up and battled for the rights of the South. There was one man who had stood by his side for two days and nights, when he was fighting for Kansas. A man who has been very much abused, but who in his opinion stood head and shoulders above any man in the New York delegation. He meant Mike Walsh—a man who had graduated, as he said himself, not in Colleges, but at the plane and carpenter's bench—a man who spoke with an Irish lisp and an Irish accent, but who had as true an American heart, and as true a Southern heart as ever animated mortal frame. It made no difference to him, because Mike Walsh called himself a Democrat. He was a true man, and, before this Southern audience, he called for three cheers for Mike Walsh. (Here three cheers went up from about 4000 throats, which were worthy of Tammany itself, and which, we hope, some friendly wind bore to the ears of Mike himself.)

Mr. Stephens went on to say that the Know-Nothing of Georgia, where now shouting slyly at the Kansas bill—not attacking it openly, that they were afraid to do—but grumbling at it, shooting at it, and shooting at it through him. He would remove their little arrows. They were not like the spear of Palemon. He could brush them off as easily as he could thistle prickles. He wished Judge Nisbet was there to hear him, as he wished every other man was there, who was objecting to the bill, because it allowed Foreigners to vote in the territory on their own territorial matters. That principle had been acknowledged and acted on from the beginning of the Government. It was in the Ordinance of 87. It was repeated in bill after bill down to 1812.

It was in the Clayton Compromise bill, too. Why were these men so silent all this time? They never chipped until the South got Kansas. Why was it—he asked, that they never found this principal dangerous till we got Kansas? As to giving land to foreigners, there was no such provision, either as to natives or foreigners, in the bill. How a sensible man could say that the Foreigners to Kansas had been against the South, he could not understand. Four thousand votes in Kansas for Slavery, and one thousand against it—that was the way it opened. If these gentlemen wanted Kansas to be a free State, then they may say that the foreigners then were in fact, the enemy in a mingled strain of eloquence, argument and satire, which fairly enraptured their attention for about two hours and a half. In the course of his remarks, he descended upon Mr. Robert Tripp as an eagle may be supposed to swoop down upon a jay, and administered a wholesome lesson to that gentleman, as to the impropriety of making garbled extracts from public speeches. It is impossible for us to give anything like a sketch of his masterly effort. It was a speech worthy of the man and the occasion. It incited a most thorough and comprehensive knowledge of all the political history of the country, and was a speech, which it seems to us, could not be heard without producing a radical change of opinion in the most hardened Know Nothing in Georgia. The speaker was received with great enthusiasm, and cheered repeatedly from first to last.

Shakespeare and the Bible.
A writer in the Savannah Republican selects the following passages from the Bible and Shakespeare's works. They show that the great dramatist was familiar with the Sacred writings: Bible—The Apostle says: "But though I be rude in speech,"—2d Corinth, chapter xi, verse 6.
Othello—Rude! I am in speech.
Bible—"Shew his eyes and grieve his heart,"—1st Sam., chapter xi, verse 33.
Macbeth—Shew his eyes and grieve his heart.
Bible—"Thou hast brought me into the dust of death,"—Psalm.
Macbeth—Lighted fools the way to dusty death.
Bible—"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun has looked upon me,"—Sol. Song, chapter i, verse 6.
Merchant of Venice—Mistake me not for my complexion; its shadowy livery of the burning sun.
Bible—"I smote him, I caught him by his beard and smote him, and slew him,"—1st Sam., chapter xvii, verse 35.
Othello—I took him by the throat, the circumstance, God, and smote him.
Bible—"Opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day, let it not be joined into the days of the year, let it not come into the number of months,"—Job, chapter iii, verse xvi.
Macbeth—May this accursed hour stand, aye accursed in the calendar.
Bible—"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. Thou crownest him with glory and honour, and dost set him over the works of thy hand,"—Psalm viii, verses 4, 5, 6.
Hamlet—What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties; in form, and moving, how express and admirable. In action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a God. "The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."
Bible—"Necron lay down his harness,"
Macbeth—We will die with harness on our back.

An Irishman tells the following incident of his first experience in America:

I came to this country several years ago, and as soon as I arrived, hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres.

He showed me over the premises, the stables, cow, and where the corn, hay, oats, &c., were kept, and then sent me in to get my supper. After supper, he said to me:

"James, you may feed the cow, and give her the corn in the ear."
I went out and walked about, thinking what could he mean—had I understood him? I scratched my head, then resolved I would inquire again; so I went into the library where he was writing very busily, and asked him what I should do.

"I thought I told you to give the cow some corn in the ear."
I went out more puzzled than ever. What sort of an animal must this Yankee cow be? I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like mine in the old country.

Dripping with sweat, I entered my master's presence once more.

"Please, sir," said I, "you bid me give the cow some corn in the ear—but did you not mean the mouth?"

He looked at me for a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, I made for the stables as fast as my feet could take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man.

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.—The Commissioners for the North Carolina Asylum for the insane, held a meeting in this city last week—present, Messrs. John M. Morehead, Calvin Graves, George W. Mordecai, C. L. Hinton, and Thomas D. Hogg.

We learn that Dr. E. C. Fisher was re-appointed Superintendent, at a salary of \$2,000. Dr. Fisher will remove to the Asylum, and reside there permanently, giving his personal attention to the affairs of the institution. Mrs. W. J. Alexander, of Lincolnton, was appointed Matron of the institution, at a salary of \$500; and Mr. Rufus K. Ferrill, of Wake, was appointed Steward, at a salary of \$300. These are all good appointments. We entertain no doubt that the institution, with such officers, and under the care of wise and humane Legislatures, will fully realize the expectations of the benevolent and philanthropic.

The buildings, it is expected, will be completed furnished, and ready for the reception of this afflicted class, by the first of next January. The painting and plastering have been completed, and the steepling is nearly done. The institution is designed to accommodate 250 persons. —Standard.

A Boy Murdered by his Mother and Aunt—Their Deaths by Suicide.

A most dreadful affair, involving the lives of three persons, was made public yesterday in the Brewery, and created great excitement throughout all the part of the city. About two years ago Cecilia Stein, Wanda Stein her sister, and Edward Stein, son of the latter, lived in two rooms in the 3rd story of house 335 B. here from Mr. James Berk, the present occupant. The sisters, who were at that time sewing, embroidery, &c., were very general and much respected. At length the pressure of the times, so prevalent amongst all classes of trade filtered them, and their fortitude failed. In fact, they found it almost impossible to live and to do so comfortably were obliged to give periodically on Lewis May who had known them from their childhood, for assistance. He lent a helping hand, and by his timely aid, these poor but industrious females managed to pay their rent promptly till last month, when they were compelled to ask a little indulgence at the hand of their landlord. He being a humane man, it was granted. They, however, had previously told Mr. May, on various occasions, that if the times grew much worse, they would poison themselves. He laughed at the idea, and talked encouragingly to them. He had not the most remote idea that they would execute the threat. On Monday last, Cecilia, the eldest sister, addressed a note to Mr. May, saying that she intended to leave the United States. The messenger who conveyed this letter to his place of business also returned his dejected-looking wife, which the sisters had held some time. Mr. May did not receive the letter the day it was written and therefore could not answer it promptly, as requested. The day of its reception, Mr. May called to see the sisters, but found the door of their room fastened. He, therefore, wrote a note, explaining why he had not called sooner, and sticking it under the door, went home. Mr. Berk, or his wife, not having seen their tenants since Tuesday afternoon, became concerned about them thinking perhaps that they had left, as a man was seen on Monday carrying off some luggage for them. It was finally resolved to burst open the door of their room which was executed in the presence of officer Dunn, of the 17th ward Police.

On opening the door of their sleeping room, a most horrible and sickening sight was presented to Mr. Berk and the officer, it being no less than the dead bodies of the three persons referred to. On the bed lay Wanda Stein, the younger sister, with blood and red gushing from her mouth, while beside her, next to the wall, by the dead body of her son six years of age. Cecilia Stein was lying on the floor, face downwards, with a fallen chair over her body, she evidently having rolled from the bed and upon the chair in the fall. The most obvious and sickening effluvia was emitted from the bodies, rendering it next to impossible for a person to remain in the room, even for a minute. Two empty ounces vials, which had contained prussic acid, and a couple of tea cups, were found on the floor near the bed. Cornerer Wilhelm was immediately notified and held an inquest, when the bodies as mentioned were elevated. Dr. Uhl examined the bodies, and from what he discovered, and the general history of the case, he was satisfied that these deaths were the result of prussic acid.

The Fever at Norfolk.
The execution of the boy Frank, for the murder of the Rev. J. J. Worms, took place on Friday last, the 24th inst. It is strange to say that the majority of the citizen of Alexandria, and in fact the inhabitants all round, were anxious to see him executed, and on the fatal day, when it came to pass, there was not a dozen people there. Some drove forty miles to witness this painful drama, but he was executed and buried by the time they came to Alexandria. On the day before he was called to face death, some gentlemen visited him, and propounded questions to him; but his answers were, and could be no other than childish. He was, I believe, only ten years old. The gentlemen told him the sheriff was to hang him on the next morning, and asked him what he thought of it, and whether he had made his peace with God, and why he did not pray? His answer was—I have been hungry many a time! He was, at the time, amusing himself with some marbles he had in his cell! He was playing all the time in jail, never once thinking that death was soon to claim him as his victim. To show you how a child's mind ranges when about to die, I will mention that, when upon the scaffold, he begged to be permitted to pray—which was granted—and then he commenced to cry! Oh, what a horrible sight it was!

Execution of a Boy.
ALEXANDRIA, LA., Aug. 27.
The execution of the boy Frank, for the murder of the Rev. J. J. Worms, took place on Friday last, the 24th inst. It is strange to say that the majority of the citizen of Alexandria, and in fact the inhabitants all round, were anxious to see him executed, and on the fatal day, when it came to pass, there was not a dozen people there. Some drove forty miles to witness this painful drama, but he was executed and buried by the time they came to Alexandria. On the day before he was called to face death, some gentlemen visited him, and propounded questions to him; but his answers were, and could be no other than childish. He was, I believe, only ten years old. The gentlemen told him the sheriff was to hang him on the next morning, and asked him what he thought of it, and whether he had made his peace with God, and why he did not pray? His answer was—I have been hungry many a time! He was, at the time, amusing himself with some marbles he had in his cell! He was playing all the time in jail, never once thinking that death was soon to claim him as his victim. To show you how a child's mind ranges when about to die, I will mention that, when upon the scaffold, he begged to be permitted to pray—which was granted—and then he commenced to cry! Oh, what a horrible sight it was!

The Whole Thing Burst Up.—We understand that the know-nothing councils of Savannah met in grand conference last evening and resolved to disband! They passed resolutions to surrender up their charters, papers, lists of enrolment archives, &c., to who could not learn—perhaps to the mother council of Massachusetts. We sincerely hope, before they are shipped, that a curious public be permitted to see them. Our know-nothing friends might thereby turn an honest penny. We would give as much to see those documents as we would to see Brown's Happy Family.

The national constitution, ritual, oaths obligations, initiation, ceremonies and all, likewise, we understand went by the board. As to the secretary anti-Nebraska platform we are not so well informed. One thing is certain, however—know-nothingism in Savannah has completely burst up! We are not surprised. It has held together no longer by far than we had expected.

In writing the obituary of this singular order a few words will suffice. It was born of abolition, nourished by intolerance and prescription, and died at the elections in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Alabama. —Savannah Georgian.

The finest idea of a thunder storm extant is when Wiggins came home right. Now Wiggins is a teacher, and had been to a temperance meeting and drank too much lemonade, or something. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then he tumbled over the cradle and fell whop on the floor. After a while he rose and said:

"Wife, are you hurt?"
"No."
"Girls, are you hurt?"
"No."
"Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

Incidents of the Pestilence.
A letter from Norfolk, published in The Charleston Courier, says:

"A man jumped into the river the other day and was drowned; his entire family had been swept away by the breath of the destroying angel, and he alone was left. We witness scenes every day that make the tears flow and the heart bleed. A lady died at the hospital last week leaving an only child, a girl about five years old. She had seen her father and brothers and sisters carried one by one, to their narrow home, and the spirit of her dear mother had now departed. She sat by the cold corpse weeping bitterly, and as she sat there a shivering, with her face buried in her lap. I felt the warm tear drops course down my own cheeks. I commanded my feelings and spoke to her tenderly. I told her that her mother was no longer sick and suffering pain, but she was in heaven, in the presence of her Saviour and in the company of angels and good people, and if she would be a good girl she would see her mother again. I comforted her by telling her that God was her father, and that he would take care of her. She left the room. About an hour afterwards, while I was walking along the street, I saw this little girl; she recognized me immediately, and smiling through her tears, she ran toward me, and clasping my hand in hers, she said, with touching simplicity, 'Do, Sir, have my dear mother buried in a coffin; it would pain my mother very much if she was put into one of those horrid boxes.'"

We copy the following extract from a letter published in The Charleston Mercury, from one of the physicians of that city now in Norfolk. What a volume of woes does it speak:

Lafayette and the Catholic Priests.
From the Leader.

When the Abbe Dubois was about embarking for the United States, towards the end of the last century, he received letters of introduction from General Lafayette to Beverly Randolph, then, I believe, Governor of Virginia, and by the influence of that same illustrious man, was conveyed to the American shores in a national vessel of the French Republic. On arriving at Richmond, he was most kindly welcomed by the Governor, who tendered him the State House for the celebration of a military high mass, at which many of the French officers and some distinguished American gentlemen assisted; among these was Patrick Henry, between whom and the young Abbe so close a friendship ensued, that the great orator and statesman took him into his own family, and did not disdain to teach him the English language.

The old Seminarsian of "the Mountain" remembered the old graphic and vivid terms Mr. Dubois (then Superior of that Institution) used to describe the illustrious men of Virginia of those times; with what grateful emotions he spoke of Randolph, Bushrod, Washington, and especially Patrick Henry, whose famous "Beef, Beef, Beef" speech, as he was accustomed to style it, he had heard delivered, and passages from which he often repeated to the students.

The Abbe Dubois, thus recommended by Lafayette, became the founder of the College of Emmburg, the nursery of Bishops and Priests, and was ultimately appointed Bishop of New York.

Now, if Lafayette believed, and gave utterance to the belief, as is pretended, that "if ever the literature of the United States should be destroyed, it would be by Catholic Priests," how could he have introduced and recommended the Abbe Dubois to some of the Fathers of the American Revolution? and how could they, who must have been acquainted with his sentiments on the subject, have admitted him into their families and confidence?

Surely this fact, which I am surprised has not been brought before the public notice till now must be a convincing proof that the words attributed to Lafayette, were never uttered by that great man.

A MOUNTAINEER OF 1823.
Brooklyn, Aug. 20, 1855.

SAVE THE MAN WITH THE RED HAIR.—It requires great coolness and experience to steer a course down the rapids of the Salt Sea, Marie; and a short time before our arrival, two Americans had ventured to descend them without boatsmen, and were consequently upset. As the story was reported to us, one of them owed his salvation to a singular coincidence. As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate man, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing toward the group, frantic with excitement. "Save the man with the red hair!" he vehemently shouted, and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful and the red haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed.

"He owes me eighteen dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath and looking approvingly on his assistants.

The red haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Salt, and in default of a competing place, was allowed to pay his debt of nature.

"And I'll tell you what, stranger," said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom,—"a man 'il never know how necessary he is to society, if he don't make his life valuable to his friends as well as himself." —Blackwood.

Heaven knows how many simple letters, from simple minded women, have been kissed, cherished and wept over by men of far loftier intellect. —So it will be to the end of all time. It is a lesson worth learning, by those young creatures who seek to allure by their accomplishments, or dazzle their genius, that though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. It loves her for what is essentially distinct from it, though not incompatible with them. This is why we often see a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Stuels and Corines, to take into his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is—what few female celebrities are— a true woman.

John Carroll, Esq., the great grandson of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton who is now running on the Democratic Legislature ticket in Howard county, made his first speech on Saturday last, at a meeting of both parties. After speaking of the condition of parties in the State and country, he declared to the Know Nothing: "I am a Catholic; but if you must prescribe do not commence upon so humble an individual as myself. Go back to the past, and erase from the record of the Declaration of Independence the name of my ancestor and the companion of your forefathers, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton."

THEY WILL BE DONE.—The late Mr. Kilpin, of Exeter, writes, "I knew a case in which the minister, praying over a child apparently dying, said, 'It is they will, pray—' The mother's soul yearning for beloved, exclaimed, 'It must be his will! I cannot bear it.' The minister stopped. To the surprise of many the child recovered; and the mother, after almost suffering martyrdom by him while a stripling, lived to see him hanged before he was two and twenty! O! it is good to say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'"

THE NEW YORK EXPRESS THINKS THAT "SHEILA" HAS RAINED "SAM."—It's the best thing he could do. Sam should have remembered the caution of Horace, (but then Horace was a "forger.") "VICINOZ CUI—SINE CURETO."