

# The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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### Poetry.



### Loveliness in Death.

A DESCRIPTION FROM NATURE.

And we shall be changed to a moment; for this mortal must put on immortality. And when this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall death be swallowed up in victory.—Scriptures.

She slept, but could not find Nature's sleep; Friendship could not give her rest—  
That hope was vain; the vital power  
Was wafted with the wafting hour.

Her lids unclosed. She breathed no sound,  
But calmly looked on all around,  
And calm in silence sought to rest—  
Then closed her eyes and sank to rest.

Gone was the life sustaining breath;  
But oh, how beautiful was death!  
Mortality had passed away,  
But there a sleeping angel lay.

No voice the slumbering silence broke,  
But life in every feature spoke;  
For death had passed away,  
And left a sleeping angel lay.

The countenance a glowy glow,  
A loveliness unknown before;  
So perfect, so divinely fair,  
As if a sainted soul were present there.

On that calm face were still impress'd  
The best emotions of the breast;  
Those the nature in every line,  
Of fond affection's lingering stay.

And still did resignation speak  
Sweetly from the placid cheek;  
And kind benevolence was there,  
With humble faith and prayer.

Oh, how did beauty's sweet bloom—  
As if a sainted soul were present there,  
With love and purity still,  
And sweet repose, and calm delight.

If sleep there be in reality,  
Then death is the sleep of love;  
Mortal man's dream a dream like this,  
Of perfect, pure, celestial bliss!

Love spirit! while thy friends remain  
As yet, we must not part;  
But oh, how soon thy friends will be,  
That pass through death like time to thee!

### Miscellaneous.

### THE TWO DAGUERRETYPES.

#### A New Way to Reform a Drunkard.

CHAPTER I.

Jim Scroggins, though in the main, an honest, peaceable, quiet, harmless fellow, had a beset habit of getting drunk whenever an opportunity presented itself; and, unfortunately, because "where there's a will there's a way," the opportunities were both fit and frequent.

Jim owned a comfortable homestead, that he had almost paid for. Mrs. Scroggins was a "real worker," and no doubt did her full share in buying the homestead. She was endowed with a great deal of energy and good judgment, and people were so malicious as to say she was the smartest man of the town.

It is this as may, Mrs. Scroggins was an industrious woman, and took a good deal of pride in the little place which had been bought by their mutual industry—and the thought of having it wrested from them by a cold-hearted creditor was in the highest degree disagreeable; but to such a calamity, her husband's infirmity, as the good mother of the village called it, seemed to point.

The habit grew upon him, as it almost always does upon those who are in the habit of indulging too freely. The miseries of the drunkard's wife had been too often presented to the good woman's understanding, to be regarded as simple creations of imagination, and she looked forward with alarm, to the prospect of enduring them, and losing the little place.

But what could she do? She had exhausted her eloquence upon the infatuated man, without producing any thing but a temporary effect. She pointed him, kindly, to the inevitable effect of his indulgence, and Jim promised to do better; but, alas for the vanity of human expectations! he got tipsy the very next day.

Then she appealed to his love of money—to his satisfaction in being the owner of a cottage and ten acres of land, and warning up with the importance of the subject, declared she would not enslave herself any longer to pay for the place, and then have it taken away from them to pay a ram bill.

Jim listened patiently to the good dame's eloquence, and, as usual, promised to do better; but, also, as usual, he came into the house the very next day, tight as a fiddle-string.

Mrs. Scroggins was in despair; "what to do she didn't know," as she expressed it to Parson Allwise, who was a sympathizer with her in distress. She had out-

ed, she had scolded, she had threatened, and all to no purpose. "What could a body do?"

Parson Allwise himself, though he made it a point not to interfere in the domestic affairs of his parishioners, was at last moved to try his powers of persuasion on the poor fellow.

But Jim, unfortunately for the success of his appeal, had but a poor opinion of himself in general, and of Parson Allwise in particular; and as good as told the worthy Pastor that he had better mind his own business.

Mrs. Scroggins was shocked at the boldness of her spouse in answering a minister of the gospel in such a pointed manner, and was led to believe that the case was now hopeless indeed.

But woman's wit are equal to almost any emergency; and though she had confessedly given Jim over to the tender mercies of the devil, she could not help thinking it would be a good thing if he could only be saved from himself.

One day, circumstances seemed to conspire in favor of an experiment, which had suggested itself to her fertile brain, and she immediately carried it into effect, with the most happy success, as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER II.

Jim had been cleaning out the pig pen, and as the operation was rather a disagreeable one he had fortified his faculties by drinking an inordinate quantity of vile New England rum.

The filthy stuff, happily, did not take effect on his brain till the job was done. The pig pen was cleaned out, but Jim was in a condition which better fitted him to occupy it, than the neat, white-floored kitchen of his cottage. But Jim did not realize this unpleasant truth, and leaving his shovel and hoe in the sty, staggered to the house.

"He was a sight to behold," as Mrs. Scroggins told the minister. The job he had just completed was essentially a dirty one, and Jim, as we have remarked, being prudent, he had prepared himself to perform it without any detriment to the neat garments he ordinarily wore. He was dressed in a ragged suit of clothes, and on his head rested a shocking hat with the crown stove in, and the brim half torn off. As the liquor began to fuddle him, he moved it over from his perpendicular position, so that it rested quite jauntily on one side of his head.

Jim settled himself heavily in the chair by the cooking stove, looked silly, and seemed disposed to address himself to slumber, his usual resort when inebriated.

Mrs. Scroggins was mad at first, for it was only the day before that Jim, for the hundredth time, had promised never to drink another drop, not even in a case of sickness.

But what was the use of getting mad with such a poor, silly, imbecile thing as he was at that moment. He was not in a condition to appreciate a regular matrimonial blow up, and she wisely resolved to reserve the vials of her wrath, to be poured out at a more convenient season.

She looked at him and thought of losing the little place—of poverty, degradation, and the poor house. A lucky thought arose, like the Phoenix from the flames, out of the contemplation of the dark picture; and after a few moments' deliberation she put on her bonnet and cloak, and hurried over to the village not half a mile distant.

For a week previous a young daguerreotypist, with a portable saloon—a kind of overgrown omnibus—had been delighting the villagers by giving them the semblance of their faces, at prices varying from nine shillings to three dollars a head, depending on the value of the case.

All the people in the town had been daguerreotypist, and the omnibus man was the most popular person in the village. All the dames and maidens had been taken, and every Jonathan and Jehiel who could boast of a Susan, a Ruth, or a Sally, was taken with her by his side in the picture, his arm thrown lovingly around her neck, and looking matterably affectionate.

But Mrs. Scroggins was not sentimental; she had gotten over all that long before Jim took to drinking. She proposed to put the skill of the daguerreotypist to a more practical use than that of getting the good will of a lover.

She entered the saloon, and though her heart did beat a little at the degradation of exposing her domestic matters to an entire stranger, she demeaned herself with all indifference becoming the trying occasion.

Fortunately for her all the people in the town had "been taken," and it was a dry time with the artist. In as few words as possible she stated the case to him, and the young gentleman readily promised cooperation.

Taking his apparatus under his arm, he accompanied Mrs. Scroggins to the cottage where Jim was sleeping off the effects of the villainous New England.

The inebriate sat in precisely the same position in which his wife had left him. He was asleep in a high-backed chair, which kept his head up, so that everything was favorable to the sitting.

In a trice, Jim Scroggins' old hat, ragged clothes, long beard, dozing, drunken expression, and all, were transferred to the plate.

But the picture did not suit the artist; he thought one taken when the sitter was awake would be a more correct representation. Mrs. Scroggins thought so, too, and when the daguerreotypist had put in a new plate, she waked him up.

"What day's it?" asked Jim, with a yawn.

"Wake up!" and the lady gave him a smart pinch, which opened his eyes, giving out the true expression of the drunkard.

The artist was prompt, and in an instant, edition second of Jim Scroggins was on the plate.

The original, not being required for farther use, was suffered to sink away and complete his nap.

The pictures were put into a frame, and Mrs. Scroggins produced her money.

"Nothing, ma'am, I shall not charge you anything."

"But, sir, I am able to pay."

The artist shook his head, resolutely refusing to touch her money. Of course, Mrs. Scroggins was grateful, and gave the artist an invitation to take tea with her, which he accepted. In the course of the meal, the daguerreotypist told the story of his own life—how he had been brought up in the midst of intemperance, and knew all about it. His father had died drunk, and leaving his mother penniless, he had supported her from the profits of his portable saloon. Mrs. Scroggins of course sympathized with the young man, and readily understood why he would not take pay for the pictures.

But what was better than all, the young artist took quite a fancy to Jim's only daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen; and, after tea, insisted on taking her daguerreotype. And the shy rogue pretended that the first was not a good one, and took another, which she took away with him.

The tea things were cleared away, and when he did go, the poor girl's heart followed him, and half the night she laid awake to think of him.

CHAPTER III.

Jim Scroggins recovered from his debauch, but the first thing he saw when he came into the kitchen in the morning, was two daguerreotypes which lay upon the table.

He picked up one of them and started back in confusion, when he recognized his own distorted features.

He examined the other it was the countenance of the first, with eyes open, and looking ten times more hideous than the sleeping picture.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed he, "did I ever look so infernal homely as that?" and he proceeded to scrutinize the picture a second time.

"I have seen them, though, that looked just like that one," continued he; "but them was drunkards—now I ain't a drunkard, though I sometimes get a little sizzled. I never lit my pipe at the pump, though. However, them was taken for me, though where or where I have no kind of notion. There's the old hat, and there's the old coat—no mistake."

The footsteps of his wife caused him to drop the pictures, and he hastened out of the house to avoid the tempest which he thought his wickedness would call down upon his head.

It is a notable fact that he omitted his morning dram on the occasion, and his wife took courage. Like a prudent woman, as she was, she did not say a word about the occurrence of yesterday, and permitted him to eat his breakfast in peace.

He got through the day without drinking a drop, but on the following day the old appetite clamored for the usual dram, and in the afternoon, while his wife was in the sitting room, he went to the closet where he kept the bottles.

But the first thing that met his gaze was the two daguerreotypes, resting against his black bottle. There was Jim Scroggins, drunk—asleep; and Jim Scroggins, drunk—asleep.

"Them darn'd dogartypes!" muttered he, starting back in confusion at the miserable looking objects they faithfully shadowed to him.

Jim stopped to think. He fully resolved never again to be the loathsome being they represented him to be. Taking the black bottle, he went to the door with it, and with right good will hurled it on the door-step, where it was dashed into a thousand fragments, and the delectable stuff irretrievably lost.

"Hallo, what are you about?" said a young man just entering the yard.

"Smashing my rum bottle," said Jim with admirable coolness. "You are the dogartype man, ain't you?"

"I am."

"Walk in, if you please," said Jim, ushering Mr. Shadow into the sitting room, where his wife and daughter were.

"Wife," said he, "you had them pictures taken."

"I did, James."

"I've broke the bottle, and as to looking like them things again, I never shall."

"Here is the pledge," said Mr. Shadow, as well as a principle.

"I'll sign it, by Mighty!" and Jim did sign it.

"Now, wife, will you rub them things out?"

"Certainly, James," and Mrs. S. went for the pictures.

"And now," said the young man, "Mr. Scroggins, if you will walk over to my saloon, I shall be happy to take the real man as God made him."

"I'll do it; and Betsy you shall come too, and Susy."

Susy went with her father and mother, though her picture had been taken. On the way, Mr. Shadow walked by her side, and said a great many silly things.

The daguerreotypes were taken, and Jim was surprised to see the difference between the picture of a drunken man and that of a sober one.

He drank no more liquor, and though this incident happened three years ago, he is still a sober, reputable man in the village. The little place is all paid for, and Mrs. S. is superlatively happy.

Susan, in less than a year, became the wife of Mr. Shadow, who, notwithstanding his name, is a man of substance, and loves his wife all the more because he was instrumental in saving her from the degradation of being a drunkard's daughter.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

A new Question for Historical Societies, concerning the Antiquities of America.

The following letter, which we copy from the Boston Herald, will claim attention.—The writer of it is attached to a party who are engaged in making a survey for the location of a railroad through New Hampshire and the Northern part of New England. The facts stated by him must excite curiosity and study, and if they be fully established, may well demand the fullest investigation:

NESTOR GAR, Franklin Co.,  
March 27, 1853.

Dear B.—

We are in the small hamlet which bears the name of Nestor. We have been engaged in the survey for the last two weeks, under the most discouraging circumstances. We have had snow, hail, sleet, ice, rain, floods, mud and all other unbearable things to contend with. Yesterday, freezing; to-day, thawing. But I must forego the account of my personal experience and sufferings, and hasten to give you a sketch of a most extraordinary discovery made by us.

Yesterday, we were surveying near the brow of the range of hills which makes up from this gap. The air was piercing and chilly, and filled with drifting snow. Suddenly the sun closed in and rain mingled with hail, drove us to seek a shelter. There was no house or sign of human habitation within eight miles of us. Capt. Edwards, who leads our party, had met with a severe sprain in the early part of the day, and was incapable of exerting himself from this cause he suffered severely. While painfully tracing our way in quest of shelter, Mr. Samuel Emerson, my companion and chum, discovered a cleft in the side of the mountain, which could be approached very easily, and would afford a sufficient retreat for our party. We reached the spot, and bestowed ourselves as easily as possible. We were protected, both from the wind and storm. The reaction of our feelings, and the sudden rush of blood to the surface, which always follows exposure like that to which we had been subjected, caused us, in a short time, to be very comfortable.

Emerson, who never can be long quiet, began to explore every side and corner of our retreat. He noticed a large flat stone which sounded hollow as he struck it. It appeared to be lying upon the ground, disconnected with any other rock. Besides, his quick eye detected that the stone was of a different character from the natural formation of the mountain. This was enough to excite his curiosity. With the help of himself and another, the stone, which was lying at an angle, was removed, and we found an aperture beneath, lined with rude steps. This was a spur to further explorations. After half an hour's rather hard work, we succeeded in making an opening sufficiently large to afford an entrance.

Before us lay a cave. Emerson would have entered it at once, but Capt. Edwards restrained him until such times as ventilation would render it safe. Emerson went in first; I followed, and the rest came after us. After descending seven steps, the aperture widening all the way, we found ourselves in a spacious cave with the roof seeming, until it reached a height of nearly forty feet. The size of the chamber was by actual measurement, ninety-four feet long, and sixty-three feet at its widest part. Beyond this, another flight of steps, seemingly deeper than the first, extended to another chamber, but we have not yet explored it.

What lay beyond the first room, to what extent the cave reaches, or what it contains, remains to be seen. But, judging from what we have already discovered, the investigations that are to be made will possess the most overpowering interest. When we had been in the cave long enough to accommodate our eyes to the dim light furnished by the opening we had made, we began to make our observations. We were filled with astonishment at what lay before us. The cave or grotto had evidently been used for concealment by those who had used it. Implements of defence lay in groups upon one side. They were of an exceedingly antique form. Hoar antiquity rested upon every article before us. The dust of ages had settled down upon all things in the cave.

In one corner we found three earthen vessels of singular construction and shape. These were filled with coin, of silver, brass and iron,—but most of brass,—of various shapes. The coin bore no image, were coarse, but most curiously wrought, and Capt. Edwards, who boasts some knowledge of coins, declares them to be entirely unlike anything which he has ever seen or read of,—and of a very ancient date.

But the most singular and interesting discovery of all, consists in our having found, in a niche, several rolls and packets, composed of a material entirely unknown to us, upon which were inscribed figures and characters, the meaning of which, as yet, we have not yet been able to determine upon, or make out the nation or date to which they may have belonged.

We go to-morrow to the cave, have made ample preparations for exploring its utmost extent. We take with us provisions for a week, and bedding for our accommodation. We shall occupy the chamber already discovered. Capt. Edwards is so deeply interested in the investigation before him, he has abandoned, for a week at least, his surveying expedition. He is filled with the highest hopes, and, although a cold and unimpressive man in the ordinary concerns of life, he is now animated with the greatest enthusiasm.

Conversing on the topic of this afternoon, he declares his belief that both the coin and the scrolls have a date anterior to the Christian era. It is to be seen, we certainly have a clue, that will conduct us to an inquiry that has hitherto been clouded in mystery and the silence of the grave.—"What was the condition of this country centuries ago, and who inhabited it? It cannot be supposed that this vast continent has been permitted to be a howling wilderness for so many thousand years; or that our mighty rivers have flowed through rich

and fertile valleys since the creation, without the intelligence of man to sound the praises of our Lord and Maker of them all.

Capt. Edwards has forwarded a small portion of the coin, and a scroll of the manuscript, to his brother, Cornelius R. Edwards, Esq., of the Exchange Coffee House, with a request that he would lay them before the learned and scientific men of Boston, and also before the faculty of Harvard University. His letter and package will doubtless reach the city by the same conveyance that brings you this, and I recommend you to call upon him and view the curiosities of our cave. Besides he may have other and more minute descriptions from Capt. Edwards himself, than I am able in this hurried letter to give. You may depend upon hearing from me next Sabbath, on our return to this place. We have a man who can speak French, which we will employ, so you may expect to hear from me here at length, by Thursday night next week.

I remain yours, &c.

CHARLES G. PROCTOR.

A GOOD WORD ON POLITICS.

B. H. Brewster Esq., of Philadelphia, delivered a very able address before the Literary Society of Princeton College on Tuesday week, from which we take the following extract with regard to the pursuit of politics.

"The time was in the early history of this country when great men were wanted in public places to establish our institutions—good men are needed now in the walks of quiet life to strengthen them. All the world over, the trade of a politician is the occupation of a gamblers; it is the business of a man whose time is spent in envy and strife. Public stations can confer no rank and bring no distinction to men who run after them. All great public occasions command the men best fitted for the necessities of the times. The emergencies that excite great men to action having passed by, tranquility having been restored, or having been established, new men—superior men—men of doubtful parts—succeed to their masters, and manage with ease, if not with skill, the vast machine which wisdom created and industry set in motion. All history has afforded constant examples of this—our history may yet do so.

"Sir Robert Walpole in these latter times, with a masterly resolution, with a power mightier than the storm, the power that binds the storm—the calm—plunged up the crown of England from the ledge which some condemned factions had flung it, established the Hanoverian succession, suppressed conspiracy, quieted religious discord, and secured that stability and dignity to public affairs, and that repose to private life, which nurtured the strength of England, and gave her the power to resist a world in arms. With inflexible purpose he suppressed all attempts to embroil his country in a war, and for twenty long years, as the first Minister of the Crown, governed his country with heroic will. He was succeeded by inferior men, but when the exigencies of public life again required a man—the Pelham gave way for a Pitt—a politician and placeman in this country must hereafter give way for patriots and statesmen.

"The highest public distinctions in this country can have no attraction for right-minded men, unless they are the unsought rewards of personal worth, dignity of character, mental ability and a blameless life. Obtained in any other way, they disgrace those who hold them. They were intended to be great honors, not rich securities. The compensation attached to the best of them, will not equal the income that any man can earn, who is fit to hold them and discharge their duties.

"If men crawl to high places by craft and low contrivance—if they hold them at the cost of all love of the truth and practice of heroic virtue—if they accept stations, which they are unequal to, from want of proper training—from want of information and want of mental capacity, and which they hold like impostors, and usurpers, puffed up with vanity, and meagrely greedy for the pay of the place—they are in a pillory. Such adventurers and serving men in their master's clothes, will be laughed at and expelled with scorn by the misguided people who exalted them to power to establish an equality of vulgarity, ostentation and wickedness. Let not this be your fate.

"Thus far the great men of this land have had with reluctance and humility, received the dignities their countrymen have bestowed upon them.

"Washington and Jefferson and Jackson never stooped to solicit place, or accepted it as the result of secret contrivance.

"Let me warn you against the temptations that beset you to embark in this business of politics. A life well spent, in the steady pursuit of any calling, will yield you a better income, will give you an independence of position, and a manly dignity of character, that no office can ever secure for you. The small offices of a country are always small places—and the high ones must be filled by men of mark, for the high men grow less in them, and dwindle into pigmies. Before you will consent to step out of the respectable privacy of your own calling to take office, be sure that you are not unworthy of the place, or impelled by selfish motives—for to the most worthy and upright these stations bring with them trials and griefs that torture men to death. Oftentimes persons of merit are sought to ruin in these high fields of vulgar excitement, or are stained for life, and their usefulness hurt by stopping to waive their rank, and be associated in those enterprises with mean, unprincipled men. The shores of political life, in every country, are strewn with wrecks like these, and many of them were rich argosies.

"If you wish to know what public fame is, remember that the long line of Roman consuls and Grecian magistrates is now forgotten, while Joseph, a slave, Socrates, a mechanic, and Horace, the son of a freedman, are immortal."

### CHINA WARE FOR THE WHITE HOUSE.

A firm in New York is preparing by order of President Pierce, China table ware for the White House, consisting of 450 pieces, together with 55 dozen of glass—cost seven thousand five hundred dollars.

From the Charleston Courier, December.

THE MOVING TABLE.

Messrs. Editors: On a late visit to the North, I was invited to witness this phenomenon. Four persons stand around a small table, one on each side, and place their open right hand flat on the table near one corner, and their left on the right hand of the person to the left, placed near the corner. After 15 or 20 minutes the table moves in a circle, the persons running round with it, keeping the hands in the same relative places. The wonder is, what is the cause of this motion. The opinion of many is, that electricity is imparted from the hands of the individuals, and gives this motion—although, the table may be a non-conductor according to the knowledge we now possess of the nature of this fluid. I have said that I was invited to witness this wonderful phenomenon, but I did not see the table move in a circle, except when the persons pulled it around with their hands. Their hands were disposed in the best manner to bring about this effect. I account for the phenomenon in this way: the hand has a disposition to return to the body, as the muscles that extend the arm become fatigued, which takes place in a short time—there is a pulling of the corner of the table toward the individual, as well as a downward pressure, and a pulling towards the right, as the right hand is upon the table and is on a better surface for pulling than that of the left, and from its temperature having caused a vacuum, also sticks to the table. The right arm is moreover more commonly employed in pulling, and so far as the will may operate in bringing about this phenomenon, would be the first to pull, in which case the body is drawn back on the right and moved forward on the left, and causes the left hand to pull, while the right is pulling—with these forces thus applied to it, a small right table moves in a circle.

To see the principle more clearly of force thus applied, let a sheet of paper be caught in the same place between the thumb and fingers, by four individuals. I believe that this phenomenon, which has caused such a great sensation at the North is brought out by these means because, although the experiment to move the table was made by those who were distinguished for exhibiting this phenomenon, it did not in a single instance move around, when I used the precaution to arrest the heavy pressure of their hands upon it, but it ceased to move the instant that the pressing hand was detected. I have no doubt that the table sometimes moved through mere mischief, sometimes through an unconscious pressure of the hand of a fatigued arm, and sometimes through the strong will of individuals inclined to be unacquainted.

The power that the will may exert in this experiment may be estimated, when we reflect that a button suspended at the end of a thread held between the thumb and forefinger, will move in various directions at the will of him who holds the thread. I would not ask a place in your paper for this, but that I found so many intelligent gentlemen, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and men of science, in the most confident belief that this phenomenon was truly wonderful. This moving table belongs to the family of "the spiritual rappings." The table was first moved from the wall-nut, and although it astounded thousands of the most intelligent people in the North, it was the grossest humbug ever practiced. I cannot conclude this article without stating a case, to show how far credulity may supply facts. While the individuals were engaged in the experiment of moving the table around, they would frequently observe that they heard the table crack—that it would soon begin to move, under the belief that it was electricity that moved it, when I could hear no sound, although I put my ear in a favorable position to hear.

The editor of the New-York Tribune has written that the table continues to move in the hands of the individuals as removed from it. We have all seen a top move after it leaves the hand of the boy that pulled it from the seat.

There may be more done in the "land of spirits" than I saw, it was called to witness, that belongs to this part of Northern wonders, and therefore I limit what I have written.

I offer the above as an answer to the call of the Baltimore Citizen.

J. F. G. MITTAG.

### INVESTIGATION OF TABLE MOVING.

The object which I had in view in this inquiry was not to satisfy myself, for my conclusion of those who had formed already on the evidence of those who had turned tables; but that I might be enabled to give a strong opinion, founded on facts, to the many who applied to me for it. Yet the prof-which I sought for, and the method followed in the inquiry, were precisely of the same nature as those which I should adopt in any other physical investigation. The parties with whom I have worked were very honorable, very clear in their intentions, successful table-movers, very desirous of succeeding in establishing the existence of a peculiar power, thoroughly candid, and very effectual. It is with me a clear point that the table moves when the parties, though they strongly wish it, do not intend, and do not believe that they move it by ordinary mechanical power. They say the table draws their hands; that it moves first, and they have to follow it; that it sometimes even moves from under their hands. With some the table will move to the right or left, according as they wish or will it; with others the direction of the first motion is uncertain. But all agree that the table moves their hands, and not the hands the table. Though I believe the parties do not intend to move the table, but obtain the result by a quasi-revolutionary action, still I have no doubt of the influence of expectation upon their hands; and through that upon the success or failure of their efforts.—The first point, therefore, was to remove all objects due to expectation, having relation to the substances which I might desire to use: so plates of the most different bodies, electrically speaking—namely, sand-paper, mill-board, glue glass, moist clay, tin foil,