

# The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 2.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., OCTOBER 4, 1858.

NUMBER 85.

HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if paid in advance, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

Advertisements inserted at the Dollar per square in lines of less than this size (type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 25 per cent will be made from the regular price, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at \$1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

All letters on business must be directed to the Editors. Letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

27 Payments can be made to order.

27 Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

### Poetry.



#### The Old Grist Mill.

BY W. H. STODOLSKY.

The grist mill stands beside the stream,  
With bounding rattle and the miller's cry,  
So old, that when the winds are wild,  
The miller trembles lest it fall;  
But moss and ivy, over every crevice,  
Rebeck it 'neath from year to year.

The dam is steep, and wooded green;  
The gates are raised, the water pours,  
And round the old wheel's slippery steps,  
The lowest round forever more.

From morn till night, in autumn time,  
When yellow harvest looms the plain,  
Up drive the farmers to the mill,  
And break upon the loaded wain;  
They bring a heap of golden grain,  
And take it home in morn again.

The mill inside is dim and dark,  
But peering in the open door,  
You see the miller sitting round,  
And dusty legs along the floor;  
And by the shaft, and down the spout,  
The yellow mill comes pouring out.

And all the day long the millwheel runs,  
And floats round in the sultry breeze,  
And sounds like a setting sun,  
Or golden-winged and belted bee;  
Or sparks a round the blacksmith's door,  
When bellows blow and forge roar.

I love my pleasant, quiet old mill!  
It makes me of my early prime;  
'Tis changed since then, but not so much  
As I am by decay and time;  
Its wheels are mottled from year to year,  
But mine all dark and bare appear.

I stand beside the stream of life,  
The mighty current sweeps along,  
Lifting the flood-gates of my heart,  
It turns the magic wheel of song,  
And grinds the ripening harvest, brought  
From out the golden fields of thought.

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE MAID OF THE INN, OR FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

It was in the year 1832, towards the close of November. A light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little roadside inn, situated between Hornsberg and Rottwell, on the frontier of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of the hearty repast of roast beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove conveyed favorably to the travellers' ears with the loud murmuring of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The innkeeper and his wife had for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Krettel, for such was her name, was a host in herself, house-keeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet de chambre to the stray visitors in the best room, groom in the stable—the hardy and good humored German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travellers, having finished their supper, drew near to the group that had collected round the stove. Father Hoffkirk, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirk was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers, quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was a little more than a gun-shot from the inn door; it was a tradition, unfoundedly, but an ancient ghost, which still remained on the identical spot, and to the narration an air of gloomy reality, which no one dared to question. This place was, indeed, made formidable throughout the province, as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of bandits, who held there, every night, their mysterious meetings.

All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of father Hoffkirk had caused, when one of the travellers before mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear, of the company.

A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly, the young Krettel, who was quietly spinning in the corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at the first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place,

in case of danger. But this fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart. Krettel only requested that the inn door should be left open until her return, and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she had really visited the spot, she rapidly walked toward the gibbet. When she came beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise. However, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Krettel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her—that the object of her fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward and reported the vision. At the same instance, the report of a pistol showed her that she had been noticed. By a movement as swift as thought, she unloosed the horse, leaped on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued, but, doubling her speed, she reached the inn yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainting away. When the brave girl recovered from her fright, she told her surprising story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leather valise was attached to the saddle; but father Hoffkirk would not suffer it to be opened, except in the presence of the Burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the innkeeper, his wife and their guests, all set off for the neighboring town, where they intended, after the service, to accompany the Burgomaster with the last evening's adventures. Krettel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being in her situation; but this young servant maid having seen the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice some pious hymn, which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed, when there came a knock on the outer door. It was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest for a little while. Krettel at first refused; but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him. Besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there was little to fear from him. The stranger insisted himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting he asked many questions about the inn and its owners—inquired whose was the horse that attracted his attention so much; and, in short, asked so successfully that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him of her late adventure, and ended by confessing she was all alone. She instantly felt a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying.

The breakfast was prolonged to the utmost length. At last, after a few unimportant questions, the traveller desired the servant girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Krettel rose to obey; but on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger followed her, and turning around, saw the glittering of a pistol handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the stairs, she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up against the wall. The man muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps, groping his way. Krettel, profiting by this moment, re-mounted the steps, agile and noiselessly, closed and bolted the door upon the pretended traveller, and then barricaded herself in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Krettel had not been many minutes ensconced in her retreat, when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn door, and she perceived there two ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveller who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had looked in the cellar;—nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject. On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity, Krettel looked around her, and her eye fell on a musket that hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointing the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man, who attempted to ascend.

Two robbers—for that such they were, could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of fire-arms, where, expecting no resistance, they brought no weapons, and confounded at such intrepidity, went away, muttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position. At last the girl perceived her master and friends coming in sight, accompanied by the Burgomaster and some officers. The brave Krettel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what had happened; the Burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise, for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber, whom Krettel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance, he was bound and secured, and soon after recognized as a chief of a band of robbers who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men, wandering without a captain, were quickly taken and dispersed. The Burgomaster decided that the horse and valise, which contained a large number of gold pieces, should be given to the young Krettel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of a banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

A good character is a badge of excellence that cannot be concealed.

#### HUMAN BONES IN SOLID ROCK.

The Zanesville Courier has a communication from Dr. Holston, a gentleman of high standing and scientific acquirements, that will attract much attention from geologists, and men of science. We shall try and learn more about this singular discovery.

To the Editors of the Zanesville Courier:

With others of our fellow-citizens, I have been highly interested in the discovery of human bones in a solid sandstone rock, of a quarry near Casick's mill, about six miles from the city, and with the assistance of Charles Robbins and Dr. Ball, have taken steps thoroughly to investigate this highly interesting subject. In the meantime permit me to make a few statements. The bones submitted to my inspection were those of an adult female; they were contained in a cavity of the solid sandstone rock, perfectly close having no communication whatever with any fissure or crack of the rock. The cavity represents the shape of the body, invested with flesh; the leg, thigh, hip and part of the back are moulded with beautiful exactness, and would, if filled with plaster of Paris, give a mould, preserving all the graceful curves of the entire body. The body lay on its right side, the head east, towards the hill, the feet west, towards Jonathan's creek, where the waters at high flood leave the base of the hill some eight or ten feet below the place of the body.

The same piece of rock, containing the remains, also has the perfect mould of a pair of human hands, probably not those of the subject enclosed. The side of the hill, (on this as well as the opposite side of Jonathan's creek,) presents incontestable evidence that years ago, Jonathan's creek poured over those rocks from a superior to an inferior basin, in an impetuous cascade, which gradually cut down the soft sandstone, emptied the basin above and formed the present bed of the creek, in which the same process of cutting down is still going on. The bones were found in the right bank 14 or 15 feet from the outside and perhaps 20 from the top.

In this process of cutting down, the water inundated itself into a fissure of the rock, disintegrating the stone, and reducing it to the condition of fine sand, to the breadth of two feet. This fissure approached to within two feet of the head of the skeleton, where it is suddenly arrested by the solid rock, and turning off at a right angle, terminates in a mere crack. In this fissure, other bones were found which I have not seen yet, supposed to be those of a man, a young infant, and some quadruped. The fissure is full of sand such as is found in every quarry.

#### CONFIRMATION OF HEBREW SCRIPTURE.

We find in one of our foreign journals a letter written by M. Victor Place, the French Consul at Mosul, giving an account of a three days' fast observed by the inhabitants of that Moslem city, in commemoration of the penitence imposed on the people of Nineveh by Jonah. He says that the fast has been kept from time immemorial in that country; and kept not only by the few Christians there, but by the whole Moslem population, Mosul itself in witness of the ruins of Nineveh, and close by is a tomb, traditionally assigned to Jonah. It is a striking confirmation of the ancient Hebrew writings, thus to find a people, in commemoration of an important event recorded in them, still observed almost on the very spot where it first began. Nineveh has been desolate for centuries—the surrounding plains have become a desert—the Hebrew people themselves have been scattered over the earth for eighteen hundred years—yet still the three-days' penance, "forced on the population of that corrupt capital of the ancient world, is kept by the few miserable descendants of the old Assyrians, and by the strangers who have intermarried with them, whether Nestorian or Moslem in their faith.

M. Victor Place mentions, in the same letter, other facts corroboratory of the Hebrew Scriptures. He says that there exists to this day, in the river Tigris, a fish armed with terrible teeth, and enormous in its size, the very counterpart to the fish mentioned in the book of Tobias. What becomes of the old infidel sneer that no one could find, in all Mesopotamia, a fish that could frighten a man? M. Victor Place himself has seen one of these fish weighing three hundred pounds. But this, he adds, was a small specimen. Whoever has read Lamyard's volumes, however, needs but to be reminded that Mesopotamia is still full of things recalling the scenes and customs described in the Old Testament. The cucumber-gardens overlooking the river exactly as in the days of Isaiah. The boats formed of skins, of which the Bible speaks, navigate to this hour the waters of the Tigris. But, more than all, the sculptures on the disintegrated palaces and the cuneiform writing, so far as it has been deciphered, recall the chariots of war, the bearded kings, the royal insignia, the manners, the dress, may even the names of the monarchs mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures. No profane history, even of ages far less remote, is confirmed, in this respect, by antiquarian discovery, more completely than the Bible.

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

#### AN AMERICAN COMMANDER IMPRISONED AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

According to a statement in the New-York Herald, telegraphing to that paper, says: "We learn from undoubted authority that the statement of the National Intelligencer, that England and France have joined Austria in the protest concerning the affair of Kozta, is an error, those Powers having taken no steps in the matter whatever, leaving the question in the hands of Austria, Russia and Prussia alone. That England and France were solicited to join in the protest is not denied, but they declined to become a party to the offensive proceedings. The reply to the Austrian protest will appear in a few days, and if it is in keeping with the avowed opinions of the President, will be a paper fully up to American public opinion.

With regard to the letter of Lord John Russell on the Cuba question, we learn that Mr. Marcy has long since taken occasion to communicate the President's views to Mr. Buchanan. It will be remembered that Lord John Russell's letter was addressed to Mr. Cranston, and not to our government. It was read by Mr. Cranston to Mr. Marcy. Official etiquette, therefore, prevents Mr. Marcy addressing either Mr. Cranston or Lord John Russell in reply, but he has adopted a similar course to the British Minister, by communicating his views to Mr. Buchanan, who will doubtless bring the matter promptly and freely to the attention of the British government. The position of the administration is decided, and does not differ materially from the views so admirably expressed by Mr. Everett in his letter of the 17th instant. There is no doubt Mr. Buchanan will do the subject full justice."

#### FROM WASHINGTON.

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#### PUTNAM ON THE PRESIDENT.

The article on "Our New President," in Putnam's Magazine for September, continues to be one of the topics of conversation. No wonder. It was written by a man of ability; and it is not common for men of ability, now-a-days, to take any great interest in politics. The article, therefore, excited a degree of surprise, apart from its boldness, and the novelty of its tone. The writer—as most of our readers know—is very hard upon the President. He thinks that Gen. Pierce came into power "with the best opportunities for doing good of any of our later presidents;" but has not improved those opportunities, nor given any intimation that he intends, or is able, to improve them. The inaugural address was pretty well, though "somewhat sophomoric, and inflated in style, and abounding in too much of Fourth of July clap-net." The cabinet selected by General Pierce, is not "such a man of earnest purpose, clear conviction, and strong reliance on his own principles would have chosen." It is one, on the contrary, which evinces "a weak desire of conciliating all factions and interests." The silly, but fatal, principle of rotation in office, publicly extolled by Gen. Pierce when out of power, is adopted by him as soon as he holds the reins of government. The Crystal Palace journey was turned into a vulgar electioneering tour; while at the Palace itself, scarcely a word was said. In short, the writer is clearly of opinion, that the people of the United States, in the last presidential lottery, did not draw the prize of a pre-eminently great man. And this opinion is set forth with a power and ability worthy of a less obvious truth.

The article is just and unjust. Its severity should have been directed against the present political system, not against the individual which it system so suddenly, so unexpectedly, so accidentally whirled into the highest places. The article commits two sins of omission. The writer admits, and indeed very forcibly states, that the rotation in office principle has effected a gradual deterioration in the quality of public men, and that it is the vice of our political system. But he omits the mention that the President himself, it is his chief victim. The President turns people out of office to keep himself in office. Human nature is human nature, at the White House as elsewhere; and when a man finds himself installed in an exalted and comfortable quarters, as the National Equity Head, it is only human nature in him to desire to continue therein. Consequently, the government, both of England and America, have been, for a considerable period, conducted with a single eye to keeping the dominant party and its leading partisans in power. General Pierce inherited this system. If he had been a man of business, of high business energy, cool understanding, and immovable principle, he might have changed it—for four years. Then we should proceed to spend millions of dollars, and plunge the whole country into confusion and agitation, to take down the Equity Head, and put another in its place, who would probably restore the good old system. The writer in "Putnam," while he was about it should have gone to the root of the matter. It was unjust in him, too, while showing the enormous influence brought to bear upon a new President, to lay the blame of it at the door of General Pierce. He says, and very truly, "his approach to Washington was a signal for the gathering of all the crosses and jackals of party, from the waters of Passaic, to the sands of the Pacific. The turkey buzzards of the South, the foxes of the North, even the wolves of the wilderness all flocked towards the same centre, as if certain of their prey. Like the followers of a camp when the victory is declared, they lay upon his front and flank, and rear—unrestrained by his own restraint—by his numerous army, bounded on by his promises, and the piecemeal disposition of the booty. More rapacious or disgraceful scenes were scarcely witnessed in the annals of the Roman republic, when the spoils of Antioch were given to the conquering army. Barrenness, streets, and public offices, were filled with hawlers; rich men, who wanted honors, had their poor agents there faring ungrudgingly every day; poor men, who wanted riches, sent men of honorable titles as their solicitors; many, with the immobility of the keeper of a country booth, extolling the merits of his performance, shouted their own excellence at the street corners; and even women, aged, enfeebled, and beseeched the dispensers of favor for lovers, husbands, and friends."—These facts, which are made in the article to bear against the President, should have been mentioned in his exoneration. It would require virtue almost superhuman, to resist such continuous and powerful solicitation. It is the system, not he, who is to blame—the system, that places a hundred thousand offices in the President's gift; the system, which keeps a man President just long enough for him to acquire a selfish habit of the sweets of power, and makes resignation possible by a judicious disposition of patronage. The author of it will himself could not contrive a better plan for raising political corruption.

All this, however, will not, and the article in "Putnam" will not, on the good time. Despite our own political philosophers are right in their position that the people of the United States have been gradually learning to live without the aid of any government whatever—except, perhaps, a police officer or so to keep the roads clear. Certainly governmental offices and office-holders have become generally odious. Certainly the great men of the country are private men as private as the man of the street; and the great affairs of the country are private affairs. One of two things must be regarded as inevitable, the reform of the government or the abolition of the government. Which of the two will be the cause of events, alone can show. The writer of the article will be shown, with the following practical suggestions:—

1. A material check might be given to the prevailing irrepressible system of patronage, by amending the constitution so as

#### ROMISH INTELLIGENCE.

From a foreign journal, says the Christian Advocate, we learn that an edifying collection of relics is on view to the faithful, in the church of Aix-la-Chapelle, France. The advertisement states that this collection comprises a chemise that belonged to the Virgin Mary, the winding sheet of John the Baptist, the swaddling clothes of Bethlehem, the sponge of Mount Calvary, and the right arm of St. Simon. All this in France, and in the last half of the nineteenth century; What an age of progress! What marches of mind! What an impressive argument that American citizens should yield to the control of popular education! They had their way in this matter in France, almost time out of mind, and here are some of their brilliant results. What extraordinary exhibitors! What apt and docile scholars! Exhibiting and admiring, in the year of our Lord 1853, "a chemise that belonged to the Virgin Mary!" Oh, shame, where is thy blush!

#### AN IMPORTANT FACT.

In a conversation with Captain Baxter, of the *El Dorado*, recently of the Cherokee, we learned an important fact, which may throw some light on the great mystery of the age—the yellow fever. Captain Baxter left here with the Cherokee on the 12th August last, when the epidemic was at its height, with one hundred and sixty-nine passengers, the majority of whom were unaccompanied, and liable to the yellow fever. When the Cherokee emerged into the Gulf, the sea was rough, and the passengers suffered a great deal from sea sickness. Every one of them was compelled to vomit, and the captain says he never had a more unanimously sick crew. Soon, however, it was all over, and health and hilarity reigned on board, when the yellow fever made its appearance among the crew, none of whom had suffered from sea sickness. During the voyage, there were ten of the crew down with the fever, and on the arrival of the Cherokee in New York, the being too sick still, they were ordered into the hospital, where one of them died; the other recovered. Not one of the passengers had the fever. They were all permitted to land in New York after eighteen hours, and the sick members of the crew were alone compelled to go into hospital detention. Here is an interesting fact for the doctors. A general vomiting saves over one hundred persons from a disease which attacks nine out of ten of the unaccompanied. Is not, too, the universality of the sickness, a fact of some significance, from which the physicians may extract, some light on the subject of the character of the disease.

N. O. Delta.

#### JACK AND THE CHINAMEN.

WE were amused, a few evenings since, while rambling down Long Wharf, to observe a scene between a sailor and three Chinamen. A whippership just from sea was hauling in, and one of the crew was ordered by the mate to carry a line to a pilchard on the wharf. Jack jumped into the boat, and briskly sculling, with the end of the line in his teeth, caught hold of the pilchard, and pulling up, found that the line was too low to admit of his reaching it. Three Chinamen had been attentively watching the gradual approach of the ship, with the attendant noise of orders and replies, the rattle of capstans, windlasses and spawls. They were suddenly aroused from their reverie by the gruff voice of the sailor, asking them to take the end of the line—"Ki yan! ya! ya!" answered the Celestials, and held out their hands for the coils which Jack prepared to throw. "Look out!" he shouted, and away flew the coil heavy with salt water, and shot from the arm of this Ben Bolt like a shell from a mortar. The coil struck two of the three in the face, and instead of holding on to it, they retired in haste, shaking the water from their silk garments, as we have seen a cat shake her paws after treading on a wet floor. The consequence was, that the end went overboard as quick as thought, and the enraged sailor scullied back to recover it again. John Chinaman thought this excellent fun, and when the boat returned to the wharf Jack repeated the request, adding a few epithets in Chinese, showing that he had seen salt water before that voyage, and knew his customers. The result was, that they not only allowed the coil to go overboard, but with true Chinese instinct, began to pull the sailor's shirt breaks. We now thought it time to come to the rescue. We reached down and gave Jack a helping hand. Fuming and sweating with rage, he was up the post in a twinkling, and in less time than we could take to tell it three Celestials were sprawling upon the wharf in an admirable confusion of pig tails, silk frocks, almond eyes, wooden shoes, and yellow breeches. Having vented his spleen on them, he turned to us and said, "A good looking dose those fellows more good than passon fat and bonny does a nigger," after which classical assertion he slithered down into the boat, and soon returned with the line, which we made fast for him. The Celestials had meanwhile decamped.—*Culture's Whig.*

#### STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

In Cumberland, Pa., a strange occurrence happened a day or two ago, yet no less strange than true. A man was shot by a snake, not a Snake in his Hat, but by the real bona fide "critter" itself. One day last week, whilst a man by the name of Lowman, store-keeper in Siddonsburg, York county, was out gaining, he discovered a large snake, and in order quickly to secure it from running away, he placed the butt of his rifle, loaded with a ball at the time, upon the body of the snake, with his hand directly across the muzzle. The snake, in its writhings to free itself, coiled round the gun-stock, and with one of its coils struck the hammer, which was down upon the cap at the time, hard enough to discharge the gun, the contents of which entered the ball of the hand near the wrist, and in a diagonal direction came out between the junction of the little finger and the one next to it. Happily no bones were broken. The most prominent part of the casualty, was, that Mr. Lowman was just in the act of bringing the gun in front of him, for the purpose of leaning on the muzzle, the better to enable him to reach a stick, near by, to kill the snake with. One moment's delay in the discharge of the gun, and his life would have been forfeited to his carelessness. Stranger things happen in reality than the writers of fiction dare to invent.—*Phil. Ledger.*

#### YANKEE COURTESHIP.

A love-lorn swain broke a wish-bone with his "hearts queen," somewhere in New Hampshire.

"Now what do you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation.

"I wish I was handsome," replied the fair damsel, "hansum as Queen Victoria."

"Jerusalem! what a wish!" replied Jonathan "when you're hansum 'nuff now. But I'll tell yet what I wished, Sally; I wished you was locked up in my arms and the key was lost!"

327 A deacon not remarkable for his good eye-sight, once in giving out a psalm for the congregation to sing, when he came to the lines:

"The eastern sages shall come in,  
With messages of grace,"  
put the audience in a roar of laughter, by calling out in a loud voice,

"The eastern sages shall come in,  
With messages of grease."

#### LARGE WILD CAT.

A Wild Cat, measuring 4 feet 6 inches in length, and 19 inches in height, was killed by Mr. E. Smith, one day last week, upon Black Creek, in this District, after being run from daylight till 11 o'clock. During the time it received 3 shots, all of which took effect. Two ear flaps being put into the chase, overtook it, but were fairly whipped—the bounds ran on, but about the hour above specified it was shot down by Mr. Smith, near Mr. R. King's house.—*Lexington Telegraph.*

The Hartford Courant describes a curious and very ancient piece of ordnance brought by Governor Seymour from Mexico, where it had been kept in the Castle from an unknown antiquity. No tradition of its origin is preserved. It is of well-dressed iron, encircled with iron bands, and imbedded and riveted to a piece of oak—It is about eighteen inches long, and five inches in the bore.

#### GIRLS DO YOU HEAR THAT?

Coblet said: "Women, so suitable in themselves, are never so suitable as when they are useful; and for beauty, though men fall in love with girls at first, there is nothing to make them stand by their love like being their own help."

#### BALTIMORE.

The total value for the foreign exports from Baltimore for the week ending on Thursday was \$341,306. The exports of bread-stuffs for the week comprises 29,841 barrels of flour, 10,333 bushels of wheat, 447 barrels of corn meal, and 1,900 bushels of corn. Of tobacco 2,908 hogsheads were exported.

San Francisco has fifteen newspapers, of which seven are dailies.

#### HOMEWARD BOUND.

The New York Herald of the 13th inst., mentions that the cool weather of the few days previous had started the summer birds on the wing. The city was full of strangers en route from the watering places. Home-ward bound. The Herald mentions that one train came in the day previous, over the New Haven road, numbering fifteen cars, all filled with passengers.