The North Carolina Whig.

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

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HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,
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TERMS:

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☞ Payments can be made to either.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.

A Pretty Foot.

There's magic in a pretty foot,
And well the ladies know it—
And she who has a pretty one
Is pretty sure to show it;
At times you, too, are martyr'd by
The nicest little ankle
That shoots an arrow through the eyes,
Within your heart to rankle.

Of course you turn your gaze aside,
And all your bliss is stifle,
For well you know she's not aware
Her skirts are raised a trifle.
But should you think she might perchance
Have on a loosened garter,
Your fingers itch to play the part
Of honest lady's warder.

Though tantalized till he is crazed—
Stark mad with wild romancing,
That witching foot along his brain
A thousand waltzes dancing,
The while it merely lightly pats
As thoughtless she may move it—
No modest man would care to dream
There is a leg above it.

But when it trips across the street,
Through wind, and mud, and vapor,
By sheerest accident just see
How beautiful the taper;
And as it steps upon the curb,
Amid the crowd to mingle,
Two roguish eyes look out and say,
"I wonder if he's single!"

But I would have no lady think,
I fancy her a schemer,
And beg her to remember that
The poet is a dreamer;
He sees what others do not see,
And seeks for hidden beauty—
No pretty face e'a lure him from
The path of moral duty.

Miscellaneous.

THE CONVICTED JUDGE.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

The morning was dark.

A severe darkness was in the atmosphere, and as the bleak wind whistled around the gables of the Court House, it seemed to sing of other days, in melancholy cadence. It seemed to tell of broken hearts, and of every description of human suffering.

I was abroad myself on that day; and, although I was at the time a mere youth, yet I have never forgotten the impression which the events of a few hours made upon me.

I had been brought up in the strictest manner. I had scarcely been permitted to look upon vice; and to gross immorality I was an utter stranger. But on this bleak and melancholy morning, I chanced to pass the Police Court.

I saw several persons hastening into the building in which the court was held, and in order to escape the severe cold I also entered. I had never been in a court of justice before and I looked around with no small curiosity upon the various arrangements within.

I stood outside of the railing with several others, mostly persons of low character, who appeared to have come in for no other purpose but to warm themselves.

The judge was on the bench. He was a grave, dignified man, about forty-five years of age. The other officers of the court were in the places assigned for them, and a universal silence reigned on every side.

At length the judge seemed to start from a reverie, and cried,

"Bring in the prisoner."

An officer immediately seized his pole and went out the door. The few spectators now started up from the lethargy into which they had fallen, and began to look with some interest towards the door at which it was expected the prisoner would enter.

They did not wait long before the door opened, and the officer, followed by a woman of the most wretched appearance.

I shuddered and trembled until the railing by which I held vibrated beneath my hand. I had not supposed that human nature could become so utterly cast away and degraded. Could it be possible that the "human form divine" could ever present such an image of squalid misery?

She staggered into the room, and I caught a glimpse of her face. Her face and her bosom were covered with filth. Large blotches disfigured her every feature, and around one of her eyes was a circle of black, the consequence of a brawl, in which it appears she had been engaged at the time of her arrest. On her head was a straw bonnet, through which the winds found free access, and from under its ragged crown a few tangled gray locks straggled forth. Her dress was insufficient to keep the piercing air from her person, and her red, swollen feet were half exposed by the apology for shoes which she could hardly be said to wear.

She did not appear to be in the least abashed, but advanced directly to the stand, drew up her rags around her, and throwing back her straw bonnet, looked steadfastly at her accuser.

He was one of the town watch; and, having been sworn, he stated that he had found the prisoner fighting and making loud outcries in the street—that she appeared to be very much intoxicated, and was very impudent.

At this stage of the proceedings the judge asked the watchman if he had ever seen her in that situation before.

"No, sir," returned the witness. "It is easy to see by her appearance that she is a woman of abandoned character; but I never saw her before in my life, and desire never to see her again."

The judge then asked if any body knew where she belonged. An officer arose and stated that he did not know where she belonged, but he knew that she came to town only a few days ago. He also said that the quarrel in which she had been engaged arose from the circumstance, that her landlady, who was very little better than herself, had turned her into the street, at midnight, for stealing.

"Stealing!" cried the wretched woman, looking at the last speaker. "Perhaps you call it stealing; but if to take a rag to cover over the blue and shivering limbs of my poor child is stealing, then—"

"Your child!" cried the judge, "have you a child?"

Every eye was fixed in surprise when the vagrant opened an old plaid cloak and disclosed beneath its shreds the pale, starved countenance of a girl, who appeared not more than six years of age, but who in reality had seen ten miserable summers and winters. If the appearance of the mother had been supremely disgusting, that of the girl was so pitiful and woe-begone, that I felt the tears gush into my eyes, and my bosom heaved with an emotion which I could not restrain. Even the judge appeared melted, when he saw this little skeleton frame clinging to the waist of its miserable mother, its eyes wildly and timidly cast around her, as if she feared that she should be separated from the disgusting wretch who gave her birth.

The judge quickly recovered his firmness, however, as if afraid to exhibit a weakness unbecoming his station. He said, in a stern voice,

"Has not this woman been here before? Woman, have I not seen you before?"

She turned at the sound of his voice, and fixed her eyes upon him in one long and steady gaze. Those who had a fair view of her countenance say that she had not looked long in the face of the judge before a sudden paleness overspread her features, and her eyes seemed ready to burst from her head. Having surveyed the judge in silence for some time, she replied to his question in a low, sepulchral voice, that made me tremble,

"Yes, yes, we have met before."

The peculiar tone and manner in which the prisoner uttered these simple words produced a death-like silence throughout the court-room. The spectators crowded as near to the railing as they could, and every eye was bent upon the singular wretch who stood at the bar of justice.

The judge appeared at first a little struck by her strange conduct; but a man who had seen such a variety of prisoners was not likely to be thrown off his balance by any peculiarity in their conduct. He therefore proceeded with the trial, and asked her if she wished to ask the witness any questions. As he spoke in a sterner tone than he had done before, the little girl, beginning to be apprehensive that evil threatened her mother, wept and sobbed audibly.

The prisoner proceeded to ask the witness a few questions, and now much surprise was evinced by the officers of the court, at the choice language which proceeded from the swollen and chapped lips of so unprepossessing a figure. The questions were answered by the watchman; but there was a bungling hesitancy in his replies, which seemed to insinuate that he had found in the squalid wretch before him a more ingenious questioner than he had anticipated. In short, so unsatisfactory were his replies, that the judge asked if there was not another witness in that case. No other witness was at hand, and therefore the judge turned to hold a short colloquy with the prisoner.

"Are you not ashamed," said he, "to let that little girl starve while you are able to work and maintain her decently?"

"Who would give work to me?" returned the other, fixing the same earnest gaze once more on the face of the judge.

"It is your own fault, if you have arrived at such a degraded condition that nobody will receive you into their house," cried the judge. "But you seem to have seen better days. You have an alias to your name, I understand. What is your other name?"

"It is not to be pronounced in such a place as this," said she, still fixing her unquailing eyes on the magistrate. "You might recollect it if you heard it."

"Enough," said the judge. "You acknowledge that you have been in this court before. I thought I had a faint recollection of your features."

"Ah!" cried she, elevating her hand, and her head, "we have met before."

"You confess that you have been brought before me the second time," said the judge. "What have you to say for yourself why you should not be sentenced to six months in prison?"

The prisoner looked down and remained silent a moment. But it was for only a moment, when she again looked upon the judge and said,

"I will tell you where I came from, and all about it. You shall also know my true name."

"O, yes, I will tell you the *truth*," cried she, with a low laugh. "You may not always be fond of hearing the *truth*."

"You waste time," said the judge.

The prisoner stilled her child, and proceeded.

"The present condition to which you see me reduced is the consequence of treachery in one whom I supposed to be my lover."

"A very common plea," interrupted the judge. "Your lover must have been greatly enamored of such a beautiful object as you are. I admire his taste."

"He was considered respectable," said the prisoner, "and I thought him respectable. Nay, he is to this day regarded as a very respectable gentleman."

"Where does he live?" said the judge.

"You shall know all in good time," returned she. "My father was a wealthy husbandman in one of the Middle States. I was his only child, and his heart was bound up in me. When a cloud crossed my brow, he was miserable until I appeared cheerful again."

"Is the old man alive now?" said the judge. "Truly, he must be proud of such a daughter."

"He is not alive," cried she. "No, no. His gray hairs have gone down in sorrow to the grave. The seducer came. I believed the tales he told me. He swore eternal constancy. He promised to take me to his friends, who were some of the first in the land. I thought there was no guile in his mouth! My innocence—"

"This is a tale which you have picked up from some novel," said the judge. "I'll be bound that you have told it before in half the courts in the country. It is very improbable that you were ever seduced. You have wilfully taken up this course of life. For shame! Take her away, constable."

"No, no—not yet," cried the prisoner. "I can prove what I say. I can bring such evidence that the seducer of my innocence and the murderer of my father shall himself own his crimes, and stand before you in all the horror of guilt."

Observing that every one in court was impressed by her earnest manner, and being himself strangely interested in the fate of this wretched being, the judge motioned to her to continue her story.

"The crafty man who wrought my ruin," said she, "belonged to——. He was a lawyer who was said to be rising in his profession, and whose personal and mental qualities were calculated to captivate the heart of a young, simple maiden, such as I was then."

"How long ago was that?" said the judge.

"When I first saw this bad man," said she, "it was eleven years ago."

"But you are now fifty, I should say."

"No, sir. Sorrow and sin have made dreadful inroads upon my constitution since my father died. I am but thirty-one years of age. It was eleven years ago, last October, since I first—"

"Stop! stop!" said the judge. "This cannot be true. You cannot have sunk so low in so short a time. You are older, much older than that."

It was observed that the judge pronounced these words with a great deal of emphasis, and that his countenance was suffused with blood. He was supposed to be in a passion with the prisoner, on account of her attempting to deceive him with respect to her age. She quietly answered him, but fixed her eyes on his face as she did so.

"I do not deceive you. There are those who understand deception better than I. I say that this lawyer led me on step by step, until he effected my ruin. Since then I have been a cheerless and homeless wanderer, with this poor child over the world. I have sometimes subsisted on the wages of sin. At first I was obliged to have recourse to such business, in order to support myself and perishing little one. At length poverty deprived me of what little pride I had. I became wholly abandoned. O God! to what misery has one false step reduced me!"

The eyes of the judge now glanced frequently at the woman, and at every glance his countenance became more pale. At length he shouted aloud,

"Take her away, constable! Away with her, I say!"

"Hold!" said she to the officer. "First let me tell your judge my other name. A moment ago he was anxious to hear it. Now let him have it. My true name is Clarissa Huntingdon."

The judge sprang upon his feet as if he had been shot by a musket ball. In a voice almost choked with rage and agitation, he stamped and roared,

"Do your duty, officers. Away! Away! I tell ye, with that woman!"

"Nay, then," cried she, flinging off her tattered cloak, and holding the wasted form of her purple-faced child on high—"Look! look! Charles, look upon your child! See her little fleshless arms are stretched to you for protection. Her shivering limbs need clothing. She is hungry, very hungry! Look, Amelia, look upon your father! See how well dressed he is! See how plump his cheeks are! He does not live on offals. He can get enough bread to eat. He did not sleep on straw last night. Ha! ha! ha! He owns his child. He looks at us. Speak to him. It is your father."

For a moment the eyes of the judge glared wildly upon his child and the woman whom he had ruined. His countenance became still more flushed. He made a frightful gesture with his arm. That member fell lifeless to his side. His eyes rolled up in his head. His head sunk upon his shoulder, and he fell back upon his seat. In another moment a loud noise announced that the heavy form of the judge had fallen from his seat to the floor. Assistance was rendered in vain. His guilty agitation had caused an attack of apoplexy, to which he was subject, and his spirit had flown to the bar of that God whom he had so much offended.

The wretched Clarissa and her daughter were taken charge of by a brother of the judge—a pious and benevolent man, who had frequently exerted himself, without much effect, for the reform of his heartless brother.

The child was so well attended to, that she not only lived, but became a healthy and interesting child. Let no one despair of reforming his abandoned fellow, when I state that even the debased Clarissa became a decent and orderly woman, and died in the hope of hymning the praises of Christ at the resurrection of the just.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Fashionable Intelligence.—Marriage in high Life—Great Festivities.

The following report of an event of great interest to the gay world, has been sent to us by a friend, who found it in the street in New York. It is supposed to have dropped from the pocket of a reporter of the New York Express, Evening Post or Times, and we take this method of presenting it to the world, as well as of enabling its proper owner to procure it and give it to his impatient readers.

"THE MARRIAGE FETE AT CROWSWOOD.

"The fashionable world has been much interested in the union of Miss Dinah Dora Blowitt with Mr. Samuel Beau Ditchie, better known as Sambo. The—both parties being distinguished in the colored literary circles of our great country. The marriage was solemnized at Crowswood, the residence of the bride's uncle, on Saturday last, in the presence of a distinguished party of guests from this and the neighboring states. The weather, sympathizing with the occasion, was highly propitious to the gathering of the company, but less so to their separation. The sun had considerately sheathed his fiery arrows, and a personal friend of the bride, who is by profession a street-waterer, had the night before, gone over the road with his cart and laid the dust so as to prevent the gentleman and ladies from getting their shoes and stockings dirtied.

The distance from the city being only a few miles, most of the guests went on foot, but some of the more distinguished went in omnibusses, and a few of the aristocracy drove to the scene of the festivity in their own drays. Mr. Pompey Johnson, the wealthy hod-carrier, took a gay party of his friends in a furniture car hired for the occasion; but their enjoyment was considerably dampened by the absence of Mrs. Johnson, who, owing to the house cleaning going on at the mansion where she presides as maid-of-all-work, was unavoidably detained at home. General regret, too, was felt at the absence of Mr. Julius Quash, the celebrated wit of the colored circles, who was unable to enjoy the festive scene, it being the height of the whitewashing season.

"By half past two o'clock most of the guests had arrived, and rarely has such a brilliant company been assembled in this or any other country. They entirely filled the drawing-room of the Crowswood mansion—a spacious apartment 12½ square.—About three o'clock a strain of bewitching music was heard from the back porch, where a friend of the groom's—a celebrated amateur performed on the banjo—had stationed himself, and to these enchanting sounds the procession advanced into the saloon. The bride leaned upon the arm of her venerable Uncle Edward, and the groom upon that of Aunt Chloe, and they were attended by a train of sixteen bridesmaids and groomsmen, all chosen from the beauty and fashion of the colored aristocracy.

"The bride wore a splendid dress of white delusion, over pink muslin, which contrasted and harmonized beautifully with the clear of her polished complexion. Her splendid masses of sable hair were unadorned except by a wreath of white and crimson peonies, plucked fresh from the garden of Crowswood by her own fairy fingers; for we may add *par parenthesis*, that it is one of Mrs. Ditchie's fancies never to wear artificial flowers or other imitations of nature for ornament. From the wreath hung a veil of rich bobinet that cost at least twenty-five cents a yard. A necklace of wax beads—the splendid gift of the happy bridegroom—encircled her black swan-like neck in flattering contrast, and a *Beethe* of delusion was looped up at her breast by a magnificent mother-of-pearl brooch, three inches in diameter. The groom's dress was a long-tailed blue coat, white vest and pants, white cravat and white cotton gloves, and his feet were encased in a pair of boots, expressly polished for the occasion by one of the groomsmen, a professional gentleman in that line of business.

"The marriage ceremony was according to the well-known impressive service of the Ethiopian church, and was performed with great feeling by the Rev. Cæsar Jones pastor of the Ethiopian Chapel in that vicinity. We have no room to describe the entire service, but to the questions that were to make the twain one flesh, it was remarked that the groom replied promptly, though almost inaudibly, "I will, boss!" and the bride, in a clear but slightly tremulous tone, "Well I does!" As soon as the ceremony was concluded, the happy bridegroom folded his bride to his bosom and impressed upon her blushing cheek a long, fervent salutation, and then the joyous company gathered around to offer their congratulations.

"Soon afterwards, dancing took place to the inspiring strains of Lucy Neal and the Virginia Breakdown, while a portion of the company partook of a bountiful supply of refreshments. The bride and groom departed early, the amateur artist on the banjo, before referred to, striking up, as they took their leave, the happily chosen air of 'Carry me back to Ole Virginny.' The company soon afterwards took their leave, the hospitable halls of Crowswood, and returned to their homes by the several private conveyances by which they arrived. A slight shower, which had fallen during the festivities, was the only *contretemps* to this otherwise joyful occasion.

"It is understood that the happy couple proceeded to Philadelphia, where they were to dine with a brother-in-law of the bride's, at his mansion in Small street. From thence they are to proceed to the residence of the groom's venerable father, and after that to his own home, which awaits its new mistress with anxious interest."

SOAP STONE FOR BUILDING.—A new building material has been introduced into New York from the steatite beds of Middlefield, Mass. The Scientific American says this material, known as soap-tone, is positively fire-proof, easily worked, and the supply is inexhaustible. Buildings properly constructed of it would be as secure from injury by fire as our best safes.

LONDON POST—LORD PALMERSTON—CUBA.

Our editorial upon the relations of the United States with Spain, which attracted so much attention on the other side of the Atlantic, causes inordinate anxiety to the London Post. In a long article upon the subject, that journal remarks in its issue of May 29:

"But can nothing be done in the meantime to effect an adjustment of this unhappy dispute? A war between Spain and the United States at the present crisis of European affairs might, and most probably would lead to new and most serious complications. France and England have deliberately resolved to maintain the cause of right against might in the Old World, and they may yet be bound to assert the same principles in the New. We sincerely believe, however, that no such occasion will arise. This affair of the Black Warrior—which has grown into such importance not through its intrinsic merits, but in consequence of certain recent incidents in the history of Cuba—is one which might most justly be referred to the arbitration of a friendly power. If the government of the United States entertains no ulterior views, it could not object to such a mode of adjustment."

The Post, it must be understood, is the exclusive organ of Lord Palmerston. During the pendency of the Pacifico affair at Athens, it was said that no editorial appeared in that paper on foreign affairs that was not written by or prepared under the immediate direction of his lordship. It is not known to us that this relation has changed; on the contrary, from the antecedents of the Home Secretary, his repeatedly-avowed hostility to everything American, we believe that the article before us is an explicit expression of his sentiments; and viewing it in that aspect, we shall treat it with the consideration which it demands.

It will be recollected that at the opening of the present session of Parliament, Lord Clarendon took occasion to state that England and France were of "good accord with respect to both hemispheres," indicating clearly that those powers intended to regulate the affairs of each. General Cass, as soon as this declaration in an authentic form caught his eye, called the attention of the Senate to it as a subject of momentous importance. His speech, we are informed, was communicated to Lord Clarendon, who sought an early occasion to disavow to an American citizen, and perhaps afterwards formally, the intention attributed to him as the organ of the British government. His remark he stated, had reference to the "good accord" of England and France in the affairs of the La Plata merely, as related to the Western hemisphere. There are those among us who have been disposed to attach but little credit to the explanation of Lord Clarendon; and while we have not been of the number, we nevertheless thought that the blockade of Buenos Ayres might have been designated *per se*, instead of including our entire hemisphere. But the Post now re-expresses all that was said by Lord Clarendon in his official capacity—so objectionable, if not insulting, to this country—thus showing that the same opinions entertained in another, and a higher quarter, as far as ability and statesmanship are concerned.

We can tell the Post, and the officials of England, to whose sentiments it gives utterance, that its threat, that the allies "may be bound to assert" the right of intervening in matters which this nation, in the protection of its interests, alone is competent to regulate, will have no other effect than to provoke the indignation—as it will the resentment, if an occasion shall arise for its exercise—of every individual who glories in being a citizen of this republic. If there be a European policy observed for the welfare of the rulers, there is also an American policy to be observed for the welfare of the people, and this policy potentates shall never intermeddle with in cases endangering the preservation and prosperity of the Union. America is not the *protégé* of any power, nor is she to be intimidated in the prosecution of a just measure, if she should find the whole monarchical family of European States physically arrayed against her. We are tired as we are disgusted, with the "balance-of-power" cant which England was well inclined to assert in the annexation-of-Texas question, and which, through her artificers, contributed to the overthrow of Louis Phillippe. Nations distrustful of their own strength threaten—confident ones act. Lord Palmerston may hate, as he has ever hated this country, but he cannot harm it. No coalition that he can form will hinder its necessary expansion a single square inch. Its fortunes are not in the keeping of foreign statesmen. The "recent incident in the history of Cuba," contrived by British subtlety, and consummated by British dictation, may impel it onward to outstrip the natural destiny; but it will never acquire that island in a manner so disreputable as the "proud mistress," in her supremacy on the ocean, acquired most of her colonies and dependencies. Spain will receive for her colony not only a fair, but a generous sum—such a one as may lay the foundation of substantial wealth after redeeming her prostrate credit. Its possession by the United States is a necessity to them—just such a necessity as that contemplated by the great Burke.

"Recent incidents in the history of Cuba." That's it exactly! That's it that is distracting the minds of our people, and creating concitude in the minds of those who administer their government. Lord Palmerston's organ thus endorses that which we have all along said on the subject of those "recent incidents."—*Washington Union.*

A TOUCHING APPEAL.—A Western Editor appeals, in the following eloquent language, to the sympathies of his delinquent subscribers:—"We cannot help thinking how much easier an editor's life might be made if his generous patrons could only hear his 'better half' scraping the bottom of the flour barrel! A man that can write editorials with such music sounding in his ears can easily walk the telegraph wires and turn somersets in the branches of a thorn bush."

N. C. RAILROAD DIRECTORY.

We learn from the Raleigh Standard of the 21st inst., that the Governor and Council have appointed the following gentlemen Directors for the State in the N. C. Railroad Company: Charles F. Fisher, of Rowan; Nathaniel G. Rand, of Wake; Robert P. Dick, of Guilford; Robert Strange, of New Hanover; Wm. T. Dortch, of Wayne; Samuel Hargrave, of Davidson; John Berry, of Orange; and Gerge S. Stevenson, of Craven.

The appointments appear to be the same as those of last year, with two exceptions: Messrs. Phillips and Washington, *Whigs*, are left out, and Messrs. Berry and Stevenson, *Democrats*, appointed in their place. The whole Directory on the part of the State is now by Executive appointment, made up of Democrats appointed *because* they are of that political party, more than with a view to the interest of the Road or the advancement of internal improvements; for one of the new appointees, we understand, was opposed to the charter of the Road, or at least refused to vote when upon its passage in the Senate.

We thought before that as much of *party* had been thrown into this business as could be defended on any ground of property or any precedent in North Carolina; but now, forsooth, all restraint is thrown off and party takes its shameless sway in a matter of purely State concern, where the people are mutually interested as North Carolina alone, without reference to any notions or doctrines of national politics.

Did the gentlemen of both political parties, who raised their united voice in favor of this great work in its inception, harbor for an instant the idea that it was to become a locofoco railroad, or a whig railroad,—that the principle of proscription for political opinions was to enter into an enterprise belonging exclusively to their beloved State; Would the hard working men along the line of the Road have embarked their means to the last dollar, and made the sacrifice they have done, to put in operation a locofoco railroad—or a whig railroad?

But we forbear. It were better, perhaps, to swallow and repress feelings of righteous indignation, rather than say an unguarded word that might retard for an instant the progress of the work on which the common hopes of our people are fixed. We look with concern to the action of the stockholders in the approaching annual meeting, and the subsequent course of the Directory, which, we apprehend, must needs do something to vindicate its "Democratic" character and that of the appointing power, no matter what other interest sinks or swims.—*Greensboro Patriot.*

SCENE WITH A MAD DOG.

The following letter from Mrs. Smirley, of Rahway, New Jersey, to her husband, at Forest Hall, gives a thrilling narrative of an adventure with a mad dog:

MY DEAR JOHN: We were all thrown into the utmost alarm and terror this morning, by a mad dog that got into our house. I was standing in the kitchen with Almira by my side, when I was started by the most terrific howling in our front hall. I thought it was two dogs fighting, and catching Almira up, I sprang into the dining room. I had just closed the door when a dog bounded into the kitchen and aimed straight at the door where I was. He sprang at it with great force, but I went into the yard. Ada ran round the side of the house and got in the dining room window, Edward got upon the shed, and poor John lay up stairs sick on the bed.

You may imagine what were my feelings at that moment; in a few moments he came flying back again into the kitchen, and finding he could not get in the door at us, he tried the window again; he was now frothing at the mouth most dreadfully, his eyes glared at us until my blood ran cold in my veins; the glass was covered with froth, and he was springing to get at us. A man now came rushing through the hall; he tried to pacify us and quiet our fears; but we saw in one moment by his action that the dog was mad; he succeeded in twisting a rope around his neck and dragging him into the kitchen when a dreadful howl rang through the house, and he rushed at the window, the glass flying in all directions, until he succeeded in getting his head through. I expected every moment to see the sash give way; for a moment I had no power to move.

Ada was jumping out of the window; I screamed to her to save Almira; she caught her and leaped from the window, and went into Mrs. Crogan's. I felt as though a spell was upon me but I was soon aroused by hearing them shrieking over the fence for me to jump out of the window. I made a spring, and was soon in Mrs. Crogan's yard. In a few minutes all was silent, and we thought the man had got him out of the house. We now ventured to go home; the man and dog were gone, but every door was standing wide open. Ada then screamed down stairs that the dog was under the bed in the long bed room. We were now worse off than ever. What was to be done? We were alone; no one to defend us. I was half frantic. I rushed out of the front door, and just succeeded in hailing three men as they turned the corner. They were more than an hour in getting him out.

Finally they had to choke him, and though he could scarce make any noise, his strength was enormous. He tried hard to bite them; they threw him down with the rope around his neck. He reeled several times round, and then started up the street in full cry; the people flew in all directions; but they succeeded in killing him. When I heard he was dead I felt as if I could breathe. The dog belonged to Mr. Hall; he said he would not have taken fifty dollars for him, he was such a valuable dog. After all was over, I went up in the room where he had been, but of all the sights that ever I beheld it was the most revolting. The sides of the wall, the bed-clothes and the floor were smeared in blood and froth, the bedstead was in pieces lying on the floor, and the mattress had been trampled upon until it was almost ruined. You may think what a nice piece of work to clean up; but oh, John, that was nothing, when I think of what would have been the horror if he had bitten us.

EXECUTION OF A RUSSIAN SPY IN TURKEY.

A horrible execution of a Russian Spy recently took place at Schumla, which reflects no credit on Omer Pasha. The revolting scene is thus described.

He was conducted by a large body of military from one end of Shumla to the other. Ishmael Pasha, with a large staff, led the way. At a considerable distance came a band of drummers and musicians, playing tunes more suited to a triumphal event than to the tragical affair that was soon to take place. Behind them came some files of soldiers; then the condemned man, walking, in the dress of a Bulgarian peasant, his two arms tied with ropes, and held by several kavasses who followed him. The criminal was led out to a spot in view of all present. Ishmael Pasha and his staff alighted. The preparations for the poor fellow's execution were very soon finished—nothing, in fact, having been done, excepting the binding of the man's eyes, and the tying of his hands considerably tighter.

The Pasha gave the signal to nine soldiers, who were placed at 25 yards from the condemned man, to fire. Three fired first, but only one of their shots took effect. It made him stagger and fall. Another three then fired, with but little more effect; after which the remaining three discharged their muskets at him. Four balls in all seemed to have struck him; but as he was not dead three other soldiers were ordered to fall out of their ranks, and to fire upon him. After they had done so, several went up to the unkilled man, and struck their bayonets into his skull. He groaned so heavily that the crowd heard him. The want of precision with which the men fired, and the tardiness they showed in doing their work, were very reprehensible, and gave much pain to the foreign officers who had seen military executions in other countries; but the finishing part of the business was little else than revolting to their feelings. Several Turkish officers went up to the mutilated man, drew their swords across his throat, and then licked the blood from their sides. During the whole of the proceedings, Ishmael Pasha was quietly smoking his pipe, and seemed as undisturbed by emotion as if he had been witnessing a review of his troops. The spy had been formerly of the Russian army, and was a man of some intelligence.

A NEW TYPE-SETTING MACHINE.—A letter from Copenhagen, under date of May 18, thus describes a new, important, and wonderful invention. The writer says:

"Owing to the politeness of the editors, I have now been able to see the new composing machine as in actual operation in the office of the *Fädrelandet*. Instead of the usual cases and composing sticks, and the compositor standing at his work, we see a person sitting before a machine with keys like a piano, which he plays on incessantly, and every touch on the tangent is followed by a click; the letter is already in its place in the long mahogany channel prepared for it. The whole is exceedingly ingenious. In fact it is a fairy work. The most wonderful part is, that it distributes the already used type at the same time that it sets the new page, and with an exactness perfectly sure. No mistake can ever occur. The compositor, by this machine, does four times as much work as another workman, but as he requires an assistant to line and page the set type this brings it to twice the amount of type set. The whole is so clean and pleasant that it will probably soon be a favorite employment for women. The machine occupies a very small space, not more than a large chair, and is beautifully made of hard woods, brass and steel. Its success is now beyond all doubt. The proprietors of the *Fädrelandet* are so gratified by the one they now have, that they have ordered another. The price is 2,400 Danish dollars. It will last apparently for a century or two without repair. Mr. Soreusan, the inventor himself a compositor all his life, kindly shows the machine to any visitor. Of course a compositor cannot set with this machine at once; it will take him a short time, a few days, for him to become familiar with the details, but he is then a gentleman compared to his old comrades."

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A trick was played upon Horace Greely, when a member of Congress, by a heartless wag, which is too good to be lost. It is thus told:

"Every reader of history knows the joke played upon Greely by some facetious member of Congress. Observing the great philosopher in a retired corner, intent upon a roll of manuscript, the mischievous wag managed to pick the pocket of that celebrated white coat of the precious roll; it proved to be the speech Greely intended to inflict upon his unhappy audience that very day. Having an excellent memory, our wag made himself master of the oration, and quietly returned the manuscript into the capacious pocket. Watching his opportunity he rose before Greely, and to his unbounded astonishment delivered the crowning effort of the Tribune's mind, which was a grand combination of the nineteen editors of that sheet. Here was a bit of slander from Ripley, a bit of smut from Solon Robinson, a lump of blarney from Richelieu Robinson, a sarcasm from Carter, and a moral from Bayard Taylor. Judge of the horror of Greely at hearing his own platitudes pouring from the lips of another. When the wag had finished, Horace rose and said—'Gentlemen, that's my speech, by thunder.'"

MISTAKING THE MAGNOLIA FOR CABBAGES.—Last week a party of German emigrants went ashore from a boat on the Mississippi river, and gathered a large quantity of the leaves and flowers from the magnolia trees, which they took on board, boiled and ate, from the effects of which one man died and four others came near dying. They had mistaken the leaves of the magnolia for cabbages, supposing that in this fertile country cabbage grew wild, and from sixty to seventy feet high, as does the magnolia resemble those of the cabbage, but are poisonous.