

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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THOMAS J. HOLTON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Poetry.



ALL THINGS ARE OF GOD.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Thy glory fills the sky and earth,
Thy power is in the elements;
Thy love is in the heart of man,
Thy mercy in the tears of pain;
Thy grace is in the soul of every creature,
Thy goodness in the fruit of every tree;
Thy kindness in the smile of every flower,
Thy beauty in the face of every child;
Thy wisdom in the stars of heaven,
Thy strength in the rocks of earth;
Thy peace in the stillness of the night,
Thy joy in the laughter of the day;
Thy love is in the heart of every creature,
Thy mercy in the tears of every pain;
Thy grace is in the soul of every creature,
Thy goodness in the fruit of every tree;
Thy kindness in the smile of every flower,
Thy beauty in the face of every child;
Thy wisdom in the stars of heaven,
Thy strength in the rocks of earth;
Thy peace in the stillness of the night,
Thy joy in the laughter of the day.

Miscellaneous.

From the American Union.

CLARA BICENT:

THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN:

A TALE OF A FARMER'S LIFE.

BY EMMA CARRA.

CHAPTER I.

THE MIDNIGHT HOME; AND THE IMPRISONED FARMER.

In the little parlor, of an old-fashioned, gable-roofed house, that stood on the corner of a dark alley, sat a young man, his side was a beautiful girl, with her face upturned to his, and her dark eyes beaming with love and confidence as she answered his last question:

"Can it indeed be true that your miserly old uncle will destroy his will that is now in your favor, and give all his vast property to strangers if you become my wife?"

"He told me so, William, and forbade my ever speaking to you again. You, he even told me that if he ever found you here again with my permission, he cared not how great the storm nor how intense my sufferings, he would turn me from his house, nor allow me ever to enter it again."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the young man, "does he think to foil me? No, no, he cannot do it. Not that I care for his ill-gotten gold—the price of widows' tears and orphans' hunger; but I cannot bear that you should be penniless for my sake; for Clara, darling, I repeat now what I have often stated to you—that I have nothing to offer you but a heart that would give up its life in blood to save you from sorrow. My hands are soiled, William, my purse is light; and for this, and this alone, does your uncle hate me so much;—but I care not, Clara, since you have acknowledged that you love me. You shall be mine; perhaps when he sees that you are mine, he will relent, and deal justly by his orphaned niece."

"He never will, William. When Uncle Simon has spoken, his words are never recalled."

"Curse him!" muttered the young man. "A man who would sacrifice for gold the only relative he has in the world, ought to die."

"Hush, William!" said Clara, imploringly; "it will not make him better to talk so. He has always fed and clothed me since my mother died, and although I know his faults are great, I cannot bear to hear him spoken of harshly."

Before the young man could reply, there were sounds of approaching footsteps in the narrow walk that led from the street gate. Clara listened for a moment, and then springing to her feet she exclaimed:

"Fly, William! for Heaven's sake fly. That is uncle's step—he has returned from his walk to-night earlier than usual."

"Already was the miser's hand on the latch, and there was not a moment to be lost; but how could the lover escape unobserved? For the little parlor contained but one outlet, and if William attempted egress in that direction, he would probably meet face to face the one from whom he was fleeing."

"There is no help for it, Clara," he said in a firm tone; "I must face the lion in his den. For your sake I could wish it were otherwise, but for my own—fend as he is, he could not harm me."

For a moment the beautiful girl's face was of an ashen hue; then springing to the door of a large closet that received air from an aperture opening into the outer kitchen, she motioned for the young man to enter, saying:

"Come, William, come! he will not open this door, and here you will be safe till he has gone to his chamber, and then I will let you out."

The old man's hand was on the latch of the inner door, so there was no time for further remarks, and William sprang within the closet, and in a moment Clara turned the key, and then went to the door to receive her uncle.

"A bitter cold night," muttered the miser, as he came slowly in and deposited his cane behind the door of the room which was used for parlor, sitting room, and, sometimes sleeping room too, when the weather was intensely cold.

"It is cold, Uncle Simon," answered the girl, going to his side, and helping to divest the old man of his outer covering; "but we have a good fireplace to warm you."

"Too much, too much," returned the miser; "shouldn't waste fuel; may want it

before you die," and with this remark on his lips he seated himself in the large armchair that Clara had drawn in front of the fire for his use. The whole exterior of the old man showed the miser. No indications of benevolence marked his withered brow, and why should there? for to no human being did he ever give even a pleasant word of encouragement to cheer him in the path of duty. To him all appeals from the orphan and widow fell on closed ears, and in the proportion that he kept aloof from mankind, did they keep far from him.

The old gable-roofed house where he first drew breath, and where he now resided, descended to him from his father; he scarcely ever went so far from it that he could not look back and behold it, save at dusk, when it was his custom to walk forth, came in hand, for a long walk; it was on these well-known occasions that William came to call and spend a short time with his beloved Clara.

Once or twice the miser had caught him there, and when he learned from inquiry that he was poor, he bade him begone, and say nothing more to his niece. It was many weeks since that command was given, and he had never met with the young man since; so he had almost ceased to think about him.

For a little while the old man sat by the fire, resting his weary limbs against the cushions; then turning to his niece, he said:

"You may go up and get my bed-gown—I shall sleep here to-night, it is so cold. What makes you look so strangely, Clara? Are you afraid I shall spoil the parlor bed, or are these old-fashioned ways offensive to you? My parents used to have a bed in this room, and I shall have one here too as long as I own this house. When I am gone, you can do just as you have a mind to."

"O, I have no objection to your sleeping here, uncle," said Clara, rising, and averting her head that he might not see her emotion; and then stepping to the farther corner of the room, she turned back the white sheets of a high post, ebony-topped bedstead, and removed from the patchwork quilt various little articles of her own that had lain there.

"Are you going to get my bed-gown, Clara, to-night?" inquired the miser, in a sharp tone, and turning his head to see what the young girl was doing.

"O, yes, yes, uncle; I will go now," was answered, rather abstractedly; and then tripping lightly across the bare floor, Clara went out.

She did not go directly to the chamber occupied by the old man when the weather was mild, but passing around to the old-fashioned kitchen, she stepped near the long, narrow aperture, where in by-gone days dishes were passed to and fro from the large closet to the kitchen.

"William! William!" she whispered, pleasantly, "I fear you will have to remain a prisoner where you are to-night, for uncle has taken a fancy to sleep in the parlor to-night. You know I have often told you how old-fashioned he is in his ideas—he will have a bed where he pleases, and sleep there too."

"O, I must not, Clara, for I am never absent from home without letting my widow mother know the cause of my absence; and then, too, if there should be an alarm of fire, my men will think very strange of their captain's absence, when they know that I have not gone away from the city."

"I know it is too bad that you should remain, William," answered the girl, tremulously; "what do I care if you were to pass out and uncle should see you, he would do all he has threatened, perhaps more, for he is a bad tempered man when he is aroused."

"Well, can you not unlock the closet door when he is sleeping, and let me pass out?"

"I wish I could, William," answered Clara, the miser's niece, despondingly; "but he is very cautious, and always makes every door secure before he lies down. He always locks his sleeping room door, not that he is afraid, he says, but it is a habit he has always had from his boyhood, and he can rest more quietly when he does so."

"Then give me the key to the closet door, dear," said the young man, "and when he is soundly sleeping, I will unlock the door from the inside, and release myself."

"I thought of that way," answered Clara; "but then I recollected that owing to some defect in the lock, the key will not fasten nor unfasten the closet door on the inside. But don't be so anxious about going away to-night, William; you can be perfectly comfortable where you are, for of late I have used this as a store-room for my old clothes and heavy garments—so you will find plenty of quilts and comforters on the shelves at the right hand. Do stay here, dear William," she continued, imploringly; "for O! what should I do if uncle should find out you were in the house, or that I had deceived him?"

"If you will, after uncle has retired, I will pass noiselessly out the back way, and go down the street to your mother's house, and tell her the cause of your absence."

"And will you arouse your uncle, and release me, either privately or otherwise if the fire bells ring?"

"I will."

"Then I will try to rest contented, for I would not add to my mother's sorrow by absenting myself from home without her knowing the cause, nor would I like to withstand the quizzing of the company if I did not appear when needed. But pray release me from my place of confinement as early as possible."

"Yes, William, uncle always rises very early."

"Clara, are you never coming with my bed-gown?" was called in a loud, sharp tone from the parlor door. "If you want, I will come and get it myself, you ungrateful girl, you!"

Clara sprang from the kitchen to obey her uncle, while the young woman, as he turned away and began to arrange a bed in the long but not very wide closet, muttered a curse on the miser's flinty heart. Had the weather been warm, the young man could not have been comfortable in the place where he now found himself, although the aperture in the rear of the closet was not very small, but the night was intensely cold, making only a small current of air acceptable.

Tiers of comforters did the young man

lie on the wide shelf near the opening, and then divesting himself of his coat, he closely wrapped himself in a blanket, and laid himself on the pile to sleep. When Clara passed through the kitchen on her way to her own chamber, she paused for a moment and asked of William:

"Will your mother not be angry with me for detaining you here?"

"No, dearest, no; she loves you too well to think that you could be to blame in anything you might do."

"Well, truly, I thought the uncle would have a fire made in his chamber to-night, and sleep there, or I might have devised some other plan for you to escape. You might have hidden under the bed in the corner of the room, and then when uncle was asleep you could have come out."

"Well, never mind, dear, I am very comfortable here," said Clara, only when you go out," he said, "for the weather is very severe, and you may get sick—I am so sorry, Clara, dear, that my imprudence has caused you so much trouble."

"O, I will take good care of myself—never fear."

"I shall be impatient till your return."

This conversation was carried on in a very low whisper, but even the lovers had spoken louder than sound could have been heard by the old man, for time had blunted his once acute sense of hearing.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Samuel W. Brady, who died in town last Friday, was one of the three survivors of the battle of the Florida war, and was a soldier in the whole of the Scott campaign in Mexico. At Chapultepec he was foremost among those who scaled the walls, and was severely wounded as he lay at first reported in the list of the killed. His remains were accompanied to their last resting place, Saturday afternoon, by the Morgan Continentals, with military honors.—Winchester Republican.

A ramrod was shot through a boy's head at Rockland (Maine) last Tuesday, a gun having gone off while another boy was looking in. The rod entered near the right angle of the right eye of John L. Craig, came out at the right of the greatest prominence in the back part of the head, the point protruding about four inches, and it stuck so closely to the bones that a hammer was used to drive it back. Notwithstanding the severity and delicacy of the wound, the boy may recover.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A SPIDER.—A lady named Ann Eliza Tyler, died suddenly on last Thursday night, in Richmond, (Va.) from the bite of a spider. She was bitten on the right cheek the night before, and died the following evening from the effects.

Notice.

A Valuable HOUSE and LOT FOR SALE OR RENT.

THE subscribers offer their well improved Lots in the town of Charlotte, for sale or rent, situated in the eastern portion of the town, known as the Potomac property, containing lots. The improved lots are very desirable building lots. Apply to John R. Daniel.

ALLISON & DANIEL.
Aug. 12, 1856.

Keep Your Pianos in Tune!

THE Citizens of Charlotte and vicinity, who subscribers having often been called upon, by music arrangements by which he is prepared to tune and repair Pianos, Fortes, Melodians, &c. Your Patronage is respectfully solicited.

FORBES may be left at Bon & Co's Shoe Store, or Dr. Scar's Apothecary Store, at usual rates.

Aug. 26, 1856. ASA GEORGE.

G. E. ANDERSON, W. P. REYNOLDS.

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FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

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Notice.

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J. H. WILSON, Attorney.

E. N. HUTCHISON, Secretary.

Aug. 12, 1856.

Notice.

IN CONSEQUENCE of having lost by the fire which occurred in this place, on the morning of the 27th of May last, various Notes and claims against numerous persons in this and adjoining counties—where Notes and claims, being the property of A. C. Steele, A. Reburn & Co., and others, which were placed in my hands for collection. All persons, therefore, against whom any of such claims are still standing, are hereby duly notified, that unless they appear immediately and clear up by note or cash, I shall be compelled to file, for their benefit, Bills in Equity, thereby subjecting such persons to additional and unnecessary costs.

S. W. DAVIS.

Charlotte, June 17, 1856.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

DR. H. M. COBB.

Will be pleased to receive Professional Calls in the departments of MEDICINE and SURGERY. Unless professionally absent, he may be found at his residence, Fort Mill Depot, York District, S. C.

Feb. 12, 1856.

NORTH CAROLINA LITERATURE.

It is incumbent upon us to report the doings in literature of our sister States, and we rejoice to say that, on all hands, there is a very decided exhibition of a desire, on the part of the South, to assert its proper claims to intellectual position. In our "Old North State" the tendency seems to be to revive the ancient chronicles, to explore the province of local history, and to glean all possible records, from legend and tradition, which shall supply the written chronicle when defective. It glads us to know that Dr. Hawks—a native of North Carolina—is now engaged on a regular history of that State, which will, no doubt, render its Colonial and Revolutionary annals complete. We are told that he has made considerable progress in his work, and that we shall soon be in possession of it. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to know that other minds have been busy, also, and that there has been a considerable body of local literature which has been recently put forth by citizens of North Carolina, calculated equally to enrich her resources in history, and to establish her claims to the possession of writers quite equal to the assertion of her intellect. Among these laborers we mention with pleasure the name of Rev. Dr. Caruthers, known long ago to the literary and religious public of the South by his Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Caldwell, one of the Revolutionary fathers of the Old North State. This memoir of Dr. Caldwell is, in fact, not simply a narrative of his individual life, but a very good account of the first beginnings of the Revolutionary conflict in the upper part of North Carolina, extending to the earliest demonstrations, in the same direction, of the ancient Regulators when they tried the odds with Gov. Tryon—the "Wolf of North Carolina," as he was called by the Redmen. Of the history of this border struggle the Memoir of Dr. Caldwell gives an excellent account, and the work is one that is absolutely essential to every student who would make himself familiar with the early chronicles of the South.

Dr. Caruthers has not stopped at this labor, but, with laudable industry and patriotism, has given us two other interesting volumes of Memoirs on the subject of the early history and biography of North Carolina. These are called "The Old North State in 1776—first and second series." They are collections from manuscript and oral sources, and supply the local history in various respects in North Carolina, giving detailed accounts of various public events, which hitherto have been dismissed carelessly by the historians; biographies of remarkable individuals, and anecdotes of others, all of whom were more or less concerned in the local struggle. These narratives are curious, lively, instructive, and greatly assist in filling up the gaps in our general history. The compiler deserves great credit for his painstaking, zeal and patriotism; he writes in good style, simply, without affectation or ambition, loosely and carelessly at times, but always intelligently and to the point. He properly seeks to do justice to the Old North State, whose services in the Revolution it has pleased our historians to slur over; as is too much the case with their treatment of all our Southern history. His error is in generalizing a little too freely, and of exaggerating the importance of certain of his topics. He has, besides, been too much disposed to take his statements upon trust. We are required, when getting oral testimony, so long after the event, to institute a sharp cross examination of the testifying parties, to take assertion cum grano, and never to forget the always suspicious attitude of a witness who comes forward with his revelations—usually in his own behalf—long after all other witnesses are dead. These witnesses must never be allowed to disturb or assail the "written record," at such a late day, which they never ventured to attack when the writers or their witnesses were living. We cannot give too much heed to this rule; if we disregard it, it is doubtful whether we shall be allowed to have a single unimpaired record, and we shall be required to reverse most of our historical judgments.

Of the same class with these writings of Dr. Caruthers, is a neat volume of Lectures, entitled "Revolutionary History of North Carolina," from the several pens of Dr. Hawks, and the Hon. D. L. Swain and Wm. A. Graham, to which is prefixed a sketch of the Battle of the Alamance, &c., of the Regulators with the Colonial Government—compiled by Wm. D. Cooke, A. M., by whom the nice little volume has been edited. This narrative, and these lectures, are all well written. They deal mostly in the generalities of the subject, avoiding details as inconsistent with the lecture form of composition; but they grasp the subject completely, and without details, the reader will be able to gather from these lectures a very succinct and mostly correct idea of the claims of North Carolina during the Revolutionary conflict. The volume is beautifully printed, with fine illustrations, and is altogether worthy of general perusal. Like the volumes of Caruthers, it well deserves a place in all our libraries. We welcome it to ours.

Quite an interesting narrative of the Life and Character of the celebrated Florio McDonald, has been given us also in the form of a Lecture by Jas. Banks, Esq., of Fayetteville, N. C., which we have read with pleasure and instruction. No doubt, with a little more research, the author would be able to expand this lecture into a nice little volume.

Nor has the State Government been indifferent, while her sons have shown themselves so honorably busy, in adding to the proofs of her intellectual activity. Here is a fine, well printed octavo—"Geological Report of the Midland Counties of North Carolina," by Ebenezer Emmons—illustrated with engravings; a volume of large size in the development of the natural resources of the country. This work will be followed by others of the same class, carrying out the survey through all portions of the State.

The Government of North Carolina has done, and is doing more, to show its laudable zeal in the cause of education; but her public schools on a good foundation, and has created the office of a State Superintendent of Common Schools, who is entrusted with the whole duty of systematizing their action under an uniform and general

organization. His powers extend even to the preparation of the proper school books; one of which—a "North Carolina Reader"—lies before us now—a compilation which largely includes the writings of natives of the States, and all of that sort of material which would be likely to animate the young learner with the love of birth place. The present Superintendent of Common Schools of North Carolina, is the Rev. C. H. Wiley, a gentleman who has acquired a considerable reputation as a man of letters; to whom we owe an Historical Romance, called "Alamance," founded on the War of the Regulators, which forms so interesting a chapter in the history of the Old North State.

Nor has the Muse of North Carolina been silent. Here, for example, are two volumes, modestly called "Wood Notes," which we owe to the kindness of an unknown friend of the Whig (Mr. Raleigh—who will receive our sincere thanks for his courtesy and compliance. These consist of selections from the writings of near fifty native poets of the Old North State—all of them exhibiting taste and cultivation, many of them grace and poetical sensibilities of the most promising character. The verses are all fugitive, as might be expected—things such like the aroma of wild flowers along the highways; for we are not to expect Honors where there are no audiences. The volumes are very beautifully printed, and edited by a lady—Tennille—the pretty *nom de plume*, we are told, of Mrs. W. J. Clarke, who has herself written quite a number of the prettiest things in the collection.

It is somewhat abrupt transition to pass from poetry to postscript; but, in our array of the recent performances of our sister State, we are required to give heed to all the provinces of literature into which she has been disposed to press; and we find in our collection a couple of treatises on "Malaria," by Charles E. Johnson, M. D., of Raleigh. Dr. Johnson holds an enviable rank among his profession in North Carolina, and these essays appear to us quite worthy of respectful study. The writer has aimed rather to clear away the old rubbish of theory on the subject of Malaria, than to introduce any new one of his own. He has shown how utterly in conflict with the facts, the old contradictory, and baseless of truth, are a large portion of the received doctrines; and this is one great step towards getting at the truth. All professions have their superstitions, and those of the medical, in respect to Malaria, are perpetually diverting us from those aspects of the subject from which, studied properly and without bias from the past, we might at length behold the true genius of Pottence emerge. But we have no space for discussion here, and mean only to draw attention to the work, as one of the recent issues of the North Carolina press.

For the present, we have done. Of course, our catalogue shows only a small portion of what our sister State has done and is doing. These volumes we picked up in a hurried progress through a portion only of North Carolina. No doubt a large number of writings, of various classes and various degrees of merit, have illustrated, locally, the mind of that region, of which ours has no knowledge. But, we should like to know, and we appeal earnestly to the press of the Old North State, to give us, from each province, an *outrage raisonnee*, of the local publications, such as we have here imperfectly presented of a part only.—Charlotte Mercury.

THE NEW USE OF COTTON SEED.—In a recent number of the New Orleans Creole, we find a very interesting description of an establishment in that city from the manufacture of oil from cotton seed. After describing the process the Creole says: Cotton seed has heretofore been regarded as useful only for the purpose of manure. It has added nothing to the value of Southern production; but it is now shown to be little inferior in intrinsic value to the silky fibre in which it is enclosed. The establishment to which we allude, produces five hundred barrels of oil per day, from the dry cotton seed. A novel and beautiful piece of machinery built with the utmost precision and the greatest rapidity, leaving the oily meat free from every foreign substance. Exposed to a considerable heat, and subjected to pressure, oil is produced, which, by a new chemical process of clarification, becomes fit for every purpose for which olive, lard, or sperm oil is adapted. To-day, it is used on the tables of many of our citizens, as olive oil. It burns in the solar and aural lamps in our parlors. It is used on machinery as a lubricator, and answers every other purpose for which fine native or foreign oil is needed. The establishment is self-sustaining. The refuse hulls furnish the fuel to drive the engines. Not a single stick of wood has been purchased since the machinery was put in motion. As an experiment, a portion of the hulls was shipped to the North to be worked into bookbinders' boards, for which purpose this material is believed to be admirably adapted. Six months have not yet elapsed since the machinery was set in motion, and now the oil is finding its way into the country in preference to lard or sperm oil, and is for sale in many establishments of this city. The sale is quite equal to the possibility of production.

A JERSEY EXOTICISM.—There appears to be considerable excitement at Patterson, N. J. in regard to the finding of about three hundred pearls (real) in muscle shells—the affair seeming likely to transform the Jersey State into a new East Indies. The New York Tribune has the following:

"A friend assures us that one pearl as large as a small marble (not a piece of shell) has been shown to Tiffany & Ellis, the well known Broadway jewellers, for an estimated value at \$1,000, and offered to advance \$700 on it. It lacks the peculiar tint of the Eastern pearl; otherwise its value would be almost incredible. The man who owns it has already sold small pearls to the amount of \$200. Everybody is on the search, and whatever may be the result there is evidently no lack of muscle at the diggings."

Correspondence of the Rochester Daily Democrat.

A MAN IN THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.

NIAGARA CITY, March 31—2½ o'clock.

I have just returned from a most exciting and thrilling scene, which happily terminated in the rescue of a man who had fallen into the furious rapids near the great Suspension Bridge.

It appears that he was a guest of the Ludlow Hotel, and after breakfast went out to view the bridge, and proceeded down the picturesque steps near Wilmers' flouring mill, on the bank of the river. On reaching the bottom he slipped and fell into water just above the bridge, and when discovered was thirty or forty rods below the bridge, near the shore, rolling over and over, borne along by the resistless current, until he caught hold of a large rock, and after some fruitless struggles succeeded in reaching the top.

The alarm was immediately given in the neighborhood, and it was soon decided that there was no way of rescuing him but by means of a rope and ladder. This was immediately procured, and, after much hesitation, delay, and altercation, occasioned by the difficulty of determining where to place it, inasmuch as the man could not be seen from the projecting bank over his head, it was lowered to the depth of perhaps a hundred feet, and became entangled among the rocks and trees. It was at once decided that some one must go down to disentangle it, and conduct it down so far as the shelving rock over the man's head. But who among the crowd was willing to undertake the hazardous and doubtful experiment? In a few moments Wm. L. Churn, porter of the Ludlow Hotel, volunteered his services, and proceeded to the place where the ladder was attached to the trees. He needed assistance, and soon two more brave men, Anthony Shiley and Nats Crane, offered to go down. The three courageous men worked bravely for more than an hour in conducting the ladder down the precipice, while men at the top carefully let it down.

At length the waiting of hundreds of spectators and cheerers on the Canada side indicated to us that the man had sprang to the shore from the rock and had begun to ascend the ladder. Crane, the Dutch butcher, went down over the shelving rock to meet and help the man up the ladder. But he preferred to climb up without help. Crane went below him, and in a few moments his head was seen emerging from below. What a thrill of joy and dread at once pervaded the hearts of the multitude that witnessed the exciting scene! Joy because of his success thus far, and fear lest, wet, cold, and almost exhausted, he should lose his hold on the ladder and be dashed to fragments on the rocks a hundred feet below. But cautiously, and with firm grasp and step, he climbed up the ladder, three hundred feet in length, and was greeted by the shouts and exclamations of spectators who had assembled to witness the exciting scene—

He was for a few moments borne on the shoulders of the exciting multitude, all were so anxious to congratulate him.

As might have been expected, the mass of the people seemed to forget that the faithful, brave Dutch butcher was yet below. A few remained near the top of the ladder to see him safe or send to speak words of commendation for his self-rescue. The whole throng displayed a noble heroism that will long be remembered to their credit. The rescued man, E. C. Taylor by name, was from West Windsor, Herkimer county. He is a gentlemanly appearing man, fifty-seven years of age.

From the Christian Advocate.

WATERBORO' CHURCH BURNED.

Mr. Editor: On Friday, March 27th, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, the Methodist Episcopal Church in the town of Waterboro' was consumed by fire. Passing to my Mission, I reached the village in time to witness the conflagration. As I looked at the devouring element, my first conviction was "an enemy hath done this." From all I can learn, it is believed to have been the work of the incendiary; but why and what object is an inexplicable mystery. The falling of the galleries in the old house some two years ago, rendered a new building necessary, and after earnest begging and protracted effort by Rev. A. W. Walker, aided by the brethren and friends in the circuit, a new and commodious house was erected, and had only been used some three or four times for religious worship. The old building was left standing—had been used for a work room in dress to originate. My feelings on the occasion were indescribable, my heart grew sick within me, and I concluded the Lord surely has no work for Methodism to do in this place. Seeing two churches burning side by side, and no means at hand to stay the flame, is a sight rarely seen. The adjoining fences sustained much injury. The benches and sashes and pulpit furniture were saved, but in a damaged condition. A large debt is still unpaid on the new church. As a denomination we are literally burnt out of house and home in the village, and, judging from the past, I fear it will be years before another Methodist Church is built here, if another is attempted. We beg an interest in the sympathies and liberality of our people elsewhere, and hope such as can will send us help to pay for our house of worship which is now a mass of smoldering ruins.

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