THE NORTH CAROLINIAN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER----Devoted to Politics, the Markets, Foreign and Domestic Lit[illegible]re, Agriculture, and General Information----TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

WIGHTMAN & CO. Proprietors, Wm. F. Wightman Editor. } FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., SATU[illegible] PTEMBER 6, 1856. { VOLUME XVIII—NO. 914.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

TERMS
OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE CAROLINIAN.

For a single copy, if paid in advance, per annum,	$2 00
" " " at the end of 3 months,	2 50
" " " at the end of 6 months,	3 00
" " " at the end of the year,	3 50

No subscription will be received for a shorter period than one year unless paid in advance.

With the view of extending the circulation and enhancing the usefulness of the paper, the proprietor offers the following remarkably low

CLUB RATES, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

5 copies of the Carolinian, 1 year,	$8 00
10 " " " "	15 00

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For three months, - - - - -	$4 00
For six months, - - - -	6 00
For twelve months, - - - - -	10 00

All advertisements must have the desired number of insertions marked on them, ortherwise they will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

WM. F. WIGHTMAN & CO.

CLEMENT G. WRIGHT.
Attorney at Law, Fayetteville, N. C.
Office at the corner of Bow and Green streets.
Feb'y 3, 1853.

J. A. SPEARS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ATTENDS the Courts of Cumberland, Harnett, Wake and Johnston.
Address, Toomer, Harnett Co., N. C.
Feb. 16, 1856. 85-y

DR. K. A. BLACK.
OFFICE Front Rooms, over Dr. S. J. Hinsdale's Chemist and Drug Store.
Feb'y 7, 1856. 84-tf

JAMES C. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
All business intrusted will be promptly attended to Address Montpelier post office, Richmond county, N.C
October 1, 1855. 1y

MARBLE FACTORY,
BY GEO. LAUDER.
Nearly opposite to E. W. Willkings' Auction Store, Fayetteville, N. C.
Oct. 1, 1855. y

JAMES KYLE
IS now receiving his SPRING SUPPLY of CHEAP GOODS, among which are
Irish Linens, Lawns and Diapers,
French, Scotch, and Domestic Lawns,
Calicoes—French, English and Domestic,
French, Scotch and Domestic Ginghams,
Embroid'd and Plain Crape Shawls and Scarfs,
3-4 to 10-4 Bleached Shirting and Sheeting,
French and Irish Linen Drilling,
Black and Colored Silks,
Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbon,
Bolting Cloths, Nos. 5 to 10,
Joseph Repka's Cottonades,
Colored Granadine and Barege,
Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, assorted,
Blay Linens, 3-4 to 4-4, very cheap.
With many other articles, all of which have been purchased by the Package at the lowest rates, and will be offered at the lowest prices, by wholesale or retail, for Cash or on time to punctual customers.
March 29, 1856.

NOTICE.
All persons indebted to the firm of W. F. & E. F. Moore, are requested to come forward and make payment, as their copartnership ceased on the 1st of March 1856.
W. F. & E. F. MOORE.
June 9, 1856. 2-tf.

SCUPPERNONG GRAPES.
We wish to contract for 1,000 or more bushels of Scuppernong Grapes, to be delivered next fall.
Apply to J. H. Roberts & Co., at Fayetteville Hotel.
ROBERTS & BROTHERS.
June 12, 1856. 2-tf

$25 Reward.
Ranaway from the subscriber on the 1st of April last, a negro man named Sand, about six feet high, about 30 years of age, and black. Said negro is supposed to be lurking in the neighberhood of John Bell or James McKethan.
The above reward will be paid to any person delivering said negro to me at Lockville, Chatham co., N. C., or confining him in any Jail in the State where I can get him.
NATHAN KING.
June 25, 1856. 4-tf

LUMBER.
A lot of Seasoned FLOORING BOARDS for sale.
J. & T. WADDILL.
May 24, 1856.

EDWIN GLOVER,
Watch Maker and Jeweller,
At the old Stand, North side of Hay Street.
FAYETTEVILLE.

HAS just returned from the North with the largest Stock of Goods he has ever offered in this market, which he will sell at very low prices. Among his assortment may be found Gold and Silver Watches of all kinds, some very fine; Gold Fob, Vest and Guard Chains; Seals and Keys; Fob Buckles; Spectacles of all kinds; Breast Pins and Ear Rings in sets, something fine; all kinds of Finger Rings; Bracelets; Gold Pencils with Pens; Gold Lockets; Studs; Collar and Sleeve Buttons; Gold Pen and Pencils with India Rubber Cases, a new article; Fine Pearl Card Cases; Pocket Compass, with Sun Dial connected; Coral Beads; Port Monnais; Jet Necklaces; fine Jet Pins; Accordeons; Music Boxes, &c.
SILVER WARE: Silver Forks; Silver Table and Tea Spoons; Mustard and Salt Spoons; Silver Cups, Butter Knives, Fruit Knives.
PLATED GOODS: Forks; Table and Tea Spoons; Butter Dishes; Castors; Card Baskets; Ladies' Work Boxes; a good assortment of Military Goods; a fine lot Clocks, and very many other articles which his friends and the public are invited to examine.
Strict attention paid to WATCH REPAIRING.
June 14. 2-3m

Land for Sale.
The subscriber offers for sale all his lands, viz:
Half of the Winslow tract, east of the Cape Fear.
The Daily land, 122½ acres, adjoining Evans.
The Hall and Edwards lands in Bladen and Cumberland.
640 acres of the Summerville lands.
Moore County lands, 2,560 acres.
19 lots in Averasboro'.
For particulars apply to P. Murphy.
ROB'T T. BARKSDALE.
June 24, 1856. 4-tf

WARREN PRIOR,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.
HAS just received a large and well selected assortment of GOODS in his line, which will be sold at the very lowest prices, consisting of Gold and Silver Watches of all kinds; Gold and Silver Fob, Vest and Guard Chains, Seals and Keys; Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, (some Diamond;) Bracelets; Sleeve and Collar Buttons; Studs; Lockets; Gold Pens and Pencils; Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles; Gold and Silver Thimbles; Pearl and Shell Card Cases; Port Monaies; Sacks; Accordeons, Flutes, Violins and Bows, Fifes, Music Boxes; Fine Cutlery, Pistols and Flasks, Parlour Pistols; Game Bags, Shot Belts, Percussion Caps, Musket Balls; Canes; Mathematical Instruments; Surveyors' Chains and Compasses; Silver and Plated Forks, Spoons, Cups, Butter and Fruit Knives; Plated Castors, Cake Baskets, Candlesticks.
A good assortment of MILITARY GOODS. Swords, Epaulettes, Buttons, Silver and Gilt Lace, Plumes, Drums, &c.
A large lot of CLOCKS, together with a large number of other articles.
Purchasers are invited to call and examine.
Repairing of Watches, Clocks, Accordeons, and jobbing strictly attended to.
August 21, 1856. 12-3m

NOTICE.
All persons indebted to C. C. BARBEE & CO. by note or account, are requested to pay within three months, we shall sell goods in the future for cash or produce. Highest cash prices paid for Turpentine.
C. C. BARBEE. C. S. BARBEE.
Barclaysville, Aug. 23, 1856. 912-tf

FAYETTEVILLE
CLASSICAL ACADEMY.
The Subscriber, having been appointed Principal of the Donaldson Academy, announces that the Institution will be opened on WEDNESDAY, October 1st.
It is his wish and intention to establish a Classical School of the highest grade, adopted to the wants of this community, and worthy of patronage from abroad. The location is healthy—the buildings and grounds ample and commodious. Strict attention will be paid to the preservation of proper discipline among the students, and parents and guardians residing at a distance are assured that the Principal will use his utmost efforts to exercise a salutary control over the morals of those entrusted to his care.
In the department of Instruction, he will be assisted by one or more able and experienced teachers.
Information concerning terms of tuition and board, may be obtained by addressing.
Rev. GEORGE McNEILL, Principal.
Fayetteville, N. C.
August 22, 1856. 12-tf

LAND SALE.
The Subscriber will sell at public sale, on Thursday, the 18th day of September next. Two Tracts of Land belonging to the Heirs of Stephen Hollingsworth, dec'd on a credit of Six months. Both tracts lying in Bladen county, on Harrisons Creek. First, a Two Hundred Acre Survey, ajoining the Lands of Peter Munroe and others. The second is the half of a Two Hundred and Fifty Acre Survey adjoining the lands of the Heirs of Geo. F. Barksdale, dec'd and others. Sale to be at the Hollingsworth old Mill on the main road, on the east side of the Cape Fear River, opposite the mouth of Willis Creek.
Further conditions will be made known at the time and place of sale.
B. CULBRETH, Am'r *De bonis non.*
Aug. 30, 1856. 913-2t-pd.

STORE FOR RENT.
The Store on the corner of Gillispie and Franklin Streets near the Bank of the State apply to
JOSEPH AREY.
Aug 28. 13-tf

NEW MACKEREL.
50 Barrels Mackerel Inspection 1856 just received ALSO.
50 Boxes extra good Cheese for sale by
PETER P. JOHNSON.
Aug. 28. 13-tf

Professor Wood's Hair Restorative,
for sale by S. J. HINSDALE.
Aug. 30, 1856. 913-tf

A CARD.
The subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and acquaintances, that he has entered into business for himself, and taken the store one door below Mr Draughon, on Gillispie Street, near the Market, where he intends to keep on hand a general assortment of
Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Trunks,
Hats, Hardware, Cutlery, and
Fancy Goods.
L. BRANDT.
Aug 28. 13-2m

Green and Black Teas, best quality,
at S. J. HINSDALE'S.
Aug. 30, 1856. 913-tf

JAMES B. FERGUSON,
AUCTIONEER
AND COMMISSION MERCHANT.
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
Solicits sales and consignments, to which he will give his personal attention.
REFERENCES—H. & E. J. Lilly, E. W. Willkings, S. W. Tillinghast.
April 24, 1856. 6m

THE FLOATING BALLS OR KNUCKLE
WASHING MACHINE.
The subscriber having purchased the Right of the above Machine for the Counties of Cumberland and Harnett, is now really to furnish such as may be desirous of obtaining a Right. The machine is simple, both in its structure and operations, and should any portion of it fail, can be easily and speedily repaired by any person having the use of tools. I do not claim for this machine more than what it is able to perform with that description of labor which almost every family is able to supply, without at all interfering with the ordinary duties. In the first place a child 12 or 15 years of age can perform all the labor, after having seen it operate a few times, and if the directions are adhered to, will do as much work in one day as three or four women in the ordinary way, and the work will be much better done. Below will be found a certificate from those who have purchased and now have in use one of these machines
ISHAM BLAKE.
April 12, 1856. 93-tf

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., April 9, 1856.
We, the undersigned, having purchased of Mr Isham Blake one of the above machines, cordially recommend it to the favor of the Public. It washes very rapidly, and the work is much better done than is usually done in the old way, and with less wear to the Clothing. It far exceeds our expectations, and has only to be seen in operation to satisfy the most skeptical of its utility and economy. We have no doubt of its being generally used wherever introduced.

D. G. McRAE,	JNO. D. WILLIAMS,
W. J. ANDERSON,	JOHN D. STARR,
WM. McLAURIN,	JOSEPH A. WORTH,
A. P. HURT,	A. J. O'HANLON,
JAS. G. SMITH,	DAVID WEMYSS.

We in company with several other gentlemen, saw a four dollar bill which was very dirty and much defaced, put in and washed out by this machine, removing all the dirty appearance of the bill, and leaving it perfectly legible, which shows there is little or no rubbing produced in washing fine articles.
FRANK N. ROBERTS,
JAS. G. SMITH.

NORTH CAROLINIAN.
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

A Panther Hunt in Kentucky.

A Lexington correspondent in the good old Kentucky State, sends us the following random sketch of one of his army hunting adventures, which will be found replete with the true sportsman-spirit We shall be pleased to hear from the writer again. He must be one of the veritable Hunters of Kentucky that we used to read of (and sing of) in Woodworth's popular song.

In my winter-home in the tangled wilds of the far Arkansas, during the last months of 1852, I was reveling amid the hardy pleasures of a hunter's life, seeking in the exciting and invigorating chase, to recruit a constitution [illegible] not shattered by the dissipations of the preceding summer. Early one bright morning in November, I cheerily wound my horn, as it summoned forth for the hunt the eager, high-bred pack, who burst from their kennels in tumultuous joy, making the old primeval woods ring with loud and deep-mouthed bayings. Old Croat was the leader and sire of more than half the pack. It seemed as if age had only steeled the wiry muscles of his long black form, and and clearer and more sonorous tone to his ringing notes. And Beauty, too, named from her symmertrical and slender proportinns, was without exception the most perfect model of the high-bred stag-hound that I ever beheld. Her thin, wide legs, deep chest, short delicate muzzle, and bright expressive eyes, at once challenged admiration and proclaimed her Queen of the Canine Race. And Old Warrior, with privileged boldness, came up and rubbed his cold nose against my hand, as if to show that although his name was nobly earned from many a hard-fought battle, and his long, tan frame was seamed with many a scar, he was still the fleetest in the chase, the foremost in the fight.

Impatient at the delay of my faithful body-guard, John, who was as fine a specimen of the Kentucky slave as one would wish to see—six feet in his socks, and brave as a lion—I walked round the stable to ascertain the cause of so unusual an occurrence. Reared from childhood in the arms of my boy, I was attached to him by no common feelings, especially as he had twice saved my life at the risk af his own. He would have died without a murmur at my command; and it was no ordinary offence that could call forth for him an argy reproof. As I neared the stable, John slowly led forth a magnificent black stallion, who pawed impatiently the earth, as if as eager as his master, for the approaching chase. I turned toward the negro somewhat sternly exclaiming:

'Where's Medora? I ordered *her*, not Alp.'

"Deed Mass' Frank, said John, I could not help it; but Medora's got out and gone. I'se been hunting her all night.

The mare had escaped in the darkness, and made for the woods, and the poor fellow, knowing the explosion which must follow the announcement of her loss, had toiled the entire night in the vain attempt to recover her. In a burst of passion, I demanded:

Which way did she go?

Up toward the clearing.

By Heaven! then she is gone! The panthers are as thick as———. Quick! Saddle your horse, and bring me my revolvers!

Just as the negro had disappeared on his errand, and I had mounted the impatient steed, my father, a hale old man of sixty, came to the cabin door and asked:

Where now Frank?

After Medora, I replied. She's got out, and gone toward the clearing. The pathers may have her before now.

You had better take rifle and dogs. You may *need* them.

No; I want my dogs fresh for the big buck, and my rifle will hinder me in riding through the brush.

Well! have your own way—but you may regret it.

But my blood was up, and John just then handing me my Colt's and mounting his horse, I dashed over the picket in the direction of the clearing. The clearing was a large bottom-tract, which had, some years before, been swept by fire, and was now covered with low, dense, underwood, here and there dotted by a hardy old tree, half-burnt and gnarled, but defying alike the influence of fire and of time.

After a few moments' hard riding, hearing an exclamation from the negro. I turned and saw, close to our heels, the three dogs, Croat, Warior, and Beauty. Struck by so unusual a breech of their training, and remembering my father's admonition, I cried out to John:

Let them alone; we may want them.

On nearing the outer edge of the clearing Alp reared and snorted, while his glossy mane seemed to stand erect with fright. Straight before me lay the body of my matchless Medora, but torn and bleeding with a wound in the neck, too plainly pointing out the perpetrator of her death. Yet, there she lay, drained of her life-blood by the hungry panther; she on whom I had often skimmed the fashionable thorofares of the West, envied of my light-limbed barb; she who, twice within a day, had borne me ever the Mississippi; she with whom I would have shared my only crust, lay cold and dead. Alp bent down his head and snuffed the lacerated form, and then sent forth a shrill piercing neigh, as if in sorrow for his peerless mate.

Understanding at a glance the cause of her death, grief gave place to a feeling of revenge, and wildly cheering the hounds, I swept on toward the wood, knowing that there the panther had crouched until evening, when it would again come forth to banquet on its slaughtered prey. The animals seemed to divine my feelings, and dashed madly on upon the warm and recent trail, while Alp cleared with his tremendous bounds the brush and underwood with which the earth was covered.

We had proceeded but a short distance when I beheld the panther's back, as he sprang over the impediments in his course as lightly as if they were only the long grass of the prairie. Twice did I attempt to wound him with my revolvers, but the distance was too great, and bitterly did I regret the absence of my rifle. Gaunt, and only rendered more savage by his taste of blood, the panther maintained his distance between us, although the dogs, mad with anger, woke the wild echoes of the desert waste, till it seemed as if a thousand hounds opened [illegible] I bent ever Alp's neck, [illegible] in each hand, and drove [illegible] sides: yet he needed [illegible] noble animal strained [illegible] we sped—torrents less [illegible] for more than an hour, [illegible] I sought to stop his [illegible] the panthers back; yet [illegible] his blood, though all [illegible] had been fired.

[illegible] this severe burst, the [illegible] a stunty swamp oak, [illegible] formed a covered, [illegible] The negro in this [illegible] bly distanced, and I [illegible] to meet the most [illegible] forests. As I [illegible] I could distin- [illegible] as, crouched for his spring, he lay along the knotted limb, lashing with his long and tufted tail his reeking flanks. Maddened by excitement, and regardless of danger, I dashed within three paces of the infuriated animal, and throwing my horse upon his haunches, fired. Simultaneously with my shot, the panther made his leap, and the ball intended for his brain glanced from the surface of his rounded skull. In an instant he was upon me; but Alp, true to his training, crouched, and the baffled beast, missing his anticipated hold, seized me by the shoulder, and hung suspended, vainly attempting to gain secure footing upon my horse's sides. Throwing aside my discharged revolver, I drew a heavy Bowie-knife, my constant companion, and, in the hand of a determined man, the most effective weapon in the world. Rapidly sheating its broad blade several times in his body, I forced the beast to loose his grip, and he fell to the ground, although having as yet received no deadly wound.

My brave dogs were upon him in an instant; but the slight symmetrical form of Beauty was ill suited to such a contest; and before I could leap from saddle, she was quivering in the agonies of death. Furious with pain, and at the death of my two favorites, I sprang into the midst of the struggle, and seizing the panther by his throat, buried my knife in his heart, until the last convulsive quiver told that life had fled. With the assistance of John, who had just arrived, I removed his tawny and spotted skin, and dressed as well as possible under the circumstances, my wounds upon the shoulder, consisting of several deep cuts, some inches long, laying the flesh open to the bone, they having penetrated through my buckskin hunting-shirt.

Slowly and sadly I retraced my homeward way, mourning the double loss of both my favorite beasts, and weakened by great loss of blood and the extreme tension of every nerve, through high excitement, A negro was dispatched to bring in the bodies, and I buried them both beneath a mighty cotton-wood upon the banks of the Father of Waters, The panther's skin is now my saddle cloth; but I need not its frequent sight to remind me of my peerless pair. I have since possessed many animals; but those at whose grave I shed a heart felt tear, stand pre-eminent amid their kind. In the happy hunting-grounds of the spirit-land I hope again to remount my fleet Medora, and cheer my matchless hound in the wild and joyous madness of the thrilling chase.—*Knickerbocker.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.—The most remarkable case that has ever come before a Virginia Court was tried in the Hustings Court of this city on Saturday last. We allude to the trial of Thomas A. Linton, who was indicted by the Grand Jury the day before as being a woman in man's apparel. This indictment was made on the oath of Martin M. Lipscomb, who swore positively before the Grand Jury and the Hustings Court that the accused was a female and even went so far as to declare that he would take his own life if his declarations were not fully substantiated by medical gentlemen. Mr Linton, pending the trial, voluntarily placed himself in the hands of six medical gentlemen, all of whom, on their return into court, stated, on their oaths, that the accused was a well-developed man, as much so as any other person in the densely crowded Court House. On this statement the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, and the accused was thereupon acquitted.

The oxen out in Iowa, live so long that they have to put sticks on their horns for their wrinkles to run out on.

The editor of a paper in Schenectady, in describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says that "when the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overbord."

FASHIONABLE CITY PIETY.—The following is too true to be creditable to human nature: "You enter the church porch: The portly sexton, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, meets you at the door. He glances at you—your hat and coat are new—so he graciously escorts you to a seat in the broad aisle. Closely behind you follows a poor, meek, plainly dressed seamstress, striving, from her treadmill to think one day out of seven of the immortal! The sexton is struck with sudden blindness! She stands embarrassed one moment; then, as the truth dawns upon her, retraces her steps, and, with a crimson blush recrosses the threshold which she had profaned with plebian feet. Hark to the organ! It is a strain from Norma slightly Sabbathized. Now the worshipers one after another glide in—silks rattle—plumes wave—satins glisten—diamonds glitter—and scores of forty-dollar hankerchiefs shake out their perfumed odors. What an absurdity to preach the gospel of the lowly Nazarene to such a set! The clergyman knows better than to do so. He values his fat salary and handsome parsonage too highly. So, with a velvet tread, he walks all arond the ten commandments and places the downiest pillows under the dying profligate's head, and ushers him, with seraphic hymning, into an 'upper-ten' heaven."

The Age, a daily Fillmore paper, edited by George Copway, alias Kah-geh-kish-shoo-bow-wow-wow, has gone the way of all the earth. A paper, it is said, in Boston, edited by a Sachem of the same tribe, will go in the same direction before many days.

The "Reverend St. Clair."

This Rev., of no very enviable notoriety, has been prowling about these parts, and recently stopped here with a Mrs. Geo. W. Brown; and here is a history of him while here:

He stopped at the Commercial House in this city He ordered "contiguous rooms," and was shown their rooms. They soon complained that they were too much exposed—they were changed to other rooms, and for the same reason at their request were changed again. They spent nearly all day together. At evening, St. Clair, with a book in his hand, presented, as he said, to him by Gov. Shannon, when Shannon was drunk, so much so that he could neither speak, go or stand alone, commenced his pocket speculation in Kansas affairs, by asserting that the democratic party, North and South, had forsaken God and worshipped only slavery, while they should worship Fremont. And also said that he removed to Kansas with his family and effects last spring, and that they now resided there, and his business now was begging aid for suffering (*womanity*) humanity, and partiularly to aid the Kansas Herald of Freedom.

A gentleman present, hearing his remarks, said, he knew St. Clair to be a resident of Jackson county, Michigan, and not of Kansas, and he had formerly been engaged in preaching for the know-nothings there.

At this declaration the Rev. gent became greatly exasperated, denied that he or his family lived in Michigan, and further, that he ever had any thing to do with the know-nothings.

Upon this assertion a controversy arose, in which the Rev. get declared that a reward was offered by the authorities of Kansas for his head.

The intimacy which apparently existed between himself and the lady, who he claimed was only a traveling companion, and his conduct about the hotel, shook the confidence of the clerk of the house as to his being what he claimed to be, a man of clerical profession. He therefore caused a watch to be set on him.

The result was, the next morning he inquired of the clerk for the City directory, and found, *as he said*, the residence of a friend on Ontario street, at whose house he and his companion would stop during their stay in the city. He then paid his bill and left with his friend.—Doubting the truth of what he said, on inquiry it was found, as expected, that both went directly to another hotel, where they doubtless found accommodations to their liking.

Our curiosity being excited, we took occasion to learn the facts in the case, and accordingly addressed a letter to a gentleman in Jackson county, Michigan, to which we received a reply, and give the following extract from it:

"In regard to the Rev. St. Clair, I have to say that not long ago know-nothingism in this place was in full bloom, and the St. Clair to whom you refer traveled establishing lodges. He failed in getting up a lodge in one instance, for the reason that he was then travelling with a notorious prostitute by the name of Waggoner.

"He went to Kansas in May last, and while there wrote home that he was obliged to disguise himself to travel in Kansas. Some of his neighbors think he disguised himself (if at all) to enable him to plunder the inhabitants. St. Clair left his family in Leoni, Jackson co., in this State, where they now reside.

"I send you a Jackson paper in which you will find an article in relation to him."

This Rev. held forth in this city to a crying house, and took up a contribution, when he proceeded to Cincinnati.

GROUND OATS FOR HOUSES.—Ground oats contain more of the introgenous or flesh-making principle than any other kind of horse food; at the same time they furnish a mixture of coarse and fine food—the husk of the first and the meal of the latter. The coarse servies to keep the bowels in a soluble condition, thus obviating the necessity for drastic medicine.

A know-nothing having observed that Fillmore stock was looking up, the Memphis Appeal replies, that it can look in no other direction, for it is flat on its back.

SEALING WAX FOR FRUIT CANS—A very good sealing wax is made by melting and stirring well together one ounce of Venice turpentine, four ounces common resin, and six ounces of gum shellac. A beautiful red color may be given by adding one quarter of an ounce or less of vermillion.

BONE DUST ON OLD PASTURES.—A correspondent of The Germantown Telegraph gives an account of the following experiment: "On a piece of light soil that had been pastured for a period upward of thirty-five years, and which had been broken up deeply, and with an even and perfectly inverted furrow slice the previous autumn, I sowed twenty-five bushels of bone dust and ashes, half and half, after harrowing and sowing on oats two and three-fourth bushels to the acre, the surface being limited by accurate measurement. On an adjoining piece of equal extent, sowed also in oats, the same quantity as in the first case, twelve bushels of ashes alone were used, and were used, and on a third piece—one acre in extent—the oats were sowed without ashes or other stimulant whatever being applied. The same quantity of seed, precisely, was allowed on the same day, as was the preparation of the harrowing in the seed.

On harvesting and thrashing the crop, I ascertained the following results: The acre not manured produced twenty-one and a half bushels; straw, tall and heavy. The acre manured with twelve bushels of wood ashes, yielded twenty-seven bushels and five quarts, with thinner and more delicate straw, while the product of the bone ashes amounted to forty-seven and three-fourths bushels, the straw being fine and short and the principal development being in the heads."

A WONDERFUL RELIC.—It is stated that in cutting through Oliver street, for the purpose of extending the Bowery, a tombstone was exhumed and a perfect skull found beneath it. The inscription was in Hebrew characters, and after being submitted to the inspection of many learned citizens of the Israelitish persuasion, it was deciphered to bear the name "Grenada," while the date runs back some 399 years, which was before the discovery of America by Columbus.

Live for Something.

The smallest insect in creation has its appointed work to do. The atom that floats before us, the softest zephyr, the faintest ray of reflected light, each has its separate portion of labor. They all exist for a purpose—either for good or evil. Seeing this, as even untrained eyes and uncultivated intellects must, how culpable are we if we have no aim before us! If we listlessly arise and move around—or worse, if we spend the time God has given us to improve, in soulless pleasures or contaminating action. We may be poor, persecuted, sick, chained to adverse influences, but no circumstances can absolve us from a work to do. We may be blind, deaf, crippled. He who permitted our adversity, gave [illegible] path, and the light [illegible] therein. We may be Bunyans shut up in prison, our limits circumscribed, our movements clogged, but as far as we have capacity we can all write pilgrimages. They may be written in patient endurance of suffering, in holy trust under the darkness of affliction. They may be written in penitent tears, and transcribed by angels into the books of Heaven.

And the work we do. What shall it be—for good or for evil? Shall we exalt or drag down? bless or curse, build up or destroy? One or the other we must be pursuing. Our every look, thought, and action is reflected in a pure or pernicious influence, by the minds revolving around our sphere. Momentous power! thus to choose or elect!

A work to do! You are not excepted, woman of fashion, nor you, gold-worshiping man. Through the walls of adamant built up around your soul—through the thick drapery of selfishness folded over and over your hearts, that voice of the Eternal will penetrate, "Live for something." The very heaven that bends blue above you—the very earth beneath your careless tread—the flowers of humanity that bloom along your pathway—the weeds that wither under your loathing glance—the yearning of your immortal spirit, that cannot be suppressed—the voice within you that cannot be silenced—all tell you of that work to do. How beautiful your lives might be made, ye who have power; do ye ever think of it? Look back along the life you have traveled; have you built any temples where simple goodness may worship? Have you planted here and there a tree that will live when you are gone, and yielding fruit as it is plucked, will call forth sweet memories of your sojourn here? Have you ever made your name a household word, or have you lived but to build houses and buy merchandise, and erect an altar and a temple and a monument to corrupt and perishing self? How are you to answer these questions when you stand up before the Omnipotent? Not then with a laugh or sneer, or a cold marble face, for the thousands of opportunities that you have murdered will rise up in that hour to condemn you.

Linæus, the great botanist, had in his house an ingenious and singular contrivance—a "floral clock." In a half circle, round the table of the great botanist, a number of plants were arranged, which, opening their flowers at a certain moment, told the hour with unerring exactitude.

HAY FOR COWS IN SUMMER.—An observing, intelligent and successful farmer informs us that he is in the practice of feeding his cows with hay in summer, particularly if the season is such as to afford flush pastures. His reason is that a full, rapid and vigorous growth of grass gives to cattle that feed upon it a desire for something to absorb the excess of the juice of their food. Dry hay they devour greedily, and though in ever so small quantities, evidently with the most beneficial effects. Every farmer must have observed that in dry seasons, horses, cattle and sheep keep in good condition upon herbage parched and apparently scant, while in wet seasons, in all pastures, though always full, the process of fattening with them was slow. Dry fodder in such cases is required to give substance and tenacity to the green, and can be profitably used by feeding it to cattle.

COL. JIM LANE IN A TIGHT FIX.—Col. Jim Lane, the wife-deserting, free-State hero, was making a speech in Iowa a few days since, and denounced the Kansas Legislature as *bogus.* "Colonel," said a man in the crowd, "let me ask you a question." "Go on," said Lane. "Well, Colonel, if that Legislature was *bogus*, what made you apply to it for a divorce from your wife?" Confused and "put out," the gallant Colonel sat down! This is the man whom Col. C. K Watson carried a *"hostile"* message for.

BE SYSTEMATIC.—It will add much more to your convenience than you can imagine. It saves time, saves temper, saves patience, and saves money. For a time it may be a little troublesome, but you will soon find it easier to do right than wrong; that it is easier to act by rule than without one.

Be systematic in everything; let it extend to minute trifles: it is not beneath you. Whitfield could not go to sleep at night if, after retiring, he remembered that his gloves and riding whip were not in their usual place, where he could lay his hand on them in the dark, in any emergency; and such men are the men who leave their mark on the world's history.

Systematic men are the only reliable men; they are those who comply with their engagements. They are minute men. The man who has nothing to do is the man who does nothing. The man of system is soon known to do what he engages to do; to do it well, and to do at the very time promised; consequently he has his hands full.

USE OF LIME IN PLANTING TREES.—In soils deficient of lime, in any considerable degree the use of about four bushels to the acre, applied by being incorporated thoroughly in the soil into which the roots of the tree are to be placed has proved to hasten the forming of new rootlets, increases the vigor of the tree, and thus aid in securing success to the planter. Ground bones have a like effect as an immediate stimulus and supplying ingredients required by nature.