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MISCELLANY.

Abide with us, for it is Evening.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh!
Tarry with me! tarry with me!
Pass me not unheeded by!

Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last!
I am lonely; tarry with me
Till the dreary night is past.

Diagn'd for me is earthly beauty;
Yet the spirit's eye would fain
Rest upon thy lovely features:
Shall I seek, dear Lord, in vain?
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Let me see thy smiles again!

Had I my ear to earth-born music;
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer:
Feeble, tottering, my footsteps,
Sink my heart with sudden fear:
Cast thine arms, dear Lord, around me,
Let me feel thy presence near.

Faithful memory points before me
Every deed and thought of sin;
Open thou the blood-bathed fountain,
Cleanse my guilty soul within:
Tarry, thou forgiving Saviour,
Wash me wholly from my sin!

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Faler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances,
Shall I be the night of rest?
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast!

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee:
Tarry with me, through the darkness!
While I sleep, still watch by me,
Till the morning, then awake me,
Dearest Lord, to dwell with thee.

A Portrait of Alexander—the New Czar of Russia.

Alexander, the successor of Nicholas, is in the thirty-seventh year of his age. We copy the following interesting description of his personal appearance, from the "entertaining work on Russia, by the Marquis de Custine, who met him at a watering place in Germany, fourteen or fifteen years ago:

I found myself amid the crowd of curious spectators who to the Grand Duke, just as he descended from his carriage, and as he stood for some time before entering the gate of the *maison des Czarines* talking with a Russian lady, the Countess —. I was able to observe him at my leisure. His age, as his appearance indicates, is twenty; his height is commanding, but he appears to me, for so young a man, rather fat. His features would be handsome were it not that their fullness destroys their expression. His round face rather resembles that of a German than a Russian; it suggests an idea of what the Emperor Alexander's must have been at the same age, without, however, recalling, in any degree, the physiognomy of the Czarine. A face of this cast will pass through many changes before assuming its definite character. The habitual humor which it at present, denotes, is gentleness, benevolence; but the constant contraction of the mouth, there is, nevertheless, a disconcerting which does not bespeak frankness, and which, perhaps, indicates some inward suffering. The sorrows of youth—of that age in which happiness is, as it were, the right of man—are secrets the better guarded, because they are mysterious, inexplicable even to those who experience them. The expression of this young prince is amiable; his carriage is graceful, his bearing and altogether princely; and his manner modest, without being timid, which must alone gain him much good will. The embarrassment of great people is so embarrassing to others that their ease always wears the character of affability, to which in fact it amounts. When they believe themselves to be something more than common mortals, they become constrained, both by the direct influence of such an opinion, and by the hopeless effort of inducing others to share it. This absurd inquietude does not disturb the Grand Duke. His presence conveys the idea of a perfectly well bred man; and if he ever reign, it will be by the charm inherent in graceful manners that he will cause himself to be obeyed; it will not be by terror, unless, at least, the *nécessité* attached to the office of a Russian Emperor should in changing his position, change his disposition also.

Since writing the above, I have again seen the Hereditary Grand Duke, and I have examined him more nearly and leisurely. He had cast off his uniform, which appeared to fit him too closely, and gave to his person a blunted appearance. In my opinion he looks best in undress. His general bearing is certainly pleasing; his carriage is lofty, yet without military stiffness. The kind of grace by which he is distinguished, reminds one of that peculiar air of manner which seems to belong to the Slavonic race. It is not the expression of the quick passions of southern climes, neither is it the impetuousness of the people of the north; it is a combination of simplicity,

of southern nobility, and of Scandinavian melancholy. The Slavonians are fair complexioned Arabs; the Grand Duke is more than half German, but in Meelenburg and Holstein, as in some parts of Russia, there are Germans of Slavonic extraction.

The countenance of this prince, notwithstanding his youth, presents fewer attractions than his figure. His complexion has already lost its freshness; one can observe that he is under the influence of some cause of grief; his eyelids are cast down with a sadness that betrays the cares of ripeness. His well-formed mouth is not without an expression of sweetness; his Grecian profile reminds me of an antique medal, or of the portraits of the Empress Catherine; but notwithstanding his expression of amiableness (an expression which almost always imports that of beauty), his youth, and yet more, his German blood, it is impossible to avoid observing in the lines of his face a power of dissimulation which one trembles to see in so young a man. This trait is doubtless the impress of destiny. It convinces me that the Grand Duke will be called to the throne. The tones of his voice are sweet, which is not commonly the case in his family. It, they say, is a gift which he has inherited from his mother.

He shines among the young people of his suite, without our discovering what it is that preserves the distance that may be easily observed to exist between them, unless it be the perfect gracefulness of his person. Gracefulness always indicates a noble mental endowment; it depicts mind upon the features, carves it in the carriage and the attitudes, and phrases at the very time that it commands. Russian travellers had spoken to me of the beauty of prince as quite a phenomenon. Without this exaggeration I should have been more struck with it; besides, I could not but recollect the romantic mind, the arch angelic form of his father, and his uncle the Grand Duke Michael, who when in 1815, they visited Paris, were called "northern lights," and I felt inclined to be severe, because I had been deceived; yet, notwithstanding this, the Grand Duke of Russia appears to me as one of the finest models of a prince that I have ever met with.

From the Arator.

Legislative Aid.

For the information and gratification of our readers, we insert two very important laws passed at the last session of our Legislature, for the promotion of the industrial pursuits of the State. This is a good beginning. Let all our citizens help on the good work, and avail themselves of the encouragements which, from time to time, may be given them.

We take occasion here to remark, that we have high satisfaction in seeing the objects for which we have been labouring all our life—and for a long time almost alone—now being accomplished. Ever since our first connexion with the press in 1827, we have had a steady eye to agricultural advancement in North Carolina; and in 1845, so deeply convinced were we of the importance of arousing our farmers to action, that we commenced the publication, without previous subscription, of a monthly periodical devoted to their interests, called "The North-Carolina Farmer," which we continued, at a sacrifice for five years, amidst the multiplied and arduous labors demanded by the chief business from which was derived our support; (nor did we abandon it until forced to do so by declining health; and in which we urged, from first to last, all the important measures which we have since had the pleasure to see adopted. [Vide "North-Carolina Farmer," vol. 4, p. 150.] and, indeed, all the volumes of that work.]

We urged, first, the establishment of a State Agricultural Society, and in the Farmer for Nov. 1848, we said, "let such members of the Legislature as feel an interest in the matter, meet with the citizens who may be here from different sections of the State, in the Capitol, and organize a State Agricultural Society." This we continued to urge, from year to year, until 1852, when our suggestion was adopted, and a meeting was held in this city, Maj. C. L. Hinton in the Chair, and Mr. J. F. Taylor of this place acting as Secretary, and the now existing Society was organized.

We urged, secondly, the establishment of county societies; and many were formed in the State. We contended, thirdly, that "an act in aid of their funds should be passed, to enable them to distribute encouraging and adequate premiums for important improvements; and an act was passed at the session of '52-'3, giving each county society fifty dollars; and at the late session, the subjoined act, giving the State Society \$1,300 for the purposes indicated.

We recommended, fourthly, from time to time, that a provision should be made for a geological survey of the State." This has been done.

We recommended, fifthly, that "by all means, a central railroad, be erected through the middle of the State, from the seaboard to the mountains." This "work now goes bravely on," and our ears are daily saluted with the soul-stirring whistle of its locomotives.

Sixthly, One of our recommendations only remains to be carried out, that is, that "all documents emanating from the Agricultural Societies, of sufficient value, giving light to the people; and the experience of the best practical farmers, and the lessons of the scientific, should be spread broadcast over the land at the public expense." This is done by some of the States with much advantage to the cause of improvement. We have before us, now, a letter addressed to us as secretary of the State Society, from Jno. B. Dillon, Esq., Secretary of Indiana State Board of Agriculture; in which he states that "the Indiana Board of Agriculture has, since its organization, published three volumes, comprising the transactions of the Board for the years 1851, 1852, and 1853. These volumes have been printed for district agricultural associations of this State [Indiana] and for carrying on a system of exchanges with States, in which similar organizations have published agricultural reports. This system has operated beneficially on the industrial interests among which it has been established." We regret that we have as yet no such system in North Carolina. We have our "Literary Board," and our "Board of Internal Improvement," but our "Board of Agriculture," yet remains to be established. We hope the time is not distant when it will be brought into existence.

Gov. Smith in Orange.

This bold and veteran champion of Democracy appeared before the people of Orange at their court, Monday week. The editor of the Charlottesville Advocate being present furnishes his readers with a spirited sketch of the Governor's speech. Much of it was devoted to the Richmond Enquirer, which he seems to have handled with gloves off. He then took up the question of Know-Nothingism:

Gov. Smith said he had been required to denounce Know-Nothingism. He had said that he would not do so, and he declared emphatically that "by the gods, I don't do it! Sir, I won't do it!" He remarked that he had said the Know-Nothing platform "contained a great deal of sound Democratic doctrine, and he would prove it." [Tremendous applause.] He then took up the "basic principles," and, commencing at the 4th Article, read each article separately and commented upon each, and pronounced it good. He declared that he had found this doctrine embraced in the Madison resolutions—that he had been early indoctrinated in them as sound Democratic principles, and he would not denounce them now because the Know-Nothings had adopted them in their bond. His defence of the American platform was able, eloquent and ardent; and he did not dissent from a solitary sentiment contained in it. [Some gentleman, a Mr. Boston, asked Gov. S. if he approved of the secret organization. Gov. Smith's answer to this question, was that he did not; but that if his friends desired to form a secret organization for the good of the country, and thought they could effect more good by a secret organization, they had a right to do so and he would not object to it; that they were as much entitled to their opinions upon all subjects as he was to his.]

He was not a member of the organization himself. He argued the necessity of some party that could unite the people and cement them together as a band of brothers for the defence of the South against Northern fanaticism. He thought such a party could be formed. The Democrats would unite in such a movement from convictions of duty, and the Whigs from a sense of patriotism.

He argued the necessity of a change in the naturalization laws. He showed that the native population of the South increased more rapidly than that of the North, and declared that the preponderance of Northern representation over that of the South, was owing to the flood of foreign immigration that was constantly pouring in upon the North. That this vast influx of foreigners had already given to the North some fifty more representatives than the South had, and that if the tide of immigration continued to increase in the same ratio as it had for the last four years, we would find in taking the next census that the North would have a majority of upwards of 100 Representatives.

Now is not this a startling fact, that notwithstanding the native population increases much more rapidly South, and that the sole predominance of the North over us is derived from a foreign people, from aliens who are notoriously abolitionists, and yet we refuse to do anything to rid ourselves of this stupendous wrong? How can Southern men be sincere in their denunciations of Northern abolitionists, and yet refuse to unite in the effort to cut off this rapidly augmenting anti-slavery power? Look at it, you men of the South, who prize the Union—you who desire your own safety, and see if we have any security of our institution, if something is not done to resist this abolition movement.

At the conclusion of Gov. Smith's speech, Col. Woodfolk arose to organize a meeting for the purpose of appointing delegates to a Convention to be held in Charlottesville to nominate a Candidate for the Board of Public Works, but said he wished it distinctly understood, first, that he was "for Extra Billy Smith against all other men in the world; against the world, the flesh and the devil." As for "the Pope who edited the Enquirer, he cared nothing for him—he was abusing every body who would not bow down to him, and cry 'great is Diana of the Ephesians!'" He continued in a somewhat desultory manner to read a lecture to the Democratic party, and declared that if a change was not made in the management of the Enquirer, it would kill both itself and the Democratic party; that it had already driven some of the best men out of the party. When he had concluded, Dr. J. S. Woodfolk offered a resolution approving Gov. Smith's course in the late Congress, and recommending him to the Democratic party for re-election.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

Lasalt and Rebois.—A Mormon Elder was invited to officiate as chaplain of the California Legislature at the opening of a morning session. The Rev. Mr. Shuck, Baptist, of Sacramento, had been invited to officiate in the same capacity, whose feelings are expressed in the following note which he addressed to the Legislature: "I am now precluded from accepting the invitation you have extended, from the fact of the Assembly having, by a large vote of yesterday, acknowledged the Christianity of that daring imposture systematized licentiousness called Mormonism. And with it or its 'elders' I can have no religious affinity, sympathy, fraternity, or intercourse. I claim for myself, individually, no superiority in righteousness over other men; but, as a Christian minister, I do claim for Christianity a superiority over every other religious system on the face of this whole earth; and as to Mormonism itself, I regard it as a dishonor to the one living and true God, a libel upon Christianity, a disgrace to the philosophy of human progress, and a bold insult to the intelligence of the nineteenth century."—*Presbyterian.*

The Ericsson Experiment.—A New York correspondent of the Boston Journal gives publicity to the following:

"The Ericsson experiment is at an end. The invention is conceded to be a failure, and poor Ericsson is a ruined man. He has spent all his fortune in building his caloric ship, and in the experiments he has made on the vessel. He has done more, he has spent all his wife's fortune, which is great, and she, too, is beggared. But the worst of all is, that it has led to such recombination and attention that they have separated, never to be united again, perhaps."

Marshfield—Mr. Webster.

As for the general appearance of Webster's Mansion house, its roomy, hospitable piazzas, its spacious rooms, with open fireplaces where the very heart of winter would glow with intense heat of the blazing fire; its library, containing a body of the best English reading, whether in politics, divinity, metaphysics—not in curious editions, but in substantial, well-bound volumes; its busts, and portraits, and curious works of art, many of them the gifts of the leading men of the time. Mr. Webster's little wooden *sanctum sanctorum*, a few rods out of doors, where he kept his agricultural books, and where, when he retired, no one would venture to disturb him. All these, and a good many more, were they not described in the long letters in the Evening Post of last August?

I ought perhaps to mention the chamber of the departed statesman, in the northeast corner of the house, in which he breathed his last. It looks precisely as it was left on the day of his death. The simple bed without hangings, pane-bottomed chairs and other furniture of curly yellow maple, the prints, with plain black frames, of Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, Citizen Perier, (the latter a most striking resemblance to Webster himself), and the perking pliz of the "Hon. Levi Lincoln," in his tightbuttoned coat, are among the small engravings hanging about the room. The memorials of his family affections, the little truck bedstead under his own bed, with the tiny chair, belonging doubtless to some one of his grand children, and the two little silhouette pictures of Samuel A. Appleton and Julia Webster his wife, caressing her children, are especially interesting.

This room looks out upon the pond which Mr. Webster made in the rear of his house, with its little grass-grown island, where the wild geese built their nest in safety—and beyond, upon the armies of young forest trees planted by himself, which cover the surrounding slopes. Farther off is the bleak hill called the Winslow Burial Ground where, under their crumbling tombstones, repose the rude forefathers of Plymouth Colony, and in which is situated that spot of consecrated earth containing the tomb and small marble monuments of Mr. Webster and his family.

It was my fortune to occupy, during my late stay at the Mansion House, the room so associated with the memory of the great New England statesman, and while looking out upon the lake and the verdurous landscape, glorified by the clear cold starlight, I could hardly fail to recall the incidents related of the latter days of its occupant;—how he would look languidly out of the window towards the graves of his family, reflecting upon the speedy prospects of his union with them; how he requested that his noble cattle should be driven up once more upon the hill-side, that he might take a last look at the creatures upon whom he had lavished so much care, his affecting request, that the boat moored at the lake should have a lantern at the mast-head, which should be kept burning day and night till the extinction of his life; and how on walking on cold gray October morning, after a terrible northeast storm, he remarked to the servant, on seeing the twinkle of the light at the mast, as high and unsubdued as ever, "You see our little boat still rides out the storm," as if his own life and the light of the boat were mysteriously connected.

It is probable that the interesting relics of the Marshfield statesman will be preserved in the family. His law books and miscellaneous library were bequeathed to his son, Fletcher, in addition to his voluminous correspondence with most of the distinguished men of the time. These embrace wide variety of topics—religion, politics, agriculture, and, in short, every thing in regard to which a man of Mr. Webster's universal acquaintanceship might be supposed to feel an interest. Of the letters addressed to Mr. Webster there are several barrels, and though his son has been engaged, with assistance, two or three hours every day for a year in examining them, he has only been able, beginning with those written whose names commence with A, to get through the initial K. Now that the estate is somewhat settled, we may expect greater headway in the edition of the correspondence by Fletcher Webster, who, by his good sense, literary competency and filial affection, is especially qualified for the task.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Leisure Hours.

In what way can your leisure hours be filled up, so as to turn to greater account, than indistinct reading? Young men, do you know how much is depending on the manner in which you spend your leisure hours? Ask the confounded inebriate where he first turned aside from the path of sobriety, and if his memory be not gone with his reason, he will dwell with painful recollections upon the leisure hours he once enjoyed. Ask the victim of crime when he took his first step in his reckless career, and you will probably remind him of the leisure hours he enjoyed in his youth. On the other hand do you see a man who was once in the humble walks of life, now moving in a sphere of extended usefulness; he has husbanded his leisure hours. Multitudes whose names look bright in the constellation of worthies owe their elevation to the assiduity with which they improved the interval they enjoyed from the pursuits of the plow, the awl or the anvil. They substituted the study of useful books for those trifling amusements which instinctively lead the unwary in paths of profligacy and vice.

Uncle Sam was born a nation 77 years ago.

Since then he whipped his mother and one of his brothers; thrashed the Barbary cousins; threatened France and made her pay up; and cleared decks for battle with Austria. He has sent an example of liberty and popular power that has terribly frightened the despots of the earth, and periled the ancient thrones. He has grasped a continent, and is fast covering it with a free and thriving people. He has built more ships than any other nation in the same length of time, and his flag is now seen in every sea and harbor. He has built more steam boats, more railroads, more churches and more cities, in that seventy-seven years, than any other nation in five hundred years. He has printed more newspapers, made more speeches and done more bragging than any other nation in a thousand years.—*Times.*

Our Unexplored Territories.

There are some very extensive regions belonging to the empire of the United States where the foot of man never trod, and which our maps do not describe as unexplored. There exists large rivers, whose course is unknown, and only fragments of which are set down on our maps; long mountain ranges which are in the same uncertainty; in fact, although we know the existence of these regions, and know that they belong to us, they remain yet to be discovered. Events have within the last ten years, done much to attract attention to them, and to render some few discoveries unavoidable. The Mexican war, California gold, the overland emigration, the Mormon colony, the Pacific Railway explorations, Fremont's expeditions, all have contributed to enlarge somewhat our knowledge of the great Western *terra incognita*. But a glance at the map will satisfy any one that much, very much, remains to be done. Large portions of California, Utah, New Mexico, and Texas remain as unknown to us as the vast interior of Africa, and are equally with the latter subjects of speculation and curiosity. We have been reminded of this fact by reading in our Panama papers an item stating that the republic of New Grenada has had complete surveys and maps made of twenty of the thirty six provinces into which it is divided and the work on the rest is progressing. It is customary with us North Americans to fancy ourselves a very long way ahead of all the Spanish American republics in civilization and genuine progress. Here, however, is a matter of some consequence in the eye of Europeans, in which we are decidedly behind hand. If Grenada can afford to pay attention to the geographical survey and mapping out of its territories, we ought, with our resources, to be able to do likewise. Instead of surveying the valley of the Amazon and mapping out the Dead Sea and the river Jordan, and sending exploring expeditions to the South Pole, the North Pole, Behring's Straits, and the interior of Africa, it would be a great deal better to display a little of the same enterprise in discovering and tracing upon the maps the unknown and unexplored regions of the United States, and opening up roads through them to unite more closely to us our Pacific colonies. Unfortunately, however, our superabundant spirit of adventure seems to care less to display itself in efforts on the soil belonging to us, than in climes far remote from our boundaries, and but little connected with our interests.

Be Honest Boys.

If we could reach the ear of every American boy, we would urge upon each one to adopt the principle of honesty in everything. We would exhort him to have the word as the watchword on his lips as he steps out into the world to act and to do for himself.

Young man, if you intend to be a planter, and bring up the sweet wheat and the golden corn from the soil, let us say to you, *be honest.*

Do you intend to be a Minister? If you stand in the sacred desk and be a mouth-piece for God, a beacon to point the way from earth to Heaven, you must be honest. Hypocrisy in such an exalted position would be a libel on the Nazarene, and a damning sin in the eye of Heaven.

Do you intend becoming a Merchant? Temptations lie in the path of the dealer; dazzling prizes and promises of sudden wealth sometimes lead men astray, but in the midst of the rush for the prize—in the quiet of your counting room and the crowd in the market, remember the watchword, *Honesty*. Let it greet you on the pages of your ledger—write it on all your bills.

Will you be a Mechanic? Will you show the plane of your moral character will be tried. *Be honest!* Let the admonition come to you in the buzz of busy wheels and in the clear ring of the heated anvil.—Chisel the word in the wood—engrave it in the iron and brass—carve it in the marble columns you build.

Have you decided to be a Physician?—Then you will spend your life in the company of a bleeding, a suffering and a dying humanity. And you will learn the secrets of the heart's side. And you will sometimes stand between Death, the Patient and the Grave. In the name of the humanity you deal with, we urge you to *be honest.*

Do you crave the Lawyer's license, his brief and his green satchel?—*An honest Lawyer* is the noblest work of the Judiciary. Yes, a lawyer may be honest, therefore, with a gesture and emphasis,—*be honest.*

Does your ambition run out after the worthless laurels of the noisy politician? *Be honest* if you can, and may the Lord be merciful unto you!

Would you be a Printer or Editor? *Be honest*, and may your labor be rewarded.

In conclusion, young man, if you intend being a liquor-seller, and deal out poison to your fellow men; and beggar children, and break the hearts of widows, wives and mothers, we will only say that it is to be expected that his Sautanic Majesty will deal *honestly* with you, and show you he has a perfect understanding of your case and its merits.—*Aye*

Beautiful.

It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and pass off to leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where rainbows never fade, where the stars will be out before us like lights that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our possession forever.—*Pratt.*

Death of Crockett.

The following is a graphic sketch of the last moments of a brave man:

"Colonel Crockett, wounded and closely pursued by a number of the enemy, retreated into the church, falling there as they approached.— He stationed himself in a niche in the corner, determined to face the foe to the last and sell his life dearly; with his rifle, and a superabundance of side arms, he heaved and shot them down with the same awful certainty that will want to characterize his indomitable spirit. His position rendered access to him utterly impossible, except by a direct and close approach in front; after some eight or ten of them were laid dead before him, a feeling of awe seemed to seize hold of the assailants. One of them who could speak a little broken English, probably persuaded to have the single honor of capturing so noble a specimen of American valor to present to his 'dear master,' said to Crockett, 'surrender, surrender.' A flash of the most sovereign scorn darted from the fiery eye, and it seemed that of the enemy, he seemed to be transfixed. In a voice of thunder Crockett answered, 'Surrender! No! I am an American,' and as he spoke he sent a ball through the heart of the paralyzed foe. He appeared for a moment like a wounded tiger, strengthened and buoyed by each additional wound; now flinging them down with his well tried sword—next dealing death with his fire-arms.

His person was literally drenched with his own blood; his strength must soon yield to its loss. Yet such physical power wrought to the highest degree of excitement can perform incredible prodigies. This was the last concentrated energy of a powerful man, aroused, animated, and guided by one of the noblest attributes of man—love of liberty. He knew for what his life was about to be sacrificed; that devastation and butchery would follow the footsteps of his heartless foes, that women would be sacrificed to satiate the desires of the conqueror; and feeling the holy inspiration of a dying patriot, he fought manfully till the loss of blood and the approach of death stayed his upraised arm; his rifle was broken to pieces, his pistols fell to the floor and nothing but his faithful sword was left. In the agony of death, with a terrible grasp, he brought this weapon upon the head of his nearest assailant, and fell victoriously across the body into the arms of death. In the corner of the church there were twenty six dead Mexicans, and no other Americans, having fought or fallen at that point, it is considered beyond all reasonable doubt, that all of them fell by the hand of Tennessee's favorite son! all were now dead, not a man left to relate the wonderful deeds of this illustrious band of heroes! Not a companion left to rear a monument to their memory!—But ah! no monument is required to perpetuate their fame. So long as freedom has an abiding place in America, will their heroic deeds and proud names be held sacred!

Early Character.

"There is nothing I despise so much as to see a boy with a cigar in his mouth." Thus remarked one of the wealthy and most respected business men of East Boston, standing at the door of the Post office waiting for the distribution of letters, as a boy walked in puffing a cigar. Sympathizing somewhat with the gentleman, we fell in to the following reflection:

We imagined that in the course of human events, this boy might be induced to apply at the gentleman's counting-room for employment. The merchant's remembrance of his act of youthful dissipation would probably not be to the benefit of the young man's character as to temperance and sobriety, and would think himself justified in doubting the independence and stamina of one who evidently for no better reason than because others do so, and probably because he thought it would give him a manly air, contracted the offensive and unnatural habit of smoking in boyhood. The very act would seem to argue mental or moral deficiency, and perhaps both. Little things are sometimes attended with great results.—The merchant (like a majority of well bred people) is exceedingly annoyed with the smell of cigar smoke. He despises the practice of smoking, and cannot help noticing the boy who exhibits it, or thinking, in such case, what the mental manifestation is. With the boy the act was a trifle, nothing—to the man it was a revelation which told him something of a youth of whom he knew nothing before, and that something was to his discredit.

How different would have been the result, if the first act of this boy, noticed by the merchant, had been one that as plainly spoke of integrity and good sense, as the act of smoking did of weakness and frivolity of character. The man would have remarked that boy, and if it should ever have come in his way to render him a service, so testimony would be needed to secure his favor.

We would fain impress upon the young man the great importance of forming good habits. One may forsake his boyhood's errors when he becomes a man; but the chance is that instead of being forsaken they will be aggravated, and take on a rigidity which is like second nature into manhood. Knowing this, people judge of young men by what they knew of them when they were boys—unless a subsequent acquaintance gives them better ground for the formation of an opinion.

Hon. Thomas D. Bailey.—This gentleman is virtually thrown overboard by the Norfolk News, Judge Bailey reports the entire Democratic ticket, and refuses to place himself in opposition to the American party, and hence his position is declared as "retained opposition and unavailing."

"The News says, has been committed by him, and his constituents are now called upon to 'teach him the way he should go.' Martial law and party screws! Off with his head!"—*Richmond Penny Post.*

A Patient Don.—"Ben," said his father one day, "was soon as I get time I shall give you a whipping."

"Well said the patient boy, 'I reckon I can wait.'"

A country individual who was caught in the water wheel of a saw mill, says he intends to apply for a pension, as he is a survivor of the Revolution.