North Carolina Argus.

JOHN W. CAMERON, PUBLISHER. This Argus o'er the People's rights doth an eternal vigil keep: No nothing strain of Mars's Son can lull his hundred eyes to sleep. TERMS: TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

Vol. VII. Fayetteville, N. C., Wednesday, February 8, 1854. No. 5.

The North Carolina Argus

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY

JOHN W. CAMERON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THE PAPER:

Two Dollars in Advance;

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid during the year;

Three Dollars if not paid before the expiration of the year of subscription.

No subscription received for a less period than one year, unless paid for in advance.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

Those wishing to discontinue their papers at the end of the year, will notify the Editor of their intention, two weeks before the expiration of the year, otherwise the paper will be continued to their addresses, and charged according to the above rates.

☞ All Letters to the Editor, to insure attention, must be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Forty Cents per Square for the first, and Twenty Cents per Square for each subsequent insertion—unless the advertisement be continued for more than two months—when it will be charged,

For three months,	$1 00
For six months,	6 00
For twelve months,	10 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding five lines in length will be inserted for Five Dollars a year—longer ones in proportion.

Advertisers must mate the number of times they wish their advertisements inserted, otherwise they will be continued till forbidden, and charged accordingly.

☞ Seventy lines or less (Brevier) make a Square.

LITERARY NOTICE

The next quarterly, which will be the annual meeting of the Literary Club of Robeson County, will be held in the Main Academy at Lumberton, the 4th day of March, 1854, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Order of Exercises.

Anniversary Address, by Rev. J. P. McPherson.
Quarterly Orations, by John C. McNair, A. M.
Essayists, Grove Lennon, Esq. and Dr. Wm. A. Cook.
Announced to J. C. McNair, Rev. John R. McLaurin.
" " Grove Lennon, Dr. D. Sinclair.
" " Dr. Cook, M. McNair, A. M.

A full attendance of the members is requested, as efforts for the ensuing year will be altered.

The essay "The Influence of Science on Revolution" will be again discussed.

The public are respectfully invited to attend.

J. P. McPHERSON, Secy.

St. Pau's, Jan. 25, 1854. 4 tw

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

The subscriber has just received from New York, at the store lately occupied by Mr. A. W. Steele, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

which comprise articles in the Dry Goods line.

I invite my acquaintances and the public generally, to call and examine my Stock of Goods, which I say to merchants, and dealers of every stripe in the grocery line, such as

Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, and the finest qualities of Foreign Liquors, &c. &c. &c.

Also, Domestic Liquors and Domestic Produce, of every kind bought and kept for sale.

I am disposed to sell low for cash, or on the usual time to punctual customers, or barter for Country Produce on good terms.

N. J. RAMSAY.

Feb. 1st, 1854. [4-6] Hay Street.

D. W. C. BENBOW,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Located near the Market,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

February 1, 1854. 6f

Garden Seeds,

WARRANTED fresh and genuine, and of the growth of 1853, just received and for sale by

J. N. SMITH.

Feb'y 1, 1854. 4-1m Market Square.

H. B. Hopkins, Wm. H. Hull,
Robert Hull, Thos. W. Atkinson.

Hopkins, Hull & Co.

WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,

No. 259 Baltimore Street,

(Opposite Hanover Street,)

BALTIMORE, MD.

February, 1854. 4-Y

Gill's Ne Plus Ultra Burnish.

The Subscriber, a practical boot-maker of some experience, has for some time been sensible that there is a *desideratum* to be yet supplied to the public in the way of a suitable burnish for boots and shoes. Most of the articles now used either injure the leather or fail to impart that lustre so necessary to give to man's 'understanding' a proper finish. He has, therefore, during the last twelve months, been devoting himself to the task of preparing an article free from these objections, and has at length, after much investigation and experiment, completely succeeded. The result is

GILL'S NE PLUS ULTRA BURNISH.

He only wishes that it may be tested in order to establish its superiority over all others.

Call on him at his shop opposite Mr. Lauder's Marble Factory, Hay street, or at the Drug Store of James N. Lamb, North-west corner Market Square, and be supplied with an excellent article at a cheap rate.

THOMAS GILL.

Feb'y 1, 1854. 4f

IRISH POTATOES.

100 Bbls. Superior Northern Yellow, just received and for sale by PETER P. JOHNSON.

Feb 1. 4-2t

NEW CROP MOLASSES.

20 Hhds. Superior quality just received and for sale by PETER P. JOHNSON.

Feb. 1. 4-2t

OATS.

200 bushels Seed Oats just received and for sale.

PETER P. JOHNSON.

Feb. 1. 4-2t

Highly Important to Housekeepers.

Matresses! Matresses! Matresses!

All competition in the trade defied!

The Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has constantly on hand, and is manufacturing to order, all kinds and sizes of Matresses, which he intends to sell 25 per cent. cheaper than any similar establishment in this place. Having served as an apprentice to the business in one of the northern cities, he trusts that he will be able to give the most complete satisfaction to his customers. He manufactures hair Matresses, Matresses with springs, fine Matresses, and all kinds of settee bottomings. He does also all kinds of repairing and renewing. Persons in want of any article in his line are requested to call and see specimens of his work at the Post Office building.

JOSEPH OTTARBURG.

January 21, 1854. 3-3m

Call and See.

THE Subscriber has on hand, at the old stand of C. A. McMillan, opposite the Bank of Cape Fear, a general and well assorted stock of

Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Boots and Shoes, Saddlery, Groceries, &c., &c.

ALSO—A well selected assortment of Ready Made Clothing. Always on hand, a lot of fine Chewing Tobacco. Also, a supply new crop MOLASSES.

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

W. S. FOWLKES.

January 24, 1854. 3t

NEW BAKERY.

THE Subscriber has established a Bakery on Bow Street, on the lot two doors East of Duncan McNeill's Cabinet Shop. He is prepared to furnish Families, Boarding Houses, and the public generally, with Bread, Biscuits and Cakes of various kinds, of the best quality, as he has procured the services of one of the best Bakers in the State.

Prices reasonable. Give me a call.

CHARLES BANKS.

Fayetteville, January 16, 1854. 3t

Dr. Morse's

INVIGORATING CORDIAL.

A PHENOMENON IN MEDICINE.

Health Restored and Life Lengthened by Dr. Morse's Invigorating Elixir or Cordial.

AT first the properties attributed to Prof. Morse's Invigorating Elixir or Cordial were deemed fabulous. The public, often deceived, could not believe the simple and sublime truths announced by the discoverer.—That force, undeniable force, attested by witnesses of the highest class and character, are now triumphing over all doubts. Incredulity is overthrown by a mass of testimony which is perfectly irresistible.

The Elixir remedies, in all cases, the deplorable evils arising from a misuse or abuse of the various organs which make up the wonderful machine called Man. It restores to full vigor every delicate function connected with the mysterious compound agency of matter and mind, necessary to the reproduction of mankind. To persons of feeble impassive frame, or deficient in vital power, it is recommended as the only means of communicating that energy which is necessary to the proper enjoyment of all the natural appetites, as well as of the higher mental attributes. Its beneficial effects are manifested in either sex or at any age. The feeble pale sickly wife, the listless, languishing youth, the nervous state of business, the victims of earnest application, the misdirected suffering from general debility or from the weakness of a single organ, will all find immediate and permanent relief from the use of this unexceptionable remedy.

To those who have a predisposition to paralysis, it will prove a complete and sustaining safeguard against that terrible contingency. There are many, perhaps, who have so reduced with this insidious foe, that they think themselves beyond the reach of medicine. Let not even these despair. The Elixir deals with disease as a cause, without reference to organs, and will not only remove the disease, but

Rebuild the Broken Constitution.

Whenever the organs or functional parts are thus destroyed, it is evident that

Morse's Invigorating Elixir

will replace weakness with strength, incapacity with efficiency, irregularity with uniform and natural activity, and this not only without hazard of overtaxing, but with a happy effect on the general organization. ☞ Now is the time for consumptives, whose only medicine is the balmy air of the warm climates, and who are paralyzed at the mention of commercial intercourse in remote climes. Bear in mind, also, that for every kind of nervous disease, this Elixir and Cordial is the only reliable preparation known.

Cure of Nervous Diseases.

No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the diseased, debilitated and shattered nervous system, whether broken down by excess, weak by nature, or impaired by sickness, the nourishing and vitalized organization is at once invigorated, tranquilized and built up. The mental and physical symptoms of nervous disease vanish together under the influence. Nor is the effect temporary, on the contrary, the relief is permanent, for the mental perception of the medicine reach the constitution itself, and restore it to its normal condition.

Loss of Memory,

Confusion, giddiness, rush of blood to the head, unfavorable, unusual timidity, hypochondria, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, fear of insanity, hypochondriasis, dyspepsia, general prostration, irritability, nervousness, inability to sleep, diseases incident to females, decay of the propagating functions, nervousness, vague terrors, palpitations of the heart, impotency, constipation, etc., etc., from whatever cause arising, or so, if there is any reliance to be placed on human testimony, absolutely infallible.

A Great Medicine for Females.

The unparalleled effects of this great restorative in all complaints incident to females, mark a new era in the annals of medicine. Thousands of testimonials have been received—thousands of unsolicited—all purporting to be specific in the various diseases and derangements to which the delicate organism of woman renders her liable.

Every Woman of Sense,

who suffers from weakness, derangement, nervousness, pains in the back, or any other disorder, whether peculiar to her sex, or common to both sexes, to give the invigorating cordial a trial.

Married Persons,

or others, will find the Cordial, after they use a bottle or two, a thorough regenerator of the system. In all directions are to be found the happy parents of healthy offspring, who would not have been so, but for this extraordinary preparation. And it is equally potent for the many diseases for which it is recommended. Thousands of young men have been restored by using it, and not in a single instance has it failed to benefit them.

Persons of Pale Complexion,

or consumptive habits, are restored, by the use of a bottle or two, to bloom and vigor, changing the skin from a pale, yellow, sickly color, to a beautiful florid complexion.

To the Misguided.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: weakness of the back and limbs, pains in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, dyspepsia, nervous irritability, derangement of the digestive functions, general debility, symptoms of consumption, &c.

Mentally, the fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded. Loss of memory, confusion of ideas, depression of spirits, evil forebodings, aversion to society, self-distrust, love of solitude, timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced. All thus afflicted,

Before contemplating Marriage,

should reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote connubial happiness; indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospects hourly darken the view, the mind becomes shadowed with despair, and filled with the melancholy reflection, that the happiness of another becomes blighted with your own.

Constitutional Debility.

All who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgences, will find in this cordial a sure relief.

Impotence, weakness of the genital organs, loss of virile power, is the penalty most frequently paid to those who give a loose rein of license to their passions. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful effects.

CAUTION.

Dr. Morse's Invigorating Cordial has been counterfeited by some unprincipled persons.

In future all the genuine Cordial will have the proprietors fac-simile pasted over the cork of each bottle, and the following words blown in the glass:

"Dr. Morse's Invigorating Cordial,
C. H. Ring, Proprietor, N. Y."

☞ The Cordial is put up, highly concentrated, in pint bottles.

☞ Price $3 per bottle, two for $5, six for $12.

C. H. RING, Proprietor, 192 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by Druggists throughout the United States, Canadas, and West Indies.

AGENTS.

Fayetteville—J. N. SMITH.
Newbern—J. W. CARMER.
Petersburg—TODD & CHRISTIAN.
Norfolk—M. A. SANTOS & SON.

HOME SONG.

Now, there my thimble in its case,
And store the spools away,
And lay the muslin rolls in place;
My task is done to-day;
For like the workman's ear, long hell,
A sound hath met my ear,
That gave cheer by the stone doth tell
Pa's hith come, my dears.
Bear off the toy box from the floor—
For yonder chair make room;
And up, and out, unlatch the door,
And breath his welcome home;
For 'tis the twilight hour of joy,
When Home's best pleasures rally;
And I will stop my darling boy,
While pa's away with Alice.

Here take the hat and gloves, and bring
The slippers, warm and soft,
While bounds the hall, with laugh and spring
To those loved arms aloft;
And let each work more comfort yield—
Each heart with love be warm,
For him whose firm strong hands shall shield
The household gods from harm,
Our love shall light the gathering gloom,
For o'er earthly hours,
We cherish first the joys of home;
A glad rejoicing group;
And through the twilight hour of joy,
We turn from toil to daily
With thy young dreams of life, my boy,
And gaily frolic Alice.

THE COST OF A BAD HABIT.

What a common thing it is for people to have some bad habit or other, which is worse than useless, but which they find it very difficult to break themselves of.

A story is told of a man in one of the New England States, who had such a habit, and who one day rendered himself very ridiculous by it. The habit this gentleman had was one of very frequently handling his spectacles. He was a member of the Legislature of his State, and when he rose to speak, he would first place his spectacles on his nose, suffer them to remain there a minute or two, throw them upward on his forehead, and finally fold them up and lay them before him on the desk.

One day a very important question came up in the legislature, and the fidgety gentleman manifested a speech in opposition to the proposed measure. A friend to the project, who was somewhat of a wag, determined that he would spoil the effect of what the honorable gentleman had to say. So before the speaker entered the hall after a recess, he provided himself with a dozen pair of spectacles. The member commenced his speech with his usual ability. But a few moments elapsed before he was at work at his spectacles and finally got them upon his forehead. At this juncture, our wag, who stood ready, laid another pair on the desk before the speaker. These were taken and gradually gained a place on his forehead by the side of the others. A third, fourth and fifth were disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled upon the countenances of the honorable members, which gradually lighted up in a grin, and at last, when the speaker had warmed up into one of his most patriotic and elegant sentences, he deposited a sixth pair with the others, and there was a loud and long peal of laughter from all parts of the room. President, clerks, members, all joined in the chorus. The speaker looked around in astonishment at this curious interruption; but, raising his hand, he grasped his spectacles and the whole force of the joke rushed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses upon the floor, took his hat and left the hall. The bill was passed by a triumphant majority, probably in consequence of the gentleman's silly and useless habit.

The Do-Nothings.—A meeting of this society was held yesterday evening.

Tom Larylones took the chair.

Bill Loaferson was the vice-president.

Several idle men were present.

The Secretary made his report. He observed, that at the last meeting nothing had been done, according to the constitution of the society.

Jim Vacuum offered to make a motion, but did not move from his seat. He observed that it was a popular prejudice that it was the destiny of man to work. The present order had been founded for the encouragement of idleness. A new member was waiting to be initiated.

The President said, "Let him come in."

The new member was carried in, in a four-post bedstead, after giving the password, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

The President administered the oath of eternal laziness, and desired the candidate for admission into the order to repeat it after him. The candidate waited till the President had finished, and then said,

"Ditto."

The Vice-President asked the candidate whether he would take a drink.

The candidate nodded and opened his lips.

"The Secretary will now read to you the rules of the Society," said the President.

The candidate shut his eyes, and fell asleep in an instant.

"He'll do!" said the President, approvingly.

"Yes," said the Vice-President; "he'll do—nothing."

The member's name was enrolled, and he was roused up to pay his subscription.

He did nothing of the kind. Nothing else took place. Nothing more was said. Nothing was done. We know nothing more. The whole thing amounts to nothing.

How to see the Teeth of a beautiful young Lady.—Praise her rival before her face, and you may depend upon it, she will soon show her teeth.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

The beautiful story of Le Fevre, by Sterne, is one that cannot be read too often. In its touching beauty and generous truth to nature, it is unsurpassed in the language.

It was to my Uncle Toby's eternal honor—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a positive law, known not, for their life, which way in the world to turn themselves,—that notwithstanding my Uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the seige of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs so hard, that they eventually allowed him [illegible] drummer—that nevertheless, he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses of the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the seige of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my Uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou mad'st an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and traveling are both expensive, and thou know'st he was a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse, because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself. Your Honor knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders. True, quoth my Uncle Toby, thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed thou hast the same excuse, continued my Uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou should have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him [illegible]

In a fortnight or three weeks, added my Uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.

He'll never march, and please your Honor, in this world, said the Corporal. He will march, said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. And please your Honor, said the Corporal, he will never march but to his grave. He shall march, cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had the shoe on, though without advancing an inch, he shall march to his regiment. He cannot stand it, said the Corporal. He shall be supported, said my Uncle Toby. He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy? He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. A-well-a-day! do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by ——, cried my Uncle Toby.

——The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.

My Uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavily upon his eyelid's, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my Uncle Toby, who had risen up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him:—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my Uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the Corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankess in my Uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him, so that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment; looked up wishfully in my Uncle Toby's face; then cast a look upon his boy: and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered.—stopp'd,—went on,—throbb'd,—stopp'd again—mov'd,—sto,p'd,—shall I go on? No.

A Modern Greek.—The road is narrow, and I give place to my companion. He is a small, thin, angular man, with undecided eyes, and an anxious, unpleasant smile always upon his face. He is stealthy and cat-like in his movements. He seems to walk with muffled feet. In dress he is something like a farce idea of an elderly Frenchman of the old school; except that he wears the red cap, or fez, which is worn by all Turkish subjects as a mark of their nationality. He has a long straight frock of an undecided color, trowsers, and delicate grey jean boots with varnished tips. He has also a superfluity of watch-chain. Upon the whole, he is a very frequent specimen of the modern Greek. He is not of the race of Polychronopolos, who scudded before us on his wiry horse over the plains of Corinth. He is not the Greek of the loud voice and ready hand—of the brave apparel and twirled moustache. He is unhappily of a school far more uncommon. He is of the race which assassinated Capo d'Istrias, and would have broken Byron's heart if he had lived. Who have no sympathy with the learning or honesty of Wyse, or gratitude for the services of the brave and gentle Church. He is of the Greeks who are so proud of the ancient glories of the land they are bringing daily and hourly to shame. He is of that plausible and clever race who have by turns won every statesman in Europe to what is called the Greek cause, only that he might add another to those who have abandoned it with deep disgust. Of the race who would rather live despised on a pittance obtained by roguery and intrigue, than make one single effort for honorable independence. They are the sons of men who were oppressed for many generations, of Turkish Rayahs, of slaves. What need is there to say more, or wonder why they are so fallen?

Dickens's Household Words.

Who has ever met with a more eloquent tribute than the following to the importance of

THE PRESS!

When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand skulls, and was on a standing at the extent of Damascus, glittering with steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder, till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and carnage, the pale looker-on might have fancied that Nature was in her death throes—for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of mankind seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be, that on that very gala day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine pins in the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important than twenty Tamerlanes. The Tarter Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, passed away like a whirlwind, to be forgotten; and that German artizan has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself, through all countries and through all time. What are the conquests and expeditions of captains, from Walker the penniless, to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with these moveable types of Johannes Faust?—*Foreign Rev.*

Is Love, or Politeness to a Lady.—A young lawyer of Maryland, with perhaps not as much of money in his pocket as gallantry in his heart, was travelling on the Railroad from Philadelphia to Baltimore, when the cars were so crowded that a lady was unable to obtain a seat. Mr. W. who had been congratulating himself upon his luck, instantly gave up his, when chance threw him alongside of an eminent New York lawyer, who was then on his way to investigate an important law case. The gentleman, upon conversation with Mr. W., found him to be a man of ability, and solicited his professional aid. The case has just been decided, and the polite young lawyer has pocketed the handsome fee of $10,000. Let our gentlemen readers remember, if not always "in luck," never to fail in "politeness to a lady."

Exploring the Parson.—A minister was one Sabbath day examining the Sunday School in catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a strapper, about 13 years of age, who was a publican, in waiting on customers. "What is your name?" said the parson. No reply. "What is your name?" he repeated, in a more peremptory manner. "None of your fun, Mr. Minister," said the girl. "You know my name well enough. Don't you say, when you come to our house on a night: "Bet bring me some more ale?" The congregation forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

A Humorous Legal Instrument.—Not long since the contents of a small confectionary and toy shop were seized for debt, but afterward replevied. A deed of trust to secure the payment was accordingly executed, and recorded at the City Hall. A friend who had the pleasure of reading the document, informs us that some of the items were duly set forth in this wise: Five lbs. of candies, assorted; eight dozen soldiers, six dozen cats, four dozen hogs, and two dozen with riders on them; and seven dozen assorted babies.—*Washington Sentinel.*

An Oregonean speaks rapturously of the Oregon winters. On the 19th December he plucked French pinks and marigolds which were full blown, and says that many varieties of garden flowers were growing and promised to bloom all winter.

Another Koszta Case.—The New York Tribune brings to notice through its Vienna correspondent the case of an alleged unoffending man, travelling under the protection of a United States passport, who is now incarcerated in an Australian prison. His name is Simon Taussig, and he has a wife in New Jersey, where he has been settled as a shoemaker, and where he had taken the necessary steps to become an American citizen. He returned to Austria on business the present year, and was on the point of leaving the country to return hither when he was arrested by the Austrian police, his passport taken from him, and he sent to prison. The American Minister has interfered in his case, but the Austrian authorities refused his liberation.

Advertising is called expensive. Perhaps it is so. But then, says the Washington Star, it is almost always worth ten fold its cost. Very few people advertise in a "masterly" manner who do not receive ten dollars where they pay out one. It is the grand way to get business. Advertising has made more and greater fortunes than any other single instrumentality, and will continue to produce the same golden results. Done with prudence, it is the source of certain wealth. Do you ask how to get business? Advertise.

Gates.—Never put up a pair of bars where you can hang a good gate. They are perplexing, and do not answer the purpose half as well as a good gate. Where one has to pass frequently into a field or enclosure, the time occupied in taking them down and putting them up will often pay the extra expense of constructing and hanging a good permanent gate, which will last for years, and may be opened and closed in a minute. Gates that hang on hinges so as to swing in and out, and which fasten themselves both backward and forward, by the means of springs, are the most desirable. Their appearance, too, is quite in good taste, which is a matter of some importance in some situations.

Incombustible Wash for the Roofs and Walls of Buildings.—Take of common water a quantity proportionate to the surface to be protected, and stir potash as long as it will dissolve. When the water is perfectly saturated, stir in first, a quantity of pure whiting, sufficient to make it as thick as cream. When the ingredients are well mixed, the preparation is to be applied to the wood, and will be found efficient in protecting it from the action of both fire and rain. It is asserted by those who have tested its value, that wood work exposed to intense heat, if coated with this cement, may be charred or carbonated, but cannot be made to burn.

When desirable, a very agreeable color may be imparted to the wash by adding a small quantity of red or yellow ochre.

A Good Joke.—The city authorities of Marysville, California, recently passed an ordinance for the removal of outside stairs in that city. While the Council was in session a few days subsequently, the stairs leading to the Council Chamber were removed, and the dignified members of that body, according to the Herald, were compelled to "shin" down the posts of the building.

New Use of Words.—The correspondent of the Brattleborough Eagle tells the following story of a witness upon a liquor trial: "How do you know it was brandy?" asked the lawyer. "Well," replied the ready witness, "I smelled of it first, and then I *welcomed* about a glass of it." The unexpected verb wholly upset the gravity of the court, jury, and miscellaneous people; and they were not at all assisted in recovering their equanimity by his further testimony that the man who bought the brandy drank of it himself "till he was quite *salubrious.*"

There is to be a Convention of men and women disposed to aid in obtaining "such amendments in the Statutes and Constitution of New York, as will secure to the women of the State *legal equality* with the men, and to females equally with the males a right to suffrage," in Albany on the 14th and 15th of February.

Exempted.—Printers with nine children are to be exempt from taxation in the State of New York.

Very safe legislation that. We would like to see the *printer* who had anything to tax after feeding nine children.

The Fourteenth street Presbyterian Church (Rev. Dr. Smith's) has contributed for benevolent purposes, during the past year, upwards of $18,000—an exceedingly handsome sum. This amount does not include the annual contribution to the funds of the American Board of Missions, the time for the collection of which has already passed by a month or two.—*N. Y. Times.*

Proverbs.—If a man cheat thee once, shame on him; if he cheat thee twice, shame on thee.

If you have lost your credit, be industrious and you will regain it.

If you have lost your property, be industrious, honest, and frugal, and you will acquire more.

If you have a good wife, take care of her—and if you have not, get one immediately.

If you take the newspaper printed in your county, and pay for it, rest assured you are prospering.

A gentleman in Wall street, who went through an operation figuratively called "bursting up," some few years back, has embraced the Mehommedan method of computing time. He takes a melancholy pleasure in dating from the Hegira, or the Flight of the Profit.