North Carolina Argus.

JOHN W. CAMERON, PUBLISHER. "This Argus o'er the People's rights doth an eternal vigil keep" "No nodding siren of Main's Bar can lull his hundred eyes to sleep." TERMS: TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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J. C. POE,
DEALER IN
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots Shoes, and Ready Made Clothing.
Particular attention paid to
LADIES' DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS.
Hay Street, Fayetteville, N. C.
May 25, 1855. 72-tf

B. B. Hopkins, Robert Hull. Wm. H. Ryan, Thos. W. Atkinson.
Hopkins, Hull & Co.
WHOLESALE
DRY GOODS MERCHANTS,
No. 258 Baltimore Street,
(Opposite Hanover Street,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
Febuary, 1854. 4-y

WM. H. HAIGH,
Attorney at Law,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
OFFICE ON OLD STREET.
January, 1854. 1-1y.

"Law Copartnership."
WE, the undersigned, have this day formed a Law Copartnership, and will practice in the Courts of the following counties of this State: Chatham, Cumberland, Moore, Harnett, and the Supreme Court.
J. H. HAUGHTON,
JNO. MANNING.
Pittsborough, N. C., Jan'y 1, 1856. 12-tf

J. A. SPEARS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Attends the Courts of Cumberland, Harnett, Wake, and Johnson.
Address, Toomer, Harnett Co., N. C.
110-1y.

W. P. HARRISON,
GENERAL COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANT,
Wilmington, N. C.
June 13, 1854. 23-tf

DR. K. A. BLACK,
OFFICE FRONT ROOMS, OVER
Dr. S. J. Hinsdale's
Chemist and Drug Store.
February 7, 1856. 109-tf

ANDREW J. STEDMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
PITTSBOROUG, N. C.
Will attend the County and Superior Courts of Chatham, Moore, and Harnett Counties.
July 14, 1855. 79-tf

JOHN WINSLOW
Attorney at Law.
Office on the South side of Hay street, opposite the Fayetteville Bank.
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
February, 1854. 71y

R. H. SANDFORD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Office at Dr. Hall's New Building, on Bow Street.
Sept. 1855, 1855-88ly

A. M. Campbell,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
GILLESPIE STREET,
Fayetteville, N. C.
Feb'y 10, 1854. 6-Y

Charles Banks,
CONFECTIONER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff,
GREEN STREET,
Fayetteville, N. C.
January 16, 1854. 2-tf

S. M. THOMAS,
DEALER IN
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Boots and Shoes, Sheetings, Cotton Yarns, Kerseys, Blankets, &c., &c.
CORNER MARKET and GILLESPIE St., Fayetteville, N. C.

J. S. BANKS,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, North Carolina.
Jan. 5, 1855. 104-1y

DAVID McDUFFIE,
BRICK MASON AND PLASTERER,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
Respectfully tenders his services to persons in this and the adjoining counties wishing work done in his line.
July 18, 1856. 152-1y

COOK & JOHNSON,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
English, German, and American Hardware and Cutlery.
January 10, 1854. 3-tf

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
Wilmington, N. C.
Usual advances made on consignments.
74-1y-pd

SECOND STOCK THIS FALL.
STARR & WILLIAMS
Are now receiving their
Second Stock of Fall & Winter Goods
To which they call the attention of Merchants making their purchases in this market.
Oct. 16, 1856. 145-tf.

Fall Trade, 1856.
B. F. PEARCE
IS NOW OPENING, a large and desirable Stock of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
Consisting in part of
Black and Colored Silks,
English Mod French Merinos,
Plain and Fig'd De Lanes, some beautiful patterns,
Black and Fancy Alpacas,
Edgings and Insertings,
Collars and Undersleeves,
Cactus and Whalebone Skirts,
Jaconet, Nainsook, Swiss and Plaid Muslins,
French, English and American Prints,
Cloths and Cassimeres,
Satinetts, Jeans and Tweeds,
Plaids, Linseys and Kerseys,
Carolina and Marlboro' Stripes,
Bleached and Brown Shirtings and Sheetings,
White and Colored Flannels,
Drillings and Tickings,
Irish Linens, good assortment,
Linen Table Cloths, Towelings and Napkins,
Shawls, Cloaks and Mantillas,
Extra quality of Bed Blankets,
Ribbons, Belts, Gloves, Hosiery, &c.
ALSO,
Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Boots, Shoes and Umbrellas; a general assortment of
Ready-made Clothing,
and every variety in the YANKEE NOTION LINE, which will be sold at a small advance for CASH, or on time to punctual customers, either at WHOLESALE or RETAIL. All are respectfully invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.
B. F. PEARCE.
Hay St., Fayetteville, Sept. 1, 1856. 139-tf

Dissolution of Co-partnership.
The firm heretofore existing between BALDWIN & ROBINSON, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
Those having open accounts with us must come forward and settle without delay, or they will find their accounts in the hands of an officer.
Little's Mills, Sept. 20, 1856. 142-tf

GROCERIES.
I am now receiving my stock of Family Groceries, consisting as follows:
75 Bags Coffee, assorted,
50 Hhds Sugar,
50 " Mackerel No. 3,
25½ " " " 2,
25½ " " " 1,
10 " Herring,
5 " Stewart's Syrup,
35 Boxes Cheese,
12 " Sperm Candle,
15 " Adamantine Candles,
West India Preserves, assorted,
Spices, Candles, and Teas,
Soap, Putty, and White Lead,
Will keep constantly on hand Bacon, Lard, Butter, &c., &c.
The above named articles, and all others usually kept in a Grocery Store, will be kept constantly on hand, and sold cheap for cash or on time to prompt paying customers.
E. F. MOORE.
Store formerly occupied by Hall & Sackett.
Sept. 12, 1856. 140-tf

50 KEGS NAILS,
15 Doz. AXES, Assorted,
and some Superior HAND-SAWS,
For sale by E. F. MOORE.

Blankets, Kerseys, Kentucky Jeans,
Keystone Stripes, and a large lot of Shoes,
For sale by E. F. MOORE.

GOOD LANDS FOR SALE.
As I wish to move West, I wish to sell my Farm on the Cape Fear River, on the South side of Cape Fear a mile or two below Rockfish Creek, containing some 600 to 700 Acres of very fine River Lands. On the Farm there is a good orchard, and buildings of all kinds to live in, &c.
Also my Saw Mill on Rockfish, (late H. McNeill's.)
Also 180 Acres Land joining the same.
Mr. E. H. Evans will show these Lands and Mills to any one wishing to purchase, and also give the terms.
WM. A. EVANS.
Oct. 8, 1856. 146-tf

Richmond County Land
For Sale.
The undersigned offers for sale a tract of land lying in Richmond, on the Big Juniper Creek, and containing twelve or fifteen hundred acres, principally wood land. It is located within a few miles of Floral College, and of Laurinburgh in Richmond county, the site of a flourishing High School for boys, and a point on the route of the Wilmington, Charlotte, and Rutherford Rail Road. It is well adapted to the culture of Corn, Cotton, and Rice, and is the most beautifully timbered land in this part of the State. Being situated in the vicinity of so many valuable institutions of learning, so conveniently near the Railroad route, and in a community noted for its sociability, morality, and intelligence, it is believed that this land presents inducements to farmers and persons engaged in the timber and turpentine business rarely found in any country.
Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call on me within the next two weeks at Mrs. Effy Blue's, or address me at Gilopolis P. O., Robeson County within that time. After the expiration of two weeks my address will be Marion C. H., S. C.
Mr. P. A. McEachin or Milton McIntosh, Esq., will take pleasure in showing the land to any person desiring to see it in my absence.
J. G. BLUE.
Nov. 25, 1856. 151-tf
The Fayetteville Observer, Wilmington Herald, and the Pee Dee Herald of Cheraw, S. C., will please copy four weeks and forward accounts.

Dr. H. G. McEACHIN
Having permanently located himself in
Troy Montgomery County, N. C.
Respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Troy and Montgomery County, in the practice of medicine and surgery, etc.—Charges moderate.
Nov. 25, 1856. 151-3m

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE
THE subscriber offers for sale that large and valuable plantation, known as the DeJarnet plantation, containing about 1600 Acres, lying on the West side of Pee Dee River, 12 miles North-east of Wadesboro. On the land there is a Steam Mill, with circular Saw, in good order, with an abundant supply of Pine Timber. The land is well adapted to the culture of cotton, corn, wheat, and oats. Plantation in good repair.
And further, I would also sell 12 or 15 VALUABLE NEGROES.
Terms made known on application to
DANIEL MACRAE.
Address me at Mangum P. O., Richmond Co., N. N.
Nov. 22, 1856. 152-3t

POETRY.

MAIDEN RESOLUTIONS.

BY MARY F. T. TUCKER.

Oh! I'll tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white or yellow,
But is altogether queen!
Then his name isn't charming,
For it's only common "Bill;"
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will!

He has told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees,
And don't you think the gawkey
Tumbled down upon his knees!
While the tears the creature wasted
Were enough to turn a mill;
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will!

Oh! he talked
Of devotion pure and deep,
But it seemed so very silly,
That I nearly fell asleep!
And he thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journeyed down the hill,
To go hand-in-hand together,
But I hardly think it will!

He was here last night to see me,
And he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead
Never meant to go away.
At first I learned to hate him,
And I know I hate him still;
Yet he urges me to have him,
But I hardly think I will!

I am sure I wouldn't chose him,
But the very deuce is in it;
For he says if I refuse him
That he could not live a minute;
And you know the blessed Bible
Plainly says, we "mustn't kill,"
So I've thought the matter over,
And I rather guess I will!

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN TAYLOR,

THE SIMON OF THE BACK WOODS BAR AND PULPIT.

I can never forget the first vision of John Taylor. It was in the court-house at Lewisburg, Convey county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1838. The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and beautiful girl on an indictment for murder. The judge waited at the moment for the sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centered on the door, when suddenly a stranger entered whose appearance riveted universal attention.

Here is his portrait.—A figure tall, lean, sinewy, and straight as an arrow; a face sallow, bilious, and twitching incessantly with nervous irritability; a brow broad, soaring, and massive, seamed with wrinkles, but not from age, for he was scarcely forty; eyes reddish yellow, like the watchful eagle, as bright and piercing; and finally, a mouth with lips of cast iron, thin, curled, cold, and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbreathed curse. He was habited in a suit of new buckskin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rainbow. Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparently unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon, needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters. The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger, excited, especially, the risibility of the lawyers; and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew louder, and soon swept around the whole circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice. Instantly, the cause of the laughter perceived, he turned his head gradually, so as to give each laugher a look; his lips curled with a killing smile of infinite scorn; his yellow eyes shot arrows of lightning; his tongue, protruding through his teeth, literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculated its asp-like poison in a single word:

"Savages!"

No pen can describe the defiant force which he threw into that term; no pencil can paint the infernal *furor* of his utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips; laying horrible emphasis on S, both at the beginning and end of the word—"Savages!"

It was the growl of a red tiger in the *hiss* of a rattlesnake: "*Savages!*"

The general gaze, however, was immediately diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who then came in surrounded by the guard. The apparition was enough to drive a saint mad. For hers was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both the imagination and heart a gleaming picture enameled in fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of an enchantment to be FELT as well as seen. You might feel it in the flesh of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as the iris; in the contour of her features, symmetrical, as if cut by the chisel of an artist; in her hair of rich auburn ringlets flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in her eyes, blue as the heaven of southern summer, large, liquid, beamy; in her motions, graceful swimming, like the gentle wafftures of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in the figure, slight, etherial—a sylph's or a seraph's, and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like starlight, and yet possessing the power of magic or of magnetism, to thrill the beholder's heart.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling, took her place before the bar of her judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of "silence," could scarcely repress from swelling to a deafening cheer. The judge turned to she prisoner:

"Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your counsel, Colonel Linton, is sick; have you employed any other?"

She answered in a voice sweet as the nightingale, and clear as the song of the sky-lark:

"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers—give me my man, *to be sick*; but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause, and the rest wept. On the instant, however, the stranger, whose appearance had previously excited so much merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek, and then stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from eternity; while the singular being, who had caused her unaccountable motion, addressed the court in his sharp, ringing voice, sonorous as the sound of bell-metal:

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending the lady."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Judge, and the crowded throng.

"Yes!" repeated the stranger with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the judge.

"Let her speak for herself."

"I do," was the answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.

The case immediately progressed, and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we will epitomise the substance of the evidence. About twelve months before, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a room connected with her shop, and all alone, she prepared the articles of her trade with unwearied labor and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest and retiring, and hence she might have hoped to avoid notoriety, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which too often, and to the poor and friendless always, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by all those glittering fire flies of passion, the profession of whose life, everywhere, is seduction and ruin. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with unutterable scorn and loathing. Among these rejected adulters was one of a character from which the fair milliner had everything to fear. Hiram Shore belonged to a family at once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave and ferociously revengeful—the most famous duelist of the South-West. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma—and had shared the fate of all other wooers—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock on Christmas night, 1837, the people of Lewisburg were startled by a loud scream, as of one in mortal terror; while following that, with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of fire arms, one, two, three,—a dozen deafening roars. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sounds proceeded, pushed back the unfastened door, and a scene of horror was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every feature discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, but her lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom litterally riddled with ball ts, lay the all-dreaded duelist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence: "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" and instantly expired.

"In the name of God who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it," said the beautiful milliner; "I did it to save my honor."

As may be readily imagined, the deed caused intense excitement. Public opinion, however, was divided. The poorer classes crediting the girl's version of the facts, lauded her heroism in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his wealthy family, gave a different and darker color to the affair, and denounced the lovely homicide as an atrocious criminal. Unfortunately for her, the officers of the law, especially the judge and the sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feelings in a revolting partiality. The judge committed her without the privilege of bail, and the sheriff chained her in the felon's dungeon. Such is a brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither their names nor their arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genius, they shout equally partitioned their howling eloquence betwixt the prisoner and her leather-robed counsel, as if in doubt who of the twain was then on trial. As for the stranger, he seemed not to pay the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hands, like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

When the proper time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his position almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so wild, so clear, unutterably ringing and distinct, as to fill the hall from floor to galleries. At the outset he dwelt in pure logic, seperating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparant as a globe of glass, through which the innocence of the client shone brilliant as a sunbeam; and the jurors nodded to each other signs of thorough conviction; that thrilling whisper and fixed concentration, and the language, simple as a child's, had convinced all.

He then changed his posture so as to sweep the bar with his glance, and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries. His sallow face glowed like a heated furnace; his eyes resembled living coals, and his voice become the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was Jove's eagle charging a flock of crows; it was like Jove himself, hurling red hot thunder bolts among the quaking ranks of a conspiracy of inferior gods. And yet, in the highest temper of his fury, he seemed calm; he employed no gesture save one—the flesh of a long, bony fore-finger, direct in the eyes of his foes. He painted their venality and unmanly meanness, in coalescing for money to hunt down a poor friendless woman, till a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude, and even some of the jury cried "shame."

He changed his theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vived picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with particular illustrations in the case of his client, till one-half the audience wept like children. But it was in the peroration that he reached his zenith, at once of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse; his very hair seemed to stand on end; his nerves shook as with a palsy; he tossed his hands wildly towards heaven, each finger stretched apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased, Hiram Shore—

"Tell my mother I am dead and gone to hell!"

His emphasis on the word hell embodied the ideal of all horror; it was a wail of immeasurable despair. No language can depict the effect on us who heard it. Men groaned, females screamed, and one poor mother fainted and was borne away in convulsions. The whole speech occupied but an hour.

The jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the box, and three cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the old court-house from dome to corner stone.

After the adjournment, which occurred near sunset, the triumphant advocate arose and gave out an appointment—

"I will preach in this hall to-night at eight o'clock."

He then glided off through the crowd, speaking to no one, though many attempted to draw him into a conversation. At eight o'clock the court-house was again thronged, and the stranger, according to promise, delivered a sermon. It evinced the same attributes as his previous eloquence of the bar; the same compact logic, the same burning vehemence, and increased bitterness of denunciation. Indeed, misanthropy revealed itself as the prominent emotion. The discourse was a tirade against infidels, in which class the preacher seemed to include everybody but himself; it was a picture of hell, such as Lucifer might have drawn, with a world in flames for his pencil. But one paragraph pointed to heaven, and that only demon-trated the utter impossibility that any human being should ever get there.

PIERCE PUNGENT'S PEANUT'S—HOOP'S.

Little did Pierce Pungent think, when he trundled his hoop sixty years ago, that he was playing with the petticoats of a future generation!—We had certainly heard our Aunt Pearl say that the fashionable ladies of her youth had certain whalebone expanders, but we maintain that the genuine hoop never has been in active operation before now!

Boys in olden time, spoke in the spirit of prophecy, when they cried:

Come with a hoop,
And come with a call!
Come in your petticoats,
Or come not at all!

Possibly the hooping cough may have been named after some fair one, whose damp hoops, being made of green wood, disagreed with her, and gave her a cold. How beautifully also has nature provided a variety of woods to suit that diversified sex, the female! Weeping willows for widows! Oak for sailors' wives! Hickory for strong-minded women! Rosewood for belles! Pine for damsels! Crab tree hoops for old maids! And so on! especially bamboo for those dear girls who bamboozle us out of our bachelordom, and make us pay for the operation!

We were deep in the cogitation of the hoop mystery, when we accidentally met with our old friend who is one of the family. It was John Hoope, that capital Democrat. We brought him suddenly to his senses by asking what he thought of the hoops!

"A most respectable family," he replies, "I belong to it!"

Putting the question in a plainer way, he asked us into his little office, where he sits thronned on piles of gold, like Fisher, the pirate of Mrs. Sippy. He reminds me of Longfellow's verse:

John Hoope was in his office
A counting of his money,
While the pretty ladies walked Broadway,
As sweet as yellow honey!

When we were seated he thus commenced:

"My dear Pungent, the origin of hoops is lost in obscurity, nor is it possible to decide, at this late day, whether women stole the hoop from the cask or the cooper stole the hoop from the women! Certainly, in the dark ages, hoops were considered as the natural protectors of the washing tubs, barrels, puncheons, and every other species of casks! It is, however, a question, whether they don't more effectually defend a woman than they do a hogshead!"

Our handsome young cordwainer whom Beattie celebrated in his minstrel thus:

Now, Edwin Brooks, he was no vulgar boy, &c., assures us that he wishes hoops in the cellar; indeed anywhere except round a young woman, thus usurping the privileges of a lover's arm! But to the tale our murmuring Brooks relates:

"Left alone with a pretty girl, she asked for a kiss. Alas! the top of Latting's observatory might as well have done it! I could not get within kissing distance! There she stood, surrounded by her fortifications. No goose was ever more firmly secured in the centre of a gooseberry bush than my fair friend, who, despite her wish to aid me in the desperate enterprise, stood like a Sevastopol with her Malakoffs, Redans, outworks, and *chevaux de frises!* At last the beautiful besieged, in her natural desire to meet me half way, lost her balance, and as I am a New Yorker and a Christian, she rolled about the room like a barrel of *lager bier* that had tumbled off its stand. As the song says:

I sent for a cooper,
At last to unhoop her,
Before she could stand on her end."

Trundling a hoop down Broadway, with a woman inside, is a vast improvement upon the old game of our childhood. One man in speaking of his wife's petticoat, said it must have been raised like a barn. Another, a lawyer, assures us that his daughter's skeleton skirt is large enough for a small law office. And then how fearfully made! Why Mrs. Hoope's hoop is latticed, cornered, stiffened, and jointed like the frame of the Crystal Palace! I don't see what a woman wants with a husband, if she wears hoops, for they are her natural protector. A girl is as safe in her skirts as she is in a convent. She cannot be more shut up from the world if she were in a nunnery. Then how are we to get along in our thoroughfares with the women in full possession? Francois Ravel has given walking up altogether. He lives on flying leaps. Councilman Wild practiced his famous summersault from Freemont to Fillmore by jumping through his wife's skirts.

Colonel McArdle assured Broughman the other night at the Bowery Theatre, that a dozen women in the fashionable costume, marching along in file or column, would, at a distance, look like a regiment, and a battalion might easily retire and reform behind a Belle of Broadways. And just fancy, observes Colonel Harper, how easily a small detachment might be smuggled into an enemy's town under a woman's modern petticoat. What the wooden horse was to Troy, one of these great whalebone petticoats might be to some modern beleaguered city. As to a lover hiding under a lady's skirt, it would be a solitude for its vastness.

It is a nice calculation, how many square miles a hundred fashionable ladies would occupy, if they ever become squatters.

Our architectural friend, Thomas, declares that it is an improvement upon the Egyptian Pyramids! We, ourselves, have a nice practical circumference to rapidly approaching those of Babylon! The ancients considered a Sabbath day's journey three miles; that is now about equal to walking once around a woman. We shall soon be compelled to have speaking trumpets to make the dear girls hear our whisperings of undying affection. Walking arm in arm is quite out of fashion, and we are confidentially informed that Genin, the celebrated hatter, has turned his unrivalled genius to the invention of an elongating anchor, or hook and eye, which will enable a polite gentleman to offer his arm to a lady.

HOW TO WRITE FOR NEWSPAPERS.—As a general rule, short pieces are best liked. A gentleman in a bank once told us when we asked him to subscribe for a certain Quarterly Review: "Read a Review! why, I never read anything longer than a telegraph dispatch! But I will take it and send it to my brother, who is a minister in the country." The public like a short article when it is a condensation.

This introduces a second idea. An article to be printed should absolutely have something in it. If professed argument, it should be conclusive; if an anecdote, it should have a sharp point; if philosophy, it should go to the primitive rock; if practical, it should go like an arrow to its work; if spiritual, it should awe the soul that reads it.

A good newspaper style is not as easy as it seems. Its Scylla lies on the side of attempting a popular manner, and succeeding only in being more familiar than a man ought to be at his counting table, or degenerating into slang, or becoming childish. Its Obaryldis yawns for those who, shunning Scylla, are determined to have real thought, pith, and value in their writing, and to become too learned, or profound, or imaginative, or philosophical for any but scholars or highly cultivated people.—*Ann. Presbyterian.*

LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.—The following from New York correspondence of the Boston Journal is said to be too true:

"One of our rich merchants, a man of fortune—of a million and a half—a resident of the Sixth avenue, connected with one of the first houses in New York—was carried yesterday to the insane hospital. He is another illustration of what our city shows in many lamentable cases of the danger of over-attention to business. We keep a list of the drunkards who die, of the suicides, of deaths by railroad collision and accidents; but could the number of deaths, and the cases of insanity growing out of the 'haste to be rich,' of the incessant application of business, the over-taxing of the mind in the accumulation of wealth be known, the appalling number would startle and terrorize society."

A DOVE ALIGHTING ON A COFFIN.—In Edinburgh, a few days ago, a respectable family in one of the quietest quarters of the city were thrown into mourning by the death of one of their number, an elderly lady. A night or two after the event a strange noise was heard at the window of the room where the coffin was lying. It seemed like the fluttering of the wings of a bird against the window panes; and, when the maid servant appeared at the window for the purpose of raising it to examine into the cause of the noise, a beautiful white dove flew into the apartment and alighted upon the lid of the coffin. It offered no opposition when they attempted to secure it, and is now in the possession of the relatives of the deceased lady, who, from the singularity of the circumstances, have resolved to preserve it carefully. Had the event happened in time past, when superstition held sway, it would undoubtedly have given rise to some strange imaginings relative to the departed.—*Edinburgh Express.*

WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.—Young men, keep your eyes peeled when you are after the women. Is the pretty dress or form attractive? Or even a pretty face? Flounces, boy, are of no consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile will give way to the scowl of the termagent. The neat form will be pitched into calico. Another and far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles sweet and eats sour candy. Keep your eye peeled, boy, when you are after the women. If the little dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all around the house. If she apologizes for washing dishes you will need a girl to fan her.

If she blushes when found at the wash tub with her sleeves rolled up, be sure, sir, that she is of the codfish aristocracy, little breeding and little sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit slaughter at the piano you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find one whose mind is right then pitch in. Don't be hanging about like a sneak thief, as though you were ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough, and ask for the article like a man.

GROWING MEN.—Dr. W. Holmes has shown what everybody knows, that we are, as a race, deteriorating. But he has not given us the reason why the New England men grows smaller in bone and muscle. Chemistry tells us it is owing to the want of material in the soil to produce bone. Much is owing to our unnatural habits of life. Much to the weakness of our females, who do anything but develop their muscles by exercise. But the main reason why the race deteriorates so rapidly in the Eastern part of New England, is owing to the hard granite soil, which does not furnish limestone sufficient to form the bones. In Kentucky, Ohio and Western Vermont, men grow to large size because of the limestone formation beneath the soil. Parts of families have emigrated from Massachusetts to limestone regions, and the result in the next generation, has been a larger bone developement in those who left Massachusetts than in those who remained. Kentucky, Ohio and Iowa will grow great men. The finest figures in the world will be found in the valley of the Mississippi in a few generations. Indoor labor, so unnatural for men, will weaken the vital powers and stop the growth in large cities, but the great and glorious West, with its broad prairies, will compensate for the growing feebleness of the Eastern States.

Vicious company is as dangerous as an infectious and contagious distemper, and therefore ought to be carefully and industriously avoided.