North Carolina Argus.

JOHN W. CAMERON, PUBLISHER. This Argus o'er the People's rights doth an eternal vigil keep; [illegible] strain of Music's Sun can lull his hundred eyes to sleep. TERMS: TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE.

New Series.—Vol. IV.—No 29. Fayetteville, N. C., Saturday, July 25, 1857. Whole No. 186.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY
JOHN W. CAMERON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
D. McNEILL, Assistant Editor.

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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

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

Dr. H. R. EASTERLING,
Rockingham,
RICHMOND CO., N. C.
Will attend to professional calls at any hour, day or night.
April 10, 1857. 176-1y-pd

"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. 152-tf

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

ANDREW J. STEDMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PITTSBOROUGH, 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 New Street.
Sept. 1855. 1855-86ly

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

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 and the adjoining counties wishing work done in his line.
July 18, 1856. 182-1y

COOK & JOHNSON,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
English, German, and American Hardware and Cutlery.
January 10, 1854. 1tf

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHATS,
Wilmington, N. C.
Usual advances made on consignments.
May 22-pd

DR. FRANK WILLIAMS'S
Celebrated Rye Whiskey.
THE subscriber has made arrangements to keep a supply of the Genuine Article, and is the only Agent for the sale of the above brand of A No. 1 Rye Whiskey in this place.
ROB'T MITCHELL.
May 4, 1857. 175-tf

Negroes Wanted.
The undersigned will pay the highest cash price for Young Negroes. Letters addressed to either of us at Laurinburg, Richmond county, will have prompt attention.
D. C. McINTYRE,
DANIEL M. McLAURIN.
Laurinburgh, Dec. 26, 1856. 156-tf

Worth & Utley,
Forwarding and General Commission Merchants,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
J. A. WORTH, J. C. UTLEY.
February 20, 1854. 277 7 tf

GEORGE ALDERMAN,
INSPECTOR OF NAVAL STORES.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
June 25, 1857. 181-6m::pd

Groceries, Hardware, &c. &c.
THE undersigned are now receiving a large assortment of
Groceries, Hard Ware, Iron, Steel, Hollow-Ware, Shoes, Leather and Saddlery,
Which they will sell at wholesale at a small advance on cost for CASH, or on our usual time to prompt dealers.
G. W. WILLIAMS & CO.
July 15, 1857. 184-6

Land For Sale.
THE subscribers offer for sale upwards of 1600 Acres, the greater part of which is Swamp land, and from the indications supposed to be rich. From a survey made by an Engineer the main ditch for draining can be cut at a cost not exceeding $200. Any person wishing to purchase the whole or part of said lands can examine them on application to either of the subscribers. Said lands are in a compact body and situated from 10 to 12 miles south of Fayetteville, and about 6 from the Cape Fear River.
WILLIAM McMILLAN,
JAMES CASHWELL.
Cumberland Co., July 16, 1857. 184-3t

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

I WILL attend the following Districts, for the purpose of collecting the Taxes, viz:

Cedar Creek,	July 21
Lock's Creek,	" 22
Flea Hill,	" 23
Carver's Creek,	" 24
Black River,	" 25
Quewhiffle,	" 30
Seventy First,	" 31
Rockfish,	August 1

HECTOR McNEILL, Sheriff
July 8. 183-3t

NOTICE

Is hereby given that I will sell at the Court House door, to the highest bidder, on Saturday the 1st day of August next, for the purpose of a division among the heirs at law of Hannah Westbrook dec'd—two Negro Men, Tom and Gumbo, 40 to 50 years of age. A credit of six months will be given and bond and security required.
JOHN McLAURIN,
Commissioner.
July 4th, 1857. 183-2t

NOTICE.

I will give a reward of FIVE DOLLARS to any person who will bring me a sorrel Mare belonging to John G. Sutton, taken from the Ferry at Elizabethtown on the evening of the 12th of June, or who will put me in possession of such information as will enable me to get her. The Mare is a bright sorrel and aged about 12 or 14 years, and blind in one of her eyes.—Any person delivering to me said mare will get the reward and my thanks.
R. P. MELVIN.
183-2t

Fresh Turnip Seed.
"FLAT DUTCH,"
"RED TOP,"
"ENGLISH NORFOLK,"
"LARGE GLOBE,"
"RUTA BAGA."
Just received and for sale by
S. J. HINSDALE.
July 1, 1857. 182-4t

LOERHAVE'S
HOLLAND BITTERS

THE CELEBRATED HOLLAND REMEDY FOR
DYSPEPSIA,
DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
WEAKNESS OF ANY KIND,
FEVER AND ACUE.
And the various affections consequent upon a disordered
STOMACH OR LIVER,
Such as Indigestion, Acidity of the Stomach, Colicky Pains, Heartburn, Loss of appetite, Despondency, Costiveness, Blind and Bleeding Piles. In all nervous, Rheumatic, and Neuralgic Affections, it has in numerous instances proved highly beneficial, and in others effected a decided cure.

This is a purely vegetable compound, prepared on strictly scientific principles, after the manner of the celebrated Holland Professor, Boerhave. Because of its great success in most of the European States, its introduction into the United States was intended more especially for those of our fatherland scattered here and there over the face of this mighty country. Meeting with great success among them, I now offer it to the American public, knowing that its truly wonderful medicinal virtues must be acknowledged.

It is paticularly recommended to those persons whose constitutions may have been impaired by the continuous use of ardent spirits, or other forms of dissipation. Generally instantaneous in effect, it finds its way directly to the seat of life, thrilling and quickening every nerve, raising up the drooping spirit, and, in fact, infusing new health and vigor in the system.

NOTICE.—Whoever expects to find this a beverage will be disappointed; but to the sick, weak and low spirited, it will prove a grateful aromatic cordial, possessed of singular remedial properties.

CAUTION.

The great popularity of this delightful Aroma has induced many imitations, which the public should guard against purchasing. Be not persuaded to buy anything else until you have given Boerhave's Holland Bitters a fair trial. One bottle will convince you how infinitely superior it is to all these imitations.

Sold at $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00, by the
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
BENJAMIN PAGE, Jr. & CO.
MANUFACTURING
PHARMACENTISTS AND CHEMISTS,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
SAMUEL J. HINSDALE sole agt. for Fayetteville.
June 12, 1857. 181

New Spring Goods.
ALEX'R JOHNSON & CROW have just received a complete and well selected Stock of
Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,
Amongst which will be found every variety and style of Goods called for in their line of trade. Their Stock is large and desirable, and will be disposed of at short profits to cash or prompt paying customers.
ALEX'R JOHNSON, Jr. PETER CROW.
April 4, 1857. 170-tf

POETRY.

THE SABBATH DAY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

What spell has o'er the populous city [illegible]
The wonted current of its life hurried?
Its sports, its gainful schemes are [illegible]
As though their riteless were at [illegible]
The roar of trade has ceased, and [illegible]
Come holy songs, and solemn strains of [illegible]

For spreads the charm; from every [illegible]
A note of rest and heavenly [illegible]
By his calm hearth reclines the [illegible]
The toil-worn steed backs [illegible]
Within, without, through farm and [illegible]
'Tis one bright day of gladness and [illegible]

Down Goth their mountain [illegible]
[illegible] the sunny [illegible]
In the fresh breeze, in festive garb [illegible]
Childhood, and age, and buoyant youth [illegible]
God! who has pil'd thy wonders round their home,
'Tis in their love they to thy temple come.

A stately ship speeds o'er the mighty main—
Oh! many a league from our own happy land!
Yet from its heart ascends the choral strain;
For there its little isolated band,
Amid the ocean desert's awful roar,
Praise him whose love links shore to distant shore.

O'er palmy woods where summer radiance falls,
In the glad islands of the Indian main,
What thronging crowds the missionary calls
To raise to heaven the Christian's glorious strain!
Lo! where, engirt by children of the sun,
Stands the white man, and counts his victories won.

In the fierce deserts of a distant zone,
'Mid savage nations, terrible and stern,
A lonely atom, sever'd from his own,
The traveler wends, death or renown to earn.
Parch'd, fasting, wearied, verging to despair,
He kneels, he prays; hope kindles in his prayer.

O'er the wide world, blest day, thine influence flies;
Rest o'er the sufferer spreads her balmy wings;
Love wakes, joy dawns, praise fills the listening skies;
The expanding heart from earth's enchantment springs;
Heaven, for one day, withdraws its ancient ban,
Unbars its gates, and dwells once more with man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Unless some sweetness in the bottom lie
Who cares for all the crushing of the pie."

HUMAN LIFE: A WARFARE.

BY W. B. W.

A distinguished writer has declared, that the beauties of life are painted in contrast; that joy is the silver lining to the cloud of sorrow; that peace is a palm grove [illegible] star-lit dome of Heaven arching the rock-bound hills of earth.

Without winds and tornadoes, the great empire of ocean would be but a vast, burning, stagnant lake; without the dreary hours of Winter, the charms of Spring would be unknown; without plains and prairies, mountain scenery would lose its grand attractions; and even beauty itself would cease to be a marvel, if deformity was entirely banished from the world. Human life is a panorama of successive, contrasted scenery. The powers of the soul are as various as the snow-clad peaks of the Alpine range; its affections as bright, sparkling and changing as the waves of an inland sea. But this world is a theatre well adapted to man's development. Here meditation finds vast solitudes for pensive though; sorrow finds thousands of broken, ruined and disconsolate hearts; energy finds lions and dragons in the way; and ambition finds mountain hights to test its stoutest, boldest wing.

But the vestiges of life's warfare meet the eye in ten thousand different directions. Vegetation struggles to maturity, threatened with an infinite horde of destroyers; every fish of the sea, and monster of the deep, must guard its life by the most active vigilance; and the birds of the air, the animals of the forest live in jeopardy every hour.

Human life, however, shows this life in a higher and sterner scale. Disease, insidious in its approach, and multifarious in form, assaults the human heart by at least thirty thousand avenues; time mows down his score every hour; accident digs pitfalls in every pathway; and the world braces itself in vain against absolute fate. Society, endearing to the heart and rich in more than mortal treasures, is assaulted by the gall of slander, embittered by the most whimsical contentions, made mean and contemptible by bigotry and presumption, and torn to atoms by the ruthless fangs of uncontrolled passion. Individual excellence is discountenanced by cheap and gaudy counterfeits—it receives no favor at the hand of the ruling multitude, and dies unwept and unhonored by the world. Fortune or even a competency, can only be made or retained by watchful, increasing toil; and reputation runs the gauntlet from the cradle to the grave. If Demosthenes reaped immortality, he did it in spite of Greece, against the domineering influence of the wealth and intrigues of Æschines. If Luther laid the foundation of the Protestant religion, he toiled beneath the curses of the Vatican, struggled against opinion gray with age, and confounded the Jesuit policy of fifteen kingdoms. Pitt paid for his greatness by humbling the proudest Aristocracy on the globe; Brougham is immortal for daring to defend an injured Queen in defiance of royal authority; and Washington fought for and dearly earned every iota of his undying fame.

Possibly, however, there may be found countless numbers of either sex, that know nothing of life's warfare. Wealth has poured her golden showers upon them; friends have vied in extracting every thorn from the pillow of repose; fortune has written their names in the book of health; and kind angels sprinkled balm upon the aching soul; but such persons know nothing of [illegible] and pic-nics, gay Lotharios and [illegible] Helens—parlor-sunshine and piano-[illegible], are all costly contrivances to [illegible] from the world, and dwell for a [illegible] the region of fancy, and a city of [illegible]. But life is made up of sterner [illegible]. Its hoary tread and soiled [illegible] [illegible] solution to the fine abodes of ha[illegible] its manly energy and power[illegible] are deafening to little pig[illegible] and fancied elegance. "Life's [illegible] and the quick [illegible] and of [illegible] spirit and a [illegible] heart" [illegible] controlling energy, moving di[illegible] and noble ends—power, [illegible] a reaction of its dic[illegible] spirit of Prome[illegible] [illegible] a scroll unreadable. With [illegible] energy than a century of [illegible] sufferings, it bursts the fetters of ap[illegible] wrings success from the unwilling world; and fights its way through ten thousand crushing impediments, from obscurity to the summits of earth; it covers the plains with waving harvests, scatters gems upon the desert—tears ores from the mountains, spreads the sails of its commerce to woo the winds of every climate, fills the world with the roar of its machinery, and spreads its vast table for 6000,000,000 to eat and be satisfied.

Half the world have yet to feel this living moving, creative power of life, that impels the heart onward to great and glorious deeds, seeks no support, but of Heaven; but with the nerve of the Nemean lion, fights on, while cowering pusilanimity turns trembling back. "It cometh neither from the East, nor from the West, nor yet from the South," but is wrought out, perhaps, from obscure humanity, by some inherent Cyclopean power, and prompted alone by adverse circumstances, discipline long years in life's rigid warfare, grows to maturity by its own inherent giant strength.

A youth of vigorous, manly intellect; extended and varied accomplishments, with something of personal attraction, that will serve as letters of introduction to the hall where the *elite* do congregate, looks upon the world, painted with the golden tints of morning, nor once dreams of the sharp conflict waging beneath the clouds and smoke of joy. The fair proportions of a noble mind, looking proudly into view, receives the applause of his equals—the enlisted candidate of fame, the approbation of age and experience, and even beauty deigns to lavish a grateful welcome. But the first [illegible] of active life dispels the enchantment [illegible] consciences, burning and thirsting, [illegible] be met and vanquished; unprovoked, [illegible] for that reason, the bitterest foes are to be encountered with undaunted firmness; cold, unfeeling, fiendish indifference must be received and endured, and even beauty's smile flies away when expectation dies.

You are acquainted with men that seem to mould the events of life with the ease of magic. Vast thoughts and enterprises appear to be mere toys of a leisure hour. In the midst of the wildest storms they seem to play with the tempest, as if legitimately born to rule. But such men fight their battle before the hour of strife arrives—whilst others sleep they burn the midnight lamp, and plan their mighty deeds. Great Generals are calm upon the battle-field, their plans and views unfold quickly and with wonderful effect—foolish, babbling fame calls them *Gifted* children of genius. General Taylor arrived not at Buena Vista till the battle was half fought; but he had studied the ground before, and marched his men through the realms of thought for the last few days, and in the hour of conflict he appeared calm as the hills and as resistless as fate.

The genuine warfare of the soul is always extremely calm—ponderous thought does not in *many* words, and spirits fitted for the tempest pass unnoticed in hours of tranquility. When the Minerva was driving down the coast of Africa, an unnoticed youth sprang to the helm; his sharp, quick, soul-stirring words awoke the stupified crew, and soon the little barque flew safely around the Cape. The lightest skiff may glide upon the unruffled surface; but it requires a bold and daring spirit to guide it safely over the crosting of the billowy ocean.—But the noblest powers of the soul are never developed in prosperity; all that is excellent and commending in life is the result of warfare. The mind must be hurled into difficulties immeasurable in extent; clouds and darkness must hide the last star of hope; and if friends and fortune forsake, so much the better. Find a man thus tried from his youth—denied all the sympathy and sunshine of life, cursed with all that is humility to a proud soul, oppressed by all that is *mean* and contemptible, opposed by fortune, fame and faction—if he has survived them all, and his banner still floats on high, the sickly sons of fortune, fashion and effeminacy should keep at a most respectful distance. Such a man may be without friends, wealth or allied influence; pale and silent, he may appear a mere spectre in the firmament of mortality, but he is emphatically the King of men—he will burst the entrenchments of society as the merest gossamer, shiver combinations to atoms, and blaze a new pathway over the hills of futurity for the advance of human life.

We love to gaze upon the soldiers of life's warfare—scarred and hoary veterans, the only heroes of immorality. We love a bold and daring leader, full of fiery thought; we love to see foes gather in countless squadrons around him, and the world give him up as lost; we love to watch his plume nodding in the conflict, and scattering the host like chaff before the wind—at his feet young genius will lay its honors, and around his head immortal wreaths will bloom forever.

Righteousness exalteth a nation.

THE WANDERING JEW.

A wild and terrible legend is that of the Middle Ages which personified the Jewish notion by the traits of the Wandering Jew. It represents an old man with naked feet uncovered head, and long white beard, wandering ceaselessly over the earth. His face is pale, a mark of blood is upon his forehead, his eyes burn like sapphires beneath their oblique lids. With an eagle like nose, and blood like lips squalid and harsh in features, and clad in a coarse woollen gown he ever pursued with staff in hand, his interminable journey.—Speaking all languages, and traversing all lands, knowing not the purposes of God concerning himself, and ever driven onward by a secret impulse, he is transported from place to place with the speed of the wind, and as the long centuries come successively to a close his old age renews itself with the vigor of youth in order that he may complete the weary round of ages. The people wonder as he hastens past. Once or twice only has he paused to tell his story. He was of the Jewish nation, Ahasuerus by name, and a shoe maker by trade Dwelling in Jerusalem, he persecuted our Saviour, and was one of those who cried "Crucify him!"

The sentence of death having been passed he ran to his house, before which Jesus was to pass on his way to Calvary.

Taking his child in his arms, he stood at the door with his family to behold the procession. Our Saviour, weighed down by the heavey burden of the cross, leaned for a moment against the wall; and the Jew to show his zeal, struck the innocent one with cruel blows, and pointed to the place of execution, bade him go on. Then Jesus, turning to the unfeeling child of Israel, said.

Thou refuseth rest for the Son of God.
I go, for it must needs be,
But for thee there shall be no rest
Or repose until I return,
Go forth on thy long journey.
Leave thine own; traverse mountains and seas,
Pausing neither in the cities nor the deserts,
Nowhere—nor even the tomb.
As an example to the Univers, and bearing
Everywhere the heavy weight of my curse,
Much shalt thou long for death, thy deliverance,
But shalt not die until the day of judgement.

He assisted at the crucifixion and then goes forth a mysterious stranger whose feet shall become familiar with all lands.

How, age, after age, he longs for the sweets of death and the repose of the tomb. But in spite of death he must live on: his dust shall not mingle with that of his ancestors. He drags himself from a gloomy cavern of Mount Carmel, shaking the dust from his beard, grown even to his knees.—Nine grinning skulls are before him. He seizes and hurls them from the top of the mountain, and they go bounding down from rock to rock. They are the skulls of his parents, of his wife and six small children, all of whom have been able to die but he cannot. He rushes into the flames of falling Jerusalem, and attempts to bury himself beneath the crumbling ruins of Rome; but in vain. Flying from cities and men, the wanderer seeks the solitary places of the earth. He climbs the everlasting mountains, passing beyond the region of vendure, and of dashing torents, his feet tread the seas of amethyst and opal. Above him are only peaks, shrouded in mists and eternal snows. There are no sounds save the crackling of the glaziers. The soul seems almost to touch the heavens above. There surely the Wandering Jew shall rest! No. A pursuing angel unsheaths a sword of flaming fire, and lo! the wanderer beholds at once in the heavens the drama of the crucifiction.

The way from earth to heaven is stored with myriads of celestial being radiant with light. Before him are all the martyrs and saints and who have ever lived and died.—For a moment he gazes upon the visions and turns away chased by the sword of flame and demons of frightful form. Then he again wanders over the earth, ever with five pieces of copper in his pocket, ever with the mark of blood upon his forehead. Maddened with the agony of life, he throws himself in the crater of Ætna, but the boiling liquid and sulphurous flames burn him not. The floods of lava vomit him forth, for his hour is not yet come. Embarking upon the sea the wind raises its surface into mountain waves—the vessel divides, and all perish save the Wandering Jew. Too light to sink in the ocean, its waves cast him upon the hated shore. He plunges into a hundred bloody conflicts without sword or shield. All in vain. The leaden balls rain harmlessly around him, battle axes and crimeters glance from his charmed body. Where mounted squadrons fight with the fury of demons he casts himself under the feet of the horsemen and is unharmed, so riveted are his soul and body together. He says to Nero, "Thou art drunk with blood." They invent the most horrible tortures for his punishment, yet injure him not. Leaving in his vain pursuit of death, the lands that throb with life and industry, the Wandering Jew treads the solitary jungles of the tropics. He walks in poisoned air; the fierce lions and flat-headed serpents will only sport with him as he hastens by. And thus he wanders.

Traversing mountain and sea,
Pausing neither in the cities nor the deserts,
Nowhere—not even in the tomb,

Teacher: "How many kinds of axes are there?" Boy: "Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, axe of the legislature, axe of the Apostles, and axe my pa?" Teacher: Good! go to the head of your class!"

"How changeable the wind is," said Mrs. Partington, upon her return from a walk in Boston. "It is the changeablest thing I ever did see. When I went to Washington street, it was a blowin' in my face, and when I turned to go down don't you think it went blowing' on my back!"

REARING BOYS.

The following may be read with profit by many:

CHAPTER I.

"What! stay at home for that squalling young one? Catch me to." And the young mother threw on a bonnet and shawl, and humming a gay air, sauntered out on the promenade. One and another bowed and smiled as she moved along, flushed, triumphant and beautiful. A young man met her just as she was passing the shop of a well known firm.

"Ah! out again, Deliah, he said earnestly. "Where is Charley?"

"With Hannah, of course. You don't expect me to tie myself to him," she returned.

The young man's face grew cloudy.—"No," he returned with a half sigh; "but I can't bear to have him left with servants."

"Oh! well, I can," she said, and with a radiant smile left her husband hard at work, and flitted on.

CHAPTER II.

"Answer all his questions? make myself a slave, as I should be obliged to! Oh, no, can't think of it. If I give him his breakfast and plenty of playthings, I consider my duty done. I don't believe in fussing over children—let them find out things as they grow up."

"There's the danger," replied the dear old lady, casting a pitying look upon the richly embroidered cloak her son's wife had bent over all day, "they find out things that ruin them, unless the mother is constantly imparting the right kind of knowledge."

"Oh, you want to make him a piece of perfection like his father; well, I can't say I do. I don't like these faultless men.—See—now isn't the contrast beautiful?—Come here, Charley, lovey, he shall have the handsomest cloak in the whole city."

CHAPTER III.

"A cigar! bless me, what a boy, and only twelve? 'Are you sure you saw him smoke it! Well, I dare say it made him sick enough; boys *will* be boys, you know."

"Yes, but to think you should allow him to go to the theatre without my knowledge!" and the husband groaned.

"Dear me! why what a fret you are in; do let the child see something of the world."

CHAPTER IV.

"In jail! my God! husband—not our boy!"

"Yes, in jail, for *stealing*!"

"Not *our* boy! not *our* Charley! no it cannot be! Let me die—kill me—but don't tell me our Charley is a thief."

The boy was sentenced to the State's prison, and the mother may yet be carried to the lunatic asylum.

A WORD TO WORKERS.

Let not the worker—the poor man—deem that the cultivation of the intellectual faculties is not for him. No! Let him aspire to the highest, noblest attainments, and he will find that intellect is of no rank, and that it is of higher value than the diadems of princes or the stars of nobles. Let him allumine his mind with knowledge, and many a brilliant gem he will discover and bring to light. The latent heat of genius exists in hundreds of darkened minds, only waiting the Promethean spark of knowledge to kindle it into life. Ignorance alone conceals the world of undeveloped faculties and glorious energies—the secret springs of noble deeds and actions that lie dormant in the meanest breast. Who can tell what he may become if, even in thought, he aspires nobly? We all know that the greatest men and best benefactors of the world have issued, not from royal palaces, but from the humble homes of toil and industry. The great Franklin, and others of the wisest and best men this country have produced, have risen from a lowly station. Burns, Scotia's cherished bard,

"Walked in glory and in pride,
Behind his plow upon the mountain side."

Thomson, the exquisite poet of the "Seasons," also followed the plow. Bloomfield, another rural poet, was a child of the people, and composed his touching lyrics on a tailor's board. Tossie, the celebrated modelor of gems was a poor mason. Jasmin, the feted and worshipped poet of France, is still the barber of Ajen. A brilliant host that have sprung from the ranks of the people flash upon our memory, but these will suffice.

Let not the workers be disheartened, therefore, and imagine that knowledge and highstation are not for them. To the high spirited, honest, persevering man all achievements are possible. It was the "workers"—the "laboring men"—to whom California most willingly opened her gold-freighted bosom.

An old writer on dress says that "young women should let their judgment be seen by the frugality and simplicity of their apparel." Our modern young ladies are frugal enough in some articles of dress, heaven knows, and as to letting "their judgement be seen," that is nearly all that is not exhibited.

THE WAY TO GET RID OF MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS.—A thriving trader in Wisconsin claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeded in marying them all off in six months. A neighbor of his who had likewise several daughters, called upon him 'I should like to know, friend,' said he. 'your secret of ready husband making with success.' 'Pooh,' said the other, 'no secret at all. I make it a rule, after a man has paid attention to one of my girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and simply ask him to choose between death and matrimony. You may image,' continued he, 'which of the two they preferred.' A civil question, indeed, and no mittens at all in the case.