

# North Carolina Argus.

How busy

NEW SERIES—VOL. III—NO. 10.

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 114.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
BY  
FENTON & DARLEY.

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Single copies, Two Dollars per year, invariably in advance.  
To Clubs of Ten and upwards, it will be furnished at ONE DOLLAR and a HALF per copy.  
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And Agents for the sale of  
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Practice in partnership in the county of Anson, except on the Criminal Circuit in the County Court, (J. R. Hargrave being County Solicitor.)  
They will attend to the collection of all claims entrusted to them in Anson and the surrounding counties.  
T. S. Ashe attends the Courts of Richmond, Montgomery, Stanly, Cabarrus, Union and Anson.  
J. R. Hargrave those of Montgomery, Stanly and Anson.  
Office at Wadesboro'.  
THOMAS S. ASHE. | J. R. HARGRAVE.

H. P. SIMMONS,  
Watch and Clock Repairer,  
AGREEMENTS, S. C.  
Jewelry, &c., neatly and substantially  
repaired, and all work warranted  
twelve months.

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PRACTICE IN PARTNERSHIP IN THE COUNTY OF ANSON.  
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PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE OF  
COUNTRY PRODUCE, NAVAL STORES, AND  
COTTON.  
DEALER IN LIME, PLASTER, CEMENT,  
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H. W. ROBINSON,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
HAVING PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN THE  
town of Wadesboro', respectfully  
tenders his Professional Services to all  
who may need them. Having had several  
years practice, he feels safe in warranting satisfaction in ALL OPERATIONS. All diseases of the  
mouth successfully treated. Artificial teeth, from one to a full set, supplied in the best and most approved style. Persons in the country visited at their residence when desired.  
Terms cash when the work is finished.  
Wadesboro', February 6, 1860-94-4f

White Sulphur Springs,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

THEY ARE OPENED FOR VISITORS ON THE  
arrival of the trains. They are situated near the present terminus of the Western North Carolina Railroad, —not an hour's ride by superior omnibuses and stages. The Proprietor has procured the services of  
THOMPSON TYLER  
as Manager, whose experience at the most fashionable Watering Places of Virginia, added to his commanding appearance and gentlemanly bearing, insure good order and good fare.  
The very best BALL ROOM LEADER and BLACK BAND OF MUSICIANS that the city of Richmond, Virginia, affords, have been procured.  
RIDING VEHICLES and HORSES, BILLIARD SALOONS and BOWLING ALLEYS are at the command of visitors. The country is elevated and healthy. The scenery is beautiful, and roads most excellent; and the pleasure grounds extensive. There is no better water than that afforded by the North Carolina White Sulphur Springs.  
The patronage of the Carolinas is confidently relied on to repay the Proprietor for the expense of the arrival of the trains, ready to carry passengers to the Hotel free of charge.  
Regular Boarders, Lawyers and Jurors will find a comfortable home at this house. It is conveniently located. [88-4f] THOS. HOWERTON, Agent.

Boyden House, Salisbury N. C.  
THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS LEAVE TO INFORM  
his friends and the public that he has, as agent for William H. and C. M. Howerton, taken charge of this well-known and popular Hotel, situated on Main Street, in a pleasant and business part of the city.  
The House and furniture are entirely new, and he intends to sustain the reputation of the house as a  
First Class Hotel.  
An omnibus will always be found at the Station on the arrival of the trains, ready to carry passengers to the Hotel free of charge.  
Regular Boarders, Lawyers and Jurors will find a comfortable home at this house. It is conveniently located. [88-4f] THOS. HOWERTON, Agent.

North Carolina College,  
Mount Pleasant, Cabarrus Co., N. C.  
THIS PROMISING INSTITUTION EXHIBITS  
a course of study superior to none in the State, and the Faculty of Trustees feel confident that the prescribed course will be ably, strictly and satisfactorily carried out, having secured the services of men, in the selection of their Faculty, qualified to teach upon the most approved system. Every member of the Faculty is a Southern man—born and raised on Southern soil.  
The expenses are less than those of any similar institution in the entire South. This arises, in part, from its endowment, and in part from its location in a healthy and productive section of the country, and in a wealthy and moral community.  
The annual exercises open on or about the 22nd of September, and continue forty-two weeks without interruption, except an Examination and Literary Contest during the week including the 22nd of February. The half year exercises commence on the 22nd of February, and any student who is not able to set in at the beginning of the Collegiate year, can enter at or about that time, paying for only the half year.  
TERMS.  
In the Preparatory Department, which is intended to furnish young men thoroughly for the College classes—for Board, Tuition, Room-rent, Washing, Fuel, &c., for the year, ..... \$107 00  
In the College Department—Do., do., ..... 115 00  
One-half invariably in advance.  
For further particulars address for Circulars, Col. JOHN SHIMPOCH, Sec. of Board, Rev. D. H. BITTLE, Pres. N. C. College, or Rev. G. D. BERNHEIM, Fin. Sec. N. C. College, Mount Pleasant, N. C., Feb. 1, 1860-73-1y.

HILLSBORO' MILITARY ACADEMY,  
UNDER THE CONDUCT OF COL. C. C. TEW,  
late Superintendent of the State Military Academy of Columbia, S. C.  
The Staff of Instruction comprises Six Officers. For a Circular address the Superintendent.  
64-ly

Cotton Plantation  
IN ANSON COUNTY FOR SALE.  
I OFFER MY PLANTATION FOR SALE, CONTAINING TWELVE AND THIRTEEN HUNDRED acres, lying in the southwestern part of the county, on the State line. Some four hundred or five hundred acres of which are in North Carolina, joining my North Carolina lands.  
The PLANTATION will admit, with sufficient force, a making TWO HUNDRED BALS OF COTTON, besides an abundance of Corn, Wheat, Oats, Peas, &c.; and I think this year, notwithstanding the dry weather, I shall make ONE HUNDRED BALS OF COTTON.  
On the premises, there are very COMFORTABLE BUILDINGS, GIN HOUSE and SCREW CRIBS, STABLES BARNES, BLACKSMITH SHOP, &c.  
Those wishing to examine the place, can do so by calling on Mr. J. S. Eason, my Overseer, on the premises, or see me at Monroe, in Union County.  
This tract of land contains several hundred acres of some excellent WOOD LAND; and that portion which is in North Carolina, is not subject to a high rate of tax.  
D. A. COVINGTON.  
Monroe, Union County, Sept. 4, 1860-10-1y

RAGS—CLEAN COTTON AND LINEN RAGS  
purchased at the Agents Office. None need be placed unless of the above description.  
D. A. COVINGTON.

PLANT NOTES—FOR SALE AT THIS  
Office.

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.  
Hays' horn and ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring upon the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did.  
Upon this Hays told them that his bull could beat any of their horses any how, and if they would put one hundred against the horse he had won he would take off the ox-hide and leave the tin horn, and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted and the money staked. They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave the bull a tremendous touch with his spur, and he gave a tremendous bellow. The horses, remembering the dreadful sound, thought all the rest was coming as before. Away they went again in spite of all the exertions of their riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track again and won the money.  
Bully for the bull!

HOW SAL DISGRACED THE FAMILY.  
A traveler in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a long log hut on the prairie, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty pecking box for a table, while two or three old chairs and darked stools graced the reception room; the dark walls of which were further ornamented with a display of dirty tinware and a broken doll article or two.  
The woman was crying in one corner, and the man with tears in his eyes, and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool with his dirty arms resting on his knee, and his sorrowful looking head supported by the palms of his hands.  
Not a word greeted the interloper.  
"Well," said he, "you seem to be in awful trouble here; what's up?"  
"Oh, we are most crazed, neighbor," said the woman, "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."  
"That is all right," said the visitor, not much taken aback by this polite rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"  
"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man in tones of despair.  
"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.  
"Well, we can't say, stranger, as how she's so far lones as to be induced, but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.  
"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as is her mother, but there was'n't no potting gal in all the West than my Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head, now," followed the grief-stricken mother.  
"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.  
"Well, there's 't' trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoemaker, who, although he's got but one eye, she's the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what life she has deserted. She was here surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.  
"Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink or wear, now," said the old woman.  
"And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?" quoth the stranger.  
"Why she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village, and the devil only knows how they are going to earn a living."  
Three Chances for a Wife.  
When a man has three chances for a wife, it is a hard mischance if he should fail. The following is one of these cases, which might have occurred "down east"; but it is doubtful if a similar event was ever known in any other part of the world:  
I once courted a gal by the name of Deb Hawkins. I made it up to get married. Well while we was going to the deacon's, I stepped my foot into a mud puddle, and spattered the mud all over Deb Hawkins' new gown made out of her grandmother's old chintz petticoat. Well when we got to the deacon's, he asked Deb if she would take me for her lawful wedded husband?  
"No," says she.  
"Reason?" says I.  
"Why," says she, "I've taken a mislikin' to you."  
Well, it was all up with me then, but I gave her a string of beads, a few kisses, some other notions, and made it all up with her; so we went up to the deacon's a second time. I was determined to come up with her this time, so when the deacon asked me if I would take her for my lawful wedded wife, says I:  
"No, I shan't do no such thing."  
"Why," says Deb, "what on airth is the matter?"  
"Why," says I, "I have taken a mislikin' to you now."  
Well, then, it was all up again, but I gave her a new apron, and a few other trinkets, and we went up again to get married. We expected then we would be tied so fast that all nature couldn't separate us; and when we asked the deacon if he would marry us, he said:  
"No, I shan't do no such thing."  
"Why, what on airth is the reason?" says we.  
"Why," says he, "I've taken a mislikin' to both of you."  
Deb bust out cryin', the deacon burst out scoldin', and I burst out laughin', and such a set of regular busters you never did see.  
THE WRONG ROAD.—"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock.  
"I am going to Heaven, my son. I have been on my way there for eighteen years."  
"Well, good bye, old fellow! If you have been traveling toward Heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."  
A minister's wife says: "The first time I took my eldest boy to church, when he was two years and a half old, I managed, with crosses and frowns and candy, to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he climbed to his feet, and stood on the seat, looking at the preacher (his father) quite intently. Then, as if he had hit upon a certain relief for his troubles, he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention, and exclaimed in a distinct voice, 'Mamma, make papa say Amen.'"  
Mrs. Squibb, of Arkansas, is a most inveterate whist player. Her pastor, on a late occasion, undertook to convey to Mrs. S. the idea that possibly the practice of whist playing was not altogether in the strictest accordance with the profession of a Christian, and, to say the least, its indulgence caused a loss of time. "Yes," responded the old lady, "I have noticed that very often much more time than is actually necessary is taken up in playing and dealing."

LOVE AND "NIGGERS."  
Why still, sweet Margaret, thus severe,  
Abate at length those cruel rigors,  
Thou knowest how I love thee, dear,  
Thou knowest how I love—thy niggers.

'Tis vain to talk of love of rule,  
The heart is so such docile scholar;  
I love thee, Margaret, like a fool,  
For thou hast the "slightly dollar."

I love thy peering cherry lips,  
Dearer than ever bee loved honey;  
I love thy ringer sugar tips,  
Thy laughing eyes, thy—ready money.

I love thy little fair feety,  
So small the merest child could span 'em,  
Thy cheeks like peaches, fit to eat—  
Thy hundred cotton bales per annum.

I love thy glorious golden curls  
That grace thy cheek of alabaster—  
Thy little "nigger" boys and girls;  
I long to hear them call me "master."

Ah! yes, to sum my love for thee  
Would baffle all the power of figures;  
My heart were flint, indeed, to see  
Unmoted—that splendid lot of niggers.

I love the air that plays around  
Thy brow, thy form, thy habitation;  
I worship 'em the very ground  
Thy footsteps press—'tis thy plantation.

Those who have acted in accordance with the above, would do well to examine the following from the same journal, (the Southern Cultivator.) The praises of the sewing machine have been often sung; but never has there been one invented combining so much elegance, beauty, and durability—one so adapted to the changes of life, and so ready at any time to make the home of the lonely a perfect paradise as  
THE PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE.

One of the kind that a man can't love,  
That wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;  
Has the merriest eye and the daintiest foot,  
And sports the charmingest garter boot;  
And a bonnet with feathers, ribbons and loops,  
And an indefinite number of hoops.

One that can dance, and possibly—flirt,  
And make a pudding as well as a shirt,  
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,  
And play the housewife, lady or witch,  
Ready to give us the sagest advice,  
And do up our collars and things so nice.

We like the sort that can laugh and talk,  
And take our arm for an evening walk;  
That will do whatever the owner may choose,  
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screw;  
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,  
Our wonderful family sewing machine.

(From the Knickerbocker Magazine.)  
A BULL RACE.

We have been heard to laugh "some" at times, in our sanctum, we believe; but we doubt if a heartier guffaw ever came from it, than was awakened by the following "race with a Bull," for which we have to thank a new correspondent in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. It almost eclipses "The Cock Fight in Havana," which we published some time ago; in which an American sailor unbagged an uncouth "bird" in the "pit," which, after receiving unrelentingly two or three powerful "digs" from "Black Sultan," his game antagonist, put one claw on his neck, and with the other—pulled his head off! He was an American Bald Eagle. Like the horse-racers below described, the Spanish "sportsmen" growled and grumbled; but they were compelled to submit to an "inglorious defeat."

"Some forty years ago the members of a race-course near Brownsville, on the Monongahela, published notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of one hundred dollars, 'free for anything with four legs and hair on.'"

"A man in the neighborhood named Hays had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but he rode him around the track a number of times on several moonlight nights, until the bull had the hang of the ground pretty well and would keep the right course. He rode with spurs, which the bull considered particularly disagreeable, so much so that he always bellowed when they were applied to his sides.

"On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground on horseback—on his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had dried an ox-hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's rump. He carried a short tin horn in his hand. He rode to the judges' stand, and offered to enter his bull for the race; but the owners of the notice, insisting that his bull had the terms of the notice, insisting that his bull had 'four legs and hair on,' and that therefore he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of swearing, the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had the right to run, and he was entered accordingly.

"When the time for starting arrived, the bull and the horses took their places. The horse-riders were out of humor at being bothered with the bull, and at the barques which they supposed were intended, but thought that it would be over as soon as the horses started.

"When the signal was given, they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn, and sunk his spurs into the side of the bull, who bounded off with a terrible bawl at no trifling speed—the dried ox-hide flapping up and down, and rattling at every jump, making combination of noises that had never been heard on a race-course before. The horses all flew the track, every one seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone country, and some of them could be trotted back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays.

"A general row ensued; but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The horsemen contended that they were swindled out of the purse; and if it had not been for

Respect for Royalty—A Practical Joke.  
In a certain city of Canada West resides a colored man by name "Frank," a functionary who indulges in hair dressing, moon keeping, and the mysteries of cooking and general waiting. This colored individual is a man of rare wit, unbounded humor, quick at repartee, and fond of a practical joke. He has, moreover, a certain piquette of system, so that when he indulges in a laugh, external, or shrouded beneath the black veil of his shining outside, he may be said to shake like a jelly, after the fashion of Santa Claus, in the "Night before Christmas."

Now it happened, as the story goes, when the Prince of Wales visited the city where "Frank" resides, that a ball was given in his honor, and that "Frank" was an essential accessory thereto. Without "Frank," the ball was no ball.

During the evening, after supper, and while "Frank" was among the dishes in the culinary room, his privacy was intruded upon by certain young women, who addressed him insinuatingly, about as follows:

"Oh! Frank, have you the glass out of which his Royal Highness drank?" To this Frank blandly responded "Yes." "Will you let us drink out of it?" "Certainly." "Now, Frank, which side of the glass did his Royal Highness's lips touch?" "Frank" indicated the identical spot.

Then the young women, each and all reverently and jubilantly touched their lips to the glass. They then said, "are you sure, Frank, that we touched the place touched by his Royal Highness's lips?" To which Frank answered, "certainly, for I wanted to drink after the Prince, and I had my lips on the very spot touched by his, just before you came in. I know it is the place."

Fancy the result. Young ladies account, disgusted; and the facetious Frank relapsing into one of his most violent eccentricities, and jellifying for a full half-hour.

The printer's dollars! Where are they? We will suppose one of them in somebody's pocket in Virginia, another in Tennessee, another in Mississippi, and a fourth in Georgia, while a fifth is resting serenely in the far West. A dollar here and there, scattered all over town—how shall they be gathered together? The type founder has his hundreds of dollars against the printer, the paper maker, the building owner, the journeyman compositor, the grocer, the tailor and all his assistants in carrying on the business, have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the wherewithal to discharge the large bills will never become bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to widely scattered dollars something like the following:

"Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manner of fractions into which they are divided, collect yourselves and come home! You are wanted! Combinations of all sorts of men that help the printer to become a proprietor, gather in such force and demand with such good reasons your appearance at his counter, that nothing short of a sight of you will appease them. Collect yourselves, for, valuable as you are in the aggregate, single you will never pay the cost of gathering. Come in here in silent single file, that the printer may form you into battalion, and send you forth again to battle for him and vindicate his feeble credit."

Reader, are you sure you haven't a couple of the printer's dollars sticking about your clothes?

"Sensation" Preachers.  
Cowper's famous lines on the fashionable preachers of his time—the man  
"Who courts a grin when he should woo a soul,"  
are unsurpassed in the whole range of satirical verses on the subject of irreverent and fantastic behavior in the sacred desk. The modern pulpit "performer" has been hit off by a modern writer in a different style. What particular pulpit pit the poet aims at only be guessed. There are, probably, more than one to which the lines will apply:

"So oft 'tis warped to merely selfish ends,  
The great apostle would not know his friends!  
Ah! do you think St. Paul would recognize  
The modern deacon—much less believe his eyes,  
To see the preacher almost burst his sides,  
And pace the pulpit with theatre strides?  
Well might he hope for more decorum's sake,  
He'd got into a play-house—by mistake!"

The following passage from a letter from Norway, published in the Boston Transcript, is interesting to those whose ideas have heretofore vacillated between a belief in its terrors as depicted by representatives of large vessels just disappearing beneath the ranging waters, and the frequently circulated modern statement of its fabulousness.

The far famed Maelstrom is found between two of the southern islands of the Lofoden group; and from one of these islands it is named the "Moeskenstrom," or, in Norwegian, the "Moeskenstrommen."

Its violence greatly depends on the direction and strength of the wind, as well as on the tides, and the moon's influence thereupon. It is said to be most violent with gales of westerly winds, and on the full and change of the moon. Sometimes a small boat can pass right across it without danger; at other times it would be dangerous for even a large steamer to approach it. Not that she would be swallowed up and whirled down to the mormals; but that she would probably be turned round, lose her steering, and be dashed against the surrounding rocks.

Fort Monroe, (Old Point Comfort, Va.) is now said to be rendered one of the most formidable fortresses in the country. Its armament has been improved in many respects; and looks truly formidable. The number of guns mounted is no less than two hundred and eighty-five, which throw twelve thousand four hundred and seven pounds of iron. There are, besides, ten mortars and five siege howitzers. The new fort, commonly known as the Rip Raps, will when perfectly completed, have one hundred and eight eight-inch Columbiads, and fifty-four forty-two guns, all casemated; and eight ten-inch Columbiads, and forty-six nine inch ditto, all embattled. Nothing that could be done to perfect the ensemble of the battery has been neglected.

Torchlight processions were designed more than two thousand years ago. See I Macabees, iv, 22, wherein account is given of the high priest Jason, who escorted King Antiochus into Jerusalem "with torchlight and great shouting." Jason, lived in the fourth century B. C.

A HERO.  
John B. Gough, the celebrated temperance lecturer, who has returned to the United States, from a visit to his native England, related in one of his recent speeches, the following anecdote:

John Maynard was well known in the Lake districts as a God-fearing, honest, intelligent pilot. He was a pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoaks were seen ascending from below, and the Captain called out: "Simpson, go down and see what the smoke is."

Simpson came up, with his face pale as ashes, and said: "Captain, the ship is on fire!" Then "Fire! fire! fire! fire on ship-board!"

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

"How far are we from Buffalo?"  
"Seven miles."  
"How long before we may reach it?"  
"Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam."  
"Is there any danger?"  
"Danger here—see the smoke bursting out! go forward, if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew, women and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the Captain cried out through his trumpet:

"John Maynard!"  
"Aye, aye, sir!"  
"Are you at the helm?"  
"Aye, aye, sir!"  
"How does she head?"  
"South-east-by-east, sir."  
"Head her south-east and run her on shore." Again the Captain cried out:

"John Maynard!"  
The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir!"  
"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"  
"By God's help I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand disabled, his knee upon the station, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship—every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God.

Shooting a Wild Elephant.  
I examined the ground carefully, so as to be prepared in case I had to make a run of it, and then taking off my leather gaiters and extraneous clothing, so as to have my limbs as free as possible, noiselessly crept on my hands and knees behind him, and placing the muzzle of my gun almost close to the centre of the hind foot, which was raised, I pulled both triggers almost simultaneously and sprang out of the way. A shrill shriek of agony followed the double report, and I just escaped a terrific blow aimed at the with my trunk, being fortunately out of reach. I ran round to the back of the rock before I ventured to look over my shoulder, when, finding he was not on me, I reloaded as quick as possible: this done I felt secure, and again approached the scene of action. I found my plan had proved completely successful, for my antagonist was completely disabled.

My gun (which was a double two ounces smooth-bore by Westley Richards) had been heavily loaded, having about six drachms of powder in each barrel; and the bones of the foot were so completely shattered by the double shot he could not put it to the ground, and every time he attempted to make a step forward he fell heavily. He must have suffered intense agony, for he uttered most piteous cries between his bursts of rage. As I approached he strove to charge with a shriek of despair, but he fell heavily to the ground, and as he was rising to his knees, I stepped up and discharged both barrels into the hollow over the trunk, the contents of which penetrating the brain, he fell never to rise again.

[Hunting Grounds of the Old World.

SINGULAR FACT.—Whoever has made a voyage to the tropical countries of South America, or the West Indies, will always remember with pleasure the sensation which he experienced on approaching the land. Perhaps no sense is then so strongly affected as the smell; especially if you approach the coast in the early hours of a fine summer's morning. On the coast of Oebs, the first land I saw in America, all on board were struck with the very strong smell, like that of violets, which, as the day grew more warm, either ceased or was lost amid a variety of others, which were perceptible as we drew nearer the coast. During a long stay in the interior of the island, I became acquainted with the plant which emits such an intense perfume as to be perceived at the distance of two or three miles. It is remarkable for bearing leaves so hard that they are used by the native cabinet-makers, and other mechanics, for various kinds of work. It is a climbing plant, which reaches the top of the loftiest trees of the forest, then spreads far around, and in the rainy season is covered with innumerable bunches of sweet-smelling flowers, which, however, dispense their perfume during the night only, and are almost without scent in the day time.

A WOMAN LIVES SIX DAYS AFTER HER NECK WAS BROKEN.—The Aurora (Ind.) Commercial, mentioning the death of Mrs. Lynn of that place, from injuries received by accident, says:

"She lingered on Sunday morning until Saturday when she died. The fact of her existing all, even for one hour or one minute, with so severe an injury, is remarkable. Her neck was broken at the fifth cervical vertebra, and the spinal cord was greatly injured. The effect was to paralyze the entire body and limbs—leaving only the head with vitality. She did not suffer greatly. Her greatest distress arose from a feeling as if a broad iron band was tightly compressed around the chest. Her breathing grew gradually more and more difficult, and at last, with a gentle sigh, her spirit was wafed away."

THE FIRST RAILROAD IN TURKEY.—A railway of about thirty miles in length will shortly be opened from Smyrna to Turbali, which is nearly due east of the former place. This work, the first of its kind in Turkey, was undertaken some years since by a number of Englishmen, but has experienced more than the usual share of delay arising from obstacles on the part of both the government and the people.

It was expected to be completed early in the present month, and the Sultan and his ministers were to attend the opening.