

North Carolina Argus.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III—NO. 28.

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 132.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

FENTON & DABNEY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Single copies, Two Dollars per year, invariably in advance.
No subscription received for less than six months.

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ONE SQUARE, TEN LINES OR LESS EXTENT.
One insertion, 50 cents.
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Three months, or nine insertions, \$3.00.
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CABINET MANUFACTURER, IS STILL AT HIS OLD STAND, ready to receive all orders in his line. COFFINS ready made, &c. 107-ly

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JOHN BOYLIN IS PREPARED TO MANUFACTURE all work in the above line that may be ordered of him. Repairs also neatly and expeditiously done. Orders solicited, not only from his old customers, but from new ones. 107-ly

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NORTH CAROLINA
FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS,
SALISBURY, N. C.

FRERCKS & RAEDER,
SUCCESSORS TO S. BUDEN & SON,
Manufacturers of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, CULTIVATORS,
PLOWS, CORN-SHELLERS, SEED SOWERS,
HORSE POWERS, THRESHERS,
THRASHING, SEPARATING AND CLEANING
MACHINES,
CIDER AND SUGAR MILLS,
SHAFING AND MACHINERY FOR GRIST, CIR-
CULAR AND VERTICAL SAW MILLS, GOLD,
COPPER AND SILVER MINES,
DR. E. O. ELLIOTT'S PATENT MULAY SAW
MILL AND WATER WHEELS,
IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS, FORCINGS, AND
FINISHED WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
TOBACCO PRESSES AND FIXTURES, AND
OTHER KINDS OF MACHINERY REPAIRED AT
SHORT NOTICE. 1y

W. T. Davis,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE BEST STOCK
of Watches and Jewelry that ever
was offered for sale in Wadesboro. I have
the real J. S. JOHNSON WATCHES in fine
GOLD and SILVER CASES. These Watches will
keep time and give satisfaction. I will guarantee that
fact. And if you want Spectacles, I can suit every
eye. And if you want to write, I have Gold Pens and
Silver Cases. And if you need Gold Watch Chains,
come along. I have Gold Cuffs and Bosom Buttons,
and Bracelets, and Necklaces, and Gold and Silver
Thimbles, and Cuffs, and Revolving Box Pins, and
Finger Rings. I have many articles too numerous to
mention. This is no humbug. I will sell you fine
Gold Jewelry, and make the price suit the times.
Take notice, I do all kinds of repairing in the neatest
and the most durable style, at the shortest notice. All
orders sent by mail or otherwise, will be promptly
attended to, and cash always on delivery of work.
104-ly

R. P. SIMMONS,
Watch and Clock Repairer,
Jewelry, &c., neatly and substantially
repaired, and all work warranted
twelve months. 1y

\$50 Sewing Machines.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS AGENT FOR THE
FAHRENHEIT AND CARBELL
SEWING MACHINES, the best in use for
FAMILY and PLANTATION PURPOSES. They may be
seen at the Cheraw Carriage Factory, opposite
Moore's Hotel. 104-ly

MONUMENT TO DR. MITCHELL.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING DURING THE
past summer, heard many expressions of a wish that
a monument should be placed over the grave of Rev. Dr.
Mitchell, upon the High Peak of the Black Mountain,
and regret that it had not already been done, has de-
termined to give his personal attention to the matter,
and trusts that, by the aid of the thousands of pupils
and friends of that venerable man, he may be enabled
to erect it.

The undersigned proposes to erect a plain, substan-
tial structure, with the rock found on the spot, and to
build it in such a manner that it may also be used as
an observatory. He pledges himself to all contribu-
tors that no pains shall be spared upon his part to
have the structure firm, and a fitting monument to one,
whose moral, intellectual and physical character, was
so fit a simile to the granite on which his body rests.
The undersigned will give his personal attention to
the work, and trusts that his knowledge of the country
and its people, will enable him to have it constructed
as cheaply as is possible to have it done by any one
else.

Means will be taken to preserve the names of those
who contribute. The undersigned is determined that
the monument shall be erected if any amount near
sufficient is obtained.
Comp. P. BATTLE, Esq., of Raleigh, will receive con-
tributions, and Messrs. Litchford and Finch, reporters
in the House and Senate of the Legislature will re-
ceive any contributions from members of those bodies.
Letters addressed to me containing contributions will
be promptly acknowledged. 121-ly

Salt.
3000 SACKS LIVERPOOL SALT, IN STORE
and to receive. For sale by
W. H. McHARRY & CO.
108-ly

Ready-Made Clothing.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT—FOR SALE BY
S. S. ARNOLD.
108-ly

Bagging and Rope.
100 COILS BEST JUTE ROPE.
25 BALES STANDARD BAGGING.
For sale by
W. H. McHARRY & CO.
Wilmington, N. C.
104-ly

BLANKS.
OF ALL KINDS, GOTTEN UP AND FOR SALE
at the Argus Office.

[W. H. WILKINSON]

CLARK & TURLINGTON,
Commission Merchants,

WILMINGTON, N. C.
WILL GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO ALL
consignments of
COTTON, NAVAL STORES, FLOUR, BACON, TIM-
BER, &c., &c.,
and other Country Produce, either for sale or ship-
ment.

Our Wharf and Warehouses being conveniently lo-
cated for the reception of produce either by Railroad
or River, enables us to make our charges light. Also,
regular dealers in
LIME, PLASTER, CEMENT, HAIR, &c.
Refer to H. A. Savage, Cashier Bank of Cape Fear,
Wilmington, N. C.; John Dayson, President Wilming-
ton Branch Bank of N. C.; W. H. Jones, Cashier Bal-
dwin Branch Bank of Cape Fear.
November 12, 1860-9-ly

[MILES COSTINE]

JAMES C. SMITH & CO.,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Prompt personal attention given to sales of Cotton,
Naval Stores and other produce consigned to them.
Orders for Groceries and Groceries solicited and promptly
forwarded. 108-ly

JAMES T. PETTAWAY & CO.,
Factors and Commission Merchants,

No. 8 NORTH WATER STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Consignments of Produce to our care will have
prompt personal attention. Have at all times large
stock of Groceries, Provisions, Glass, Spirit Casks,
Bagging, Rope, &c., &c.
Our Ware and Ware-Rooms are conveniently lo-
cated, being near the W. & M. R. R., and between the
Depot of the W. C. & R. R., and the W. & W. R. R.
Wilmington, Sept. 1, 1860-106-6m

D. G. McRAE,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
EL DORADA, ARK. 1y

COURTNEY, TENNET & CO.,
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF
Hardware, Cutlery, Guns, &c.,
No. 55 HAYES STREET,
86-ly CHARLESTON, S. C.

CHAMBERLAIN, MILLER & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF DRY GOODS,
No. 147 MEETING STREET,
Opposite Charleston Hotel,
86-ly CHARLESTON, S. C.

WM. MATTHEIENSON, W. P. O'HARA, J. MATTHEIENSON.

CLOTHING HOUSE.
MATTHEIENSON, O'HARA & CO.,
No. 143 EAST-BAY STREET,
Corner of Queen,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
86-ly

E. B. STODDARD & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
BOOTS, SHOES AND TRUNKS,
AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES,
Nos. 105 and 107 MEETING STREET,
Near opposite Charleston Hotel,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
E. B. STODDARD, }
CALEB FROENBERGER, }
LEWEL CLARK. } 86-ly

ELLIS & MITCHELL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALERS IN CORN, PEAS, OATS, RYE, WHEAT,
BRAN, EASTERN AND NORTH RIVER HAY,
&c., &c.
FRESH GROUND MEAL, HOMOINY, &c., &c.
No. 9 NORTH WATER STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
C. D. ELLIS, } [B. F. MITCHELL,
FRED. J. MOORE. } 79-ly

YERS & MOORE,
WHOLESALE DEALERS OF
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, STRAW GOODS, RON-
NETS, FURS, MILITARY GOODS, CANNES
AND UMBRELLAS;
34 Market Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

We ask the attention of wholesale buyers to the
above card. We are prepared to furnish Goods in our
line as low as ANY HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.
Orders for Hats by the case or dozen will receive
prompt attention by addressing as above. 79-ly

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
General Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
LIME, HAIR, CALCINED PLASTER, AND CE-
MENT, SAND PLASTER, PURE PERUVIAN
GUANO,
&c., &c.
And Agents for the sale of
ROBINSON'S MANIPULATED GUANO,
TASKE & CLARK'S FERTILIZERS,
SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME,
&c., &c.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
79-ly

ASHE & HARGRAVE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in partnership in the county of Anson, ex-
cept on the Criminal Docket in the County Court, (J.
R. Hargrave being County Solicitor).
They will attend to the collection of all claims en-
trusted to them in Anson and the surrounding counties.
P. S. Ashe attends the Courts of Richmond, Montgo-
mery, Stanly, Cabarrus, Union and Anson.
J. R. Hargrave those of Montgomery, Stanly and
Anson.
Office at Wadesboro.
THOMAS S. ASHE, } J. R. HARGRAVE.
19-ly

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BOOKSELLER,
No. 27 MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

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Books, Music Books, Foolscap and Letter Papers, La-
dies' Note and Bill Paper, Artist Materials of all
kinds, Letter Presses, Letter Copying Books, Ink,
Pencils, Envelopes, Law Books, Doctor Books, Trac-
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Wm. Knabe & Co's celebrated Piano Fortes, Grover &
Baker Sewing Machines and Cottage Sewing Machines.
All orders for any of the above articles promptly
filled and forwarded by mail, railroad, or otherwise.
79-ly

HOPKINS, HULL & ATKINSON,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE
DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
No. 258 BALTIMORE STREET,
(OPPOSITE HAYES STREET),
BALTIMORE.
DANIEL H. HOPKINS, }
ROBERT HULL, }
THOS. W. ATKINSON. } 87-ly

BOYD'S PROLIFIC COTTON SEED,
B with 1000 seeds per bushel.
60 BLS. PINK EYE POTATOES,
FRESH GARDEN SEED.
For sale by
Cheraw, Feb. 21, 1861-129

BLANK WARRANTS—FOR SALE AT
this Office.

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

[For the North Carolina Argus.]

CONWARDICE.

CONCLUSION.

Man proposes—but God disposes.

The to-morrow so anxiously looked for by the boys, came—but not the revelation. He who was to have made it, lay upon his bed, hovering between life and death. His physician pronounced his recovery doubtful. "He cannot live twenty-four hours at this rate," said he. "He has undergone some terrible excitement. I never knew a case like this—so sudden and violent—that was not preceded by some fearful excitement or sudden fright. All is done that can be done. If this unnatural excitement continues, he cannot last longer than to-morrow. If the opiates I have given, fail to act, in two or three hours, proceed as I have directed. In the mean time, let there be profound silence in the room. I will call again, very soon."

"Ah! boys, your trouble is coming! The imminent danger hanging over Zach, had induced inquiries into the proceedings of the day previous, which, otherwise would not, perhaps, have been thought of; and when it was ascertained that there had been a fight, it began to be rumored about the village that there had been foul play, which rumor, before night set in, had been wonderfully magnified, even to the extent that warrants had been issued for the arrest of John, Bill, Hal and Deuteronomy, for an assault with intent to kill, and that they had been bound over to appear at court to answer the charge.

One individual, whom we shall call Mr. Subpenna, who, a year since, came to the village and hung out his shingle as attorney at law, was most indefatigable in his efforts. He thought it was high time that the law had been invoked. For his part, he did not see how certain parties had so long managed to keep up appearances. He always suspected that under their smooth exterior there was rottenness and deceit. The tree is known by its fruit, said he. There's that boy, John, who, like his father, manages to make people believe he is more of a saint than a sinner, I'll be bound when I come to sift the affair, will turn out the grandest rascal of them all. I'll make his proud old father feel the force of that passage of Scripture "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." "All Mr. Deuteronomy Dodd, how are you to-day. I did not see you. Perhaps you can enlighten us in relation to this mysterious affair. Come, let me examine you now, it will aid the investigation before the magistrate," said our attorney. What do you know about this assault upon the boy, Zach?"

This conversation was carried on in front of the tavern, where several of the villagers had assembled to gossip, and where Mr. Subpenna, having nothing else to do, spent much of his time. Deuteronomy had heard what he had said relative to John and his father, and, remembering what Zach had said in implication of some one, jumped to the conclusion that the self styled attorney was the man. He determined to humor him a little, hoping to draw him out and convict him of conspiring against the peace of the village. With this view, he laid his books upon the bench and seated himself beside them, and in reply to the question of the attorney said:

"I was present at the time."
"Ah," said Subpenna, winking to the crowd, "you are the very boy I want. You will be an important witness at the trial. Come, state what you know, my boy."
"Is there to be a trial?"
"Why, certainly. Do you suppose that an assault with intent to kill, and which will result in the death of the party assaulted, (for the doctor says the boy can't live,) can be passed over? No. No. The parties will be punished—imprisoned—perhaps hung—for if the boy dies, it will be murder."
"Well, then, I'll keep what I know till the day of trial," said Deuteronomy. "I don't think it would be right to divulge it now."
"I am a lawyer, young man, and know the law. Do you think I would ask you an improper question?"
"I think you have done so, already," replied Deuteronomy.

"What do you know about law, youngster?"
"Not much, but I think I may safely say, as much as you know about the Scriptures!"
"I have read the Bible."
"To very little purpose, I should think, when you attribute to Sacred Writ the language of Shakespeare!"
"You're a little fool," said the lawyer pettishly.
"That's because I'm in the presence of a greater," was the reply.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am a fool, sir?"
"By no means, sir!"
"Why, yes, you do."
"I do not, I tell you."
"What do you mean, then?"
"I mean what I say—that you are a greater fool than I am. I insinuate nothing. I leave that for you, sir."
"Take care, sir."
"I intend to take care. I shall take care, when this trial comes off, to have you summoned as a witness!"
"Why, what do I know about the affair?"
"You may know nothing about the fight, but you do know, I suspect, a great deal about the causes which led to it!"
"You shall prove this, sir."
"I will."
"Who by?"

"By Zach, himself. Listen to me, all of you. I entered into conversation with this man with a suspicion resting upon my mind that he was the identical individual alluded to yesterday, by Zach, when he told us that he was but the instrument of another, who originated all the mischief—who plotted, while he executed. These suspicions amount now to certainty. I charge this man with promoting mischief among the school boys—of aiding and abetting Zach—of urging him on by dirty insinuations against the best boy and noblest family in the village. I do not pretend to understand the *motives*. Perhaps some of you can remember, if there really be any cause for his enmity against the father of John—for, it is against the father through the son, that the shaft is levelled. Yes, Zach was right. I have done him injustice. For a whole year this dirty business has been progressing. It culminated yesterday. Yes, sir, there *will*—there *shall* be an examination, in which you will be—not the examiner but the examinee."

"Boy, boy—you lie. Zach said no such thing. I know him better. He never said that I instigated him to mischief. He is a boy of his word."
"Stop, sir. I did not say that Zach charged you. I charged you with being the man whom Zach alluded to, when he said that he was but the instrument through whom the mischief was wrought. Lawyer as you are, or profess to be, you are caught in your own trap. You have fallen into the pit you dug for another. 'Zach is a boy of his word' is he? So, Mr. Subpenna, you extorted a promise from Zach that he would not betray you, did you? Let me say in justice to him, that he did not mention your name, yesterday. But, to-day, he was to have revealed the whole plot, and would have done so, had he been able, and *will* do so as soon as he is able!"
"He never will be able."
"You hope so, I doubt not. That event rests not with you. Zach is in the hands of God. I believe he is a changed boy. The meekness, gentleness and forbearance of the boy you tried to injure through him, amid all the insults and indignities, and reproaches of the year past, and even on yesterday, when Zach struck him and called him a coward—and, when after Zach had proved himself to be a coward, and was knocked down by another, because of the blow he struck John—that injured boy took the part of his persecutor—bathed his swollen face—spoke kindly and tenderly to him, heaping coals of fire upon his head—until his kindness broke his bad and wicked heart, and made him a friend instead of an enemy. Depend upon it, when Zach gets well he will be a swift witness against you, Mr. Subpenna."

"I defy you all. You can prove nothing against me. What do I care about your charges, if you cannot prove them?"
"You have proved a sufficient witness against yourself. Ah, here come those who know as much as I do about this matter. Had you not better examine them, Mr. Lawyer?"
But the lawyer had no such idea. His only anxiety was to get away. He was caught. He was exposed. He read his fate in the faces of all present. The village was getting too hot for him. He waited not the coming up of those who were approaching. Turning abruptly upon his heel, he departed and hid himself in his room till night, when he took up his line of march for parts unknown.

The new comers were John, his father, and Bill, who were on their way to see the sick boy. And Deuteronomy accompanied them.
"That's a shrewd boy," said one of the bystanders.
"He was more than a match for the lawyer," said another.
"How completely he caught him!" said a third.
"Wonder what the lawyer will do now?"
"Live by his wits," was the reply.
"A mighty small capital, to live on!"
"He's a mighty small man, anyhow. I know the reason of his enmity to John's father. When he first came here, he wanted him to recommend him to the public as an attorney—to sign a recommendation—or allow him to refer to him, or something of that sort. But as he was a stranger and he knew nothing about him—he refused, of course. That's the cause of all this mischief."

"He must be a bad man, if, for such a cause, or any cause, he could tamper with school boys. Why, he must have a very small soul!"
"Soul! He's got no soul at all!"
"Don't you see, he dare not meddle with the father, so he meanly plots to make him unhappy through the misery he thought to bring upon his son. O, he's a precious scamp!"
"One such man will make a whole community miserable. And, now I think of it, he was at the bottom of all the mischief between Jim and Tom Hawthorn. That matter would have been amicably settled, but for his meddling tongue. Poor Jim, he is in his grave, and his brother is a vagabond and an outcast."
"Well, well, he found his match in Deuteronomy Dodd!"
"I wonder how Zach is? I believe I'll go and inquire. Let us all go." And they went.

"Poor Zach, he had a hard time of it—a mighty struggle for life. For three days he lay thus struggling. On the morning of the third, when his physician called to see him, he found him sleeping—gently—sweetly. His skin was moist. The fever had left him. 'All he wants now,' said he, 'is good nursing, and he will soon be himself again.'"
Two weeks later, there was quite a sensation in the little village. There was to be a meeting of the Select-men at the house of Zach's father.

The elders and deacons of the church, and the pastor were to be present. And so it was.
The house was brilliantly lighted. It was a glad occasion. A son had been snatched from the very jaws of death. He had risen, as it were, from the grave: There was rejoicing on earth. There was joy in heaven, for that a child was born—a child of grace. He that was dead yet lived. "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!"
John was there and his father and mother. Bill was there and his parents. Deuteronomy was there and his parents. The pastor, with his elders and deacons, was there. The Select-men were there, and many others. Zach was there, too. Not the Zach of former days, but, renewed in spirit, justified by faith—a new Zach—now in Christ Jesus.

Yes, Zach was there—the mere shadow of his former self—pale and weak, but happy. By his side sat John, holding one of his hands in his own, while Bill and Deuteronomy sat as close to him, as in the nature of things, they could, looking so happy. And they were as happy as they looked. They could not disguise their happiness. It irradiated their faces and shone in their eyes. They talked, and smiled, and cried alternately.
"What shall I do—what shall I do?" exclaimed Zach. "I am so happy, I cannot contain myself," and he burst into tears. "O, that I were strong—that I might do something to prove my gratitude. My heart is full to overflowing!"
"Full of what?" asked Deuteronomy.
"Of peace!" replied he. "Don't you remember—My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."
"Ah, yes, I remember," replied he, the tears rolling down his cheeks.
And now the pastor entered the room, accompanied by the parents of each of the boys, the Select-men, and others. Standing in the middle of the room, he said, "Behold, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" "Beloved friends," he continued, "God has been merciful and kind unto us all. Especially has he manifested his forbearance and love towards the members of this family. He has brought good out of evil. He has caused the wrath of man to praise him. My children," said he, addressing the boys, "you have been taught a fearful lesson. Nothing but the almighty power of God could have taken your feet from the slippery paths in which you were walking—no power less than an almighty power could have rescued you from the pit into which you had fallen. Oh, how thankful you ought to be, and, I am rejoiced to believe, are, for all this goodness. Consider this matter a little. Suppose, instead of the present happy scene—and what but the power of God prevented—we had all been summoned to follow to the grave the body of your friend. What weeping and wailing—what remorse would have taken possession of your minds! Instead of looking upon the radiant face—radiant with happiness and returning strength—of your friend, as now you are doing—that face would have been hidden in the grave—all the prospects, and hopes, and ardent desires which now animate his bosom, would have been blasted, and you, instead of your present happiness, would have been miserable, and wretched, and unhappy! These parents would have shared your grief, and mourned for their son, because he was not. But we are here to congratulate him upon his recovery—his parents because of his restoration to them, and ourselves and each other because we are all the monuments of God's mercy and goodness."
"Inquiry has been made into the causes which superinduced all this mischief, and it has been found that one who is now absent, and who may never return to our village, from most unworthy motives, influenced a naturally bad boy to persecute the son of the man whom, for no cause or provocation, he disliked. But God overruled all for good. See, children, the influence of example! Behold the effect of kindness! It is more powerful than force. Kind words can never die! Kind deeds can never die! A soft answer turneth away wrath! Behold! the kingdom of God has come to some in this room, and there are others who are very near the kingdom! 'Thy Kingdom come! Never forget, children, to pray for the coming of thy kingdom! Never forget to ask, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me do?' and when that will be ascertained, do it with might and main, looking to God for his blessing. Who can estimate the good that has been accomplished through this weak instrumentality? The day of judgment alone will reveal it. To how many, for this cause, will the glorious invitation be extended, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!'"

Cowardice! The worst and meanest kind of cowardice—the veriest cowards on earth are they who fear to do right! The world is full of them.

The present annual production of tobacco has been estimated by an English writer at 4,000,000,000 pounds! This is smoked, chewed and snuffed. Suppose it all made into cigars, 100 to the pound, it would produce 400,000,000,000 cigars! Four hundred billions of cigars! Allowing this tobacco, unmanufactured, to cost on the average 10 cents a pound and we have \$400,000,000 expended every year in producing a noxious, deleterious weed. At least one and a half times as much more is required to manufacture it into a marketable form, and to dispose of it to the consumer.

In olden times, women were prohibited from marrying until they had span a set of bed furniture, and hence they were called spinsters until they were married. Now-a-days they spin their yarn.

Coat of Arms of the Women.—The table of the areas and solid contents of the coal fields in the principal countries of the world is given by Professor Rogers, in his "Description of the Coal Fields of North America and Great Britain," annexed to the "Government Survey of the Geology of Pennsylvania."
United States 136,650 square miles of coal area; British Provinces in North America, 7,530; Great Britain, 5,400; the rest of Europe, 3,564.
The estimated quantities of coal in the principal countries are as follows:
Belgium, 6,600,000,000 tons; France, 50,000,000,000; Pennsylvania, 316,400,000,000; great Appalachian coalfield, (this name is given to the bituminous coalfields which extend through parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia,) 1,387,500,000,000; Indiana, Illinois, and Western Kentucky, 1,277,500,000,000; Missouri and Arkansas Basin, 739,000,000,000; all the productive coalfields of North America, 4,000,000,000,000.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—A Man Confessing upon his Deathbed in Baltimore a Murderer for which Another Man had been Hung.—Our readers will doubtless recollect the execution in Baltimore of Gambrell, Corrie, Crop and Cyphas, in 1859, for murder. Last Sunday a colored man named Geo. Orem confessed upon his deathbed that he killed Wm. King, for which Cyphas had been hung. Cyphas strongly protested his innocence, and on the scaffold said: "You see here another innocent man who is going to be hung. They have given me a false name—one that I never knew by—and conducted me for what I didn't do. But I am going home to Heaven to meet my God. My way is all clear there." So just goodbye, my friends." After the execution of Cyphas, Orem became very much depressed in mind, and finally disease overtook him, and for several months he was confined to his bed. King had been employed by Orem to sell oysters on the streets, and a difficulty springing up between them, a quarrel soon arose, when Orem stabbed King in the breast with a dirk knife.

The Montgomery correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser says,—"A good sell was perpetrated by some wag to-day in our city. A placard in the following words was conspicuously posted in the post-office: "Wanted, 25 Competent Accountants. Apply between the hours of 9 and 10 a. m., at No. 10, Government Building, Commerce street." There was a constant stream of green fellows moving to No. 10 for an hour or two. The chief clerk was compelled to close the doors, such was the annoyance. One of the clerks of Congress was dispatched with a private communication to the Secretary of the Treasury, but met with a similar rebuff. When he announced his business the chief clerk, mistaking him for one of the "competent accountants," told him that he could not see the Secretary, for he had suffered enough already from such chaps, but he could leave his application. It was some time before he was enabled to get at the Secretary."

The Jews, it is said, have not preserved everywhere the primitive color. In the northern countries of Europe they are white; in Germany many of them have red beards; in Portugal they are tawny. In the province of Cochinchina, where a number of them have settled, they have black skins, though they do not contract marriages with foreigners. Pritchard says that there is also at Mattachee a colony of white Jews; and lastly there are black Jews dwelling in Africa, in the Kingdom of Haoussa. Thus great varieties of color have been produced among these people during eighteen centuries, but no change has occurred in their east of feature, habits, or ideas. Under a black skin or a white, (observes General Daumas,) in Soudan, in the Sahara, or the sea-coast towns, everywhere Jews have the same instincts, and the two-fold aptitude for language and commerce.

A NICE WIDOW.—The following is from Dr. Holmes' new novel: The Widow Rowans was now in full bloom of ornamental sorrow. A very shallow craze bonnet, frill-like, allowed the parted hair to show its glossy smoothness. A jet pin heaved upon her bosom with every sigh of memory, or emotion of unknown origin. Jet bracelets shone with every movement of her slender hands, encased in close-fitting black gloves. Her sable dress was ridged with manifold flounces, from beneath which a small foot showed itself from time to time, clad in the same hue of mourning. Every thing about her was dark, except the whiteness of her eyes and the enamel of her teeth. The effect was complete. Gray's Elegy was not a more perfect composition."

ONLY A PRINTER—"He is only a printer" was the sneering remark of a leader in the circle of aristocracy—the of the codfish quality.
Well, who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What is Prince Frederick William, who married the Princess Royal of England? He, too, was only a printer. Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? He was only a printer. Who are George D. Prentice, Charles Dickens, M. Thiers, Douglas Jerrold, Bayard Taylor, G. P. Morris, J. Gales, C. Richardson, N. P. Willis, and Senators Dix, Cameron, Niles, Bigler and Postmaster General King? They, too, were all printers. What was Benjamin Franklin? Only a printer. Every one cannot be a printer, brains are necessary.

ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST JAPANESE MERCHANT.—It is not unlikely that many of the statements made in recent letters written from Japan by disappointed naval officers who anticipated a "magnificent ovation" there, are grossly exaggerated. A San Francisco paper reports the arrival at that city of a Japanese merchant, who came to purchase goods to be sold in this country. This is the first installment of a traffic that, we trust, will be both extensive and permanent, in spite of the sinister rumors reported.
PLAN VENGEANCE.—Harrison Shultz shot an Indian, Oga me-ga-gle, in June last, at Taylor's Falls, Minnesota, in cold blood, and escaped down the river. The Indian's son, 13 years old, followed on his track to wreak vengeance. He succeeded only on Thursday week, while Shultz and a comrade were cutting wood. The younger waited over an hour to get a shot, and not found the companion. When fired at, Shultz fell dead without a struggle.
One morning a party came into the public rooms at Buxton, somewhat later than usual, and requested some tongue. They were told that Lord Byron had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his lordship," said a lady, loud enough for him to hear the observation. "I am sorry for it, madam," returned Lord Byron, "but before I ate the tongue I was assured you did not want it."