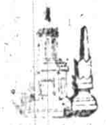
Carolina Watchman.

VOL. IV.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY N. C., NOVEMBER 7, 1872. NO. 8.—WHOLE NO. 848.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY:
J. J. BRUNER,
Proprietor and Editor.
J. J. STEWART,
Associate Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
ONE YEAR, payable in advance.....$2.00
SIX MONTHS, " " 1.00
5 Copies to one address, ...10.00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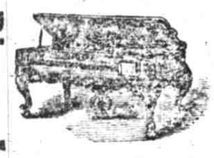
Pianos!  Pianos!

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From the Savannah News.

A SUNDAY AT SURRENCY.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT FROM THE SPIRIT LAND—THE ENTIRE FAMILY INTERVIEWED.

A Reliable Report of the Mysterious Phenomena.

As we intimated in our issue of Saturday, we now have the pleasure of laying before the readers of the News an intelligent, correct and interesting account of the late wonderful phenomenal manifestations at Surrency, No. 6. on the Macon & Brunswick Railroad:

SAVANNAH, Oct. 28, 1872.

Editor Morning News:

According to promise, I herewith transmit you the most important portions of an interview had on yesterday with the Surrency family, whose recent mysterious history has gone so far towards exciting the attention of our citizens and the public generally.

The 7 p. m. Macon train on the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad leaving your city on the evening of the 26 inst., bore your correspondent safely to

SURRENCY STATION,

on the Macon and Brunswick Railroad, and the scene of the late mysterious scenes. We left the cars at 11½ o'clock on Saturday night, and took a casual survey of our surroundings. It is certainly one of the last places that I would suppose a spirit would choose to locate its ghastly pranks of legerdemain, or a magician to display his skill.

THE HOUSE,

comfortable, though built in an olden style, is situated near the railroad and near the centre of a circle of cypress ponds, surrounding lands of a low, damp nature, and covered with saw palmetto. The train left and we proceeded to the house, where we found several young men around a bright fire. We soon enlivened the scene with jokes, ghost stories, &c., and in this way passed off the remainder of the night, and the next day proceeded to converse with different members of the family, witnesses of the late exciting scenes.

MR. A. P SURRENCY,

the owner of the place, was the first whom we approached; but as he was in this city at the commencement of the affair, he only told us a portion of what was done, and which was told by members of his family who witnessed the whole proceeding. On his return he was made acquainted with what was going on, and soon after witnessed several mysteries himself, but we omit them, as they will come in under the testimony of the others.

THE MOST SINGULAR THING

told us by Mr. Surrency was the affair of the clock, already mentioned in the Macon Enterprise, and which was witnessed by the representative of that journal. The clock was hanging to the wall in the parlor, and had ever been characterized for the correctness of its time. Suddenly with a

WEIRD, BUZZING NOISE,

the hands began to move around with exceedingly rapid motion, the hour hand exactly five minutes ahead of the minute hand. In this singular position they continued to move for seventeen minutes, in which time it had described five hours, and each time as it arrived at the 12 o'clock mark it would pause and strike, though with the greatest irregularity.—Sometimes it would strike one hour for another, such as twelve for one, &c., and at the end of the five hours ceased its wild movements and was regulated by a party present, and who was a watchmaker and jeweller by trade. It was then started, ever since has kept its usual good time, which was always very accurate, being kept according to the standard time of the M. and B R R. During this occurrence the gentlemen present looked at their watches and found that each had the proper time, so that the idea of

A CONCEALED MAGNET

is dissipated, as the watches as well as the clock would have been affected by its presence. While speaking of the clock, I will mention that on Sunday evening, in the presence of your correspondent, and two or three friends that, at the hour of eight, it struck only four, while it had been striking correctly from twelve the night previous, and I distinctly remember counting seven on the evening in question, at that hour. We merely mention this as it occurs to us now, without ascribing it to any cause, either supernatural or the derangement of machinery It continued running, and when examined was apparently all right. This is all that we witnessed during our stay, as we arrived too late to see any of the performances, which ceased

ABOUT TWILIGHT

on Friday evening, the 25th, and very nearly at the same hour at which it began on Thursday, the 17th. As I have said Mr. Surrency was in this city at the beginning of the affair, and was expected home that evening. The train, however, was behind, and his daughter, a young lady of, I suppose, 17 years, walked out to the track and looked up the railroad to see if she could discover the lights of the expected train. While anxiously looking she distinctly

SAW AN OBJECT

in the form of a man approaching her, but apparently with no bad intention. She, however, turned and walked quietly back to the steps, and just as she reached them heard something like a chunk come whizzing through the air and fell to the ground quite near her. For fear of being laughed at for cowardice, she concluded not to mention it to the family, and sat down on the steps. She looked immediately in the direction she had come, but could see nothing.

THE APPARITION.

She could see it in no direction, though the grounds are quite open, and we feel sure, from the distance shown us, that she could plainly have seen an object of a much smaller size, especially when moving. As she took her seat on the step, other things similar to the first fell around her in very rapid succession, and in quite close proximity, none striking her. They all came from the direction whence she had seen the apparition. She then moved into the parlor, where were some gentlemen, among them a minister. She still said nothing of it, and went into

THE KITCHEN,

which adjoins the house, where her mother was superintending the preparation of supper. As she was going from the parlor through a passage way to the kitchen, she could distinctly hear things similar to those described, falling in the yard and against the end of the house, apparently moving in the direction of the kitchen.—By the time she had gained the entrance, brickbats, bottles, &c., were falling

IN THICK PROFUSION

on every side. The gentlemen present were called, and diligent search made, though no one could be seen, yet those missiles were falling around. It then got among the pots on the stove, threw them off, overturned the coffee pot, threw crockery, knives, &c., about the floor, and entered the house, where similar actions took place. Books, glasses and other things were scattered about the floor. A younger brother of Mr. Surrency was here sent for, and remained with the family during the night. He was one of the principal witnesses of the

STRANGE SCENES,

and detailed us many interesting items. One in particular was, that while standing before the fire in the parlor, looking towards some book shelves in the opposite end of the room, he distinctly saw a book from the middle of a pile of six or eight

DRAW STOWLY OUT,

describe an arch upward from the shelf, and then gradually descend some six or seven feet from the shelf, and lie quietly on the floor. He picked it up, laid it back, and the same motion was gone through again. He then called Miss Surrency from an adjoining room, and showed it to her as it lay on the floor, and she said that she had put it back from the same position three times that day.—The book was a quarto volume of Walker's Dictionary, and was shown to us. We could enumerate very numerous instances of the kind, but space forbids.

IT IS SINGULAR,

to say the least of it, that these things could go on in different parts of the house at the same time, and that they usually choose this manner of proceeding; and frequently in open day time would they go on inside the house over the yard at the same moment, and with articles of an altogether different size and nature. We were also shown

A LARGE GREASE SPOT

in the middle of the parlor floor, where a bottle of oil is said to have fallen The bottle was removed from the house for fear of its coming in contract with fire, and placed on a post in the back yard, when it suddenly left, passed around to the front of the house, came through the front door while closed, fell on the floor and broke near the table where it formerly sat. The spot was evidently caused from oil, and it certainly fell from the direction of the front door, as can be easily seen from its shape. We were told that

MRS. SURRENCY

left her home for a day by the advice of her husband and friends, and with her daughter went to the house of a friend (Mr. Patterson), some two miles distant. Anxious to get all the information we could, we sat out and walked to Mr P's. And just here comes

THE STRANGEST PART

of our tale. Mrs. S. and daughter did leave home during the week, and went to Mrs. P.'s with the intention of remaining there, and as soon as they arrived at his house the identical proceedings enacted at Mr. Surrency's began at Mr. Patterson's and ceased at Surrency's as soon as the ladies left. They remained at Patterson's for a few hours, and not wishing to have his household goods so badly destroyed, determined to return home. Miss Surrency remained at Mr. Patterson's and her mother returned, and as soon as she arriv- home (about sunset) the very

SAME FREAKS,

began again. They ceased at Patterson's when she left there and have never returned, though the young lady remained, and was seen there by your correspondent and friends. These strange things have never happened except where Mrs. Surrency was present; and always ceased when she left; and it is very clear, assuming it to be from a supernatural source, that she is the medium through which it acted. She stated to us that she had never been mesmerized, never saw, a mesmerist or spiritualist that she knows of, never read a work on

SPIRITUALISM,

and has never thought about it except when she heard others mention it. The same may be said of daughter, while Mr. Surrency has always been a strong opponent of the doctrine of spiritulism in any form. He is a plain, practical farmer, a well-to-do and popular citizen, and has an excellent name among his neighbors, many of whom we met at his house, and all of the railroads employes with whom we spoke seem to vie with each in heaping praise upon himself and wife.

NO SUSPICION.

was ever known to rest upon his conduct, and in politics we were told he was a staunch Democrat—in proof of which I will say that he is a subscriber to the Savannah News. Your correspondent noticed several files of different papers in the house and all of them were staunch Democratic journals. This is part of the long and interesting interviews that we had with the family, and whether attributed to human or other agency, the whole thing is

A STANGE MYSTERY,

if true and we at least have never heard it. Every word spoken by them carries with an air of candor that no intelligent auditor can disregard Each of them was questioned by us apart from the others, and at different times, when they did not expect it, and each rallied with the other as closely as possible. What they said was also substantiated by many of their neighbors and away from their presence. It is

CERTAINLY SINGULAR,

that human agencies could operate so diffusely over a house and grounds, in the presence of hundreds, all on the alert, and yet not be detected, unless we assume the improbable position that a man's eyes and brains are of little value to him. That the scheme is concocted from motives of profit, is alike futile, as we were assured by disinterested authority, that in the past week Mr. Surrency had fed no less than

ONE THOUSAND PEOPLE,

lodging them at night, and all without charging one dime. We can bear witness to this to some extent from last Sunday's observations, and judging from what we saw in the neighborhood of Mr. Surrency's cane patch, we would guess that a goodly number had paid court there as well as at the table. That such things are done by either himself or family, is equally absurd, as it is highly improbable that they would continue a thing so

COSTLY AND DESTRUCTIVE.

This assertion seems to hurt them very much, and they seem to be quite worn out with it, and hope it has gone forever—Mr. S. is also pained to see so many absurd stories and exaggerations in regard to it, as for instance the.

SHAMEFUL TALE.

about the hog appearing in the house, and also about the whiskey bottle coming to Captain Burns voluntarily. Mrs. S. assured us she had lost several dozen pieces of crockery, glassware, china, &c., and showed us the only remaining piece of her old lot, which was a small china saucer, and which she had for six different times seen removed mysteriously and by

AN UNSEEN POWER,

from one part of the house to another, without being broken. No live object has ever been seen by any of the family that seemed at all mysterious, except the apparition seen by the young lady. No mysterious voice has ever been heard. No questions have ever been asked from either party, and no intimations have ever been given from the unseen power.

The whole thing is clothing in darkness and to us bear the

SPIRIT OF THE SUPERNATURAL,

and if any one will do as we did, and come to any other conclusion, it is more than we can now suppose. It is at least a phenomenon, and one that we would like to have explained,

IN CONCLUSION.

we will return our sincere thanks to Mr Surrency and family for their untiring attentions and kindness during our brief stay. The many questions were met by prompt and cheerful answers, and each seemed to aid the other in those little kindnesses that go to make life and business pleasant.

ST. BERNARD.

SAD AFFAIR—A WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH AND TWO CIRCUS MEN BADLY BURNED.

One of the most distressing affairs we have ever been called upon to notice took place last night, Wednesday, Oct. 30th. While the people were leaving the large pavilions of John Robinson's Circus and Menagerie, at the close of the evening exhibition, a colored woman named Eliza White, walked into an old open well, supposed to be about 20 feet deep, and on the same lot where the tents had been erected. Her cries soon attracted to the spot Andrew Clark, one of the Circus employees, who immediately jumped in after the unfortunate woman. A large crowd soon began to collect around the scene of the accident, each crowding the other to get a position nearest to it, when Nichalas H. Ashe, another of the circus men, while endeavoring to render aid to those already in the well, was accidenty pushed in also; there being no curb around the excavation. To add to the horrors a large lamp, such as showmen generally use, which had carelessly been placed near the edge, to enable those outside preparing to rescue to see, was upset and knocked into the well on top of the three unfortunate within. This did the work of death. The woman was soon enveloped in the fiery flames, and before assistance could be rendered burned to death; the two men were rescued alive but more or less burned about their arms, face and legs. The two sufferers were immediately taken to Dr. Hunter's Infirmary where all possible assistance was rendered them by Drs. Woodley, Faison and Hunter. They are not dangerously injured. A colored man was also slightly burned.

The colored woman is the wife of Silas White. She had no children. As soon as Mr. John Robinson, Jr., heard of the sad calamity, he called at our office and deposited $20 for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a decent burial of the unfortunate victim.

We hardly know to whom the blame of this affair ought to be attached. The well opening is located only within a few feet of the sidewalk, and, though no fence around the lot, it was not covered nor had it a particle of curb It is a wonder that some such accident has not happened before this. Mr. Robinson assures us that he, nor any of his superintendents, knew that such an opening was on the premises. There stood a house between the circus pavilion and the well.—*Goldsboro' Messenger.*

WHAT WE OWE TO THE MECHANIC.

To nothing are we so much indebted for the improved condition, increased comforts, and elevation of mind and intellect among all civilized people, as to the discoveries, inventions, and improvements in the mechanical arts.

Since the days of Watt, Bolton, and Arkwright, all the great movements affecting the conditions of the different orders and ranks in society owe their origin or have been made practicable only by the introduction and use of machinery as aids to human industry

In "the good old times" these who, by hereditary rights or by superior prowess assumed or usurped the right to rule over the great laboring masses, who content to have their wants supplied, whether of courtly display and extravagance, or of predatory warfare upon their rivals, without a thought or care as to the amount or kind of labor required for gratifying the demands of their pride and ambition.

The tillers of the soil, the artisan and the manufacturer, all upon a common level, were regarded as mere serfs, useful only as producers of what was required by the higher orders.

Labor-saving machinery has changed all this. It has been the great elevating and equalizing agency of modern times, and made it possible for the mechanic and the laborer to supply his wants and surround himself with comforts, conveniences, and luxuries unknown in former times to even the very highest orders. He is no longer the serf of dependent of other ranks, compelled to devote his life subject to their will, in ministering to the wants of others, for the mere right of existence for himself.

All this we owe to the mechanic and mechanical arts. The great movement in this direction is still going on at constantly accelerated ratio One improvement only stimulates to another; a comfort of luxury for to-day is a necessity for to-morrow; one improvement or advance secures the means and opportunity for still further triumphs.

The mechanic of to-day is not defined, as he once was by a literary hon of the old aristocratic court circles, as "a low mean fellow." He may, if he improves his opportunities, be the peer of men in any rank or professionion.

A CUSTOMS COMEDY—ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY WOMEN SEARCHED.

The Detroit Free Press of the 22d prints the following history:

It is a fact probably better known to the custom house officials than to outsiders that at least every tenth woman who crosses the Detroit ferry carries some goods. The goods may be [illegible] socks, the ribbons or a [illegible] of no great value; but the principle is there, and the success in forging over a small lot is usually always an encouragement for the smuggler to try the game on a larger scale. Men may and do smuggle clothing now and then, but it is the female sex which carries the burden of guilt. The custom-house officials at the ferry dock in this city are as vigilant as officers can be, but what chances have they against monster hoop skirts and gigantic bustles? They cannot stop to peep under shawls, examine pockets, look into baby carts and hold a crowd on the boat, and so they must continue their work with the knowledge that goods are being smuggled, and that only one grand and sudden haul of their nets can trap the guilty and frighten the innocent so that they will never dare to pursue the business.

The net was drawn yesterday. The officers commenced about 2 o'clock, walked fifteen or twenty women up stairs into the custom rooms and handed them over to a woman to be searched. Every boat load which landed for about three hours was treated in the same manner—that is, all the female portion. Some were indignant and appealed to their husbands, who vainly appealed to the custom officers Others wanted to faint away, but after looking at the planks and considering the dust concluded not to. Others wept, laughed or turned pale, but none of them were allowed to escape. During the afternoon about one hundred and fifty women were confronted by Uncle Sam, and the old man had a good deal of fun and made some wonderful discoveries.

For instance—a modest little woman, who was in a great hurry to go home to her sick child, pulled out a few pins, and ten yards of English flannel fell to the floor. A tall woman, with tears in her eyes, who asserted that she would sooner chop her head off than to think of smuggling, unfastened a pound of tea from her skeleton, and asserted that must have been placed there by some designing person. Another one indignantly denied "the right of search," but after remaining a prisoner for an hour or two, told the searcher "to take it and go to grass," throwing a package of ribbons and laces on the floor. A lot of calico was found on another, some velvet on another, and at least ten per cent, of the whole number were found to be engaged in smuggling. The officers were satisfied with confiscating the goods.

Man's extreme actions come not from his will but from his nature.

FROUDE.

We have already noted the advent of this noted English historian, and commented on his first lecture. Now we notice he has roused the wrath of Father Tom Burke; and that eloquent divine has put his lance in rest and ridden a doughty tilt against the English champion. Upon the merits of the controversy—which we print elsewhere—the Savannah *Republican* thus comments:

The English and Irish Knight Errants, Mr. Froude and Father Tom Burke, have taken to it with sharpened lances in the opposite New York—and each has done the knightly devoir for his native land. Both are cunning of fence—both eloquent and learned, and both enthusiasts—so that a tilt between two such champions is indeed a sight to see. Each comes gallantly up to the lists—Mr. Froude, the challenger, Father Burke on the defensive but hitting hard blows back with his clerical crozier, the stalwart Englisher armed both with sword and spear. Both are hard hitters—dead in earnest—so that the fight promises to be a fierce one, should it continue, and Froude provoked to more retorts. It is a most ingenious idea for England to send over an advocate to plead its cause against Ireland's complaints, and pay him liberally for doing so—*out of American pockets!* for Froude gets paid his patriotism by his Yankee audience.

There really is much of Yankee "smartness" in this; and it proves that our British brethren are not above taking useful hints in greenback gathering from Brother Jonathan, at whose morals and manners they turn up their aristocratic and contemptuous noses—often deservedly, we must say

Father Burke, on the contrary, fights for faith and country gallantly and gratuitously. The conflict is a very interesting and instructive one, and we trust it will go on. We give on our outside page a synopsis of Mr. Froud's assault, and another of Father Burke's parry and return in tierce.

In the same papper we find the poem we give to-day; and apropos to Mr. Froude's use of the phrase, "Blood is thicker than water," the Washington *Patriot* pointedly says:

In the speech which Mr. Froude, the eminent historian, made at the dinner given to him in New York by his publishers, there occurred a singularly inapt allusion for one who so scrupulously tried as Mr Froude evidently did, to avoide all reference to our civil disagreements. His opening paragraph referred to the memorable most of Commodore Tattnall, when he dashed his ships into the fire of Pelho forts in China and brought off the crippled and suffering English boats, exclaiming, "Blood is thicker than water." Mr. Froude was evidently unconscious that Commodore Tattnell's gallantry had been quite forgot in the bitterer remembrance that he was an officer of the hostile Confederacy, and Mr. Froude seems also to have been unaware that he was addressing a collection of gentlemen the majority of whom had long been, and were then, particularly and especially occupied in arguing against and refuting the doctrine that "blood is thicker than water," and in opposing to it the more acceptably Pauline doctrine that "hate is righteous, and should long prevail.

The chairman himself of the dinner at which Mr. Froude was speaking, even while learning that the school should practice Sir Phillip Sidney's noble maxim, that knowledge was of no use, but as it afforded us practical principles, which we could so apply "that public advantage may be the result," was all the same exhausting all the powers of his intellect and culture in bringing to bear all the diabolical mechinery of the powerful press he controlled, in order to perpetuate strife and crystalize that "policy of hate" from which the country has already suffered so much. The condition of Ireland, which Mr Froude deprecated so powerfully, was the very condition to which Mr. Curtis and his colleagues were striving to reduce that unhappy South, which had given the brave Tattnall to the country and to the world's fervent administration.

The oppresive laws, the invidious distinctions, the class rule, the raids and outrages, which Mr. Froude admitted had made Ireland for hundreds of years the chronic ulcer of the British State, were the models upon which Mr Curts and his party had erected their system of reconstruction for the South, and to perpetuate which they were now so urgently pressing General Grant's re-election. In fact, never was a speech less suited to an audience than Mr. Froude's to the guests at Scribner's dinner, and his random and happy shots, so unconsciously and earnestly given, must have made ears burn, to the right and to the left of him, with unwonted tingling.

Decided—At the recent term of the Superior Court, Judge Watts decided the suits, of the Governor's Directors appointed for the Insane Asylum, Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum, Penitentiary, and Keeper of the Capital, against the appointees of the Legislature, in favor of the Directors. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court.

In the case of W. H. Howerton against S McD Tate, for possession of the W. N. C. Railroad, the facts were submitted to Judge Cloud this week at Salisbury. He has not rendered his decision at this writing. These cases will be argued and decided on appeal by the Supreme Court at the next term which commences on the first Monday of January next.—*Era.*

Lately an English plow was induced into one of the provinces of India and the natives were taught its superiority over their own clumsy machinery. At first astonished and delighted at its effects, as soon as the agent's back was turned, they painted it red and set it up on one end and worshipped it.

THE HISTORY OF TWO CELEBRATED NORTH CAROLINA EPIGRAMS.

At a Superior Court, held many years since, in the western part of the State, there were present four eminent lawyers—David L. Swain, Sam'l Hillman, Thomas Dews and John R. Dodge On a certain day of the term they were all in the court room without a case or a brief to engage them; and, being all mutual friends and men of social habits by nature and education, they soon instinctively congregated themselves, and became engaged in lively and humorous conversation.

In truth, however, Swain, Hillman, and Dews had previously conspired to have some fun over their friend Dodge, for their own amusement, and to his special damage. Swain was the leader in the conspiracy. He had lately seen an epigrammatic epitaph on one "John Dodge," of English memory, and was so charmed with its humor, that he brought it to the notice of Hillman and Dews; and they all resolved to use it over their brother Dodge. So, on the occasion alluded to in the court-room, Swain, the leader, got up as the topic of conversation the subject of "obituaries," and jocosely inquired what epitaph each might properly have after death? Now, says Dews,—addressing himself to his fellow-conspirators,—what shall we say of our borther "Dodge," after he is gone. Swain, who was the prepared speaker, said pausingly, let me see; and immediately wrote, as if he were then composing it, and having finished rose and said, we will write this over his tomb:—

"Here lies John, who dodged all good,
And never dodged an evil;
He dodged himself, whenever he could,
But could not dodge the devil."

The epitaph was received with the highest glee by them all except poor Dodge, who faintly laughed, with the lips, but not with the heart. Quick, however, as the roar of laughter was over, Dodge was seen sitting, and smilingly writing, at a table a few feet off. It was a matter of surprise and wonder with his companions to see him so quickly gather up his composure, and so earnestly scribble away. In silence they curiously watched the progress of the writing and awaited side by side, to see what he could probably be doing under such circumstances. In a few minutes he rose, with that genial and bland smile which overspread his broad and manly face when moved with pleasure, and, advancing to his brethren he held up his written paper and said, "this will do for the rest of us when we are all gone, and you are all laid beside me," and he read aloud:—

"Here lie a Hillman and a Swain,
Their lot let no man choose,
They lived in sin and died in pain,
And the devil got his Dews."

Sentinel.

[From the Cleaveland Herald.]

GOOD DOG.

He finds a Lost Child at Night, and Keeps Guard Over Him for Many Hours.

On Thursday afternoon and Friday morning *The Herald* chronicled the fact that a little boy seven years old, who had wandered away from his home on Chatham street, West Side, and become lost, was found by a policeman on Thursday morning crouched in the corner of a yard at the corner of Bank and Lake streets, asleep and half frozen, for the weather was quite cold. To this should now be added the fact that the boy, finding himself unable to make his way home, began to cry, and while thus engaged, a large dog, apparently a cross between the hound and shepherd breeds, which the boy had never seen before, came along, and appreciating the boy's distress, took up a position close to the boy, and remained on guard before him, lending the warmth of his shaggy covering to keep comfortable the feet and limbs of his human ward. He was in downright earnest in his self-imposed guardianship, for when the officer attempted to arouse the little sleeper, and take him to the station for better security, the dog manifested a disposition to resist any interference with his charge, and it required considerable coaxing on the part of the patrolman to induce compliance on the part of the canine constable. He finally conceded the point, however, and suffered the little wanderer to be led to the central station, where he had a chance to get a good nap on a lounge in a warm room. But the dog did not desert him even here, arming to think the boy might require further attention, and he followed on to the station, stole quietly into the room where he was taken, stretched himself on the floor beside the couch of his little companion, and when the Sergeant went thither at 7 o'clock in the morning, to look after the little fellow, the dog manifested no little anger at the intrusion, and stuck by the boy with a fidelity as devoted as it was wonderful. The little fellow was then taken to the West Side station on Detroit street, the dog still attending him, and taking up a position at his feet as soon as they reached there, and viewing all comers with an eye of jealous and determined guardianship. What became of the two after this, beyond the fact that the boy was restored to his home, we know not, but the peculiar, and wonderful conduct of that dog certainly deserves the mention and commendation we here make of it.

Colonel BLANTON DUNCAN, in disgust, has shaken off the dust from his feet and gone to Europe. Bourbons on this side of the water are in tears—but the Bourbonic NAPOLEONS are in raptures. It is supposed that he is gone to Europe to engineer the restoration of his friend, LOUIS NAPOLEON. Luck attend him.—*Rich. Whig*