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(WRITTEN FOR THE WATCHMAN.)
FOLKS AT THE FAIR.

CANTO II.
The valiant knights that roamed of old,
Whom doings to redress, sir;
Beneath their swords, their chargers bold
And lance to the Press, sir,
Went Tjor's blood, on Blackheath spilled,
He found a late avenger—
He malcontent their hose have killed
And pitchforks to the Granger.

As this big world upon its poles
Revolves, from age to age, sir,
So man to Adam's spindle rolls,
Through history's checkered page, sir;
His generations on a wheel
Alternate rise and fall, sir;
Each his repeats an old-tale,
Like clocks against the wall, sir.

Old Titmus his Virgil had—
So I'm the Granger's poet;
May Pegasus limps very bad,
But still maketh to go it;
He's got the spavin and string-halt,
And strains 'neath this Bo-colic.
Come quadruped tumble-down fault,
And kick-up his heels on frolic.

Old Noah was a farmer man—
The Granger's ancient dad, sir;
And Ham he turned as black as tan
When he was wotter mad, sir.
Old Noah was a Democrat,
A Red was sooty Ham, sir—
Just cousin to the devil's cat—
Not worth a wind-mill dam, sir.

I shan't believe 'twas but a dream—
Bob Burt's "Tam O' Shanter"
Those witches now more real seem,
Since Red-Jacks struck a center;
Nor O'Connell's muse now crazy whips
John Gilpin's horse to Hades,
Since every Butter nag now rips
Right past to Brimstone Brady's.

Good-bye, dear Third-Term Grant & Co.;
"O Tam, thou'll get by fair!"
Tam Carpet-Bagger and Sanbo,
"In hell you'll roast like herrin."
Old Harry's loom—he's broke his chains—
Look out, dear politicians!
You're looked for sets on down ward train,
To fill infernal misous.

The people's voice from shore to shore—
From Michigan to Texas—
Has sealed your doom, and said, no more
With stealing you shall vex us;
When farmers all their shovels raise,
And bow with which they sprout, sir,
The rustiest snakes must end their days,
And go sleek up the spout, sir.
Editor's a valiant knight!

Sir Granger is another—
Full well they've battled for the Right,
And each to each is brother;
Sir Granger takes the papers now,
And pays in corn and beans, sir;
The Press is fighting for the Plow—
That's what our triumph means, sir.

"We're marching down to old Quebec,
And the drums are loudly beating,"
The Granger's gun has "swept the deck,"
And the rats are all "retreating."
From the burning C. Mobilier ships—
From official boat and ram, sir;
From the salary grab and Revenue ships
To their fortune hope, a dream, sir.

Steps down and out, household's last
And hordes of Indian agents;
Step down, Boss Shepherd, District rat,
And ye, mail-contract pageants;
Now doth spin-quick to rough pack,
Ye seed of Tam O' Shanter!

Get out of the way, old U. S. G.,
A d U. S. G.'s relations—
The woodman's axe is laid to the tree
Where roosted the buzzard nation!
Strike, woodman, strike, and babies squall—
I hear the coming Grangers!
They're marching, charging down the wall,
Like Davy Crockett's Rangers!
E. P. H.

Autumn.
Now along the willow's gloom,
Autumn's mournful dirge is sounding,
Like a warning from the tomb
On the year of mirth recounding;
And the fading fields assume
Sickly hues of white and yellow,
And the trees, bereft of bloom,
Wave their weeds of red and yellow.

All is cheerless—all is drear;
Scarce a month since, all was blooming,
Now the leaf is brown and bare,
That the wren is fast consuming;
Where grey notes were wont to cheer,
Like tuned harps on pinions flying,
Now no measure greets the ear,
Save the voice of Nature's sighing.

But let Autumn's breezes blow,
A d the clouds of Winter gather,
Deluging with ice and snow—
Smiling hill and blooming heather;
Still within our hearts shall glow
The time that Time shall fail to sever;
Still the sunbeams shall grow,
Blooming in our souls forever.
[James Judson Lord.]

DIVORCE IN BIRMAH.—Marriage among the Burmese is a most peculiar institution, and the "marriage knot" is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other's society, they dissolve partnership in the following simple, and touching, but conclusive manner. They respectively light two candles, and, shutting up their hut, sit down and wait until they are burned. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house for ever, taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other party.

AN ANECDOTE SHOWING THAT ADVERTISING PAYS.—The weekly papers get a good deal of advertising by keeping their names before their readers: "A family in Florida lost their little boy and advertised for him in a daily paper.—That very afternoon an alligator crawled up out of the swamp and died on the front door-step. In his pouch was found a handful of boot-heels, a glass allele, a pair of check pants and a paper collar. The advertisement did it."

ANOTHER PHILADELPHIA ABDUCTION.—YOUNG GIRL CARRIED OFF.—The Philadelphia Telegraph states that about half-past 5 o'clock Monday afternoon, a young girl named Annie Beaver, who for many years has lived with Dr. J. V. Shoemaker, at No. 842 North Eighth street in that city, was seen to the grocery store, at Eighth and Poplar streets, for a quantity of flour, and has not been seen since. When Miss Beaver failed to return, the family became alarmed, for she enjoyed the respect of every one in the household. Upon an examination of the neighborhood, the girl was seen scattered about near her home, and was traced into an alley near by, down Eighth and up Parish street. This would indicate that the girl had been violently dealt with, and carried off against her will. Annie Beaver is seventeen years of age, and when she left home was clad in a pale-velvet calico wrapper, white hat and blue veil.

A Potato Animal.
Yesterday we reprinted an account of a strange production, the Laughing Plant. To-day we publish a story that far surpasses that strangeness. A strange potato was found at Nunda, N. Y., recently, which the Danville Advertiser describes as follows:

"It was dug in that town, weighed about three pounds, and contained within itself a very singular thing. A stem like something protruding from one end was seen to move as it it had life. The potato was cut open, and the stem was found to be the tail of a something inside which seemed to be half potato and half animal. It was about as large as a mouse with a brown color, was shaped like a potato, with indentations like potato eyes, and yet seemed to be composed of animal flesh, and had life and motion. No one at all had seen anything at all that resembled it. It was to be taken to Rochester and shown to scientists."

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

I stood beside the window, and looked seaward. The night was fair and radiant. The horizon glittered like a line of silver in the moonlight. A few white sails showed dim and ghostly in the fair blue distance. The waves broke in deep and passionate murmurs on the white sands of the beach, and dashed themselves into white spray against the rocks of the headland, booming gray and dismal in the moonlight for that wrapped them in.

Down on the beach two persons paced up and down, followed, in moonlight, by two long and ghastly shadows. I shuddering, wondering if there was not a shadow over their hearts. I knew well enough who they were. That woman in the white dress, which floated about in cloud-like airiness, and whose hair was like a veil of yellow sunshine about her face, was the one woman in the world to me.

And the man with the tall stately figure, full of youthful suppleness and grace, and the face, dark, handsome, passionate, was the man I hated most of all men. He was the serpent in my Paradise. A month ago he had come to Sea View, at my invitation. I had never seen him. When we made out our list of invitations for the summer, Olive insisted on inviting Royal Dare.

I, who was always pleased to acquiesce in anything my wife proposed, willingly agreed to her proposition, and Royal Dare was asked to spend a few days with us. "I suppose you know that your wife and I were lovers once," he said, the morning after his arrival. "No, I was not aware of any such thing," I said, coldly. "Ah! She never told you I Strange?" His dark evil eyes were upon my face.

I felt them, though I did not look up. "Yes," he went on, "we were lovers not very long ago. I don't know exactly what came before us. The sight of your wife's face taints the old flame in my heart. I find that I had not forgotten old passion." I did not answer. "You won't be jealous, I hope, if I am with her a great deal?" he said with a smile curling about his lips. "You are a gentleman, I trust," I answered. "I am not afraid to trust my wife with any gentleman."

"Ah!" His tone was so insolent that I wanted to knock him down. I knew that he thought me a weak sort of a man, and had that sort of contempt for me, that men of exuberant health and vitality some times have for those who are lacking in health and strength. From the first he was much with Olive. I thought I was sure of her love, and that no danger could come of their being together. I did not believe him to be so wicked and cowardly enough to win my wife from her allegiance to me.

But as the days wore on into weeks, I found I had erred in my judgment of the man. As the days went by, I awoke to terrible truth.—My wife was fascinated by his wiles; she was like a bird in the spell of the serpent. Beneath his evil glance she was powerless to resist him. I was too proud to seek to keep the love she should have given me alone, when I found that she cared more for him than she had any right to.

I held myself aloof, saying that I wanted no love that could waver as hers had. Sometimes I was half crazed with pain and trouble. I did love her, for all I never sought to keep her heart faithful to me. I had loved her from the first as I could never love another woman, and a love as deep and strong as mine could not be easily broken or thrust aside. I questioned myself as to what to do. I could only feel that in the sanatorium was slipping out of my life, and I was too proud to stretch out my hand and endeavor to keep it back.

As I stood there in the white radiance of the summer moonlight, the thought came to me that the end was not far off. He came up the path slowly, his scientific eyes upon her face, holding her entranced, spellbound, fascinated. They came into the parlor and some one begged for music. "Sing 'By the Orchard Side,'" he said to Olive. "We used to sing that together, you know. I haven't heard it since." "If you will help me," she said, seating herself at the piano.

"I will try. I have not sung half a dozen times since that summer," he said, and took his place beside her. It was a simple little song, but he put a world of pathos into it. As he sang, he let his eyes wander to Olive's face. As if obeying some impulse that she could not resist, she lifted her eyes to his, and a swift wave of color drifted into her cheeks; and then she dropped her eyes to the keys again, and did not lift them till the song was done.

"I cannot tell much about the next few hours. I remember fretful, feverish dreams through a long and weary night. I remember the breaking daylight, cold, dreary, gray and dismal. I remember seeing a folded paper thrust inside my door, and on opening it, I read a few short words, but in them was a world of bitterness. Olive had gone away from me.

She had found out her mistake in marrying me when it was too late.—Had found out that she loved another more than she could ever hope to love me, and she was going away with him. Perhaps it was wrong and sinful, but she acted from the impulse of the heart, and the world might judge her as it will.

Living another, as she loved Royal Dare, life with me would be one long misery. She asked me to forgive her, saying that she had nothing but kindness to remember of me, and that was all. Only a few short words, but they were like a dirge over the beautiful hopes and dreams that were that moment lying dead at my feet.

I went about for hours in a kind of bewildered way, as one gropes in darkness. Henceforth the sun might shine for others but never again for me. For me there were only shadows in the years to be. I wondered if they would be long and many. Long I know they would be, with such a memory as was mine to drag through them.

The morning faded out in gray radiance into the warm brightness of a sunny afternoon. I was alone looking out at the sea, when I heard wheels upon the avenue. A carriage had stopped before the door, and two men were lifting out something long and slender, covered with a black cloth.

I started with a strong shudder running through my nerves. What was that black cloth hid away beneath its covering folds? I went down and met the men and their urden in the hall. One of them handed me a paper, as they laid the awfully suggestive shape down. I opened the paper and read: "JOHN:—I am dying. God has saved me on the brink of an awful sin. I see it all now. Death is near by, and I can look at things as they are. Oh! my husband I love you, I can say it truly. With death so near how could I be false? The spell that Royal Dare threw over me is gone. I know that I did not love him. I was fascinated, and his strong and evil will held me in his power. Standing by my side, when I am dead, say that you forgive me, and I shall hear you." Only a few short words, but, oh! so precious—so unspeakably sweet to me.

Perils of Office Seeking.

The Hon. Albert G. Brown of Mississippi, recently wrote a letter to a young friend, who, in his lament to have made a political speech or held an office. Ex-Governor Brown was for thirty-three years, previously to 1865, continually in high official and political station, and would therefore seem to have had an extensive and favorable an experience of many of his contemporaries and associates. We quote as follows:

"True, as you say, I have held many offices. Indeed, I may say I never knew defeat in any of my aspirations. And it is just because I have had success which people call wonderful, that I feel compelled to exhort you to a word of 'caution' to the young men of this generation. My young friend, do not be deceived by the glitter of office. I am over past my three-score years, and fast traveling into the grave. I have had almost every office in the gift of the people, and I can truly say with the preacher, 'it is all vanity and vexation of spirit.'"

Looking back over a long, and I hope not unsuccessfull life, I can say, with a clear conscience, my greater regret is that I have made a political speech or held an office. There is a fascination in office which beguiles men, but be assured my young friend, it is the fascination of a serpent; or to change the figure, it is the ignis fatuus which coaxes you on to inevitable ruin.

I speak of that which I do know. If my young friends will be governed by my advice, I have this to say, after all my successes as a public man, now, when my head is blossoming for the grave, I feel that it would have been better for me if I had followed the occupation of my father, and been a farmer. The mechanical arts are all honorable. To be a blacksmith, a carpenter or an artisan of any sort is no discredit to any man. Better than to be a jackleg lawyer, a quack doctor, a counterhopper, or worse still, a wretched seeker after office.

All parents in life that of a farmer is most respectable. It may have its trials, and its disappointments, so do all others. The mechanic may lose the wages of his labor, the professional man his fees; the editor may weep over delinquent subscribers, but the honest industrious farmer is morally certain of a fair return for his labor. True, "Paul may plant and Apollous water, but God must give the increase." But where is the faithful cultivator of the soil, God's heritage to man, who ever yet suffered for bread?

Allow me again to "caution" my young friends against the beguiling influence of office, and to advise them most earnestly to stick to mother earth. Traditions of an Almost Extinct Race.

All along the dizzy ledges of one of the canons of Colorado there stands the crumbling walls and ruined remains of ancient habitations. They are from seven hundred to one thousand feet above the valley. The houses are built for defence. The rocks around bear unintelligible inscriptions. Pottery is still scattered around, but no implements of war or of the chase are ever found. The history of the tribe which built these dwellings is something like those of the peoples who fled before the Goths and Vandals in Europe.

It is the tale over again with the Mexican races that were driven over the Rio Grande. The tale runs that the peaceful valleys of the land were inhabited by an inoffensive Indian tribe. They cultivated the land for what little maize they needed; hunted and fished, and were happy and prosperous. But the fierce Indians of the North came down upon them, and devastated their farms. So, to save themselves in times of danger, they built houses high up on the cliffs. One Summer the invaders did not go back to their mountains, as the people expected, but brought their families with them and settled down. So driven from their homes and lands, starving in their little niches on the high cliffs, they could only steal away during the night, and wander across the cheerless uplands. At one place they halted and probably found friends, for the rocks and caves are full of nests of these human wrens and wallows. Here they collected, erected stone fortifications and watch-towers, dug reservoirs in the rocks to hold a supply of water, which in all cases is precarious in this latitude, and once more stood at bay. Their foes came, and for one long month fought and were beaten back, and returned day after day to the attack as merciless and as inevitable as the tide. Meanwhile the families of the defenders were evacuating and moving south, and bravely did their protectors shield them till they were in safety a hundred miles away. The besiegers were beaten back. But the narrative tells us that the hollows of the rocks were filled to the brim with the mingled blood of conquerors and conquered, and red veins of it ran down into the canon.

THE SOUTHERN NEGROES AND THE LATE ELECTIONS.

It seems that the Radical leaders have actually managed to frighten many negroes in some of the Southern States into the belief that the recent Democratic success, will soon result in returning them to slavery. A Southern correspondent of the New York Times states that in Montgomery, Alabama, a meeting was held under the auspices of the disappointed Radical leaders, at which resolutions were adopted counselling the negroes to leave the State in a body. The correspondent says that the majority of the colored people are too sensible to be deceived by the acts of their white leaders, "but a few are really alarmed, and some scores of them have crossed the line and taken up a temporary residence in Georgia." The conservative whites are doing all they can to allay the fears of the negroes and to assure them that they will be protected in their liberty and political rights.

General SMITH, of Georgia, made an address at Columbus a few nights ago on the results of the elections, in which he took occasion to assure the negroes that the late victory would not in any manner result in injury to them. His remarks on this subject deserve all the prominence that can be given them. They are as follows:

"Addressing the negroes particularly, he told them not to be alarmed at the success of the Democrats. That party desired only the peace and prosperity of their country; were anxious that all men should have equal rights, and that people of all colors and nations should live in harmony together. He wanted every negro in Georgia to have every right and privilege given him by the State Constitution and by the Constitution of the Union. So long as he had a voice in the government of affairs they should have those rights. They were free as any white man in the land. Negro suffrage might have been a mistake. He did not think that ignorant black men were qualified to take the offices that were so seldom well filled even by white men of education. At the same time they had the right to vote, and at this late day no one could deprive them of it. No good man desired to do so. The negroes in Georgia should have their rights, but only good, intelligent men should henceforth be elected to office. Speaking to the white men, the Governor told them that by the help of the men of the North they had won a great victory, and that it was now their duty to show to the world that they could bear success as well as defeat. There should be no undue scoffing at the fallen party, and, in the words of their State motto, the people of Georgia should exercise the advantage given by the political victory with 'Wisdom, Justice and Moderation.' If they did so, harmony would return to the South, and in all sections would be felt the old love for the whole Union."

A Convention our Judicial System.
Every argument used by the opponents of a Convention are based solely upon expediency. The admission is general that the Constitution needs radical changes; changes which are well nigh impossible under the tedious legislative method. But there is a feeling which restrains many less complicated with the General Government should arise if a Convention meets. This is almost tantamount to a confession that a Convention elected by the Democratic Conservative majority in North Carolina would be hostile to the United States.

In nothing does the Constitution require a thorough change more than in the judicial department of the government. The entire article upon the judiciary should be eliminated from the fundamental law and a system cheaper, more efficacious to redress public and private rights, and more adapted to the genius of our people, substituted therefor. We confidently appeal to the experience of every Senator in the Superior Courts of New Hanover county to endorse our position. Here we have ten weeks of Court annually. The costs of these Courts, both to the county and to individuals, are enormous. Yet what is done! At every term the time is occupied in trying cases which ought to be disposed of in a city tribunal at one-fourth of the cost of the Superior Court. Larcenies, assaults, peace-warrants, &c., engross the consideration of a tribunal, which, in a community like ours, should only have jurisdiction of capital felonies and give some attention to the rights of individuals.

Our judiciary system has no elasticity. It cannot offer to a county like New Hanover more facilities for the transaction of legal business than it gives to the sparse and law-abiding citizens of the smallest Western county. Constitutional obstacles exist against establishing courts in our larger cities and towns of competent jurisdiction over the lesser offenses, and consequently many cases which a Justice of the Peace should settle are appealed to the Superior Court, involving enormous cost and excluding important business. Suppose we could have a Court in this which could dispose of all crimes less than capital. The court, of course, should sit as often and as long as necessary to prevent a docket from accumulating cases. The clouds of witnesses which are in attendance upon our Superior Courts, and often coming to more than one term to testify in the same action, would be rapidly dispersed by the disposal of the cases. Witnesses' costs alone would not be a quarter as much as now. To illustrate and enforce this view, take the example of lighting four jets of a gas chandelier. Suppose the gas is turned on at every jet. While lighting the first jet is expending from all; while lighting the second the gas is escaping from three, and

The Newspaper and the People.

The following article was published in a recent issue of the Columbia (S. C.) Union Herald, and reproduces it with our endorsement. It breathes words, that burn, and sentiments which we deeply appreciate. They elber and encourage us in our effort to build up such a paper as the people demand. They are thoughtful, living sentiments, and are as true as water from a well of a clear olden time. We commend them to the careful perusal of every reader of this paper:

It has been said by the wisest men that this is the age of the newspaper. Every accident or incident of the individual or national life approves it. The newspaper is to day an impersonal, intangible, and force, that works its will and way, making the finest private fortunes and wrecking the proudest public reputations. It has come to be an adage, that there is no use to fight a newspaper. You may shoot its editor, or as is more often the case, he may shoot you; and, in either case, the newspaper survives and goes for you and yours without mercy and without gloves in a thousand opportunities that you least suppose. Some think or other you must go down before the constant force of this masked battery. Some day or other you will discover that no matter how strong you may deem yourself, you cannot defend yourself with a single tongue against a thousand several tongues, reinforced by ten thousand unseen allies, attacking you absent or present, sleeping or waking, and poisoning before your unconscious eye the very fountain from which you draw the waters of life.

Day by day and year by year for the last two centuries, this tremendous power has been growing with its growth and strengthening with its strength, until in this day and generation it reaches forth its hand like an emperor, and writes the imperial edict of our modern civilization. Look at its recent progress. Within the past decade it has revolutionized the greatest republic of the world. The brightest reputation, surrounded, like a planet by its satellites, by the love and confidence of the unstable mob, pale as ineffectual fires before the meridian blaze of an independent press. Within the last year it has hurled the credit mob from its face of our most popular statesmen, and they have gone down before the scorn of an outraged people. Within the last month it has staggered the most concentrated and formidable political organization that ever lifted to the highest eminence the glory of the republic; and, bringing it to its knees, threatens its annihilation and compels its obedience to its mysterious power.

Like any other intricate force in the economy of human life, this subtle power requires a skillful hand to direct and sustain it. Like the engine, the newspaper needs some trained master to know how to mark the gauge, and temper the pressure of the occasion. But, in the hands of a true master, it is a tower of strength, and needs fear not flatter any man. If you go right ahead, and with the facts in his possession, may tear the loftiest towers from the loftiest brow.

Apple-Tree Borer.

We have followed this insect with a sharp wire for over thirty years, and if there is any remedy for the creature that has been to throw out his child, we have not discovered it. With a sharp pointed knife and a bit of wire five inches long, it is not a very difficult task to divide the enemy. He should be attacked as soon as he makes appearance. Young apple trees should be examined at least twice a year. The sooner the borer is destroyed, the smaller the wounds that will be made around the hollow of the tree. Generally the worm can be reached with the point of a knife. If it cannot be done, follow him with wire. As a preventative we have found oil, kerosene, which paper to answer as good purpose. Remove the earth on each side of the ground the collar, then bind on the collar or cover with a string. We have been thirty years, young apple trees, some five million in all, destroyed for want of a better attention in the spring.