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(WRITTEN FOR THE WATCHMAN.)  
**FOLKS AT THE FAIR.**  
CANTO V.

The spiciest sayings, wittiest saws—  
Old proverbs sage and wise, sir—  
Bank with deceit, and full of flaws,  
Are two-thirds rotten lies, sir;  
Yet of the few that hold most true,  
And have pure metal's ring, sir—  
Here's one which I pronounce no lie—  
"A fact's a stubborn thing," sir.

What once was folly now is fact—  
Bob Fulton's steamboat journeys—  
Old Morse's wires—old Beecher backed  
By "ragged-edged" attorneys—  
The sinner free and ruined quite—  
The bottom rail on top, sir—  
Our President a flat-boat knight—  
New wines made outen slop, sir!

And who can say but what some day  
We'll reach perpetual motion—  
Covet and burn each with so grey—  
Find that all-healing lotion—  
The quadrature of circles own—  
Change rocks to gold by rapping—  
Discover Folly Wiseman's stone,  
And know what's 'twine to happen!

Not real merit, but success  
Is fame and honor's ticket—  
A holy name, a slandered ass  
Is Brooklyn Zion's picket;  
State's Prison or the Capitol  
The only stakes men play for—  
Life's modern game—stone houses all  
They wish or strive or pour for!

In heaven's door the key no more  
Is turned by saintly Peter  
For any stinkin man that's poor—  
For rebel or dirt-eater;  
Through heaven's door the blackamoor,  
Who pays admission fees, sir,  
May enter in, with butly grin,  
And nice perfumes to please, sir!

There is no hell—the devil sold out  
(Wo—wo—wo—wo—wope—sir!)  
To some salt-petre men, about  
The time we had a hope, sir,  
One little Reb would whip just five  
Full-grown and big fat Yankees;  
And now Old Soot's moved here to live,  
And play his erinkum-erankies!

Hurrah for dirt! Hurrah for lies!  
Hurrah for the sinner cummer!  
Hurrah for the ring-tail Paradise!  
Hurrah for the grand Centennial  
Of Civil Rights and Stink, sir!  
Hurrah for the blooming perennial  
Of the Ethiopian Pink, sir!  
Hurrah for the King of the Carnival Isles!  
Hurrah for the Queen of the Congos!  
Hip, hip and hurrah, through the measureless  
miles

Where my hallycumjuran song goes,  
For the Hottentot Woolly-head, Blubber-lip-  
ped Spade,  
For the lovely Gorilla dear million;  
For the beautiful rook that never can fade—  
The indelible ink civilian!

Hurrah for 1876!  
For the hundredth glorious Fourth, sir!  
Our nation's craft right up the styx  
Grant-Chiron steers due north, sir!  
Last fall she died—Miss Bie Colum—  
Next summer she'll be buried—  
Next glorious Fourth, with life and drum,  
To Pluto's manse be ferried!

Three cheers for freedom's natal day!  
Three times three cheers for a lie, sir!  
The boys in grey most cheer in May—  
The blue-boys in Shoo-fly, sir!  
Our drinking cups be Freedom's bones—  
Her skull our halting bumper!  
Each toast be heaved by lusty groans!  
Drink tears till we dry pump bar!

Our orator be the Chimpanzee!  
Ape read the Declaration!  
Let the baboons climb the Liberty tree,  
And shout for the ring-tail nation!  
Let the devil a balloon ascension make,  
With the stars and stripes a-flyng—  
The spotted old rag to the moon to take,  
And there just leave it lying.

E. P. H.

## Heart Cross and Anchor.

"One more song, Carol, darling. A parting song that shall fill my heart with music that must endure for two years—two long, long years to be spent in India. No other tones will touch an answering chord in my soul, and I feel almost selfish enough to wish your's should not fall on other ears when I am gone. But this you must promise: this song you will not sing again to any one, it shall be kept sacred to the memory of this hour."  
"I will promise, Edgar. Neither this nor the 'Welcome Greeting' will I sing again until to you," answered Caroline.  
"Then turning to the piano she began her song. Never had she sung so well. Her soul was in her tones, and when she ceased and turned to her lover, she exclaimed, 'Beautiful—beautiful! Do you know, my darling, that you have a fortune of surer p'cession in your voice than all your father's wealth! But come, bid me good-by, with smiles, no tears.'—The time of going is very near. I must hasten."

She put forth her hand; he caught it and drew her to his bosom. As he released her, a bracelet caught in his button and broke. The little charms—cross heart and anchor—that were attached to it separated, the cross still hanging to the button, the others falling at Caroline's feet.

With a frightened look she pointed to the broken trinket and said: "O, Edgar, this is an omen of coming evil, I know. Your gift thus broken, and at such a time!"

"Nonsense! At your feet behold my heart and hope; and upon my bosom lies our faith. Here, put a piece of ribbon or something in this little cross, and I will wear it until we meet again."

"When shall that be?" asked Caroline, in a mournful voice.  
"Still superstitious?" Edgar said.  
"I feel a presentiment, Edgar, that years will pass before we meet again, if ever. But here, take this cross; I will have faith. See, I have wrapped around it a piece of my hair. Now, whatever the future may bring, and wherever you may be, send this to me and I will come. Caroline said, her voice full of mournful tenderness."

"O, Carol, pray do not talk so.—You improve me with your gloom.—Come, closer up, a down, too, that you are afraid to trust me in the constant society of Miss Erving; but you need have no fears about her. Even though I should think of her, she would not be apt to encourage her father's secretary when she can aspire to a higher position."

A look of reproach was Caroline's reply to Edgar's words. And when he again pressed her to his heart, in his final farewell, and left her, she felt then as if it were forever.

Before two years had passed there came a great financial crisis, in which many of the wealthiest fell—Caroline Ainsworth's father among the first.—When poverty was threatening, not for herself did she tremble, but for those dear ones, then aged, and ill able to bear either the shock or its results.—Then Edgar's words came back to her. She had a fortune in her voice. Cheerfully, hopefully, she went to work. And then how eagerly she watched for the coming of Edgar's letter of sympathy, encouragement—aye, that, most of all, which should sustain her, his words of love.

The letter came. O, she felt, cruel letter, which for a time swept faith, hope and almost reason from her mind and heart.

"A little while only, and then she rose above the sorrow man had caused, and bravely went to work. Calmly she read her letter, asking to be released from his vows. Business still detaining him with Mr Erving, in India, he should not return to England at present, and as, of course, her plans for the future would engross her completely, she would agree with him, it would be better, and no doubt also agreeable to her to be free.

"You are free," were the only words Caroline wrote in reply.  
A year spent in study in Italy, and winning encouragement from the best masters, and then to try her power. Success followed, and fame crowned her with laurels. She was acknowledged the prima donna of the age.  
"I teach her to love, and then her's will be music divine. Power, passion, pathos—she has all; but they had been acquired from great masters.—The waiting power must be herself, from her own soul," said the old connoisseur.

Seven years had winged their flight since she had parted from Edgar Mansfield. She had heard nothing of him since about six months after her receipt of his letter. Then she was told that he was coming home to marry Miss Erving.  
But to continue. We now find her in Paris crowned with triumph. After a night of even more than usual *celat*, she sat the next day surrounded with the tokens of her listeners' appreciation. Flowers rare and beautiful, jewels costly and antique, all around her. She pushed them impatiently aside, and her head sank into her hands. Her thoughts flew back to the time when she sang simple ballads, and watched for the words and look of admiration from one with more eagerness and gratitude than ever since she had from the crowned heads and nobles of the land.  
"How I kept thinking last night of the 'Welcome Greeting!' My heart seemed filled with that. I have not thought of it since that night. I think if I had sung it there might have been found the wanting tone. They say I am cold—there is no love in my voice. Cold! Oh! can they not think there is a coldness more icy than that of unknown love? 'Tis when love has been given birth, known life, and then been killed, that it becomes so icy cold."

Thus Caroline Ainsworth commended with herself in the splendid boudoir of her suite of apartments.

Going to a jewel casket, she unlocked it, and drew forth the little golden heart and anchor.

"Strange! strange, that I should have felt the coming of this perfidy. I wonder that night it would be so. I knew where the companion of these letters she murmured. 'What do I care for this life of continual excitement, this admiration of the millions? Nothing—nothing. All, all are gone now for whom I cared to be great.—Edgar, worse than dead. Would that I could think of him watching and waiting for my coming in the land where angels sing. Father gone, mother gone! I care for the praise of no one now. I sing to no one now. O, weary, weary life! I have only one joy—the remembrance of the comfort I gave them."

A knock at the door announced the coming of some one, and a footman presented himself, and said, handing an envelope, 'Mademoiselle, the bearer is waiting.'

"Oh I am tired of these baubles," she said, as she pressed in her fingers the envelope, which contained an offering of some kind, she knew.

"The pressure made the impression, not a ring, on the paper in which it was enclosed, but a cross. As Caroline's eye detected that, she opened with an appearance of mere interest the sealed paper, and the little golden cross, wrapped with her own hair, was in her hand.

"Your promise! Do you remember!—The messenger will direct you," was written tremulously and irregularly; but she knew his hand had penned the lines.  
"Bring the bearer to me immediately. I shall be ready in fifteen minutes. Tell me, my good woman—the gentleman—is he ill?"

The woman could understand but little English; and Caroline, repeating her inquiry in French, learned that the woman had been sent by a gentleman who was ill, perhaps dying. Bidding the woman come with her, and direct the driver, Caroline entered the carriage. After a half an hour's drive, the carriage stopped before a lodging house in the Rue de Rivoli. The woman preceded Caroline in, and up a long flight of stairs, until they reached a door, opening which cautiously, she stepped in an instant. Returning, she whispered: "Come in!"

He was sleeping—the miserable wretch of the once handsome Edgar Mansfield. As Caroline bent over the wasted form a great terror filled her heart—she had come too late.

"Dead!" she groaned forth, looking from the pale features to the attendant, who answered, "No, no, sleeping!"  
Bending over, gazing on the form of him once so proud and noble looking, then so worn, so wretched, Caroline's heart filled with pity. All the cruel past was forgiven. How could she feel resentment to wards him lying so stricken before her!

The eagerness of her watching, the intense gaze must have aroused the sleeper. He slowly opened his eyes and met hers.

"Ever true," he murmured—"to your promise," he added, in a voice so low that Caroline had to stoop very near to catch the words.

The effect of the speaking seemed to exhaust him. Looking into his eyes, still so beautifully bright, raised to her's with a look so eager, so appealing, Caroline's own grew dim, and tears fell unrestrained on the wasted hand she clasped in her's.

Caroline gently raised his head as the woman held it to his lips. Such a grateful look met her eye! She thought, "Oh, why is he here alone! Where is he whose gentle hand should minister here?"

He had gained some little strength, and when she drew near and seated herself, he said: "I would not have sent for you if I had been equal with you in any way. But now, when you are so far above me, you can stoop, at least, to pity. I am dying, you see. I could not forget the constant longing to see you once more—once more to hear your voice. Can you forget the past long enough to sing me one song?"

She said: "You must feel I do forgive, and will forget all that you would fain have me."

She sang the song that had trembled on her lips the night before, and filled her heart ever since; then burst forth the "Welcome Greeting."

A smile, warm but very sweet, came over his pale face, and rested there until she had finished her song. He seemed to grow much stronger and inclined to talk. Seeing this, "How is it you are here alone in Paris? Where are your friends—your—wife she would have said, but the word died on her lips. She could not utter that, and continued, "Tell me something of yourself."

"I will, I will—all," he answered, "When I wrote you that cruel letter—'Hush,' Caroline said. 'I would hear of your latter life.'"

"I must," he answered, "I must.—Then for a period, I was possessed of a spirit of evil. I was flattered by the kindness of Miss Erving. I believed I could win her, and with her wealth and high position, I thought I did or could love her, and forget you. But I soon knew I could not, and would have given everything I possessed to have been able to recall that letter. I almost made up my mind to write again, and see for what I had resigned.—When your reply came, then I determined to return home, and seek you, and try to gain forgiveness and a return to confidence. On my arrival, you had left.—And after, when success and fame came so quickly to you, I dared not seek you. Resigning my position as Mr. Erving's secretary, I engaged in business as a merchant with one I had always believed my friend, and an honest man. I trusted everything to him. My heart was not in my work. I was dissatisfied with myself, and everything I engaged in was doomed to failure. My partner robbed me, and finally went off with all the money he could obtain. With the little left, a few pounds, I followed him here. Many weeks ago I was seized with fever, from which I have never recovered, and now I have but little hope. I ever shall but for this kind woman, I should have suffered much. Last night I thought I was dying, or I should not have sent for you this morning."

He ceased, tired and fainting almost, from the exertion of so much speaking. Again the kind attendant came with the wine; and after it had been administered, Caroline mentioned the woman into the adjoining room, and questioning her closely, learned that he was entirely without money. The little he had was soon consumed in obtaining the most necessary medicines and wines. Returning to the bedside, she stood, her heart overflowing with joy. She knew then her place had never been given to another.

"Could the admiring husband, who came on her the night before, have seen her then, they would have found all that they thought wanting. The look, the tone, the feeling, that so many sought in vain was there. She bent over and whispered to the sufferer: 'Edgar, will you live?'"

A new light flashed in his eyes, and gazing eagerly at her, he whispered: "Live! for what?"  
"Look into my eyes, Edgar, and see," she murmured, a beautiful flush tinged her fair face.  
He could not mistake, for plainly her eyes answered his cry.

"Live for you and me," they said.  
"No; no; you cannot mean it. You so high and so crushed. You shall not stoop so low, my queen. Even in my dreams I am not so wild!"  
"Edgar, I only stoop to lay my heart for you to raise it to light and life. Look back. See me not as the multitude, their favorite for the time; see only the simply loving girl of the past. Know not the prima donna.—Know alone the trusting woman, who willingly will resign the admiration of the world for the love and admiration of one true heart."

Thus she came down from the height of her greatness to the true, loving woman. When next she saw all her hearers acknowledge the newly gained power. There was no longer a waiting room. A few weeks after, all Paris was surprised, and many of her noble sons indignantly that there 'Queen of Song' should have wedded a man entirely unknown to the world. But what cared she? He was more than all the world to her.

**A REMARKABLE DREAM.**  
Conrad, the Emperor of Germany, was remarkable for his unsparring punishment of all who crossed his purpose. A quaint but true legend recites that a certain Count Lupold, who was one of those fearing death, fled into the remote forest and lived in a hut with his wife.

It happened that the Emperor, while hunting, came to the spot and passed the night with them. That night the Count's wife became the mother of a son, and the Emperor dreamed that the child then born would be his heir. As the same dream recurred three times he was greatly troubled, and the next morning he commanded two of his servants to kill the child. They took it away; but, being moved to compassion by its smiles, they placed it under a tree, and brought back a hare's heart to the Emperor.

A certain duke passed by soon after, found the child, and took it home to his wife, and adopted it as his own. Afterwards the Emperor being with the duke, and hearing him relate, as a forest adventure, the history of this boy, who was then present, began to suspect that the victim had escaped. Being confirmed in this opinion, he took him into his service as page, and then sent him with a letter to the Emperor, in which he charged her, upon pain of his displeasure, to have the prisoner put to death. The youth set out, and after traveling seven days came to a certain priest's house, who received him with great hospitality. The priest was struck with his comely air, and by his traveling so far. While he slept he looked at his letter and discovered the horrible fate that awaited him, so, erasing the writ log he substituted for it the following words:

"This is the youth whom I have chosen as the husband of our daughter. I charge you to give her to him quickly."

Next morning the lad awoke refreshed and said:  
"Adieu, dear host!"  
The priest replied:  
"Remember me when you are Emperor."

The boy only laughed, esteeming it a jest and departed. On arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle, he delivered his letter, and so well did the stratagem succeed that the Emperor wrote soon after to ask if his orders had been obeyed; the Emperor assured him that the nuptials had been celebrated with great celebrity as he had desired. The Emperor hardly believed his eyes when he read the letter. Mounting his horse, he rode immediately and with great speed to Aix-la-Chapelle. On his arrival the Emperor presented their daughter and son-in-law. For a long time the Emperor seemed lost in astonishment and uncertainty what to do. At length nature prevailed, and he exclaimed:  
"The will of heaven cannot be resist-

ed!"  
Then he compelled the two squires to reveal what they had done, and the Count to come from the Black Forest and receive back his son, with peace from the Emperor, who left him as heir, and who succeeded him as Henry II.

On the spot in the forest where the child was born was erected afterwards the noble monastery of Hirschau.

**How Mr. Coffin Spelled It.**  
From the Detroit Free Press.

The other evening old Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, who live on Brush street, and in their back parlor, he reading his paper and she knitting, and the family cast-strewn out under the stove and signed and felt sorry for cats not so well fixed. It was a happy, contented household, and there was love in his heart as Mr. Coffin put down his newspaper and remarked:

"I see that the whole country is becoming excited about spelling schools."  
"Well, it's good to know how to spell," replied the wife. "I didn't have the chance some girls had, but I pride myself that I can spell almost any word that comes along."

"I'll see about that," he laughed, "come now, spell buggy."  
"Humph! that's nothing—b-u-g-g-y, buggy," she replied.  
"Missed the first time—ha! ha!" he said slapping his leg.  
"Not much that was right."  
"It was, eh? Well, I'd like to see anybody get two g's in buggy, I would."

"But it is spelled with two g's and any school boy will tell you so," she persisted.  
"Well, I know a darn sight better than that!" he exclaimed, striking the table with his fist.  
"I don't care what you know!" she squealed; "I know that there's two g's in buggy!"

"Do you mean to tell me that I've forgotten how to spell?"  
"It looks that way."  
"I don't, eh? Well, I want you and all your relations to understand that I know more about spelling than the whole cabbage of you strung upon a wire."  
"And I want you to understand Jonathan Coffin, that you are an ignorant old blockhead, when you do 'put two g's in the word buggy.'"

"Don't talk that way to me he warned."  
"And don't shake your fist at me," she replied.  
"Who's a shaking his fist?"  
"You are."  
"That's a lie—an infernal lie!"  
"Don't call me a liar, you old bazaar!" I've put up with your unreason for forty years past, but don't call me a liar, and don't lay a hand on me!"

"Do you want a divorce?" he shouted, springing up; "you can go now this minute!"  
"Don't spit in my face—don't you dare do it or I'll make a dead man of you!" she warned.

"I haven't spit in your freckled old face, but I may if you provoke me farther!"  
"Who's got a freckled face, you old turkey buzzard!"  
"This was a little too much. He made a motion as if he would strike, and she seized him by the neck tie. Then he reached out and grabbed her right ear, and tried to lift her off her feet, but she twisted up on his neck the until his nose ran out.

"Let go of me, you old fiend!" she screamed.  
"Get down on your knees, and beg my pardon, you old wild cat!" he yelled.  
They surged and swayed and struggled and the peaceful cut was struck by the overturning table and had her back broken, while the clock fell down and the pictures danced around. The woman finally shot her husband's supply of air off and flopped him, and as she bumped his head up and down on the floor and scattered his gray hairs, she shouted:

"You want to get up another spelling school with me, don't you?"  
He was seen limping around the yard yesterday, a stocking pinned around his throat, and she had court plaster on her nose and one finger tied up. He wore the look of a martyr, while she had the bearing of a victor, and from that time out 'buggy' will be spelled with two g's in that house.

**A Truthful Sketch.**  
Let a man fall in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors! Men who have taken him by the arm, and laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug their shoulders and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have seen the light for months to come, but for the misfortune of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not the scowl of the Sheriff, perhaps, meets him at the corner. A man that has never failed knows but little of human nature.  
In prosperity he falls along gently, wafted by favoring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverse comes upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move, or to do this thing or the other; a writ is ready for his back. To know what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate and stop paying once in his lifetime. If he has kind friends then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral sieve; it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute real friendship.

## From the Courier Journal.

**Boston Women Scandalized.**  
Do Boston women chew tobacco? That's the question. Rev. Mr. Lathrop has declared it a fact before the Women's Temperance Union of that city. He not only makes this charge, but generalizing a little, claims that he can get ten men to leave off chewing where he can induce one woman to say that she will never more use "fine cut" or sweet navy." Can such things be? The use of the weed by women in certain sections of the country is an old story. But to think that a clergyman, whose opinions are entitled to the utmost consideration, should feel it his bounden duty to publicly reprobate with the female world of Boston for its indulgence in the habit that has hitherto been deemed one of the blessed vicarious privileges of male humanity exclusively. His statements seem to be made in a manner which indicates that he has accurate knowledge of certain cases. The Globe says: "In times past, jealous New York, taming Chicago, and ever quiet demure Philadelphia have hinted that the average Boston young lady affected eye-glasses as a gentle stimulant for her optics, and was a trifle cool and high-toned as to style, and not, long ago, Boston ladies were accused by some anonymous correspondent of irreverently indulging in too much wine; but we have never heard of any such awful charge as this before." It is pretty rough, surely. If the thing were told upon any other city than Boston it would not so much matter. But the idea that, in the very hub of the universe, the dreadful example should be set the world at large, is appalling to the husbands and lovers. Hereafter young men mind your girl's eye-teeth for nicotine discoloration. They do say that Washington bells brighten their eyes and prevent their gayety from flagging by champagne tipping, but that is as nothing to this Boston scandal.

[From the New York Mercury.]  
**Packages Forwarded Eight Miles in Two Seconds.**

On Saturday, February 28th, the pneumatic mail system was opened for public use in the city of Vienna, and for the few days of its workings it appeared to have been eminently satisfactory. By this method, letters and packages not exceeding two ounces in weight can be sent from one end of the city to the other—a distance of about eight miles—in something less than two seconds, so that adding to this the time necessary for making up packages, assorting them, and delivering them, the whole is just about one hour. But the only extra expense is the cost of the postage for the city letters. Vienna says that in a short time, the time between the receipt and delivery will be greatly reduced. In fact, between stations only two or three miles distant from each other, such packages are even now delivered within twenty minutes after being deposited. As the general post office in Vienna is also in the building of the general telegraph office, powerful steam engines are constantly compressing atmospheric air in a main shaft reservoir, from which the double system of cast-iron pipes, laid three feet under the surface of the streets, are fed. One system of pipes carries the compressed air, and the other for pushing them ahead in other directions. At the seven principal stations, in various parts of the city, similar engines are kept at work day and night drawing the air from the pipes and creating a vacuum in front of the packages, which are thus immediately pressed into the pipes, and the air is forced for pushing them ahead in other directions. The six principal stations are connected not only with the two central offices, but also with each other by the double system of pipes. The dispatch of each package is announced by telegraph to the office to which it is sent, and is all interesting offices, to which the letter is not to be sent on its way. The pipes are six inches in diameter, with a perfectly smooth polished inner surface, and the packages are made up in india-rubber cylinders of various lengths. The postage on mail matters must be paid at the rate of ten centimes (one cent) for each half ounce of weight, which is evidently much cheaper than the two-cent postage for the city letters in this country. This is the first instance of a large city.—Vienna has about 300,000 inhabitants—giving it people such facilities of corresponding at moderate cost.

**Propagators of Disease.**  
The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Among the many agents for the infectious diseases are, our domestic pets. For the propagation of a fever dog is sometimes a bad, if not worse, than a drain, and a case is referred to in the *Sanitary Record*, in which scabies fever was carried from one child to another by a favorite retriever. The dog had been reared in a house where scabies prevailed, and was subsequently given to a friend of the family. Shortly after one of the children in the dog's new home was attacked with malignant scabies and died. Similar cases were used plentifully, and every precaution taken to prevent a recurrence of the malady, but in two months' time a second child took the same disease, in its worst form, and died. As the dog had been the constant companion and playfellow of these children, its woolly coat, it is alleged, because so charged with contagious matter as to render it a source of disease and death. Although it is fair to the dog to admit that the children may have caught the fever from other sources than his woolly coat, yet there is reason to fear that both dogs and cats, especially the latter, do occasionally assist in the circulation of infectious illnesses, and where love prevails the sooner they are lodged out of the house the better. They are, however, probably not more dangerous in this respect than books. No one who takes up a book from a library ever troubles himself or herself as to the antecedents of the volume; it may have just left the hands of a fever patient."

**Frightening Children.**—Nothing can be worse for a child than to be frightened. The effect of the scare is slow to recover from; it remains sometimes until maturity, as it shows by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness. Not infrequently, fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them and punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in places they stand in dread of. No one, without vivid memory of his own childhood, can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell of the suffering they have endured, as children, under like circumstances, and recount the irreparable injury which they are sure they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for her position. Children, as near as possible, should be trained not to know the cause of fear, which, above everything else, is to be feared in their education, early and late. *New York Freeman's Journal.*

**HUMAN LIFE.**—A moderate philosopher has appropriated man's full extreme as follows:  
Seven years in childhood's sport and play,  
Seven years in school from day to day,  
Seven years at a trade or college life,  
Seven years to find a place and wife,  
Seven years to pleasure's follies given,  
Seven years to business hardly driven,  
Seven years some a wild goose chase,  
Seven years for wealth a bootless race,  
Seven years for hoarding for your heir,  
Seven years in weakness spent and  
Then die, and go you don't know where.

**A Spider's Bridge.**  
A writer in *Health and Home* says: "One chilly day I was left at home alone, and after I was tired of reading Robinson Crusoe, I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Funny kind of playmate, wasn't it? Well, I took a web-basin and fastened up a stick in it like a library pole or a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe and put on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away he anxiously commenced running round to find the road to the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick, and try the other side, and then run back to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter with Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think it over. As in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shoot for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put a little molasses on a stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was home sick for his web in the corner of the wood shed. He went slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all round, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times. He got excited and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was time, that the draft air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in his wood-shell again."

**FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.**—Nothing can be worse for a child than to be frightened. The effect of the scare is slow to recover from; it remains sometimes until maturity, as it shows by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness. Not infrequently, fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them and punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in places they stand in dread of. No one, without vivid memory of his own childhood, can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell of the suffering they have endured, as children, under like circumstances, and recount the irreparable injury which they are sure they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for her position. Children, as near as possible, should