

HOW TO CHEAT DEATH AND LIVE A LONG TIME.

Peter Parley, in his August Magazine, is uncommonly amusing, even for him. From among the readable papers we extract the following, which our young readers will peruse with pleasure, we doubt not:

JAN SCHALKEN'S THREE WISHES.

At a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders, there is still shown the site of a hut, which was the object of much attention while it stood, on account of a singular legend that relates to its first inhabitant—a kind-hearted fellow, who depended upon his boat for subsistence, and his own happy disposition for cheerfulness, during every hardship and privation. Thus the story goes:

One dark and stormy night in winter, as Jan Schalken was sitting with his good-natured wife by the fire, he was awakened from a transient doze by a knocking at the door of his hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a tall man; but little could be distinguished either of his face or figure, as he wore a large dark cloak, which he had contrived to pull over his head, after the fashion of a cow. "I am a poor traveller," said the stranger, "and want a night's lodging; will you grant it to me?" "Ay, to be sure," replied Schalken; "but I am afraid your cheer will be sorry. Had you come sooner, you might have fared better. Sit down and eat what is left."

The traveller took him at his word, and in a short time afterwards retired to his humble sleeping-place. In the morning, as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Schalken, and giving him his hand, thus addressed him: "It is needless for my good friend to know who I am; but this is assured, that I can and will be grateful; for when the rich and powerful turned me last night from their inhospitable gates, you welcomed me as man should welcome man, and looked with an eye of pity upon the desolate traveller in the storm. I grant you three wishes. Be they what they may, those wishes shall be granted."

Now Schalken certainly did not put much faith in these promises, but still he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them, and accordingly began to consider how he should fix his wishes. Jan was a man who had few or no ambitious views, and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact, he was so well satisfied with his situation, that he had not the least inclination to lose a single day of his laborious existence; but on the contrary, had a very sincere wish to add a few years to those which he was destined to live. This gave rise to wish the first: "Let my wife and myself live fifty years longer than nature had designed." "It shall be done," cried the stranger.

Whilst Schalken was puzzling his brains for a second wish, he beheld him that a pear tree, which was in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small detriment of the said tree, and grievous disappointment of its owner. "For my second wish, grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given." This was also assented to.

Now Schalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling body, and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation, that she had only heard ten or twelve times, to scrub the table or set their clay pipes in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and he was determined, if possible, to prevent a recurrence of the nuisance. With this object in view, he approached close to the stranger, and in a low whisper, told him his third and last wish: that whoever sat in a particular chair in his hut should not be able to move out of it, until it should please him so to order. The wish was agreed to by the traveller, who, after many greetings, departed on his way.

Years passed on, and Schalken's last two wishes had been fully gratified, by often detaining thieves in his tree, and his wife on her chair. The time was approaching when the promise of longevity would be falsified, or be made manifest. It happened that the birthday of the fisherman and of his wife was the same. They were sitting together on the evening of the day that made him seventy-nine, and Miesje seventy-three years of age, when the moon, that was shining through the window of the hut, seemed suddenly to be extinguished, and an unnatural calmness was spread over the ocean, although the sky appeared to be mastered by the winds, they were heaving onward by their mighty waves of clouds. Birds dropped dead from the boughs, and the foliage of the trees turned to a pale red.

All seemed to prognosticate the approach of Death, and in a few minutes afterwards, sure enough, he came. He was, however, very different from all that the worthy couple had heard or fancied of him. He was certainly rather thin, and had very little color; he was well dressed, and his deportment was that of a gentleman. Bowing very politely to the ancient pair, he told them he merely came to give notice, that by right they should have belonged to him this day; but a fifty years' respite was granted, and when that period had expired, he should visit them again. He then walked away, and the moon and the waters regained their natural appearance. For the next fifty years, every thing passed on quietly as before; but as the time drew near for the appointed advent of Death, Jan became thoughtful, and he felt no pleasure at the idea of the anticipated visit.

The day arrived, and Death came, preceded by the same horrors as on a former occasion. "Well, good folks," said he, "you can have no objection to accompany me, for assuredly, you have been highly privileged, and have lived long enough." The old dame wept, and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided after he had lived so long and so happily together. Poor Schalken also looked very downcast, and moved after Death but slowly. As they passed by the garden, he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to Death and said, "Sir, allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions. I am too infirm, or I would climb yonder pear-tree, and take a stock of its best fruit with us. You are active and obliging, and will, I am sure, get it for us."

Death, with great condescension, complied; and ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears which he threw down to old Schalken and his wife. At length, he determined to descend, but to his surprise and apparent consternation, he discovered that he was immovable; he would Jan allow him to leave the tree until

he had given them a promise of living another half century. They jogged on in the old way for fifty years more, and then Death came again. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Schalken had put upon him offended his dignity, and hurt his pride not a little. "Come Jan," said he, "you used me ill the other day. (Death thinks but little of fifty years,) and I am now determined to lose no time; come!"

Jan was sitting at his little table, busily employed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the pen trembled in his hand as he thus addressed him: "I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame; but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learned to know that life is of little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still, before I quit this world, I should like to do all the good I can; and was engaged, when you arrived, in making a will, that a poor lad, who has always been kind to me, may receive this hut and my boat. Suffer me to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead. Pray sit down, and in a few minutes my task will be ended."

Death, thus appealed to, could resist no longer, and seated himself in a chair, from which he found it as difficult to rise as he had formerly done to descend the pear tree. His liberation was bought at the expense of an additional fifty years; at the end of which period, and exactly on their birthday, Jan Schalken and his wife died quietly in their bed, in the little village, where they had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all the inhabitants.

From the South Carolina, Aug. 21.
MESMERISM AMONG SNAKES.
POMARIA, S. C., July 31, 1845.
Col. A. G. Sumner, Dear Sir—On Monday the 29th inst., as I was returning from dinner, about 2 P. M., to my school, about 3 miles west of Pomaria, I heard a noise near the road, and on examination found it proceeded from a large black snake, commonly called a coach whip, about 8 feet long, which had a half grown rabbit by the head, and was in the act of swallowing it. Upon my approaching the snake, it disengaged itself from the rabbit and glided off. I picked up a stone, and the snake stopping at the distance of forty yards from where I first discovered it, I killed it with a single blow. As soon as I struck the snake, on looking back I found the rabbit coming up, and it stopped immediately at the dead snake's head. I then moved the snake, and the rabbit still pursued it, and I left it.

About 6 P. M., I returned to the place, together with all my pupils, and the rabbit remained in the identical position in which I had left it. My son moved it again, but it immediately returned to its post at the snake's head, and we left it a second time, still charmed by the continuing spells of the dead serpent. I returned to the spot the next morning, but could find no trace of the rabbit. Now, can any one tell what secret power lies hidden in the organization of a serpent which caused this incident? It is wondrous strange, and well might puzzle more learned heads than mine. If the above possesses any interest, it is at your service for publication. I am, very faithfully, yours,
Geo. M. Fulmer.

ANECDOTE OF COM. DECATUR.
The following good anecdote of the gallant Decatur, is related in the September number of the United States Nautical Magazine:
"Before the war, Captain Carden and the Macedonian were at Norfolk, Decatur was there, and a warm intimacy soon joined in friendship two kindred hearts. While discussing naval affairs one day, Carden said, 'Decatur, your ships are good enough, and you are a clever set of fellows; but what practice have you had in war?' there's the rub. One of these days we will probably have a 'brush' together, and if I catch your ship at sea, I will knock her into a cocked hat, Stephen.' 'Will you,' says Decatur; 'I will bet you a hat on it.' The bet was agreed on, and the conversation closed.
"But a few months elapsed ere the war that had been threatening commenced, and the two captains, by some singular coincidence, met. The result of the action is known. Capt. Carden; on going on board of the U. States, was received by a lieutenant at the gangway, to whom he tendered his sword. 'Not to me, sir,' said the officer, 'but to the Captain.' 'And where is the Captain?' said the embarrassed Englishman. 'He is standing aft there; that is the gentleman, sir, in a tarpsaulin hat and round jacket.'
"Carden went aft, and his feelings on meeting, under such circumstances, his old friend, may be imagined. As he offered his sword to Decatur, that officer said, 'No, Carden, I never take the sword of a brave man; you have fought gallantly.' 'But,' said he, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, 'I will take that hat, my dear fellow.'

"In transferring to the United States the suite of Capt. Carden, a fine band was included. In the afternoon, when dinner was announced in the cabin, Capt. Carden said to Decatur, 'those musicians are very skillful, and I have always had them on deck while at my dinner.' 'Very well,' said Decatur, 'we will have them up.' The band was ordered on deck to play, and Com. Decatur was asked what air he would like to hear. 'Let them play Britannia rules the Waves,' said he, with a sly laugh."
A GOOD REASON.—A Locofoco paper, which is endorsed by the Washington Journal, makes the following queer confessions:
"Graduates of Colleges are in nearly nine cases out of ten Whigs." So natural is it for party, that we have frequently been surprised at the result of our own observation. As an incident, while unable to account for it. As an incident, as it may seem, we never yet have been acquainted with a Presbyterian clergyman who was a Democrat. They have been Whigs universally; and it is well known that nearly or quite all of the clergymen of that denomination are graduates of Colleges. Observation will also demonstrate the fact that a large majority of our professional men of all classes are of the same political caste, particularly of those who have been run through those machines for making young aristocrats."
We have always believed that the better educated and more enlightened a citizen might be, the more surely, *ceteris paribus*, would he be a Whig. This is the first time, in our experience, that a Locofoco editor has been frank enough to acknowledge a fact so inconceivably condemnatory of the principles and character of his own party.
North American.

THE QUAKER'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF OLD SALEM.
The annals of the year 1635 will ever present a blot on the historic pages of New England, and the lifted veil discloses a fury of religious intolerance, and a violence of persecution, which darkly stains the character of those who, in other respects, merit our highest encomiums.

It was during the popular fury in New England against the Quakers, that the occurrence which I am about to relate took place. Before a small, unpainted house in Salem, on a beautiful summer evening, sat an old man and a fair girl, his daughter. Their faces but ill concealed the anxiety of their hearts, and a listener might easily have seen that their fearful forebodings were not unfounded.

"Verily," said the old man after a pause in the conversation, during which he had appeared to be engaged in inward prayer—"Verily the hand of persecution is heavy upon us. Surely it was the fear of the tender mercies of the wicked in this place, that caused my own wife Rebecca, to go down to the grave, ere yet the grass-hopper had become a burden as it has to me. And now, poor William, what will become of him?—twice he has suffered the cruel sentence of an unrighteous law for visiting you, my daughter. I pray God that he may not have the temerity to return."
"Amen," with blanched cheeks and tearful eyes ejaculated the maiden. Her anxious agitation—her clasped hands, all told a deep affection. To William Hoarsely had her youthful faith been pledged, while yet she was in her native England, and the extent of his affection may be imagined, when it is remembered that twice as the reader had already been informed, he had then been publicly whipped for venturing within the precinct of that town from which he had been banished. The penalty for the third offence was death, and yet in spite of the danger, had he dared week after week to visit her whom he loved, and her affectionate remonstrances, only served to heighten his passion for one who, in her love for another, thought not of herself.

Long and anxiously did the father and daughter converse about their future prospects. They could not suppose that known as they were to the Quakers, they could long live unmolested, but there was in the breast of each a carefully cherished hope that their perfectly harmless and quiet life might at least, avert for a time the storm which they felt to be gathering.

But these hopes were vain. As the two awoke to retreat to their dwelling from the night air and dew, their attention was arrested by loud voices, and the tread of heavy feet. Shortly a party of rough, ill-favored men stopped at the door of their humble house, and freely entered and seated themselves within, began to pass the usual rough jests which the presence of unprotected beauty will always excite in the minds of the brutal and unfeeling.

The visit filled the beautiful Quakeress with undisguised alarm; she was wholly unprotected, for her father appeared stupefied by the unheard of liberties with his property, and said not a word; but by the occasional flash of his eyes as some new outrage, it was easy to see that in his younger days, a much smaller injury would have called forth something besides a murmur. The object of their coming was soon made manifest. "The town cant allow you, old fellow, said the leader of the gang, "to lumber this land any longer. So stir your stumps and be off. If you're here at six o'clock to-morrow mornin', by the whiskers of the virgin, you shan't have a roof to cover you."

"I obey," said the old man meekly.
"But as for this little sparrow," continued the ruffian, "if she can fancy me, she shall go home and live with me.—What say you my dear?"
The girl replied with an indignant gesture.
"Ah! I know how the wind lies.—I've seen that Hoarsely round here before now; but mark ye, you know his fate as well as I do, if he comes into these parts again. So warn him, for I am on the look-out."
The distress and alarm depicted on the girl's countenance was so evident that the party (who stopped, and after reiterating his injunctions to the old man, the band took a welcome leave.)
"The Lord's will be done," said the Quaker after a short pause, "let us obey those who have the power."

A short time was consumed in making preparations for their departure, but ere their arrangements could be completed, the old man was so racked down with a burning fever. The unusual excitement had been too much for him, and hastened a disease, the symptoms of which he had felt for two or three days.

For some minutes after the truth broke upon the mind of the daughter, she remained stupefied not knowing whether to turn. All her Quaker friends, (and they had no others) had departed the place. Her lover, she knew would fly for her assistance, if he could be made acquainted with her situation, but his presence would not increase her anxiety; and in any case, she knew not where to find him.
But her strong mind soon discovered the only course in her almost hopeless situation. The house she was aware, would be sacked in the morning, and if she was discovered, nothing could save her from public disgrace. Food and medicine, too, must be obtained for her father, and the only way to get it was to leave him, returning at night.
To a little ruined outhouse at some distance from their dwelling, she carried a bed, and having rendered the place as comfortable as she could, she carried the old man thither, and having nursed him until morning, she early left his hut, without fearful forebodings. Nor were her fears entirely groundless. In the morning the house was ransacked and stripped of every valuable. But the hovel from its mean appearance, was not visited, and the ensuing night, having during the day wandered twenty miles for food and medicine, she dared not to enquire for it nearer, she returned to her father, who, although dangerously ill, appeared to be sleeping quietly.
For more than a week the devoted maid thus watched by night, the sick bed of her father, and when he already began to look forward to the time when he could rise from it, and seek work here, and one other, whose name she was too much to breathe, a far off spot in the wilderness, where they might dwell in peace, when one dark night, as she was hastening along the road to the Quaker's bedside, she felt herself clasped around the waist by no very gentle hands, and at the same time a voice, not altogether unknown to her ears, cried out, "Hillo, my darling sparrow, what now? I thought as much from seeing the track of a pretty foot round the old place this morning. Going to get what we've left, eh? You'dighted me, the other day," continued he, in a louder tone, as she commenced a faint struggle, "and, by the bones of my mother, you shall start for it!"
Completely exhausted with fatigue and terror, the little Quakeress was dragged along by the men until she was brought to the prison, into which, after some short delay in examining the prisoner, she was thrust, receiving as if sent, the gratuitous intelligence that every thing was prepared for giving her a public whipping in the morning.
It was not until the key was turned upon the poor girl in the lonely cell, that the full horror of her situation struck her. Shame and disgrace she felt she could bear in the way of her duty, but to be publicly whipped—it was too much. Her sensitive nature shrank from the pain and exposure. The old Quaker too; what would become of him? The forsaken girl fell on her knees, and long and earnestly did she pray for deliverance for herself, and health for her father.

And deliverance was not far off. As she rose from her knees a light tap at the window arrested her attention. A voice that she well knew, pronounced her name. She flew to the spot, and a joyous kiss through the iron bars, showed that she well knew who was there.

But her happiness vanished when she thought of their mutual danger. She gently reproached her lover for exposing himself to so great risk, and earnestly entreated him to leave her to her fate and save himself. But William Hoarsely would listen to no such counsel. Having heard of their situation, he had hastened to their assistance and arriving near the house was a witness to the capture of his betrothed. He delayed only long enough to provide himself with some necessary implements, and appeared, as we have seen, at the window of the prison, determined to rescue his beloved or perish in the attempt.

Animated by love, he worked with a zeal to which the presence of the Quakeress added not a little. And in two hours their united efforts had removed enough of the bars to enable William to draw her through the opening. It is needless to say that the hopes of the bloodthirsty were disappointed; and that the lovers escaped free.

They found the old Quaker so far recovered that with great exertions, they were enabled to remove him to a place of comparative safety, about three miles distant, when a short time afterwards they removed to one of the extreme frontier towns in New Hampshire, where the usual consumption of such romances took place; and one of their descendants, from whom last summer, I obtained the heads of this true story, is now living on the banks of the Winnipisseege.

WOMAN AND APPROBATION.
Woman was not made to live alone any more than man; and the absence of the natural assistant of the gentle sex was felt in ways separate from protection and support. All the actions of a woman, whether of useful industry or of ornament, are subject to the approval and pleasure of the other sex. To descend to the humblest form of this feeling: every one knows that, when a fair lass has arrayed herself in her new gown and ribbons, or any finery put on for the first time, altho' the admiration of her female acquaintance may give a degree of pleasure, the applause or compliment of one man is more valued than that of a thousand women; and this feeling, modified by circumstances, runs through the whole sex, and is part of the nature of human beings, implanted in the heart by the divine artificer, to produce the most delicious fruit that grows in the garden of life. Women, by themselves, require little to be comfortable; they can live without noise and without form; neither in beauty of raiment nor in delicacy of food can they be happy, so long as they have it to themselves alone. They require to please the other sex before they can please themselves. A knot of old maids may, to be sure, be bitterly merry over their tea and scandal, and despite the men with profound disdain; but there is something unnatural in that enjoyment; nor does anybody suppose that the respectable spinster's heart abounds with such sweet delight at the compliment of her lady friends, on her darling spinnet, strong tea, &c., as the heart of the laborer's wife, when her tired husband tells how nicely she has cooked his supper, and how pretty she looks in her neat dress. It matters not whether the husband be the master of a palace, or the occupier of a hotel—whether his days be spent in the sports of the field, or the drudgery of a profession, or the labor of a farm: the pleasure of the wife, and the object of her labor, is to have a table spread, and to see that she enjoys the delicacies or necessities which she has provided for him; whether the provision be merely a piece of bread and cheese on a pine table, or rich soup, superb joints, and exquisite wines, laid out in the magnificent dining room, the feeling of the woman relative to man are the same.—So says a beautiful widow of our acquaintance.

A NORTH CAROLINA GERRYMANDER.
If any of our readers wish to see what kind of a beast a Locofoco gerrymander is, let them take the map of the "Old North State," and note the formation of the Congressional Districts. They will there see at once how all sorts of shapes, expansions, contractions, sudden turns, and lengthened lines can be marked out to suit particular purposes, and how it is that in the good Whig State of North Carolina the Locofocos obtain a majority of the Representatives to Congress. Take the 10th Congressional District, for example, with the vote it gave at the late Presidential election, as follows:

	Clay.	Polk.
Anson	1012	481
Davidson	1091	610
Guilford	2130	515
Montgomery	659	139
Randolph	1171	312
Richmond	802	117
Stanly	530	48
	7,394	2,222

Here are seven counties, giving in the aggregate a Whig majority of 5,172, and a large Whig majority in each. If they were to be found huddled together in some corner, which justified such a concentration of Whig strength, the enormity would not be so apparent; but they are in the very heart of the State, and are enclosed by a line which seems to seek out every Whig county in that neighborhood, but shuts every Locofoco or closely contested county as it would a pestilence—they are wanted to overcome the Whig strength in the adjoining Districts. It gives alone a Whig majority nearly equal to the Locofoco majorities in all their Districts in the State.—*Tuskegee (Ala.) Republican.*

IN A HURRY.—Frequent mention is made of despatch in loading and repairing vessels in other ports, from which ignorant people are led to suppose that New York is behind the age in this respect, but such is not the case. As an instance: the Henry Clay, of 1400 tons, was taken from her berth, and in three hours was raised on the sectional dock, and ready for the workmen. In six hours she was completely coppered—2300 atoms of copper having been put on well, and in a thoroughly workman-like manner, in that short time. In another hour she was afloat again in the river. And yet it was not an extra effort, but can be performed every day in the week, if required.

If this can be equalled, we should like to know of the town that can do it.—*N. Y. Express.*
THE LOCOFOCO CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Hill's Patriot says of him: "We know full well that a man of small pretension may be Governor of the State; a new candidate is a little the smallest man of his genus that has yet offered." This is saying a great deal, considering it is done by an ex-Governor!

A TRAGEDY IN FRANCE.

An event has just occurred in a small town in the department of the Tarn which has struck the whole population with horror, and carried mourning and desolation into an amiable family. Mr. —, who was married about three years since to a young and charming wife, by whom he has two children, had become jealous of one of his most intimate friends; this friend had, however, as he supposed, succeeded in removing these suspicions from the mind of Mr. —, partly by his strong expressions of abhorrence of the baseness and treachery imputed to him, and partly by making him the confidant of his deep attachment for a young Creole lady, a resident of the town. Thus the clouds which began to gather round the unhappy — seemed to be dissipated, and nothing announced the storm which was soon to burst in blood and horror over him and all within his sphere.

Mr. — became suddenly again gloomy and morose; his friends and they were numerous from his many excellent qualities, perceived the change with regret and anxiety; some of them begged him to make them the sharers of his griefs, but his answers, at first evasive, soon became threatening and strange to such a degree, that they began to suspect insanity, and communicated their suspicions to the family. His wife, naturally alarmed at these eccentricities, had already several times proposed to him to call in a physician; but he rejected these proposals, and he, in general so kind, so affectionate, so caressing, even repulsed his gentle companion with harshness. At last this conduct was carried so far, that after consultations with her father, the lady determined to send to Paris for a celebrated physician, and the friend who had been the first object of Mr. —'s jealousy undertook the mission. In the meantime the poor young wife, again likely to become a mother, supported with resignation those thousand indescribable nothings, which, combined, go to form such a mass of suffering for a woman so loving, and heretofore so fondly loved, and she waited with ill concealed impatience for the arrival of the doctor.

When she presumed that the traveller must be near at hand, she went two or three times a day to the woodman's hut, situated in a small wood at a short distance from the town, where it had been settled she was to meet them, never suspecting that, by this innocent proceeding, she was fixing in her husband's mind the most atrocious calumnies. During all this time Mr. — was becoming daily more reserved and gloomy and had been heard to utter words of dark and sinister import—suddenly a long cry of horror resounded through the town, crowds of people are seen hurrying towards the wood, every mouth is filled with the news of some terrible event; it is said that Mr. — had been found gashed with wounds and weltering in his own blood, and that of his wife and friend, whom he had murdered in a paroxysm of madness, and afterwards committed suicide. The next day it became public that, before expiring, Mr. — had made the following statement: "That, for a month past, he had been constantly receiving anonymous letters warning him that this wife betrayed him; that at first he attached no credit to them; but that having observed the frequent resort of his wife to the wood, after the departure of his friend, which he now began to believe only pretended, his suspicions returned and he determined to watch her, and at last, when he saw his friend arrive at the rendezvous and rush eagerly towards his wife, his rage knew no bound; with a single spring he threw himself between them and stabbed them both to the heart, and afterwards turned the dagger against himself."
All this took place in the sight of the strange physician, whose cries alone saved, from his rage, his eldest child and nurse.—He had scarcely finished this statement with a faltering voice, when a young man, pale and horror stricken, rushed into the room. He said but these words—"I was mad with love for the young Creole, and hoping to excite her jealousy and thus cause her to partake my unhappy passion, I was base enough to descend to the abject character of an anonymous calumniator. Oh pardon me all you who listen to me; and above all you whom I have so fatally abused, and may my death serve as an example to those wretches who make a play of anonymous slander!" He fell and soon nothing was heard in the room but the death rattle of the two dying men; at that moment the officers of the law entered to take possession of the guilty, but they had nothing before them but the corpses of the murderers and those of their victims.
N. Y. Courier des Etas Unis.

MELANCHOLY.
The Coroner of this County was called on Saturday evening last, to hold an inquest upon the body of Thomas Luke, late of Rowan, at the Gold Hill, who was a Miner. The result of their Inquisition is, that said Thomas Luke, on the Sunday preceding, being the 24th of August, received a blow in the abdomen, with the fist, from James Richards, also a Miner, of which blow he lingered until Saturday evening following, and then died. Further, that said James Richards bore malice against Luke, whom he wished to injure, and did murder. We forbear giving the particulars of the case, inasmuch as Richards is now in prison, and the whole matter is to undergo a judicial investigation.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

NEW ORLEANS CORRESPONDENCE.—It is usual to see, in the correspondence of the Northern papers from this city, the most extravagant abuse of our citizens and institutions; written, too, with almost utter disregard of truth. This is so generally the case that any thing different, which we find, stands out in bold relief, as it were, and gives us a favorable impression of the writer. Such a correspondent we notice in the Raleigh Register under the signature of "Cosmopolite." This intelligent writer, who is a Protestant, in noticing many peculiarities of New Orleans, pays a compliment as fine as it is merited to that self-devoted and benevolent order, the Sisters of Charity. So just is this need of praise that we cannot but publish it as a part of it. The writer also alludes in favorable terms to our various and delightful watering-places.—*Picayune.*

ON THE DEATH OF Miss VIRGINIA SCOTT.

WASINGTON, August 30, 1845.
COME TO THE SOUTH!
By A. R. MEW, Esq., OF ALABAMA.
Oh! come to the South, sweet beautiful one,
'Tis the climate of the heart, 'tis the shrine of the sun,
Where the sky ever shines with a passionate glow,
And the flowers spread their treasures of crimson and snow;
Where the breeze o'er bright waters, wafts incense along,
And gay birds are glancing in beauty and song;
When summer smiles over, o'er mountain and plain,
And the best gifts of Eden are bestowed remain!
Oh, come to the South,
The shrine of the sun,
And dwell in its bowers,
Sweet, beautiful one.
Oh! come to the South, and I'll build thee a home,
Where winter shall never intrusively come,
The gold-fruited orange, the myrtle and pine,
The cold-fruitful orange, the ruby-gemmed vine,
Shall bloom round thy dwelling, and shade thee at noon,
While birds of all music keep amorous tune;
By the gush of glad fountains, we will rest us at eve;
No trouble to vex us, no sorrow to grieve!
Oh, come to the South,
The shrine of the sun,
And dwell in its bowers,
Sweet, beautiful one!

IN FAVOR OF MARRIAGE.
Powers, the Sculptor, writing to a friend of what some people call the folly of marrying without the means to support a family, expresses frankly his own fears when he found himself in this very position; but, he adds with characteristic candor, "to tell you the truth, however, the family and the poverty have done more to support me, than I have to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions that I hardly thought myself capable of, and often, when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero, not for myself, but my wife and little ones. I have now as much work to do as I can execute, unless I can find some more assistance in the marble; and I have a prospect of further commissions."
The truth as expressed above by the gifted sculptor is like a similar remark we heard made not long since by a gentleman of Boston, says the Transcript, who tried matrimony in the same way, and found afterwards that the loose change in his pocket which he had before squandered in foolish notions, young men's whims—as he called them, was enough to support a prudent wife, who, by a well regulated economy had proved a fortune in herself, and had saved an enormous sum in money for her once careless husband. "A wife to direct a man towards a proper ambition and to a genteel economy," he said, "was like a timely succor at sea, to save him from destruction on a perilous voyage."
KISSING.—The 'Yankee Blade,' which is as sharp and as keen as one of genuine Damascus manufacture, thus comments upon kissing. We appeal to the experience of all our readers who know any thing of kissing, if he has not cut right into kissing—skillfully dissected the science of the thing.—*N. O. Pic.*
The sweetness of kissing (quoit this Yankee Blade) depends with us altogether on the slyness of the thing. Take our word for it, the stolen draughts are most delicious. We would rather be 'cut up into catfish bait' than kiss a girl in company. Besides, there is great danger in the promiscuous kissing which is indulged in at parties. Ten to one, if your lips do not at the very moment after they have been revelling in the most ecstatic enjoyment, come pop! upon those of some old maid, so sour that you cannot get the taste of the bittern out of your mouth for a week. No, no! kissing in public is not the way to manage the thing; it destroys the reverence with which man delights to wrap the wondrous sex, and none but a bungler will resort to it.—If you wish to enjoy a kiss in all its raptures—a kiss at once delicate, airy and spiritual, yet one that will cause every pulse in your body to thrill with ecstasy, get your little charmer to a corner of a sofa, before a cozy fire on a freezing night, steal your arms round her waist, take her hand gently in your own, and then, drawing her tenderly towards you, kiss her with a long, sweet kiss, as if you were a bee sucking honey from a flower! There's true kissing for you.

NURSERY PHILOSOPHY.—The New Haven Herald exclaims:
"Woman what are you whipping that child for? For crying, do you say? That is an original mode of closing the little creature's eyes. Little Brooches is very assuring because he feels bold, and has as much right to feel bold as you. His only playing has sustained irreparable damage, and his grief is poignant. Did you experience but a tinge of the grief which now agitates the little bosom, you would sulk and sulk for whole days, while he blows it straight out, and in fifteen minutes it is over with. How would you like to be whipped for indulging in your peculiar sport in your own way? And what though his punishment is somewhat clamorous? What if he does straddle in the middle of the room, or has his tears washing clean streaks down his countenance? His mouth wide open, shaking forth the words, 'neighborhood his imitations?' his go-cart broken down and he don't care who knows it!"