

THE NORTH-CAROLINA STAR.

THOMAS J. LEWIS, Editor.

NORTH CAROLINA—“Powerful in intellectual, moral and physical resources, the land of our sires and home of our affections.”

TERMS—Two Dollars in Advance.

VOL. XLIV.

RALEIGH, WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1853.

NO. 15.

TERMS—If paid in advance, \$2 per an-
num, \$3 50 if paid within six months; and \$5 at
the end of the year.
ADVERTISING—1 Square (16 Lines) First Insertion
\$1 at 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Cultivator.

HOW TO MAKE ONE FARM EQUAL TO THREE.

G. T. Stewart Esq., in a recent Address before the Ohio Agricultural Society thus speaks on the subject.

Many farmers who are destroying the productivity of their farms by shallow work, as they find that their crops are diminishing, think only of extending their area by adding acres of surface, as if they supposed that their deep does only give them a right six inches deep of earth. If they will take those deeps, study their meaning, and apply the lessons to their fields, they will soon realize in themselves the fact that the law has given them these farms where they supposed they had but one—in others that the subsoil brought up and combined with the top soil and enriched with the atmospheric influences, and those other elements which agricultural science will increase three-fold, the measures of its productivity. To show to what an extent the fertility of the soil can be increased, in the year 1850, there were no competitors for the premium corn crop of Kentucky, each of whom cultivated 10 acres. Their average crop was about 122 bushels per acre. At that time the crop of wheat per acre in the harvest of Great Britain, on a soil cultivated for centuries is about double that proposed on the virgin soil of Ohio. Why is this? Simply because British farmers are educated men, and apply work wisely. They pay back to the earth what they borrow; they endeavor by every means in their power, to enrich their ground and in return it enriches them. If our farmers, instead of laboring to double their farms, would endeavor to double their crops, they would find it a vast saving of time and toil, and an increase of profits.

Many of them never think of digging ten inches into the soil, nor do they have dreamed of a crack of gold hid in the earth; but if they would set about the work of digging in earnest, every man would find his creek of gold in the aid of winds and dews.

We have a great advantage over the British farmers in the fact that our farmers nearly all hold the lands which they cultivate, in fee simple, while in England they are chiefly tenants, hiring the lands of the nobility, paying enormous rents to the proprietors, besides heavy taxes to government. Taxes here are comparatively light, and our farmers are their own landlords. Hence they have been able to pay three fold wages for labor to those paid in Europe, pay the cost and transportation, and yet under sell the British farmers in their own market.

GUANO AND PLASTER ON CORN AND CLOVER.

We promised our subscribers to give them, in our present number, some account of an experiment made by us in the course of the last year, with Guano and Plaster on corn and clover. The corn land experimented on, was a tea acre of a field of about thirty—the whole much exhausted, and “worn out” some years since, and hence grown up in sedge and prostrate grass. That manured was considered the poorest part of the field. In the previous winter the land was plowed with one of Rogers, Nourse & Mason's Centre draft plows, which run from 5 to 9 inches deep, and completely reversed the soil. This plow was followed by a one-horse sub-soil sopper, which runs some three or four inches deeper, turning in the whole from eight to ten inches. The soil of the part experimented on is somewhat light, having a due admixture of sand. The subsoil a stiff clay. The land thus prepared lay until the usual time of planting, when it was laid off with a short narrow plow at a distance, and in this furrow, the corn was planted three feet apart on the row, and covered by ridging lightly on it; care being taken not to disturb the light coat of vegetable matter that had been buried by the turning plow. And we will here state that, for the same reason the crop was cultivated altogether superficially with the cultivator and sweep, on time each, with one hoeing. Mark this, brother farmers, and reflect how much labor might be saved in the culture of our crops by properly preparing the land. For we assure you, from our own experience, that land having but a light coat of vegetable matter on it, thus prepared will need no plow in cultivating the crop—nor, even if it is stiff and heavy, it will not run together so as to require a second, third, or fourth breaking, except the crust that forms on the surface, which may, and should be broken with a cultivator, harrow, or sweep, only; and with either of which may be pushed over rapidly and with comparatively light labor to both men and horse. Excuse this digression, and we will proceed to state how our manure was prepared, applied, and the result. In preparing our compost we used the Peruvian guano and plaster of Paris, ground, coal dust or rather the scrapings from the coal-house floor, which was passed through a coarse grain sieve and leach water, in the following order and proportions. First, a bushel of coal dust (as we shall term it) spread to about two inches thickness; second, one gallon (1 peck) guano, spread uniformly over the coal bed; third, the same quantity (probably twice as much as was used last of plaster) fourth, one bushel of coal dust fifth, half a bushel of leach water. The same course was continued until the quantity of guano and plaster proved to be exhausted. The heap thus formed, remained undisturbed for two weeks, when it was shoveled over, and we were convinced at the time should have been done earlier, in order to prevent the setting of the plaster which we were not able to reduce to powder. This setting, we presume, was occasioned by the moisture imparted from the damp coal dust, and might have been prevented by shoveling over the heap immediately after it was finished.

The Application.—Of this mixture we spread in a circle of 18 to 24 inches diameter, around each hill of corn, when six inches in a foot high, one gill, a d followed with a light cultivator, as we do on each side of the corn as could be not to tear it up. This partially covered and mixed the compost with the soil. In this it was left, through a drought of some weeks, without apparent benefit. After the first rain, however, we saw that the corn was taking the start of

that in the same field not manured. It continued to gain on it to the maturity of the crop, and resulted in a gain, or 24 per cent, over the unmanured portion. Which was ascertained by gathering two rows manured, leaving two, one manured and one unmanured. The corn was measured in the ear only, and the manured rows not only measured more, but was better in appearance than that from the unmanured rows.

By calculation it will be ascertained that the quantity of both guano and plaster applied to the hill, was but the one eleventh part of a gill, or one twenty second part of a gill of each. Consequently there being 2924 hills, five by three, in an acre, it will only require about half a bushel of each guano and plaster to an acre.

THE IRISH POTATO.

We were to take up an agricultural paper published in Ireland, and find full and ample directions how to make Ireland more perfect, should we not be considered green if we attempted to follow the direction in this hot climate of the South. So it is with the Irish Potato. Although originally a Southern plant yet it has been brought to present-day perfection in the moist, cool latitudes of the North; and, to succeed well with it we must approximate as nearly as possible to those cool latitudes. If we plant the potato in the earth, after the manner of the North, they make good early potatoes, but by the time they have matured, and should be at the height of their maximum perfection, from the excessive heat of the soil, they have become watery, and when cooked, more resemble bait of fish than human food. To have good Irish potatoes in this warm climate, plant them under straw any time from Christmas until March. Break up the ground in the usual manner, and manure it well with any good manure, decomposing vegetable substances are best. Open furrows six inches deep, eight inches apart fill the furrow nearly full of any well rotted manure. The potato should have been cut once in two at least two weeks before planting; plant the potato cut side down, on the manure in the furrow, twelve inches apart; cover the whole bed with wheat or oat straw the deeper the better, and the more potatoes there will be. The next rain beats down the straw, moisture is engendered next the earth, and an even temperature is preserved, keeping the potato cool, and giving it that peculiar mealy quality, without which an Irish potato is the meanest of all human food. No fears need be entertained but that the tops will find their way through the straw; they will find the light, and the potato will make as high up in the straw as the moisture comes. There is no after-culture after planting; the yield is great, and the quality equal to the best imported. Who will put potatoes when they can have nearly potatoes!—Oxford, Pa., 1852.

INDIAN CORN.

This crop is of paramount importance to the people of the South. It is the greatest supporter of farm stock, and from it most of our bread is manufactured; but still there is much to be learned in its cultivation. The great secret in producing heavy crops consists in preparing the ground for the reception of the seed. One acre properly put in will yield more than four bushels—hence the necessity of paying more attention to the mode of cultivating than the amount employed. One acre well tilled, will give from 80 to 100 bushels, but carelessly performed, 30 bushels is a fair average crop. Let the land be plowed early and very deep, manure it with twenty loads of stable litter to the acre, if it can be had; plow it in lightly, plant early, keep between the weeds by the use of the cultivator, harrow and hoe, and no other labor is necessary to make a heavy crop if the season is propitious. When there is a large amount of unfermented vegetable matter, lime and ashes will be serviceable as top dressings. If the land is a tenacious clay, sand might be hauled on with advantage. Have a deep, rich, loamy bed for the millions of radicles to go abroad and uninterrupted seek nourishment, and the rich harvest will tell well for the kind of treatment.—Southern Cultivator.

MANAGEMENT OF POULTRY.

See that their houses are kept clean; sprinkle plaster over the floor of their houses; scrape the floors once a week; and put the manure away in a dry place, covering each layer or soot away with a few inches of mould of some kind. If you manure thus, you will be surprised in the spring at the quantity of manure you have thus made, and as it is among the most fertilizing kind, susceptible of being made on the farm, you should make it a part of your system to save it all.

A RIVAL TO TEA.

The Singapore Free Press recommends the use of the coffee leaf as a substitute for the berry. The writer appears to be an English planter of the Dutch settlement of Padang, in Sumatra, where the coffee plant has been cultivated for several generations, and where it is now produced in larger quantity, and of better quality than in any country of the Malay Islands, Java excepted. The coffee plant is an ever-green large shrub; which yields a profusion of leaves, and bears fruit for about twenty years. The leaf, and twigs, have, in a minor degree, the stimulating and exhilarating property as the berry, and its habitual use by the natives of the country, agricultural Malays of very simple habits, and little amenable to innovation, shows that they at least find the coffee leaf to make a wholesome and agreeable beverage.

PLENTY OF ICE.

There is an fair chance will see plenty in the vicinity of Boston, next season. It is estimated that within an area of ten miles of Boston, there are not less than half a million tons of superb quality.

Boston, March 30.—Ramsted & Co.'s foundry in Duxbury, Mass., was destroyed by fire last night—loss \$50,000.

SLAVERY ISSUE.—Facts are Stubborn Things.

With today's impress we continue for the further information of the readers of the "Cotton Plant" our array of facts. In the XIII. volume of the JOURNAL OF THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, we find a "Statistical account of the laboring population inhabiting the buildings at St. Pancras, erected by the Metropolitan Society for improving the dwellings of the poor." The paper was read before the section at Birmingham, September, 1849, by Lieut. Col. W. H. Sykes, F. R. S. The paper commences by stating that Mr. Benjamin Heywood, President of the Statistical Society of Manchester, in September, 1844, communicated to the Society at Edinburgh the results of inquiries into the condition of 4,102 families of workmen in Manchester. "It was shown," says the writer, "that of the houses occupied 2,597 were not comfortable." The late Bishop Norwich submitted to the same society a paper in June, 1835, on the receipts and expenditure of laborer's families taken from villages in Cheshire, in which was shown that the average expense per head per diem, for food in the parish of Holyhead in Anglesey was only 2d. On May 13th, 1837, Mr. Rawson read a paper on the state of the poor inhabitants of Galilee in Yorkshire, London. "The average number of souls in a House was 34, and in a room 4; but in one room there were 13; and in 76 individuals, 61 occupied only part of a room, and of 199 rooms, 50 were occupied by more than one person." Before the statistical section of Liverpool, in September, 1837, Mr. Langton read a paper on the inhabited courts and cellars in Liverpool. The courts were 2,271 and the cellars 7,493, dark, damp, confined, and tenanted by nearly 3,000 souls." In July, 1838, Mr. J. P. Kay, assistant poor law commissioner, gave an account to the Statistical Society of the state of 539 families house to house visitation.

In the British association in the same year at New Castle, Mr. Cargill gave a report embracing amongst other things, the condition of the poorer classes. It contained the following paragraph:

"In many parts of the parish our assistance is found in the dwellings, these dirty and miserable without the semblance of order or comfort, while families occupying a single room, and living in an atmosphere to him of a nature to be unendurable."

In the same year a committee of the Statistical Society of London reported upon the state of education in George's, St. James' and St. Ann's, having formerly reported upon the parishes of St. Martin's-in-the-fields and Strand Union. The condition of the dwellings was less an object than the state of education; but 5,291 poor families were visited, in cases of most distressing poverty generally spoken of, but details not given. At the meeting of the British association, in August 1838, Mr. McDowell reported upon 306 cottages at Romsbottom, near Bury, one of the best districts of Lancashire. In 137 there was one bed room only, and 172 there were two. "These rooms" are very large, and the inmates are shrouded like dry goods, and stored away like pigs. In one room there were 777 individuals of all ages, both sexes and every condition crowded together, breathing an air of impure excrement with filthy walls and discolored floors. Some of the families occupied by 123 individuals. Some of the families occupied one bed room, consisted of from 8 to 13 individuals. "Similar reports," says the writer, "are made from Penryn—from three parishes in Rutlandshire—by statistical society of Manchester, in which the following revolting comparison of the bed-commodations in Rutland, and Dakerfield and Bury, in Lancashire:

Rutland, 14 par. of 14 par. of families have more than 2 per. to a bed.	
Bury, 23 "	
Dakerfield, 23 "	
Bury, 23 "	

Mr. Bowler Tripp communicated an elaborate report to the statistical section at the British association, on the 29th August 1839, on the condition of the working classes in Bristol, exhibiting the condition of 6,030 families and upwards of 20,000 persons; 3,928 houses were examined; 556 families occupied each of a room only, and 2,444 families each only one room, the average number to a family being 3-46 souls, thus holding together in one foul den over 7,000 human beings. The state of the premises, ventilation and supply of water, was generally very bad or defective. In 1839 a report upon the condition of the inhabitants of Leeds was made. It is sufficient to quote the following passage:

"In some instances there are from 5 to 6 persons in each bed; that there are generally 2 or 3, and frequently without separation of sexes, or consideration as to age, brother and sister, up to adolescence, sleeping commonly in the same room, and not unfrequently in the same bed."

On the 16th March, 1840, a committee of the Statistical Society of London reported upon the state of the working classes in the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John Westminster: 275 families had 289 beds, but as the families consisted of 1,112 persons there were about three persons to a bed. "Whole families," says the report, "were emigrated in one room, and of these there were 3,992; and 1,054 families had two rooms." We find from a prospectus issued by a "Metropolitan association for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor," that evidence was produced before a parliamentary committee, "disregarding a state of habits and dwellings connected with the domestic habits and dwellings of the poor in the cities and densely populated districts, fearful to contemplate." (See the language of the report.) "Many districts (tenanted by the industrious classes) do not possess a single sewer or drainage of any kind. In numerous cases, whole families—parents, sons and grown-up daughters—and in some even two or three families reside together, day and night, in a single room."

WASHINGTON INCIDENTS.

According to long established usage, the President receives the visits of ladies and gentlemen on Tuesdays. It is stated that at his reception on Tuesday last, a hungry and impatient office seeker, after saluting him, told him that he wanted an office, upon which after a polite bow, and "very well, sir," the President sidled off into another part of the room. There, the "he" encountered a deputy from Baltimore, headed by the Mayor of the city, who was commencing a speech, but manifesting the embarrassment so often exhibited, on such occasions, the President cut it short by requesting his Honor to introduce him to the rest of the Committee, which saved him, too, the trouble of a response. Many such amusing incidents, and all frequent in the extra Metropolitan part of survey, in

MISCELLANEOUS.

A STARTLING EVENT IN FASHIONABLE LIFE IN CINCINNATI.

The Cincinnati Atlas tells the following: A MODERN TIMON.—A little incident occurred in one of the circles of Upper-tendom of this city, a few evenings since, which served for the time, to relieve the platitudes of fashionable life, and which is perhaps as worthy of record as many events of far lighter apparent importance. A young gentleman, well known in the upper walks, determined, by way of return for the many invitations which he had received during the winter, to give an entertainment, and issued his invitations accordingly. By means of some mysterious agency, but, of rather perhaps through his well known character as a bon vivant, it came to be understood that the fashionable hotel to which he had bidden his friends was to be the scene of one of the most stuporous and most luxuriant of festivals, and as a matter of course, the high livers, with an accord determined to assemble and do ample justice to his hospitality.

The evening arrived, and with it came the party, who were received with that cordial suavity for which the hero of our story is so much distinguished, and many thanks were poured upon the visitors for their kindness in coming to relieve the tedium of his bachelor lodgings. When they were all assembled, he informed them, with some appearance of concern, that he had not succeeded in procuring the attendance of a band of music for the dance, but that he had been able to enlist the services of a violin player; and knowing that it was rather the pleasure of seeing him than of enjoying luxuries of any kind that they had assembled, he was sure that they would overlook the omission. This was taken in good part and the dance went on, apparently to the satisfaction of all.

At twelve o'clock the party were conducted to the supper room, where was seen a table beautifully spread with most elegant dishes, all of which were covered. Unmovable, behind each chair stood a servant, watching the eye of the master of the feast, and ready to act in concert at his signal. He arose, thanked his friends again for their attendance, which he was assured was in honor to himself and not merely on account of his entertainment, hoped they had enjoyed themselves so far, in spite of the defects in his arrangements, expressed a wish that what remained would be equally to their taste, and ended by declaring his conviction that their friendship for himself was so great and so sincere that they would not even notice any little shortcomings that might occur in what was to ensue. A signal to the servants followed—the dishes were uncovered—and the table was found to be beautifully spread with choice and delicate. The consternation of those who had been saving their appetites for a terrific, collared oysters and other luxuries of an imaginary bill of fare was, may be better imagined than described. One hero was perfectly cool, and proceeded to do the honors of the table with his usual grace and eloquence, and a few of the company had the good sense to relish the joke, to applaud the spirit with which it was undertaken and carried out, and to make a hearty meal of the somewhat simple provender with which the table was so amply supplied.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

Some writer in the Cleveland Plaindealer holds a felicitous pen in describing scenes of simple, domestic, every day life, the very tenderness and beauty of which are in their simplicity and reality. As an example of our remarks, we solicit a perusal of the appended sketch:

As the cars in which we were recently travelling halted at a station, our attention was attracted by a beautiful little girl, apparently less than two years of age, who was looking from one of the windows of a house standing but a few feet from the track. She was waiting most patiently, on her sweet, wax face, was painted deeper sorrow than we had ever before seen on the face of an infant such as this. All the while she repeated, with a pathos indecibly mournful, "They have carried away my papa—when will they bring him back?"

Presently a lady whom we instantly recognized as a former acquaintance, came from the house, and entering the car in which we sat, took a seat near us and said, "Did you observe a child at the window?"

"Yes," we replied with a deep interest.

"A fortnight since," rejoined our friend, "the father of that little girl set out for the gold region. She was always anxious to see her father, and the morning fixed upon for her father's departure, she heard the train approaching, climbed to her accustomed place. At that moment the father and mother entered the train, the former with a forced smile upon his feature, and the latter pale and tremulous with suppressed emotion. One pressure to his fond heart, one fervent kiss, and the loved girl only was replaced at the window with a low 'Good-bless you, my darling Emi—' and off she went.

This was evidently the first intimation to the little one of her father's intended departure. At the word she turned quickly, and with a half incredulous expression, from the window surveyed his person, and seeing that he was really equipped for a journey, and returning his parting salutation, "Good-bye, papa—good-bye."

Another moment and the adventurer had entered the cars, which were beginning again to move forward. The young wife and mother turned from the spot where the loved farewell had been exchanged, and re-entered her dwelling with streaming eyes. Instantly the child appeared to comprehend that her father's absence was destined to be not, as usual, a temporary one; the gay smile faded from her intelligent features, and stretching her tiny arms towards her father, who from a window, was casting behind a long look, she cried, in lisping accents: "Oh, please do come back, papa, and take mamma and Emi."

The father who had hitherto succeeded in maintaining external composure, was seen to withdraw his gaze and press a handkerchief to his eyes.

The child has scarcely smiled since. Her pathetic gaze fixed, she has grown pale and thin, and her thoughts are constantly with her absent parent.

IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.

Some of the warmest hearts in the world are to be found among the Irish. Ardent, impulsive, and generous to a fault, as a race they have been sadly abused and grossly misrepresented. No matter who commits a fault, or egregiously blunders, the sin of it is thrust at once upon the broad shoulders of some honest-hearted son or daughter of the Emerald Isle. When the candles begin to burn and "run down" in hot weather, it is Kathleen, sure, that "puts them into the oven to dry" and when her mistress orders red cabbage to be served up for dinner, she "boils it," an' faith! Just so with the eggs—there are five of them to be boiled just three minutes. Cash even knows that three times five are fifteen; so she boils them a quarter of an hour, just "no more" and then when her brother falls overboard and is drowned—don't he take everything with him, even to his new shoes "that cost five shillings, only the lay before!"

Stories like these are simply ridiculous. The Irishman who stands on his head to read the sign over a shop door—because he is near sighted; and his fellow countryman, who always holds the newspaper a side down when reading—because he is left-handed, are of course, mere creations of the fancy. Of a similar stamp is the anecdote often told of a peasant who being assured it was full ten miles to Cork, had his fellow-traveler take compass—"for an' faith, Pat," says he, "barrin' the weather it's only a matter of five miles apiece!" If the truth were known some squinting Yankee—who dare say—would be found, at the bottom of the mischief. For instance—who believes the story of a sick Irishman refusing to take medicines, because he has "often tried them in Dublin, and could never get one to stay on a cough!" But enough of this.

We recollect an instance that occurred last summer, upon one of our railroads, where an Irishman had been at work all day, grading the track and carting gravel with a borrowed wheelbarrow. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the express train came in sight round the bend of a curve, whistling, screaming and making all sorts of outlandish noises to warn people from the track. Pat saw his predicament, at once. His barrow, half-loaded, lay across the rail, and the train—only a few rods distant—was coming on at the rate of forty miles an hour! Grasping the handles, with a mighty effort Pat was speedily restoring his borrowed barrow to a safe distance, when the locomotive struck it on the corner, scattering its broken fragments along the track, and throwing Pat—who still clung to the handles—a couple of rods out one side, where he lay sprawling in the ditch.

"Oh, murderer!"—houted Pat, on coming to his senses—"me poor barrow's smashed!"

"My dear man"—barrin' a bystander—"you were lucky to escape with your life."

"Oh, dear, dear," continued Pat, "it's all to pieces, intirely."

"Oh, never mind the barrow," said his friend, "we'll fix all that."

"Fix it, did ye say. I'm thinking that's not so easy."

"Well, the company'll get you a new one."

"Oh, dear, dear—it's not mine at all—sure I borrowed it of Mike Rooney—'an' how'll I give him the barrow, when he sees me for it?"

Seeing the man anxious only for his barrow, the crowd soon raised five dollars, and Pat marched home with it—happy as a lord—never thinking of his narrow escape from sudden death, in his anxiety to carry Mike the money for his broken barrow.

Another case—which occurred at Porter's Station on the Fitchburg railroad, a day or two since, struck us at the time as somewhat original.

It was a cold, rainy morning—the wind was East—and quite a party had collected in the depot, crowding both rooms, while waiting for the down train for Boston. Everybody had exchanged greetings—stared at the morning papers—discussed the merits of "Hatchie," the "Missing Girl," and "Mus-South."

On the approach of the cars she always takes her place at the window, from which no indulgence can draw her, and watches with eager eyes till she finds that her father has not come, when in a "Yme of sadness truly affecting she repeats, 'They have carried away my papa—when will they bring him back?'"

From the Olive Branch.

"If you know anything to make a brother's heart glad, run and tell it. Anything to cause a sigh, bottle it up, bottle it up."

Yes, I shan't do it! said Miss Nipper.—I've lived on scandal and I shan't this stay year; and a change of diet at my time of life in give prove fatal. It agrees with me, it does! I wouldn't give two punches of snuff to live where nobody jumped over the ten commandments! It's fun alive for me to ferret it out. I may not always hit on the right names of the parties, but that's a trifle. Don't preach to me. One half the world earn their "rules" by living on other folks' vices. If you look into a lawyer's Bible, I guess it would puzzle you to find any such text, as "Blessed are the peacemakers." Don't they earn the salt to their patriage, by setting whole neighborhoods to fire by the carnal. Ain't they in the seventh heavens when they can get hold of a long wadded staff of a family quarrel? Don't they bow, and smile, and smirk, and help you out of the "Slough of Despond" with one hand, while they poke you back with the other? Oh, I tell you Miss Nipper isn't the only mischief-maker. There's a large family of Paul Prys; don't all swear petticoats either. 'Sane of them have masculine names, but a few of 'em or up in the air. Ain't the 'll wind it at it was a body good?—and stands in a direct line from Ananias and Saphira.—Know more about a parish than the parson and his deacons; more about a woman than the father who big her; and more about the world in general than who made it.—Yes, thank goodness, this is (as my sisters say) a wicked world! It would be altogether stupid, if it wasn't suppose there's somebody or other doing something they might not do, about every minute; at least I hope so. I only wish these male gossipers would clear the track and let the Nancy Nipper express train be the first darrer of despatches. (I should like to make some of 'em a present of a petticoat.) You don't catch me knocking under, for speel and embellishment, to anything that sports a hat.—Where's my snuff-box?

INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

The Hon. Robert Windrop, in a late eloquent address to the Alumni of Amherst College, spoke as follows of the press:

Who can calculate the pernicious effect on the community of a single corrupt, licentious newspaper, coining slanders like a mint, changing phrases like the moon, with three hundred and sixty-five opinions in a year, upon every subject which it treats, springing its nightly portions with every variety of obscene and sensual stimulant, controlled by no sense of responsibility, finding its easy way to the knowledge and reward of the young, the ignorant, and the inexperienced, and ministering and pandering to their diseased taste and depraved appetites?

"And who can calculate, on the other hand, the influence which might be produced—let me say it, which is produced—for I have in my mind I thank Heaven, more than one example—by such an engine in the hands of upright, intelligent, independent and conscientious men, espousing an advancing neither ultraism, neither a wild fanaticism nor a bigoted conservatism, with the fear of God before their eyes, with the love of truth in their hearts, and by whom the advancement of knowledge, of morality, of virtue, of righteousness, is not held subordinate to the popularity of the hour, or to the state of the subscription."

AFFECTING SCENE.

Last evening officer Sleeper of South Boston, arrested a woman named Williams, who was fighting in Second street. She was quite intoxicated, and was committed to the watch house. In about an hour after the commitment, the husband of the woman brought to the watchhouse his three children, respectively 4 & 2 years, and three weeks of age. The infant was crying for its mother, the second was shivering with cold, while the oldest seemed to be suffering from some illness, and was perfectly stupid and insensible. The youngest was appeased when given to its mother, and the second soon became warm and comfortable. The eldest grew more ill, and a physician was at last ordered by the officer of the watch.

Dr. Sprague attended and discovered that the child had pricked a quantity of rum. Emetics were applied and for an hour the child vomited incessantly, and for a time it was feared that it would not recover. It finally partially recovered, and the whole family were conveyed home. It was supposed that the little girl obtained the rum during the absence of her mother, from a bottle left on the side board. The girl, as she lay dead drunk, presented an affecting appearance.—She was very handsome, and as she groaned in agony, eyes fixed in her head, dishevelled tresses about her face, her countenance pale and cold as death, and the mother, who could be watching over her, crazy, drunk in a cell in the West room, the scene was most striking.—Boston Transcript, 15th.

SYMPATHY.

A meeting composed principally of Catholic clergy, convened in New York on the 15th inst., for the purpose of expressing the sympathy of the Roman Catholics of the city for the Archbishop of Santa Fe, lately banished from Granada and Dr. Newman, convicted of libel against Dr. Achilli, in the Queen's Bench, London. Chairs and crosses were voted to the former, and contributions proposed for the benefit of the latter. Archbishop Hughes presided over the meeting, and spoke largely of the wrongs and injustice inflicted upon the above mentioned members of the Catholic hierarchy. It will be recalled that Bishop Hughes undertook to criticize and comment at length upon a meeting of a similar nature lately in New York, to express sympathy for the poor persecuted Madril.

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD.

We took a pleasant little jaunt over this road a few evenings ago. The work of relaying has been completed, and it is now a luxury to take a seat in one of the elegant cars with which the road has been furnished, and rattle over the rails at the rate of 80 miles an hour. The increased speed and comfort are rendered the more delightful, by the recollection of trips over the road in bygone days, when the only protection from countless "snake-heads" was the slow gait of the "bumper" engine. But the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad need not only be the terror of travelers, but of engineers and conductors. It is probably surpassed by no road in the South.—Post.