

TERMS OF THE WATCHMAN.

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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR IS SAFE."



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SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 15, 1844.

Miscellaneous.

THE BIBLES GIVEN BY THE BIBLE SOCIETY IN SCOTLAND.

There were four and a half millions in all the British Islands that lay stretching round about upon St. Mary's Loch; and it was the time of religious persecution. Many a sweet cottage stood untenanted on the hill-side and in the hollow; some had been burnt, and some had been broken down by the hands of the spoiler. In the wide and deep silence and loneliness of the mountains, it seemed as if human life were nearly extinct. The birds and beasts, in which the fox had longed, were now the shelter of Christians; and when a lonely figure crept stealthily from one hiding-place to another, on a visit of love to some hunted brother in faith, the crows would hover about him, and the hawk shriek at human steps, now rare in the desert.

When the babe was born, there might be seen to baptize it; or the minister, driven from his kirk, perhaps poured the sacramental water upon its face, from some pool in the glen, whose rocks guarded the persecuted family from the oppressor. But now, now, infrequent, and in the solemn stillness of love. Many died before their time, of minds sunken, and of broken hearts. White hair was on heads long before they were old; and the silver locks of old men were often ruefully soiled in the dust, and stained with their martyred blood.

But this is the dark side of the picture; for, even in their graves, were these people happy. Their children were with them, even like the wild flowers that blossomed about the entrances of their dens. And when the voice of psalms rose up from the profound silence of the solitary place of rocks, the ear of God was open, and they knew that their prayers and praises were heard in heaven. If a child was born, it belonged to the faithful; if an old man died, it was in the religion of his forefathers. The hidden powers of their souls were brought forth into the light, and they knew the strength that was in them for these days of trial. The thoughtless became sad; the wild were tamed; the unfeeling made compassionate; hard hearts were softened, and the wicked saw the error of their ways.

All deep passion purifies and strengthens the soul; and so was it now. Now was shown and put to the proof, the stern, unimpeachable strength of men, that would neither bend nor break; the calm, serene determination of matrons, who, with meek eyes and unblanched cheeks, met the scowl of the murderer, who, with the beauty of maidens, who with smiles received their death, and the mysterious courage of children, who in the inspiration of innocent and spotless nature, sneaked down, among the dew drops on the green sward, and died fearlessly by their parents' sides. Arrested were they in their work, or in their play; and, with other bawdage over their eyes, but imply some clustering ringlet of their sun-kissed hair, did many a sweet creature of twelve summers, ask just to be allowed to say her prayers; and then go, unapprehended, from her cottage door to the breast of her Redeemer.

In those days had old Samuel Grieve and his spouse suffered sorely for their faith. But they left not their own house; willing to die there, or to be slaughtered, wherever God should so appoint. They were now childless; but a little granddaughter, about ten years old, lived with them, and she was an orphan. The thought of death was so familiar to her, that, although sometimes it gave a slight quaking shiver to her heart in its glee, yet it scarcely impaired the natural joyfulness of her childhood; and often, unconsciously, after the gravest or the saddest talk with her old parents, would she glide off, with a light step, a blithe face, and a voice humming sweetly some cheerful tune. The old people looked often upon her in her happiness, till their dim eyes filled with tears; while the grand-mother said, "If this nest were to be destroyed, at last, and our heads in the world, who would feed this young bird in which to flunk her bonnie wings?"

Lilias Grieve was the shepherdess of a small flock, among the green pasturage at the head of St. Mary's Loch, and up the hill-side, and over into some of the neighboring glens. Sometimes she sat in that beautiful churchyard, with her sheep lying scattered around her upon the quiet graves, where, on still, sunny days, she could see their shadows in the water in the loch, and herself sitting close to the low walls of the house of God. She had no one to speak to, but her Bible to read; and, day after day, the rising sun beheld her in growing beauty, and innocence that could not fade, happy and silent as a lark upon the knave, and the blue heaven over her head, and the blue lake smiling at her feet.

"My fury" was the name she bore by the cottage fire, where the old people were gladdened by her glee, and turned away from all melancholy thoughts. And it was a name that suited Lilias well; for

she was clothed in a garb of green, and often, in her joy, the green, graceful plants that grow among the hills, were wreathed round her hair. So was she dressed one Sabbath day, watching her flock at a considerable distance from home, and singing to herself a psalm in the solitary moor; when, in a moment, a party of soldiers were upon a mount on the opposite side of a narrow dell. Lilias was invisible as a green linnet upon the grass; but her sweet voice had betrayed her, and then one of the soldiers caught the wild gleam of her eyes; and, as she sprung frightened to her feet, he called out, "A roe! a roe! See how she bounds along the bent!" and the ruffian took aim at the child with his musket, half in ferocity, Lilias kept appearing, while she flew, as on wings, across a piece of black heathery moss, full of pits and hollows; and still the soldier kept his musket at its aim. His comrades called to him to "hold his hand, and not shoot a poor little innocent child; but he at length fired, and the bullet was heard to whizz past her fern-crowned head, and to strike a bank which she was about to ascend. The child paused for a moment, and looked back, and then bounded away over the smooth turf; till, like a cushat, she dropped into a little birch-fern glen, and disappeared. Not a sound of her feet was heard; she seemed to have sunk into the ground; and the soldier stood, without any effort to follow her, gazing through the smoke towards the spot where she had vanished.

A sudden superstition assailed the hearts of the party, as they sat down together upon a hedge of stone. "Saw you her face, Riddle, as my ball went whizzing past her ear? If she be not one of those hill fairies, she had been dead as a herring; but I believe the bullet glanced off her yellow hair as against a buckler." "It was the act of a gallow's-rogue to fire upon the creature, fairy or not fairy; and you deserve the weight of this hand—the hand of an Englishman—you brute, for your cruelty." And up rose the speaker to put his threat into execution, when the other retreated some distance, and began to load his musket; but the Englishman ran upon him, and, with a Cumberland gripe and trip, laid him upon the hard ground with a force that drove the breath out of his body, and left him stunned, and almost insensible.

The fallen ruffian now rose somewhat humbled, and sullenly sat down among the rest. "Why," quoth Allan Sleigh, "I wager you a week's pay, you don't venture fifty yards, without your musket, down yonder shingle, where the fairy disappeared?" and the wager being accepted, the half-drunken fellow rushed on towards the head of the glen, and was heard crashing away through the shrubs. In a few minutes he returned, declaring, with an oath, that he had seen her at the mouth of a cave, where no human foot could reach, standing with her hair all on fire, and an angry countenance; and that he had tumbled backwards into the burn, and been nearly drowned. "Drowned!" cried Allan Sleigh. "Ay, down; why not? A hundred yards down that bit glen, the pools are as black as pitch, and the water roars like thunder: drowned! why not, you English son of a deer-stealer? Why not? because, who was ever drowned, that was born to be hanged?" And that jest ceased universal laughter, as it is always sure to do, often as it may be repeated, in a company of ruffians; such is felt to be its perfect truth and unanswerable simplicity.

After an hour's quarrelling, and ginging, and mutiny, this disorderly band of soldiers proceeded on their way down into the head of Yarrow, and there saw, in the solitude, the house of Samuel Grieve. Thither they proceeded to get some refreshment, and ripe for any outrage that any occasion might suggest. The old man and his wife, hearing a tumult of many voices and many feet, came out, and were immediately saluted with many opprobrious epithets. The hut was soon rifled of any small articles of wearing apparel; and Samuel, without emotion, set before them whatever provisions he had—butter, cheese, bread and milk—and hoped they would not be too hard upon old people, who were desirous of dying, as they had lived, in peace. Thankful were they both, in their parental hearts, that their little Lilias was among the hills; and the old man trusted, that if she returned before the soldiers were gone, she would see, from some distance, their muskets on the green before the door, and hide herself among the bracken.

The soldiers devoured their repast with many oaths, and much hideous and obscene language, which it was sore against the old man's soul to hear in his own hut; but he said nothing, for that would have been wilfully to sacrifice his life. At last, one of the party ordered him to return thanks, in words impious and full of blasphemy; which Samuel calmly refused to do, beseeching them at the same time, for the sake of their own souls, not to offend their great and bountiful Preserver. "Confound the old canting Covenanters! I will prick him with my bayonet, if he won't say grace!" and the blood trickled down the old man's cheek, from a slight wound on his forehead.

The sight of it seemed to awaken the dormant bloodthirstiness in the tiger heart of the soldier, who now swore, if the old man did not instantly repeat the words after him, he would shoot him dead. And as if cruelty were contagious, almost the whole party agreed that the demand was but reasonable, and that the old hypocritical knave must preach or perish. "Here is a great musty Bible," cried one of them. "If he won't speak, I will gag him, with a vengeance. Here, old Mr. Pedan, the prophet, let me cram a few chapters of St. Luke down your maw. St. Luke was a physician, I believe. Well, here is a dose of him. Open your jaws." And, with these words, he tore a handful of leaves out of the Bible, and advanced towards the old man, from whose face his terrified wife was now wiping off the blood.

Samuel Grieve was nearly fourscore; but his sinews were not yet relaxed, and in his younger days, he had been a man of great strength. When, therefore, the soldier grasped him by the neck, the sense of receiving an indignity from such a slave made his blood boil, and, as if his youth had been renewed, the gray-headed man, with one blow, felled the ruffian to the floor. That blow sealed his doom. There was a fierce tumult and yelling of wrathful voices, and Samuel Grieve was led out to die. He had witnessed such butchery of others, and felt that the hour of his martyrdom was come. "As thou didst improve Simon Peter in the garden, when he smote the high priest's servant, and saidst, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' so now, O my Redeemer, do thou pardon me, thy frail and erring follower, and enable me to drink his cup!" With these words, the old man knelt down unbidden, and, after one solemn look to heaven, closed his eyes and folded his hands across his breast.

His wife now came forward, and knelt down beside the old man. "Let us die together, Samuel; but, oh! what will become of our dear Lilias?" "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," said her husband, opening his eyes, but taking her hand into his: "Sarah, be not afraid." "O Samuel, I remember, at this moment, these words of Jesus, which you this morning read—'Forgive them, Father; they know not what they do!'" "We are all sinners together," said Samuel, with a loud voice; "we two old gray-headed people, on our knees, and about to die, both forgive you all, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. We are ready; be merciful, and do not mangle us. Sarah, be not afraid."

It seemed that an angel was sent down from heaven to save the lives of these two old gray-headed folk. With hair floating in sunny light, and seemingly wreathed with flowers of heavenly azure; with white arms extended in their beauty, and motion gentle and gliding as the sunshine when a cloud is rolled away—came on, over the meadow before the hut, the same green-robed creature, that had startled the soldiers with her singing in the minor; and, crying loudly, but still sweetly, "God sent me hither to save their lives," she fell down beside them as they knelt together; and then, lifting up her head from the turf, fixed her beautiful face, instinct with fear, love, hope, and the spirit of prayer, upon the eyes of the men about to shed that innocent blood.

They all stood heart-stricken; and the executioners flung down their muskets upon the green sward. "God bless you, kind, good soldiers, for this!" exclaimed the child, now weeping and sobbing with joy. "Ay, ay, you will be happy to-night, when you lie down to sleep. If you have any little daughters or sisters like me, God will love them for your mercy to us, and nothing, till you return home, will hurt a hair of their heads. Oh! I see now that soldiers are not so cruel as we say!" "Lilias, your grandfather speaks unto you; his last words are—'Leave us, leave us; for they are going to put us to death. Soldiers, kill not this little child, or the waters of the loch will rise up and drown the sons of perdition. Lilias, give us each a kiss, and then go into the house.'"

The soldiers conversed together for a few minutes, and seemed now like men themselves condemned to die. Shame and remorse, for their cruelty, smote them to the core; and they bade them that were still kneeling, to rise up and go their ways; then, forming themselves into regular order, one gave the word of command, and, marching off, they soon disappeared. The old man, his wife, and little Lilias, continued for some time on their knees in prayer, and then all three went into the hut; the child between them, and a withered hand of each laid upon his beautiful and his fearless head. [Wilson.]

Red Beet Pies.—The red beet generally appears on our tables in an acid and cold form, as a pickle only, whereas if our female friends would take the matter in hand, we doubt not that it may be prepared in a variety of ways, superior to any garden production which we possess—as it is abundantly and easily cultivated, and kept in a state of perfect freshness during the whole year. By a recentral it has been found that pies may be made of it; which are equal if not superior to rhubarb, or from the root. By cutting into square pieces, vinegar and sugar, and other spices if liked, can be added to suit any palate, while it possesses the advantage of furnishing us with a delicate and beautiful pie, and which can grace our tables at any season of the year.—Farm Gazette.

The Earth a Drop of Melted Lava.—One class of Geologists suppose the earth was once a liquid mass, that it was a drop from the sun or some other pretty warm body, and that it has become hard on the surface by moving in cold space until a crust has been formed sufficiently hard to bear a team.

They suppose that the central part still consists of real hot lava, and that it will be many years before the whole turns cold and solid. In proof of this they adduce much evidence to show that the heat of our globe increases as we approach the centre.

From a late English paper we cut the following on the

Thickness of the Crust of the Earth.—The first investigation of importance that presents itself is the thickness of the crust on which we dwell. We have seen by the theory that this ought to be continually increasing, though with increasing slowness, and that there was a time when it was so thin as to be almost in a state of fusion. We have stated that the increase of temperature observed is about one degree Fahr, for every fifteen yards of descent. In all probability, however, the increase will yet be found to be in geometrical progression; as investigation is extended; in which case the present crust will be much thinner than we have calculated it to be; and should this be found to be correct, the ingenious theory will become a subject of more importance, in a geological point of view, than we are at present disposed to consider it. Taking, then, as correct the present observed rate of increase, the temperature would be as follows:—

Water will boil at the depth of 2,430 yards. Lead melts at the depth of 8,480 yards. There is red heat at the depth of seven miles.

Gold melts at 21 miles. Cast iron at 74 miles. Soft iron at 97 miles. And at the depth of 100 miles there is a temperature equal to the greatest artificial heat yet observed; a temperature capable of fusing platinum, porcelain, and indeed every refractory substance we are acquainted with. These temperatures are calculated from Gyton Movers's corrected scale of Wedgwood's pyrometer, and if we adopted them, we find that the earth is fluid at the depth of 100 miles, and little more than the soil on which we tread is fit for the habitation of organized beings.—Polytechnic Review.

A TALE.

Not many years ago a Polish lady of Plebian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishments, won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, solicited her from her father and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?" "You are undoubtedly of the best blood of Poland." "And my fortune and reputation, are they not sufficient?" "Your estate is magnificent and your conduct is irreproachable."

"Then having your daughter's consent how could I expect a refusal?" "This," replied the father, "is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious; what fortune gives at her caprice she takes away. I see no security for the independence and comfortable living of a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter, who is not at the same time master of a trade."

The nobleman bowed and retired silently. A year or two after, the father was sitting at the door, and he saw approaching his house, wagons laden with baskets, and at the head of a cavalcade a person in the dress of a basket maker. And who do you suppose it was? The former suitor of his daughter; the nobleman turned basket maker. He was now master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer in testimony of his skill.

The condition being fulfilled, no further obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not told. The revolution came; fortunes were plundered, and lords were scattered as chaff before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars, some of them teachers; and the noble Pole supports his wife, and father in the infirmities of age, by his basket-making industry.

Irish Potatoes.—A well informed and experienced farmer says, in the Gardener and Practical Florist, that he is well satisfied that the productive power of seed potatoes is much diminished by suffering them to become over ripe, and he gives good reasons for his belief. He digs his potatoes before the vines are dead, and places those intended for seed in pits dug in a shady, airy situation, not more than six bushels in a pit, covers them with straw, and then with earth two or three feet. In greater bulk they may ferment. He says that the great error is late planting and late harvesting; all kinds should be planted very early, and all should be dug as soon as the growth is completed.

THE SABBATH.

"It is obvious that the Sabbath exerts its salutary influence by making the population acquainted with the being, perfections and laws of God; with our relations to him as his creatures, and our obligations to him as rational, accountable subjects, and with our character as sinners, for whom His mercy has provided a Saviour; under whose government we live to be restrained from sin and reconciled to God, and fitted by His word, and spirit for the inheritance above.

"It is by the reiterated instruction and impression which the Sabbath imparts to the population of a nation, by the moral principle which it forms—by the habits of method, cleanliness and industry it creates; by the rest and renovated vigor it bestows on exhausted animals; by the lengthened life and higher health it affords; by the holiness it inspires and cheering hopes of heaven, and the protection and favor of God which its observance ensures; that the Sabbath is rendered the moral conservator of nations.

"The omnipresent influence the Sabbath exerts however by no secret charm or compendious action, upon masses of unthinking minds; but by arresting the stream of worldly thoughts, interests and affections; stopping the din of business; unloading the mind of its cares and responsibilities, and the body of its burdens, while God speaks to men, and they attend and hear, fear, and learn to do His will.

"You might as well put out the sun, and think to enlighten the world with tapers; destroy the attraction of gravity, and think to wield the universe by human powers, as to extinguish the moral illumination of the Sabbath, and break this glorious mainspring of the moral Government of God."

TRUE POLITENESS.

He who has a heart glowing with kindness and good will toward his fellow men, and who is guided in the exercise of these feelings by good common sense, is the truly polite man.—Politeness does not consist in wearing a white silk glove, and in gracefully lifting your hat as you meet an acquaintance; it does not consist in artificial smiles and flattering speech, but in silent and honest desires to promote the happiness of those around you; in the readiness to sacrifice your own ease and comfort, to add to the enjoyment of others. The poor negro woman who found Mungo Park perishing under the palm trees of Africa, and who led him to their hut, and supplied him with food, and lulled him to sleep with their simple songs, were generally polite. They addressed in language of kindness and sympathy; they led him tenderly to their home, and did all in their power to revive his drooping spirit.

A poor drover was driving his bees to market on a winter's day. The cattle met a lady in the path, and apparently unconscious of the impoliteness, compelled the lady to turn one side into the snow. "Madam," said the drover, apologizing for the rudeness of his herd, "if the cattle knew as much as I do, you should not walk in the snow." That drover was, in the best sense of the term, a gentleman, while many a young man, in Washington street, or Broadway, with glove and cane, and graceful step, is a brute.

The man, who lays aside all selfishness, in regard to the happiness of others, who is ever ready to confer favors, who speaks in language of kindness and conciliation, and who studies to manifest those little attentions which gratify the heart, is a polite man, though he may wear a homespun coat, and make a very ungraceful bow. And many a fashionable, who dresses genteelly, and enters the most crowded apartments, with assurance and ease, is a perfect compound of rudeness and incivility. True politeness is a virtue of the understanding of heart. It is not like the whited sepulchre, or like Solomon's far-famed fruit. There are no rules for the exercise of this virtue, more correct and definite than those laid down in the New Testament. There is no book of politeness comparable with the Bible.—Rev. S. C. Abbot.

The Importance of Labour.—The wealth of the world, its high civilization and all its magnificent improvements, have been created and fashioned by the labor and industry of man; the poorest soil and most unfavorable climate are scarce impediments to an industrious and energetic people. Look at Holland, reclaimed from the ocean, fenced in by her embankments and mud walls, literally a smiling garden, where once there was nothing but bogs and ocean waves. Look at Switzerland, contending against the avalanches of snow and ice, and the embolment of mountain masses of rock falling and crushing for miles square every thing before them, having out the hills and mountains in terraces and planted them with vines. Lands, which were before worse than nothing, by this improvement, sell for ten thousand francs per acre.

Greatness.—I am asked who is the greatest man? I answer the best; and if I am required to say who is the best, I reply he that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures. Whether he deserves better of mankind by the cultivation of letters, by obscure and inglorious attainments, by intellectual pursuits calculated rather to amuse than inform, than by strenuous exertions in speaking and acting, let those consider who bury themselves in studies unproductive of any benefit to their country or fellow-citizens. I think not.—Sir W. Jones.

Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; The past is gone, the future is not come, and we attempt to define it.—Cotton.

EFFECTS OF WHIG POLICY.

The receipts of customs at the port of New York alone for the first five months of 1844 (just closed) somewhat exceed \$9,500,000, against some \$1,000,000 in each of the two preceding years. The total collections at New York alone during 1844 will probably exceed \$30,000,000, being considerably more than the entire revenue of the Government for either of the last four years. The entire revenue of this year will almost certainly exceed \$40,000,000, of which over \$15,000,000 (if we keep out of trouble with foreign nations) may be devoted to the reduction of the public debt, which amounted to \$23,000,000 on the first day of January last. Let the tariff be sustained, and Mexico and Texas left to themselves, and the Government may be entirely out of debt again on the 1st of January, 1846.—N.Y. J.

The National Intelligencer of the 6th instant says: "There was a rumor abroad in the halls of the Capitol yesterday that the Secretary of State was in the way of an angry correspondence with the British Minister on some subject or other, supposed to be concerned with Mexico or Texas. We trust that there is no foundation for this report. We doubt very much whether there be. But should there be any foundation for the rumor, it is hoped for the character of our diplomacy, which has gained nothing (to say the least) by recent exposures, that no effort will be made by the Administration to raise up another 'new issue' out of such a correspondence for the miserable purpose of converting it to mere party ends and purposes.

The casual reader of the reports of the proceedings in Congress will have discovered that Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, has disclosed on Tuesday the purpose of the Executive to throw this Texas question into the House of Representatives, in some form or other, before the termination of the Session. It is earnestly to be hoped that we may not find, as a climax to the question, in the form in which it is already before the Public, an angry correspondence, got up for the occasion, such as the rumors at the Capitol and along the Pennsylvania avenue would indicate.

The Columbus (Georgia) Enquirer of the 29th of last month says: "The Democrats ought not to have expected that the Whigs would be drawn from their candidate, or turned from their principles, to go in search of any such potato-patch as Texas. The Whigs want it distinctly understood that they will not jeopardize the success of HENRY CLAY to advance the pecuniary interests of any set of speculators, either in this country or elsewhere."

The National Intelligencer says: "A Sabbath Convention, composed of upwards of five hundred delegates from various parts of Pennsylvania, is now in session at Harrisburg. This body, like the one which met in Baltimore some time since, has been convened for the purpose of promoting a due observance of the Sabbath day.

The result of the recent vote in the Territory of Iowa on the question of forming a State Government, and demanding admission as such into the Union, was as follows: For a State Government 6,976, against it 4,181; majority in favor of the change 2,795.

The New York Evening Post, of the 31st ult., closes an article in reference to the recent "Democratic" Convention thus: "We have no test for the unravelling of these mysteries, but we believe that if the secret history of the Convention for the adoption of the two-third rule, through its various proceedings could be written, a large number of the delegates would stand disgraced in the eyes of their constituents."

The Portland Advertiser of the 27th ultimo says: "Two hundred and fifty-seven vessels were seen in the offing yesterday morning, from the Observatory, bound out east and west, having been detained in our harbor for several days by head winds and fog."

The types made us say yesterday that certain information was transmitted from Washington to Baltimore in 40 minutes. It should have been 40 seconds of course.—True Sun.

The types might well be incredulous.—They never dreamed in their philosophy that news could be conveyed at the rate of a mile a second! The actual time, however, occupied by the electric news carrier in passing from Baltimore to Washington is less than one second. It travels with the rapidity of light. "Puck" undoubtedly thought that he was promulgating great things when he said to Oberon: "I'll put a girle round about the earth 'In forty minutes."

But that is nothing to what Professor Morse and his Magnetic Telegraph can do. They could give "Puck" half an hour's start and beat him easy at that. [Albany Evening Journal.]

Mr. DALLAS, though not an early riser, drew a nomination before he was up on Friday morning. But like the purse of gold which the early riser found in the field, some one had dropped it; who was up before him! [Forum.]

The "Boston Post" gives the following as a climax, occurring in a speech made at an anti-slavery convention in that city, by a zealous but simple-minded African: "My grandfather was a king in Africa—a king! You see before you some of the royal blood. But do Americans come and stow away do son of a king to make a slave of him? What d'ye think of that? Perhaps you don't think much of it; but what would de Americans say if de Algeenes were to come and carry off young Bob Tyler?"

WASHINGTON'S CAMP CHEST.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald gives the following list of the articles contained in Washington's camp chest, lately presented to Congress:

- One pound tea, caddy (tin.)
- One do. coffee (tin.)
- One candlestick and fender-box united.
- Three plated sheet iron side dishes, much worn.
- Six do. plates.
- Three saucepans with moveable handles, one two gallons, and the others smaller.
- One sheet-pan coffee pot.
- One small gridiron, with moveable handle and feet.
- One earthen three half pint tea-pot.
- One small glass tumbler.
- One square glass chest bottle, quart size, with a glass of port wine in it.
- One do. with a little Madeira wine in it.
- One glass chest sugar jar, two quart size, half full of crushed white sugar.
- One three pint glass (apparently) snuff jar—(all the glass is white.)
- One flat glass molasses jar, pint size, with a gill of molasses in it.
- One glass pepper box, with a little pepper in it.
- One do. salt box, do.
- Three small four ounce bottles, with some substances therein unknown, whether medicinal or refreshment.
- The trunk is about 22 inches long and 16 wide, covered with leather, brass nails, and lined with green baize (very coarse) inside. It is fastened with a lock, and a padlock over the keyhole, handle at each end. The whole weighs about forty pounds. The inside is divided off in the fashion of a medicine chest. It has iron fastenings. A description of this trunk has never before been published. It is to be sent to the State Department.