

POETICAL

THOUGHTS IN SICKNESS

From an old Paper. Are these the active lives so oft that strove...

From the Philadelphia Inquirer

The Wedded State—Its Wisdom, Virtue, and Policy.

"Of all the titles, woman fair— Dear woman—here can be— Though all are holy words to me...

Think that some of our young men make a sad mistake, in relation to married life. The timid and nervous among them fancy that to marry is to involve themselves in all sorts of pecuniary responsibilities...

A LARGE ORGAN.

At Freybourg in Switzerland is a very powerful organ, which is well described by a correspondent of the New York Observer.

It has 7800 pipes, some of them 32 feet long, and 94 stops. It is an instrument of power, and though the traveller is compelled to pay eleven francs to hear it on a week day, it is worth the money.

The same correspondent also described two suspension bridges in Freybourg—one remarkable for its great length, the other for its extreme beauty.

under you. The large suspension bridge is supported on four cables of iron wire, each one composed of 1,055 wires.

MARGARET AND THE MINISTER.

A SCOTCH STORY—BY LAURIE R. TODD.

I spent a month in London in 1833. During this period I was engaged every night, Sundays excepted, to some club, society, conversation, or dinner party.

"Miss," said I, "I have been at some fine parties in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Liverpool, but this is carrying the joke a little beyond any thing I have before seen."

"I have heard my father," I replied, relate the story, some fifty years ago. It happened in the parish where he lives."

She was much surprised to hear that he, my father, then lived in his ninety-first year.

"Margaret, the wife of a neighbor farmer—in addition to her load of hens, geese, &c.—brought a small basket of eggs as a present to the minister.

"Nay, nay," said Margaret, I dimna ken her to behave at great folks' tables."

"Oh, never mind," said the minister. "Just do as you see we do."

Margaret was finally persuaded, and sat down at the table. It so happened that the minister was old and well stricken with age, and had, besides, received a stroke of the palsy.

In conveying the spoon from the dish to his lips, the arm being unsteady, the soup was apt to spill; therefore, to prevent damage befalling his clothes, it was his custom to fasten one end of the table cloth to the top of his waistcoat, just under the chin.

Margaret, who sat at the opposite corner of the table, watching his motions, pinned the other end of the table cloth to a strong homespun shawl, under her chin.

She was attentive to every move. The minister deposited a quantity of mustard on the edge of his plate, and Margaret, not observing this *fugal* exactly, carried the spoon to her mouth.

The mustard soon began to operate on the olfactory nerve. She had never seen mustard before, and did not know what it meant.

Just at this moment the girl, coming in with some clean plates, opened the door near which Margaret sat. Margaret at once sprang for the door, upset the poor girl's plates, and all, and swept the table of all its contents, the crash of which added speed to her flight.

Small Talk.

OLD TIMES AND NEW TIMES—THE GREAT SNOW—THE SNOW STORM OF 1717.

"Good morning to you, neighbor; a pretty heavy fall of snow—this, rather difficult getting about."

"Yes, but it seems to me that of late years we do not have as much snow as formerly. Why, I can remember when it used to be good sleighing for six weeks at a time, and people just as much started for a long journey upon runners, as they do now on wheels."

"I remember when I was a boy, and this busy place was but a village, that in going to the school house, which was then out of town, although, if now standing, it would be in a thickly settled neighborhood, that we used to cut across lots, and frequently walked upon the snow crust, over fences, of which the post tops were all that was visible."

"Yes, I remember it too; but now-a-days the youngsters can't find even a drift above their shoulders. Why, thirty years ago, when I used to go to York for goods, I was most always obliged to dig the wood pile out of the snow, and sled, enough into our old kitchen to last the women folks till I came back."

"Well, I must say there is nothing in the line of comfort, which I like more than a good old-fashioned wood fire. Don't you remember what great logs we rolled into the fire-place, the fore-sticks as large round as a man's thigh, and the sizeable cut sticks that filled up the space, and the half bushels of broad chips that shingled the top?"

"Aye, aye, neighbor, and don't you remember of cold evenings, when somebody dropped in, how the gals used to bring up a basket of fine apples, and pass 'em round in an easy old-fashioned way, while the cider in the tall fagon stood hissing hot on the hearth?"

"Well, I don't know how it is; I suspect that both of us have changed a trifle since those days, and things don't appear through spectacles as they did to boyhood's eyes."

"Well, I don't know how it is; I suspect that both of us have changed a trifle since those days, and things don't appear through spectacles as they did to boyhood's eyes."

"Not exactly, though I heard my grandmother say something about it."

"Well, the snow commenced falling in great abundance—the air was so thick with it that you could scarcely see a rod—it rose up on the ground apparently a foot at a time—fences were pretty soon gone—the doors and lower windows of houses were speedily buried—trees seemed to sink down, and hay-stacks dwindled to bee hives."

In this rapid manner it continued to fall for three days and nights, until it accumulated to the depth of at least fifteen feet: in some places, I am told it was full thirty. People were blockaded in their dwellings for many days;—some burned their furniture to cook with till they could get out, which they were obliged to do from the chamber windows. It was an exceedingly difficult matter even then to get wood, and the trees which were then cut down, were found after the snow disappeared, to have been lopped off twelve, fourteen, and some say 18 feet above the ground.

There was a snow storm for ye, Hannah Dingly, a lone woman, who lived out in the fields not far from our town was buried alive in her little shanty, where she remained for six or eight days, subsisting upon a few potatoes which she happened to have by her, and a few ears of dried corn.

She was at last discovered by her neighbors, by the smoke which came from her chimney through a hole which was melted in the snow, and taken out without having suffered much injury, though she had burned up pretty much all her chairs and tables. Eleven hundred sheep belonging to one man, perished. One flock of a hundred was dug out of a snow drift on Fisher's Island, where they had been buried to the depth of sixteen feet.

It was twenty-eight days after the storm before they were found, and it's a curious fact that two of them were alive and apparently well, having subsisted on the wool of the others."

"Well, I hope we shall never see such a storm."

"So do I. Good morning."

THE AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE, A Family Newspaper, published at the Office, 112 Broadway, New York.

The State of Mississippi, LA FAYETTE COUNTY. CIRCUIT COURT—NOVEMBER TERM, 1844

Warrants for sale at this Office.

MRS. S. C. HALL'S

SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER.

IN 24 NUMBERS—AT 12 CENTS EACH.

NO Edition of Mrs. HALL'S far famed Tales and Sketches of Irish Character, has ever been published in this country, although her name and merits are familiar to all readers of light literature, so called.

The work will be completed in about twenty-four weekly numbers. To any one investing in \$2 we will send the whole work by mail, as it regularly appears. Or two copies for \$5, and five copies for \$10.

As it will be published in numbers, at regular periods, it can be sent by mail at periodical postage. Each number will contain only a single sheet, and, therefore, the postage will be light.

For sale at the different Periodical Offices throughout the United States. The Trade supplied on liberal terms. A specimen number will be sent to any one who will write to us, free of postage.

E. FERRETT & Co. Publishers' Hall, No. 101 Chesnut Street Philadelphia.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS. NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT!

ALSOBROOK AND MILLER, Tailors, (late of the City of Raleigh).

HAVING located ourselves in the Town of Salisbury, (permanently), we intend carrying on our business in a style not to be surpassed in the State or out of it.

Reference, Thomas M. Oliver, Raleigh, N. C. Sept. 14, 1844—1926

HALL & HALL. WOULD inform the merchants of the interior that they have in connection with the general business...

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!! THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the business...

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE WATCHMAN OFFICE, J. J. BRUNER & S. W. JAMES.

LETTER PRESS JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, AND IN THE VERY BEST STYLE.

LAND FOR SALE. THE subscriber being determined to remove to the west offers for sale his plantation lying on fourth creek, within two miles of Concord Church, two miles of Liberty Hill, and eight miles Northwest of Statesville, containing 380 ACRES, upon which there is about 100 acres in cultivation; 40 of which is fresh; a good Orchard and a first rate meadow; two DWELLING HOUSES, one barn and other necessary outbuildings; the best kind of a spring; a first rate new SAW MILL AND OIL MILL, now building; and will be finished before possession will be given; a good neighborhood and healthy section of country. Persons fond of machinery and a pleasant situation would do well to call and view the premises, as they will see that no other plantation can be improved in section of country with equal soil and improvements. Terms accommodating. SILAS D. SHARPE, Liberty Hill, Irwell co., May 30, 1844

THE AMERICAN REVIEW. The first edition of the first number of the "AMERICAN REVIEW" has been rapidly circulated, and is now in great demand.

THE following is from the original Prospectus issued at Washington by the Whig Members of the Twenty-Seventh Congress:

"Earnestly approving of the plan of such a National organ, long needed and of manifest importance, the undersigned agree to contribute for its pages, from time to time, such communications as may be requisite to set forth and defend the doctrines held by the united Whig Party of the Union—Geo. T. Loring, D. D. Barnard, J. K. Ingalls, E. Joy Morris, T. J. Marsh, D. D. Barnard, J. K. Ingalls, Daniel Webster, Robert C. Winthrop, Thomas Butler King, Hamilton Fish, J. P. Kennedy, J. Colman, John J. Harlan, Wm S. Archer, Rufus Choate, Alexander H. Stephens."

"In addition to these, a number of able writers have been enlisted for its various other departments, so that every No. besides short political articles, will contain about 60 pages of Literary Miscellany in History, Biography, Criticism, Fiction, Poetry, Statistics, Science and the Arts. No pains will be spared, or means left unemployed, to make it the first of American periodicals."

"No. 1 has been for some time before the public. It is published forth under great disadvantages, but we are willing to abide by the impression it may make. It is intended as a rule to give only three or four Engravings in the year; but to these the cost of a dozen of the usual kind will be expended. No. 1, however, is embellished with two (reproductions of) the most beautiful of the most beautiful of our Midland States, and prepared to contain a finished likeness and sketch of one who has been for many years an honor to the nation. Its articles also are from some of the ablest pens among us."