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THE EMBALMED HUSBAND.

Perhaps there are few efforts more futile than the attempt to nourish and cherish a grief. Sorrow is not to be governed. It comes; and, in the generality of cases, it will go. As a case in point, we extract the following translation from the French, from the Boston Bee:

"A young and beautiful woman, after three years of marriage, lost her husband without her dearest loved. By means of a nurse she succeeded in keeping, despite the law the body of him she wept with bitter tears, and should forever deplore. The nurse took away the empty bier and the planks of dead wood. The husband, duly embalmed, reposed on a parade bed like a relic of the altar. The chamber was lit by black; a lamp was kept burning through the night and day. The widow alone had the key of this sanctuary, and repaired thither to nourish her grief.

"All went on well for a year, when one day the young and charming widow began to look through the clouds of sorrow and caught a fresh glimpse of joyous life beyond. Soon her visits to the sanctuary became shorter and less frequent; and when the defunct husband became to be regarded as rather an inconvenient commodity. In renewing the furniture of her apartment, the widow was led to change the use of the chamber, which she had converted into a chapel. Still full of respect and deference for the defunct, she placed it like a Stradivarius or Amati, in a cedar box lined with velvet, the key of which she suspended to her waist, promising herself to go and converse with the deceased daily. For some months she kept her promise faithfully, opening the cedar box and kneeling and praying with her countenance fixed on the dead one. A while after, she forgot to pray. The following year an advantageous offer presented. The character of the suitor, his fortune and family, promised a suitable match,—and then, as is well known, 'a living dog is better than a dead lion.' But what was to be done with the precious and bedewed with so many tears, and which had listened to so many prayers.—The marriage having been agreed upon, where to hide it that it might not wound the sight of the new bridegroom?—After several days of consideration, the widow resolved on stowing it away in the garret.

The new honeymoon had hardly passed, when the husband wished to take his wife to Italy. The time of departure approached; in taking away the trunks and baggage, the valet by mistake took the precious casket, and deposited it at his master's feet. After in vain seeking for the key, the husband called his wife and asked what furs and laces were so carefully packed in that box. She became embarrassed and remained speechless.—He seized with a sentiment of jealousy and suspicion that this mysterious box contained some accusing correspondence, he opened the lock and found himself face to face with his predecessor, who had been his best friend. His astonishment may be imagined, and the confusion of the widow who was to remain forever inconsolable. Happily the new husband was of a liberal temper, and took every thing contentedly.

"My dear," said he, turning to his young wife, "allow me to address you one prayer. I die before you, do not with me as you were done with my predecessor. The only way to prolong the life of those we are loved, is to preserve some faithful reminiscence of them. It belongs to memory alone to embalm the dead."

From the Albany Cultivator.

—PLOUGHING FOR WHEAT.

But few farmers are willing to undertake the purchase and use of the subsoil plough, but all may adopt the practice of ploughing by the ordinary method. In many parts of the country, the soil may be much improved in its wheat-raising capacity, by throwing up and mixing with the surface, a small portion of the subsoil. In some instances this has been attended with strikingly successful effects. In one case, where the subsoil has been thrown up to the surface, the increase in the growth of wheat has been almost incredible. A portion scattered the earth taken from a subsoil plough over the surface for many feet on each side. Afterwards, when the crop of wheat was harvested, the portion covered with subsoil plough had been thus covered with subsoil, and yielded from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre. In this case, the soil was of a heavy, and the subsoil somewhat clayey, and contained a small portion of carbonate of lime, effecting slightly in the operation rendered the soil stronger, firmer, and better adapted to the growth of wheat. Doubtless large portions of our country might be thus greatly and perhaps permanently improved, and the soil of such nature, thus lying in a dormant state, beneath the surface of the soil. But there may be other subsoils not of this nature, but actually detrimental, and the necessity of discriminating and

strike. The white operatives in a iron manufactory in Richmond, Va., assembled together and resolved to no longer, unless the negroes in the manufactory were taken away. The proprietor returned to them a mild answer, but refused to accede to their request. Whether the reason of these operations was, that they felt the degradation of working by the side of negro slaves, or that they thought slave labor had an effect to reduce their own wages, we are not informed.—Greensboro' Patriot.

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR IS SAFE."



RULES. DO THIS AND LIBERTY IS SAFE. Genl. Harrison.

NEW SERIES, NUMBER 8, OF VOLUME IV.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1847.

HUMANITY OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

The following extract from a letter written by Capt. Looser, and published in a late number of the Reading Journal, is an interesting evidence of the humanity of our volunteers to a conquered enemy:

"One poor fellow, when the line halted, (he was carrying a large bundle,) seated himself upon the ground and actually ate the grass with seeming pleasure; one of the soldiers then gave him some water; he drank largely, and by motions thanked him, and returned again to the grass. Gen. Worth, just then passing, stopped and ordered one of the men, who happened to have some crackers with him, to give the poor fellow some. This was done; the man ate more like a maniac than a Christian; when he had finished he fell upon his knees and thanked him. Some one who spoke Spanish asked him when he had last eaten; he said that for five days he had not eaten water, had passed his lips.

Another and more affecting case occurred a few moments after, as I was walking down towards the city. A quite well dressed Spaniard came up to one of our soldiers who was standing guard over the arms that the Mexicans had stacked, eating a small piece of cracker, and offered him fifty cents for it. The soldier refused his money, but gave him a whole cracker, (you must understand that a soldier's cracker is about five inches square.) The man thanked him and turned again toward the city, when there came running to him three little boys and a girl clapping their hands in joy. The father divided the cracker with his little ones into four pieces, (this occurred not more than 30 feet from the soldiers,) and turned again to get another. The guard was looking on, and sticking his musket into the ground left his post to meet him, (this act under ordinary circumstances is punishable with death,) and gave him another. The man put his hand into his pocket and offered him four or five dollars in silver; this he still refused, and while they were thus engaged the little ones again came up, and the soldier was shaking hands with them, when into the party came their mother, with a little infant in her arms. The little ones actually commenced dividing their small portion of probably two days food with their mother. The scene was too romantic and affecting for many a stout Yankee heart standing by, particularly our hero, with his face twisted in every possible shape except that for laughing; the soldier emptied the contents of his haversack upon the ground in their midst, and broke away, (spite of the man's endeavors to retain him while he thanked him) wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve, more like a school boy whipped than one who had manfully stood a three days' campaign from nearly two hundred guns. The shout that was sent up from that crowd was almost as loud as the one that proclaimed the unfolding for the first time of the stars and stripes upon the walls of San Juan de Ulloa.

A correspondent of the "Boston Post," who writes from Fayetteville, N. C., and signs himself "Communi-paw," tells the following good anecdote of Judge Battle, of this State:

"While I was stopping in Georgia, Dr. E. L. de Graffenried, who used to reside here, told me an anecdote of Judge Battle, of this State, which shows the humor that grave judges will sometimes indulge in. At a small county town where the court was in session, Judge Battle presiding, a circus was advertised to perform; and on the morning of opening the court, the streets were filled with the circus company, with their band of music, and the din thereof was so great as seriously to disturb the court. The judge stopped proceedings, and says, 'Mr. Sheriff, just go out and invite the captain of that company to come into the courthouse for a few minutes.' The sheriff went out, and in a few minutes returned with his 'guest.' His honor turned to the 'show-man,' and says, 'can you tell me the meaning of all the tooting that we hear around this house?' But the superintendent of the 'ground and lofty tumbling' did not choose to put himself to the trouble to answer the judge's questions very satisfactorily, and was for his 'contempt' ordered into 'duress vile.' 'Mr. Sheriff, just conduct this man to the jail, give him comfortable quarters and good fare, till he has grown cool.' The command was obeyed, and the captain was kept for twenty-four hours, and the next morning was ordered before the judge again. 'Well, sir,' says his honor, 'are you cool?' 'Yes, sir, I think I am.' 'Do you think you are perfectly?' 'I believe I be.' 'Well, sir, then please notice that the judge of the Cumberland Superior court desires no more tooting on those brass horns of yours.' 'Yes, sir.' 'And bear in mind that this is Judge Battle that tells you this. If you should ever come near his residence, Mister William H. Battle would be glad to see you and hear some of your music; but the 'Judge' does not like to be interrupted while in the discharge of his duty. Sir, I wish you good morning.' The captain of the 'brass things' bid his honor a 'very good morning,' and he was careful, after he mounted his horse, to suppress all tooting till he got outside of Cumberland county."

Anecdote of Sir Henry Fanshawe.—Lady Fanshawe relates to her son the following anecdote of his grandfather, Sir Henry Fanshawe, who lived in Queen Elizabeth's reign:

He had great honor and generosity in his nature, to show you a little part of which, I will tell you this of him. He had a horse that the then Earl of Exeter was much pleased with, and Sir Henry esteemed, because he deserved it. My Lord, after some apology, desired Sir Henry to let him have his horse, and he would give him what he would; he replied, 'My lord, I have no thought of selling him, but to serve you; I bought him of such a person, and gave so much for him, and that shall be the price to you, as I paid, being sixty pieces.' My Lord Exeter said, 'That's too much, but I will give you, Sir Henry, fifty; to which he made no answer. Next day, my lord sent a gentleman with sixty pieces Sir Henry made answer, 'That was the price he paid, and once had offered him to my lord at, but not being accepted, his price now was

eighty;' at the receiving of this answer, my Lord Exeter stormed, and sent his servant back with seventy pieces, Sir Henry said, 'that since my lord would not take him at eighty pieces, he would not sell him under a hundred pieces, and if he returned with less he would not sell him at all;' upon which my Lord Exeter sent one hundred pieces and had the horse.

Charlotte & South Carolina Rail Road.

REPORT

Of the Committee, appointed by the Rail Road Convention lately held in Charlotte, on the general subject of the contemplated Rail Road from Charlotte to South Carolina.

Government has few trusts, and industrial art, no interest more important than internal transport. The natural endowments of our country in this particular differ widely in different portions. The numerous, long and deep rivers of the west furnish facilities of intercourse to many and large centres of commerce and population, and hence although they are in many instances very remote from market, and produce articles of great bulk and weight, they have developed with matchless rapidity. But there are other portions of country, collectively not of less extent or inferior in other natural endowments to which these advantages have been denied and they are forced to rely altogether on the contrivances of human labor.

In the entire range of the Atlantic States, the natural navigation, with large contributions from art, is entirely inadequate to the wants of the country. But in this age, when accumulated capital is seeking other investments than government stocks, when the labors of art are guided by the lights of science, and the security of property sustains and invigorates the spirit of enterprise, the capabilities of a country are not permitted to lie waste, because nature has not opened a way into the midst of them, or because the mountain ridge, the broad valley and the unnavigable river intercept the distant market.

Civilization dwells no longer, only on the shores of the ocean, or the banks of rivers. Commerce her faithful handmaid, with the aid of modern discoveries has pushed her conquest over mountains and across deserts, every where ameliorating the condition and elevating the hopes of humanity. In this march of improvement perhaps more is due to the agency of steam than any other single power, and applied to the propelling of cars on Rail Roads it is impossible to conceive the mighty changes it is destined to work on the face of the globe—the diseases proper to that season and to miasmatic regions drive off the agents of commerce. In the North, the canals and rivers are often rendered unnavigable by the ice of winter. But a Rail Road is independent of the seasons, and by the aid of modern engineering, almost of all other difficulties. In the quality of dispatch, a most important element in business, there is no ascertained limit. In England there are instances already, where the regular rate exceeds 40 miles an hour. As for safety, there is much less danger than in travelling in an ordinary stage coach. But its great superiority consists in the capability of laying the rail in the region where there is the greatest demand for its service and fixing the termini at the point which may be the centre of the largest commerce and population. But in the most hopeful Rail Road project, there is one important question first to be decided, the cost. The friends and promoters of a road from Charlotte, N. C., to some point on the South Carolina, Rail Road, in their zeal and ardor have not overlooked this important matter. They have risen from every investigation of this subject with their conviction strengthened that a just exposition of its merits cannot fail to secure the confidence of an enlightened public. Desiring and expecting the road to be made of the best materials and executed in the best manner, they are prepared for liberal estimates.

They believe that if it should cost \$10,000 or \$12,000 a mile, a fair exposition of its importance and value to the States of North and South Carolina cannot fail to inspire the conviction that it will be one of the greatest blessings that Deity could confer upon them. What are the interests at stake and who are concerned?—First, as for South Carolina. If the Road should pass on the western side of the Catawba, the districts of York, Chester, Fairfield, and the town of Columbia are directly concerned. If it should go to the East, a part of York and Chester and the entire district of Lancaster and a part of Kershaw and the town of Camden are directly concerned.

Cotton is cultivated in these districts extensively and successfully. The crop of the country is transported almost entirely upon wagons. After the middle of December the roads are generally bad, and as the winter advances they grow worse, and by the first of Spring are almost impassable to heavy or full loaded wagons. The consequence is, it is impossible to estimate the cost of the country in the amount of labor consumed and the number of supernumerary horses supported for the mere transport of the crop to market.—But this is not all, when the labors for the new crop commences, the horses are so

worn and weakened by the winter's work over the bad roads, that it requires a great deal more corn to sustain them, and then they cannot do near as much work as they otherwise could. The entire crop is therefore shortened from a want of due preparation of the lands, and a most deleterious influence exerted upon the agriculture of the country. A large portion of this country is not only suitable to cotton, but eminently fitted for the cultivation of grain; and had it the facility of cheap transport an immense amount would be raised for the supply of the lower country and for foreign export. The truth is, in its present condition the half of the talent of the country is unprofitably buried. We therefore appeal to those districts to stretch out a vigorous arm in support of the projected Rail Road in the strongest language of interest. But the city of Charleston if possible has a more important interest at stake. She will not only receive the increased products of the districts of this State through which the road may pass, but those of twenty-two counties of the State of North Carolina. Charleston is the natural market of Western North Carolina, and this Road while it would ensure that great interest, would exert an influence upon the productiveness of that region, which it is difficult to appreciate.—Charleston must not, and cannot, hug herself in the belief, that her natural position puts competition out of the question. Virginia has her eye upon Western North Carolina, and has already granted a charter for a Rail Road from Richmond to Danville. But are Charleston and the districts already mentioned only concerned in this Road? We answer no. The whole State is directly and deeply concerned. The acquisition of so large a business must add immensely to the wealth of Charleston. It is obvious that this must give the State the command of greater means for any enterprise which may involve her prosperity, improvement or defence. But this is not all. The accumulation of wealth in the city of Charleston must diffuse greater wealth all over the State. Capital like water, will seek its level, and when competition has diminished the profits of business in the city, the excess of capital will flow into those portions, where competition is less and profits higher. By the operation of this principle, whatever enriches Charleston, must enrich the State, and it is not less true that what enriches the State enriches Charleston, showing the identity of our interest. We therefore repeat that every man in the State is concerned in the success of this Road, and should the success of the Road require it, we would call upon the State for aid, confident in her enlightened views of her own interest.

We will next consider what interest North Carolina has in this enterprise. Can it be expedient in her to promote a scheme which will carry beyond her frontier so large an amount of produce to swell the exchanges of a sister State? If within her borders, there was a market to which this business would be carried by the force of those laws which govern trade, doubtless it would be better for her. But this question must be decided by reference to the present, and what seems likely to be a permanent condition of things. She literally has no market. Western North Carolina, with a territory of 10,000 square miles, lying in the happiest latitude, possessing every element, moral and material, of wealth and prosperity is so locked up, cut off and shut out from the world from the mere want of internal transport, that it seems almost impossible to account for what becomes of her produce. It disappears like some large rivers which lose themselves in deserts and marshes and never find their way to the ocean. It is most obvious, that if you introduce into this country a Rail Road, which in reality will be but the commencement of a new order of things, which must soon lead to other Roads, you will have introduced a new creative power which will recast its whole destinies. That commerce now lost and frittered away in a thousand obscure and hidden tracks, then collected into one bold stream of great volume and varied material, would roll impetuously to the ocean. The returning tide will bring in exchange those values that stimulate industry, reward labor, excite hope, enrich a people. The impulse given, what power can arrest the march of improvement and say thus far shall it go and no farther. But by the known laws of political economy it must spread sensibly and rapidly over the whole State. This is no sectional affair, but emphatically, a State enterprise, and it behoves the commonwealth of North Carolina to regard it of paramount importance. There is one feature in this project, particularly to be remarked. From its character and location, there can be no delusion, no humbug in the matter. The Road itself is a small affair.—The longest route contemplated will barely exceed a hundred and the shortest may contract it to eighty miles. Its importance is derived entirely from the accidents of its position. It will extend a Rail Road already in successful operation into the heart of a country, the resources of which are universally known. It does not require to be bolstered up with glowing speculation upon its own precreative influence, nor learned deductions from piles of statistics. On the contrary, it is a project, though of great utility, comparatively of

small compass, its bearing, range of action and prospects are embraced in a single view and comprehended by the most moderate understanding. In this, differing from those delirious projects—such as the Charleston and Cincinnati Rail Road, the bubbles of a distempered season, whose magnitude and magnificence overpowered and intoxicated the public mind.—The time in which this project has been conceived is peculiarly favorable to right conclusions, there is no excitement, no wild spirit of speculation abroad. Perhaps with propriety the subject might be permitted to rest here, believing enough has been said to satisfy the country. But as the friends of the Road might be grateful and the public in general require something more in detail of the likelihoods of business, I will proceed to make an exposition of its prospects:

The business of Rail Roads is divided into two descriptions, the carrying of passengers and the carrying of freights. I will first consider the prospect for carrying passengers, that being regarded as the greatest source of profit. Charlotte is located near the line south of which grew three of the most important staples of our foreign and northern exchanges, namely, Cotton, Rice and Sugar. What an immense multitude of agents and employees of this vast business from the eastern and northern States must make their way every fall to the South and southwest; some passing by western New York, some by the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, some through Virginia by Guyandotte, and a few by the defiles of the mountains of Buncombe and others round by water, notwithstanding its uncertainties and delays and the danger of Cape Hatteras, yet with these numerous detachments a strong and steady current finds its way by the Wilmington Road. There is still another class, the immense numbers from the South and southwestern States, who every year visit the north for the purposes of intelligence, health and recreation. The large number of merchants who periodically visit the Northern Cities to purchase goods, all these are dispersed and scattered through many different ways for want of one superior and direct route. Where can that superior and direct route be had? I answer unhesitatingly Richmond, Danville, Charlotte and South Carolina Rail Road. Already every facility necessary is afforded to Richmond, from thence to Danville the Road is already under contract, one hundred and thirty miles more will bring it to Charlotte. Build a Road that will secure comfort, safety and speed to travellers and you may defy competition. With returning Spring the Northern merchants, agents and adventurers of every description, the men of leisure, fortune and the victims of disease take up their line of march for the north, and the tide of travel again flows through the gates of Charlotte. It is impossible to conceive a situation more fortunate. A failure to secure this important business can only result from gross mismanagement. This flowing and reflowing stream of travel, is founded upon influences that are permanent in their nature and increasing in their strength.

No other guarantees are necessary but cheapness, speed, comfort and safety. Perhaps it is well to give some instances of the influence of these causes, showing how far the practical results exceeded previous calculations. In the Liverpool and Manchester Rail Road, it was estimated that the number of passengers daily would be five hundred. The first year it exceeded sixteen hundred a day. The number of passengers between Brussels and Antwerp per annum, before the establishment of Rail Road communication was seventy-five thousand. In eight months after the opening of the Rail-way the number was 511,129, and afterwards the annual intercourse between the cities amounted to a million.—The other branch of the business relates to the freights. Fully to appreciate the prospects of patronage in this particular, it will be necessary to refer to the position, extent and fertility of the country. Its position is adjoining a portion of South Carolina occupied in the cultivation of Cotton and through which the road will pass. Here then is a demand and market in the very region of the Road, and should those causes which have latterly shortened the cotton crop of the Western country, become in a greater or less degree, permanent and continue to shorten it, the cultivation of cotton will become more extended, and the demand for grain increased. As things now are whoever thought of taking a barrel of flour or a bushel of corn to Charleston for export. But with a Road that will open to Western North Carolina the markets of Europe, one is bewildered in the attempt to make an estimate. In a report made on this subject 50,000 bushels of corn are set down as the amount likely to be taken on the Rail Road. If the world wanted it and would give remunerating prices, I should regard 50,000 bushels from each county as very far short of what would be actually exported. By reference to the census of 1840, it appears that Mecklenburg county produced 596,828 bushels of corn, 78,315 bushels of wheat, 1,595,327 pounds of picked cotton. This is the production of one county in the present languid and paralyzed condition of its industry and agriculture. When it is remembered that there are twenty other counties equally highly endowed, the produc-

tions of which must find their way to market on the Rail Road, I must again repeat that I shall not pretend to make an estimate, but most obviously the freight will be immense.

The list of articles are startling: Cotton, wool, corn, flour, rye, oats, potatoes, butter, bacon, whiskey, brandy, leather, hides, iron and a great variety of fruits. The immense bulk of these materials that can and will be transported from Western North Carolina stuns the imagination.—The imports of a county bears a certain relation to its exports, and in this instance the same channel which carries the one off for the consumption of strangers will bring back the other, to reward the husbandman, mechanic and capitalist, and diffuse comfort and enjoyment through the land. A new spirit and hope will spring up among the people. Emigration, that canker which has eaten so deeply into the vitals of their prosperity, will cease, and that annual tribute in capital, enterprise, population and intelligence, more duly paid to the north than the Turks will be no longer extorted. The humiliating feeling that you live in a country which it becomes the duty of every prudent man to desert, will be succeeded by the proud conviction that your lot has been cast in a land favored by nature's best and noblest gifts. That worst symptom of decay, the practise of doing every thing as if it was to last and serve but a day will disappear, and men will buy, build and plant as if they had found a home for themselves and their posterity. The deserted plantations, ruined houses, galled and gutted fields, the very shadow and image of death which now chills the heart of the patriot, will be converted into scenes of active, bustling hopeful life in North Carolina, my beloved and native State will attain a prosperity which shall realize her most cherished aspirations.

F. W. DAVIE, Chm'n
JOSEPH BLACK,
J. M. DESAUSURE,
J. W. OSBORNE,
D. M. BARRINGER.

GEN. TAYLOR—THE ADMINISTRATION.

The Washington Correspondent, "Patriot," of the Baltimore Patriot, in a recent letter to that paper says:

The fact that the Administration is not only shamefully neglecting to re-inforce Gen. Taylor, whose volunteers are nearly all returning home—their time being up—but it is studiously neglecting to reply to his despatches, and thus leaving him in the dark as to its wishes and intentions with regard to future operations—has become the constant theme of earnest discussion in all circles here! What can it mean? It is currently stated that the Secretary of War and the President caused the private letter written by Gen. Taylor to Gen. Gaines, and which the latter allowed to be published, in justice to its author, to be enclosed to Gen. Taylor with an insulting demand to know whether he was insubordinating himself to the Secretary of War; and that old Rough and Ready promptly and frankly replied that he did write it, not intending it for the public eye; but inasmuch as it had been published, and was all true, he found nothing in its statements to strike out or alter. Those who were not pleased with its contents might make the most of the matter!

The letter from Gen. Taylor to the War Department, which the Administration has not seen fit to publish, will yet be apt to see the light, as well as the one he wrote to Gen. Scott, in reply to the one informing him that the best half of his command was to be taken from him! If not produced before, Congress will sit the matter thoroughly and bring forth that which Mr. Polk aims to conceal.

GEN. TAYLOR AND THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

We are authorized to say that Gen. Taylor never used the expression which has obtained such general currency through the public press, that "if there had been only regulars in the battle of Buena Vista, he would probably have lost the day, as the Mississippi volunteers were whipped three times, without knowing it." This, he considers, is doing injustice to the regular army.

The letter, under which we make the above statement, continues, and says, "to far from entertaining such a sentiment, the General lamented nothing more strongly than his entire want of regular infantry, as a brigade, or even a strong battalion would have enabled him to carry the enemy's artillery, and to have entirely destroyed his army."

We are further authorized to deny the report, that the officers next in rank, were opposed to giving battle, which is entirely untrue, and calculated to injure those officers if allowed to circulate uncontradicted.—N. O. Bulletin.

The following is from an officer of the army under Gen. Taylor:

CAMP NEAR MONTEREY, May 6, 1847. I am glad to find that the public journals seem to appreciate the General's recent operations, and see in the conflict at Buena Vista, something more than mere brute force.

You may depend on it, that every step before and during the battle, was well considered, and that the high responsibility of giving it was assumed, not from the spirit of recklessness and daring, but because the good of the service demanded it. The General's anxiety was great, until he determined to meet the enemy, and from that moment all was clear and cheerful.

Rose Bushes.—An amateur florist in this town, has succeeded in raising rose bushes from seeds planted during the early part of last spring—two of these produced buds. It is said down, "in the books," that rose seeds require one year to germinate, and three years to produce flowers; but here the whole operation has been nearly completed within a few months.—Columbia Chronicle.