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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, } "KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR }
Editors & Proprietors. } RULES. } Do this, and LIBERTY IS SAFE." }
NEW SERIES. }
VOLUME VII—NUMBER 8. }

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1850.

GHOSTS IN RHODE ISLAND.

ROCHESTER OUTDORE.

We were waited upon on Saturday last by a gentleman of respectable and honest appearance, from Scituate, in this State—Mr. George Comstock—who furnished us with the narrative of facts given in, below, and which demonstrate pretty clearly, to such as believe in ghosts and "knockings," that Rhode Island has at length been honored with a "spiritual communication," which by no means falls short, in point of noise at least, with those which have been reported at Rochester and Straford places to "die and go to." We may premise of Mr. Comstock that we hear him spoken of by an acquaintance as a young man of undoubted veracity, and will add, that all the persons referred to in the relation below, so far as we can ascertain, are men of good reputation, and above any deception which the strange circumstances of the case would lead us to suspect they had been guilty of.

Mr. Comstock is a workman in the employ (with others) of Mr. Daniel Fiske, who resides only a few rods from the South Scituate post office, on the turnpike between this city and Plainfield. He relates to us that on Wednesday night of last week, while himself Daniel A. Fiske, (son of Daniel Fiske,) John Peckham, and Henry Knight, were sitting and reading in a back room of Fiske's house, they were suddenly roused by a loud rapping on the door leading into the yard. They went to the door, but found no one there. The rapping was repeated but still saw no one. Mr. Comstock then went out and stood where he could see the door, suspecting that it might be the work of some one who wished to practice some deception upon the family—and watched to see what produced the noise. The rapping was repeated, and was heard by him; but no one could be seen. It continued through the evening, while several of the party were watching the door from the outside, but no clue could be obtained to the cause of the sounds.

On Thursday night the same rapping was continued, only it was much heavier at times and actually shook the whole of that side of the house. In the course of the evening it was heard in the closet, and other doors, but was chiefly confined to the door first mentioned. On this evening three of the persons named say that they saw, very distinctly, a white figure pass the windows, and one of them observed it so closely as to be able, he thinks, to state almost precisely its height. The outline of a face, we forgot to mention, had been seen at one of the windows on the evening previous.

On Friday night the rapping commenced again in good earnest, and was continued with such vigor that the inmates began to fear for the walls of the house. In the course of the evening, however, one of the gentlemen named had an errand to the work-shop near by, and the others accompanying him, gave his ghostship an opportunity to change the plan of attack. On their way to the shop and back again, stones nearly as large as a man's head were thrown past them with the swiftness of lightning; and, on reaching the yard gate, one was seen to strike the pavement in the yard with a great deal of force, and was searched for, but could not be found. Another seemed to fall into a basket by the door, and the basket rocked and tumbled about as though some one had hold of it, but nothing touched it, and no stone could be found. In the house, and while all were sitting quietly at least ten feet from the fire place, a lighted lamp on the mantel-piece left its place, whirled swiftly over several times, and alighted in the middle of the floor, where it almost immediately went out.— On searching for it, it was found, "right side up," under a meal chest, at the back of the room. A cast-iron hook or handle for removing the covers of the cooking stove left its place, also, and alighted in the middle of the floor—up one at the time being within reaching distance of it. The falling of these articles, Mr. Comstock says, resembled the fringing of a gun, or the falling of a very heavy weight upon the floor.

Soon after this, Mr. Peckham attempted to sit down when his chair was snatched from him by some unseen hand, and thrown across the room. His cap was also taken from him and in like manner thrown into an opposite corner. On attempting to sit down upon a bench, the bench commenced rocking; and he found it impossible to retain his seat or hold the bench still.

At a late hour the company retired to rest. At the end of the party—Mr. Peckham we think—had undressed himself, his shoes, of "their own motion," apparently, started from their place, and made the circuit of the room, with much swiftness, bringing up against the bedroom door with such force as to bring to the room the inmates of the room adjoining. Then a sound resembling a whistle was heard, afterwards several deep groans, and finally a scream or cry of distress, which Mr. Comstock represents as truly painful and agonizing. This closed the performance of the night.
Providence Post.

GUANO.

This article is producing a wonderful revolution upon the poor lands in middle and lower Virginia. Lands which formerly produced from 3 to 5 bushels of wheat to the acre, now promise to give 20 to 25 bushels. Upon corn, tobacco, and many other articles, its effects are equally wonderful. Indeed, it may with truth be said, it causes many blades of grass to grow where nothing grew before. We understand the whole quantity now in the U. States, and on the way to arrive up to October next, does not exceed 7,000 tons. Take from this the supply for Maryland, Pennsylvania, and other Northern States, where it is generally used, it leaves but a limited supply for Virginia. Farmers would do well to look to this matter in time.—Richmond Times.

The wheat between York and Lincoln is almost entirely destroyed by the rust.—Lincoln Courier.

Extra Fine BROAD CLOTH.

THE subscriber has just received a superior piece of **BLACK BROAD CLOTH**, which is ready to receive superior gentlemen wishing to purchase an extra fine coat, would do well to call and examine this cloth.
He also has a fine assortment of Blue, Black, Brown, Olive, Green and drab Cloths and Casimeres. Don't forget to call at the sign of the **RED FLAG**, Salisbury, May 5. E. MYERS.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The Pennsylvania correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, May 3d, relates the following occurrence:

A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat and concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father was walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay the rent. "You see me thus driven to despair," said the father, "my wife and little children without food or shelter, and I without the means to provide for them." The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy, and then said:

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs—how much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father. "Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body, I will follow you to the city, they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."—"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener, "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing." The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking him by the arm led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Every body was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow, but the proof was before them; the fifty francs were paid and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview of the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

Beauty of Jewesses.—It is related that Chateaubriand, on returning from his Eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men, when he gave the following one:—"Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fatherless husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged Him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected Him to infamy and the agony of the cross.—The women of Judea believed in the Saviour and assisted and soothed Him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner annointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair.—Christ, on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment.—To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him: the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought him balm and spices: and weeping, sought him in the sepulchre. "Woman, why weepest thou?" His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her "Mary!" At the sound of his voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, "Master."—The reflection of a beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses."

THE QUAKER'S BRIDLE.

A Methodist and a Quaker were travelling in company, when the Quaker reproved the Methodist for their boisterous manner of worship.

"Why," said he, "we can take more pleasure in our private rooms of meditation, where we think of nothing worldly, during our stay." "Sir," says the Methodist, "if you will take a private room, stay one hour, and when you return say that you have thought of nothing worldly, I will give you my horse," which proposal was accepted.

After the time had expired, his friend asked him if he claimed the horse.

"Why," said he, "I could not help thinking what I should do for a bridle to ride him home with!"

The Nauvoo Temple Again Destroyed.

A fatality seems to attend the temple at Nauvoo. It was finished by the Mormons in 1845, and was nearly destroyed by fire in 1848, and on the 27th ult., a tremendous burricane demolished the walls. The Icarian community of Socialists, under Cabot, had purchased it and were engaged in repairing it with a view to fitting it up for schools, studying and meeting halls, and a great refectory for a thousand persons. The workmen were engaged on it, when the storm burst forth with such violence that the walls came tumbling down, and the workmen had to fly for their lives. Those walls that remained standing had to be pulled down. The surrounding buildings were also demolished, and in the wash house, where six Icarian women were washing, there was so sudden an inundation from the rising creek, that the women had to escape through the windows. The community are going to undertake the erection of another large and fine building.

What kind of a Bible do you want?

The Bible distributor, in the prosecution of his benevolent work, meets with many interesting and amusing incidents. His work brings him in contact with all classes and descriptions of men. Many receive him kindly; and bid him God speed in his work. In the estimation of such, the Bible is above all price. They accept or purchase it with tears of gratitude.

A few months since, a young woman, who had grown up in profound ignorance, not knowing one letter from another in the alphabet, was induced to learn to read, by the free school, and by the kindness of a pious woman who offered to board her, for her service night and morning, while she went to school. She had made some progress; and began to spell words of two syllables. Having heard that a Bible agent was in the neighborhood, she came and desired a Bible. When asked if she could read, she said her parents had no Bible, and she was not able to pay for one; but if she had one, she would read it as soon as she could and would esteem it very highly. She was furnished with a Bible; and who can calculate the results which may spring from this incident? In one instance, a man was found who had reared 21 children to men and women. He was eighty-six years old, had never owned a Bible; and refused to pay for one.

When a man was asked, if he wanted a Bible, he replied "yes, if I can get one of our denomination's Bible." Another one, when asked a similar question, replied, "he would pay for a Bible, if he could get one written by John the Baptist." Another one wanted a Bible in which he might record the ages of his children. Another one wanted a Bible, because the preacher had promised to spend a night with him soon; and he might want to read and pray. In one case, a large family Bible served an old woman, and her three sons, settled around her. They had it year about. In another case, when a man was asked if he wanted a Bible, he replied, "No." His father-in-law had a big family Bible, which he expected his wife would get when the old man died; and it would be useless to have two.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER GRIF-FITH.

The Cleveland Herald furnishes some further particulars of this sad catastrophe, as follows:

We have the painful record to make of the most terrible calamity that has ever occurred on our inland seas. The soul sickens at the details. In a moment some three hundred persons were aroused from the peaceful sleep of morning to enter upon the sleep that knows no waking. How true that "in the midst of life we are in death." A large portion of the passengers were foreign emigrants, from Germany, who had left their native land, crossed the ocean in safety, and perished almost in sight of the homes of their adoption. How sad the wail that will be wafted to the Fatherland—kindred separated, and whole families cut off and buried by stranger hands!

The steamer Griffith, when about fourteen miles below Cleveland, about four o'clock (Monday) morning, was discovered to be on fire around her smoke pipe, on the main deck. She was about three miles from shore. The second mate, on the watch, gave orders to run her ashore. The boat was then headed for shore, and when about half a mile from the shore she struck a bar, and before the flames burst out above. Immediately after she struck, the flames burst out in forward and after cabin and pilot house. An officer gave word to the passengers to save themselves. Captain Roby gave orders for the woodpiles to be thrown over, which was done. The cabin and deck passengers were then jumping over in crowds. The Captain remained on board, on the upper deck, forward of wheel house, until the last, with his family, and until the flames drove him off. He then threw over his wife, children mother-in-law, and the barber's wife, and jumped in himself, and remained on the surface a moment with his wife in his arms, when they sank together.

The only females saved were the barber's wife and three of the steerage passengers, two of whom were Germans. Among the cabin passengers were fifteen ladies, all of whom were lost. We learn there were on board in all 830 persons: 256 steerage and 45 cabin passengers, and 30 of the crew. From 30 to 40 are saved.

We left the scene of the wreck at two o'clock this afternoon, and at that time one hundred and forty bodies had been recovered, and most of them those of German emigrants. They have been found six or eight together, linked in the close embrace of death. An English woman and her four children, who had been sent for by the husband, a resident of this city, had risen early and dressed themselves in their best to greet the husband and father! All were lost!

The row of corpses along the beach, with green leaves laid over the face of each, and the limbs distorted, was a sight we hope never again to witness. The wreck of the Griffith lies about forty rods from shore, and is a mass of ruins from which the pipes project. When she first struck it was in seven and a half fathoms of water.

Strength of the Sword Fish.—Another illustration of the well known power and agility of the Sword Fish, the formidable enemy of the whale, was discovered by the workmen engaged in repairing the brig Leonidas, whaler, at this port, a day or two since. In searching for the cause of a leak, which had occurred during her last voyage, it was found that the side of the vessel had been penetrated quite through, including the copper sheathing and two thicknesses of solid oak plank, not less than five inches, by the sword of one of these fish. The sword was about twelve inches in length, and had produced a seam by splitting a plank at its entrance. It was broken off smoothly at the side of the vessel. [New Bedford Mercury.]

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Several shocking cases of cruel personal chastisement inflicted upon children by their own parents, have recently been made the subject of investigation in our police-courts, and occasioned considerable animadversion in the newspapers. Cases such as these, however, which come to light, and obtain public exposure, bear an infinitely small proportion to those which are never heard of, except, perhaps, by immediate neighbors, who are occasionally horrified by the shrieks of mal-treated children. We also hear, from time to time, of parents who lock up their children in backrooms, where they are half-starved, and beaten at frequent intervals.

We believe that a monstrous amount of cruelty is inflicted upon children in this and in similar ways, of which people in general have no suspicion. But the parents, when brought to justice for misdemeanors of this kind, are never without their excuses: the children have been "incorrigible," "unruly," "wicked," "aggravating," and so on; and it is alleged that, "nothing will mend them but blows" which, however, never do.

There is surely a terrible want of heart as well as judgment in this ferocious manner of dealing with the short-comings and faults of children. Parents seem to be absurd enough to suppose that their children can, at will, exercise the qualities of trained and cultivated beings. At their very entrance into life, when only the physical powers imperfectly developed, and while the animal will and instinct entirely predominate over the moral and intellectual nature, which has scarcely yet germinated, they are expected to exhibit self command, self government, truthfulness, abstinence, uprightness, and those other moral fruits which usually blossom in adult years, and generally reach their full stature only in advanced life. And do those parents who are so ready to treat the faults of their children with such violence, themselves display in their own character the qualities which they demand from their children? A child is cross, makes a noise, throws down a toy and breaks it, beats his younger brother, or sets up a shout of screaming when he is told to do something he does not like; and, forthwith his parent runs at him, smacks him on the side of the head, brings down the birch over his back, strips and thrashes him, or even knocks him down on the spot! Is this the exhibition of patience, forbearance, temper, and sense, which is calculated to exemplify to the child the good conduct which his parent desires in him? Is it not rather the very worst possible example for the child, and calculated to make him more cross, more cruel, and more regardless in his future conduct?

Parents should also consider that the faults of their children are, for the most part, but the continuation or copies of their own. They, themselves, in originating the bodies of their children, originated their minds, temperaments, and moral dispositions; and it would be quite as rational, in most cases, for the parents to flog and punish themselves, as to flog and punish their offspring because they display the imperfections of nature which they have inherited from those who gave them being. A child does not make its own temper, nor has any control, while a child, over its direction; but cruel and unthinking parents very often treat them as if this were the case. If the parent has conferred an irritable temperament upon the child, is it not rather a duty on his or her part, to exercise the greater self control, forbearance, and patience, so that the powerful influence of daily example may, in course of time, correct and modify the defects of birth?

Parents, we believe, are too apt to correct their children, while themselves under the influence of ill temper. They are irritated and provoked, and the despot, which sits in the dark corner of every man's heart, rises up and smites the unresisting child, who, in most cases, quite unthinkingly and undesignedly, has caused the provocation. The kinder feeling of the parent begins to operate when his anger has had time to cool, and, in his lonely hours, the crying, piteous face of his poor child rises up before him; but the mischief done, the child has been wronged, and, perhaps, a sense of injustice and rancorous bitterness excited in his heart. We can never think, without pity, of the parent who lost a noble and promising son by death, and was haunted through life after by the recollection of his parental severity. "My boy," he said to a friend, "was used to think me severe, and he had too much reason to do so; he did not know how I loved him from the bottom of my heart; and it is now too late."

We believe that the government of men and children, by means of physical force, is very much on the decline among intelligent persons at this day; indeed Mr. Carlyle seems to be the only writer, who continues to lift up his voice in its favor; but, still, it is a great deal too prevalent in practice. Whipping and scourging are not by any means, abandoned by fathers, and mothers in their domestic menage; although the number of cases of aggravated cruelty, which come to light in the police courts, may be, for obvious reasons comparatively small. Force is felt to be a direct and palpable thing. It is always

at hand. It is summary and prompt; and its immediate effects are apparent. But its ultimate effects are not so easily detected, and perhaps they are generally under-estimated, because obscure and remote. But it cannot, we think, fail to be perceived by any one who gives his or her attention for a moment to the subject, that the consequence of a physical force training and correction of children, are exceedingly deleterious to their future moral character.

When the parent relies chiefly upon Pain for the control of the child's Will, the child becomes insensibly to associate notions of duty and obedience with terror and fear. And when you have thus associated in the mind of the child the idea of command over the will of others by means of pain, you have done all that you can, to lay the foundation of the bad character, the bad son, the bad boy, the bad husband, the bad father, the bad neighbor, the bad citizen. Parents may not think of this when they are flogging their children, and beating them into their own faults; but it is so, nevertheless. There is no doubt whatever, that the commands over the wills of others by means of pain, leads to all the several degrees of vexation, injustice, cruelty, oppression and tyranny.—"It is, in truth," says Mill, "the grand source of all wickedness, of all the evil that man brings upon man." The child soon learns its power in the same way. It cries for a toy, and by the annoyance which it causes to the nurse, succeeds in obtaining it. It thus learns to cry for all that it wants, and becomes a little tyrant before it can walk; and then the child is said to be "spoilt." But the parent or nurse brings the same power of pain to bear upon the child in turn; it is beaten because of some fault or excess, and thus the lesson of tyranny is practically enforced and impressed upon the young mind.

But many parents entertain the notion that it is necessary to "break the will" of the perverse child. They do not reflect that the strong will forms the foundation of the strong and decided character that, without strength of will, there will be no strength of purpose,—that when the will is thoroughly cowed and broken, man is reduced to the abject state of the crawling crouching slave. No fallacy is more dangerous than that to which we refer. What is necessary, is, not to break which is to destroy, but to educate the will; and this is not to be done through the agency of force or fear, the faculty of Will, ought rather to be strengthened and developed by being led out in proper directions. When the child wills what is wrong, other faculties may be appealed to, and its attention diverted into other directions by memory, hope or affection. Through the power of love and persistent gentleness, by denials when necessary, and the careful education of the power of self government, the child may gradually be brought into a habit of docility and loving subjection to others, without the necessity of at all appealing to its sense of pain. You cannot train the will, by the fear of punishment. You may restrain, break or dislocate it, but you cannot thus educate it. The strong-willed child feels that he has at least one property—himself and justice; he resists, and sooner or later, his will, deformed and perverted, will probably start into desperate and unmanageable rebellion. Thus many men, who might have been the ornaments of their race, are converted, by the mismanagement of parents, into its curses.

The bravest and strongest men are those educated by love and not by fear. The Goths held that, to inflict blows upon a boy was to destroy his courage; and they carefully abstained from it. The Quakers among ourselves have long been in the practice of rearing tranquil and brave children-souls, without the aid of a cane; and we know of several schools, which have turned out the very finest specimens of youthful character, where the scourge has been entirely dispensed with. It speaks to reason, as we have seen, that it should be so. (There may, however, be cases where a physical punishment is justifiable; but these, as we believe, form the rare exceptions; and our remarks apply entirely to that indiscriminate use of physical punishment, which we hold to be so injurious to the moral characters of children.)

Another observation, with which we would conclude our article, is this:—that the practice of punishing children by blows teaches them cruelty to other living objects which are in their power. As their sense of pain has been disregarded, so do they acquire a disregard for the pains of others. They come to take a pleasure in inflicting pain upon their younger brothers and sisters, upon schoolfellows under their own age, and upon dumb, sentient creatures. When the elder boys at Exton once proposed to abolish the system of flogging, they were strenuously opposed by the younger boys, though they were then subject to all its tyranny! The expected pleasure of tyrannizing, in their turn, over other boys younger than themselves, outweighed the pain of their present slavery. The practice of corporeal punishment had thus educated them into a love of it as exercised upon others.—And the fact is strikingly illustrative of the workings of the system of physical coercion, as well as of its ultimate deleteri-

ous effects upon society at large. There is also an enormous amount of cruelty practised by little children upon dumb brutes, originating, we believe, in the physical punishment practised upon them in the family and in the school. You see it in a lot of boys beating a poor ass upon a common, in another set tying a pan to a dog's tail for their diversion—in a private juvenile exhibition of the squealing of a frog, in spinning a cockchafer—in pulling the limbs from a fly, and in such like cruel diversions. In some cases, children may engage in such shameful pastime from thoughtlessness, or perhaps through the example set to them by older boys; but in the large proportion of cases it has its origin in the cruelty and pain inflicted upon the children themselves, which educates them into a disregard of the pains of other creatures, and even causes them to take a pleasure in its infliction. Parents ought carefully to teach their children to have a tender feeling for every object that possesses life, and to abstain from the inflicting of all unnecessary pain upon their children.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

A Dialogue between Cuffee and Dick.

Cuffee.—"Dick, what make you have that ugly bunch of hair under the chin?"

Dick.—"Cuffee, you booby, don't you see every gentleman has what de white folks call the goatee—without de goatee no man de gentleman."

Cuffee.—"Why Dick, I thought gentlemen read books and thereby get knowledge, learn honesty and good behaviour. Me think the goatee not teach these things."

Dick.—"Cuffee, you much mistake, because as soon as my goatee begun to grow my knowledge begun to stretch, and pend upon it. Cuffee I have now got more smart and polite than any my beardless black brothers."

Cuffee.—"Well Dick, although you have got so wise and smart, you look as ugly as an old goat. But tell me Dick, don't lice get in the goatee? Yes Cuffee, they do, but I comb dem out."

Cuffee.—"Oh Dick, it gives me pain enough to comb my kinky head, and it would add pain to have a lousy goatee to comb."

Dick.—"My heart big, me no regard the pain of combing, because it makes the goatee as slick as an eel and as pretty as a dove. And overmore, it takes away the itching from the throat."

Cuffee.—"Dick, you may comb the vermin out de goatee, but after your much combing and slicking, it still looks like an old strating goat."

Dick.—"Cuffee, I see you have a bad pinion of de goatee, but I like de goatee because it makes all my black brothers gentlemen, and puts whites and blacks all on de level, and we all gentlemen together who have de goatee."

Cuffee.—"Dick, as your goatee has made you wise and so polite a gentleman, I suppose you have got what de white folks call taste, and I believe that bunch of hair under de chin suit your taste, but I think it is a bamboozle taste."

Explanations of the "Knockings."

The New York Merchant's Day Book has the following:

"A gentleman who has heard and watched attentively the phenomena of the mysterious rappings, has furnished us with his solution of the matter—which, as being the only rational explanation we have heard, deserves to be recorded. He says that the rappings, when he first heard them, reminded him instantly of the discharges of an electric battery, each detonation being double, as is the case with them.—Now, by supposing that one of the ladies is powerfully charged with electricity in a positive form, while the other is charged negatively, the phenomenon of the sounds, the rappings, is at once accounted for. It is well known that a person in a magnetic state receives and reflects whatever is in the mind of the person in communication; and this readily explains the general correctness of the answers given to questions. It accounts, also, for the incorrect replies given, by supposing that the impression of the questioner's mind upon that of the magnetized is weak, confused or imperfect. This appears to us to be an eminently rational view of the case, and places the whole subject, if not out of the pale of mystery, at least behind the ranks of novelty, by including it at once among the innumerable demonstrations of animal magnetism."

The Mississippi.

The great crevasse at Pointe Coupee brings disaster upon the richest and most populous regions of the State. Hundreds of plantations must be overflowed, houses will be carried away, stock destroyed, crops ruined. It is impossible to estimate the loss, present and prospective, which this inundation threatens. It will in all likelihood cover up a region of fertile country as large as some whole States in the Union, and drive from their homes a vast multitude of our most industrious and most valued citizens. All this follows from a break in the levee of the Mississippi not wider than the space between Canal and Common streets, through which the floods are pouring with frightful and irresistible violence.—*N. O. Picayune.*

DESTRUCTIVE CREVASSE.

The grand levee in Pointe Coupee gave way on the night of the 5th inst., the water forming a Crevasse of one hundred and fifty yards in width, through which it is said to run with the rapidity of the falls of St. Anthony.—By this crevasse the whole of the Attakapas country, says the Picayune, the garden spot of the State is in danger of inundation. Incalculable damage to hundreds of plantations must ensue. The effort to stop the crevasse has been abandoned, and the water is sweeping everything before it; destroying houses, stock, &c.

Why are Tombstones like empty Whiskey Barrels?

Because they are emblems of Departed Spirits.

A young lady thus writes anonymously in the columns of the Family Herald:—"For my own part I confess that the desire of my heart, and my constant prayer is, that I may be blessed with a good affectionate husband; and that I may be enabled to be a good and affectionate wife and mother. Should I be denied this, I hope for grace to resign myself—but I fear it will be a hard trial to me."