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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at $1 for the first, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. Court orders charged 25 per ct. higher than these rates. A liberal deduction to those who advertise by the year.

LETTERS to the Editors must be post paid.

From Headley's Sacred Scenes and Characters.

ELI.

Eli was a high priest of Israel, posseseing great goodness of heart, but wanting firmness of purpose and energy of action. Of tender feelings and vacillating will, he appears to me like one who would rather submit his neck to the executioner's axe, than himself inflict the blow on one every way deserving his fate. This weakness of character was exhibited in the manner in which he educated his sons. He allowed their bad passions to grow unchecked, so that from wayward children they became wicked men. His conscence compelled him to reprove them, while he failed in energy to enforce his rebuke. This was the more culpable, since, as a high priest, his sons would necessarily themselves be priests, and hence it became him to see that they did not minister with impure hands. Instead of this, however, he let their evil tendencies have such scope, that, when they assumed the sacerdotal robes, they used their office for selfish ends, and the gratification of their base passions. When a man came to offer a sacrifice, they appropriated a great part of it to themselves, and insulted the women assembled at the door of the temple. So gross and open was their conduct, that the people turned with disgust from the sacrifice, feeling that no good could come from such mercenary and brutal priests. These enormities were told to Eli; but the doting old man only said, "Why do ye such things?—nay, my sons, it is no good report that I hear." A very safe remark of his, and no doubt fully appreciated by his contemptuous sons.

At length a man of God came to Eli, and placing before him his past conduct, and recounting in concise, but plain language, the solemn obligations that lay upon him, and the sin he had incurred in not restraining his vicious children, pronounced the doom of utter extermination on his family. Not long after, the same malediction was uttered by the Lord to Samuel, to which the old man bowed his head, saying, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." He had done wrong, and he knew it, and now he would meekly suffer the penalty of his deeds.

Time wore on, and at length war was declared between the Israelites and Philistines, and a battle was fought, in which the former were beaten, with the loss of four thousand men.—Attributing their defeat to the absence of the ark of the covenant, they sent for it, and Hophni and Phinehas, the sons of Eli, of course accompanied it. The two armies lay opposite each other, awaiting each the onset of his antagonist, when the Israelites saw the ark slowly approaching over the plain, the mercy seat of solid gold glittering in the sunbeams. In a moment despondency gave way to courage, despair to triumph, and there went up a shout that rocked the mountains. "*The Ark of God! the Ark of God!*" rolled in deep Hebrew accents from tens of thousands of lips over the field of battle, sending terror and dismay to the hearts of the enemy. "What shout is that?" ran from lip to lip, and when it was told that the ark of the Lord was in the camp of Israel, they exclaimed, "We are lost! These are the mighty gods which smote the Egyptians, and strewed the way from Egypt hither with the dead armies, and how shall we escape?" Their leaders, however, encouraged them, saying, "Be men, and fight bravely. Will you be the Hebrew's slave, as he has been yours? Quit yourselves like men!" Rousing their courage by such appeals they led them to the onset.

What a terrific sight did the battle-fields of old present. Not in solid columns, flanked by clouds of cavalary, and headed by fierce batteries, did they advance slowly to the work of death; but ten times ten thousand rushed suddenly and savagely upon each other's bosoms, and the battle became so many fierce hand to hand contests. Hence it was longer protracted and more murderous than now.

As these two immense hosts, like two dark clouds, closed on each other, the shout of each drowned for a moment the braying of trumpets and clash of instruments of music. Straight on the ark of God went the Philistine thousands, bearing down every thing before them. Israel saw it, and all over the tumultuous field arose the cry, "*To the rescue!*" Begirt with ten thousand foes, the sacred emblem stood still on the plain, while that strong Hebrew shout rolled like thunder to the heavens, and the countless masses went pouring forward.—Around the holy Shekinah swords dripping with blood flashed and waved, spears glanced, and banners rose and fell. The mercy-seat tottered to and fro in the doubtful fight—the cherubim shook, while clouds of dust rolled over the combatants, and all was rage, terror, and confusion. Wicked but brave Hophni and Phinehas, true to their sacred trust, fell pierced with a hundred wounds, and boldest of Israel's warriors sealed their fidelity with their blood.—Vain valor—trampled under foot, borne backward by the on-rushing thousands, the defenders of the ark broke and fled. With a shout that fell like a death knell on their brave spirits, their enemies seized the ark and bore it triumphantly away. Faint terror and utter despair seized every heart—the shriek rang out over the din of combat—"*The ark is lost! the ark is lost!*" and that magnificent host became a herd of fugitives, sweeping hither and thither over the plain. How well they fought, how freely they bled, we know from the fact that there fell of Israel that day *thirty thousand footmen*.

On this same terrible day of battle and of defeat, far off in the beautiful plains of Shiloh, sat an old man by the wayside, listening eagerly to every passing footstep. Bowed over his staff, with pallid cheek and lip, the venerable high priest of Israel was gloomy forebodings. The ark of God, the idol of his heart, the more than this life, had gone to the dreadful battle-field. Ah! was the long-impending curse now to be fulfilled, and the approaching night to be the one which should close on him a withered trunk, with every green branch lopped away? Each passer-by regarded the blind old man with pity, and spoke cheering words, which fell on unheeding ears. His heart was far away with the host of Israel, and the ark of God, and on his dreaming, excited spirit, there came the noise of conflict and sounds of alarm. Thus he sat till evening; and as the glorious sun of Palestine stooped behind the western hills, flooding the valley below with beauty, his melancholy face took an expression of intenser anxiety. The gentle breeze lifted his thin silver locks from his temples, but still he sat like a statue cut from stone, and listened. Hour after hour had worn heavily away, but now, just as the last sunbeams fell in a shower of gold on his venerable head, the sound of hasty footsteps smote his ear. Not the startled deer lifts his head in more eager attitude than did that blind old man when first roused from his reverie by that rapid tread, which his heart foreboded too well brought heavy tidings. It was one of the fugitives from the battle-field, still crimsom with the slaughter—his clothes rent, and dust on his head, and despair in his eye. And lo! as he sped onward with the sad news, a cry of distress and anguish followed him. Eli heard it, and asked its meaning. The next moment the messenger of evil stood before him, and cried, "I am just from the army, and all is lost. Israel is fled before the Philistines, and her bravest lie dead on the field. Thy two sons, Hophni and Phinehas, are slain, and the ark of God is taken." Under the defeat of Israel, the patriarch bore firmly up: even the death of his two only sons did not shake his aged frame; but when it was told him that the ark of God was taken, he fell dead to the earth. All, all else could be borne: the slaughter of his people, his own and his sons' death, were nothing in comparison to the honor of his God. This last blow broke his heart as with a sudden crash, and he died without uttering his sorrow. Ah! who can tell the tide of feeling that swept over him at the fatal news. That his sins should be visited on the people and his sons was natural—the prophetic curse had prepared him for this; but that the honor of God, which was dearer to him than life, should suffer for his misdeeds, was more than he could bear. The curse had struck deeper than he had anticipated, and in that day of terrible suspense, and in that moment of unspeakable anguish, he received the punishment of a fond father but erring father.

Of a noble heart, full of all gentleness and love, pure and upright himself, yet he did not fulfil the responsibilities of a parent. His defects were rather mental than moral, and his crime consisted in not restraining others instead of not controlling himself. All his thoughts, wishes, and desires were pure, but he refused to arrest the vices of his children. Too easy in his temper, and doting in his affections, he would not see the evil he was bringing on them, on the people, on himself.—Thus does the fondness of parents, when allowed to blind their eyes to the faults of their offspring, or prevent them from punishing their misdeeds and checking their passions, always end in the misery of both. This is the lesson intended to be taught in this chapter of history, and it must be confessed that it is a fearful one, accompanied with fearful warnings.

How little we know of the designs of heaven, and how completely contradictory do they often appear to passing events. Around that ark of God—the symbol of love and mercy—and for the silent tomb of the Son of God, who came to preach peace on earth, more blood has been shed than for any warlike banner that ever floated over a field of slaughter. The frightful wars of the Israelites, and the millions slain in the Crusades, to deliver the Holy Sepulchre, are strange facts in history.—Yet the ordering of the one, and the permission of the other, are equally parts of that great plan whose origin is perfect wisdom, and whose result will be the greatest good that could be accomplished. The maudlin philanthropist of the present day, like Eli of old, cannot look upon severity or death, and would much rather crime should go unpunished, freedom fall, and justice be trampled under foot, than that men should be slain. These are they who would abrogate all law but that of kindness. To them, the Old Testament is an antiquated book, and the history of God's dealings with wicked men rather a curious relic of the barbarous past, than the stern and right action of their Maker and Judge.

LETTER FROM JUDGE O'NEAL.

The following is an extract of a letter from Judge O'Neal, of S. C., to the editor of the Columbia Temperance Advocate, bearing date Aug. 10, 1850, touching his late visit to Davidson College.

On Monday the 5th, the undersigned, leaving his wife and child at Chick's Springs, set out for Davidson College, where he was charged with the delivery of an address, on Commencement day, the 8th of August, by the Eumenean Society. Passing by Spartanburg to Lincolnton, thence across the Catawba, at Beattie's Ford, he reached Davidson College the evening of the 7th, and found, to his amazement, that he had like to have been a day after the feast. That day had been spent in addresses, and he had been put in the *bill*, as one of the speakers. But not being *there* when called for, as you may well suppose, he did not *then* speak. It was, however, as soon as he arrived so arranged, that a *novel assignment*, in a legal parlance, was made. He was to close the entire commencement on the 8th, at 3 P. M. I have been in, and saw many a crowd, but never saw I such an one as Thursday presented at Davidson College. Ladies, young and middle-aged were there—and well might they vie for beauty, intelligence, and worth with any in the land. For the whole Catawba region, North and South were represented. You may well guess, where there were so many *pretty gals*, there was no scarcity of boys. To these must be added the Patres conscripti of all that region. The elders and preachers of the Presbyterians to whom this College belongs, were there in all their strength. It was, indeed, a noble sight to see these venerable, good men gathered together to watch over the school of *the prophets*.

Davidson College is 19 miles north and west of Charlotte, and about 8 miles north and east of Beattie's Ford on the Catawba. It is beautifully situated, a grove of native oaks, east of the road from Charlotte and Concord to Statesville. The College building, two and a half stories, two societies' halls of two stories, and five dormitories of one story, all of brick, constitute the College buildings proper. To these must be added the President's and two Professor's houses: a smart little village has already grown up about the Colleges. The Faculty of the College consists of the President, Dr. Williamson, a graduate of our own College, and three professors. They have about sixty students. The College has existed about ten years.

The class which graduated at this time consisted of 14 members. They all spoke as follows:

1. J. Rumple, of Cabarrus, N. C.—The Salutatory Addresses in Latin.
2. C. C. Shive, of Lafayette, Miss.—A Philosophical Oration.
3. J. J. Blue, of Richmond, N. C.—Literary Fame.
4. E. L. Burner, of Randolph County, N. C. The demands of the South on her educated sons.
5. J. A. Davis, of York, S. C.—The Influence of Accident on Human Destiny.
6. S. W. Douglas, of Chester, S. C.—The Rise, Progress, and Destiny of American Liberty.
7. J. A. Gibson, Cabarrus, N. C.—War and its Incidents.
8. T. Grier, Mecklenburg, N. C.—The True Orator.
9. J. M. Hutchinson, Mecklenburg, N. C.—The Genius of the 18th Century.
10. B. S. Krider, Rowan, N. C.—The Tomb taketh not all away.
11. J. S. McQuin, Robeson, N. C.—The Memory of Departed Worth.
12. W. A. Patton, Mecklenburg, N. C.—Scotland.
13. T. A. Wilson, Mecklenburg, N. C.—The Result of Ambition.
14. H. T. Burke, Rown, N. C.—The Valedictory Addresses.

It is not at Davidson as it is with us at the South Carolina College—the Salutatory is not their first honor; the Valedictory, as it was formerly with us, is the first honor. I wish we could say, *Presto*, change, and go back, *at least* in this respect, to Dr. Maxcy's days.

I was much pleased with the young men's exercises. They shewed that they had been well taught, and were well informed.

At a little after 3, P. M., to a crowd of auditory, I commenced my address on Public Speaking, and held on for better than an hour. It was a subject I had thought much about, and of which, as is pretty generally known, I had a good deal of experience. I therefore ventured to speak *ex tempore*—but I shall not thereby escape the labor of writing it out, as a copy has been requested for publication.

At 7, P. M. the people again assembled, to hear me on Temperance. I gave them pretty much such a brushing as that I had the Saturday before given the people at Bomar's Old Field. They have a fine Division of the Sons of Temperance at Davidson.

On Friday, the 9th, I went down to Charlotte, and spent the day with my good friend, Dr. D. R. Dunlap and his interesting family.—At night, I met the Sons of Temperance, and delivered before them and the citizens of Charlotte, a temperance address, *as well as I could do*.

To-day, I came here, (45 miles.) I must now go back. I had never been over the country from Spartanburg to Davidson. To me, it was a most interesting, although tiresome ride. It is a noble grain growing country; and when I reached Lincolnton, a beautiful manufacturing town, of, I suppose of 1,500 inhabitants, I asked myself, in amazement, why Columbia, Fairfield and Chester, did not prolong their Rail Road through York to Lincolnton? If this had been done, and Charlotte had been left to her natural connection with Camden, all N Carolina would have laid her treasures in the lap of S. Carolina. The fields from Spartanburg to Davidson, (82 miles,) are literally burdend with their rich products of corn. I suppose Mr. Burton, of Beattie's Ford, Catawba, would laugh me to scorn, if I said he would *only make* 40 *bushels of corn* to the acre from his fields north of his residence.

What a magnificent stream is the Catawba, at Beattie's Ford. Fully 400 yards you pass over a smooth, pebble-paved surface, about knee deep to a horse, and fancy, as you mount the bank, you have passed the stream; but in a few moments you find you are journeying over an island, and on the other side of it, you have 100 yards more of water, of a similar kind, to pass.

When I reached the river, it was muddy as a clay-hole, and if I had been alone, I should have paused until I could have got a pilot. I was, however, accompanied by a most intelligent and estimable friend, Mr. Sumner, of Lincolnton, who, by his delightful society, made the way pleasant, and my stay at Davidson every way agreeable. Charlotte I had not seen in 27 years: Judge, therefore, my amazement, when yesterday the little village of former years stood before me, a town of 2 or 3000 inhabitants; her streets crowded with brick buildings every where cheering on its votaries to success. From Charlotte to Springs', the country is worn out and deserted. Mr. Springs' place is as you would expect, a most beautiful and productive plantation farm.

Your friend

JOHN BELTON O'NEAL.

AUTHOR OF THE NASHVILLE ADDRESS.

The Charleston Mercury is mistaken in the feeling which it attributes to us towards Mr. R. Barnwell Rhett, the author of the Nashville Address. We have not the slightest disposition to carp at his opinions, nor to censure a gentleman for whom we have entertained not one personally unkind feeling; but when he is brought up as the model of a politician whose opinions are calculated to strike at the Union, we feel it our duty to look into his patent-papers. Is this ultraist the man who ought to instruct the South? The New Orleans Picayune devotes an article to him for the purpose of proving that he is not a recent proselyte to disunion in consequence of the slavery question but that as far back as 1833 he was an avowed disunionist. The following from that paper may cast much light on the stream of his opinions:—*Union.*

Then Mr. Rhett was against all compromise as a delusion, and the Union as something that must perish and ought to perish. In the State convention, called to repeal the nullification ordinance, (February, 1833,) though he submitted to the necessity, he did it with extreme ill grace—was for keeping up the military organization of the State in anticipation of another collision and boldly declared in that early day that he had no confidence in the Union.—We mention this as a proof that Mr. Rhett's dislike for the Union is an ancient and deep-rooted feeling and that he has in the most excited times failed to get it endorsed by the people of S. Carolina.

The particular incident to which you refer has some traits that may make it interesting to recall it.

Mr. Rhett (who was then known as R. Barnwell Smith—his name has been since changed) was a member of the convention from the parish of St. Bartholomew. When the report accompanying the ordinance repealing the ordinance of nullification was read in convention, it contained an avowal of "ardent attachment to the Union." Mr. Smith (Rhett) rose in great excitement, and moved to have the phrase stricken out as "untrue" as respected him and his constituents. He denied that they had, or had any reason to have, an "ardent attachment" to the Union. He said, "he would rather see the whole State, from Table Rock to Fort Moultrie, one military camp, than for the State of South Carolina to continue a member of the Union, such as it was then, and had been for the last ten years"—from 1822 to 1832.

The following scene then occurred, as we find it in a report of the proceedings of the convention:

General James Hamilton, jr., attempted to rise, but gave the floor to Colonel Samuel Warren, from St. James Santee, a revolutionary officer.

Col. Warren, leaning against the table and supported on his crutches, said he understood the gentleman from St. Bartholomew (Mr. R. B. Smith) to ask when he was up, "where was the man in the convention who could place his hand upon his heart, and say that he was attached to this Union?"

Mr. Smith. Ardently attached.

Mr. Warren. I don't care what word you place there. I, for one, can place my hand upon my heart, (suiting the action to the word,) and can say that I am ardently attached to this Union. I fought for it, and bled for it, (and he looked unconsciously downwards to the remnant of his dismembered limb,) and will do it again, whenever my services are required.

The whole scene was one of deep and touching interest.

Mr. Smith's motion to strike out the declaration of attachment to the Union was defeated by a large majority in a convention of the nullifiers! Will he have more success now?—We trust not—we believe not. There is, we hope, enough of the spirit of this revolutionary patriot left to make even South Carolina hesitate long before she agrees with Mr. Smith (Rhett) that the Union is a failure, and disunion a right and a duty.

Upon Congress much, if not all depends.—Let them give us such a settlement of these difficulties as moderate and Union-loving men can approve—Clay's bill or some other not worse—and the dissolutionists, open or concealed, will be awed into silence at least, by the loud, deep, and almost universal approval of the masses of the Southern people.

☞ About two months since, or little more, we had occasion to write some strictures upon a Disunion Pamphlet, published at Columbia, S. C., in which we spoke decidedly and pointedly against the sentiments therein expressed. That there was an almost universal dissent from, and condemnation of the views presented in that pamphlet by both political parties of this region, and of this State, we have the best reason to know. The *Atlas* of this city coincided with us, and gave an editorial article in *condemnation* of the pamphlet.

Mr. Rhett now comes out with precisely the same views as those embodied in that pamphlet, and if we can judge from an article in the last number of that paper, the Atlas *endorses* them in full. If those sentiments were wrong two months ago, what makes them right now? They were and are both for dissolution without an alternative. They go for it as the *summum bonum*—the only thing! They do not say, if the government does so, or fails to do so, then they go for dissolution. There is no "if" about it. They go for dissolution as a thing desired, stating as their premises, that the evils complained of *cannot be remedied but by dissolution*. Is that the doctrine of the Atlas?—Will it come out with its usual boldness and advocate it? Until it does so, it can scarcely with any good grace think the Journal wrong in combatting such sentiments, found where they may be, or urged by whom they may be, especially when patriotic men of both parties in Congress are trying to settle matters amicably and honorably in a different way—believing it can still be done.—*Ala. Journal.*

The Hon. John H. Lumpkin, late member of Congress from the 5th Congressional District in the State of Georgia, in a letter to the editor of the Marietta Advocate, says:

"I am one of those who still think that the constitutional rights and honor of the Southern section of the Union may be maintained and preserved by a just and equitable settlement of the questions in dispute between the two sections. And I am unwilling to countenance the idea that the rights and honor of the South cannot be maintained and the Union of these States preserved. When my views undergo a change, and I come to the conclusion that a dissolution of the Union is the remedy left for the protection of the South, I shall renew my subscription to your paper, and read it with complacency if not with pleasure."

Never plead guilty of poverty. So far as the world is concerned, you had better admit that you are a scoundrel.

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER, *Editor & Proprietor,*

"Keep a check upon all your Rulers.

Do this, and Liberty is safe." *Gen'l Harrison.*

NEW SERIES.
VOLUME VII—NUMBER 16.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1850.

From the Lafayette (La.) Republican.

The South in Favor or the Union.

The danger threatening the American Union has never been more imminent, than at the present moment. The fanaticism of abolitionism, and the madness of Southern chivalry, are not now so fearful as the sectional spirit which begins to pervade the conservative portion of Congress. It was expected by all that the sudden death of Gen. Taylor, would have awed both Houses of Congress into silence and have shut down the flood-gates upon intemperate discussion, which has so long embarrassed useful legislation, and sickened the heart of the nation by its display of puerile abstractions and unnatural hostility. Acknowledging the danger to our Union from prolonged agitation of a question arraying the North against the South in hostility, men claiming to be patriots, and pretending that they represent the people, continue to wrangle over impracticable schemes, daily increasing alienation of feeling, and strengthening sectional interests and sectional jealousies, until the mind can scarcely foresee the dreadful consequences which may follow to the country and to freedom. Congress is the cause of the evil which threatens.—*The People have little sympathy with the fiery agitators. The masses desire the settlement of the vexed question. They love the Union. They will maintain it.* South Carolina may raise the black flag of disunion, and call upon her sister slaveholding States to rally under its gloomy folds, under the pretence of defending Southern rights, but there will be no answering signal, no gathering of enthusiastic hosts.

Henry Clay.—The Village Record says:—"During the recent trying contest in the United States Senate upon the Compromise Bill, the nation has watched with eager anxiety the course of the great statesman of Kentucky. In his advocacy of this measure, he has met the fierce denunciation of the extremes of the North and South. In the North he has been doubted, perhaps vilified, by men who have been wont to look upon him as the true embodiment of Whig principles. If we have differed from him, we have not faltered in our confidence in the integrity and patriotism of the man. The Sun in its course through the heavens, is sometimes obscured by a passing cloud; but ere long it bursts out once more, in undimmed lusture—a proof that the fault is with the eye of the beholder and not with that glorious luminary. So it is with Mr. Clay."

Somebody has revived the controversy, about the beginning of the century, by saying that Mr. Fillmore, who was born in 1800, is the first President of the United States who was born in the 19th century. Upon this another stoutly contends that the nineteenth century did not begin till, January 1st 1801, and thus the old discussion, on which so many words were wasted about six months ago, is in a fair way to be set agoing again.

It occurs to us to mention a decisive fact in regard to this computation, which determines it by competent authority, without reference to any principle of calculation. From one fixed year astronomers traced the number of years back to the one in which the Savior was born, and the principal of the calculation assumed was that years should be numbered as current years, not years elapsed. Thus the Christian era, strictly speaking, does not date from the birth of Christ, but was the year within which Christ was born. Extending the calculation further back, the same year after Christ, is counted as the year before Christ. There is no year 0. The year 1 is counted in both directions; so that three years B. C. and three years A. D., are not six years, but only five years. When we speak of centuries, therefore, since the Christian Era, we speak of the results, not of a record, but an astronomical calculation, of which it is a postulate that the year is numbered as current, not elapsed, and that the hundred is completed until the hundredth is passed.—*Picayune.*

Robert Fulton—A Correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, speaking of ocean steamers, relates an incident in the history of steam which possesses no little interest. He thus tells it:

A gentlemen, now an honored Representative in one of the Congressional Districts, New Jersey, visited Robert Fulton, when he was in Paris. The man whose genius has made a new era in civilization, occupied a small and obscure row. The embodiment of the expansive power of steam was confined within very narrow limits. Like Diognes in his tub, Fulton was almost lodged in the circumference of a cylinder. On the wall of his habitation was sketched coarsely, but distinctly the plan of a steamboat. 'There,' said Fulton as he pointed it out to his visitor, 'there is your image of that which will yet traverse the river and the ocean.'

And wherever he went, this image of the future he carried with him. If he did not sketch it on the wall, it was written in his mind. He saw it as he walked along—he thought of it—he dreamed of it—and, at last, he acted on it.

I recollect the distinct emphasis which Mr. Clay gave to the words, when conversing respecting the many memorable and wonderful men who were given to the world in the year 1769—"Napoleon, Wellington, Clinton, Fulton; *again the greatest of these was Fulton*," said he.—It was truly said, and the world almost, even now, acknowledge it.

The Bonnet Carre Crevasse.—A company of scientific gentlemen have visited this point lately from New Orleans.—They found the crevasse one mile and a quarter, and covered with beds of sand, very little water now running through it. At the highest point the water was only 5¼ feet deep in the crevasse, and notwithstaneing the quantity of water and the rapidity with which it rushed through, no channel was cut, the water merely carrying away the soil and depositing heaps of sand in its place. The Crescent says that thirty-four small planters were driven off by the water. A bar twenty feet high was formed by the action of the water, across the main river just below the crevasse, and the opinion is expressed that a permanent dam would be formed across the main river, were this crevasse to become permanent, which would effectually cut off all trade to New Orleans. The Crescent says there are 640 negroes at work building a new levee across the crevasse.

☞ *How this little incident* touches the heart; A mother who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done during the day *to make others happy*, found a young twin-daughter silent. The elder ones spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions, founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."—Still the little bright face was bowed down in silence. The question was repeated, and the dear little child said timidly:—"A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school, had lost a baby brother. All the time she studied her lesson she hid her face in her book and cried. I felt so sorry that I laid my face on the same book and cried with her.—Then she looked up and put her arms around my neck, but I do not know why she said I had done her so much good."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

A sad accident occurred in Pelham, Niagara, District, on Friday last, which which caused the death of two persons.—A pedler from the American side has been lately on a tour through the District selling lamps of a new construction, which burn a fluid somewhat resembling turpentine. A farmer's wife in Pelham purchased one of these lamps, and shortly after, while pouring some of the fluid into it, a spark happened to touch it, when it exploded with a terrific crash, covering her with the burning fluid. She ran from the house, but speedily fell wrapt in flame. The house was consumed also, and a fine child destroyed who had not time to escape. These are all the particulars we have been able to learn, save that a warrant has been issued for the apprehension of the pedler.—*Toronto Pat., Aug.* 11.

Monument to Robert Fulton.

Near Troy, Indiana, is a hill which Fulton was fond of visiting, and at the foot of which he and his brother kept a wood yard, and sold wood to the steamers, the creatures of his genius, which navigated the Ohio. He was fond of watching from this point, it is said, their progress and speed in the water; and it has been selected by the admirers of his genius, in the West, as a fit place to erect a monument to his memory.

DEVIL FISH.

The Columbia Telegraph of Saturday says; Several Devil Fish appeared near Georgetown, a few days since, and excited quite a sensation among the citizens of that place—especially the editorial and piscatorial portions. They were pursued but not taken—in fact, we believe they came near taking their pursuers.—*Commercial.*

WHAT A MOTIVE.

A female domestic, has been convicted at the Lincoln Assizes of attempting to poison her mistress, her confessed motive being the getting a mourning dress for the family! She was sentenced to be hung.—*Commercial.*

A new Religious Sect has arisen in Persia, in consequence of the preachings of a man named Bab who has written a new book to take the place of the Koran.—He is said to have already made several thousand proselytes; and eighteen of these Babbees, as his followers are called, have been publicly beheaded by order of the Shah.

Medical use of Salt.—In many cases of disordered stomach, a tea-spoon full of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed cholic, add a tea spoon full of salt to a pint of cold water—drink it and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a heavy fall.

In an apoplectic fit no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the sense return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy.

In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added; and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandage removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies fail, Dr. Rush found two tea spoons full of salt completely stayed the blood.

In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed, two or three times, will relieve in most cases. If the gums be affected wash the mouth with brine; if the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt water.—*Scientific American.*

Use soft words and hard arguments.