

**TERMS OF THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.**  
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# 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 VIII—NUMBER 37.**

**SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1852.**

## AN INFIDEL CONVICTED.

REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

Proverbially, infidelity is bold so long as there is no danger. Death, apparently inevitable, discloses the foundation of sound on which scepticism is built. I was once crossing Lake Erie with an old gentleman, who related an incident of thrilling interest. His narrative was elicited by the fact that our boat had been on fire the night before when we were all asleep, but God being merciful, the fire was extinguished without alarm to us. My friend was a plain man, but one of those Christians who are skillful in the Word of God. As near as possible, I will give the narrative in his own language.

"I was once crossing this lake in the month of April. It was the first trip the boat had made that season, and really the weather was never more pleasant, and the lake more calm. We were bound from Detroit to Buffalo. Towards evening I noticed a certain anxiety in our captain's countenance, and the care with which he examined the machinery of the boat. Still I could see no reason for alarm, and felt none. A young lawyer embarked with us, who during the day made himself conspicuous for his impudent display of any divine revelation, and for persistently asserting his disbelief in the existence of God. He was profane and coarse in his jests, and malignant in his sneer at religion and its friends. I was among the marked objects of his ridicule, and the following may give you an idea of my conversation with him, abating profanity and other coarseness on his part.

"A man is a fool to believe in God.—All things happen according to necessary laws. They do not want a Creator."

"Why do not steamboats happen in the same way?" I inquired. "The steamboat shows no more masterly workmanship or design than the forest oak that furnishes its ribs and planks."

"Here there was a dead pause. The skeptic was at the end of his sofa, and I said to him in a quiet way, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' I then left him; and he followed me with an audible curse, which to a wicked man is a weapon more available than truth."

"We were seated at the table, and in an instant the dishes seemed dancing.—The vessel rolled heavily, as though struggling to keep from sinking. We left the table, but so greatly did the boat toss, and rock, and plunge that we could scarcely keep from falling. We were in the midst of a gale, and all was now in confusion. The machinery worked true, and seemed instinct with desire to save us.—The tiller-chains grated ominously over their pulleys, and it seemed as if man, the inventor of that gallant boat, would out-ride the tempest."

"One fact struck us all. Our bold infidel seemed paralyzed. He became deadly pale, and as the storm increased he uttered cries of distress. You must be out in such a storm to have an insight into the world. He did fly upon the wings of the wind. It is a trying time for any one to meet God in the tempest, and be convinced of his weakness, but especially it is to the fool who has said, 'There is no God.'"

"While noticing the agitation of this man, my attention was suddenly called to the perfect absence of sound from the chains by which the rudder was managed. Clinging to the sides of the cabin, I crept along to where the captain stood.—'He was in despair. 'Our rudder is gone,' he said. At that moment a heavy wave struck the unmanageable vessel, and we were thrown into the trough of the sea. Another wave poured over the deck, and our lives were extinguished."

"We are gone!" exclaimed the captain in consternation, 'nothing short of a miracle can save us.'"

"The infidel had reached the place where we stood, and as the captain spoke, and all hope fled, he uttered a piercing cry, and looked the perfect image of despair. His infidelity was gone."

"Captain," said I, 'you have read the account of Paul's shipwreck, have you not?' 'Yes.' Can you tell me why Paul said to the centurion and soldiers, as the sailors were about to abandon the ship and its passengers to ruin. Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved?'—'I will not,' the captain replied. 'Well, I will give you my idea about it,' said I. 'God purposed to save them all, but generally he works through means. The sailors knew best how to manage their vessel, and therefore their agency formed a part of the plan to save those two hundred and seventy-six persons. Now you, captain, have no right to cease effort to save our lives so long as there is a chance left.'"

"A sailor accustomed to storms on the ocean stood by me, and when I spoke, he abruptly exclaimed, 'That's first, mate; and now I'll give you my opinion.—I don't believe the rudder is gone. Just put a rope round me, and I'll go down and examine.'"

"It was a bold proposition, and yet the bold man executed it. We held to the rope, and he leaped from the stern of the boat. In a short time we drew him up. 'Just as I said,' he exclaimed, 'Give me a hammer and some spikes, and I'll right the rudder in a minute.' You may be sure we watched the experiment with thrilling interest, and to our joy it was perfectly successful."

"In a minute the vessel was brought out of the trough of the sea, and we rekindled our fires. In a few hours we were safely moored at Fairport. The lawyer stayed with me, but he was landed at

Fairport, he paced the room, and constantly uttered exclamations of mingled wonder for his past wickedness, and of wonder that he was not already in hell, lifting up his eyes, being in torment."

## DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

On Saturday morning last, about 1 o'clock, a fire broke out in the Carriage Manufactory of Messrs. White and Raboteau, on Person street, below Liberty Point, and was not arrested until it had destroyed that building, the Blacksmith shop of Mr. McLaughlin, three large buildings and a Lumber shed belonging to Mr. McKethan's Carriage making establishment, and Mr. Sundry's Carriage Trimming Shop. The fire was arrested Eastwardly by great exertions of a few persons who preserved Mr. Whitfield's Carriage manufactory, situated only about 15 feet from one of the houses burnt; on the West it was stayed by the substantial brick shops recently erected by Mr. McLaughlin; and on the South and Southwest the dwellings of Mr. C. T. Haigh and Mr. E. W. Willings, on Dick Street, which were in great danger from the sparks and flame wafted by a pretty strong breeze, were saved by the exertions of the citizens and firemen.

The loss by this fire is nearly \$20,000 of which Mr. McKethan's is perhaps \$10,000 to \$12,000, White & Raboteau's \$2,000 to \$3,000, A. McLaughlin's \$2,500 to \$3,000, Jas. Sundry's \$500.

The only insurance was \$1000, in the Protection Office of Hartford, on one of Mr. McKethan's buildings and property within it. On the other buildings insurance could not be effected, in consequence of their combustible state, and the hazard of the business carried on within them.

Large quantities of valuable tools, materials, and finished work, were saved from the buildings.

We are glad to learn that Mr. McKethan, fearing a fire on his premises, had for a long time past deposited his Lumber in buildings distant from his establishment, with a full stock of seasoned materials.

The sufferers are not in a condition to be seriously affected by their losses, except Messrs. White & Raboteau, worthy and industrious young men, recently established in business, who lost every thing, books, tools, materials and finished work. To all of them, however, the loss is severe, as it is, in every case, the loss of the gains of a long course of persevering industry, skill and integrity. As the Carolinian justly says, 'the sufferers are some of our very best citizens, and they have the warm sympathy of the entire community.'

But they will not be long depressed by this misfortune. The spirit of Mr. McKethan no doubt animates them all. Before the fire was extinguished, we learn that he said to some of his numerous workmen who were assisting him with an energy prompted by warm regard and high respect, that he did not wish any of them to consider themselves as out of employment, for he hoped in a very short time again to have plenty of work for them all. This is in keeping with the character of a liberal, enterprising and energetic public spirited citizen, as Mr. McKethan has ever shown himself to be.

We hope, soon to see the space lately covered by those old tinder-boxes of houses again teeming with activity in the greater security of substantial fire-proof houses. And we doubt not that a liberal public will soon enable all the sufferers to regain their late condition of prosperity.

The Board of Commissioners has very properly passed an Ordinance prohibiting the erection of any but fire-proof buildings in the burnt district. In this way our town is gradually assuming a less hazardous aspect.—*Fay, Observer.*

**The Calculating Machine.**—We used to think it was a jest—the idea of a calculating machine; but we have seen it and its now stopping at the Irving House.—The rapidity and accuracy with which all business problems are solved is truly surprising. It needs only to be seen to be admired. Although an American invention, it has been extensively sold in England, France, Germany, and Holland. It computes interest at every possible rate percent., upon any sum of money, for any length of time, both at three hundred and sixty any three hundred and sixty-five days to the year, and has a most perfect time-telegraph to compute the number of days any note has to run. To work equations for payments, or average of accounts, is one of its conveniences. Copies have been purchased in Washington by all the departments, for use in their public offices, as well as by the principal bankers, merchants, and mechanics. Less time is required to obtain an answer to any business question than to prepare the statement.—Full printed directions accompany the work. It is learned by one or two hours' study and practice. It occupied a prominent place in the Crystal Palace.

*Washington Telegraph.*

**Mutual Insurance.**—The Greensboro' Mutual Insurance Company is beginning to attract the attention of those who wish to be safe against losses by fire. Some one asked us the other day where the Office of the Company was kept; we in-

formed him—and take this method of imparting the information to all whom it may concern—and it concerns nearly every body who has any thing liable to be burnt up,—that the Office is kept in the crown of Peter Adam's hat;—in other words, Mr. Adams is the accommodating Secretary of the Company, with "the papers in his hat," who will promptly and faithfully attend to your business wherever you find him; and he is generally "on hand" in the neighborhood of the court house, ready for your calls.—*Greens. Pat.*

## A Letter from Major Downing.

Major Jack Downing to Governor Kossuth.  
DOWNTOWNVILLE, AWAY DOWN EAST,  
In the State of Maine, Dec. 23, 1851.

Dear Governor: I hope you won't feel slighted because I haint writ to you afore. The truth is, I haven't had no time. I've been so busy for about a month past, I couldn't get time to write no how. Uncle Joshua and I have been hard to work all the time, day and night, reading your speeches and the duins of the meetins in N. York and England. We begun a week or two before you got to York, and have been at it ever since. We commonly get up and go to breakfast, and take turns reading, and keep it up till bed time: that is, till nine o'clock in the evening; that is the time we Downingville folks go to bed. So I hope you won't feel slighted because I haven't found time to write to you afore now, and hope you haven't felt lonesome since you've been in York. I see you are on the way to Philadelphia, and Baltimore and Washington, and if you should feel lonesome in them places, jest turn about and come down here to Downingville, and we'll try to cheer you up and make you feel at home. I say this because I have took a great liking to you, and I always mean what I say. I've took a greater liking to you than any body else since I lost my dear old friend General Jackson. May be it is because you are so much like him. Fact, in some things it seems to me you are jest like him. Old Hickory was the man what "took responsibility" when he wanted to do any thing; and I see you are jest so; you aint afraid to take the responsibility; and what's better still, you are trying to encourage other folks to take the responsibility too. Old Hickory was a great hand to make principles, and then fight 'em through. And there agin I think you are a good deal like him. And, by the way, I begin to feel quite a liking for President Bonaparte of France, for I see he's took the responsibility at last, and been makin principles and fightin' 'em through. There's some smart folks in the world yet; and it's well there is, for it's pretty likely there'll be a use for 'em before another year is out. And then another thing which makes me think you are so much like old Hickory is the hoorahs. Why, it seems to me I can hear 'em all the way from York to Downingville; and it carries me right back to old times, when the whole country was ringing with "hoorah for Jackson."

I think, dear Governor, you better stop here till next summer, and not go back to Hungary. We shall have to make a new President next summer, and you might get in to be President jest as easy as a cat could lick her ear—and a President you know is higher than Governor. Hadn't you better take it? I know you can get it if you'll only say the word. Our parties in this country have been so broke to pieces and mixed up lately that nobody could tell who to pitch upon for President; and we've been a good deal worried for fear we shouldn't make out to choose any President at all next summer. And I aint sure but what you've got here jest in the nick of time to get us out of this scrape. For if you'll only stand as candidate you'll go in all holler. I never knew it fail, when the hoorahs go up so strong as they have been since you got to York. We've got about twenty parties in this country now; there's the old Whig party, and the old Democrat party, and the Woolly-head Whigs, and the Silver-gray Whigs, and the Hunter Democrats, and the Barnburner Democrats, and the Seward party, and the regular Free-Soil party, and the regular Vote-yourself-a-farm party, and the old Abolition party, and the old Nullification party that I and old Hickory killed off, and the Co-operation Secessionists; and now there's two new parties added that aint hardly three weeks old yet—the Intervention party and the Non Intervention party; and I believe these are divided agin into the party for *Intervention without war*, and the party for *Intervention, war or no war*.

It was lucky you took a stand and put your foot down when you first got to N. York that you wouldn't be mixed up with any of our parties in this country, for if you had once got fairly mixed in with 'em you would a found yourself in such a snarl that I am afraid you would wish yourself back to Turkey agin before you would ever get out of it.

And it's lucky on another account that you havn't mixed up with our twenty parties. For now you are the only man in the country that can get their votes. As you havn't said nothin agin none of 'em they can all turn round and vote for you, and if you'll only say the word they'll do it, and glad of the chance; for that seems to be the only way they can get handsome-ly out of the everlasting snarl they've got

into all over the country. You needn't be afraid there's any thing in the way agin your being President. To be sure, there is some little rules laid down about it in our constitution, but that can all be managed well enough; it only wants somebody to take the responsibility. Folks aint always go accordin to the constitution when they get into a bad snarl; they have to make new principles to go by.—See how President Bonaparte has jest got out of his snarl; the constitution didn't stand in his way a bit; he jest sot up a new principle and fit it out. And you see he's come out all straight, and now can wind his yarn any where to suit himself. I don't see nothin in the way to prevent your getting in to be President if you've a mind to. You have n't mixed up with no party, so you'dnt have to fight agin no party, and it's pretty likely no party wouldnt fight agin you. But there's another thing makes it more sure than all that. You know this is a free country, and all the offices belongs to every body; and them that can make the best and the most stump speeches commonly gets in. Now I know we havent got any body in this country from Maine to Texas, nor from Dan to Beer Sheba, that can hold a candle to you in that kind of business.—Of course when I say this I mean the old bible Dan and Beer Sheba; there is an *other Dan* in this country, that if you should happen to run a-fool of I don't know but the case might be different.

Now it seems to me you better go in for the Presidency instead of going back to Hungary; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush any how; and this country is fairly under your thumb now, but Hungary is still under the paw of the Russian Bear. So that although you are the Governor of Hungary, it's likely enough there would be a pesky hard scratch before you could govern it, if you went back. But I see some of the papers say that you aint Governor of Hungary now, although they don't deny but what you was once. I wish them papers had better manners; they might jest as well say that I aint a Major now, because I aint all the time riding a hossback at the head of regiment of sogers. No, no, that wont do; it's nonsense, and impudence too. The rule in this country is, once a Major always a Major, and once a Governor always a Governor. A man's title belongs to him as much as his name does. My Major belongs to me and your Governor belongs to you, and nobody has'n't any right to take it away from us any more than he has to upset a nation. Because it's a principle, and founded in everlasting justice; therefore it is not only the law of this country, but it is the true and just law of nations; and our Government and our country not only ought to respect it themselves but to *make others respect it*.

Well, now, dear Governor, if you should not think it best to accept my offer about the Presidency, and should rather go back and run your chance in Hungary, the next question is to see what can be done for you on that score. You say, you want that we, that is, all American and the universal Yankee nation, should say you have a fair right to be called Governor of Hungary. Agreed; I've already proved that you have that right, and shall have it as long as you live. There won't be no more trouble on that score. That question is disposed of forever, I hope.

In the next place, you want us to say that Hungary got her independence of Austria fairly, and ought to have it. Agreed to that, too. We say it, and ought to stand to it, all weathers. Hungary fit it out like a man, and ought to be free forever and a thousand years afterwards.—And the traitor Gorgey ought to have his neck stretched, and the Russian Bear ought to have his toe nails cut off and his nose muzzled, so that he couldn't bite or scratch any body agin, nor interfere in other folk's domestic affairs.

In the next place, you say you want "something else," which, as near as I can find out by the papers, means money matters, and food and raiment and clothes, and a few guns, and the like of that, because you are going back to have another tussle with Austria and Russia. Agreed to that, too. You shall have all you want. Jest hold you basket and we'll fill it, if it is a dozen times a day. I see money is beginning to pour in upon you in a thousand little streams and some pretty large rivers, and it wont be long before you'll have a whole mint of it, besides guns and knapsacks and cartridge boxes. When I read some of your speeches to our folks about your poor down-trodden country, it made the tears come, I tell you. Cousin Nabby said she would knit stockings all the winter and send them over for your sogers, so they shouldn't have to go barefoot as ours did in the Revolution. Aunt Keziah said, them two great cheeses, that she was going to buy a silk gown with, she would sell for money and send it to the Kossuth fund in New York.—Uncle Joshua said he would sell his three year old steer, for he could see his ploughing next summer with the old oxen, and send the money to you. Cousin Sargent Joel sot in a deep study; at last says he, "I dont know as I've got any thing to send; but that little piece of red monstence," and he pointed to his old rifle that hung up against the wall; says he, "I'll send that over to Hungary to shoot the old Russian Bear if he comes growling round agin." And then he sot thinking a minute longer, and then he jumped up and smit his fist together, and says he, "no, I wont send it, I'll go and carry it myself." So you see, dear Governor, there isn't much danger but what you'll get "something else."

In the next place, when you come to the scratch, you want our Government and this whole nation to hold the Russian Bear back and not let him meddle, while Hungary and Austria has a fair tussle. And you want we should give him fair warning before-hand, and tell him he shan't meddle, no how; and, if we do, you think he'll mind us. Maybe he would, and maybe he wouldn't; and if he wouldn't, what then? Then you want us to go right at him, and fight him down, and make him mind, because it's right and just; and now we've got to be a great and powerful nation, it is our duty to look round and take care of the world, and make folks do right every where.

Well, now, dear Governor, as to that, I don't know but we ought to stop and think about it a little. In the first place, we have a rule here that "all just government derives its powers from the consent of the governed." So, if we've got to look round and govern the world, had't we ought to get the world's consent first? And, as you want us to take hold of Russia first, I spose she is the first one we sought to ask consent of. And if the Russian will consent that we shall hold him back we'll hold him back and run the risk of it.

And in the next place, dear Governor, it might be very well for us to take care of the world, and carry out the laws of nations, and make every body do right every where, if there wasn't no danger of our getting more than our hands full. But only look at it. Suppose when Hungary begins her tussle, the Russian should show his teeth and grab hold of her. Then we should have to send over an army and ships to help drive him back. Then suppose Poland should start up and want to be free—and she has as bloody a right to be free as any nation in the world—then we must send an army to take care of Poland, for the Russians would fight most awfully there. And there's France too. You say "the Government of France is on the side of the oppressors, and the nation of France is one of the oppressed nations." Then, of course, it will be our next duty to send an army and put down the Government of France, and let the nation go free. And then, besides the East Indies, and China, and Circassia, and lots of other places that the geography tells about, there's a good many things that we should have to look after nearer home. When Fillibusters go to upset Cuba, we must send our ships and armies to take care of that.—And then, in Mexico and South America there's troubles all the time going on, that would take about half a dozen of our armies to keep matters straight here.

Now, don't you think, dear Governor, there might be a little danger of our getting our hands full? But, come what may, dear Governor, I shall remain your friend forever.  
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

## SENSIBLE.

The young ladies of Damariscotta, in the State of Maine, have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. Among the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting, we find the following:

"That we will receive the attention of no 'so-styled' young gentlemen who has not learned some business or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood—for it is apprehended that after the bird is caught it may starve in the cage."

"That we will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tipping, for we are assured his wife will come to want and his children go barefoot."

"That we will marry no young man who is not a patron of his neighborhood paper, for we have not only strong evidence of his want of intelligence, but that he will prove too stingy to provide for his family, educate his children, or encourage institutions of learning in his vicinity."

## The Moral Effect of a Picture.

M. Hazlitt has said somewhere of the portrait of a beautiful female with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhandsome action would be impossible in its presence. Most men of any refinement of soul, must have felt the truth and force of this sentiment. And, therefore, we have often thought that the picture of a beloved mother, or a devoted wife, hung up to the room where we spend our leisure hours, must constantly exert a mighty influence upon the feeling and thought. Cowper's picture of his mother was a living presence, whose speaking countenance and beaming eye appealed, as no living mortal could, to his inmost soul, and stirred its profoundest depths.—But what is it that gives this power to the inanimate resemblances of loved and departed ones? Their virtues, their moral graces and excellences, as remembered by the affectionate survivor. In these dwell the charm, the power to stay the passions of the soul, and lure the heart to right and noble sentiments. It may seem an odd thought, but we cannot help suggesting it to every female reader—to every sister, wife, and mother—that it is a worthy ambition for each of them to labor to be both now and when dead that "picture in the house," before which vice shall stand abashed, confounded, and in whose presence every virtuous and manly heart shall glow with every honorable and lofty sentiment. So live, that even your mate picture, when the original is in the grave, shall eloquently and irresistibly urge the love of goodness and truth upon the beholder.

**The Hawthorn Tree.** with birds singing and flying from branch to branch, &c., may be seen here. Call and see it before it is sold.

When our eye caught the above in the advertisement of Mr. Tuttle, of Broadway, we were reminded that we had seen this most wonderful piece of mechanism—the most curious and effective that we have ever seen. The tree is sheltered under a glass shade, and though very beautifully executed, is, of course, the minor part of the attraction. The mechanism is wound up, and then commences the song of the

birds, which is a remarkable faithful imitation of the natural notes of feathered warblers. But the most wonderful part is the motion of the birds, which are in number. Near the foot of the tree is the largest bird, of most exquisitely beautiful plumage, which quietly sips the dew from an artificial miniature grotto, and anon quivering its half expanded wings, with that peculiar motion which young birds display when the demands of their appetites are satisfied by the attention of the parent bird.

On the topmost bough is a beautiful humming bird, which poised in the air with fluttering wings, persistently nectar from the honey cup of some favorite flower. On the lower branches are two small humming birds, brilliant with metallic hues, whose motions are the greatest marvel of the whole thing. They fly from bough to bough, without any visible cause of locomotion, save their own glib nature, now twittering aloud their staccos, and anon fluttering their gay plumage, and waving their graceful pinions, as to be intoxicated with delight. Tuttle has a host of beautiful and curious things in his store, but for marvellous genuinity we have seen nothing to equal this "hawthorn tree," which by the way is a *fascinating* of that which excited so much surprise at the Crystal Palace.

*N. Y. Commercial.*

## Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.

Kossuth's talk and conversation as reported most amuse people here. When the Senate Committee waited upon him with the resolution to receive him in France, he was not at all well pleased, and he intimated his desire to lay his humble petition before the Senate. When told that the rules and order of the Senate would not permit that, but that any Senator would feel proud to present a petition for him, he seemed very much chagrined. He evidently expected an opportunity to make a speech before the Senate, which that body by no means intends to give him.

The debate in the House yesterday, one of uncommon ability, was yet one of great frankness, and great credit to the country. The house has shown itself to be true conservative body. Every member who spoke, save Rantoul and Giddings, expressed their decided opposition to an intervention in European affairs,—and these gentlemen on that subject were silent. The whole project of intervention is, therefore, stopped at once. The struggle in a single day was over,—and the country stands yet committed to the feelings and principles of Washington. It was due to Kossuth that a stop should be put to all his expectations at once. He says, I am told, that his mission to the country has thus become a failure.

**Three Wonders in Heaven.**—John Newton said, "When I get to Heaven I shall see three wonders there;—the first wonder will be, to see many people there whom I did not expect to see; the second wonder will be, to miss many people whom I did expect to see; and the third and greatest wonder of all will be, to find myself there."

**Poisoning a whole School.**—It now turns out to be a fact that the pupils at the Dutch Female Seminary were poisoned not long since by the cook of the institution, a widow named Young who took offense at some change in the hours of eating, and mixed tartar emetic with the food, from which about forty of the pupils became violently sick, though none ate a sufficient quantity to cause death. The culprit has left the institution, and has not been arrested.

At Chapel Hill, (N. C.) according to the American Almanac, there were but thirty-nine clear days from June, 1850, to May, 1851, the rest (326) being recorded "cloudy." There is probably no other locality in the Union, or in Europe, where there are so many cloudy days. There were 194 clear days, according to the same work, at Green Lake, Wisconsin, in 1850. At Cincinnati, in 1850, they had 171 clear days, 171 variable, 51 cloudy, which is below the usual number of clear days.

John Adams (the elder) being called upon for a contribution for foreign missions, remarked, "I have nothing to give for that cause, but there are here, in this vicinity, six Ministers, not one of whom will preach in the other's pulpit; now I will give as much and more than any one else to civilize these Clergymen."

**The Striped Pig under a New Name.**—A letter from a traveller through Vermont states that while he was sitting in a village tavern another traveller came in, and stepping up to the place where the bar once was, intimated that he would like a glass of brandy. "Don't keep it," was the gruff reply. The traveller was off in quick time. Presently an old farmer came in, and blustered up to the landlady when the following dialogue ensued: "Good mornin', Landlord"—"Good mornin', Squire"—"How is your family this mornin'?"—"Pretty smart, thank'ee."—"Is the baby well?"—"Yes, very; would you like to see it?"—"I don't care if I do."—"Walk into the kitchen, Squire, Mrs. B. will be glad to see you."—"You're good," says the traveller, and returns with a very short visit to "the baby," who usually have kissed them rather roughly, judging by the manner in which they licked their chops."  
*Lowell Courier.*

**Farce changed to Tragedy.**—On the 14th of Sunday, the 29th ultimo, a party of young men assembled about a house in Norway, to serenade in calithupian style a couple married that evening. A gun was fired into the crowd, and a son of Capt. Jeremiah Foy, aged about 20 years, was fatally wounded. Two others were slightly wounded. The fair is to be investigated.

Hunger never saw bad bread.