

Carolina Watchman.

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From the Daily Globe, April 18.

FROM EUROPE.

The news brought by the steamer Europa from England, which is the latest by two days, leaves the great question of war or peace about where it was; that is, with many chances in favor of the first, and with but few in favor of the last. The Czar has not yet given any formal reply to the last ultimatum of France and England, and it looks a little as though he did not design to give one. The one informal report may be true—that he did not want six days, or even six minutes, to consider it—he rejected it. His reply to Louis Napoleon's letter was intended to conclude the discussion on his part, not to withhold his saying how peace might be maintained. It was thought decidedly arrogant and offensive in its tone, and intended to be so; for the tongue of Nicholas, like Belshazzar's, "drops manna" when he chooses to do so, as his palver to the Quaker missionaries, and his subtle and insinuating conversation with the British Minister, Sir G. H. Seymour, abundantly attest. He knew that nothing would be irritating to the French Emperor, and to the French people, than an allusion to the disastrous campaign of 1812, and just because it was irritating he introduced it. Had his intentions been pacific, he would not have this. But they are not—have not been from the beginning. The Menschikoff mission, the prompt occupation of the principalities, prove that, independently of his own words and declarations.

If this war goes on all Europe, or nearly all, will be involved in it. Some of the Powers may be allowed to be neutral at the start, but after awhile they will have to take sides. The Czar says, it is reported that Prussia must be for or against him, under the belief that she will not dare to be against him, nor would the king whose sister is the empress of Russia; but a large portion, if not a majority of the Prussians, are against Russia in feeling, and this may give trouble. The Czar recognizes the neutrality of Sweden, it seems; but England and France may not, and probably will not, nor of Denmark, because of their proximity to the Baltic, and because they have no voice and could render considerable assistance. Much depends on Austria, and she has not yet defined her position. She wants to remain neutral, if she can; or if she cannot, she wants to be on the strong side and this is natural enough, situated as she is. If she opposes the Czar and he succeeds, he will make her pay heavily for it, and after that she will be no more an independent Power than Turkey now. If she joins the Czar, and he is worsted, then she falls into the hands of the French Emperor, who will make her pay off all her scores past and present. Then she loses her territory and all her Italian possessions, to a certainty, and all her influence in Italy will be at an end. And the English, if they are generous, will, on their part, insist on the independence of Hungary, not as a Republic, but as a Monarchy. Then there will be a chance for Poland, too, and the entire reestablishment of that ill-fated Kingdom, may be among the results of the war, if it goes in favor of the Allies.

As for Turkey, one of two things is to be her portion. If the Czar comes out of the tremendous struggle triumphant, then *ex vicis!* her days are numbered and her empire annihilated forever. She will then be no longer Turkey in Europe, but Turkey in Russia. If the allies triumph she will exist in the shape and upon the conditions that they may prescribe. If they want any of her territory they will take it, and take everything else that they want. But if they act magnanimously—not disturb her territorial integrity, and be satisfied with ameliorating—greatly ameliorating—the condition of her Christian subjects, it will be well for her, and far better for them than if they were to fall under the Russian yoke, which would be worse in the long run than the Turkish, for then there would be no hope of freedom or independence.

A CAPITAL JOKE.

We were made acquainted, says the Baltimore Times, with a laughable occurrence that happened to a young married friend of ours, on the evening of the Law Society's ball. Although usually of temperate habits, it seems he had simultaneously become imbued with martial and alcoholic spirit, and after having a glorious time with a lot of "jolly good fellows," (members of the E. O. H. T.'s, "response" he went home to his neglected spouse in an awfully oblivious state. His business generally detained him until a late hour, and it appears that his wife, before retiring, was in the habit of preparing a lunch for his enjoyment after the fatigues of the day were over. On the night in question, besides the usual supper, she left a small wash bowl filled with caps in starch. The lamp had long been extinguished when the staggering husband returned, and by mistake, when proceeding to satisfy his hunger, stuck his finger in the wrong dish! He worked away at his mouthful of caps very patiently for some time, but finally being unable to investigate them, he sang out to his wife, "Old woman, where do you get your cabbage—they are so confounded stringy, I can't chew them!" "My gracious!" replied the good lady, "if that stupid fellow ain't eating up all my caps that I put in starch over night!" We understand our friend suddenly became an uncompromising advocate of the Maine liquor law, and joined the teetotal society at the earliest possible moment.

COLT IN THE CAUCASUS.

We find the following interesting anecdote, illustrating the value of a recent American invention, in an English paper of the 18th February:

In Daghestan a young Lesghian chief, being severely wounded during one of the frequent razzias of the Russians, took refuge in a ruined saki, in order to apply bandages to his wounds. While thus employed he was discovered by a party of twelve dismounted dragoons, who immediately gave chase on his taking flight. Being fleet of foot, for a short while he outran them, during which time such of them as had their carbines loaded fired at him ineffectually. Having crossed one of the flexible bridges, common in that country, and which was over a rapid torrent at the foot of a mountain, the fugitive, finding himself unable to proceed much further, and having time to put his arms in order, stood at bay under a projecting rock. With yells of delight and uplifted sabres the Russians approached the bridge. The foremost nearing him cried, "Yield, dog!" "Not whilst I have twelve lives at my girdle," cried the undaunted mountaineer. The Russians in the rear laughed loudly at the boast; but he in advance fell dead, pierced through and through by a bullet, nearly at the feet of the Lesghian. The second soldier stumbled over his dead comrade, and as he rose received a shot which caused him to fall severely wounded. The next, seeing the same weapon, which had twice been discharged, still pointed, rushed on; but, to the surprise of the Russians, a third shot was fired at him; untouched, however, he was about to cut down the Lesghian, when a fourth discharge scattered his brains on the rocky parapet, and his lifeless body tumbled into the torrent beneath. Three of the Russian had now fallen. "What devil of a pistol is this, that speaks so often?" cried the survivors to each other. The Lesghian still stood firm, merely folding his pelisse of sheep's skin round his left arm, ready to receive a blow, a precaution not unneeded, since now two Russians, abreast, were on the point of assailing him. Certain of their prey, these advanced more cautiously than their predecessors. This time two deliberate shots brought them down right and left; each fell pierced near the region of the heart. The remaining soldiers were amazed. The Lesghian, faint with loss of blood, and feeling his strength fast ebbing, now drew forth another pistol, a movement unobserved by the enemy, and rapidly fired three shots at the group of Russians, some fifty yards distant at the other end of the bridge. Owing to his sight being now dim, only one shot took effect, wounding one of the dragoons in the shoulder. "Let us fly," they cried, "it is the Evil Spirit of the mountains; he would kill our whole army." Accordingly they precipitately fled, just as the Lesghian sank down exhausted at the foot of the rock. At a distance they ventured to look back. "It hath vanished in the mist," cried the superstitious Muscovites.

The Lesghian chief was succeeded by some of his own people, and ere long recovered from his hurt, as did the wounded Russian. At his bridal feast, some four months after, the pistols, which were a pair of Colt's revolvers, and were a gift from an American traveller, Capt. K., to the youthful hero of the Caucasus, were handed round amid the general benedictions of the party. The bride is said even to have kissed them, saying, "Ah! my Delmet, were all the brave Circassians armed like thee, there would not be so many fearful maidens and bereaved widows in Daghestan." The Russian prisoner, soon reconciled by kind treatment to his position, hastened the cruel horseshair removed from his heel, and has often cleansed and loaded those identical specimens of the fatal weapons, destined to effect such a revolution in the warfare of the world.

The story of the "devil's pistol" was long told among the simple Russian soldiery; when conversing on their weary march, as the winding column ascended some interminable mountain, or when the grateful kettle gave promise of tea at the close of their day's journey. Now, the partial introduction of the arm among the officers has in some degree dissipated the telling of the story, but many still devoutly believe that the young Lesghian chief was no other than the Prince of Darkness himself out on a sporting expedition, for the express purpose of bagging Russian soldiers.

"The saki" is the habitation of the eastern Caucasus. It is constructed of unbaked stones, cemented with clay instead of mortar. A tuft of horse-hair is commonly inserted by the Circassians in the heels of their prisoners, in order to create such a degree of lameness as to prevent their escape. The simplicity of many of the Russian soldiers is almost touching in its childishness. It is against the Czar that we are making war, not against these unfortunate beings.

THE HULSEMANN LETTER.

The New York Mirror learns from reliable sources that the truth in regard to the authorship of the Hulsemann letter is nearly as follows:

"When Mr. Webster was at the North in the summer of 1851, recruiting his health, he sent for Mr. Everett and gave him the heads or points of the argument he desired to use in an answer to the Austrian letter to the President; knowing that Mr. Everett was better able to comprehend and write out his ideas than any other man living, he requested him to make a draft of a paper and submit it to him. Mr. Everett kindly gave himself up to the task, and in a few days handed Mr. Webster the Hulsemann letter.—Mr. Everett's friends and Mr. Webster's friends knew all about it at the time, and no one then attempted or thought of giving Mr. Everett the credit of doing anything more than embodying Mr. Webster's ideas, in a form so as to be acceptable to him. Everybody knew that Daniel Webster was equal to the task of writing the Hulsemann letter, and it was honor enough to Edward Everett to write out Webster's ideas well enough to be adopted by him.

AVOID SLANG WORDS.

"There is no wit," says the author of the Behavior Book, "in a lady to speak of taking 'a snooze,' instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'guys'—in saying of a man whose dress is old, that he looks 'seedy,'—and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as 'polking,' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance, too fashionable not long since, but happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'Last night I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Coxe came and asked me to polk with him.' Its coarse and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance. We have little tolerance for young ladies, who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and, having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence), and try to excite laughter, and attract the attention of gentlemen, by talking slang. Where do they get it?—How do they pick it up? From low newspapers, or from vulgar books? Surely not from low comparisons. We have heard of one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was pinned on drunk—also that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted, she was "floored." When submitting to do a thing unwillingly, she was brought to the scratch. 'Sometimes' she did things on the sly." She talked of a certain great vocalist "singing like a bear." She believed it very smart and piquant to use these expressions. It is true, when at parties, she always had half a dozen gentlemen about her: their curiosity being excited as to what she would say next. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities; and one who boasted of having always "lived in society."

TRAGIC SCENE.—MISSISSIPPI EDITORS: As I have seen no published account of the following strange and heart-rending scene, I take the liberty of sending you a brief sketch, as related to me by my brother-in-law (who resides in Waupeca county, Wisconsin, and in the same neighborhood) a day or two previous to my leaving the State, which was about two weeks ago.

A farmer sold a yoke of oxen to an individual in the neighborhood, and received his pay in paper money. The man who purchased the oxen, being in a hurry to start off, requested the farmer to assist him in yoking them up. He accordingly went to the yard with the man for that purpose, leaving the money lying on the table. On his return to the house, he found his little child had taken the money from the table, and was in the act of kindling the fire in the stove with it. From the impulse of the moment, he hit the child a slap on the side of the head, so hard as to knock it over, and, in the fall, it struck its head against the stove with such force as to break its skull.

The Christian and Infidel Family.

BY GRANT THORNTON.

About three months after I came to New York, there arrived from England a man by the name of William Carver. He entered as a journeyman blacksmith in the same shop where I was at work, in Liberty street, opposite Little Garden street. His craft was to make horse-shoes and horse-nails; my craft was to make horse-nails. We both wrought for the same employer. He had a fine woman for a wife and three young children. They were both members of an independent congregation in the town of Lewis, from which they brought certificates, and joined themselves with the same Church in New York. As William was a great talker, a great radical, and as he had the iron which he hammered, he was soon laid hold of by the pass. Democracy, and honored with a sitting in the walls of St. Tammany.

At this time (1796) there came into the city a man who was blind; he had once been a preacher that gospel he was now trying to destroy. I heard two or three of his lectures. He said that he professed to preach the gospel for three or four years after he was convinced that religion was a cheat, and the Bible a compound lie. Observe here, this man had the modesty to rail against hypocrisy. I heard him relate the following circumstance: said he, "some time after I became a preacher of infidelity, I was conversing with some one on the subject, when, in order to give weight to an assertion I had made, I expressed myself thus: 'I am firmly believe the fact, as I believe that I shall see the sun shine on to-morrow.' This was at 10 o'clock p. m.; but he never again saw the sun. Before he awoke, the sun shone on every hill; but with him there was darkness in all his borders. He died in Philadelphia, about three years thereafter, as blind in body and mind as the Devil himself could wish. Eliza Palmer was his name. He mentioned this awful phenomenon in one of his lectures, that he might explain away the judgment-like aspect of Heaven, and account for it from natural causes. Some of his disciples perhaps were satisfied by his explanations; but he was not satisfied himself.

Palmer, the blind leader of the blind, held his lectures on Deism in what were then known as the Assembly Rooms, in William street, just where Cedar street now opens going down into Pearl street. Cedar street terminated in William street at that period.

But we return to William Carver. He was led by one of those hoary-headed incendiaries (who worship the Devil in Tammany Hall at the present day) into this Dungeon of Despair. He drank deep of their cold and cheerless doctrines, and soon came forth a flaming infidel. He now turned his back on the Church, and set his face towards the City of Destruction; and like all false thinkers, who never allow any one to think freely but themselves, he compelled his wife to follow. She, too, joined him in his downward march. The children were young, so the father and mother let them all go to the Devil in their own way. This then was the beginning of sorrow.

For several years after this, William and I wrought in the same shop, and our families grew up within three doors of one another. I warned and expostulated with him in vain. One day he brought into the shop an armful of books, magazines, tracts, missionary journals, &c., and among them a fine edition of the Bible, printed in Oxford. He threw them on the hearth and commenced blowing the following:—"What are you about, William?" said I. "To make a fire of them," says he. By begging, coaxing, and a three-dollar bill, I secured the lot and saved them from the flames. Having gathered up my purchase, says I, "William, mark my words: Before twenty years you will become a beggar, and your children vagabonds on the face of the earth."

A remarkable coincidence in the order of Providence, that my coming in contact with Carver brought me also in close communion with Thomas Paine; Carver's wife, and Paine being natives of the same town in England; and Paine and I boarding with Carver at the same time. Thus, while we four joined in social converse for hours in the winter evenings, I learned Paine's history from his wife, and she our intimacy continued more or less. I traced him to his grave, & I think also that Providence has lengthened my days that I might tell to generations yet to come what I saw with mine eyes, heard with mine ears, and felt when conversing with this enemy of men.

We return to William. Having now commenced the downward track, he began to neglect his business (some time previous he had begun for himself, and was prospering) in his zeal for propagating his new principles. In the shop, in the street, and at every corner, you might find him pouring out his new light; and so vulgar and so harsh was the language, which he blasphemed every thing which society in general holds sacred, that moderate men of any principle, and of any shams, his shop and company, and his wretched circumstances, he never did not meet for twenty years. But while I kept store in the meeting-house in Liberty street, in 1828, he came in one morning about ten o'clock, and asked for twenty-five cents with which to buy his breakfast. At first I knew him not. He looked so poor and heart-broken that I could not refrain a tear. Said I, "William, has it come to this?" He answered that he had not a cent, a friend, nor a child to help him in the world. I asked for his wife. "Dead." I inquired for his children by name. His sons were killed in Canada; his daughters went on the town. Said I, "William, these three young men behind the counter are with their mother. Neither of them ever gave me a show-heart; and my arms cut off from my show-heart; and would strive who should be first to feed me, they would. Your children and mine were brought up within three doors of one another; what should make them to differ." "I can't tell," said he. Says I, "You remember the day I paid you three dollars and snatched your bible from the fire?" "I do; and your prediction is fulfilled to the letter," said he. "Having parted with your Bible," I continued, "you turned your back on the church. Your children were left on the Sabbath to wander like stray sheep; they soon fell into the hands of the destroyer. I led mine to church, where they were not exposed to evil precept and example, till they were old enough to judge for themselves. Now they walk in the ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness and peace."

of my life, I never would renounce my religion." Said I, "You ought to publish these sentiments with your name." He said it was now too late; he felt that he could neither recant nor repent.

THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Go ask the inmates where are the loved ones at home; and how often will he tell you that they are gone, and that he has no home. The fire once burned brightly upon his heart-stone and the smiles of a young and affectionate wife swelled his noble heart with joy and he was truly happy. The children of his pure and hallowed love were about him; the dimpled hands and sunny locks elicited from the deep fountains of his pure and manly heart the strong current of a father's affections.

Ah! years ago, and the wild seducer has led him from influence and respectability down to poverty and disgrace! The rose upon his wife's cheeks was blanching; the dimpled hands and cheeks of his dear little ones were reduced to skeletons by neglect and want; The warm affections of his heart were gone; no noble aspirations flamed within his manly breast; all, all, are in ruins! Delirium tremens have seized upon him; his wife has been laid in the silent tomb, and her little ones by her side—he only remains of his once happy family; he only is left to tell the sad tale of his fall!

He commenced his downward career as a fashionable, moderate, drinker,—planting himself upon the weak idea that he never would be a drunkard. Such has been the fate of many a noble spirit; they have been deluged from home—entirely unconscious that Rum is winning them away from their families.

Then, Moderate Drinker, when you are about to lift the sparkling goblet to your lips, remember that the next will advance you that much further in the course of the Drunkard! RETURN LOVED ONES AT HOME.—Kingst of Jerico.

A Final Question Family Decided.

At the close of a lecture on physiology before the evening school, a few nights since, the lecturer remarked that any one was at liberty to ask questions upon the subject—and that he would answer them as far as he was able. A young lady, with much apparent sincerity, remarked that she had a question to ask, though she was not certain that it was a proper question; she would, however, venture to ask it. It was as follows:—"If one hen lays an egg and another sets on it and hatches out a chicken, which hen is the mother of the chicken?" The lecturer said, "I will answer you in Yankee style, by asking you a question: 'Ira little, pretty, white, genteel, native pullet sets on an egg of Oriental extraction, and hatches a great, homely, long-legged, splinter-jawed, slab-sided, awkward, and gutted Shanghai, would you, if you were that little white pullet, own the great homely fowlsister?'" "No," said the young lady "I couldn't."

A STEP BACKWARD.

Messrs. Honston of Ala., and Jones of Tenn., two Democratic members of Congress, have declared themselves in favor of raising the rate of postage, because the expense of the Department are more than the receipts. The days of high postage are past. The people would not submit to an increase of the present rates. If the Franking privilege was modified or abolished, the Department would more than pay expenses. In a few years, even under the present system, the receipts will more than equal the cost of transportation of mail matter. There must be no alteration of the present rates, unless to reduce them.

ANGER OF PAINTED PAILS.—"I would desire to direct the attention of the readers of the Scientific American to the danger of using pails which are painted inside for containing water for domestic purposes. The oxide of lead with which they are painted is a dangerous poison, and I know it is productive of evil in many cases. Last week, having taken a drink of water from a painted pail which had been in use for some months, I was convinced from the taste of the water that it had taken up a portion of the paint, and having analysed the water, I found it to contain a very minute quantity of the water were taken, to produce those fearful diseases peculiar to lead poisonings."

REVIEW OF THE JAPAN SQUADRON.—The Washington Star of yesterday says: "We have every reason to believe that long since, on notifying the Government of his promise to return this spring to Japan to receive the answer of the Emperor to our proposals, the Commodore was instructed to comply with that engagement with all the ships under his command that could be spared from the Chinese seas, and then to return home with all his vessels except a steamer and two sloops of war, which are to remain in that quarter as the regular U. S. East Indies squadron. And further, that the returning vessel will come home via the Pacific, touching at San Francisco, and other most important points in the usual Pacific route, thence to the United States. The Commodore is expected to return himself, overland with as little delay as possible."

We discover great beauty in those who are not beautiful, if they possess genuine truthfulness, simplicity, and sincerity.

The London Morning Herald comments as follows on the British and Russian correspondence:

"The Czar gradually, cautiously approaches the subject of his destined crime. He unveils his meaning by degrees. He says enough for his hearer to guess the rest, and stop there. How is he met? With prompt, indignant denial! With the simple statement of fact, 'Turkey is not dying, and we do not mean that he should die!' No, the scarcely-veiled proposal of partition is listened to—repeated—looked at in every shape, and repudiated at last in language so faint that the Czar might well be excused for deeming it insincere. We do not say that Lord Aberdeen yielded to the temptation, but we say that he allowed himself to seem on the verge of yielding, and by that vacillation encouraged the Czar to act. Decision came too late, and Europe is involved in war, and thousands of lives will be sacrificed because an English minister has shown himself, on a great emergency, not indeed 'credulous,' for credulity alone is not sufficient explanation of his conduct, but vacillating, insincere, and weak."

THE GREEK INSURRECTION.

A bad omen for Turkey, (says the N. Y. Express), and for the "powers" that espouse her cause; is the spread of the Insurrection in Greece. It is a struggle on the part of the Greek Christians to get rid of Moslem rule a struggle which the Emperor of Russia may be supposed to do all in his power to encourage.—The Greek Christians, on the other hand, make no secret of the fact that their sympathies and good wishes are all on the side of the Czar—the head of their Church,—in his contest with Turkey and the allies of Turkey. This state of things, of course, adds to the embarrassment of Great Britain; for with what grace can she turn her army against the Greeks—the very Greeks, it may be said, for whom her cannon roared at Navarino!

ABOLITIONISM DEFENDED.—Senator Bucklelow, of Pennsylvania, in an admirable speech in favor of the Nebraska bill, thus defines abolitionism:

"Sir, the spirit of abolitionism is thoroughly venomous and implacable. No concessions will satisfy or appease it.—Inspired by a deadly, inextinguishable hatred of our system of confederate government, it would rush to the accomplishment of its designs over a prostrate Constitution, and through the baleful flames of civil war destructive in all its instincts and passions, it is to be resisted as an enemy to whom no quarter is to be given, and to conciliate whom is to betray our country."

Americans in the Turkish Army.—A letter in the Boston Traveller, dated Constantinople, March 2, says, "Two Americans are now in the Turkish army—one having the commission of a colonel, and the other, I think, of a major. The former was a captain in the United States army. Both have gone to join the troops at Kaire, near the Georgian frontier."

Crime in Philadelphia.—Since Mayor Gilpin's installation, last October, up to the present time, 26,905 prisoners have been brought before him. Of these 2,076 have been returned to court. For larceny 709 were arrested; 150 for counterfeiting; and 74 for larceny. There were 22,200 cases of drunkenness and disorderly conduct, attributable to the use of alcoholic compounds.

Snow at the North.—In New Hampshire, in the lake and mountain region, there is from two to three feet of snow on a level in the fields and woods, and the sleighing is good.

ELECTIONS.

BALTIMORE, April 7, 1854. The Rhode Island election result in the complete absence of the Whigs—a Whig Governor and Legislature elected by a large majority. In Connecticut the majority against the Democrats is 5,000. Whig majority in the Senate 13—in the House 38.

Remarkable Longevity.—Fishes, a free woman of color, died recently at the city hospital, of "debility," having attained the remarkable age of 146 years. We have known of several cases of Creoles living to a great age, but do not remember an instance any where of any color attaining to such an age as the above, and we should be inclined to discredit this, but that the fact is officially reported to us from the city hospital.—Mobile Ad.

A Good Shot.—The best repartee we have lately seen comes from Prentiss, the wag of the Louisville Journal. The Editor of the Alabama Flag called it out by the following query: "Why is the Louisville Journal's career through life like a celebrated time? Because it is the rognos march." Prentiss, who is a "dead shot," loaded his piece, and taking aim, let the Flag man have it right in the teeth after the following manner to wit: "Why will the editor of the Flag, at the close of his career through life be like a time of Paganini's? Because he will be executed on a single string."

It is gravely asserted, that the organ of reverence is absent, on leave, in American heads. Lamartine is said to be engaged on a life of Washington, which will be published within this year.