Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

VOL. XI.---NEW SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., MAY 25, 1854. NUMBER I.

J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Two Dollars a year, paid within three months from date of subscription; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid before the expiration of the year, and three dollars after the year has expired. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the Editor.

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Twenty-Third Congress--First Session.

WASHINGTON, May 15, 1854.

SENATE.—Mr. Wade presented petitions against the Nebraska bill.

Mr. Hunter introduced a bill making further provisions for the satisfaction of Virginia military land warrants.

Mr. Cooper presented the memorial of one Hanaway, who was indicted and tried for treason arising out of the Christiana riots, setting forth that his health has become injured in consequence of his said indictments and trial, and he is utterly unable to pay the vast expense of his defence, and he prays to be indemnified to the amount of his witnesses, for say $3,000.

A motion to recommit the report of last session on the subject of religious freedom to American citizens in foreign countries was taken up.

Mr. Cass addressed the Senate on this resolution at some length.

Mr. Badger. I desire to ask the Senator from Michigan whether he has seen a statement in some Roman Catholic religious newspaper, called, I think, the "Shepherd of the Valley," published at St. Louis, under the direction and authority of the bishop of that Roman Catholic diocese, to the effect that so soon as the Roman Catholics obtain the numerical supremacy in any State, there will be an end therein of all religious toleration.—Has he seen any such statement?

Mr. Cass. I think I have seen that statement through the papers, quoted, I believe, from that very paper. I have not seen the paper itself, but I have seen the statement quoted.

Mr. Badger. Assuming that to be so, I wish to suggest to my friend from Michigan, whether it would not be wise, in connection with his proposition in regard to foreign governments, to consider the propriety of some measures at home, in anticipation of such a result, not at all unlikely, I fear, for securing religious liberty at home.

Mr. Cass. I will merely observe, in respect to that, that I take it this government has nothing to do with religious liberty at home. That is a question for the States.

Mr. Badger. Then I wish to suggest, supposing such an event to happen, if, in the interior organization of this government, there should be a State or States of the Union prohibiting all religious toleration, what a position we should occupy with foreign governments in asking from them what we have not the power to secure to their citizens at home.

Mr. Cass. I trust the honorable Senator is supposing an impossible case in this country.

Mr. Clayton. I hope that the report, and the resolutions upon which the honorable Senator from Michigan has so ably addressed the Senate, will now be referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. At some future period I propose to address the Senate upon it.

The motion to refer was agreed to.

Mr. Hunter moved to postpone all prior orders for the purpose of taking up the Indian Appropriation bill, but Mr. Badger moving to adjourn, it was carried, and the Senate, shortly after 2 o'clock, adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Mr. Richardson withdrew the demand for the previous question, on the resolution offered by him several days ago, proposing to terminate the debate on the Nebraska Kansas bill in five minutes after the House shall go into committee thereon, and offered a substitute for the resolution, to extend the debate till Friday next, at twelve o'clock, and demanded the previous question on it.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, moved to lay the resolution on the table.

Mr. Giddings made a motion to suspend the rules, for the purpose of introducing a bill to repeal all parts of the laws of the United States which authorize the coastwise slave trade.

Mr. Clingman objected to the introduction of the bill as out of order.

Mr. Giddings. I withdraw my proposition because the advocates and foes of the Nebraska bill think it interferes with the fight now going on, and I don't wish to embarrass either side.

Mr. Dean. You want a free fight.

Mr. Campbell moved a call of the House.

Mr. Dickinson vainly sought to introduce a resolution to the effect that every bill on the calendar in committee of the whole on the state of the Union, which was set aside last Monday, shall be restored to its appropriate place.

The question was taken on shall there be a call of the House—yeas 61, nays 141.

Mr. Richardson asked leave to offer a resolution to terminate the debate on the Nebraska bill on Saturday next, at 12 o'clock, and that the consideration of the special order, the Pacific railroad bill, be postponed until the 24th inst.

Mr. Sage objected.

Mr. Richardson moved a suspension of the rules. Carried—yeas 137, nays 96.

Mr. Richadson moved the previous question.

Mr. Hunt. I wish to propose an amendment as to the time, which will make the resolution more acceptable to the opponents of the bill.

Mr. Sage moved the resolution be laid on the table.

Mr. Hunt again rose to make a proposition.

Mr. Craige objected, amid cries of "hear him!"

Mr. Hunt. The gentleman compels me to take ground which I would not otherwise take. The remainder of the sentence was lost in deafening cries of "order, order."

Mr. Craige. I look on the gentleman as a factionist, and I declare him such.—["Order, order."]

Before the result of the vote was announced on Mr. Sage's motion, Mr. Hunt wished to say a word personal to his feelings.

The speaker asked whether it was the unanimous wish of the House.

Mr. Craige. I object on the same ground as I took before.

Mr. Hunt. If the gentleman from N. Carolina stigmatizes me as a factionist, he speaks a falsehood. [Loud exclamations of order and great excitement.]

Mr. Craige. I will exercise my right and will call the gentleman to order as soon as I would any body else.

Mr. Hunt. If the gentleman says I am a factionist, he speaks what is false before God and the country.

During the colloquy, there were deafening cries of "Order, order." The Speaker banged with his hammer, calling on the Sergeant-at-Arms to interfere to preserve order.

Mr. Bayly, of Virginia, demanded the arrest of the parties.

The Sergeant-at-Arms, seizing his mace of office, hurried over to Mr. Hunt, and the excitement subsided a little. The Speaker then exerted his power to require gentlemen standing in the aisles to take their seats.

The result of the vote on laying the resolution on the table was announced—yeas 65, nays 134.

Mr. Farley moved that the House adjourn till Monday next. Negatived—56 against 131.

Another unsuccessful motion was made to adjourn. [Cries of "question, question," so boisterous, that persons in the lobbies rushed to the bar, supposing there was a fight.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, said something, but his voice was drowned in the deafening cries of "order, question."

The Speaker called to order, saying there could be no question till quiet was restored. Calls of the house were made and motions to adjourn were submitted in quick succession, like the irregular firing of militia trainers. Cries of "question, question," broke forth with renewed vigor, and amid the noisy proceedings the demand for the previous question on Mr. Richardson's resolution was seconded by acclamation.

The main question was ordered to be put on the resolution—yeas 127, nays 62.

After an exciting session, at 5½ o'clock the first part of Mr. Richardson's resolution to close debate on the Nebraska bill at noon on Saturday next was adopted by yeas 114, nays 59. The second branch of his resolution postponing the consideration of the Pacific railroad bill till the 24th instant was subsequently agreed to yeas 123, nays 53, and the House at 6 o'clock adjourned.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, several petitions of a private character were presented on different subjects, which were referred to their appropriate committees.

Mr. Pratt presented a petition from citizens of the District of Columbia, praying that the turnpike on Maryladd avenue, leading east, might be made free; referred to the Committee for the District of Columbia.

Mr. Pettit asked leave to report a bill from the committee of which he was chairman, (the Committee on Private Land Claims) respecting certain lands in Indiana, which was agreed to, and the bill put on its passage through the Senate; read three times and passed.

Mr. Pettit reported another bill, from the same committee, of a private character, which was likewise read three times and passed.

Mr. Mallory moved that the resolution on the subject of the Africanization of Cuba, which was introduced some time back by Mr. Slidell, should be read.

The resolution was accordingly read, but on motion of Mr. Sumner laid on the table.

Mr. Slidell moved that 2,000 copies of the report on the subject of the seizure of the Black Warrior should be printed for the use of the Senate.

Mr. Bright presented a memorial on the subject of an armory for the regiment of the volunteers of the District of Columbia; which, on motion, was referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia.

Mr. Mallory made some remarks on the debate of yesterday, when the paper called the "Shepherd of the Valley" was made the subject of comment. He defended the Roman Catholics from the charge of intollerance.

HOUSE.—Immediately after coming together to day the House went into a Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, (Mr. Olds in the chair,) when Mr. Hunt rising asked leave to make a personal explanation, and said that the report of his remarks yesterday in the Globe of this morning was wrong; that found in the other papers being correct.

Mr. Craige, also rising to a personal explanation, said that, conceiving that Mr. H. had reference to the report of what had passed between himself and that gentleman on that occasion, he had only to reply that the Globe's report of *his* remarks was substantially correct.

Mr. Hunt again rising said: I branded the gentleman's statement yesterday.—That brand still hisses.

Mr. Craige. You cannot strut into a scrape, and sneak out of it in that way. Here commotion arose in the hall, and these gentlemen took their seats.

Mr. Maxwell, who was entitled to the floor, then addressed the House at length in favor of the Nebraska bill, the subject which had been taken up for consideration on going into committee.

Address of the Central Committee.

TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Fellow Citizens: The Central Committee appointed by the Convention of citizens opposed to the liquor traffic, beg leave to address you, and most respectfully to ask your aid in carrying out the purposes of the Convention.

We desire the entire suppression of the liquor traffic, but yet we do not desire even this great and beneficial reform against your will. We hope your understandings either have been or will be convinced of the enormities of the traffic and the necessity of ending it.

Before entering on our main purpose, we desire to say, that when we speak of ending the traffic, we do not wish to accomplish that by any violent or injurious means, even to the dealers themselves. Our proposition is to pass a law declaring the retail traffic in intoxicating drink unlawful, and forthwith to prohibit it by the most stringent provisions. The manufacture of the article we would also prohibit in the same way. The sale of intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, from and after some reasonable time, we would by law forever abolish and prohibit. But these great reforms we do not ask for until your will is ascertained. We ask for the passage of a law whereby the freemen of the State, entitled to vote, shall, at the polls, say whether they desire the enactment of a prohibitory law!

It cannot surely be necessary in detail to state the evils of the sale of intoxicating drink. They have been present to every man, woman, and child, in this State for the last thirty years. Every day *now* they are as apparent as the light of a noon-day's sun can make objects. The sale of intoxicating drink is the parent of the bloody murders which have occurred, and which are even now so shamefully frequent. It has produced, does produce, and will produce, nine-tenths of all the crimes of South Carolina. It is the parent of poverty; it causes the loss of character; it destroys activity, energy, industry, and hope, and fills our country with miserable, drunken loafers. It squanders the millions of wealth and income which otherwise might be appropriated to benevolence, education, and improvement. The money spent "in *riotous living*" would build all the railroads contemplated or desired in South Carolina; would endow and support colleges and academies in every part of the State; and would crown every section with the results of genius and art. The sale of intoxicating drinks is the cause of the fearful increase of insanity. It is the dread tyrant which crushes all the affections of the heart; destroys all the charms of "*home, sweet home*;" breaks the ties of wife and children; and turns the husband and father into the brutal tyrant, hated and feared. *It ruins the slave!* At the places where intoxicating drink is sold he learns to steal his master's goods, to hate him, and finally to put him to death.

An awful picture has thus been hastily sketched. Do you desire to hang it up in your home, and say this is a thing to be loved? No. We are sure you will say take it away. Let the original no longer be found in South Carolina.

How can it be done? Prohibit the manufacture and sale as a beverage? It can't be done, is the demagogue's objection. The same objection was urged when your fathers of '76 were about breaking their fetters on the head of their tyrant mother, Great Britain. Trusting in the Lord of Hosts, the patriots of '76 entered on the glorious trial, and were rewarded with liberty—priceless liberty. We propose to you to do so likewise, and we promise you liberty—sober liberty; freedom now and forever from the reign of the tyrant of the *cup!*

The constitution is in the way, is another objection. Read the constitution of this State and the United States, and you will find that the power to legislate in this particular is left to the Legislature of the State without restriction. The decisions of the courts of this State and of the United States affirm this to be so.

But it is restrictive of the rights of property, is another objection. The manufacturer—the distiller—says, "I thus turn my corn, rye, and barley, into money." *You turn the staff of life into the destruction of it for money!* Are you heartless enough to hold up the price of blood, and say this is our wealth. Judas sold his master, but did it profit him? The answer is in his voluntary death, and in the potter's field. Oh, our countrymen, fly from such accursed avarice! There is no necessity for yielding to it. You can sell your corn, rye, and barley, for a better and more certain reward. The railroads have brought a market to your doors. South Carolina does not raise enough of the breadstuffs for the consumption of the people, and hence there is no necessity to distill. *There is no surplus.* Every bushel distilled *takes that much bread from the mouths of the hungry and starving poor!*

The vendor has not even the poor pretence of the distiller. He makes money out of the blood, tears, misery, poverty, degradation, insanity, and crimes of men, women, and children, and, Vespasian-like, holding it up, he says, can you tell by its smell whence it came? The human sense may not be able to ascertain, but the eye of the everlasting Avenger has seen from the beginning whence it came, and He is ready to say of the dealer, "cut him down, why cumbereth he the ground."

That prohibition is no new thing, is shown by our laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks in quantities less than three gallons *without a license*; prohibiting gaming; our quarantin laws; the laws which prohibit idle gentlemen from going at large, by classing them as vagrants, and many other similar enactments.

That prohibition is necessary, is shown by the fact that moral suasion has utterly failed. That as long as temptation is before the drinking man, by the sale of intoxicating drink, sobriety can never be obtained. That the venders can only be reached by law. That it is by prohibition alone that the traffic with slaves can be cut off and destroyed.

Most of you will say we admit all you say; how can you effectually prohibit the sale. Declare by law that wherever intoxicating drink is found to be kept for sale as a beverage, it shall, upon the conviction of the offender upon a trial in the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, be declared forfeited, and ordered to be destroyed, and the whole thing is done.

Other States have made the experiment for us, and found it to be easily done, and productive of the most happy results. Our own incorporate towns—Edgefield, Anderson, Greenville, Spartanburg, Laurens, Newberry and Sumterville—have shown how easily the traffic is suppressed, and how happily peace and good order result from it. *Shall we hesitate to try?* Our past glorious history answers *no!* Our homes, our wives, children, our slaves, and ourselves answer "no."

Show yourselves to be freemen, worthy of a freeman's heritage, by saying to your representatives, give us the opportunity to say at the polls whether we wish a prohibitory law or not. Do that, and then when the privilege is granted, write prohibition upon every ballot, and inscribe it upon every homestead, so that your children and children's children may regard it as equally to be cherished with life, liberty and prosperity.

JOHN BELTON O'NEAL,
Chairman of the Central Committee.

NORTHERN PHILANTHROPY.

The outcry raised by people in non-slaveholding States against slavery imposes upon no one but themselves. Are Northern men better than Southern?—Are they more humane, merciful and generous? Is human nature North of Mason & Dixon a different thing from human nature South of Mason & Dixon? Why should people be more compassionate and more benevolent there than they are here? What makes them so? And how do they show it?

Did they ever hold slaves? Certainly. What has become of those slaves? Did they give them away? Not a bit of it. Before their law abolishing slavery went into operation—which was not till slavery ceased to be profitable—they sold everything black in their possession to the Southern States. What an illustration of disinterested philanthropy. Why did they not set us a better example.

Did their people ever have any connexion with the slave trade? Most undoubtedly. They were the principle men who carried it on. They made large fortunes by it. It is a curious fact that, until the American government passed laws against the slave trade, Northern philanthropy was never excited upon the subject of Southern slavery.

Have they ever shown their excessive compassion for the slave by contributing the money made in the slave trade, or in any other way to his emancipation? Not at all. They have built up colossal fortunes and mammoth cities upon slave labor. But they keep a tight grip of every dime. They will not buy the freedom of slaves. They will not aid the fugitive negro, who has escaped from slavery, to escape from starvation. They will not show mercy to their own white poor, much less to the blacks of another section.

Why, then, do they raise such a fuss about slavery? Not because they are more sympathizing or more humane than others, for true humanity and true sympathy show themselves in fruitful deeds and not in barren words. It is easier to pick flaws in your neighbor's character than to reform your own. Moreover, the nominal slavery of the black laborer diverts attention from the real slavery of the Northern laborer.

Northern abolition is made up of fanaticism, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. It is a thing of the head and of the fancy. The heart has nothing to do with it, except in its worst passions. Antipathy to the master, not sympathy with the slave, is its ruling principle. Again we say, if these hypocrites impose upon themselves, they impose upon no one else.

[*Richmond Dispatch.*

EXTRAORDINARY PISTOL SHOOTING.—The great match and bet of one thousand dollars to eight hundred (says the New Orleans Picayune) has at last been decided, Mr. Travis winning the money upon the first shot. A small orange was placed on the head of a man, and Travis stationed at a distance of thirty-six feet. At the first fire the orange was hit, half the bullet going through. Rather dangerous sport for the chap upon whose noddle the orange was placed.

From the Raleigh Register.

KEGS, CRANIUMS AND FIDDLES.

State by James Aswell *vs.* Theodore Augustus Nixon.

Superior Court of Law, Fall Term, 1852.

James Aswell was a sorrowful man. His griefs were manifold, multitudinous. James Aswell was also a Fiddler; not strictly a professional violinist. But he played on his own hook, as it were; to please himself—though he would not scorn sometimes in his better moods, to please a few of his friends.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. It cheereth the saddened spirit, and driveth dull care away. So, at least, thought James Aswell one night in August last, as he took himself to Caswell's Doggery and essayed to solace himself with corn juice and music, after a political defeat. "Away with melancholy" had already been sawed off with surprisingly hilarious effect. And "Landlord fill the flowing bowl" was now in process of vigorous execution. Horse-hair and catgut were kissing each other in ecstacy; had become right jolly together, and, in fact, were getting to be about as royally tipsy as Jemmy himself when in staggered Theodore Augustus Nixon, "in triumph advancing." Now, Theodore had been treating *good* luck with whiskey, until "Oh be joyful" was becoming all over him. Of course, hearing the music, he took up the role, and incontinently pitched into a most obstropolous double shuffle, in a style of execution which would have shamed the maddest dancing Quaker in New Lebanon. Even this did not satisfy the vaulting ambition of Theodore Augustus, and in attempting to combine double shuffle, pigeon-wing, and back-step in one mighty effort of Terpsichorean skill, his gyrations led him beyond his limits, Fiddle and Fiddler bit the dust, and the jolly Bacchanal was brought to an extemporaneous halt.—"Play away, you locofoco rascal!" shouted Theodore. "I'll see you d—d first," retorted the indignant Jemmy. "It's bad enough to be beat at 'lection 'thout havin' to fiddle for a nasty Fetheral to dance arter." Whereupon, Theodore Augustus Nixon, thinking to make music of a different sort from two empty vessels coming violently in contact, seized an empty keg and hurled it at the head of the sullen violinist. For this slight mistake, was Theodore now indicted, under the technical name of an assault and battery "in and upon the body of one James Aswell, in the peace of God and the State then and there being," &c.

The Judge charged substantially that Caswell's Doggery was, for the nonce, the Inn of the Prosecutor; and that he had the legal right to take his ease and to disport himself therein to his heart's content with his fiddle, without let or hindrance of the said Theodore; provided, nevertheless, that this private musical entertainment did not degenerate into a public nuisance; that the defendant had offered no evidence that he was governed in the premises by a patriotic desire to abate a nuisance—that if Theodore Augustus attempted either forcibly to arrest the strains of melody by rudely throwing himself or his heels against the Barbiton or its master, or to extract music by compulsion from the reluctant artist, by hurling a keg at the said artist's cranium, then the said Theodore had violated the law and was guilty of the charge. The old case of the "Battle of the Kegs" was never of much authority, and now, since the Revolution, is without weight, and whiskey was no excuse, &c.

The defendant, Theodore Augustus Nixon, was found guilty, and stood before the Judge trembling from head to foot, awaiting his doom. He looked absolutely hopeless; penitent, but the very impersonation of despair. No "safe deliverance" beamed on the face of the unhappy Theodore.

The eye of His Honor twinkled with fun, as with inimitable mock gravity, he looked around and enquired if any one could say whether James Aswell was a *good Fiddler*—and whether he was, at the time specified, playing such music as should be drunk in and inwardly enjoyed and digested. A satisfactory solution might much affect the judgment of the Court. The case grew darker for Theodore. The testimony as to the artistic skill of the prosecutor was decided and unanimous. Even the High Sheriff was compelled to admit that he played well, generally and especially. Hereupon, His Honor looked daggers, placed his hand over his eyes and leaned back in profound meditation. Some one, more sceptical than wise, perhaps, intimated that His Honor was eating his handkerchief to keep from laughing at the dismal figure of the defendant, who expected to be imprisoned twelve months at least, it not to be put in the stocks.

He was fined *one dollar* by the good humored Judge; and forthwith planked up the rhino, bowed gratefully to His Honor, thanked his Lawyer, also the jury, and the people generally, donned his old beaver, and went on his way rejoicing, the happiest man in ten counties.

A Genuine Yankee.—The following graphic stanza is from a poem read before the Historical Society at Hartfort, Connecticut:

"He would kiss a queen till he raised a blister,
With his arm around her neck, and his old felt hat on:
Would address the king with the title of mister,
And ask him the price of the throne he sat on."

A lad in Connecticut has multiplied a sum of twenty-six figures, by twenty-six figures, mentally, and given the correct result.

Re-Inauguration of the Crystal Palace.

The Crystal Palace in this City was re-opened with very appropriate ceremonies on Thursday of last week. The pomp and display of high civil and military dignitaries witnessed last year, when the exhibition was first opened to the public, and the total subordination of art and industry, to gaud and glitter, on that occasion, were amply attoned for on this one. It was an ovation to the genius of industry and art. There was a procession of the Association and citizens through the city which, as a whole, was a dead failure, as it should be for processions, except upon very extraordinary occurrences, should be thrown to the moles and the bats. In our opinion they are foolish and unnecessary affairs. The ceremonies within the Crystal Palace, however, were in good taste; the only objection was too much *spouting*, a mistake which might have been avoided if the Directors had only employed one clergyman and one lawyer, instead of three of each class, to make speeches. Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," and Horace Greeley, were the only mechanics, who made speeches. There was one idea on which most of the speakers seemed to dwell erroneously, and which Mr. Greeley corrected with great propriety, that was "the dignity of labor." Men talk much of the dignity of labor, but in itself, as we have often said, there is no dignity in labor; it is the person, the cause, and the motive, not the toil that confers dignity on art. "There is nothing in toil," said H. Greeley, "of any kind, that enables and dignifies its votary, unless it be the motive which impels him to pursue it." This is correct, strictly speaking, but there can be no doubt that some occupations have a mental elevating tendency, while there are others that have a degrading one. But so far as it relates to true worth, the couplet of Pope is good, and applicable to man in every condition.

Honor and shame from no condition rise.
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The President of the Association—Professor Barnum—made a very good speech, but the most important part of it was the announcement of certain large prizes, which the Association have offered. They are as follows: 1st. A gold medal valued at $1000, (or cash) for the most useful invention or discovery which shall have been patented, or entered in the U. S. Patent office, this year, before next December, the said invention or discovery being exhibited by model, or sample in the Crystal Palace. 2nd. A like medal (or cash) to the artist, whose work shall be exhibited for three months in the Crystal Palace, and which shall be deemed the most meritorious. 3rd. Five one hundred dollar medals (or cash) to five inventors whose inventions shall be patented, or caveated within this year, and exhibited in the Crystal Palace, and which shall be deemed the most worthy. 4th. Five medals of equal value (or cash) to artists, for the five best works exhited.—Juries are to be selected to examine the objects exhibited for prize competition.

In the evening there were also exercises, at which James Henry, of the New York Mechanics' Institute, made a short and very excellent speech; and the Rev. E. H. Chapin, delivered an eloquent and glowing oration. We think the exhibition will now be well and ably conducted; and that it will prove to be a source of enjoyment, and a means of social and intellectual elevation, to hundreds of thousands, we have no doubt.

The Crystal Palace is now open to visiters every day and evening, from 8. A. M. to 10 P. M., the admission fee being 25 cents.—*Scientific American.*

A Miracle of the Present Day.—Many readers may remember the appearance of Mr. Joseph Balch, of Johnston, New York, in the procession which met Daniel Webster on his last public entrance into Boston. Mr. Balch was born Feb. 16, 1760, and is now in the ninety-fifth year of his age. He was three years a soldier in the war of the American revolution, has been an active participator in all political events since that time.—He belongs to a family of singular tenacity of life, and last year he lost by death two sisters, one of whom was one hundred years old, the other was ninety-seven, and both were older than he was himself. He is now in possession of all his natural faculties, can read the finest print of the books of the day without spectacles, can walk two miles at a time with most young men, and his memory not only covers very closely all the events of his youth, but keeps pace with the current movements of modern times.

This fine old American gentleman has recently made a visit to Wisconsin and some other parts of the West, in order to see the progress of the country with which he was so well acquainted in its infancy. We have been allowed to examine one of his letters, which was written from Rock county, Wisconsin, a couple of weeks ago, to a gentleman of this city, which in its chirography and grammatical construction would do credit to any mercantile clerk of the present day, and is also full of lively and sensible remarks with regard to the condition and prospects of the country to which he had been so recently introduced. This active and venerable gentleman expects soon to visit his friends in Boston and vicinity during the present season, and has made arrangements therefor.—*Boston Courier, May 11.*

Somebody advertises to "sit up" with the sick for $1,50 per night, delirium tremens double the price.

THE KNOUT.

The following is the way of administering the knout: Conceive, reader, a robust man, full of life and health. This man is condemned to receive fifty or a hundred blows of the knout. He is conducted, half naked, to the place chosen for this kind of execution; all that he has on is a pair of simple linen drawers round his extremities; his hands are bound together, with the palms laid flat against one another; the cords are breaking his wrists, but no one pays the slightest attention to that. He is laid flat upon his belly, on a frame inclined diagonally, and at the extremities of which are fixed iron rings; his hands are fastened to one end of the frame, and his feet to the other; he is then stretched in such a manner that he cannot make a single movement, just as an eel's skin is stretched in order to dry. This act of stretching the victim causes the bones to crack, and dislocates them—what does that matter! In a little time his bones will crack and be dislocated in a very different manner.

At a distance of five and twenty paces stands another man: it is the public executioner. He is dressed in black velvet trowsers, stuffed into his boots, and a colored cotton shirt, buttoning at the side. His sleeves are tucked up, so that nothing may thwart or embarrass him in his movements. With both hands he grasps the instrument of punishment—a knout. This consists of a thong a thick leather, cut in a triangular form, from four to five yards long, and an inch wide, tapering off at one end, and broad at the other; the small end is fastened to a little wooden handle, about two feet long.

The signal is given; no one ever takes the trouble to read the sentence. The executioner advances a few steps, with his body bent, holding the knout in both hands, while the long thong drags along the ground between his legs. On coming to about three or four paces from the prisoner, he raises, by a vigorous movement, the knout towards the top of his head, and then instantly draws it down with rapidity towards his knees. The thong flies and whistles through the air, and descending on the body of the victim, twines round it like a hoop of iron. In spite of his state of tension, the poor wretch bounds as if he were submitted to the powerful grasp of galvanism. The executioner retraces his steps, and repeats the same operation as many times as there are blows to be inflicted, when the thong envelopes the body with its edges, the flesh and muscles are literally cut into stripes as if with a razor, but when it falls flat, then the bones crack; the flesh, in that case, is not cut, but crushed and ground, and the blood spurts out in all directions. The sufferer becomes green and blue, like a body in a state of decomposition. He is now removed to the hospital, where every care is taken of him, and is afterwards sent to Siberia, where he disappears for ever in the bowels of the earth. The knout is fatal, if the justice of the Czar or of the executioner desires it to be so. If the autocrat's intention is to afford his people a sight worthy of their eyes and their intelligence, if some powerful lord, or some great lady, wishes to indulge in the pleasure of viewing the sanguinary spectacle; if they wish to behold the victim, with his mouth covered with foam and blood, writhe about and expire in frightful agony, the fatal blow is given the very last. The executioner sells his compassion and pity for hard gold, when the family of the miserable sufferer desires to purchase the fatal blow. In this case he inflicts death at the very first stroke, as surely as if it was an axe that he held in his hand.

The Knout and the Russian.

THE GOAT IN THE CHAIR.

Dr. Cooper, of the South Carolina College, was one of the best natured old gents that ever lectured to mischievous boys. On one occasion, when he entered the lecture-room, he found the class all seated with unwonted punctuality, and looking wonderous grave. Mischief was the cause and it was apparent that they were prepared for a burst of laughter as the old Doctor waded along to the professor's chair, for there sat an old goat, bolt upright, lashed to the chair. But they were disappointed of their fun, for instead of getting angry and storming at them, he mildly remarked. "Aha, young gentlemen! quite republican, I see, in your tendencies! fond of representative government! Well, well it is all right, I dare say; the present incumbent can fill it as well as any of you. You may listen to his lecture to-day. Good bye! Don't feel sheepish about it!" And he went away without leaving a smile behind.

Forerunner of a Storm.—The Westfield Transcript gives an account of an unusual phenomenon which occurred at Barcelona on Tuesday of last week. The lake at the time was quite smooth, scarce ruffled by a ripple, when, without any apparent cause, a huge wave extending up and down the lake as far as could be seen, and presenting a square front about five feet in height, came rushing into the harbor, up to the shore, and then receded in the same manner as far in the lake as could be seen. There was but one wave, and the lake was still as before. There was no appearance of a storm anywhere.

At Dunkirk there was a similar moving of the waters," and it was predicted by the "oldest inhabitant" that a storm was brewing. In less than twenty-four hours the storm commenced, and such another N. E. gale old Erie had not "blowed up" for many a year.—*Buffalo Com.*