

Carolina Watchman.

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

VOL. XI.—NEW SERIES.

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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.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF ADVERTISING TERMS.

The Proprietors of the Watchman in Salisbury, have agreed upon the following arrangement of advertising terms:

1. For the first square, 10 cents per line per week.
2. For the second square, 8 cents per line per week.
3. For the third square, 6 cents per line per week.
4. For the fourth square, 4 cents per line per week.
5. For the fifth square, 3 cents per line per week.
6. For the sixth square, 2 cents per line per week.
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8. For the eighth square, 1 cent per line per week.
9. For the ninth square, 1 cent per line per week.
10. For the tenth square, 1 cent per line per week.

A square is the space occupied by 16 lines of text. An advertisement making 10 or 14 lines, is charged in proportion to 2 squares. All fractions of a square equal to 1 or 1/2, charged in proportion to the whole, of which it is a fractional part.

Occasional renewals, without additional charge, granted to those who advertise regularly through the year.

Three dollars for announcing candidates for office. Court Orders charged 25 per cent higher than the above rates. Orders for divorce of husband and wife, \$10 each.

If a person sending in advertisements are requested to state the number of insertions required; and if it is wished they should occupy the least space possible, write upon the back the word *order*. Otherwise they will be put up in the usual style and charged accordingly.

If no discount on these rates.

THE EASTERN WAR.

The steamer Asia has brought English dates to the 12th instant, but nothing of any very peculiar interest concerning the war, except the report of the bombardment, and the assumed or presumed capture of the Russian fortress of Bomarsund in the Baltic. This is a pretty strong place, and the capture of it will be an achievement for allies to boast of, and they want something to boast of, and so far, they have done little in the way of enterprise and conflict. Orders have been given to go on, to fit out such fleets as they have fitted out, and transport an army of eighty thousand troops upwards of three thousand miles, is doing much, certainly, in the way of preparation. This they have done, and have blockaded, they say, the whole coast of Russia—in all the seas that wash the shores—the White, the Black, and the Pacific; but not the Caspian. So they say; but, as in this denunciation of this universal rigorous blockade, a Russian steamer left Sebastopol the other day, not in the face of, but in spite of the blockading squadron, ran down to the Asiatic coast, within fifty or sixty miles of Constantinople, captured three or four Turkish vessels laden with coal, and returned unscathed and unpursued back to Sebastopol. This small matter has caused much dissatisfaction in England, and the people begin to doubt whether they are getting the worth of their money, that they have so liberally given, with the expectation of having the war carried on with vigor and success. This occurrence, they say, shows with what vigor it is carried on in the Black Sea. Sebastopol, instead of being taken, as was promised, is not even blockaded, as every one knows might have been done; and nothing has been done in the Baltic, beyond the making of surveys and reconnoissances, and taking soundings. Conradt delves the combined fleets, and, indeed, they do right not to attack it; for the probability is that they would be demolished if they attacked, or conquer or to be conquered. But Sebastopol, they say, will be taken—that is, the Ministers say so—and if an army eighty or a hundred thousand strong is sent at once against it, as has been done, it is said, it must be in great danger. And it taken, all will be up with the Czar in the Black Sea. The other strong places will all be apt to be captured also, for there is none anything like half as strong as that very formidable stronghold.

The Russians seem to be really executing the Principal—whether to return in greater strength or not, remains to be seen, or whether from fear of Austria, or from an understanding with her, is still uncertain. To this day the allies do not know how Austria will finally take her stand on the great Eastern question—whether as their friend or as their enemy; and this shows how utterly false, untrustworthy, and uncalculating crowned heads and European Courts are. There are scarcely any two sovereigns that have any confidence in each other; and when Nicholas told the British Ambassador that he wanted nothing, but the word of a gentleman, he meant, probably, a good deal more than he seemed to mean—that he preferred the word of an honest man to any amount of official and ministerial assurances. Austria has been backing and filling, as the sailors say, ever since the war commenced—has promised the allies three times, and the Sultan once, that she would come into the field forthwith, and on her side; and very recently she has told them again that she now goes with them in not mak-

ing peace with the Czar, on the principle of the *status quo ante bellum*, and that he must give guarantees of some sort that he will be of better behavior hereafter. So says the Court of Vienna, and yet nobody is sure, and all are a little apprehensive, that there is no sincerity in the declaration. This is a most pregnant commentary upon royal and imperial good faith. Honor among thieves, says the proverb, but honor among sovereigns is not expected. It was Francis the First of France, we believe, who said, that if honor left every other place on earth, she should be found in the breast of Kings. That was intended for Bonaparte, no doubt, but it shows that a monarch, three hundred years ago, could duly appreciate at least the value of the word of a monarch. In these times, honor, good faith, and inviolable truth, are so little the characteristic of crowned heads, that they have not a particle of confidence in each other's professions and assertions. Of all these royal and imperial prevaricators, the King of Greece is probably the most despicable, that some Otto whom the French and English imposed upon the country of Hellenes, and Pegasus, and whom they have kept to his word by quartering on him a few thousand troops. Among the best is Leopold, King of the Belgians, but his subjects have a hold upon him for his good conduct, and he knows it. He is an accident—made King by the intrigues of Louis Philippe, and sanctioned by the English Government, and he knows that if he does not rule in a satisfactory manner, the Belgians will send him on his travels, as the French did his father-in-law. But he seems to be moderate and just, and really to have the interest of his country at heart.

It seems to us that one advantage under which the allies act, is that almost all their commanders are too old for the business they are engaged in. Lord Raglan, who commands the English army in the East, is sixty-eight years of age. Admiral Dundas is not young either, and Sir Charles Napier is near seventy. Marshal St. Arnaud, who commands at Madrid in the East, is upwards of fifty, and is none the better for it. Napoleon, such as a general ruler, after forty-five a man was too old to command. That was his age at Waterloo—had he been sixty or seventy, perhaps he might have thought differently. It is a fact, that we believe, that not many able commanders have been sent since the French wars. From early to middle life, they have been few, though and far between.

EFFECT OF OCCUPATION ON HEALTH.

It has often been asserted that those exposed to severe labor in the open atmosphere, were the least subject to sickness. This has been proven a fallacy by Mr. Finlason, Attorney of the National Debt Office in London. Of persons engaged at heavy labor in our open exposure, the percentage of sickness in the year is 25.00. Of those engaged at heavy labor indoors, such as blacksmiths, &c., the percentage of sickness is 29.04—not much difference to be sure; but of those engaged at light occupation indoors and out, the percentage of sickness is only 20.50, 21.25. For every three cases of sickness in those engaged at light labor, there are four cases among those whose lot is heavy labor. The mortality, however, is greater among those engaged in light labor, and in-door labor is less favorable to longevity, than laboring in the open atmosphere. It is established clearly, however, Mr. Finlason says, "that the quantity of sickness annually falling to the lot of man, is in direct proportion to demands on his muscular power." How true this makes the assertion, "Every inventor who bridges labor and relieves man from the drudgery of severe toil, is a benefactor of his race." There were many who looked upon labor-saving machines as great evils, because they supplanted the hand toil of many operatives. We have helped to cure the laboring and toiling classes from entertaining such absurd notions. A more enlightened spirit is now abroad, for all experience proves that labor-saving machines do not destroy the occupations of men, but merely change them. Man is relieved from drudgery by the services of the machine, and his own are left to move more lightly and free in pursuing avocations demanding less physical but more mental and noble exertion. *Scientific American.*

A singular occurrence took place in the town of Hamburg, Erie county, N. York, a few days since. An Irishman was engaged in digging a well, and after getting down to the depth of some eight or twenty feet found signs of water very perceptible. At last he struck his pick through a thin layer of slate, when, all at once, and with a noise like thunder, sufficiently loud to be distinctly heard all over the neighborhood, a stream of mineral geyser and water burst through the orifice, instantly killing the unfortunate man and filling the well to the depth of ten or twelve feet with water. Gas still escapes probably, and the water is in constant and violent motion, resembling a large cauldron of boiling fluid.

STRANGE LIFE OF A MURDERER.

About twenty-one years ago says the Thomasville Watchman, a young lady of this section of country, belonging to a respectable family, became the victim of a vice seducer; the fruit was a boy, who is the subject of our narrative. His mother as is the case usually, with those of her sex who are unfortunate, married a man of low breeding, and in adverse circumstances, consequently, her son was destined to receive but a limited share of education or moral training. At a tender age his character was peculiar, and in some respects very extraordinary. When only seven years old he was attending a sugar cane mill; by some means his left arm and hand were crushed, by which accident he forever lost the use of his hand. At the age of ten years he was bitten by a rattlesnake; being nearly alone on the place, he had to call to his aid all the presence of mind of which he was master. Fortunately he used the proper antidote, and thereby saved his life. In the short space of a few months he was again bitten by one of the same species of reptiles; by pursuing the same course as heretofore, he was again rescued from the jaws of death.

Between the age of twelve and fourteen he made several attempts to take the life of his step-father, which shows that he would not be imposed on. About that age he also snatched, several times, a loaded musket at a neighbor.

When fourteen years old, he was knocked down by lightning, and did not recover for some time. At the age of sixteen he was attacked while hunting in the woods, by a very large panther. The panther soon tore him down—he exhibited great presence of mind by following death, the panther then carried him into the swamp covered him up with sticks and grass, after which he took his leave in search of more prey. Our hero after the panther's departure, arose and made his escape home. He was badly torn—two of his jaw-teeth were bitten out, and many wounds were inflicted.

But he was not thus to die, for he soon recovered, and very soon after his recovery gave his step-father a severe whipping and left him. Excepting another slight shock by lightning, his path was smooth, until nineteen, when he became enamored of a young lady, though figuring in a higher sphere, his superior in intellect and family, yet she was smitten by the boy's misfortune, and resolved to marry him, notwithstanding the opposition of her relatives, who made severe threats against her betrothal. But what she did that successfully lull a violent and angry father, and even the high power of heaven, for the threats of man.

Nothing daunted, he continued to urge his claims, until finding all his efforts for a compromise unavailing, he determined to take a more decided course. He procured a thin blade, placed a magistrate at a conspicuous point in the woods, and proceeded forward, to force it into the ground, or running it upon the wing of a bird, to give the width of his furrow, I am led to think he does not understand regulating the depth.

If such a man knows how to plow, he does not know what a good plow is, or he would get one.

If a man plows a loose, friable soil in the fall, or if he does not plow a stiff clay so as to let it freeze, it is because he does not know how to plow; for one will blow away in winter, and the other will disintegrate and become friable.

Perfect plowing consists in stirring and thoroughly pulverizing all the soil to a given depth. To effect this, the furrows must be parallel, of even width and depth, and not too far asunder.

And the plow must be adapted to the work to be done. The idea of a universal plow is one of the most ridiculous fallacies ever argued in favor of farmers. No man ever did argue so, that knows how to plow. There is scarcely a farm of a hundred acres that does not require a dozen different kinds of plows. A first-rate soil plow is not a good stubble turning plow; and neither of them are fit to plow among corn. A subsoil plow is absolutely indispensable upon every farm, and no farmer should be without a double-mold-board plow, which he should know how to use in opening surface drains through every field that is not already underdrained with the drains.

Of all the class of light, cheap plows, for working with one horse, we look up on the old-fashioned shovel plow, made with a steel blade, and not a clumsy piece of cast iron, as one of the most useful plows on a light, easy-working soil. For the last plowing of a fallow for wheat, with a quick walking horse, it is excellent; for plowing for turnips it is first-rate; and for plowing corn it will always be a favorite implement.

Reader! Do you know how to plow? Think.

An editor in Iowa has been fined two hundred and fifty dollars for lugging a young girl in Church. *Daily Argus.*

—Cheap enough!—We once lugged a girl in church some ten years ago, and the strap has cost us a thousand a year ever since. *Chicago Evening American.*

A Gentle Hint.—Why don't you get married? said a young lady the other day, to a bachelor friend. "I have been trying the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply. "I guess you haven't been up our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

PLOWING.

Sir, you don't know how to plow. "What! me! do you mean I don't know how to plow, that have been, man and boy, fifty years following the plow?" Yes, Sir, I mean you. I do not dispute the length of time you have followed the plow, but you have never got to it yet. You don't know how to plow. "Sir do you mean to insult me?" Not at all, I only meant to assure you of the fact.

This is a specimen of conversation with an old farmer, not a great way from New York, who felt insulted because we told him that he did not know how to plow. Let us see if he did. He was at work upon a piece of ground that might be termed sandy loam, though it was once a clayey loam, but nearly all the clay had been washed out of it, because it never had been plowed more than four or five inches deep in the world, and was bedded upon a subsoil of almost pure clay, into which a subsoil plow had never entered, and which was never turned up in the common plow, because the owner said that would spoil the land.

"I guess I know, for I have tried it, and I wouldn't gizzard for one of your new-fangled plows."

And yet he felt insulted when told that he did not know how to plow.

There seems to be a general impression that everybody knows how to plow; as soon as his head gets above the plow-handles, he instinctively understands the business perfectly. Now I hazard the assertion that not one farmer or farmer-taborer in ten knows how properly to perform this operation.

Certainly if he only plows four inches when he might plow fourteen, he does not know how to plow. If he plows all his hill sides up and down, he does not know how to plow; for every furrow should be drawn *shadily level*.

What crooked, long rows or short rows? How a field would look? Let us look. You had better look at your soil in the field than in some brook or river, floating down to the sea.

Why such furrows would look like drunken men's paths.

Let them look, so that they are not. If you know how to plow, you won't get drunk, nor plow your land on purpose to wash away, because some old parson tells you that you must plow straight. Making crooked plowing; that is, in and out, sometimes three furrows in one and sometimes three feet apart.

If you know how to plow, you never will plow clay land in a wet time, or when it is baked so that it will turn up in lumps as hard as brick bats.

No good plowman ever plows his head lands while turning the team. That is work to be done after the other is finished.

When I see a farmer constantly riding upon his plow handles, that it may not get deep, or lifting and pressing forward, to force it into the ground, or running it upon the wing of a bird, to give the width of his furrow, I am led to think he does not understand regulating the depth.

Genius, Talent and Cleverness.—Genius rushes like a whirlwind, talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses, cleverness skims like a swallow in the summer evening with a sharp shrill note and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever man dances about, then and every where, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but twilight to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories, the clever man will assail the individual and slander private character. The man of genius despises both; he needs none, he fears none, he lives in himself, situated in the consciousness of his own strength; he interferes with none, and walks forth an example that eagles fly alone, they are but sheep that herd together. It is true, that should a poisonous worm cross his path, he may tread it under foot, should a car stand at him, he may chase him; but he will not, cannot attack the privacy of another. Clever men write verses, men of talent writes prose, but the man of genius writes poetry. *Herald.*

EXTENSIVE FAMILY.—A New York physician went to Europe with his family, a few days since, and being possessed of a weakness termed vanity, had his departure heralded in the city papers, and placarded his door with "Come to Europe." This was a fine chance for the Clevelanders. They broke into the house and spent a week there, eating and drinking what they could find, and stole all they could carry away.

Dr. Alexander among Children.

The following beautiful description of the domestic life of Dr. Alexander, may convey a needed lesson to some who have greatness as men, less wisdom as parents. It is taken from his memoir by his eminent son:

"The kindness of his temper was known to all with whom he ever exchanged hospitalities. He was easily pleased, and ever to an extreme ready to be interested in whatever interested a friend. Everywhere he was the welcome friend of children; among them he became a child himself. In his own house these traits of course manifested themselves in a thousand ways which cannot be exposed to the public. Surely never were there children on happier terms with their parents. They revered their father, but their approach to him was perfectly free. His door was always open, and he listened to every childish report and narrative with a burst of unfeigned glee such as they can never forget or see again. In earlier years he joined in their sports, and he never grew too old to be loquacious as themselves about all their innocent pleasures. When one of them entered his study—always without a sign—how gaily, how brightly, would he look around from his pen or his book; and how would the smile caused by my little domestic story irradiate his face, even when he went on with his labor? There was nothing in his character which so much caused his loss to be felt in the circle of his intimates, as this unfeigned sympathy with what was interesting to those around him. It was an intense humanity, which quickened all his words, gestures, and acts."

BURYING ALIVE.

A paper was read before the French Academy of Sciences, in which the following extraordinary instance was adduced as a reason for abolishing the present custom of burying so soon after death:

A young female had been twice pronounced dead when only in a trance, but had recovered in time to prevent being buried alive. A third trance came on, and in consequence of what had previously occurred, permission was obtained of the constituted authorities for the body to remain above ground so long as decomposition should not take place. A week or ten days passed away—there was still no decomposition; but all the medical men declared she was dead, and at length she was laid in a coffin. Only a few minutes before the coffin was to be nailed down, and while the bell of the village was already tolling for the funeral, a female from an adjoining village who had been sedulous of the supposed deceased, came to take a last farewell. She stooped to kiss the lips of her departed friend, and remained in that position for some time. The bystanders attempted to remove her, but her emotions should be injurious to her. She waved them away with her hands, and remained in that position afterwards, the warm breath of life into her lungs. At length she exclaimed, "she lives," and then rising from the coffin, she pointed out unequivocal signs of life. She then stated when she was kissing her friend, she fancied she felt her breath, and in a few minutes was convinced of that fact. The female who was supposed to be dead was taken out of the coffin and placed in a warm bed, and in the course of a few hours fully revived. She stated that she was, during her trance, fully sensible of all that was passing around her, and she even heard the death-bell toll, but was utterly incapable of speech or sign to show that she was not dead.

General Jackson and a Departmental Clerk.

Harper's Magazine for September contains the following characteristic anecdote:

"A widow lady, in rather straightened circumstances, had been keeping a boarding house in Washington City; and during the general prostration of active business, growing out of the currency arrangements of that date, had become in arrears; and that she might be enabled to pay some of her most urgent debts, sent such of her furniture as she could possibly spare to auction.

"The purchaser was a clerk in one of the Government offices; one of those pulchre loafers, of which there have always been too many in Washington 'and elsewhere,' who run in debt as far as they can obtain credit, and without ever intending to pay. The lady called on the auctioneer, the auctioneer called on the official, who proposed to pay as soon as his month's salary was due.

"The month rolled round, and June succeeded March, and September June, without payment being made, to the great distress of the widow and unbusiness of the auctioneer. After further application the official-holder refused absolutely to do anything, alleging that it was wholly out of his power to pay out of his own pocket or he would have paid it himself, so deeply did he feel for the poor creditor.

"In this perplexity he concluded to call upon the President, and state the case, hoping that he might suggest some mode of relief. He waited, therefore, upon General Jackson with his narrative.

"When he had heard the story, the old man's eyes fairly flashed fire:

"Have you got Mr. P.'s note?" asked Old Hickory.

"No," was the reply.

"Call on him at once, then, and without speaking of the purpose for which you want it, get his negotiable note, and bring it here."

"The auctioneer accordingly asked P. for his note.

"What do you want with the note?" asked the office-holding banker. "I don't know of any body who would take it. But sitting down and writing it, he added:

"There it is—such as it is."

"The auctioneer promptly returned to the President, and handed him the note. He sat down, without saying a word, and wrote on the back of the paper:

"Andrew Jackson."

"Now sir," said the General, "show Mr. P. the indorsement, and if he does not pay it, just let me know it."

"The first man the auctioneer met as he entered Galsby's Hotel was Mr. P. —

"Ah! How d'ee do?" said he; "have you passed the note?"

"Not yet," said the other; "but I expect to, without much trouble; for I have got a responsible indorser upon it."

"None, head P. — 'who is it?'"

"The indorsement was shown him. He turned pale, then red; then begged the auctioneer to wait for a few moments; then went out, and in a very short space of time returned with the money, which was at once paid over to the widow, to the gratification of all parties."

It would not have been very strange if this story should have transpired at once; nor would it have been very wrong if the Jeremy Diddler had been turned neck and heels out of office; but the following is the only sequel:

"P. kept quiet in relation to the subject for years; but finally, on a remark being made in his presence that 'General Jackson never endorsed for any body whatever,' remarked that 'he himself knew better, for the General once endorsed for him; and he produced, as evidence, the very note to the great surprise of all who were not acquainted with the circumstances of the case.

"As party bitterness has died away, and in view, lastly, of this subject, let us take up the slogan:

"Hurrah for Jackson!"

The Queen's Mother.

The Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother, being left a widow when her daughter was eight months old, devoted herself to the great purpose of training her to be worthy of the crown. She nursed her infant at her own bosom—always attended to its bathing and dressing; and as soon as the little girl could sit alone, she was placed at a small table beside her mother's at her meals, yet never indulged in any except the prescribed simple kinds of food; thus early being taught obedience, temperance, and self-control. Her father having died in debt, her mother encouraged her to save as much money, which might have been expended in the purchase of toys, as a fund to pay the demands against him, for cultivating the virtues of justice, fortitude, fidelity, prudence, and filial devotion. Thus, through the whole period of her education, the counsels and example of her faithful mother, who was her sole guardian, were constantly directed to wards fitting her daughter to become what she is, the last sovereign, morally speaking that ever sat on the throne of England—perhaps the best in the world.

Remarkable Occurrences.

The Liverpool Mercury records the following fearful and mysterious occurrence, which happened on Saturday afternoon to a number of persons who were engaged in felling timber at Minwear Wood, situate a few miles from Hovefordwest, on the estate of the Baron de Rutzen. It appears that while so occupied, fifteen women of the party were suddenly struck to the ground by some unseen force, and that with such violence as to be rendered quite unconscious. Most of them have recovered, but four still lie in a very precarious state, little hope of their recovery being entertained. The strange part of the affair is this, that there was no electric fire or report, and all those effected were the women of the party, while the men standing indiscriminately near, were untouched. One of the women says she fancied that a mist enveloped her in for an instant—It is strange, too, that the sufferers are affected with insanity. Whether any noxious gas could have been so rapidly evolved from the ground or trees, or whether it was a current of electricity arising out of the earth, seems a question worth the attention of those interested in electrical phenomena. It is stated by some that a most unusual smell pervaded the whole place.

THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

The past will long be remembered for its disasters. The severe drought, accompanied by fires sweeping through some of the most valuable timber lands in the country, the powder explosion at Maysville, the fall of stores in Boston, the tornado at Louisville, involving the loss of many valuable lives, are all included in the fearful category.

The destruction of property by fire alone has been immense, amounting up to within a fraction of \$3,000,000. In this estimate no account is made of the thousands of acres of timber lands which have been burnt over within a short time, and rendered comparatively valueless. Truly has August been a "fiery" month in more than one sense of the term.

Daily S. Carolinian.

FANATICAL OUTRAGE.

On Monday, 28th ult., when the cars arrived at Salem, Ohio, from Pittsburg, Pa., a crowd had gathered, in consequence of a telegraph despatch from Pittsburg stating that a slave girl was in the train with her master and mistress. When the cars stopped a big negro stepped into them, and, according to the girl, asked her if she was a slave. She made no reply, but her mistress answered that she was. Thereupon the black ruffian seized her, and she, clinging to her mistress's neck, begged most piteously not to be torn away, and in the effort bruised the lady's neck severely, and carried the child out of the car on one arm, and flourished a revolver in the other hand, amid the pandemonium of the excited crowd. The master of the girl offered to go before the proper authorities and execute free papers, if the girl wished to be free, leaving the choice to herself. But the mob would not allow it. The poor child's screams could be heard above the tumult, begging to go back to her mother, who belongs to the same owners. The master was compelled to proceed with the train, leaving the poor little girl in the hands of her ruffian captors.

Miser Saxon.

Many of our country friends do not know what a luxury they deprive themselves of when they eat lamp either boiled or baked, without *mint sauce*. Set a few roots of spearmint in one corner of the garden, and they will soon furnish an abundant supply. Strip off the leaves and chop them fine, add an equal amount of sugar, and cover the whole with vinegar. A small tea-cup full of the mixture will be sufficient for a large family. Try this and see if it is not far preferable to greasy gravies.—*Ohio Cult.*

NOT BACK.

General Sam Houston, meeting the Honorable Reverdy Johnson the other day in the Capitol, the Senator and ex-Senator very naturally entered into conversation about public men; when speaking of Judge Douglas, the General said he had been "not back." "Not back?" said Mr. J., "what do you mean by that?" "Why," said Gen. H., "did you never hear that story?" "No." "Well there was a man in my neighborhood, when I was a boy, who made it a rule not to allow his boys to come to the table till they were 17 years old. He had a boy whom a neighbor, who was one day sitting at a side table; knowing, however, that the boy was more than 17, he asked how it happened that he was still prevented from coming to the table? 'Why,' says he, 'when I was 17, father let me come, but I was so hungry and in such a hurry to help myself that I stood up and reached so far that a sad accident happened, whereupon my father immediately set me back two years.'—*Exchange.*

General Jackson and a Departmental Clerk.

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"Andrew Jackson."

"Now sir," said the General, "show Mr. P. the indorsement, and if he does not pay it, just let me know it."

"The first man the auctioneer met as he entered Galsby's Hotel was Mr. P. —

"Ah! How d'ee do?" said he; "have you passed the note?"

"Not yet," said the other; "but I expect to, without much trouble; for I have got a responsible indorser upon it."

"None, head P. — 'who is it?'"

"The indorsement was shown him. He turned pale, then red; then begged the auctioneer to wait for a few moments; then went out, and in a very short space of time returned with the money, which was at once paid over to the widow, to the gratification of all parties."

It would not have been very strange if this story should have transpired at once; nor would it have been very wrong if the Jeremy Diddler had been turned neck and heels out of office; but the following is the only sequel:

"P. kept quiet in relation to the subject for years; but finally, on a remark being made in his presence that 'General Jackson never endorsed for any body whatever,' remarked that 'he himself knew better, for the General once endorsed for him; and he produced, as evidence, the very note to the great surprise of all who were not acquainted with the circumstances of the case.

"As party bitterness has died away, and in view, lastly, of this subject, let us take up the slogan:

"Hurrah for Jackson!"

The Queen's Mother.

The Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother, being left a widow when her daughter was eight months old, devoted herself to the great purpose of training her to be worthy of the crown. She nursed her infant at her own bosom—always attended to its bathing and dressing; and as soon as the little girl could sit alone, she was placed at a small table beside her mother's at her meals, yet never indulged in any except the prescribed simple kinds of food; thus early being taught obedience, temperance, and self-control. Her father having died in debt, her mother encouraged her to save as much money, which might have been expended in the purchase of toys, as a fund to pay the demands against him, for cultivating the virtues of justice, fortitude, fidelity, prudence, and filial devotion. Thus, through the whole period of her education, the counsels and example of her faithful mother, who was her sole guardian, were constantly directed to wards fitting her daughter to become what she is, the last sovereign, morally speaking that ever sat on the throne of England—perhaps the best in the world.

Remarkable Occurrences.

The Liverpool Mercury records the following fearful and mysterious occurrence, which happened on Saturday afternoon to a number of persons who were engaged in felling timber at Minwear Wood, situate a few miles from Hovefordwest, on the estate of the Baron de Rutzen. It appears that while so occupied, fifteen women of the party were suddenly struck to the ground by some unseen force, and that with such violence as to be rendered quite unconscious. Most of them have recovered, but four still lie in a very precarious state, little hope of their recovery being entertained. The strange part of the affair is this, that there was no electric fire or report, and all those effected were the women of the party, while the men standing indiscriminately near, were untouched. One of the women says she fancied that a mist enveloped her in for an instant—It is strange, too, that the sufferers are affected with insanity. Whether any noxious gas could have been so rapidly evolved from the ground or trees, or whether it was a current of electricity arising out of the earth, seems a question worth the attention of those interested in electrical phenomena. It is stated by some that a most unusual smell pervaded the whole place.

THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

The past will long be remembered for its disasters. The severe drought, accompanied by fires sweeping through some of the most valuable timber lands in the country, the powder explosion at Maysville, the fall of stores in Boston, the tornado at Louisville, involving the loss of many valuable lives, are all included in the fearful category.

The destruction of property by fire alone has been immense, amounting up to within a fraction of \$3,000,000. In this estimate no account is made of the thousands of acres of timber lands which have been burnt over within a short time, and rendered comparatively valueless. Truly has August been a "fiery" month in more than one sense of the term.

Daily S. Carolinian.

FANATICAL OUTRAGE.

On Monday, 28th ult., when the cars arrived at Salem, Ohio, from Pittsburg, Pa., a crowd had gathered, in consequence of a telegraph despatch from Pittsburg stating that a slave girl was in the train with her master and mistress. When the cars stopped a big negro stepped into them, and, according to the girl, asked her if she was a slave. She made no reply, but her mistress answered that she was. Thereupon the black ruffian seized her, and she, clinging to her mistress's neck, begged most piteously not to be torn away, and in the effort bruised the lady's neck severely, and carried the child out of the car on one arm, and flourished a revolver in the other hand, amid the pandemonium of the excited crowd. The master of the girl offered to go before the proper authorities and execute free papers, if the girl wished to be free, leaving the choice to herself. But the mob would not allow it. The poor child's screams could be heard above the tumult, begging to go back to her mother, who belongs to the same owners. The master was compelled to proceed with the train, leaving the poor little girl in the hands of her ruffian captors.

Miser Saxon.

Many of our country friends do not know what a luxury they deprive themselves of when they eat lamp either boiled or baked, without *mint sauce*. Set a few roots of spearmint in one corner of the garden, and they will soon furnish an abundant supply. Strip off the leaves and chop them fine, add an equal amount of sugar, and cover the whole with vinegar. A small tea-cup full of the mixture will be sufficient for a large family. Try this and see if it is not far preferable to greasy gravies.—*Ohio Cult.*

NOT BACK.

General Sam Houston, meeting the Honorable Reverdy Johnson the other day in the Capitol, the Senator and ex-Senator very naturally entered into conversation about public men; when speaking of Judge Douglas, the General said he had been "not back." "Not back?" said Mr. J., "what do you mean by that?" "Why," said Gen. H., "did you never hear that story?" "No." "Well there was a man in my neighborhood, when I was a boy, who made it a rule not to allow his boys to come to the table till they were 17 years old. He had a boy whom a neighbor, who was one day sitting at a side table; knowing, however, that the boy was more than 17, he asked how it happened that he was still prevented from coming to the table? 'Why,' says he, 'when I was 17, father let me come, but I was so hungry and in such a hurry to help myself that I stood up and reached so far that a sad accident happened, whereupon my father immediately set me back two years.'—*Exchange.*