Carolina Watchman.

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

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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.

Letters to the Editor must be post paid, to ensure attention.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF ADVERTISING TERMS.

The Proprietors of the Newspapers in Salisbury, have agreed upon the following arrangement of uniform advertising rates:

	1 Insertion	2 Insertions	3 Insertions	4 Insertions	5 Insertions	6 Insertions	3 Months	6 Months	9 Months	12 Months	Each Inter-ting after
1 square	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
2 squares	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
3 squares	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 squares	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5 squares	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
6 squares	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
9 squares	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
12 squares	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 column	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
2 columns	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
3 columns	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 columns	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

A square is the space occupied by 16 close lines.

An advertisement making 1½ or 1½ squares, charged in proportion to 1 square. Making 2½ or 2½ sqrs charged in proportion to 2 sqrs. All fractions of a sqr equal to ½ or ¼, 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.

☞ Persons sending in advertisements are requested to state the number of insertions desired, and it is wished they should occupy the least space possible, write upon the back the word *class*. Otherwise they will be put up in the usual style and charged accordingly.

☞ No discount on these rates.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

A General Convention of the friends of Internal Improvement will be held

AT SALISBURY

On Thursday the second day of November next

The object of the Convention will be to consider and recommend a general system of Internal Improvement, by Rail Roads, for the State.

All counties are requested to send Delegates, and all friends of Internal Improvement are invited to attend.

Rowan County.	*Guilford.*
Chas. F. Fisher,	D. F. Caldwell,
Nath'l Boyden,	John A. Gilmer.
John W. Ellis,	*Haywood.*
D. A. Davis,	Jacob Siler.
John I. Shaver,	H. G. Wooldfin.
Wm. Murphy,	*Iredell.*
Michael Brown.	W. F. Cowan.
Alexander.	*Johnston.*
A. C. McIntosh.	D. W. Sanders.
Anson.	*Lincolnton.*
E. F. Lilly.	C. C. Henderson.
Bertie.	*Montgomery.*
J. B. Cherry.	E. Doherry,
Burke.	S. H. Christian.
E. J. Erwin,	*Northampton.*
R. C. Pearson.	D. A. Barnes.
Beaufort.	*New Hanover.*
F. B. Satterthwaite,	P. K. Dickinson.
Jas. E. Hoyt.	A. J. DeRosset,
Buncombe.	Thos. H. Wright.
J. F. E. Hardy.	*Onslow.*
Cumberland.	John A. Averitt.
Geo. McNeill,	*Randolph.*
R. K. Bryan,	Jona Worth,
E. J. Hale,	H. B. Elliott,
C. T. Haigh,	A. H. Marsh.
Joseph Arey,	*Richmond.*
E. L. Winslow,	A. Dockery.
John H. Cook,	*Robeson.*
D. G. McRae.	R. S. French,
Catawba.	R. E. Troy,
W. L. McCorkle.	Edmund McQueen,
Cleveland.	N. A. McLean.
A. R. Hounsly.	*Sampson.*
Columbus.	Patrick Murphy.
A. J. Troy.	*Stokes.*
Chowan.	R. D. Golding.
R. T. Paine.	*Stanly.*
Caldwell.	M. T. Waddill.
S. F. Patterson,	*Wayne.*
W. A. Lenoir.	S. L. Love.
Duplin.	*Granville.*
D. Reid.	A. W. Venable.
Carteret.	*Davie.*
M. F. Arendell.	B. Bailey.
Buncombe.	G. W. Johnson.
J. S. Dancy.	*Wake.*
Yadkin.	L. O'B. Branch,
Jos. Williams	Wm. Boylan.
J. Cowles.	

NO. 3.

From the Lynchburg Republican.

Railroad Connection between Lynchburg and North Carolina.

Editors of the Republican:—You will have discovered that the object I have in view is not so much to arouse the people of Virginia to the importance of this connection, as to satisfy North Carolina on her part that this enterprise is worthy of her most serious consideration; and that Lynchburg as a trading point merits her patronage. Virginia, at least the whole Piedmont region, stretching from Dan river to the Potomac, is fully alive to this subject, and needs no prompting. A bill was before her Legislature last winter for a charter for this road, and but for the early and unexpected adjournment of that body would have passed into a law.

I will now say something of the present and prospective importance of Lynchburg. At present she is the best Tobacco market for the *plug* in the United States. Look at her statistics. It is a wonderful fact that she receives nearly or quite as much Tobacco, *fresh* from the hands of the *producer*, as any other one market, *Richmond and Louisville* hardly excepted; and yet for the large amount she pays down the cash at high prices. Her manufacturers of Tobacco are men of indomitable energy and large experience in their business and have earned for their brands a reputation which will at all times enable them to pay the most liberal prices for the raw material; and the dealers in the shipping qualities are gentlemen mostly of large means, and are equally spirited in the prices they pay. So much for the Tobacco that find its way to Lynchburg, a staple that grows successfully and can be made to grow more expensively in the country lying South and South West of that enterprising city.

Virginia and North Carolina own nearly all the virgin Tobacco lands which lie on the Southern slopes of the Blue Ridge, the only lands properly suited to the growth of manufacturing Tobacco, and it is through this belt of country that it is now proposed to lay down this grand Railway, which shall with its connections extend from the Potomac to the Mississippi river.

Lynchburg located somewhat in the centre of this Tobacco country, must always command the trade in that article, as she will in many others. What is to prevent her from becoming one of the largest manufacturing places in the State? By means of the celebrated Judith's dam, which is built across James River a short distance above the city, a large race or canal could be brought down and four or five miles of the most magnificent water power formed which the world ever beheld. This at no distant day will be done, and then we shall on a large scale see the existence of *Rolling Mills and Foundries, Shot Towers, Smelting Works*, and various other manufacturing establishments, working up the ores of Iron, Lead and Copper and other raw materials, the productions of Virginia and North Carolina. HENRY.

Americans in Prison in Mexico.—Shocking Treatment.—On the 4th ult. five Americans arrived at San Antonia, Texas, from California, having come by the overland route from Mazatlan, on the Pacific. From these gentlemen the San Antonio Ledger has obtained the following particulars of the imprisonment of three Americans:

In the city of Durango, Mexico, they learned in a private manner that there were some Americans in the city prison, and they afterwards got permission to visit them. They found them in a large stone dungeon of so filthy a description that it was almost impossible for visitors to remain in the entrance way but a few minutes. The Americans in confinement were three in number, and their names and former places of residence were as follows: Wm. Shirley, Broom county, N. York; William Rodgers, Stark county, Ohio; John Gaines, Dayton, Montgomery county, Ohio. These men have been in this filthy dungeon four years and three months, and during two years of this time they were chained down to the floor in total darkness, where they could not see any person but the one who fed them their starving allowance. At the end of two years the logo chains around their ankles and wrists had worn the flesh off to the bone, and such was their horrible condition that their chains were removed to save their lives and keep them in misery the longer. The flesh is partly healed over these wounds, leaving the most heart sickening scars, which were all seen by the five persons above mentioned.

They state that they were imprisoned on the charge of murdering and robbing a man for his money, and they state also that from some facts which they are in possession of, the person who committed the murder escaped. They have been trying to get a trial, but a hearing is refused them. They have written letters to the American Minister in Mexico several times, and they have reason to believe that he has never received them.

Our informants learned from many respectable Spaniards in Durango that it was impossible to get evidence to convict them; and the great mass of the people believe the innocent. The youngest of these prisoners, John Gaines, of Dayton, Ohio, is only 17 years old.

The above statement is of the most reliable character—these persons witnessed it with their own eyes, and they are persons of undoubted veracity, and some of them have long been known to some of our citizens. Let the alarm be sounded in the ears of every American citizen that three of their brothers are confined without cause, and are famishing with hunger and dying in chains in a dark loathsome dungeon in the city of Durango, Mexico.

What Causes the Gulf Stream.—Mr. Stanton Sheales, an experienced navigator, gives it as his opinion that the waters of the Gulf Stream are nothing more or less than the waters of the Amazon.—This great father of waters is bedded more than one thousand miles immediately under the equator, and all its tributary streams, for many thousand miles, are constantly pouring their hot water into this mighty reservoir of water. As these waters are gathered in under the burning sun of the equator, it is extremely warm; far more so than the Atlantic Ocean water under the equator. The great body of heated water shoots out in to the Atlantic more than a hundred miles in the face of the eternal trade winds.

The Amazon is sixty miles wide. After being belted in its irresistible course, it curves off to the left, and sends off before the strong trade winds till out of their reach. Driven along with great force, it takes its course round the great bay formed between the two continents of North and South America. Dashing along the Northern coast of South America, and passing to the leaward of the West India Islands, it leaves the shores of Cuba, and proceeds along the shores of Florida, the capes of Virginia, and the south coast of North America, and passing among the icebergs which float of the Northern Ocean. Cut off the Gulf Stream and it would not be many years before the North Atlantic would be filled with icebergs that would be very destructive to navigation. But a wise Providence has provided an eternal reservoir of hot water constantly rushing around over the back of the cold Atlantic to its destination, where after spending away by a new supply of native warm water from the great Amazon. Seamen can always tell when in or out of the Gulf Stream by dipping the hand in the water along side.

Undoubtedly this view will be new to some readers, but what I have written is from experience, and was seen while I was roving upon the mighty deep. The Gulf Stream, I repeat, is nothing more or less than the waters of the great Amazon of South America. I have crossed it in many places, and for many years have glided through its warm water, always pleased to have it astern. The most violent storms, from whatever quarter they may come, never change its course or its current, but it continues to move on in that irresistible power which was given to it in the beginning by the Power above.

SELECTION FOR A NEWSPAPER.

Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error! It is, by all means, the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a paper could have edited it, we should hear less complaint. Not infrequently is it the case that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is dryer than a contribution box, and yet something must be had; his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that he has made is the easiest part of the labor. Every subscriber thinks the paper is printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be slopped; it is good for nothing. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun, and frolic; and the next door neighbor wonders that a man of good sense will put such stuff in a paper. Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so, between them all, you see, the poor fellows get roughly handled. They never think what does not please them may please the next man; but they insist, if the paper does not suit them, it is good for nothing.

Washington City Globe.

Useful Inventions. Almost every month inventions of a highly utilitarian character are patented at the United States Patent Office, many of which are never, for want of means on the part of inventors, generally adopted, but being neglected till some enterprising spirit sees their utility, buys the patent for a song, and makes his fortune. Several patents of this character, within the last few months have been issued, to three of which we wish to call particular attention. One of these is a patent for an improved wood saw, obtained by a young man in this District. The peculiarity of the invention consists in the shaping of the teeth of the saw in such a manner that with half the expenditure of force, double the amount of work can be done.

Another patent is that of a machine for lath making, which is so constructed that it will take old logs of wood, the refuse timber, cut it up into laths, and count it out in bundles of twenty five, fifty, or a hundred, or any size desired.

Another patent is for a peculiar shaped blade of a saw for stone cutting, which, it is said, will accomplish double the work in a given time. The blade of the saw is grooved on each side, into which grooves water and sand are allowed to trickle down to the edge of the saw, there to be used in cutting the stone; for it is the friction of the sand moved by the saw blade, that cuts the stone, and not the iron of the saw blade. If these inventions are really what they are represented to be, they ought to find a ready sale.

Washington City Globe.

THINKING ALOUD.

Lord Dudley was afflicted with what may not be improperly termed the disease of thinking aloud—that is, of unconsciously giving utterance to unvoluntary thoughts which other men confide to the secret depository of their breast. An amusing anecdote of this singular failing of the mind is related of his lordship.

Lord Dudley had been invited to the house of a friend upon the occasion of some great fete, but being a man of early habits, had ordered his carriage at a certain hour, having some miles to travel, before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification, after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage, it had not arrived, and his lordship, as well as others, imagined that some accident must have happened to it. One of the guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his carriage. The gentleman in question had to pass his lordship's house, on his return home, and though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and position in the country were, of course, well known to him, and the civility was no more than one gentleman would, under similar circumstances, have offered to another. Nevertheless, they had not been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes, when the peer, who, being tired, had, up to that moment, maintained a most perfect silence, observed, in a low but distinctly audible tone of voice—"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose I must ask him to dinner. It's a deuce of a bore!" He then relapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when after a few minutes, the gentleman, pretending to be afflicted with the same failing, and imitating his lordship's tone, observed—"Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner.—I'll be hanged if I'd accept his invitation!" Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he had himself provoked, offered his hand with much hearty good will to his companion, making every proper apology for its involuntary rudeness and from that night the travellers became inseperable friends.

Wheel of Fortune.—A successful practitioner at the "bar" under the Maine law dispensation must be a Know Everything and a Know nothing at the same time.—Thus, as we learn from a violent Maine law paper, a stranger it Hartford who may chance to feel like taking a gentle "smile" or imbibition is conducted by one of the knowing ones into a building in a by street, and after going up stairs and down stairs, through hall ways and various winding ways, finally arrives in a room, on one side of which is a small dumb waiter; over it is inscribed "The wheel of fortune." A person wishing to try his fortune writes upon a small card, and with a piece of money, puts it in the dumb waiter. Away goes the waiter, and shortly returns with a glass of Otard, punch, or any thing you may have desired. Inquire who keeps this place, and the answer comes through the little hole, in a hoarse voice, "A Know Nothing."

Boston Chronicle.

THE CZAR AND THE PARROT.

It is a well known fact that the Emperor Nicholas is frequently in the habit of walking about the streets of St. Petersburg unattended. When a person meets him the former removes the hat, and the Emperor passes on, the person turns back to look at him, perhaps for a minute, and nothing more is thought of the matter. Sometimes, however, the Emperor is stopped by individuals with some request to make, or some petition to present.

Some little time since the Emperor remarked on several occasions, a man of the lower classes following him about with a lantern in his hand. Being curious to know the meaning of this conduct, he suddenly stopped short, and turning sharply round, asked the persevering individual in question:

"Is not the street broad enough for us both? This is the tenth time, at least, that I have seen you walking close behind me. If you have nothing to ask of me, go about your business."

"Pardon me, your majesty," replied the person addressed, "but—but—"

"Well, what is it? Speak!"

"I—I want to ask you what sum I should receive as a pension."

"What post do you fill?"

"I light the lamps in the streets of your capital."

"And what else do you do?"

"I educate parrots, your Majesty, and teach them to cry, "God save the Emperor."

"Ah, well, come to the palace to-morrow, and bring one of your parrots with you."

The lamp-lighter took off his cap, respectfully, and the Czar continued his walk.

The next day, after the imperial breakfast hour, the man was punctual to his appointment. He had a superb specimen of the feathered tribe with him in a cage, with silver plated bars. The Emperor was waiting for him. The man entered the apartment, but left the bird and the cage at the door.

"Well, said the Emperor, familiarly, "how long have you been lamplighter?"

"For thirty years, may it please your Majesty."

"I have made inquiries, and I do not find that there has ever been a pension attached to your post. What is your salary?"

"I have none."

"Oh, please your majesty, I am allowed to steal the oil. I have enjoyed my present position for thirty years, and I wanted to know whether I should not have a pension."

"So you are not paid but allowed to steal the oil, eh? I call that rather cool, but I will turn the knowledge I have gained to advantage. You, however, said that you had parrots."

"Yes, and please your majesty, I have got one there at the door only waiting your permission to be brought in."

On a sign from the Czar, the lamplighter ran and fetched in his parrot to present it to his Emperor. The bird was a most beautiful one.

"You tell me that you teach your parrots to cry 'God save the Emperor;' that one has been here five minutes and has not said a word."

"*God save the Emperor!*" cried the lamp-lighter. The parrot, on hearing his master, immediately imitated him, and exclaimed in his cleverest and most emphatic tone, "*God save the Emperor—Napoleon.*"

If the Czar had been struck with a thunderbolt, he could not have been more stupified."

The anecdote soon became bruited about St. Petersburgh. It appears that before the bird came into the lamp-lighter's possession it had belonged to a Frenchman.

From the Baltimore American.

PUBLICITY TO CRIME.

The Press in the United States, is a power that wields an influence almost omnipotent. It has so much to do with the formation of public opinion, the moulding of the sentiments of the masses, both morally and politically, that it becomes a matter of impossibility to measure its actual strength, and fix the boundaries of its empire. This is a feature peculiar to this country, and for reasons so perfectly apparent to all, that we deem it sufficient for our purpose, merely to advert to the fact. We may remark, however, in this connection, that the great advantages we derive as a nation, at least from a *free* Press, have not escaped the notice of the world, or that portion of it, where the Press is permitted to *breathe*.

It was only the other day this very question was broached in Parliament, and during the long and very interesting debate that followed the history and condition of the Press in America, its achievements in enlightening and elevating the masses were dwelt upon; and it was candidly admitted that in the diffusion of general intelligence among the people "the United States was far ahead of England."

The Press, then, occupying such a commanding position in this country, becomes to a great extent, as we before intimated, the regulator of its morals. Whatever morality it reflects, reaches the eye and heart of all who peruse its pages, and of course, the seed thus scattered, whether good or bad, must find a lodgement somewhere, and a soil, too that will nourish and give it growth. But, is the Press suffered to scatter *bad* seed—to inculcate immorality? Are we prepared to answer in the negative? There are legal restrictions which forbid it directly, but do we not know that a portion of the Press is striking indirectly at the existence of what underlies all the social relations, and is vitally indispensible to our social happiness?

It cannot have escaped the observation of those who are accustomed to a daily or even an occasional perusal of some of the widely circulated papers of the country that there is a disposition to pander to a morbid curiosity, by presenting such details of monstrous crimes, and heinous offences as are calculated not only to crimson the cheek of modesty, but to shock all sense of propiety and decency. If a case of action or sedition occurs it is not enough to give the simple fact, but the particulars dressed and colored perhaps, by the ready pen of the reporter, and occupying a prominent place in the paper, follow as a "further" account of the "outrage." And who has not observed the avidity with which youth—young men through whose veins the spring tide of passion is coursing—seize upon these glowing pictures, the eye not suffering a word to escape, whilst it distils for the heart a subtle and deadly poison.

But the newspaper not only reaches the counting room and the work shop; its teeming pages are opened in the parlor, to the gaze of modesty—of virtue that should be as free from taint "as an angel's wing." Who would place in the hands of a daughter or sister, for perusal, "Don Juan?"—and yet would it not be better to give them that, if the restraints of virtue are to be slacked, than the vulgar and disgusting accounts of every libertine that chooses to violate the laws of God and man? There will be found at least some regard for common decency. Some have attempted to make this matter of giving publicity to the vulgar details of crime a question, and have undertaken to adduce an argument for the affirmative, by citing Shakspeare's "Macbeth," Milton's "Paradise Lost," and the Bible itself, to show that such details—the minutiae of crime—are all the proper subjects of publicity and notoriety. The error fatal to such an argument as this, consists in losing sight of a very important distinction: In the one case the object is to enforce a moral; hence vice is portrayed with all its heinousness, and if its attractions are set forth, it is only that the consequences may appear more terrible by the contrast. On the other hand, the picture is drawn merely for the purpose of giving the news, and the punishment so uncertain or trifling, that the particular crime committed loses half its deformity. And so the sophistry of every argument that can be advanced to sustain such a position will appear equally as palpable, if there be any truth in the trite quotation from Pope:—

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

A Marvelous Rescue.—A little girl, named Semira Prentice, six years of age, who resides with Robert Getty, on Edgar's farm, east of the Asylum, near Dayton, Ohio, fell into a well sixty feet deep. She was probably playing inside of the curb and slipped off. The bucket was up at the time, leaving the passage unobstructed from the mouth of the well to the top of the water in it. The water was six feet deep, and the distance to it as measured, was fifty-four feet. This distance the little girl fell, passing through the water to the bottom; the latter fact being proved by the quantity of sand in her hair when she was drawn up, and by her own expression in regard to her descent. When she arose to the surface of the water she sustained herself by clinging to the walls, immediately crying, "Pull me up," so loud as to be heard by Mrs. Getty, the lady, upon running to the well, and discovering the child's position, lowered the bucket and told the little creature to get in; but no persuasion could induce her to do as directed. Reaching as high up on the rope as she could, she took hold of it, and the lady began to draw her up. When about half the distance, but not half the danger had been passed, the child said she couldn't hold—she must fall; but the assurance from above that it would be certain death to let go, nerved her for a last effort; and tightening her childish grasp with the strength of despair, up she came to the top, her head sinking down as if life had left her. In an hour afterward she was "as lively as a cricket," unhurt even to the extent of a scratch on her person!

An Inquisition for Stolen Fruit.—In Mr. Gunning's *Sketcher*, a new English book, he tells a funny story of Dr. Ogden, the Professor of Geology: "The Doctor had taken a great fancy to a lad who had been in his service three or four years; he was much pleased with his management of a garden which was attached to his house, and of which he was particularly fond. A cherry tree, which had been planted some time, and which should have produced very choice fruit, had constantly failed. To the Doctor's great delight it at last showed signs of bearing, and about a dozen cherries after a while began to assume a tempting appearance. Returning one day from his ride, he missed some of his cherries, and accused the boy of having them. "I have not touched them," replied the boy, "as true as God's in heaven," (a very common mode of assertion among inferior people at that time.) "That's a good lad! sit thee down and I'll give thee a glass of wine, for thou wouldst not tell me a lie!" Going to a closet, he put a pretty strong dose of antimonial wine into a glass, which the boy drank off, and was preparing to leave the room, but his master kept him in conversation. At length the boy was making a *hasty retreat*, saying he did not feel well. "Do not quit the room," said the Doctor "sit them down; thou wilt soon be better;" and ringing the bell, he ordered a jug of warm water, which he administered very freely, at the same time providing a basin. The cherries soon made their appearance, to the great consternation of the lad. "Where's the God in heaven?" said the Doctor, "Thou miscreant! get thee out of my house!" He quitted it the same day, but not until the Doctor had showed him his will, in which he had left him £200.

ESSAY ON WOMAN.

A woman is a very nice, complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate and differ from those of a man, pretty nearly as the works of a repeating watch do from those of a town clock.—Look at her body—how delicately formed! Examine her senses—exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding—how subtle and acute! But look into her heart there is the watch work. Composed of parts so minute of themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye to be clearly comprehended. The perception of a woman is quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition, I had almost said instinct. By a glance of her eye, she shall draw a just and deep conclusion. Ask her how she formed it? She cannot answer the question. As the perception of a woman is surprisingly quick, so her soul and imagination is susceptible. Few of them have culture enough to write, but when they do, how animated their descriptions. But if few women write, they all talk and every man may judge of them in this point, from every circle in which he goes. Spirit in conversation depends entirely on fancy, and women all over the world talk better than men. Have they a character to portray, or a figure to describe? They give but three traits one or the other, and the character is known, or the figures placed before your eyes. Why? From the susceptibilities of their imagination, their fancies receive lively impression from those principal traits, and they point those impressions with the vivacity with which they receive them. Get a woman of fancy warm in conversation, she will produce a hundred charming images, among which there shall not be one indelicate of coarse. Warm a man on the same subject, he shall possibly find stronger allusions, but they shall neither be so brilliant nor so chaste.

Good Pay.—Lamartine has just completed a history of Turkey, which he sold to one of the Paris papers for $20,000!—Who says French authors are not properly paid for their works?

GRANDMAMMA.

She is by the fire—a dear old lady, with nicely crimped and plaited cap border and old fashioned spectacles—as pleasant a picture of the home grandmother as any living heart may wish to see. The oracle of the family—the record of births and marriages—the narrator of old revolutionary stories that kept bright eyes big and wide awake till the evening logs fell to ashes—what should we do without the home grandmothers? How many little faults she hides! What a delightful special pleader is she when the rod trembles over the unfortunate urchin's head!

"Do you get many lickings?" inquired a flaxen-haired youngster of his curley headed playmate.

"No," was the prompt, half indignant answer, "I've got a grandmother."

Love that aged woman. Sit at her feet and learn of her patient lessons from the past. Though she knows no grammar, cannot tell boundaries of distant States, or the history of nations, she has that perhaps which exceeds all lore wisdom. She has fought life's battles, and conquered. She has laid her treasures away, and grown purer, stronger, through tears and sorrow. Never let her feel the sting of ingratitude. Sit at her feet. She will teach you all the dangers of life's journey, and teach you how to go cheerfully and smilingly to the gate of death, trusting like her in a blissful hereafter.

Anecdote of Tom Corwin.—Some years ago, when Tom Corwin and Tom Ewing were on a political pilgrimage to the northern part of the State, they were invited to tarry over night with a distinguished local politician. The guests arrived rather late, and the lady of the mansion being absent, a niece undertook to preside on the occasion. She had never seen great men, and supposed they were elephantine altogether, and all talked in great language, "Mr. Ewing, will you take condiments in your tea, sir," inquired the young lady. "Yes, Miss, if you please," replied the quondam salt boiler. Corwin's eye twinkled. Here was fun for him. Gratified with with the apparent success of her first trial at talking with big men, the young lady addressed Mr. Corwin in the same manner: "Will you *take* condiments in *your* tea, sir?"—"Pepper and salt, but no mustard," was the prompt reply of the facetious Tom.—Of course, nature must not, and Ewing and the entertainer roared in spite of themselves. Corwin essayed to amend the matter, and was voluble in compliment, anecdotes and wit. But the wound was immedicable. The young lady to this day declares that Tom Corwin is a coarse, vulgar, disagreeable man.

The Toledo Blade tells a good story of a Mrs. Mullane, who was taken with the cholera and died in six hours; leaving an empty whiskey bottle at the head of her bed. Her relatives and particular friends held a "wake" over the body. Matters went on very well; but at midnight, when the fun grew fast and ferocious, suddenly there came a tapping, as of some one loudly rapping, inside the coffin lid.—Then the hairs of each individual stuck out as stiff as wires. The watchers were breathless; but the voice of the dead broke out, shrill and angrily: "Pat! ye baste! git over t' yer own side of the bed! There's niver a bit iv room for me atwixt ye an' the wall! Pat looked solemn; and the wife raised up in the coffin, and was somewhat shocked on discovering the bad box she had got into. She still lives to teach her husband better manners than "to bury a dacint woman with her sins all in her body."

A Mastodon Discovered near Poughkeepsie.—We learn from a friend, that a few days since the tusks of a mastodon of enormous size were discovered protruding from the inclined side of a marshy declivity, a few miles from the city of Poughkeepsi. Measures were immediately taken to excavate the place and exhume the skeleton. We are informed that the work thus far has been remarkably successful, and the condition of the skeleton such as to promise the security of the most perfect specimen of the mastodon ever found. The location is extremely favorable. The excavation, which is prosecuted under the direction of Professor Morse, the discoverer of the magnetic telegraph, who resides at Poughkeepsie, has proceeded as far as the head and shoulders of the mammoth. The bones are *partially petrified*, as far as the exhumation has extended, and this promises the recovery of the entire skeleton in a more perfect state than any yet discovered. If our information is correct—and it emanates from an entirely responsible source—an object of great interest will be added to the science and study of natural history.

"*Who Made You?*"—One of the ladies connected with the "Methodist Five Points Mission," who has under her charge some thirty little boys, called them together on the morning of Thanksgiving day to perfect them in their answers to questions she intended to put to them before the visitors in the afternoon. After arranging them properly, the first boy on the right, in answer to the question, 'who made you?' was to say 'God.' The next, 'Of what were you made?' reply, 'The dust of the earth,' and so on through the Catechism. The all-important moment having arrived, the little "shavers" were told to stand up. The little head boy it seems was missing, but the fact being unnoticed by the teacher, she proceeded with the question, 'Who made you?' which elicited the following laughable answer, "I was made out of the dirt of the 'ert; but the little feller what God made has got the belly-ache, and gone home."