

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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NUMBER XXII

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 paid, to ensure attention.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF ADVERTISING TERMS.
The Proprietors of the Watchman in Salisbury, have agreed upon the following arrangement of uniform advertising rates:

1 Square	10 Cents
2 Squares	18 Cents
3 Squares	25 Cents
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5 Squares	40 Cents
6 Squares	48 Cents
7 Squares	55 Cents
8 Squares	62 Cents
9 Squares	70 Cents
10 Squares	78 Cents
11 Squares	85 Cents
12 Squares	92 Cents
13 Squares	1.00
14 Squares	1.08
15 Squares	1.15
16 Squares	1.22
17 Squares	1.30
18 Squares	1.38
19 Squares	1.45
20 Squares	1.52
21 Squares	1.60
22 Squares	1.68
23 Squares	1.75
24 Squares	1.82
25 Squares	1.90
26 Squares	1.98
27 Squares	2.05
28 Squares	2.12
29 Squares	2.20
30 Squares	2.28
31 Squares	2.35
32 Squares	2.42
33 Squares	2.50
34 Squares	2.58
35 Squares	2.65
36 Squares	2.72
37 Squares	2.80
38 Squares	2.88
39 Squares	2.95
40 Squares	3.02
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94 Squares	7.08
95 Squares	7.15
96 Squares	7.22
97 Squares	7.30
98 Squares	7.38
99 Squares	7.45
100 Squares	7.52

A square is the space occupied by 16 close lines. An advertisement making 14 or 15 squares, charged in proportion to 2 sqs. All fractions of a square charged for 1 sq. charged in proportion to the whole, which is a fractional part. (Seasonal) Advertisements, without additions, charged to those who advertise regularly through the year. These dollars for advertising candidates for office. Court Orders charged 25 per cent higher than the above rates. Orders for divorce of husband and wife, \$10 each. All persons sending in advertisements are requested to state the number of insertions required; and if they wish they should specify the best space possible, write upon the back of the card. Otherwise they will not 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	Chas. F. Fisher	Chatham	D. F. Caldwell
Fisher	Nathl. Boyden	John A. Gilmer	Haywood
John W. Ellis	John A. Davis	Jacob Selzer	H. G. Woodfin
D. A. Shaver	Wm. Murphy	W. F. Cowan	Johnston
Michael Brown	A. C. McLeod	D. W. Sumner	Lenoir
Ashe	E. F. Lilly	C. C. Henderson	Montgomery
Bertie	J. B. Cherry	E. H. Roberts	S. H. Christian
Back	E. J. Erwin	G. W. Williams	New Hanover
R. C. Pearson	J. B. Satterthwaite	P. K. Dickinson	A. J. H. Wood
Essex	Jas. E. Hoyt	Thos. H. Wright	Onslow
F. F. Hardy	Geo. McNeill	John A. Averitt	Randolph
Camden	R. K. Bryan	H. B. Elliott	Stokes
C. T. Haigh	C. T. Haigh	A. H. Marsh	Rockingham
Joseph Arey	E. L. Winslow	A. H. Marsh	Richmond
John H. Cook	D. G. McLean	R. S. French	R. E. Troy
D. G. McLean	W. L. McCorkle	Edmund McQueen	N. A. McLean
Catawba	A. R. Hourly	Patrick Murphy	Swain
Cherokee	A. J. Troy	R. D. Golding	Stanly
Chatham	R. T. Payne	M. T. Waddill	Wayne
Caldwell	S. F. Patterson	S. L. Love	Watauga
W. A. Lewis	D. Dupin	A. W. Venable	Durham
D. Dupin	Carteret	H. Bailey	G. W. Johnson
M. F. Ansel	J. S. Janey	I. O. Branch	Wm. Boylan
Yadkin	J. Williams	J. Cowles	

From the Lynchburg Republican.
Railroad Connection Between Lynchburg and North Carolina.

Editors of the Republican:—Lynchburg and its prospects were mainly the subject of my last communication; and when we consider the wonderful effects of steam power in upsetting all the old calculations about the commerce and business of the world, it may not be fabulous to predict for her a future importance equal to that of any other city in Virginia. See the number of her Railroads under construction, and those that are likely to be chartered and built at some future day, all terminating at that point. The great Virginia and Tennessee, the South side with its connection extending to Norfolk, and the Orange and Alexandria Railroads, all going on rapidly to completion. At no distant day may we not hope to see the Virginia and North Carolina, the road now under discussion made, and the extension of the South side road up the valley of James river to Covington, and also an independent road from Lynchburg to Richmond running nearly parallel with the James River and Kanawha canal! With all these Railroads and depots there, to say nothing

of the great canal and its basins, she is bound to become one of the leading points in the State. Under the old system of Banks in Virginia it is supposed Lynchburg has never enjoyed that amount of reliable capital, which her importance as a trading place required. That system is one rather of vassalage from the branches in the interior, to the chief or mother banks located mainly in Richmond and Norfolk. These branches are not infrequently subjected to the necessities and even caprices of the mother banks. The charters of the old banks expire in about two years. Already the Legislature is preparing a new system. Many banks have gone into operation in various parts of the commonwealth under this system, with large minimum capitals, and by 1857 in having filled up these capitals they will have supplied perhaps the places of the old banks.

At Lynchburg they have one of these new banks in operation with a maximum capital of nearly one million of dollars. The character of these banks I have not time to explain, but will simply say they are independent of the action of each other, and that the whole wealth of the State is pledged for the redemption of their notes.

To prevent any monetary convulsion that might take place in the State, consequent upon this change in the banking system, the old banks with their capital, banking property, officers and all, might under the wisdom of the Legislature, be merged in the new system. But whether these changes take place or not, the capital of Lynchburg is greatly to be augmented by the Railroads. Nothing is more true than that Railroads diffuse capital; so if we gather at that point by our various lines of improvement, the products of the interior country, foreign capital will immediately flow there for its purchase.

It is unnecessary for me, Messrs. Editors, to say any thing more about Lynchburg. If she is to lay true to herself she can be a most important place in the State. Her interior position makes no difference. The power of steam transportation on Railways refered to, completely protects her. Why is it that Philadelphia in population and business of all sorts is closely trailing on the heels of New York, while the latter is located on the Seashore with one of the best harbors in the world and the other a hundred miles from the Ocean on the barrens of Delaware? To come near home, it is futile to predict for Norfolk a brighter future than for Richmond. Nay, the time may come when Salisbury and Charlotte will be large commercial cities, while Beaufort will be greatly their inferior.

In my next and last article I will endeavor to show how, when and where this road, which is so much needed by both States should be made.
HENRY.
A Good Chance.—A lady advertising for a husband in the Water-Cure Journal gives the following description of herself. She certainly has some fine "points."
"I am just twenty, but will not marry before I am two years older. I am a graduate of the Marietta Seminary. I can do, and love to do, all manner of house work, from making pies and bread to washing shirts; I can do all kinds of sewing, from embroidery to lindsay panta loons; I can skate, ride, dance, play on the piano or spinning wheel, or anything that you may reasonably be expected of my sex. If required I can act the part of a dancer in society of the "upper ten," or the part of a woman among women. As for riding, here allow me to make a haunter; any man may bring two horses, give me choice and ten feet, and then if he overtakes me in one mile, I am his; if not the horse is mine. Beware! By Japs I am styled handsome; by the young men on whom I please to smile, I am styled the height of perfection; by those I frown upon, "the devil's imp;" by the wise and sober I am called wild and foolish; by my female acquaintances "Molly;" and by my uncle I am called "Tom."

DISTANCE TO THE SUN.

"Imagine a railway from here to the sun! How many miles is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a man, the boy would grow to be a woman, the man would grow old and die without seeing the sun; for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. Distance?—What! Adam and Eve started by our railway to go from Neptune in the Sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet; for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system."
By reading the above, you can form some idea of the vastness, in which we live, and which God made.
The sun, the moon, and all the stars that shine so beautiful above us, by day or by night, are all the workmanship of the God who requires us all, both young and old, to love him. Why do you love your father? You answer: "Because he is good to me." Why do you love your mother? "Because she loves me and takes care of me." Must you answer her. Why do you love your friends? "Because they are kind to me," is the reason given.
Now think of God who is good to you, because he has given you life, health, and enjoyment. Who loves you, or he would not have surrounded you with all the beautiful things that man's eye has ever seen. Who is kind to you, or he would not have given you the light of the sun by day, or that of the moon and stars by night.
Little children should think of the greatness and kindness of their Heavenly Father, that they may in early life learn to

serve and obey him. He who learns in early life, will not be very apt to forget it in old age. And he who truly serves and loves God from childhood to old age, is the happiest man in the world. Such a man is not only blessed by his God, but he is loved, honored and respected by his fellow men.

A GHOST STORY.

Ghost stories are my abhorrence, and I never listen to, or narrate one, but for the purpose of analyzing its truth, and turning the whole theory of apparitions into ridicule and contempt. Since the time I was a merry schoolboy, and could revel in the history of "Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday," or the adventures of "Munchausen" or "Baron Trenck," which I believed quite as firmly as my Bible, I always laughed in my sleeve at the credulity of my class-mates and the superstition of the "oldest inhabitant" of our village. For the life of me, I could not believe in spirits, except in the potency of the good honest Schiedam gin, or the luscious pineapple Jamaica, which our worthy schoolmaster, the village "dominie," religiously drank before reading morning prayers—also at noon, and for his night-cap, too. And as to a ghost, though called "holy," it did not form one of the three persons of our juvenile trinity, nor could we conjure it into one of the thirty-nine articles of our youthful creed. But some years after the happy time of school-days, (and grumblers may say what they like, for school-days are bright and glorious times) my scepticism received a hard battering by a singular occurrence in the populous town near which I lived. The affair had so many respectable vouchers, and attested by such scientific men, who at first wrapt up the event in such dark mysterious closeness, as if ashamed of their own forced convictions, that any longer to doubt, or express the slightest disbelief, was the height of arrogance—the very worst kind of heresy—the absolute acme of mental treason. The eye-witnesses, too, were religious, as well as clear-headed and respectable men—and of that sect of religion (little respected and less understood here in New York) who pursue inquiry to its utmost limits, and weigh and sift scientific evidence with philosophic minuteness, and would not believe in the existence of our "savonarola," if the facts were not as demonstrable as the first proposition in Euclid. They were chiefly of that much reviled, but little understood, order of Christians, termed Unitarians—of whom, as contrasted with the Catholics, (the very opposite extreme of the scale,) it may be said, that the great majority said, that they believe as far too little as the devout Roman believes too much. However, they were mostly Unitarians—Keen, cautious, and scrutinizing—all of them literary persons, and members of the same scientific club. The event so spiritual, so inexplicable, occurred in Liverpool, then the Athens of England, ornamented as it was by the elegant scholarship of Roscoe, the poet laureate of the Medici, and by the sterling elaborate productions of such men as Caron, and Shepherd, and Carpenter. These four philosophers were members of the very club who saw the apparition; and more energetic minds, of even bolder and more scientific men, were present. I remember as much distinguished in politics, religion, and the exacter sciences.

Let it not be objected by any stickler for forms that a ghost story is too ancient and obsolete an idea, and unsuited for this modern record of the "Times," or that it is inadmissible in the columns of an occasional expositor of fact, law, and jurisprudence. The facts, as they occurred, would, for the time, have shaken the credulity of the wisest, most experienced public officer. The evidence of the apparition was that of the senses—sight, hearing, and touch; the witnesses were twenty-three clear-headed, keen, scientific men, met in deliberative assembly, and yet the appearance was firmly believed, and the delusion remained unremoved and unsolved for several years. No law-case could have stronger presumptive and collateral evidence for its basis than this my story.

However, without more preface, I will narrate the event, and give the explanation as it afterwards transpired.
In the town of Liverpool, some thirty years ago, a society of literary and professional men, as well as merchants, were accustomed to meet weekly for the discussion of any topics connected with politics, theology and science. They had a well-selected library and spacious room, in which they used to pursue their social conversations. None were admitted but men somewhat distinguished in public, who could contribute their quota to the general stock of information. Their number was limited to twenty-four; and as in the celebrated Academy at Antwerp, or the better known instance of our honorable Common Council of New York, each member's chair was labelled with the name of its owner or occupant—having at the head and foot of the table. As usual on such occasions, the president's chair was more elevated than the rest, so that, of course, any thing enacted there would be more conspicuous to the other members. At the period at which I speak—and I could give the exact year and month, and if necessary the name of the honorable gentleman who had, for some years, occupied this honorable office of chairman—the president was confined to his bed by severe indisposition.

From a feeling of great personal esteem, that night his chair was left vacant, while the usual discussions proceeded.

An intimate friend, however, stepped round to his house, which was immediately adjoining the society's rooms, and brot back the melancholy intelligence that he was that evening considerably worse—and, in fact, was then considered to be in a rapidly dying state. This information naturally threw a gloom over their discussions, which, however, were sustained with some spirit on a very exciting topic of the day. In the midst of their deliberations, about midnight, the door of the room quietly opened, and in stalked a figure, clad only in a sheet, pale and haggard, and with silent and steady pace stepped gently into the vacant chair—here, in his accustomed seat, he looked placidly around upon his friends, the marble whiteness of his features indicating only the staid composure of recent death. In silence he gazed upon them, and in silence he was intently gazed at! The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of the vision. His bright intellectual eye surveyed them round; a placid serenity of feature seemed mantling into a smile when his lip quivered; and, gathering his robe closer around his neck, with fixed eyes and all the mournful expression of departure, the figure gently arose from its seat, looked its adieu, glided past its friends with feeble and noiseless step, and vanished as a vision, the door opening and closing upon him at his will—"Conturbare Onem!" Awe struck—all were silent, and wrapt in wonder. They were entranced in breathless suspense for several minutes, looking doubtfully in each other's faces and after the receding figure.

After an intense silence of some minutes, when somebody recovered from the shock, one member inquired of his next associate, but inquired whispering—"Did you see anything?" "Did you?" was the subdued rejoinder. The society rose in confusion; but one gentleman—the same who had brought the intelligence of the chairman's expected dissolution—instantly took out his watch, noted carefully the precise instant, and leaving the time piece on the table, walked quickly round to the residence of the invalid, and was told at the door that his friend the president had just a few moments before expired. Himself astounded, he returned to his equally astonished fellow-members. There could be no deception, no collusion.—It was he—his own long familiar face, or his dismembered spirit! Some one, at length, after a settled pause, had the resolution to say—"if only one of us had seen this, he would not have been credited, but it is impossible that so many can have been deceived."
Others exclaimed and asked—"Was he come to take his last leave of them upon earth, to bid them an eternal farewell from his favorite and oft-accustomed seat? And was this really an essence disembodied intelligence and immortal mind?" The pale, attenuated, ethereal figure bore the impress of death, and the finger of death was fixed upon it. The company by degrees recovered their composure, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, turned upon the dreadful object, the actual phantom which had so absorbed their attention. They broke up and went home. Next morning their inquiries were more minutely and personally by each renewed. Still the coincidence was the same. The servants and family answered them by a precise account of his death, which happened exactly at the time of his appearance in the club room. There could be little doubt before, but now nothing could be more certain than the apparition, which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. Their own hesitation or disbelief as to spirits and separate existences could hardly resist such accumulated evidence as this, with the testimony of their senses to confirm it. Some members varied and took refuge in Lord Bolingbroke's theory—which, in fact, is almost the popular belief. Others patiently waited for time to develop the truth.

It is unnecessary to say that such a story (for it quickly got into circulation, though an attempt was made to suppress it) spread over the country, and found credit even amongst rationalists and infidels—for in this case all reasoning became superfluous and idle, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three and twenty acute spectators. To assert the doctrine of the fixed lives of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed and altered for some emergency. Years rolled on, and the story was almost forgotten. But the time is the great detector of error—the sole guardian and ever-faithful parent of truth.

One of the members of the society was a physician. In the course of his practice, he was one evening called to an elderly woman, whose business it was to attend upon invalids and sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, but for one thing which lay upon her mind. "Do you not remember Mr. —" said she, "whose ghost was talked of eight years since?—I was his nurse. On the night of his death, thinking him asleep, I left the room and went down stairs for something which I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long, but on my return I found him gone, he had departed, and without my patient. He was delirious and insensible; and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened, that I had no power to stir; but after some time—a few minutes—to my astonishment he entered the room. Shivering, and his teeth chattering, he laid himself

down on his bed, and immediately died. Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this secret from the family, from fear of what might be done. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew by what had happened that it was he himself who had been in the eld-room, through a private passage in the rear. He recollected by habit that it was the usual night of meeting, and he had that "lightening" on his mind which often comes over the sick just before and on the stroke of death. He was chilled by the effort and the exposure, having only the sheet around his person, and he laid down and died away like an infant. I durst not tell before, but I hope that God and the gentleman's friends will forgive me the injury I did, and I shall die content.

Such is my story of THE GHOST, and such its natural explanation.
Calling Things by their right Names.
—Some years ago, a man went into a bank in the city of B—, with a check for a small sum, which he placed upon the counter to get the money for it. At the same time another person placed his check there, for a very large amount.—The teller in picking up the checks, gave out the large sum of money, and went to the man who owned the small check. He took the money, and beginning to count it, soon saw he had too much. Instantly, as he told some one afterwards, the devil began tempting him, not to steal it—Oh no, he was too cunning for that—but "borrow it. Mr. —, you know you are poor and are very much in want of money just now; very soon, by using this, you will make enough to return it. But cunning as the devil was, he did not prevail upon the man to do wrong, for the Holy Spirit helped him to do right.—"Halloo, mister," said he to the teller, "you have given me the wrong money; mine was the small check." The exchange was made, and Mr. — left the bank a happy man.

How very cunning the devil is. One of his cunning ways is, never to call things by their right names. He does not want to make wickedness disgusting.—Any one must already have become very hardened, whom the devil tempts to steal. He calls "stealing" only "taking;" "lying," only "telling a story."
But mind that you always call things by their right names. Stealing is stealing, and nothing else. Lying is lying, and nothing else. If the devil can make you believe that stealing is only taking, he will certainly get you to steal. The devil is cunning, but he can give no one who sincerely prays the Holy Spirit to help him.

WANTED.—A GOOD SALESMAN.—Doubtless many in search of employment will read this advertisement with the deepest interest. That bankrupt merchant, whose failure in business is still the "town's talk," may eagerly grasp at the new hope which it holds out to him. The young man, who has gone forth from the home of his childhood to seek his fortune, may see in the above notice a stepping-stone to wealth.

In more than one dwelling it will shed a gleam of sunlight; perhaps a thousand eyes will brighten, as they rest on those brief words, and as many hearts beat fast with blissful expectancy. Besides, they flatter themselves that they are fitted for the place, but we would advise them not to be too sanguine. The standard of excellence varies so much in different people, that those peculiar characteristics which would please one person offend another.

Now, what constitutes the good salesman? Does he bow, and smile, and simper, when you enter the store in your holiday attire, and treat you as if you were a princess in your own right; while the lady who comes in with a plain straw bonnet and common shawl stands neglected and alone?

Does he protest that a certain article is imported, when he knows it was manufactured in this country?
Does he, with the volubility of a foreign pedlar, assure you that a piece of silk is the "best thing in the market," when your excellent judgment tells you to the contrary?

Does he impose on the credulity of that unsophisticated country girl, and aver that a delicate is "new style, the most fashionable and cheapest she can buy in the city," when it is old and shop-worn? Are these the requisites for a good salesman?

We are sorry to answer that some people think they are; but we do not. We detest the system of lying and fraud, and nothing will induce us to leave a store so soon as to find such a clerk. Let merchants think seriously of these things; let them make it the rule to be honest, truthful and upright, and we shall see a better state of things throughout the land.—Olive Branch.

An eminent minister of Norwich made a sudden pause in his sermon; the congregation were panic struck. Having riveted their attention, he addressed himself by name to a gentleman in the gallery: "Has that poor man that stands at the back of your pew a gold ring on his finger." The gentleman turned round, and replied, "I believe not, sir." "Oh, then, I suppose that is the reason he must not have a seat." The gentleman had three gold rings on his hand, and his pew was nearly empty.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTINCT OF A FISH.
At the meeting of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Institution, the following curious facts were narrated by Dr. Warwick, one of its members, with respect to instinct of animals. He stated that when he resided in Dunham, the seat of the Earl of Sanford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the Park, and came to a pond where fish intended for the table were kept. He took notice of a fine pike, about six pounds in weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing, it struck its head against a tetter hook in a post, (of which there were several in the pond to prevent poaching), and, as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the fish was most horrible. It rushed to the bottom boring its head into the mud; whirled itself round with such velocity that it was almost lost to the sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on the bank. He (the Doctor) went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture of the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver tooth pick raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved, but it again darted and plunged about, until it threw itself out of the water the second time.

A second time Dr. Warwick did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the water, and with the assistance of the keeper, the Doctor made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. On making his appearance at the pond the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water, and actually laid its head upon his foot. The Doctor thought this most extraordinary, and examined the fish's skull, and found it was going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned, but being blinded on the wounded side of the skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side towards the bank, as if he could not see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual; and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hand. With other persons he continued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr. Warwick) thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received, and as it always came at his whistle, it proved also, what he had previously, with other naturalists, disbelieved—that fishes are sensible to sound.

SELLING DRY GOODS.
People generally think that it is a very easy matter to stand behind a counter and retail dry goods; but a week's experience in the business would convince the cleverest man that it is much more difficult and laborious than the task of turning a grindstone twelve hours per diem. The office of salesman embodies, in its duties, necessity for the shrewdness of a politician, the persuasion of a lover, the politeness of a Chesterfield, the patience of Job, and the impudence of a pickpocket. There are salesmen who make it a point never to lose a customer. One of the gentlemen who is in a store in Chatham street, not long since was called to show a very fastidious and fashionable lady, who "dropped in while going to Stewart's," some rich silk cloaking. Every article of the kind was exposed to her view—the whole store was ransacked—nothing suited. The costly was stigmatized as trash—everything was common and not fit for a lady. She guessed she would go to Stewart's. The salesman pretended to be indignant.

"Madam," said he, in a tone of injured innocence, "I have a very beautiful and rare piece of goods—a case which I divided with Mr. Stewart, who is my brother-in-law, but it would be useless to show it to you—it is the only piece in the city."
"Oh, allow me to see it," she asked, in an anxious tone, and continued, "I had no intention of annoying you, or of disparaging the merits of your wares."
The salesman, who was now watched in breathless silence by his fellow clerks, proceeded, as if with much reluctance, and with expressions of fear that it would be injured by getting tumbled, to display an ancient piece of vesting, which had been lying in the store for five years, and was considered to be unsaleable. The lady examined and liked it much. That was a piece of goods that was worthy to be worn. How much was it a yard?
"Twenty-two shillings."
"O! that is very high."
"There!" exclaimed he, beginning to fold it up, "I knew you would say that. Stay! stay! don't be in so great a hurry; she cried—I'll give you twenty shillings."
"Madam, you insult me again."
"Cut me off—two yards, and you can make up the deduction on some velvet which I require for trimmings; almost everything is sold at a bargain."
The salesman, after much persuasion, sold the lady the vesting, for which they had in vain sought to get five shillings per yard, at the price above indicated. The profits of the sale, on vesting and velvet, amounted to \$33! out of which the clerks were permitted to pay for a supper of oys-

ters. The best of this brief tale of dry goods is to be told. The lady had her cloak made, and one or two of her friends, delighted with it, bought the rest of the vesting at the same price.

There is a moral to this anecdote, which we leave to be discovered by the ingenuity of our lady readers who occasionally go a shopping.—North's Messenger.

LOVE.

How bright and beautiful is "love" in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously it etherealizes every feeling, and concentrates every wild and bewildering impulse of the heart—Love—holiness and mysterious love, it is the garland spring of life, the poetry of nature. Its song is heard in the rude hut of the poor, as well as the gorgeous palace of the rich—its flames embellish the solitude of the forest and the thronged haunts of busy life, and its light imparts a brilliancy to every heart, no matter what may be its condition.
Love—pure and devoted love—can never change. Friends may forsake us—the riches of this world may soar away, but the heart that loves will cling the closer; as loud roars the storm, and amid the wreck of the tempest, it will serve as a "beacon" to light us on to love and happiness.
Love is the music and unseen spell that soothes the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature—that lingers about the sanctity of the fireside, and unites in closer union the affections of society; and the soul that loves truly will love forever. Not like the waves of the ocean, nor traced in sand, is the image impressed upon a loving heart. No, no—but it will remain unbroken and unmarked—it will burn on undimmed in its lustre, amid the quick rush of the tempest cloud—and when our fate seems dark and dreary, then will love seek shelter in her own hallowed temple, and offer us a sacrifice, her vows and affections.—Monumental Lit. Gazette.

A Good Story.—Two chaps came in contact at one of our restaurants some time since, and were regaling on a long "nipe," when the mud and bad roads became the topic of their conversation. One observed that several cool teams were stuck in the mud, axle-tree deep, and that he saw twenty quye of oxen straining every nerve, but without effect. The other no doubt thinking that a pretty tough yearn, replied—
"That when he was coming to the city he saw a man sitting on a fence, cracking his whip and yelping and hallooing at a furious rate; he approached him and inquired what was wrong?"
"Oh! nothing much," replied the teamster, "only (pointing to the road) I have a wagon and four yoke of oxen in the mud and the plaguy brutes won't pull a bit!"
At this moment an old Hoosier entered, who heard only the wailing part of the story, drew up a chair and commended a yarn about what he had seen.
"Says he, 'friend, were you ever on the American bottoms I crossed there once and on wading through the mud, which was a matter of course, was not the best walking. I kicked out a hat, when a voice which said—
"Quit that old fellow," saluted me in my ears."
"Looking around and seeing nothing I concluded to give it another, which I did; when the same voice was heard to exclaim—
"Stop your here kicking my hat!"
"I here discovered that a man was sticking in the mud, and observed—
"Old fellow, you had better be getting out of that before night or you will be sure to freeze to death; he allowed out—
"I don't care a darn—I've a good rule under me!"

Very Touching.—Here is a touching description of a moonlight scene. After describing for some time in the ecstatic mazes of a delightful waltz, Cornelia and myself stepped out unobserved on to the balcony, to enjoy a few of those moments of solitude so precious to lovers. It was a glorious night—the air was cool and refreshing. As I gazed on the beautiful being at my side, I thought I never saw her look so lovely; the full moon cast her bright rays over her whole person, giving her