

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:

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HAWTHORN LEAVES

"The House of the Seven Gables,"
BY AN AMERICAN READER.

Next to the lightest heart, the heaviest is apt to be the most playful.

It is not the world and its sorrows, in genuine earnest, without making a pastime of his sorrow.

As a general rule, Providence seldom vouches for mortals any more than just that degree of encouragement which suffices to keep them at a reasonably full exertion of their power.

Strength is incompatible by weakness, and therefore, the more terrible—There is no greater blessing than a strong will relative to the circle of his own concerns.

The affection and sympathy for flowers is almost exclusively a woman's trait. Men, if endowed with it by nature, soon lose, forget, and learn to despise it, in their contact with coarser things than flowers.

Grief of the passing moment takes upon itself an individuality, and a character of chaos, which it is destined to lose, after a while, and to fade into the dark gray tissue common to the grave or glad events of many years ago. It is but for a moment, comparatively, that anything looks strange or startling;—a truth that has the bitter and the sweet in it.

Why are poets so apt to choose their mates, not for any similarity of poetic endowment, but for qualities which might make the happiness of the rudest handicraftsman as well as that of the ideal craftsman of the spirit? Because, probably, at his highest elevation, the poet needs no human intercourse; but he finds it dreary to descend, and be a stranger.

There is sad confusion, indeed, when the spirit flits away into the past, or into the more awful future, or in any manner, steps across the spaceless boundary between its own region and the actual world; where the body remains to guide itself, as best it may, with little more than the mechanism of ancient life. It is like a dark, without death's quiet privilege—its freedom from mortal care.

Shall we never, never get rid of the Past? It lies upon the Present like a giant's dead body. In fact, the case is just as if a young giant were compelled to waste all his strength in carrying about the corpse of the old giant, his grandfather, who died a long while ago, and only needs to be decently buried. Just think a moment and it will startle you to see what slaves we are to by-gone times,—to Death, if we give the matter the right weight!

Our first youth is of no value, for we are never conscious of it, until after it is gone. But sometimes—always I suspect, unless one is exceedingly unfortunate—there comes a sense of second youth, gushing out of the heart's joy at being in love; or possibly, it may come to crown some other grand festival in life, if any other such there be. This blossoming of one's self over the first, careless, shallow gaiety of youth departed, and this profound happiness at youth regained—so much deeper and richer than that we lost—are essential the soul's development. In some cases, the two states come almost simultaneously, and mingle the sadness and the rapture in one mysterious emotion.

He (Holgrave) had that sense, or inward prophecy—which a young man had better never have been born than not to have, and a mature

man had better die at once than utterly to relinquish,—that we are not doomed to creep on forever in the old, bad way, but that, this very now, there are the habingers abroad of a golden era to be accomplished in his own lifetime. It seemed to him—as doubtless it has seemed to the hopeful of every century, since the epoch of Adam's grand children—that in this age, more than ever before, the moss-grown and rotten Past is to be torn down, and lifeless institutions to be thrust out of the way, and their dead corpses buried, and every thing to begin anew.

At almost every step in life, we meet with young men of about Holgrave's age, for whom we anticipate wonderful things, but of whom, ever after much and careful inquiries, we never happen to hear another word. The effervescence of youth and passion, and the fresh gloss of intellect and imagination, endow them with a false brilliancy, which makes fools of themselves and other people. Like certain clintons, calicos, and gingham, they show finely in their first news, but cannot stand the sun and rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing day.

All her little womanly ways, budding out of her, like blossoms on a young fruit-tree, had their effect on him, and sometimes caused his very heart to tingle with the keener thrills of pleasure. At such moments, the half-torpid man would be full of harmonious life, just as a long, slender harp is full of sound, when the musician's fingers touch it. But, afterward, it seemed rather a perversion, or a sympathy, than a sentiment belonging to himself as an individual. He read her, as he would a sweet and simple story; he listened to her, as if she were a verse of household poetry, which God, in requital of his bleak and dismal lot, had permitted some angel, that most pious fool, to write.

But we shall live to see the day when no man shall build his house for posterity. Why should he? He might just as reasonably order a durable suit of clothes—leather, or gaiter perine, whatever else lasts longest—so that his great-grand children should have the benefit of them, and out precisely the same figure in the world that he himself does. If each generation were allowed and expected to build its own house—that single change, comparatively unimportant in itself, would imply almost every farm which society is now suffering for. I doubt whether even our public edifices—our capitols, state-houses, court-houses, churches—ought to be built of such permanent materials as stone or brick. It would be better that they should be made of mud, and that they should be rebuilt, or run, once in twenty years, or thereabouts, as a hint to the people to examine into and reform the institutions which they sympathize.

An Italian boy came along with his barrel organ, and stopped under the wide and cool shadow of the elm. With his quick professional eye, he took note of the two faces watching him from the arched window, and, opening his instrument, began to twinkle its melodies abroad. He had a monkey on his shoulder, dressed in a Highland kilt, and to complete the scene of splendid attractions which he presented him off to the public, there was a company of little figures, whose sphere and habitation was in the malagasy case of his organ, and whose principle of life was the music, which the Italian made his business to grind out. In all their gaiety of occupation,—the collier, the blacksmith, the soldier, the lady with her fan, the toper with his bottle, the milk-maid sitting by her cow—this fortunate little society might truly be said to enjoy a harmonious existence, and to make life literally a dance. The Italian turned a crank; and, behold! every one of these small individuals started into the most curious variety. The collier wrought upon a shoe; the blacksmith hammered his anvil; the soldier waved his glittering blade; the lady raised a polite breeze with her fan; the toper swung lazily at his bottle; a scholar opened his book, with a eager thirst for knowledge, and turned his head to read from the page; the milk-maid energetically drained her cow; and a miser counted gold into his strong box—all at the same turning of a crank. Yes; and moved by the self-same impulse, a lone saluted his mistress on her lips! Possibly, some cynic, at once merry and bitter, had desired to signify, by this picturesque scene, that no mortals, whatever our business or amusement—however serious, how ever trifling—all dance to one identical tune, and in spite of our individual activity, being no thing finally to pass. For the most remarkable aspect of the affair was, that, at the cessation of the music, everybody was petrified, at once, from the most extravagant life into a dead torpor. Neither was the collier's shoe finished, nor the blacksmith's iron shaped out; nor was a drop less of brandy in the toper's bottle, nor a drop more of milk in the milk-maid's pail, nor one additional coin in the miser's strong box, nor was the scholar a page deeper in his book. All were precisely in the same condition as before they had made themselves virtuous by their haste to toil, to enjoy, to assimilate, to add, and to become wise. Saddest of all, moreover, the lover was none the happier for the maiden's glances; but rather than reward the whole moral of the show.

(To be Continued.)

Let us learn that the Proposals for State Stocks, under the recent advertisement of the Treasurer, were opened at his office on Friday last, in presence of the officers of State and the President of the Bank of the State; and that the sales were made at an average of a fraction over one and a half per cent. This is as good a sale as could have been expected, considering the stringency in the money market.

Robt. Standard.

THE STATE FAIR.

The State Fair closed on Friday evening last, but much of the interest and spirit of the occasion was kept up on Saturday. Our streets, at present, wear a most desolate aspect—but few visitors, if any, remaining in the City. The whole crowd in attendance, during the week, is variously estimated as having been composed of from 10,000 to 15,000 persons.

Where so many articles were upon exhibition,—and so many of equal merit,—it can hardly be expected that we should particularize. We may, however, without being accused of invidiousness, we hope, refer specially to the exhibition of cattle by Dr. Holt, of Davidson, Mr. McDaniel, of Nash, and Mr. Russell, of Caswell,—an exhibition that would have been most creditable anywhere: to the fine display of farming implements by the Messrs. Sineclair, of Baltimore, and Borum & Fisher, of Norfolk; to the great variety of foreign and domestic breeds of fowls,—many and some of the finest of them put on exhibition by residents of this city; and, generally, to the splendid array of the productions of nature and art presented in Floral Hall.

We have already alluded to the Address of Mr. Rayner on Thursday. It seems to be universally regarded as an elegant production, and as one every way worthy of the distinguished author and the distinguished occasion.

The Committee for arranging the Premiums, preparing the list of them and of articles on exhibition, &c., have not yet completed their duties. In our next, we shall certainly be able to lay it before our readers, when they can judge for themselves of what material the North Carolina State Fair was made up. In the meantime, we may safely promise that it will show a splendid exhibit of the agricultural resources of the State, of the ingenuity and skill of her mechanics, and of the domestic handiwork of her daughters,—an exhibit which few other States can present, and one of which any State might well be proud!

We condense below, from the "Standard," of the 21st, an account of the transactions of the State Agricultural Society, during the week:

STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The State Agricultural Society has been in session every night during the week, in the Commons Hall,—the President, R. H. Smith, Esq., in the Chair.

On Monday night, after the President had taken the Chair, the minutes of the last annual meeting were read by Dr. Tompkins, Recording Secretary, and the roll of members called.

Dr. Crudup, of Franklin, Chairman of the Executive Committee, read the list of judges or committees for examining articles and awarding premiums. The list was revised, owing to the number of abusers, and after some observations by Gov. Reid, and Mr. Haughton, of Chatham, it was completed. We give the list in another part of our paper to-day.

On motion, a committee of five members was raised to revise the Constitution of the Society, and report to a subsequent meeting.

The Society met on Tuesday night, pursuant to adjournment.

On motion of Mr. Elliott, of Cumberland, a committee was appointed to memorialize the approaching Legislature on the subject of diminishing and restraining the number of dogs, so as to render sheep raising less difficult and hazardous. Mr. Elliott referred to the existing evil, and expressed the hope that the Legislature would take some action on the subject.

Mr. Jones, of Caswell, moved that the time for holding the next State Fair be changed to the first Wednesday in November. On motion of Mr. Whitting, the proposition was referred to the Committee for revising the Constitution of the Society.

Some observations were submitted by Messrs. Rayner and Venable on the best means for developing the resources of the State and improving its agriculture.

A motion by Dr. Crudup, to establish life memberships in the Society, gave rise to an interesting discussion, in which Gen. Dr. Batehlor, and others took part.

On Wednesday night, the following gentlemen were elected officers of the Society: Thomas Ruffin, of Alamance, President.

As W. Venable, of Granville, Dr. W. R. Holt, of Davidson, Dr. E. M. Crudup, of Franklin, R. R. Bridges, of Edgecombe, Vice Presidents.

Dr. J. F. Tompkins, of Wake, Recording Secretary.

Thomas J. Lemay, of Wake, Corresponding Secretary.

equal to lime in equal quantities. He advocated agricultural education, and regretted that so much prejudice existed against "book-farming."

The Hon. Thomas Ruffin, of Alamance spoke warmly in favor of raising funds to establish an experimental farm—not for profit, but for making the experiments which it is impossible for private individuals to do. He then explained the effect of animal and vegetable manures, and stated that no general rule can be depended on—each individual must trust to his own judgment in making deductions from general principles. For twenty years he had raised at least fifteen thousand pounds of pork annually upon corn-field peas only; and he drew attention to the great value of peas as a fertilizer.

The President, Mr. Smith, supported the views of Judge Ruffin on this subject. Mr. Burgess, of Halifax, followed upon the importance of deep ploughing; after which an interesting discussion took place between Mr. Venable and Dr. Crudup as to whether agriculture is a science or an art. After some remarks from Dr. Tompkins on the importance of establishing life memberships, the Society adjourned.

On Thursday night, the committee appointed to memorialize the Legislature on the subject of dogs presented their report and a copy of the memorial, which being read and approved, on motion of Dr. Holt, two hundred copies were ordered to be printed and distributed among the members of that body.

The committee appointed to examine the Treasurer's books reported that the sum of \$1,336 was in his hands to the credit of the Society. Report accepted.

The committee on the subject reported against changing the time for holding the annual Fair; which after some discussion, approved by a large majority.

The subject of raising funds to place the Society on a permanent footing was then taken up, and after considerable discussion the names of the counties were called alphabetically, and the following sums pledged for the purpose: Edgecombe \$1,000, Wake \$500, Cumberland \$500, Granville \$500, Halifax \$500, Hertford \$500, Chatham \$500, Bertie \$500, Alamance \$500, Nash \$250, New Hanover \$500, Northampton \$500, Orange \$500, Sampson \$500, City of Raleigh \$500, Warren \$500, Washington \$500, Caswell \$500.

Delegates were then appointed to attend the Virginia Fairs, after which it was resolved that all delegates from other Societies be admitted as honorary members and invited to participate in the proceedings of the Society.

A committee of three for the reception of visitors at the next annual meeting was then appointed, after which the Society adjourned to Friday evening.

The election of Judge Ruffin as President is an event of interest and importance to the Society. It will add much to it by his general ability and by his knowledge as a practical farmer.

Revolutionary Anecdote.—A correspondent of the N. H. Patriot furnishes the following:

"When the British were at Boston, in 1776, my father was in a barber's shop waiting to be shaved. A British Officer came in and wanted to be shaved, provided the barber could do it without drawing blood, and saying if he did not he would run his sword through him. The barber was frightened and dare not undertake the task. A little boy sitting there spoke up and said he would do it. He looked at the boy with astonishment, but the boy stripped off his coat and told him to take a seat. He took off the officer's beard without drawing blood, and was paid a guinea for his trouble. The officer then asked how he ventured to do it, as he had been to every barber's shop in the town and no one before dared to do it. The boy replied, 'I thought I should see the blood as soon as you would, and if I had, I would have cut your throat to the back bone in a moment.' The British officer hung his head and left, amidst shouts of applause for the boy."

Fashion in Names.—Fashion plays some queer freaks with his wand. The last innovation, is we believe, the using of the middle name and dropping the first and "christian" index. For instance,—Jones, who was always distinguished in his younger days by plain John D. or "Jack," has concluded that appellation to be "vulgar," and is now only known as J. Daw Jones, more appropriate to be given in full, and would doubtless be a most correct index to the fellow. Peter G. Jenkins has become convinced that Peter is too lowly a cognomen for one who walks so high in aristocratic circles, and brings him too much on a level with the common herd; he therefore, plumes himself P. Green Jenkins. Just so with Isaac C. Bacon; all the fellows are making the change and he cannot see how he can keep in good standing at the club and not join in the revolution; away goes the "Isaac," and "I. Cook Bacon" is engraved upon his card. So goes the new mania, no matter how ridiculous; but it is the "rage," and the brainless devotee of fashion's shrine must arm and equip accordingly to rules.

Melancholy.—An old man aged sixty years, ran away from Cincinnati, last week, and carried with him a "lass of sweet sixteen," the daughter of one of his neighbors.

MR. BADGER.

In an article in another place, which, so far as our judgment can discover, is one of the ablest we ever read, in all the requisites of party—which are to "make the wrong appear the better reason," and cause the deceitful and false to appear in the vestments of honesty and truth—the North Carolina Standard speaks of Mr. Badger, after having given him credit for the advocacy of the Nebraska Bill, as follows: "Still, we cannot overlook the fact that the rights of a sovereign slaveholding State could not be safe in the hands of one who, like Mr. Badger, for example, declares that allegiance is as much due to New Hampshire as to North Carolina. This is a question of State rights."

Did he say that about New Hampshire? Well, if he did, he spoke from the impulses of AMERICAN HEART. That intelligent and pure statesman, who is one of the most disinterested patriots in the service of the State he represents and the Union that he loves, this or any other country ever knew—not even the lauded HAYWOOD excepted—knows that his allegiance is due to the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, and that Constitution embraces N. Hampshire as well as North Carolina.

Must we ever be imposed upon by the flummery and foolery of party, and the patriots of the country be denounced because they think, on some points, differently from the power in rule or the power that seeks to rule?

The intimation is thrown out that the integrity of the institution of slavery is not safe in the hands of Mr. Badger—himself a slaveholder, and the advocate of the Nebraska measure. Since the world was made, was there ever exhibited such a palpable contradiction in terms—such foul conclusions from the clearest premises?

"A question of State rights," forsooth. And when did the Standard ever speak of State Rights unshackled by the claims of party? We will say never—till the words and the time when uttered are pointed out to us.

In New Hampshire, as well as in many other of the five States, are some of the true friends of Southern Rights and all the true friends acknowledged by the Federal Constitution—much truer than those politicians of the South, who go for party and for money, and have sold to "Administrations" their "brightest for a mess of pottage." As to Whig and Democrat, these persons know that no partisan Editor can faithfully discern the present crisis or feel the perils of the hour, who knows nothing about men or measures, but that which is derived from the answers to the questions: Are they Whig? Are they Democratic?

To these persons, who are in every portion of the Union, we suppose Mr. Badger has a liking,—as he has, we presume, to all the recollections of our American, from the time when the "Natives" marked the earth from their lacinated feet in their marchings to meet the trees of liberty, and from their bodies as they consecrated them in dust, to freedom, under the sacred banners of a holy revolution, with blood transcended in purity only by that of the protestant martyrs—to the time when the States in the Union successfully contended with the mistress of the ocean and the empire of Europe.

Who blames him for this? None can do it, except that wing of the late Democratic party, who are justly and truly entitled to the name of the Roman Catholic Democracy. There is another wing however, which has an American heart.

We respect Mr. Badger for his great talents; but we would give him honor only because he was an AMERICAN HEART.

Wm. Commercial.

A Negro Liberator Missionary.—There was a queer, but very sensible specimen of a negro before the Methodist Conference on last Thursday. He was introduced by a letter from J. Morris Pease, esp. Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, and asked the assistance of the Conference in purchasing his wife and seven children, held as slaves in Georgia. The colored individual's name was Hardy Moby, and a good preacher, it is said, who wishes to go to Africa as a missionary. His family will sell for three thousand dollars.—He was a slave forty years, and has been free but two years.

The Reverend gentlemen who heard him state his case, were very much disappointed, of course, as he said that, though he had served under various masters, no one had ever chastised him but his mother, and he had always been well fed, comfortably clothed, and that he would never say a word about the evils of slavery. His was a higher mission.—He would leave jabbering politicians to talk of the evils of Slavery. He wished to labor for the elevation of his race in Africa, and if he had to live on this continent, would rather be in the South than in the North,—as in the South, his people were degraded,—were slaves. If he could not go to Liberia, he would go back to Georgia, where he could live easier than anywhere else, and be with his family. His wife was a good woman, and his children were well treated, and allowed to live at home. Two of them could read the newspapers, and they would be trained up to be useful when he was gone.

There was quite a stir produced among the brethren by the practical remarks of the negro preacher. They wished to know whether brother Moby appreciated the blessing of freedom? Some of the brethren were opposed to giving the old fel-

low anything, because he did not understand slavery as they did. But, mercy on us, they were afraid an unfavorable impression would be produced, and wished him questioned privately! The question whether he thought he could live easier as a slave in Georgia than as a free man, in Africa, he was not permitted to answer in public.—Cincinnati Commercial.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

We extract the following thoughts on the war from an article in the New York Commercial Advertiser:

We allude to the war now, more particularly in reference to its probable continuation and results. Unless the public have been entirely misinformed respecting the character of the Emperor Nicholas, it seems to us that the reported victory of the allies in the Crimea increases the difficulty of restoring peace. The pride of the Czar and the pride of the Russian people must be sorely wounded by the successful invasion of any portion of the empire, and it is natural to suppose that the national sentiment will be aroused to the determination never to submit while a foreign foe treads Russian soil.—Thus far, the allies have advanced with the sword in the one hand and the olive branch in the other. While Odessa was bombarded, and Bonausund destroyed, diplomats were busy at Vienna striving to patch up a peace, on conditions which however distasteful, did not absolutely compromise the dignity of Nicholas, or diminish the area of his dominions.—Those diplomats are still there working in a web that has already become too intricate to the unraveled; and it is believed that the more moderate portion of the English Cabinet would still not be personally averse to a reconciliation on something like the old terms, but the force of circumstances is more powerful than the influence of the most crafty statesmen and the ship of state must be borne onward by the mighty current of public opinion.

We incline to think that the question of peace or war is now beyond any power to control, except the power of events. The Russians are just so far leavened as to be rendered implacable, and not sufficiently beaten to be humiliated into making concessions. The Turks are so encouraged by their recent successes, and so sanguine of their capacity to achieve more, that after having taken up arms merely to repel an invader, they begin to think of re-annexing the provinces of which Russia deprived their ancestors. The allies must persevere continue the war so long as Russia does not yield, and the longer the war is continued the more formidable their armaments by sea and land become, and the more imperious become the necessity of exacting terms of peace that shall compensate for the enormous expenses incurred in the prosecution of the struggle, and incapacitate the enemy from resuming the contest. Between the obstinacy of Nicholas, and the pride of his people, on the one hand, and the impetuosity of the Turks and the policy of the allies, with the irresistible force of public opinion in Western Europe, on the other, we can see no hope of a speedy declaration of peace. It is impossible for human ken to penetrate into the darkness. We cannot predict; we can only speculate; but as far as it is possible to judge from the facts before us, it is evident that the war will be prolonged.

What may be the results of the war it is apparently no less difficult to foretell, but it seems probable that the continued success of the allied powers may end in a dismemberment of the Russian territories. Austria, whose faithless monarchs have been remarkable in history for their facile transition to the winning side, is reported to have instructed her Ambassador at Paris to congratulate the French Government on the victory of the allied armies in the Crimea. The almost indecent haste with which these congratulations were offered, before the receipt of official advices of the fall of Sebastopol, and while Austria is still at peace with Russia, indicates that the house of Hapsburg is about to add a deeper shade to its long roll of black ingratitude, and strike a blow at the power which, but five years ago, rescued it from impending calamity. It begins to be rumored through the European press, that if the war is protracted, the Kingdom of Poland will be re-established with a Prince of the House of Hapsburg on the throne, and this may be the bribe which has been offered to the Hapsburgs. It is rendered more probable by the fact that it is the only plan upon which Austrian cooperation, in depriving Russia of her Polish territories, can be expected. And as the Poles cherish the desire for national independence, rather than for republican institutions, the hope of once more constituting the nation of Poland, no matter under what form of government, or with what race of princes, provided there was to be a king of Poland resident in Warsaw, would doubtless overcome their aversion to the Hapsburgs. When the poles elected their kings, in former times, they often invited a foreigner to the throne, and the place of nativity of the prince offered to them would hardly be an insurmountable obstacle, if the Kingdom of Poland could thereby be re-established. If Austria should give up the share of Poland she now holds, to aid in reconstituting the Kingdom, as she may do under an Austrian prince, this loss of territory may be compensated by the acquisition of Wallachia or Moldavia, which Turkey could probably be induced to concede in exchange for the Crimea.

These are a few of the thoughts which occur to the mind in reflecting on the probable results of the war. Should they be realized, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that Sweden may join the alliance next season, and that the combined Western Powers may deprive Russia of Finland as well as of Poland and the Crimea, and that the lost provinces of Turkey and Persia may be restored to them, thus reducing the Russian empire to the limits it occupied anterior to the reign of Peter the Great.

WHAT A THING IT IS TO BE A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

In the first place, it is to be something unworthy the name of man. It is to believe that a tipler and a glutton—he in the Papal chair—is infallible, the successors of Christ and St. Peter, and the possessor of the keys of Heaven.

It is to believe that one man is the other man's God—that one mortal, with a mortal's sins and evil propensities to answer for, is capable of granting present and future absolution for the sins of one who is no more or less than himself.

It is to believe that the Bible is infamous, and ought to be burned. It is to believe that it is right to torture and kill all who oppose the Catholic Church, or dissent from the creed of its followers.

It is to believe in the justice of breaking faith with heretics, and in using all possible means for the destruction of their political power.

It is to believe that all ends for the Church and the Cross are allowable, no matter how these ends may be attained.

It is to believe in obedience to the wishes of the Catholic Priests, to such an extent that if the believer were ordered by one of them to commit a murder, he would not dare disobey.

It is to believe in the spiritual and temporal supremacy of the Church and the Pope.

These, and many similar points of belief, constitute the programme of "What is to be a Roman Catholic."

Pretty Women and Politicians.—A talented lady who "writes for the papers" speaks thus of city railway cars: "The seats of the car were all occupied—crowded; yet the conductor stopped for me.—Not wishing to disturb those who were seated, I was intending to stand; but a gentleman up at the far end arose and insisted upon my taking his seat. Being very tired, I thanked him and obeyed.—Presently a lady, much younger, much prettier, and much better dressed than myself, entered the car. No less than four gentlemen arose instantly, offering her a seat. She smiled sweetly and unaffectedly, and thanking the gentleman who urged the nearest seat to her, she seated herself with a peculiar grace of manner. She had one of those faces Raphael was always painting—touchingly sweet and expressive. A little after this young beauty had taken her seat, a poor woman, looking very thin and very pale, with that care worn, haggard look that poverty, and sorrow, and hard labor always give, came in. She might have been one of those poor seamstresses who work like slaves and—starve for their labor. She was thinly and meanly clad, and seemed weak and exhausted. She had evidently no sixpences to throw away, and came in the car not to stand, but to rest while she was helped on in her journey. While she was meekly standing for the moment, none of the gentlemen (I) offering to rise, Raphael's angel, with sweet, reproving eyes, looked on those who had so officiously offered her a seat, and seeing none of them attempt to move, and just as I myself was rising to give the poor old lady a seat, she arose and insisted upon the woman taking her seat. It was all the work of but a moment; and the look of grateful surprise the old woman gave her, and the glance of sweet pity the beautiful girl bestowed on the woman as she yielded her seat, and the evident consternation of the broadcloth individuals, who were manifestly put to shame—all were to me irresistibly interesting and instructive. One of these same broadcloth wearers, apparently overpowered with confusion, got up and left the car, and Raphael's angel took his vacant seat."

The sales of Hawthorne's *Lillian's* *Orations* have wonderfully increased in the Union. We presume, therefore, that the well-known virtues the medicines possess, are becoming appreciated, among thousands of persons of both sexes justly divinely, as may be seen by the Press, that their effect is miraculous; they act conjointly so directly upon the system, the one internally and other externally, that the most serious cases will readily yield to their wonderful power.

Are you willing to die, Simkins? sobbed his deploring wife. "Yes," gasped Simkins, "I am willing." "I am glad of that," said Mrs. S., "and so the neighbors all are."

We are happy to learn that the Commodore has ordered and taken out large bells, which will be rung in the fog, and that the steam whistle will hereafter be freely used in all the vessels of the Collins line. They have not been used hitherto because they involved a loss of steam power; but the loss will be incurred anyway without regard to the expense or waste of power.

There was quite a stir produced among the brethren by the practical remarks of the negro preacher. They wished to know whether brother Moby appreciated the blessing of freedom? Some of the brethren were opposed to giving the old fel-