

Carolina Watchman.

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

VOL. XI.--NEW SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., NOVEMBER 16, 1854.

NUMBER XXVI

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 when 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.	
For the Proprietors of the Watchman in Salisbury, to be agreed upon the following arrangement:	
1. For the first square, one dollar per week.	
2. For the second square, one dollar per week.	
3. For the third square, one dollar per week.	
4. For the fourth square, one dollar per week.	
5. For the fifth square, one dollar per week.	
6. For the sixth square, one dollar per week.	
7. For the seventh square, one dollar per week.	
8. For the eighth square, one dollar per week.	
9. For the ninth square, one dollar per week.	
10. For the tenth square, one dollar per week.	
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13. For the thirteenth square, one dollar per week.	
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17. For the seventeenth square, one dollar per week.	
18. For the eighteenth square, one dollar per week.	
19. For the nineteenth square, one dollar per week.	
20. For the twentieth square, one dollar per week.	

A square in the space occupied by 16 close lines. An advertisement making 14 or 14 squares, charged in proportion to 1 square. Making 24 or 24 squares, charged in proportion to 2 squares. All fractions of a square equal to 1/4, charged in proportion to the whole, and 1/2 of a square equal to 1/2. Additional reprints, without additional charge, granted to those who advertise regularly through the year.

Three 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.

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

25¢ per annum on these rates.

Caution.—We think it but right to caution our readers against a very promising advertisement headed "American Artists' Union," in which J. W. Holbrook, Secretary, proposes to sundry "gits" of pictures, lots and houses in and near New York, and \$240,000 in cash, in various sums;—all of which is to do after he shall have succeeded in selling 250,000 tickets at \$1 each. That is to say, this Mr. Holbrook, Secretary, of whom perhaps nobody ever heard before, is to be trusted with \$250,000, with the faint hope that he will, as he promises to do, not only furnish new pictures with \$250,000, but will afterwards distribute, by a sort of lottery, (itself utterly unlawful in New York,) another \$250,000 in pictures, money and real estate!

We received Mr. Holbrook's advertisement, with a Circular offering us \$25 to insert it six months. But, seeing nothing in it that looked honest, and fearing that many a poor and unthinking person might be tempted to throw away a dollar upon such a humbug, we threw the Circular and advertisement into the fire. To our surprise we find that many other papers, and among them several of our most respectable exchanges, have published the advertisement. We therefore think it a duty, not only to refuse to give it currency, as we did, but also to expose it. We have no doubt that the whole affair is an arrant humbug, a cheat as it is unquestionably unlawful. The laws of New York prohibit lotteries, in every shape, as demoralizing, even when regulated by law and under responsible management. How much more such a lottery as this, where the public has no security for the forthcoming of any of the prizes! It has every appearance of one of those swindling operations with which New York abounds. We regret that the Southern press gives it currency—it is not published in the New York papers, we believe,—and hope that no reader of ours will be humbugged by "J. W. Holbrook, Secretary."

There is another class of humbugs, to which we regret having given currency on one or two occasions. We mean those which promise to impart "valuable information" to any one who will forward the advertising dollar. These we have heard were cheats. They were published without reflection, but none such will have place in the Observer hereafter.

Fay Observer.

THE RUSSIAN EMPRESS.

The New York Tribune says that Russia can still concentrate an army of three hundred thousand men at a given point, and add: "And there are people who believe that Nicholas will see for peace if Sevastopol be taken, yet, Russia has not played on third of her trump yet, and the momentary loss of Sevastopol and the fleet is hardly felt at all by the giant, to whom Sevastopol and the fleet were but a plaything. Russia knows full well that her decisive action does not lie in the sea shores or within reach of the attacking troops; but, on the contrary, in the broad interior of the continent, where she has a million men to concentrate, who can move on one spot, without fighting away their forces in a fruitless and defensive against exhausted enemies. Russia may lose the Crimea, the Caucasus, Finland, St. Petersburg, and all such appendages; but as long as her Baltic, with Moscow for its heart, and fortified Poland for its sword-arm, is untouched, she need not give in an iota."

Miss Martin Parker, of Westmoreland, New York, recovered a verdict for two thousand five hundred dollars against a fellow who had slandered her, and the young men of Rome gave her a gold watch.

THE NEWLY MARRIED, OR A GOOD LESSON.

BY MRS. EMILIE F. PLUMMER.

"Oh dear! this weather is cold enough for November," said Mr. Ashton, "I wish, wife, you would order a fire made. I cannot keep a limb of my body still."

"Well," said the wife, "I think that would be superfluous to have my grates soiled after they had been cleaned so nicely, and my summer blowers up."

"Oh, nonsense! what are the grates made for but to use? If they are so very nice, why cover them up with these blowers?"

But the wife remained immovable and inflexible.

"Say, Emily, may I ring the bell, and order a fire?"

"No, no," quickly interposed his wife. "I have just got my rooms cleaned for the summer, and I will not have them touched."

"Cleaned for the summer! I wish I could live in a place where they would consider it a crime to clean a house more than once in twelve years."

"Then I should be more particular than I now am," said Emily, "for fear I might get poisoned before my time came. Men seem not to have any perception of dirt. It is fortunate that some have."

"I don't care, it is unnecessary to close up the fire-frames so soon," muttered her husband.

"What! at this season of the year—almost the middle of June! We had ought to expect summer weather by this time."

"Suppose we should have callers to-day?"

"No one will call to-day, I should not readily imagine. I think the clouds predict a storm."

"In doors or out?" inquired her husband, roguishly.

Just at this moment the door bell rang which betokened something more than an errand boy or pedler. Presently a visitor was ushered in.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Norris," said Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, "when did you arrive?"

"About an hour ago," replied the visitor. "This is very singular weather for June," he continued; "it's more like November."

"It is indeed. I have been telling wife that we ought to have a good coal fire. Emily, dear, don't you think I had better ring the bell, and order a fire?"

"Emily frowned, and cast an impatient look at her husband. Mr. Norris quickly read the answer.

"Oh, I am not cold," protested Mr. Norris, with slithering limbs; "I do not have a fire built for me. I have called rather early, I am already aware—hope you will excuse me—but as I had some particular business with Mr. Ashton, I concluded you might be at home at this hour."

"I am glad to see you," said Mr. Ashton.

After a short time, Mr. Norris took his leave.

"Small favors received, acknowledged, and gratefully accepted, and larger ones in proportion," said Emily, as soon as the visitor had closed the door. "I gave orders to the servants, this morning, to say if an one came and inquired for us, that we had gone into the country."

"For my part, I was glad to see Norris," said Mr. Ashton, "as well as mortified for the cool reception we gave him. Poor fellow! he had the blues shaken when he went out. I must ask him to tea to-morrow. Say, shall I, Emily?"

"Well, if you must, why must, I suppose; but—"

"But what? Have you any objection?"

"Nothing, only I have just got my table-service nicely cleaned and polished, and my table-cloths all put away with the exception of those we have for our own use."

"Capital!" said Mr. Ashton. "How proud I shall feel to have things look so nice! I don't doubt, if Mr. Norris takes tea here, that he will be a married man in less than a year. What do you think, Emily, eh?"

At this pleasant turn of affairs, Emily did not make much reply. Mr. Norris was invited to tea; everything, to Mr. Ashton's surprise, passed off well; and Mr. Norris concluded that if he could get married, and get such a wife as Mr. Ashton, it would not be such a dreadful thing after all. Everything looked so nice—the tea service and table-cloths especially.

Emily took things hard. Everything in housekeeping appeared burdensome to her. She trusted nobody; she was continually finding fault. Servants were a continual "thorn in her flesh," flies a source of irritation, moths were horrible and all the daily vexations of life tended to make this a world of tribulation and anguish.

She had been married about two years, and wanted to be considered an excellent housekeeper. So she was, so far as neatness and punctuality were concerned; but when she considered comfort and happiness in another point of view, she missed it decidedly. When her husband came home, she would comment repeating in detail all her little trials with her domestics during the day, with which she would generally conclude with the sorrowful reflection that she should not live long, and he might see when he would get to keep things in as nice order as she did.

"Well, why don't you dismiss them?" said Mr. Ashton impatiently.

"What would be the use of that? I cannot do the work. I did not get married to make a slave of myself, or to put my hands out of shape by doing housework. There is Tom—he came with re-

COMMENDATIONS FULL A YARD LONG; AND SUSAN DID THE WORK FOR ONE FAMILY THIRTEEN YEARS; SHE, TOO, CAME TO ME HIGHLY RECOMMENDED; AND ANOTHER THING, SHE WILL COME AND GO WHEN SHE PLEASES, AND SAY WHAT SHE PLEASES.

"She is punctual to duty, is she not?" inquired Mr. Ashton.

"Oh, yes; she always does her work quickly and neatly; but she will not allow me to give her any advice about it—she is even saucy enough to tell me sometimes that if she were to follow my directions in cooking, she would have nothing fit to put upon the table."

"I am very sorry that you have so many trials, my dear. I have a great many in my business, and have secretly hoped that you might be spared all these little trials, that you might feel like diverting my mind in an agreeable chit-chat when I return home weary and dispirited."

"Have you seen Mr. Barre to-day?" inquired Emily.

"No, I have not," replied Mr. Ashton, glad to turn the conversation.

"Come, tea is ready," said Emily.

They both sat down in silence, and appeared to be wrapped deep in their own thoughts.

Soon after tea the door bell rang, and visitors were announced. The evening passed off in lively conversation. The hour for retirement came. Both went to bed with a resolution that nothing should occur to cloud the sky over their matrimonial life. For many times their young wife had contrived to feel sad, and make her husband as gloomy as if some real misfortune were hanging over them.

"What say you, Emily, to giving up housekeeping, and going out to board?" said Mr. Ashton, after another chapter of the servant's deficiencies, and short comings, and overgrown ideas to "what was their place, and what was not."

"I should like to try it, at any rate," continued he.

"Why, Mr. Ashton! I thought you wished to keep house, because you could have so much more liberty, and—"

"Well, Emily, as I told; but it is more for your sake than for my own that I would make the change. I see your housekeeping is a source of torment to you. It has been nothing but an interrupted chain of complaints ever since we were married. Precious little comfort do I see!"

These remarks sank heavily into the heart of the young wife, and she could not refrain from weeping passionately over them when she was alone. One day while coming over the hills of life she said:

"I know what I'll do; I'll just run over and see my good and valued friend, Mrs. Wilson."

And so she went. Mrs. Wilson was a friend from infancy; to her she unfolded the whole matter—her whole heart and all her troubles.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Wilson, smiling kindly, "you are young yet—that is all."

"Well, dear Mrs. Wilson, is there no hope, while I am a young housekeeper, to make my husband happy? Still, I would like to have something in perfect content, move in perfect system, and yet have quietness and ease."

"In the first place, the object of good housekeeping is comfort, and comfort implies quiet and ease. Always try and have everything pleasant for your husband. If you have any trials of a trivial nature, never mention them. With youth, health, means, and last, though not least, a husband that you dearly love, what right have petty trials to intervene between you and happiness?"

"Oh, well, but I have the worst domestic in the world! They will not let me instruct them at all; and nothing is done as I should do it."

"I think I heard you say, not long since, that they were very neat and prompt," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Oh, yes; but they will not let me command them at all. I cannot exercise any dignity whatever in my own house. Do not exalt too much," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Don't you think, by your own short experience, that 'perfect obedience' is the most difficult of human virtues?"

"Well, perhaps so," said Emily; "but how is it that you take everything so easily, Mrs. Wilson?"

"By keeping a general superintendency; by not interfering too much with my servants, encouraging them when I have an opportunity, and sympathizing with them in their trials; in short, by endeavoring to make everything as pleasant as possible by an even course daily with my husband and servants. Don't let little difficulties grow into larger ones. You will find them much easier to conquer. One must pass over much to get through life happily."

Emily went home, firmly resolved to put in practice the good advice given her. Mr. Ashton soon observed the change, and, with great delight, remarked that he did not envy a man his "single blessedness" while he had such a sure resource for crushed spirits—a pleasant wife, and, in truth, a happy home.

A curious woman, in Brookville, says the Hartford Courant, counted the stitches she took in making a shirt. The number was fourteen thousand four, hundred and thirty-five.

SHOCKING DEVELOPMENTS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 7, 1854.

A woman named Pamela Myers, now under arrest, has confessed that her paramour, a man named Mayer, killed five of their illegitimate children by throwing them into a sink.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

We notice in the European papers a fact so very extraordinary, that we would hardly give credit to it, if it was not endorsed by men of the highest standing in Berlin and Vienna. A very worthy lady had by a first marriage two sons, to whom she was devotedly attached. Their health being delicate, she decided upon leaving Germany. By the advice of the most eminent physicians she fixed her residence in Italy; there, under the influence of the fine climate they grew, but preserved the nervous impressibility which in their youth had put their lives in danger.—

Their likeness to each other was truly surprising. Both devoted themselves to fine arts, painting especially.—When sixteen years old they were considered as masters; but about that time a crisis took place in their disease, attacking both. The physicians decided that the young men must separate; they objected for a long time, but at last overcame by the supplications of mother, they left to chance to decide which one should leave. It fell upon Alfred, and he started to visit Greece and the East, to be absent a year. Regularly were transmitted by him to his mother and brother left behind, pictures, sketches, &c., of the interesting and beautiful scenes in his travels. But these pictures taken from nature were so exactly the counterpart of what had been painted by the brother at home during the same time, that they could not be distinguished the one from the other. "While in Upper Egypt Alfred died, and the physicians wrote to the mother an account of the circumstances attending his death. The same circumstances attended his death—the last words uttered were the same.

The distracted mother returned to Germany. Two years after, she again gave birth to two twin sons, the exact counterparts of those she had lost. She gave them the same names. The symptoms of feeble health showed themselves, and change of climate was again ordered.—The mother departed to Spain. The twin sons again devoted themselves to painting. When sixteen years old, they were also taken sick, and a separation was ordered. The mother for a time resisted, but finally consented that one of them should visit the South of Spain. Chance again designated Alfred as the one that should go. The same phenomena were again witnessed. What was painted by the one in Cadix, was reproduced by the other in Barcelona or Madrid. Upon the very day that Alfred was about to return to his mother and brother, he was suddenly taken ill and died. At the very same moment the brother died in the arms of his mother, both pronouncing the same words their brothers had pronounced twenty years before.

This story is published in the German papers for a verity. The Courier Des Etats Unis, from which we translate it, vouches for the respectability of those by whom it is endorsed.—Louisville Times.

THE MORMON TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE.

The great Temple which the Mormons are building at the city of the Salt Lake, is described as promising to be a wonderful structure, covering an area of 21,550 square feet. The block on which it is located is forty rods square, and contains ten acres of ground, around which a lofty wall has already been erected, to be surmounted by an iron railing manufactured by the Mormons themselves at their Iron Works, in Iron county, Utah Territory. The Temple building will have a length of 186 feet east and west, including the towers, of which there are three at the west, and the width will be ninety-nine feet. The northern and southern walls eight feet thick.

The towers spoken of above are cylindrical, surmounted by octagonal turrets and pinnacles, and having inside spiral stairways leading to the battlements. Besides these there are four other towers on the four principal corners of the building, square in form, and terminating in spires. On the western end will be placed in order to reflect the great Dipper or Ursa Major. As regards the interior arrangements there will be in the basement a baptistal font 37 feet long by 35 feet wide, and on the first floor a large hall 120 feet long by 80 feet wide, while on the third floor there will be another of the same size, besides numerous other rooms for various purposes. Around the outside of the building will be a promenade from 11 to 22 feet wide, approached on all sides by stone steps.

FOR KANSAS.

Observing a number of trunks lettered as if for a long journey, Saturday afternoon, we made inquiry, and found that they were a party about emigrating from Columbus county, to Kansas Territory. The party consists of Messrs. Woodell, Ray and Doe, with their families, in all about thirty persons; and they take their departure for their new homes in the far West, during this week. They seem to be of the stuff of which emigrants to a new and forest country should be composed; and look forward to their journey's end, and the squatter life that is before them, with resolute spirit. In conversing with Mr. Woodell, he said the party were fully aware of the step they were taking, and of the difficulties they had to encounter; regretted that there were no slaves in the company; but, said he, with a smile, "when the time for voting on the new Constitution comes, we shall give some Southern votes." While we were sorry to see emigration still continuing from the old North State, and best wishes accompanying this adventurous band on their journey west. May their fondest anticipations be more than realized, and may they find in their new homes prosperity and happiness.—W. H. H.

An "Ironical Machine."—A few days ago the steamer Magnesia arrived at Vicksburg, Mississippi, with a cargo purporting to contain coffee, but which, on an accidental examination, proved to be ten whole kegs, five half kegs, four quarter kegs of gunpowder, (240 lbs.) and twenty-five kegs of shot, and packed in the coffee. It was directed to Grenada, Mississippi, but as no packet would receive it, and no Vicksburg merchant consented to store it, the Mayor took charge of it. It is supposed the powder was packed to save the freight, although it was at the imminent peril of the boat and all on board. The man who could do such a thing for the sake of a few dollars deserves universal execration.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—THIS STRUCTURE IS NOW OVER ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FEET IN HEIGHT. THE CONTRIBUTIONS, WE HEAR, ARE INSUFFICIENT TO KEEP UP THE WORK ACTIVELY, BUT IT IS HOPED SOME BETTER REASON WILL BE FOUND FOR REFUSING TO CONTRIBUTE A DIME THAN THAT GIVEN BY THE OLD DUTCH FARMER IN PENNSYLVANIA. THE PICTURE, IT SEEMS, EXPRESSED TOO MUCH FOR THE OCCASION:

A few years ago the proceedings of the Washington Monument Society at Washington received a sudden impetus. Among other measures adopted to procure sufficient funds for the completion of the edifice was that of appointing an agent in each congressional district throughout the United States, who were furnished with lithographs of the future monument, which were presented to such gentlemen as chose to subscribe.

One of those agents called at the house of a very wealthy farmer, in the upper end of Dauphin county, Pennsylvania.—The whole family were soon assembled to look at the beautiful pictures. In the meantime the agent exerted all his eloquence to induce the steady old German man to "plank the tin." He portrayed the services of Washington to his country; he dwelt in glowing terms upon the gratitude we should feel for them.

Suddenly the farmer broke silence:—"What is all this for?"

The agent began again:—"You know who Washington was?"

"Yes, he was the first President; he licked the British, didn't he?"

"Yes, that's the man, and this monument is to be erected as a fitting testimony of the eternal gratitude of his countrymen."

The anticipated subscriber studied the plate attentively.

"Well," said he, "I won't pay anything towards it; I don't see no use to build a house with such a big chimney."

The agent immediately left.

Exchange Paper.

The Mormon Temple at Salt Lake. The great Temple which the Mormons are building at the city of the Salt Lake, is described as promising to be a wonderful structure, covering an area of 21,550 square feet. The block on which it is located is forty rods square, and contains ten acres of ground, around which a lofty wall has already been erected, to be surmounted by an iron railing manufactured by the Mormons themselves at their Iron Works, in Iron county, Utah Territory. The Temple building will have a length of 186 feet east and west, including the towers, of which there are three at the west, and the width will be ninety-nine feet. The northern and southern walls eight feet thick.

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BOYS OUT AT NIGHT.

I have been an observer, as I am a sympathizing lover of boys—I like to see them happy, cheerful, gleesome. Indeed, I can hardly understand how a high-toned useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who had not enjoyed a full share of the glad privileges due to youth. But while I watch with a jealous eye all rights and customs which trench upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally apprehensive lest parents who are not thoughtful, and have not habituated themselves to close observation upon the subject, permit their sons indulgences which are almost certain to result in their demoralization, if not in their total ruin; and among the habits which I have observed tending most surely to ruin, I know of none more important than that of parents permitting their sons to be in the street after nightfall.

It is ruinous to their morals in all instances. They acquire, under the cover of night, an unbecoming state of mind, bad, vulgar and profane language, obscene practices, criminal sentiments, a loose and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the street after nightfall that the boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents should in this particular have a rigid and inflexible rule, that will not permit a son under any circumstances whatever to go into the streets after nightfall with a view of engaging in out-of-door sports, or meet other boys for social chance occupation. A right rule of this kind invariably adhered to, will soon deaden the desire for such dangerous practices.

Boys should be taught to have pleasure around the family centre table, in reading, in conversation, and in quiet amusements. Boys are seen in the streets after nightfall, behaving in a manner entirely destructive of all good morals. Fathers and mothers, keep your children home at night, and see that you take pains to make your homes pleasant, attractive, and profitable to them; and above all, with a view to their security from further destruction, let them not become, while forming their characters for life, so accustomed to disregard the moral sense of shame as to openly violate the Sabbath-day in street pastimes during its day or evening hours.

HOW TO SHOW LOVE FOR A WIFE.

Show love for your wife, and your admiration of her, not in a non-sensical compliment, not in picking up her handkerchief, or her glove, or in carrying her fan; not, though you have the means, in hanging trunks or bundles upon her; not in making yourself a fool by winking at and seeming pleased by her follies, or follis, or faults; but show them by acts of real goodness towards her; prove, by unprovoked deeds, the high value you set on her health, and life, and peace of mind; let your praise of her go to the full extent of her desert, but let it be consistent with truth and sense, and such as to convince her of your sincerity.

He who is the father of his wife, only prepares her ears for the hyperbolical stuff of others. The kindest appreciation that her Christian name affords, is the best that you can use, especially before ladies. An exclaiming "my dear" is but a sorry compensation for the wants of that sort of love that makes the husband cheerfully toil for day, break his rest by night, endure all sorts of hardship, if the life or health of his wife demand it.

Let your deeds, and your words, carry to her heart a daily and hourly confirmation of the fact, that you value her health and life and happiness beyond all other things in the world; and let this be manifest to her particularly at those times when life is more or less in danger.

SALE DAY.—We had quite a large crowd in Winsboro' on sale day. The negroes commanded an astonishingly high price, when we reflect what a stringency there has been in the money market. One negro girl about ten years of age sold for \$625; a negro boy about ten years of age sold for \$1,025; another boy about fourteen sold for \$880; a woman and three children for \$1,715; and a woman and one child for \$1,100. The tract of land on which is located the Simpson place, near the station of the same name on the Charlotte Road, sold at \$17,500 per acre. The balance of the land, some of it sold for \$10, some at \$5, per acre. At the auction of Mr. W. M. Carley's goods, clothing sold very cheap.

Windsboro' Register.

Madame Talleyrand and Deacon.—It is said by Madame Talleyrand that one day her husband having told her that Deacon was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something evil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study-table. He forgot this, however, and Madame, upon going into the study, found a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which having read very attentively, she was not long on opening upon Deacon at dinner. About the desert island, his manner of living, etc., to the great amusement of her host, who could not make head or tail of what she meant; at last, upon her saying, "Eh, puis-je aller l'Inde?" (Pray, did he perceive she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe.)

Windsboro' Register.

A LARGE OWL.—A friend on Little River in this county, informs us that Mr. A. B. Hall recently killed and shot in that neighborhood which measured four feet seven inches and a half from tip to tip of wings. One friend thinks that if the owl were shot at heart of this, it would have come to chapel-hill wings for 70, and old Chandler to make the well-known with his own eyes. —Hillsborough Register.

THE CENSUS OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, HAS JUST BEEN TAKEN. THE ENTIRE POPULATION IS PUT DOWN AT 32,389. OF THIS NUMBER ARE 19,282 WHITE PERSONS, 10,889 SLAVES, AND 2,223 FREE PERSONS OF COLOR.

Thurlow Weed, of the Albany Evening Journal, is now the father of eighteen children—his valuable helpmate having presented him with one every eleven months since their marriage.

RALEIGH AND GASTON ROAD.

From the report of the President and Directors of this road, submitted to the stockholders at their annual meeting held here last week, it appears that the entire receipts of the company for the year ending 30th September, 1854, have been \$28,410 21. The entire expenditures on all accounts, including dividend, were \$159,701 97, leaving \$78,708 24. The receipts from freight, passengers and mail were \$173,923 77, and the current expenses \$70,530 99, showing a profit on the year's business of \$103, 302 81—or 104 per cent.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors on the part of the individual stockholders for the ensuing year, viz: L. O. B. Branch, Thomas Miller, Geo. W. Mordecai, and Dr. W. J. Hawkins; and the following gentlemen were appointed by the Board of Internal Improvement, Directors on the part of the State, viz: Guston H. Wilder, John G. King, and Dr. E. H. Crump.

At a meeting of the Directors, subsequently held, L. O. B. Branch, Esq., the popular and able President, was re-elected; and Maj. W. W. Vass was re-elected Treasurer.

The affairs of the Road appear to be in a most prosperous and satisfactory condition.—Raleigh Standard.

HON. HENRY A. WISE ON KNOW NOTHINGISM.

In a recent letter to the Richmond Equiper, occupying some six mortal columns of that Journal, Hon. Henry A. Wise, takes into consideration the new order, known as Know Nothings. He proposes the opinion, that the present state of affairs in this country is not such as to justify the formation, by the people, of any secret political society. And in order to show the insufficiency of the Catholic Church to endanger public harmony, gives the following statistics:

The number of churches in the United States is 38,061, of Catholic churches 2,211; more than 31 to 1 are Protestants. In Virginia the number of churches is 2,383, of Catholic churches is 17; more than 20 to 1.

The whole value of church property in the United States is \$7,328,801; of Catholic church property is \$9,550,000 or 9 to 1. In Virginia the whole value of church property is \$2,856,076; of Catholic church property \$426,100; or 22 to 1.

In the United States there are four Protestant sects, either of which is larger than the Catholics: The Baptists provide accommodations for 3,247,029. The Methodists for 4,243,479. The Presbyterians for 2,676,690. The Congregationalists for 801,835.

Aggregate of four Protestant sects 10,447,828.

The Catholics for 467,823.

Majority of only four Protestant sects 9,980,005.

Add the Episcopalians for 643,598.

Majority of only five Protestant sects 10,623,603.

In Virginia there are five Protestant sects, either of which is larger than the number of Catholics in the State.

Baptists 247,598.

Episcopal 79,684.

Lutherans 18,749.

Methodist 322,708.

Presbyterian 104,623.

778,362.

Catholics 15,930.

Majority of five Protestant sects in Virginia 762,432.

Or nearly 49 to 1.

Thus natives are in person of foreign birth in the United States, 3 to 1.

In Virginia, as in the United States, 38 to 1.

The Protestant church accommodations to the Catholic are in the United States as 21 to 1.

In Virginia as 108 to 1.

The number of Protestant churches is number of Catholic, in the United States as 21 to 1.

In Virginia as 140 to 1.

The value of Protestant church property in the United States is to the value of Catholic church property as 22 to 1.

In Virginia as 2 to 1.

There are four Protestant sects, each of which is larger than the Catholic, in the United States, and the aggregate of which exceeds the Catholic by a majority of 9,804,250 votaries, and adding one sect smaller, by a majority of 10,447,348.

In Virginia there are five Protestant sects, each larger than the number of Catholics in the State, and the aggregate of which exceeds the Catholics by a majority of 765,426 votaries.

Plain Talk.—The Church Review, a very able and learned Episcopal periodical, published in New Haven, Connecticut, cannot certainly be accused of flattering the people of its section.—Noticing a work called Farmingdale, by Caroline Thomas, the Review says: "The solid ignorance, the contracted meanness, the cold-hearted, calculating selfishness, the want of moral and mental culture, which characterize a large class of Yankee farmers, are portrayed to the very life." Whoever has seen much of New England will not do, in naming the persons who had have set for their picture. This patrie means of character is almost the worst thing about New Englanders." It is just this class precisely which makes the