Carolina Watchman.

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

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AND
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FOR THE WATCHMAN.

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.

Mr. Editor: Permit me through the columns of your paper, to report a heart-rending incident. Two Englishmen, calling themselves respectively, James Pool, and William Shelly, were casually thrown together, as fellow-laborers, on a Rail Road Tunnel, in Pennsylvania.—When their term of service had there expired, they concluded to visit the Copper mining region of North Carolina, in hope of more profitable employment. For this purpose, they set sail for Charleston, S. C. Having arrived there, they took it a foot, and arrived at Mr. James A. Campbell's, about one mile east of Brummell's tavern, on the stage road, from Lexington to Greensboro', on Wednesday, the 10th inst. Here they called for a drink of water, and sat themselves down for a short rest. Here the proprietor had, some eight or ten years ago, undertaken to sink a well. Successive persons and companies had from time to time made efforts to accomplish the work, but without success. About six years ago one poor fellow lost his life in this well, by the premature explosion of a charge, while lamping, and another at the same time, was badly wounded and made an invalid for life. In sinking this well, the solid Granite was reached, at the depth of twenty-five feet, and this rock has continued unusually hard and solid, down to the present depth, which is over ninety feet. Upon this work several hundred dollars have already been expended. At the time our travellers arrived, a Mr. Cross, of Randolph Co., was at work on this difficult job, and had engaged for a specified sum to complete the work. In conversation with the strangers, Mr. Cross learned that they understood blasting, and were seeking employment in that line. He soon struck a trade with them, they agreeing to finish the job for $45. They set about the work next morning in good earnest, calculating to complete in about two or three weeks as the prospect for water plenty, was becoming quite flattering. They labored on faithfully till Tuesday the 16th inst., when near sunset in the evening, they made a blast, and Pool, being anxious to know the result, desired to go down and explore; the others remonstrated with him, in regard to the danger of the step, as two or three pounds of powder had just exploded, filling the well with a dense and suffocating smoke. They told him to wait till next morning, but in vain, go he would as though bent on destruction. Having made a loop in the well rope, he placed a foot in it (a careless and dangerous mode indeed, especially under the circumstances) and they let him down. In a few minutes he called out to be drawn up, as quickly as possible. Those above flew to the windlass and turned with all possible speed, and when he was in about thirty feet of the top, the rope was seen to vibrate, when Mr. Cross asked if he (Pool) was not off the rope, another moment, and the rope bounded upward, he was gone, down, down to certain death, a little space of breathless silence, and they heard the awful crash of bones and flesh upon the solid rocks below. There his brains bleached and his life blood crimsoned the solid floor of this fearful charnal house. They threw down a little water, to force up the think smoke, then went down and brought up the mangled remains of the poor man. He was killed upon the spot, the skull, a shoulder and a thigh were fractured and crushed at a shocking rate. The thick smoke, had so far suffocated him, that he was rendered too feeble to hold on any longer, so losing his grasp, fell about sixty feet, headlong upon a solid rock.—Upon examination, ten cents in money and two letters from his wife were found in his possession. It appears that he has a wife and two children living in Lancaster Dist., England, whence he came about one year ago. His wife calls him William Rushton, which no doubt is his proper name. It is said he was a soldier and probably a deserter, the reason of his altering his name. He was buried at Spring Hill Cemetery.

His colleague seemed much afflicted at his tragic fate. Mr. Shelly took possession of the best articles of the clothing to send with a letter to Rushton's poor wife and children. It is sad to think of the distress of his bereaved wife and orphan children, upon the reception of the mournful intelligence of his fate, in a far distant land among strangers. Perhaps he was toiling and exposing himself to dangers and even to death, in order to procure means to bring his beloved companion and little ones, to our Heaven-favored shores, away, far away from their Fatherland and the graves of their friends and companions, in childhood and youth. But poor fellow, perhaps, he sacrificed his own life for his family. I pity his family, they will never see him more, no, not even his far off lone stone and humble resting place. I fear he died without hope. May God pity his stricken family. I will add, that I was at Mr. Campbell's, this morning and having learned that other hands had been procured, and the work was going on, I approached the well with a sad feeling and looking down into the fearful chasm, saw two men busily and resolutely smiting the fatal rock with their ringing steel, which (rock) had but a few days ago dashed out the brains of a fellow being, and with the sound of their strokes was mingled the notes of a merry song, as though forgetful, so soon, that any thing serious had ever happened there. Such is man, even with the life blood and brains of a fellow mortal, spread and scarcely cold, beneath their feet. I congratulate the proprietor upon the prospect of soon getting an abundance of water. Hope no other fatal accident will ever occur on the premises.

REMARKS OF HON. KENNETH RAYNER,

OF HERTFORD COUNTY,

On the Bill to "aid the erection of a monument commemorative of the Declaration of American Independence"—in the Senate, Jan. 20, 1855.

MR. SPEAKER:—I have no idea of making a labored *speech*, still less of attempting anything like *an argument*. I hope no speech is necessary—and argument does not befit the subject. The report on your table, which I had the honor to submit some time since, sets forth in detail, all the facts, connected with the history of this question. This movement, in favor of erecting a monument in Independence Square, in the city of Philadelphia—commemorative of that great event in the history, not only of this country, but of the progress of civilization and freedom throughout christendom, which proclaimed our independence as a nation—originated in a feeling of local patriotic pride on the part of that city, which has much greater cause to be proud, of its having been the birth-place of our independence, than had the rival cities of antiquity, who contended for the birth-place of Homer, cause for pride of the honor which they claimed.

The movement has been patriotically responded to by nine of the old thirteen States. Within the last two days, I have received a telegraphic dispatch, informing me, that Delaware had just passed a bill, similar to the one now before us by a unanimous vote in both branches of her Legislature. This secures the consummation of the project—for, as was originally provided, in reference to the adoption of the federal constitution, when nine of the original thirteen States have responded favorably to the proposition, the monument is to be reared by them alone, if the other four States hold back. Virginia and Maryland cannot respond till next winter, inasmuch as their Legislatures are not in session this winter. North Carolina now has the matter under consideration—and as a North Carolinian, I feel anxious, that our State should be the tenth to respond in favor of the erection of this structure, designed to commemorate the greatest event in the history of modern times, and in a memorial of the achievement of the noblest body of men that ever sat in conclave upon the temporal affairs of government, or the political destiny of a nation, saving and excepting those only, who framed the constitution of the United States.

I know, sir, we live in an age, which is eminently utilitarian. All subjects of legislation, especially those which contemplate expenditure of money, no matter howsoever trifling, are looked at in the main, with reference to the direct practical benefit likely to accrue from them, in the advancement of either individual or national prosperity, in a pecuniary point of view. This is a question which appeals to sentiment—which must rely on sentiment—for its favorable consideration. But the highest and noblest actions of man, spring from sentiment, and so is devotion to family, kindred, and friends, to home, and fireside, and household Gods;—and when we reflect, that it was to his exuberance of sentiment in our revolutionary fathers, that we are indebted, in the first place, for our own national existence, and in the second place, for our glorious institutions of American liberty, which secure to us the successful issue of those practical and utilitarian pursuits that have made us strong and powerful as a nation, developed our industrial resources, and rewarded with the blessings of competence and wealth of the honest toil of millions.—I say, when we reflect on this, we see that we violate no principle of prudence, economy, or practical utility, in honoring and reverencing that sentiment of our fathers in which originated our happiness as a people.

There is something in the human mind that strives to associate abstract truth—the highest moral attributes—with some physical embodiment, appreciable by the senses. It was in this way, mainly, that the philosophy of antiquity was taught to the multitude. Their mighty temples, and columns, and arches, the very ruins of which excite in the traveller emotions of awe and wonder, whilst they superinduce the most serious reflections as to the purposes of their construction—were not so much designed to foster superstition, and pander to ambition, as to symbolize the moral attributes of those members of the Olympia family, and to personate (if I may so speak) the achievements of heroes and patriots, in whose adoration and memory they were reared. It is this association in the mind of ideal beauty, or of some great moral excellence, with physical representation, that fires the genius of the sculptor, the painter, and the architect—the effect of which the initiated can *feel*, but cannot artistically describe. It is this very association, that is blended with the granite of which this building is constructed. The idea it excites in the mind of the beholder, is not so much that of comfort and convenience for those who may convene within its walls—as of the strength and power, and permanency of free institutions it was designed to secure, through the enactment of wholesome laws, by the republican representatives of a free people.

The object and design of the proposed Monument, is to present to the sons, the embodiment of a great moral truth, whose influence has been felt throughout christendom, and which is still silently working its way, in its effects, upon the moral, social and political condition of every nation and people, where the name of Washington has been heard, and the flag of our country is seen. Its conception does honor to the heads and hearts that originated it—and its execution will confer still greater honor on those States who may voluntarily erect this tribute to the memory of those mighty men, who promulgated our immortal gospel of freedom. The 4th day of July, 1776, was the birth day of our nation. Its anniversary return, according to the prediction of the elder Mr. Adams, has been from that day to this, observed as a day of rejoicing, of bonfires and illuminations throughout the land—and as settlement, civilization, religion, liberty, and law advance, commensurately with the extension of our country; it finds still more scope and range for its observance. It is our only national jubilee—and dead indeed to every feeling of patriotic pride must be that man's heart that is not warmed up, expanded, and elevated at its annual return. An opportunity is now offered to the old Thirteen States, of showing their devotion to the great principles of free government contained in that charter of our liberties then asserted and declared, and of manifesting our gratitude to those heroes, statesmen, who imperilled "life and fortune and sacred honor," in their maintenance and defence. An opportunity is now offered, of testifying in monumental marble, our appreciation of our great national birthright of glory; and of inscribing thereon, the names of those to whom we are indebted for this inestimable heritage of freedom.

If there is any one fact, clearly established by history, it is this, that nations and people are purest and most patriotic in their early history, and that their national character is formed in a very good degree, by the peculiar associations of their national origin. The ordeal through which they usually have to pass, in establishing their national existence, being a fiery one, is purifying in its tendency. Homer's great epic of the Trojan war, whether true or false, went very far in proving in the Grecian mind, that peculiar ideal of the heroic, the disinterested, and patriotic, which marked the character of that people down to the days of their corruption and decline. And so with the Romans. The apotheosis of Romulus and Numa, sprung not so much from the tendency of heathen superstition, as from a feeling of devotion to the maxims, precepts, and examples of their departed heroes and statesmen, and in proportion as a people cultivates, reverences, and honors, the associations of their early history, and the achievements and sacrifices of their early founders; they usually continue pure, patriotic and unselfish—and as the influence of their associations and appreciation of their achievements, become dulled and blunted by time, a nation in turn degenerates.

The erection of this Monument, in Independence Square, will strengthen and confirm in the minds of our people, the consecration of a spot already hallowed in the hearts and affections of every lover of liberty in this land. Every one of those moral and intellectual giants, who then presided over our nation's birth, is gone to the spirit land. But their names and their memories live—and as time rolls on, the mystic legends of a distant future will associate their self-sacrificing achievements, their intellectual and their enduring triumph, the idea of inspiration and of aid from on high. The golden fruits of that bountiful harvest, the seeds of which were sown by their hands, we are now reaping. The extension of our country's limits, the rapid progress of civilization, our freedom, our religion and our laws, the triumphs of our arms, the advancement of our commerce, our wonderful improvements in literature, in arts, and in industrial enterprize; in fact, the teeming wealth and luxury and comfort of our boundless resources, and the numberless blessings with which kind Heaven has favored us—for the germ and development of all these we are indebted to those men of might, those revolutionary benefactors who appealing to Heaven for the rectitude of their intentions, affirmed the "Declaration," let this nation be free, and lo! it was free! Sir, can we, their prosperity, feel gratitude warm enough to requite the boon they bequeathed us? Can we speak in language glowing enough to duly sound their praise? Can we build monuments high enough to tell the story of their deeds?

But what we can do let us do. Let us, in conjunction with our sister States of the old thirteen, whose classic soil was bedewed with the blood of the martyrs of freedom, and in whose soil men rest their hallowed remains—let us erect this monument on the site of our political Bethlehem, from whence was first heralded the glad tidings of our national salvation—from whence first went forth the warning to tyrants, and the assurance to the oppressed of the nations, that liberty was man's *right*, and to assert it was his duty. There let it stand till time shall be no more. In its massive strength, let it be emblematic of the hardy vigor and unmodified determination of those, whose names may be inscribed on its shaft. Let its peerless beauty reflect the purity of their motives and the devotion of their hearts. Let its heavenward pointed summit represent the lofty aspirations of their souls, and suggest to the beholder the place of their reward and final rest.

The moral influence of such a structure, reared by the joint and voluntary contributions of the "old Thirteen," cannot fail to exercise the moral influence potent for good, after we shall be no more. It will stand as a manifesto to the nations of the earth, that we still appreciate the great principles involved in our revolutionary struggle, and that we are determined to maintain and defend them. It will symbolize the union of these States; will present a physical illustration of our national motto: *e pluribus unum*; and stand as a warning to disunionists and agitators, that the fabric of our Union, elaborated from the wisdom of revolutionary heroes, shall never fall a victim to the parricidal hands. It will be an object of pilgrimage for the lovers of liberty and union in our country through all future time—keeping alive, in the hearts of our people, the glorious associations of our past history, and fostering the impulses of patriotism, when they shall begin to wane. It will tend to inspire with patriotic sentiments the youth of our country; to admonish them of the price at which our national freedom was purchased; to excite an emulation in deeds of high and noble daring, and at the same time to sanctify their ambition; and to teach them the glorious rewards which a grateful posterity is willing to bestow, upon deeds of disinterested self-sacrifice and devotion to the benefactors of their country.

Sir, my humble task is done. I appeal to this Senate, as the representatives and guardians of North Carolina's pride, her honor and her patriotism, not to let our State be the last to concur in this praiseworthy movement. Above all, let it never be said to us, that we are so deficient in patriotic pride, so insensible to the memory of the past, as to refuse to concur in this heart stirring design. What must be the feelings of every true-hearted son of the Old North State, who may in future visit Philadelphia, and from curiosity, if not from no higher impulse, he shall visit this monument—he there sees the names of every other of the old thirteen States, inscribed in letters of glory on its sides, with the names of those who echoed their appeal to the God of battles, in the immortal Declaration of Independence, he shall search in vain for the name of that State, who sent her Nashes and Caswells, her Davies, Polks, her Grahams and Davidsons, to lead the hosts of freedom in our struggle for independence—and the names of Hooper, Hughes and Penn, who spoke her sentiments in the days of peril, will fail to greet his vision. Good God, such a reproach as this should rest on the name of that State, which I love so well!

From the Daily South Carolinian, Jan. 24.

SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.

The Commercial Convention adjourned *sine die* on Monday night, subject to a recall at such time as a committee appointed for managing it should deem proper. The place of meeting was also left to the discretion of the committee.

Several important propositions were before the Convention on Monday. Dr. Barron offered resolutions to the effect that Congress should appropriate ten million acres of land towards the improvement of the health of New Orleans. They were adopted.

Mr. Morse offered resolutions proposing direct taxation for the collection of the national revenue, instead of the present mode. They met with opposition, and were laid on the table after the mover and Judge Larue had made speeches in their favor.

A committee was appointed to report to the next convention in favor of the abolition of all usury laws.

A resolution was adopted for the appointment of a committee of three to memorialize the Legislatures of the South and Southwest for the establishment of a uniform code of laws.

During the proceedings of the day Mr. Hagner, formerly an American consul to one of the German States, was introduced to the Convention. He offered a series of resolutions providing for the appointment of a committee of planters to "act between the cotton planters of the South and the manufacturers of Europe," for the purpose, we suppose, of promoting a direct trade to the continent of Europe. He delivered a very sensible speech in support of his views.

The Albany Journal of Saturday printed a portion of its edition on paper made from Basswood. It is not smooth, but has a peculiar softness of texture, somewhat like India paper, and does not appear to be very strong. It is made from pulp produced from Basswood shavings, of a peculiar form, thrown off by Mr. Beardslee's planing machine. It is said to have been used, with perfect success for transferring fine line engravings—a result which cannot be attained by any other ordinary printing paper. The pulp says the Journal, can be packed in bags or bales, as compactly as cotton, and sent as rapidly to any part of the world, and at rates which (if it shall prove profitable) must ultimately drive rags entirely out of the market. It can be used in any paper mill, furnished ready for the finishing engine, and capable of producing a weight of paper equal to the weight of the pulp used. Consequently, in adopting it, no new machinery will be required, but a great deal of the most cumbersome now used, and much of the most unpleasant part of the work of making paper from rags may be dispensed with.

How does it happen that whenever you chance to step out late, upon your retiring as quietly as possible, every door creaks ten times as much as usual, and the stairs go off like sparks of artillery!

STATE OF THINGS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

There is no use disguising the matter. We are not speaking from our own correspondence only. We are not saying what we think alone. We say, on the evidence of every letter that has been received in this country, and we echo the opinion of almost every experienced soldier or well-informed gentleman, when we say that the noblest army England ever sent from these shores has been sacrificed to the grossest mismanagement.—Incompetency, lethargy, aristocratic hauteur, official indifference, favor, routine, perverseness and stupidity reign, revel, and riot in the camp before Sebastopol, in the harbor of Balaklava, in the hospitals of Scutari, and how much nearer home we do not venture to say. We say it with the extremest reluctance—no one sees or hears anything of the Commander-in-Chief. Officers who landed on the 14th of September, and have been incessantly engaged in all the operations of the siege, are not even acquainted with the face of their commander.

Had the eye of a general fallen on the confusion in the harbor of Balaklava, on the impassable state of the road from that place to the camp, on the miserable condition of the camp, on the state of the trenches, on the unprotected state of the right flank before the battle of Inkermann, and, before that, on the circumstances under which the fatal charge of Balaklava took place, we can hardly suppose but that so able a man as Lord Raglan undoubtedly is would have prevented such errors and neglects. We only echo the feeling of every letter from the seat of war. In the officer and the private alike we find a quiet, resigned, unimpassioned conviction that the whole affair is bungled in the most hopeless and horrible manner.

Every body perceives it in his own state, in the fate of his comrades, in the condition of camp, and in the progress of the siege. Young gentlemen, bred in every luxury, and with an ample store of every military comfort, were still at the last date wearing nothing but the threadbare clothes and worn out boots in which they landed on the 14th of September.—They had no means of getting up the things left behind in the transports.—What becomes of everything sent to Balaklava nobody knows, but while they are rotting, thousands are perishing for the want of them.

Everybody can point out something that should be done, but there is nobody to order it to be done, and fifty thousand men, or what now remains of them, are drifting with their eyes open, but hand-bound, spell-bound, towards destruction. Do any of the letters, or any of the regimental officers returned from the war, give a different account? On the contrary, does it not come within every body's knowledge, as it does in ours, that the letters handed about in private circles, and not published lest they should prejudice the writer in the eyes of superiors, give a far more gloomy account than any letters that we have ventured to publish?

The burden is forced upon us, and we must speak out. Good nature is a pleasant thing in its way, but if England is ever to be ruined, it will be by unseasonable good nature, by unlimited condolence, connivance, indulgence, and all the softer forms of virtue. England has not become what it is by good nature, nor is good nature the one soul element of our social and commercial system. The period for good nature is over in the Crimea, and sterner qualities must now be invoked into action, unless we would throw away the last chance that remains for redeeming the character of this country, now in fearful jeopardy. Send out men who will save the army—not from the Russians, though they are formidable enough, but from despair, which is weighing down the spirits of every one, and an utter distrust in the arrangement of the expedition. It will be of little use to send out reinforcements by thousands unless we take steps for their better management. As it is, they march to their grave, and begin to perish by scores from the hour they land. Misrule receives them on the beach, and wearies them, worries them, drenches them, shivers them, and so destroys them, till a few spectral figures are all that remain. The soldiers of the Peninsula, when they saw the Duke of Wellington after an absence, used to exclaim that his face did them more good than the arrival of ten regiments. Such a head, or coadjutors equivalent to it, is what we want for the Crimea.—*London Times.*

Holloway's Pills are the best Medicine now on sale in the United States, the ingredients of which they are composed are so uninjurious that they cannot harm the most delicate constitution. To valetudinarians they cannot fail to be of the utmost service, being composed entirely of medical herbs, the production of the proprietor who has made it his study to alleviate the ills to which the human family are subject; they must therefore be hailed with delight, as supplying a want long felt in this country, and therefore may be relied on in all cases of disorders of the liver and stomach.

The editor of the New Hampshire Patriot says that he expects to grow fat as long as he lives. Ah, yes! but when he dies, will not the fat be in the fire?

Louisville Journal.

☞ One of the German Almanacs remarks that 'a young girl is a fishing rod, the eyes are the hook, the sweet smile is the bait, the lover is the grudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried.'

ILLUMINATION UNDER WATER.

The subject of artificial illumination is one which of late years has occupied the attention of men of science. Aside from the pleasant interest to be derived from the experimental investigations in this branch of science, its practical utility in its application to the diversified uses to which man applies light, renders the subject an important one. In the numerous applications recently made of the functions or qualities of electricity, one of the newest in the use of it is as an agent for producing light at considerable depths under water. We learn from the November number of the American Journal of Science and Arts, that there have been recently some experiments made in illuminating the bottom beneath the water. At the Lake D'Enghien, M. Duboseq, the successor of Soleil, performed an experiment of this kind before many competent observers. The electrodes of carbon were placed in a glass globe, being connected with one of Duboseq's regulators, which communicated with the battery by a copper wire covered with gutta percha. The globe, submerged to the depth of 16½ feet, spread light over a circle of sixty-six feet diameter, and it remained constant for two hours, after which the carbon required replacing.

The idea of this process was suggested by an agent of a company that had been engaged in exploring the bottom of the Mediterranean where the Navarino took place. The diver usually remained beneath the water three-quarters of an hour, after which he came up to breathe and rest; his light was an oil lamp placed on the head of the diver, and fed with air proceeding from his respiration, whence it was in a variable current, and was often extinguished, requiring him to go up and relight. Duboseq's arrangement was devised to avoid these inconveniences.—It is made light so that the diver may carry it in his hand, and at the same time it is strong and well secured hermetically, to resist a pressure of one hundred and eighty feet of sea water. It consists of a cylinder of strong glass secured to a brass foot and surrounded with gutta percha sac. The light passes out through a large plano-convex lens, the convexity being inward, the focus being so arranged that the rays escape nearly parallel. As the lamp is moveable, the diver walks about with it and places it where he wishes to make a search; and as it is only necessary to bring the electrodes near one another to light it, the diver need only to turn a small screw to continue the light for two hours which is more than twice as long as he can remain at the bottom.

This beautiful invention supplies a want which has always been felt by persons engaged in operations with the diving bell. A vast quantity of property now lying on the bottom of our large rivers, bays, and lakes may be recovered by the use of submarine armor and these electric lamps.—In seeking for nuggets of gold in the deep pools of streams in California, these lamps may also be advantageously employed. They will likewise materially aid the engineer in arranging the foundation of works that are to be erected in deep water. In recovering the body of a person who has been drowned, they will be eminently useful; in short, the introduction into use of submarine lamps is another of the beautiful contributions that science is constantly offering to man for the promotion of his happiness and prosperity.

Want to Send Them South.—Some years since, it was charged upon the then Governor of New York, Mr. Seward, that he had offered to exchange foreign immigrants arriving in this State for an equal number of Virginia Negroes. It would seem from the foregoing article in the Richmond Enquirer that a proposition to ship off some of our immigrants has actually been made on a late occasion by the municipal authorities of New York to those of Richmond. The Enquirer says:

"Not many days ago the authorities of this Southern city of Richmond received letters from pauper supervisors in New York city, inquiring whether this slave-holding town of ours could not provide for five hundred of the destitute pauper freemen of that metropolis of wealth during the winter. Our authorities, reflecting that it would be more appropriate for them to apply to the philanthropists at home who are in the habit of paying large sums of money for stealing our slaves from us and spiriting them Northward to swell the mass of pauperism there, turned a very deaf ear to the overture.

"Not many months ago the Tribune was valuing every white citizen of the North, and especially every foreign immigrant that landed there, at a thousand dollars. The pauper supervisors of New York do not take the Tribune's views on the subject, or else they are disposed to be surprisingly liberal to the city of Richmond, for their generous proffer of five hundred paupers would have been, by the Tribune's estimate, equivalent to the magnificent donation of a half a million of dollars."

Newspaper Facts.—There are sixteen million, fifty thousand, four hundred and sixty newspapers printed in the course of a year in the City of Albany. This is 321 to each inhabitant, or more than one to each person every week-day in the year. "The man that don't take the papers"—does not live in Albany.

The people of the Union spend in a year for newspapers $15,000,000, or would if they all paid their debts.

The newspapers that they read it all put together in a continuous string, would reach more than ten times around the world, and weigh seventy million pounds! If they were spread out to dry they would more thay cover the whole District of Columbia like a blanket.

The origin of newspapers is traced to Italy. The first in England appeared during the reign of "good Queen Bess," at the time of the Spanish Armada. It was named "Ye Englishe Mercurie," imprinted in London by Her Highness's printer in 1588. Franklin's Boston News Letter was the first in America. It commenced in 1704. A hundred years ago there were not more than twenty-five published in America.—*Albany Ev. Jour.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

There is many a life scene more touching, more worthy of immortality than the deeds of conquerers or the herpes of history. The following, from the St. Louis Republican, is one:

We saw last evening, an apt illustration of the affection of a woman. A poor inebriated wretch had been taken to the calaboose. His conduct in the street and after he had been taken to the cell was of such a violent character that it became necessary to handcuff him. The demon rum had possession of his soul, and he gave vent to his ravings in curses so profane as to shock even the ears of his fellow-prisoners, one of whom, in the same cell, at his own solicitation, was placed in a separate apartment. A woman appeared at the grating, and in her hand she had a rude tray, upon which were some slices of bread, fresh from the hearthstone, and other little delicacies for her erring husband.

She stood at the bar, gazing intently into the thick gloom where her manacled companion wildly raved. Her voice was low and soft, and as she called his name its utterance was as plaintive as the melody of a fond and crushed spirit. The tears streamed from her eyes, and there in the dark house, the abode of the most wretched and depraved, the tones of her voice found their way into that wicked man's heart and he knelt in sorrow and in silence before his young and injured wife, while his heart found relief in tears, such only as a man can weep. Though the iron still bound his wrist, he placed his hands with their heavy insignia of degradation, confidingly and affectionately upon the brow of his fair companion, and exclaimed:

'Katy, I will try and be a better man!'

There, upon a rude seat, she had spread the humble meal, which she had prepared with her own hands, and after he had finished she rose to depart, bidding him be calm and resigned for her sake, with the assurance that she would bring a friend to go as his bond, and that she would return and take him home. And she left him, a strong man, with his head dropping upon his breast, a very coward, humiliated before the weak and tender being whose presence and affection had stilled the angry passions of his soul.

True to the instincts of her love and promise, she did return with one who went on his appearance next morning.—With his hand clasped in that of his loving wife, she led him to their home a sadder and we trust a better man.

There were those who laughed as that pale, meek woman bore off her erring husband; but she heeded them not, and her self-sacrificing heart knew or cared for nothing in its holy and heaven-born instinct, but to preserve him whom she loved with all the devotion of a wife and woman.

The Effect of Fires on Business.—It is a remarkable fact, that the present depressed state of business resembles that of 1837, and seems to have succeeded very similar events. Thus the great fire in this city took place in December, 1835, and the next season, 1836, was a very unfruitful one; after which came the flour riots the succeeding winter, dear provisions, a perfect panic in the money market, and a prostration of all regular business. During the past year, the losses paid by Marine Insurance in this city alone exceed $12,000,000, while the losses by fire and storms on land, have not been less than $18,000,000; and to crown all, the crops (as in 1836) failed in many extensive districts in our country. We cannot but consider that the great amount of property destroyed by fire is a powerful element in detracting from the wealth of our country, thereby tending to retard its progress, and make our people poorer.

If we allow that only $10,000,000 per annum, have been destroyed by fire since 1836; and this we think is not above the average amount, the sum total is $180,000,000 of solid wealth destroyed in that period—18 years. Houses, goods, and grain are solid wealth. Insurance companies do not econonise the wealth of our country; the payment of insurance money for property consumed by fire, does not bring back that property to the community; it is gone and never can return. It appears to us that the accumulation of the great losses by fires, experienced in our country must affect all kinds of business; and this we think, has been overlooked by those papers which have been commenting upon the causes of the present depressed state of business. We say that it is only one element of loss, but a very important one, and we fondly hope that this view of the question may lead to the adoption of more efficient remedies for the prevention of fires.

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