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., FEBRUARY 8, 1855. NUMBER XXXVII

BY
J. J. BRUNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
AND
J. F. BELL, JR., ASSISTANT.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Farmer.

WOODLAWN, January 15th, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—During the past year I made an experiment to test the effect which the pulling of fodder would have upon the corn from which it was pulled. The result surprised me not a little; and as I think the experiment a valuable one, I herewith send you a full statement of the manner of conducting it, and the result. I selected a portion of my corn field in which the rows ran perpendicularly to a road, and counted sixty rows along the road. I then measured seventy yards along the rows on each side of the piece designed for the experiment, and marked off a line parallel with the road at seventy yards distance from it. This embraced 4,200 hills, from the alternate rows of which, the fodder was stripped to the top, leaving the intermediate rows untouched. After the fodder was cured, I weighed it, and found that I had just 900 pounds, which, at $1.25 per cwt., is worth $2.50.

The two parcels of corn were kept entirely separate until the test was fully made, which was done in the following manner, viz:

Having the two piles before me, and wishing to ascertain the number of ears in each parcel, I commenced with that from which the fodder was pulled, and counted 75 ears into a basket, from each draft, until I had weighed the whole of it. I then went through the same process with that from which no fodder was pulled. By thus counting, I found that I had upwards of 100 ears more in the portion from which the fodder was not pulled. This surplus I divided between the two parcels, so as to equalize the number, and found that I had 1,419 pounds in the latter portion, being an increase of 243 pounds in favor of not pulling fodder.

I then shelled the same quantity from each parcel, to ascertain the portion to be deducted for husks. This amounted to one-fifth in each case.

The result gave me 195 pounds of shelled corn, in the place of 200 pounds of fodder, which was suffered to remain on the stalks.

This lacks one pound of being 3½ bushels, which, at 80 cents, would give $2.80; showing a loss of 30 cents, which is equal to 48 cents per acre, besides the labor of pulling and securing the fodder.

To show that no exaggeration existed in this experiment, the ears were counted, and the number equalized, as before stated. The inequality which existed may be accounted for in two ways. First, many ears were broken off in pulling the fodder; and secondly, many were prevented from maturing by having the fodder pulled from the stalks.

It may be supposed that this fodder was pulled too soon. In the common acception of that term, such was not the case. I suffered it to stand until it was thoroughly ripe, or what is termed, suffering for the want of pulling.

This experiment shows an entire loss of 18 bushels to the hundred, or one-sixth part of the crop. The above was an experiment alotted to me by the Prince George's Hole and Corner Club, of which I am a member. If you think it worth publishing, you are at liberty to use it in that way.

Yours very respectfully,
JAS. H. BATTE.

P. S.—If you think the above deserving of a place in your journal, you will confer a favor by giving your views on the best mode of providing a substitute for fodder. J. H. B.

The January No. of Blackwood's Magazine, contains the following remarks respecting *Sheep*; which may prove interesting to some of our readers:

Mutton has been so esteemed for ages, that in the foundation statutes of some of our great public schools, as Winchester, it is specified as the scholars' food, and so continues to this day. It is not known where the origin of the race is to be found. But we have reason to believe that it has been so altered by the cultivating care of man as almost to be considered as his creation. In all its varieties, it is an animal of seeming contradictions of instinctive character. Proverbially harmless and inoffensive, it has both courage and skill in protecting itself. As if aware of their inadequate means of defence individually, a flock will arrange themselves, upon approach of danger, almost with a military precision. Drawing themselves into a compact body, it is said that they place the young and females in the centre, while the males present a formidable front. They have been a byword for stupidity, yet few animals are more sagacious, whether in the selection of their food or in foreseeing and providing against the inclemency of the weather. They are hardy, able to endure the severities of climates, not subject to diseases which require the constant care of man.

We have somewhere met with a curious remark, that the two creations, wheat and sheep, seem more than any other to have been purposed for the use of man, and to be perfected, each in its kind, solely by his care and industry,—that, in fact, neither can exist without continual human attention. It is has been said, that if any given country were sown with wheat, and left; and so with flocks of sheep, and they were left entirely to themselves,—after not very many years, neither a grain of wheat nor a sheep would be found in that country.

There is another noticeable peculiarity in the sheep which fits it for man's use. The wool, which in cold countries supplies the human race with clothing, ceases and becomes rough hair in hot climates.

GAS TAR IN HORTICULTURE.

The following may be valuable information to our horticultural friends:

From Galignani's Messenger, as quoted in the Franklin Institute for December, 1854, we learn that a discovery, which is likely to be of great advantage to agriculture, has been reported to the agricultural society at Clermont, France.—A gardner, whose frames and hot houses required painting, decided on making them black, as likely to attract the heat better, and from a principle of economy he made use of gas tar instead of black paint. The work was performed during the winter, and on the approach of spring the gardner was surprised to find that all the spiders and insects which usually infested his hot house had disappeared, and also that a vine, which for the last two years had so fallen off that he had intended to replace it by another, had acquired fresh force and vigor, and gave every sign of producing a large crop of grapes. He afterwards used the same substance to the posts and trellis work which supported the tiers in the open air, and met with the same results. All the caterpillars and other insects completely disappeared. It is said that similar experiments have been made in some of the vineyards in the Gironde, with similar results. We commend these facts to American horticuturists as equally applicable to other growths than that of the vine.

TRY AGAIN.

How oft has disappointment marred
Some cherished plan of mine.
And hidden writer clouds appear
Where summer's sun should shine;
Yet as they darker grew,
I've seen some wondrous pen
Upon the very blackest write—
The sentence, "Try again."

How often in the still hour
Of night the heavy sigh
In sympathy has stolen to meet
The tear-drop in my eye
And then like angels whispering
Their messages to men,
I've heard a quiet breathing of
The sentence, "Try again."

How often, as I've walked amidst
Life's ever busy throng,
And pelted with its favored offes
On each and every side;
When my misfortunes seemed to be
Overwhelming, even then
Has some good spirit breathed to me
The sentence, "Try again."

My guardian angel it must be,
Or the weight of care
Had sunk me in the very depths
Of sorrow and despair;
But, oh, my heart much lighter seems,
And hope shines brighter, when
I hear that spirit softly breathe
The sentence, "Try again."

A Fix.—A bailiff in Philadelphia was lately reduced to a perfect non plus. He had a writ to arrest a female who is on exhibition at the Columbia Museum in that city. The female refused to go with the officer. His predicament may be imagined when it is stated that the interesting defendant weighed 900 pounds, or nearly half a ton.

MY FIRST SERMON.

My Dear Brother Reese:—This day forty years ago, in Anne Arundel county, Maryland, I preached my first itinerant sermon. Rev. Daniel Stansbury, with whom I was to travel, did not meet me according to appointment. So with much fear and trembling I attempted to preach. The congregation had assembled in a large room in a farm house. The sleighing was good. The room was crowded, and the colored people, for want of seats, all stood up, with their backs against the wall, over to my right and over to my left. A corner fire-place was piled up with a large amount of young half-seasoned hickory wood burning fiercely.—Our room soon became rather warm for me, as I stood back near the front door, and the ladies near the fire seemed to be melting into a profuse perspiration. Singing and prayer over, the text was announced and the sermon commenced. I felt greatly embarrassed at indications of mirth in my congregation. At first I supposed all to have been occasioned by my awkwardness; but as all eyes glanced toward the colored people, I cast a look in that direction and found them *asleep*—standing on their feet *asleep!* Coming in out of the cold, that hot fire had melted them. Heads to one side, eyes half closed, mouths half opened, tongues inclined to hang out, knees a little bent, and parting asunder, and their linsey woolsey clad backs scraping down the wall, lower and lower they went, and as they sunk lower, the mirth rose higher among the young people. Finally, all caught themselves sinking, and strengthening up again looked wildly round as if scared, and then took on them the appearance of shame.

The mirth, which I lacked courage to reprove, soon subsided, and I went on with my sermon—who can tell how?—Presently the mirth arose again. A slick-looking youngster, a colored waiting man, standing on his feet, was fast asleep, and sinking down as before. All the rest of the colored people were now awake, and with the whites had their eyes turned on the sleeper, and, like them, seemed to be much amused—down, down, lower and lower he went, until suddenly he started up, and blowed like some wild animals do when badly scared, and then, as before, he seemed to be ashamed. That genteel assembly evidently aimed to suppress laughter, but failed—nor had I courage to reprove. Presently all was quiet, and I proceeded with my sermon, I suppose from bad to worse, for the spirit of the times was against me. Again, for the third time, I was interrupted with bursts of laughter—again the waiting man had gone to sleep, standing on his feet—down he was sinking, mouth opened, eyes half closed, knees bent and parting asunder. When he got quite down on his hunkers, and seemed as if nothing could save him from coming to the floor, he fetched a leap—his head went nearly to the ceiling, and when he came down again he whistled like an old buck, looked scared and amid peals of laughter away he went, jerking the door to after him with violence! How could I proceed with my sermon? I too, had to laugh with the rest at what had happened; so I was shorn of my strength; and after a few feeble efforts to close in an orderly manner, I dismissed the congregation.—[*Methodist Protestant.*

RAILROADS OF THE U. STATES.

The January number Hunt's Merchants' Magazine publishes a tabular statement of the names, length, locality and the time of opening of all the railroads in the United States. From it we learn that the longest railway in the world is the Illinois Central, which, with its branches, is 731 miles in length, and has been constructed at a cost of $15,000,000. The number of miles of railway in the United States exceeds the rest of the world by the amount of 2,712 miles.

The total number of railways completed in the U. States is 271; the number of railways in course of construction is 174; the number of miles in operation 21,528, which have been constructed at a cost of $616,866,832. The number of miles in course of construction is 15,738.

The State of Massachusetts has one mile of railway to each seven square miles of its geographical surface; Essex county, in that State, with a geographical surface of 400 square miles, has 159 miles of railway facility; which is a ratio of one mile of railway to each three square miles of its surface.

The number of miles of railway now in operation upon the surface of the globe is 40,344; of which 17,020 are in the Eastern, and 23,324 are in the Western Hemisphere, and which are distributed as follows: In Great Britain 7,774 miles; in Germany 5,340 miles; in France 2,480 miles; in Belginm 532 miles; in Russia 422 miles; in Italy 179 miles; in Sweden 75 miles; in Norway 42 miles; in Spain 60 miles; in Africa 25 miles; in India 100 miles; in the United States 21,528 miles; in the British Provinces 1,327 miles; in the Island of Cuba 359 miles; in Panama 50 miles; in South America 60 miles.

A Statue of Benjamin Franklin is to be erected in Boston, costing $10,000.—Greenough, the sculptor, is at the work, and it is expected that he will have it completed by 1856. It is to be of bronze, and eight feet in height. It represents Franklin in citizen's dress, with a cane in his right hand, and his cocked hat under his left arm. The entire cost of the statue and bas reliefs will be $18,000.

Another Stranger at the Door.—The Galapagos Islands, the news now is, have been offered for sale to the United States. Price, three millions of dollars! A good round sum, these hard times, for a group of smouldering volcanos, off the coast of Ecuador in the Pacific, if Congress will buy.

These Islands are situated some six hundred miles from the coast of America, and lie immediately under the equator. The Archipelago consists of ten islands, of which five exceed the others in size—namely, Albemarle, Indefatigable, Chatham, Narborough, and James; the smaller ones are Barrington, Charles, Hood, Bindloes and Abington. The climate is not excessively hot, as might be supposed from their position, nor does much rain fal, but the clouds hang low, and though the lower parts are steril, at an elevation of a thousand feet and upwards, it possesses a tolerably luxuriant vegetation. The Islands are all volcanic, and Darwin, whom we quote, says that there cannot be less than two thousand craters throughout the group. They are generally very sterll, and water is exceedingly scarce; on some of the islands none is known to exist. The animals, insects and plants of these islands in most instances, differ from all others known, but they are very few in number, and except the tortoises and a few wild pigs, are no use to man.—There are numerous good harbors, and the neighboring sea abound with whales, which causes it to be much frequented by whalers. Excellent fish is caught close to the shore. There is a fishing establishment of about thirty men on the islands, who dry the fish, and find a ready market for them in Peru.

General Vilamil, the Ecuadorian Minister at Washington, is the proprietor of one of the largest of the islands and it is said he has for some time past been anxious to sell out.

Unless the Sandwich Islands hurry up, therefore, "Young Galapagos" will be in the Capitol before her. "Kansas," a country of yesterday, is already in.—Nebraska is coming—Owyhee and Hawaii are preparing to start,—and we should not wonder if we were to print in the Express a speech from the "gentleman from Galapagos" before the next year comes to an end.—*N. Y. Express.*

Presidents of the United States.—There have thus far been fourteen Presidents of the United States, and seven of these, viz: George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Tyler, Wm. H. Harrison, and Zachary Taylor, were born in Virginia. Two, viz: Martin Van Buren and Millard Fillmore, were born in New York. Two were born in Massachusetts, viz: John Adams and John Quincy Adams. One, viz: Andrew Jackson, was born in South Carolina. One, James K. Polk, was born in North Carolina; and one, Franklin Pierce, was born in N. Hampshire. Messrs. Van Buren, Tyler, and Fillmore, are the only survivors of the Ex-Presidents. General Taylor and General Harrison were the only two Presidents that died in office. The term of the first Chief Magistrate commenced on the 30th of April, 1789, and the term of the last commenced on the 4th of March, 1853. It will expire on the 3d of March, 1857. The Vice-Presidency is vacant at this time, in consequence of the death of the Hon. W. R. King of Alabama.

THE EXPECTED GREAT COMET.

The eminent astronomer, M. Babinet, member of the Academy of Sciences, gives some very interesting details relative to the return of that great comet whose periodical course is computed by the most celebrated observers at three hundred years. Our eyeheal records show that it was observed in the year 104, 302, 975—again in 1264, and the next time in 1556—always described as shining with the most extraordinary brilliancy.

Most of the European astronomers had agreed in announcing the return of this comet in 1848; but it has hitherto failed to appear. In fact, it is not so easy or simple a matter to compute those cyclical periods as some superficial persons—who do not look beyond the day or the year in which they live—may imagine. We are, however, assured by M. Babinet that, up to this moment, this beautiful star "is living on its brilliant reputation;" so that Sir John Herschell himself was wrong when he despaired of its re appearance, and put crape on his telescope. We are now informed that a celebrated and accurate computer—M. Bomme, of Middleburgh—with a patience and devotedness truly German, has gone over all the previous calculations, and made a new estimate of the separate and combined action of all the planets upon this comet, of three hundred years; and he has discovered that it is not lost to us, but only retarded in its motion.

The result of this severe labor gives the arrival of this rare and renowned visitor in August, 1858, with an uncertainty of two years more or less; so that, between 1856 and 1860, those who are then living may hope to see the great luminary which in 1556, caused Charles V. to abdicate.

In the absence of any authentic information as to the purposes of the Know-Nothings on the slavery question, it is a good sign for the South to see that the N. Y. Tribune, the National Era, the Albany Journal, and other abolition papers, unite in denouncing the order as favoring the slave interest. The Tribune charges that the order is openly and avowedly pro-slavery. So be it!

Fayo. Observer.

FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 18, 1854.

This day, the 18th of the month, is the great St. Nicholas day of the Russians, as well as the Greeks, and is kept by their church with great solemnity. And as the Russians are in the habit of using their holidays to accomplish acts of hostilities against the English and French, fears had been entertained that St. Nicholas' day would witness a serious attack from the enemy. Within the last few days, these fears or hopes, as many would call them, have been strengthened by the reports of deserters and prisoners. Consequently greater watchfulness and alertness have been prescribed this day, and the whole army is to be called out at a moment's warning.

I am fully assured that every bosom will be beating with excitement on the eve of another engagement. Revenge for lost comrades, daring emulation of each other's bravery, and determination to conquer, will actuate all, and will strike the key note to victory. Inkermann is not yet forgotten, and if ever the Russians get as soundly thrashed as then, it will be to-day, should the enemy dare to attack. "Sebastopol must fall," is the countersign to which everything else must tend. Battle after battle may take place, but will only hasten the event; and breaking down the confidence of the Russians, Sebastopol will prove the easier victory in the end.

The present movements of the Allies are all tending in a most energetic manner to carry out the one great object of the campaign, and that is, the overthrow of Sebastopol, and the total destruction of the Russian fleet. For that purpose, reinforcements are now hastening to the Crimea, as quickly as possible, and investment of the besieged city is, I believe, to take place from the north side, which will be made by the French with the assistance of the Turks.

Omar Pacha, with his veteran troops, will commence their campaign on the north side, and with 25,000 French troops, a sufficient army can be formed there to cut off all communications of the garrison with friends outside. Such a manœuvre is now deemed necessary; for it is clear that as long as egress and ingress be allowed the enemy in Sebastopol, nothing decisive can be done. It has been seen that bombardment is of little avail against a place of such strength as Sebastopol, and it is but waste of time and material to continue that alone. The city must be regularly besieged, and that not on one side, but on all sides—the north as well as the south. To do that, the present force is quite inadequate, and must be increased. For this purpose, men are going up every day. As fast as an English or French regiment comes here, it is transported to the Crimea without further delay. Two days ago, the Royal Albert, on board of which Sir Edmund Lyons will hoist his flag, left this harbor with 2,350 men on board, French troops from Marseilles. Other English vessels are arriving every day with Frenchmen, who swarm our streets as if in a second Paris.

And that brings me to another topic, which is quite interesting in its way. I refer to the fact that Constantinople is gradually changing hands, and the rule of the Mahommedan is yielding to the effrontery of the Frank. Everything tends to prove that the days of Islamism are over, and that the French will soon form a Paris on the sides of the Golden Horn. Not long ago, the French took possession of the large and beautiful Russian palace, one of the best edifices in Peru, and hitherto held inviolate by the English. The French for a long time looked upon it with covetous eye, but were not prepared to use it now; now, however, they are so numerous here, that additional room is wanted for accommodation, and the pretext was found for seizing on the Russian palace. Again, three or four days ago, several guard houses in Galata were occupied by French soldiers, and the Turks turned out into the open streets, not daring to open their lips in defence. The reason assigned was, that as such a number of outrages were committed by the French and English sailors in the neighborhood, and as the Turks were unable to preserve the peace, it was deemed necessary to use a more efficient authority, one with more force to back it.

And when we consider the matter in its most serious light, and view the subject in all its bearings, we must confess that Constantiple would be a more pleasant residence, and a greater mart, of commerce, if the French retained possession of it. At present, as is well known, the streets are badly paved, narrow and crooked; they are not named, nor are the houses numbered. True, we find the Rue de Pera, the Rue de Grand, and others, in which we will see this house numbered 20, and that one 50; but this arrangement is the effect of a whim or caprice, the result of the total system.—Again, the municipal regulations are entirely nugatory; those which exist, being dependant on some Pasha, are never attended to. And when we consider all the wants and necessities arising from this false system of Turkish administration, we will feel no hesitation in uttering the cry—"Give us any civilized masters." I am induced to believe that, in a couple of years from this time, we will see a fine and noble city, rising like a Phœnix from its ashes, on the site of the present.—Mighty changes, convulsing both Europe and America, may take place before then!

But in advocating this change of masters, I do not altogether decry the present administration of Turkey, for it has made many beneficial reforms. And I must remark, that more toleration, both religious and civil, exists under the Ottoman government than would be found under that of France. Indeed, I think that many restrictions would be laid on religious sects then which do not exist now, and that if any one belief should be patronized and fostered, it would be the Roman Catholic. Looking at it in that light alone, I would sooner remain as I am, under a Mussulman dispensation; but when we view society and literature and science, and see its stationary position under the same dispensation, I would advocate the change.

Some curious scenes happen now and then in the streets, since the influx of foreign troops. Two days ago, I was walking past the Church of St. Marie, in the main street of Pera, when an advancing crowd drew my attention. In the midst appeared an English corporal, who had been indulging in the "joyous juice" of the grape, and was somewhat tight—in both senses of the word, for he was pinioned in the grasp of two Turkish officials—Kavasses. As I drew near, the said corporal was expressing his belief that the Turks were not real policemen, and that though he was not "going home till morning," he would rather go home then. To all this rigmarole the benevolent Kavasses only answered by *Bono Johnny* and *Haidy English Consoot, By-by Johnny*, and other kind expressions. Then the corporal would disclaim at the idea of his name being *Johnny*. Although the scene was amusing, I was still more diverted by hearing the consolatory advice of some English tars, who were lingering about ready for a *mêlée*, and exhorting the prisoner "not to let her Majesty's service be abused."

Again, yesterday, I saw a couple of Frenchmen pursue with their drawn swords a lot of Greeks and Turks, who had been annoying them. The street was cleared in no time, and then some English sailors came up, and saying *Bono*, clapped the Frenchmen on their backs, admitting at the same time that the French were English, and the English were French, which gave great satisfaction to all parties.

But however amusing these things are, worse scenes happen at night, for rows and fights take place in Galata between every sunset and every sunrise. In these the English and French sailors, quite tipsy, form one party, and the treacherous Greeks, fellows who use their knives with advantage in every dark corner, the other. Almost every morning an English or French sailor is found stabbed in some out of the way place; and the assassin is not known. In these cases the blow is generally delivered from the rear, for the Greek is as cowardly as he is treacherous. An American sailor was dangerously wounded the other night in a row at Buyukdere.

The American steamer William Penn, Captain Codman, is here at present, having just returned from the Crimea. She was chartered by the French government, and, as we understand, will endeavor to secure a charter of a similar nature from the English. The bark Eagle, Captain Matthews, is also here, and has made a passage of 39 days from Boston. She will probably visit the Black Sea.

We are happy to mention the arrival of R. C. McCormick, a promising young man of your city. He proposes to visit the Crimea in three or four days, with a design of witnessing military operations. Mr. Righter, the agent of the American Bible Society, is also here at present.—We understand that General Harney, one of our Mexican heroes, had determined on visiting the East and scenes of war, but some opposition was made to this scheme by the Minister at Paris—why or wherefore we cannot say? It may be an anti-English feeling, or in other words, a Russian manœuvre!

At this moment, the Austrian question is agitating the public mind extremely.—We understand that Austria has formed a treaty of active coperation with the Western powers, and that Prussia has signified her adherence to a defensive treaty with her. In this treaty, it is stipulated that the territory of Austria shall be held inviolate, and guarranted from all foreign intrusion; while she, on the other hand, promises to give effective and active aid to the Allies. This treaty has quieted the fears of many, who doubted the success of the Allies in the coming struggle, and they believe that Russia will now come down a little, and make some pacific demonstrations. Whether such be the case or not, and whether any such be accepted when offered, are questions of the future, which time alone will decide.

Correspondence Journal of Com.

The Underground Railroad in Danger.—A bill was presented in the Illinois Legislature, on the 16th inst., to prevent the carrying of colored people on the railroads of that State without the production of certificates of freedom. Any railroad company conveying a slave, without such certificate, to be liable to the owner for double the value of the slave.

"Ugly women," it is said, abound in San Francisco. Some "horrid wretch" says: I do not wish to be ungallant, or to fail in my allegiance to the fair sex, but I must say it is an abominable fact that San Francisco "cannot boast of one perfectly beautiful woman."

Three hundred and twenty-six Revolutionary pensioners, died during the past year. The number now on the pension rolls is one thousand and sixty.

"We'll all meet again in the Morning!"

Such was the exclamation of a dying child—as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the window—"Good bye, Papa! "*We'll all meet again in the morning!*"—and the heart of that father grew lighter under its burden, for something assured him that his little angel had gone to the bosom of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There is something cheerful and inspiring to all who are in trouble in this "we'll meet again in the morning." It rouses up the fainting soul like a trumpet-blast, and frightens away forever the dark shapes thronging the avenues of the outer Life. Clouds may gather upon our paths—cares press their venomed lips against our cheeks—disappointments gather around us like an army with banners, but all this cannot destroy the hope within us, if we have this motto upon our lips: "All will be bright in the morning."

Here is one who is doomed to roam awhile in a foreign land, far from the scenes and friendships of his earlier years. Day by day, as he trudges on his pilgrimage, meeting only the cold smile of the stranger, his heart yearns for the communion of the loved ones at home, and silent prayers steal up from his lips that the Good God will watch over and protect them from every peril. To such a one how preciously dear is the thought that though the darkness may now shadow his path, and distance lie like a Dead Sea between him and his friends, he shall yet "meet them all in the morning?"

Yonder is one who sits over a desolate heart stone. The wife of his love—she whose voice has cheered him on to great and noble deeds—whose sympathies have been an Ægis, protecting him from every storm of Fate—whose prayers brought down balm from Haven for his every sorrow—this one has broken away from the home-shrine, and wandered out in the Shadow-Realm whence none can ever return. Day by day, hour by hour, he has watched the shadows creeping toward her—the sunshine fading from her life, and now, as her coffin lies before him, it seems as if there was not one bright hope left him for the morrow. But the spirit of the departed one, hovering yet around him, whispers a moment in his ear, and he rouses up from the lethargy of grief, strong still in the hope that he shall meet the loved one "again in the morning."

A pilgrim is wandering over Life's dreary waste, hopeless and cheerless. To him, earth's choicest fruits have been as poison as asps, and its greatest conquests but gilded mockeries, withering as flowers do within his grasp. And now, as Age scatters its dead blossoms in his way, he is growing footsore weary, and he longs to sit down and enjoy the calm of Death. But even as he sinks fainting at the road side, there is a rustle of wings around him, a whispering of sweet words, and with the strength of a giant, he leaps again upon his way, singing the song of thanksgiving and deliverance. Hope has risen from the dead, and he feels that "all will be bright in the morning!"

So is it ever. Trouble may come upon us, and for a while obscure the brightness of our lives, but it will not last forever. The cross we bear upon our shoulders may be heavy—our faith in Heaven may have gone down in doubt and darkness, but all is not yet lost; some one star still twinkles in the Heaven above us. Therefore, oh, Brother! despond not wholly—look not always back. There is a Rest yet in store; the daybreak will soon dawn in golden fullness upon the darkness. Be patient, cheerful—bear your trials as the olden martyrs did, and you shall yet find that all will be made right "in the morning!"

Oh wild is the tempest and dark is the night,
But soon will the daybreak be dawning;
Then the friendships of yore
Shall blossom once more,
"And we'll all meet again in the morning!"

☞ A stranger in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what was the rule of punctuation. "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, and then put in a comma; when I gape, I insert a semi-colon; and when I want a chaw of tobacco, I make a paragraph."

Thackery, in his Christmas waif, thus touches upon a brother writer's literary peculiarities: "When they were gone, the smile that had lighted the eyes of the *husband* and *father* fled—the pride of the *King* fled—the MAN was alone. Had I the pen of a G. P. R. James, I would describe Valoroso's torments in the choicest language; in which I would also depict his flashing eye, his distended nostril, his dressing-gown, pocket-handkerchief, and boots. But I need not say I have not the pen of that novelist; suffice it to say Valoroso was alone."

☞ One person abusing another in the presence of Churchill the poet said: "He was so extremely stupid, that if you said a good thing he could not understand it." "Pray, sir," said Churchill, "did you ever try him?"

Another Extraordinary Cure of a Bad Leg by *Holloway's Ointment and Pills.*—Thomas Loughottom, of Walnut-street, Cincinnati, about four years ago met with an accident and broke his leg, which being imperfectly set, formed into running ulcers and every endeavor to heal them was fruitless. Ten weeks ago he commenced using Holloway's Ointment and Pills, the Pills cleansed the blood very quickly, and by a constant application of the Ointment, the leg soon assumed an improved appearance, and in seven weeks these remedies completely cured him, when every other treatment had failed.