

# Carolina Watchman.

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

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J. J. BRUNER, Editor and Proprietor.

## Mr. Brown's last Ascent to the Clouds.

Harnett County.—The County Court for the new county of Harnett was in session last week. A friend furnishes us the following account of the proceedings of the Court:

A majority of the magistrates met for the transaction of county business on Monday. The Committee appointed at the last Court to contract for the building of a Court House and Jail, reported through their chairman, Geo. W. Ferguson, that a contract had been made with Pashal McKay, Esq., of Chatham county, for the building of a Jail at the sum of \$6,400, and a Court House at the sum of 12,000—that the contract had been signed by the parties and the work commenced; and that nothing remained but for the magistrates to make arrangements to raise the amount necessary to carry on the work, as agreed upon. A motion was made to adopt the report, when quite an animated debate sprang up in reference to the buildings, the public square, the size of the lots, the title to the land, the report of the land committee, the diagram of the town, the act incorporating the county, the liability of the building committee, the amount of damages that might be due the contractor in case the magistrates refused to confirm the contract, the heavy taxes to be imposed upon the dear people next year, &c., &c., depending which the Court adjourned amid great excitement without taking a vote on the report.

The Chairman had the magistrates again summoned to appear on Friday, when the report of the building committee was again called up, and the motion to adopt it renewed. The vote was taken without discussion and rejected, 14 to 12. A motion to discharge the building committee from further duty was adopted, 14 to 12. An appeal was made to the majority to relieve the committee from their liability incurred with the contractor, but no suggestion was made as to the plan of relief. One gentleman remarked, "they had got themselves into the difficulty—they might get out the best way they could." A motion was then made to stay all further proceedings until the next meeting of the Legislature, which motion the Chairman declined to be put to order. Capt. Jno. Green then moved to appoint another committee to confer with the building committee to see if a compromise could be effected, which motion was agreed to, but before the appointment of said committee the Court adjourned.

The Chairman requested a majority to meet here again on Saturday, when a majority appeared, but some of them refusing to serve, nothing could be done.

A gentleman to the next Legislature to repeal the act establishing the county of Harnett, is in circulation. It is to be regretted that after going so far, they should not agree among themselves.—*Fayetteville Carolinian.*

## Extract of a Letter from a Friend.

BALTIMORE, September 19.

The Naval Board has reformed the Navy with a vengeance. Upwards of 200 officers have suffered by its elasticities. The officers that composed the secret tribunal have in one sense discharged their duty under the law, but what a law! Was such power ever conferred before on a few fallible men to decide, for life or death, on the "lives, the fortunes, and the sacred honor" of fellow beings—of fellow officers—of fellows, whom their secret and assassin-like power enabled them, with impunity, to destroy, disgrace, blast, humble, punish and torment, according to whim, caprice, prejudice, envy, malice, or all uncharitableness? Every feeling of our better nature revolts at such a precedent established. No man of real delicacy should have accepted such a trust.—The hatreds and jealousies of naval officers are bitter and ineradicable. The present unprecedented precedent pours no oil on the troubled waters. It creates a new reservoir of inexhaustible, perpetual distrust, intrigue, calumny and mutual hostility. It differs, *in toto*, from the reduction formerly made in the other branch of the service. The Army knew from the outset that on the return of peace, it was to be reduced; and that regard was always openly evinced by the Legislature, with the aid of advisory boards, whose members had no interest of pay or promotion dependent on the result. It is impossible that the personnel of the corps may be, in some respects, improved by the operation; but the *modus operandi* is of so shocking a description, that the National Legislature may see fit, and the country would sanction the act, to upset the whole of these iniquitous transactions.

No one at all acquainted with the Navy can fail to perceive in the acts of the American Star Chamber traces of the evil passions that boost and characterize human nature—men of distinguished services, and perfect competency, pride and ambition, have been shivered out of the way, or ruthlessly kicked out of the service like dogs; while others, who are proverbially unfit for any duty, are retained, nay, promoted! Literally has this Board "done those things which it ought not to have done, and left undone those things which it ought to have done."

P. S. It is a curious fact a number of those who constitute the Board are Yankees, which may in part account for another phenomenon, which the result exhibits, viz: that a majority of its victims are from "south of Mason and Dixon's line."

The vintage in the Island of Madeira has again failed, this being the fourth consecutive year. Much destitution prevails in the Island.

One fine summer morning, a few years since, there was a wonderful excitement in the Irish village of Ballydooley. All the idle men, women, and children in the neighborhood—comprehending about nine-tenths of the population—were assembled on the large level common which served as a race course and bowling green; and all thronged towards some object in the center, which formed the nucleus of the crowd.

"Yes, then, what's name of it at all, at all?" demanded one ragged yeoman.

"Is it not the tail of it, he's going to go up?" asked another.

"Ah, don't be foolish!" exclaimed an old man, the "saw-carrier" of the district; "don't ye see the long ropes he's going to hold on by?"

"Well, well!" groaned an old woman, taking her *dudden*, or short black pipe, out of her mouth, and sticking it, lighted as it was, within the folds of her cross-hatched cotton neckerchief; "them English are mighty queer people. I'm sure, when we heard that this Mr. Brown, with his sacks of gold, was coming to Ballydooley, after turning out the rale ould stock of the Deays, we thought he'd have carriages and horses galore, and may be a fine yacht in the harbor; but it never entered the heads of us that nothing less would serve him than going coasting through the air, like a wild goose, at the tail of a balloon, or whatsoever they call it."

For some time past, the process of inflating the balloon had been going on; and now the great gaily painted orb towered tremulously above the heads of the gaping spectators, and pressing against the cords by which it was held down, it seemed only to await the arrival of the ball, aeronaut to dart upwards on its way.

"Here he is!" exclaimed the bystanders, glancing at the crowd; and presently a carriage drove up, and out stepped Mr. Brown, the £250,000 millionaire, who had lately become an Irish landed proprietor. Mr. Brown was a little dapper man, whom a very small amount of pug-nose force would have sufficed to lay level with the soil of his adoption. He was one of those unlucky individuals who meet an accident at every turn—who, in entering a room, invariably slip, tumble, knock down some piece of furniture, or sit down beside their chair instead of upon it. His balloon escaped upstaring his instant; sending his feet and hands to the wrong way, and then coughing and choking for half an hour, cutting his fingers, tearing his coat, or knocking his forehead against a door, so that he rarely appeared in society without scars, splinters, or bandages. In practicing gymnastics, he had knocked out three teeth; in juggling at Carnes, he had been four times nearly hanged; in shooting on the moors in Scotland he had left the grouse unharmed, but had blown off his own fingers. A taste for pyrotechny had singed handsomely his eyebrows, hair, and whiskers; and as to railway travelling, his hair-breadth escapes and morning accidents, small collisions, upsets, and explosions, would have served to fill two or three handsome orange-colored volumes of the *English Railway Library* or the *French Bibliotheque des Chemins de Fer.*

At length, having tried the three elements of earth, water, and fire, it occurred to Mr. Brown that the remaining one of air, as a medium of locomotion, might be more agreeable, and could not be more perilous, than the others. He accordingly, the year before, when residing on his estate in Devonshire, had purchased an excellent balloon, and, strange to say, had made several ascents, and had come down again in perfect safety. On this occasion, he meditated a flight over the Green Isle, and intended to come down at Belfast; but the best informed members of the crowd asserted that he was going "every step of the way to America."

A London friend, who had come to Ireland on a fishing excursion, had promised to join Mr. Brown in his flight; but as it would seem, his courage failed, and he came not. In no wise discouraged, however, Mr. Brown was just about to step into his aerial car, when a tall, strong built man suddenly stepped forward, and politely saluting the aeronaut said:

"May I ask you a question, sir?"

"Certainly."

"Is it true that you are going to America?"

"No; merely to Belfast, wind and weather permitting."

"Belfast," repeated stranger in a musing manner—"the north of Ireland. Well, that is just the direction towards which I want to go, and I hate land travelling. Will you, sir, accept me as a companion?"

Mr. Brown hesitated for a moment; but as he really wished for some one to accompany him, he saw no serious objection to the plan, and accordingly signified his acquiescence, merely remarking to the stranger, that his costume seemed too light for the regions of cold air which they would have to traverse.

"That" was the reply, "I have passed through more changes of climate than that, and I'm happily very robust."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, looking at the massive frame of the unknown, "my car is large enough. Come, in the name of Providence!" So they took their places, and the word was given: "Let go!"

The fifteen men whose hands were severely pressed by the straining cords, desired nothing better, and in a moment the freed balloon began to ascend majestically. The crowd shouted and clapped their hands.

"Ah," cried Mr. Brown, "this is delightful! Don't you think so?" Not receiving any answer, he turned and looked at his travelling companion. There he was, lying almost flat on his back, and with his head over the side of the

car; his eyes were fixed, his hair bristling.

"Are you afraid?" asked Mr. Brown.

No answer. The balloon ascended rapidly, and ere long arrived at the region of clouds.—Turning one more to his immovable companion, Mr. Brown shook him slightly by the arm, and said: "Are you ill? Still no reply, but a fixed stolid stare. They were now at a great elevation; clouds lay beneath their feet, above the air, like a wild sea, and infinite space around them.

Suddenly the stranger stood upright, his face pallid as that of a corpse.

"Faster, faster!" he exclaimed in a tone of authority; and seizing in succession three of the bags of sand which served as ballast, he flung them out of the car, at the same time laughing in a strange wild manner. "Ha!" he cried, "that's the way to travel! We shall distance the swallow we shall tower above the eagle. When I was in the Arizona with my rifle in my hand, watching for stray travellers, I never felt so excited as I do now. Then their lives were in danger, now is my own."

Very pleasant! thought the owner of the balloon. I have picked up some rascally Italian brigand.

Better to fight with the elements than with custom-house officers! continued his companion. The balloon ascended at terrific rate. In his turn, Mr. Brown stood up, and laying his hand on the stranger's arm, said:

"For Heaven's sake, don't stir! Our lives are at stake. I must allow some of the gas to escape, in order to repair your imprudence."

"How do you do it?"

"I have only to draw this string, which is connected with the valve."

"We should continue to ascend, until every thing would burst from excessive dilatation."

The man continued for a few moments in deep thought; then suddenly drawing out a knife, he cut the cord as high up as he could reach.

"Faster! faster!" he reiterated. The stranger was a giant compared with Mr. Brown, who, perceiving that he could obtain nothing by force, began to cry conviction.

"No," said he in a soothing tone, "you are a Christian, I make no doubt. Well, our religion forbids homicide."

"Faster!" shouted the giant; and seizing the remaining sacks of sand, he scattered their contents to the clouds. Mr. Brown fell on his knees.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "if you have no regard for your own life, at least have some pity on mine. I am young, rich, happy; I have a mother and a sister; in their name, I conjure you to stretch your hand up to the valve, and save us from a dreadful death, by allowing some gas to escape."

Shaking his wild locks, the stranger drew off his coat, and exclaiming: "We are not ascending," flung it out.

"Your turn now," he continued; and without the smallest ceremony, he despoiled the unfortunate Brown of his waistcoat, and threw it over.

The balloon pursued its wild career without stop or stay.

"He's hot!" said the stranger; "while we're thus climbing so pleasantly towards the sky, I'll tell you a story—shall I?" His unhappy companion did not stir. Already, from the extreme rarity of the air, blood was rushing from his eyes and ears.

"Listen! Three years ago, I lived in Madrid. I was a widower, with one little daughter, a gentle, bright-eyed angel; her long curling hair was waving this moment before my eyes. One day, I went out early, and did not return until late; my child, my beautiful Emma, was gone; but I had come and stolen her from me. But my friend, have you a cannon here?" Mr. Brown made mechanically a sign in the negative.

"What a pity!—I would have bombarded Spain! Ever since, I have searched for my child in every country in Europe, but in vain. Now I think she may be in the north of Ireland. Have you a lucifer match here?" Mr. Brown made no reply, but shook his head. "You have not! Ah! if I could get one, I would set the balloon on fire; and then, when reduced to ashes, it would be much lighter! When you first saw me this morning, I was examining the stupid faces of you crowd, to see if the dark foreign one of my Emma's robber might be amongst them."

It was evident to poor Mr. Brown that his travelling companion was a confirmed lunatic. A sudden idea struck him.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Gerald Annesley. It is impossible that the person of the corps may be, in some respects, improved by the operation; but the *modus operandi* is of so shocking a description, that the National Legislature may see fit, and the country would sanction the act, to upset the whole of these iniquitous transactions."

"What very name?"

"What mean you?"

"I know where the wretch lives who stole your child; we are now just above the spot.—Draw the valve, Mr. Annesley, and in a short time you will embrace your Emma!"

"No, no, you are deceiving me. My Emma is not on earth; she is in heaven. Last night, she appeared to me in a dream, and told me so. That's the reason I want to ascend higher.—Come, my friend, help me; let us both blow as hard as we can on the balloon. As we are be-near, our breath must help it rise. Blow, blow!" Mr. Brown, moved by terror, tried to obey.

"It does not stir! Come, mount on my shoulders, and push the balloon!" And without consulting him any further, the giant caught him up, as if he had been a feather, and held him above his head, saying: "Now, push the balloon!"

The unlucky victim tried to obey, but the blood blinded his eyes. There was a horrible buzzing in his ears, and lights flashed before him. For a moment he thought of throwing himself over in order to end his torments.

"Ha!" shouted the madman, "it does not go! At that moment the trembling hand of Mr. Brown touched accidentally the cord of the valve. He played, and the colligating orb

began to descend rapidly. Through the clouds it darted downward, and the earth appeared.

"Ah!" cried Annesley, "instead of pushing the balloon, as I told you, you drew it downwards. Push upwards!—push, I say!"

"You see that I am pushing as hard as I can."

"No; for here is the earth!"

"It is only that the clouds are rising towards the upper regions."

"Well, let us do the same. Let us throw out all our ballast!"

"We have no more." Gerald Annesley laid Mr. Brown gently in the bottom of the car.

"We have no more ballast, you say?" he asked, looking fixedly at him.

"No more."

"How much do you weigh?" This question fell on poor Brown like a stunning blow.

"How much do you weigh?" repeated his companion in a louder tone.

"Ah, very little—nothing that could make the slightest difference—a mere trifle."

"A mere trifle! Well, even that will make some difference." The imminence of the peril gave our aeronaut presence of mind.

"My friend," said he, "your child is not dead. I saw her last week near Belfast. She is living with a family who love her, and treat her as their own. In a very short time, if you will allow us to descend, you will meet him. The madman looked at him with a wild doubting gaze.

"Yes," continued Mr. Brown, eagerly anxious to confirm the impression he had made; "you will see her, your darling little Emma, running to meet you with outstretched arms, and her fair golden curls waving in the wind."

"You see, you see! Emma's hair was black as jet. Man! you never saw her! How much do you weigh?"

"A mere nothing—only a few pounds!" Gerald Annesley seized Mr. Brown with both hands and held him suspended over the side of the car. In another moment, he would have dropped him into the abyss of space.

"Annesley!" exclaimed the poor man, "you want to mount higher?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You only wish to lighten the balloon?"

"Yes."

"Then how much do you weigh yourself?"

"Two hundred pounds."

"Well, if you were to throw yourself over, the balloon, lightened of such a great weight, would dart upwards with inconceivable rapidity."

The madman reflected for a moment.

"True," he said; "you are right."

He laid Mr. Brown in the bottom of the car, and started wildly around.

"My Maker!" he cried, "I go to meet Thee; I go to embrace my child, my Emma! And flinging himself over, he disappeared."

The balloon and its owner reached the earth in safety; the latter, however, lay for many weeks raving in brain fever. When he recovered, he gave orders to have his penious plaything sold at any sacrifice, and soon afterwards provided himself with an excellent caretaker in the shape of a pretty young wife, under whose tutelage "the madman," as his Irish valet remarks, "is growing a dale more handy in himself." So this was Mr. Brown's last ascent to the clouds.

## A WARNING TO PARENTS.

We are informed by a gentleman who lives near Coburn's Store, in Union County, of a very painful circumstance which happened in that neighborhood, a short time since. Two of Mr. E. Lowtharp's sons, one about four and the other about six years old, had been having chills and fevers for some time. On their way day, after eating their breakfast, Mr. Lowtharp concluded to give them quinine, in order to break their chills; but through mistake gave them something else, which resembled quinine, which threw them into spasms, killing them both in a very short while.

## Wadesborough Weekly News.

A Beautiful Allegory.—A traveller who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervise, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," says the dervise, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and another on his left. When he does anything wrong, the angel on his left shoulder writes it down. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; and if not, at midnight he sends it, and the angel on the right shoulder weeps."

A Source of Smiles.—Dr. Franklin having noticed that a certain mechanic who worked near his office was always happy and smiling, ventured at length to ask him for the secret of his constant cheerfulness.

"No secret, doctor," he replied. "I have got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and the tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

## HEAVY ROBBERY AT BOSTON.

BOSTON, Sept. 15.

On Saturday, while Mr. John M. Folsom, cut the door, was purchasing a railroad ticket for his home in Newburyport, he had his carpet bag, containing \$4,000 in bank bills, stolen.—The thief made good his escape.

On Thursday night, the card manufactory of Gage, Murray & Co., at Nashua, New Hampshire, was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at from \$100,000 to \$150,000, one-half of which is covered by insurance.

## Beecherism.

The London *Athenaeum*, in noticing a book of Henry Ward Beecher's called "Star Papers," which some American journals have puffed most vigorously, says:

The egotism of some men is pleasant—at least it is pardonable. In Epicurus it is delightful in Cowley it is innocent; in Addison it is quiet and sly. David Hume does not offend as when he praises himself, still less does Sir Walter Scott; though Southey's vanity is disagreeable because it is exaggerated. The proud self-confidence of Shakespeare we forgive as cheerfully as the grand self-assertion of Milton, which only a Salmasius could despise. When Pope displeases us, it is not because he is egotistical, but because he affects to conceal his self-love. When Buffon talks of only five modern "geniuses," and names himself as one, we resent his conceit almost as much as the profane impudence of Sir Godfrey Kneller. But among these reminiscences of egotism we might wander a long time. They have been suggested by Mr. Beecher's volume of fugitive prose pieces, written with all the formality, and all the incorrectness of an amateur. But the author's egotism is his most conspicuous quality.

A complacent consciousness follows him to all the shores of his admiration:—to Kennelworth, to Stratford-on-Avon, to the Louvre, and the National Gallery. It is even more obtrusive in the figure-splangled essay on books, flowers, and streams, fit for albums and scrap-books, but surely not worthy of publication. Mr. Beecher has been infected with the most vulgar prejudices, which induce him to write, among other absurdities, trash like this:—"It is a fine day in England when it does not actually rain," which is on a par with the jokes in the most foolish French dramas about London fogs, and the French of Englishmen for sun-tinted pictures; because they never enjoy the sun's beams in any other way. On the Avon, Mr. Beecher informs us that he walked with his soul "clear, penetrating, and exquisitely susceptible." He perpetually fancies what the people around are thinking of him, and appropriates sacred words to describe the joys of his certain future state. The only glimpse of modesty to be found in this rhapsodical, unmeaning book is a confession that William the Conqueror might have walked over his castles without thinking of Henry Ward Beecher!—as perhaps he might.

## Hardening the Constitution.

Men talk about "hardening the constitution," and with that view, expose themselves to summer's sun and winter's wind, to strains and over-exertions, and many unnecessary hardships. To the same end, ill-informed mothers source their little infants in cold water day by day; their skin, and flesh, and bodies as steadily growing rougher, and thinner, and weaker, until slow fever, or water on the brain, or consumption of the lungs, carries them to the grave; and then they administer to themselves the semi-comfort and rather questionable consolation, of its being a *mysterious dispensation of Providence*. Providence works no miracle to counteract our follies.

The best way I know of "hardening the constitution," is to take good care of it, for it is no more improved by harsh treatment than a fine garment or new hat is made better by being banged about.—*Journal of Health.*

## Fishing with a Steel Trap.

One of our merchants, who has an eye to the interests of the trade, has invented a new mode of catching black-fish, viz: with a steel trap. It has proved itself so valuable an operation, that all our fishermen are providing themselves with steel traps; and the demand for the article is greater than the supply. The instrument used is of the old-fashioned kind, with iron teeth closing together. The *notus operandi* is decidedly unique. The trap is set and baited, properly provided with a sinker, and let down into the water. An ominous click below denotes the amusement at hand; the fish attempts to steal the bait, but immediately the trap steals the fish, when he is drawn up to the surface often three at a time, and at the rate of one a minute! The returns for one day's sport are reported at above one hundred! This is certainly an age of progress and steel traps.—*New Haven Register.*

## Sagacity of Sparrows.

A lady, residing in the New Kent-road, England, whose garden is decked all round with a border of turf, desired her gardener to sprinkle it with hay-seeds, that the fresh verdure might afford a pleasing contrast to the beautiful flowers soon to put forth. This the gardener having done, under the lady's superintendence, away he went, and the good lady retired to the parlor, in hopeful anticipation of a delightful green border in a few weeks' time. But scarcely had she taken her seat at the window, before two or three sparrows hopped down from a tree, from which, no doubt, they had quietly watched the proceedings below, and having tasted a few of the seeds, upon which they all flew, and immediately set up a most vociferous chirping, which, translated into English, perhaps meant, "Here, sparrows all! make haste, make haste! quick! such a lot of fine seed just sown! the old fellow's gone; look sharp, all of you!" And, in truth, the invitation to their friends and neighbors was not given in vain. They did make haste, and they did come, all of them, such a quantity of sparrows, to be sure, and they did set to work too, with an avidity which showed how much they relished their plunder. The good lady was so amused with the young rascals throughout the whole affair, she could not more find it in her heart to scare them away, than she could fly with them to a neighboring apple tree after their feast was over.

## A Petrified Indian.

While engaged in excavating recently, upon the Milwaukee and La Crosse Railroad, near Schlesengeville, Iowa, the workmen came upon the petrified remains of an Indian, and with the remains some singular relics of olden times.—The body perfect, not having suffered by decay. His height, at the present time, would be considered gigantic, measuring seven feet two inches. On his breast was a plate of copper, on which were engraved numerous hieroglyphs, the meaning of which can hardly be imagined. But there are, a record of the past. Could these hieroglyphs be read, they might, perhaps, unveil some of the mystery which hangs like a dark cloud over the history of the red man. An arrow, of considerable strength and curious construction, was also found with him, and especially invites the attention of antiquarians.

## The Fine Arts.

We learn from the *National Intelligencer*, that Mr. Crawford has transmitted from Rome to this country a series of six plaster models of marble statuary, designed to occupy prominent niches in the new portions of the Capitol. Five of these have been received, and are deposited in the artist's studio, near the Capitol.—Youth in the artist's studio, near the Capitol.—Youth is represented by two boys, whose position and

expression are beautifully suggestive of innocence, hope, ambitious aspirations, and energy of purpose. Instruction inspires the beholder with its subject. The ardor of youth is tempered by the diligence of labor. The relative position and expression of each of the figures of the student and preceptor are admirably conceived. Commerce conveys to the mind impressions far different from those we have realized from the contemplation of this subject. A wise and thoughtful man, who comprehends the importance of his relations to the world, is seated, with the globe at his right hand, as a familiar and essential object of reference, and other memorials of his profession around him. The man of thought and calculation, and wisdom and benevolence, is the true and adequate expression of the ideal of the commerce of the present age. The Mechanic Arts are suggested by the figure of a man in a recumbent position, his sinewy arm resting upon a wheel, and a hammer held in his hand. The form and attitude are excellent, and the head and face nobly expressive of independence, thought, self-reliance, intelligence, hope, and energy. War also reveals to the beholder the purest and most modern conception. Firmness and justice, not anger and ferocity, are the characteristics of the chieftain, whose hand is upon his sword, and whose every lineament bespeaks the consciousness of power, and the forbearance of intelligence, reflection, and benignity. These figures are of somewhat colossal proportions, the warrior, the only one in a standing position, being eight feet in height.

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A lady, residing in the New Kent-road, England, whose garden is decked all round with a border of turf, desired her gardener to sprinkle it with hay-seeds, that the fresh verdure might afford a pleasing contrast to the beautiful flowers soon to put forth. This the gardener having done, under the lady's superintendence, away he went, and the good lady retired to the parlor, in hopeful anticipation of a delightful green border in a few weeks' time. But scarcely had she taken her seat at the window, before two or three sparrows hopped down from a tree, from which, no doubt, they had quietly watched the proceedings below, and having tasted a few of the seeds, upon which they all flew, and immediately set up a most vociferous chirping, which, translated into English, perhaps meant, "Here, sparrows all! make haste, make haste! quick! such a lot of fine seed just sown! the old fellow's gone; look sharp, all of you!" And, in truth, the invitation to their friends and neighbors was not given in vain. They did make haste, and they did come, all of them, such a quantity of sparrows, to be sure, and they did set to work too, with an avidity which showed how much they relished their plunder. The good lady was so amused with the young rascals throughout the whole affair, she could not more find it in her heart to scare them away, than she could fly with them to a neighboring apple tree after their feast was over.

## A Petrified Indian.

While engaged in excavating recently, upon the Milwaukee and La Crosse Railroad, near Schlesengeville, Iowa, the workmen came upon the petrified remains of an Indian, and with the remains some singular relics of olden times.—The body perfect, not having suffered by decay. His height, at the present time, would be considered gigantic, measuring seven feet two inches. On his breast was a plate of copper, on which were engraved numerous hieroglyphs, the meaning of which can hardly be imagined. But there are, a record of the past. Could these hieroglyphs be read, they might, perhaps, unveil some of the mystery which hangs like a dark cloud over the history of the red man. An arrow, of considerable strength and curious construction, was also found with him, and especially invites the attention of antiquarians.

## The Fine Arts.

We learn from the *National Intelligencer*, that Mr. Crawford has transmitted from Rome to this country a series of six plaster models of marble statuary, designed to occupy prominent niches in the new portions of the Capitol. Five of these have been received, and are deposited in the artist's studio, near the Capitol.—Youth in the artist's studio, near the Capitol.—Youth is represented by two boys, whose position and

1st, the working cabinet of the winter palace, where the Emperor died; 2d, the death-bed of the Emperor; 3d, the exposition of the body in a saloon of the palace. Nothing can be more unexpected and curious than to see the extreme simplicity of this cabinet, where the Emperor of all the Russias worked and reposed. It is a long vaulted room, with a large bow window, hung with a light drapery, the lower half covered with green silk curtains like those in a painted studio. A table and chair of ordinary appearance are before it—the table covered with books and papers; here and there a sofa of the straight form, which was fashionable at the beginning of the century; a large chair hardly more comfortable, some wooden back ones of a smaller size, and a