

# 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.

From the Columbia Carolinian.

A FAMILY POISONED.

A very distressing incident occurred, on the evening of the 6th instant, in the family of the Rev. Dr. Leland, of this city, involving almost the entire household in the most imminent peril of a violent death, from which they were rescued by a providential interference almost miraculous. The circumstances of this appalling event, were briefly these: Towards sundown, one of the ladies was preparing, with her own hands, some biscuit for tea, and by mistake she mingled with the flour a fatal quantity of arsenic, which had been procured and prepared for the destruction of rats, without her knowledge. The quantity used was probably two tea spoonsful, sufficient to have killed twenty strong men.

This poisoned food was eaten, in greater or less amount, by Mrs. L., her two daughters and a grand daughter; also, by several servants. The immediate effect was violent pain and nausea. One hour, however, passed before the cause was discovered. As soon as the horrible fact was known, Drs. Fair and Crane were in prompt attendance, and adopted the most energetic measures to afford relief. The deadly substance was soon ejected from the stomachs of all in a short time, excepting in the case of Mrs. L., who was subjected to a succession of most violent emetics for five or six hours, before the fatal substance was thrown up. And when expelled, it was a black fluid mass, emitting the most deadly characteristics. While the others involved in this calamity, very soon recovered, the mother having suffered more severe and protracted pain, was exceedingly prostrated, and has not yet obtained entire relief, though she is decidedly convalescing.

This painful event is made public, for several good and sufficient reasons. One is, that the numerous friends of the family in all portions of the United States may have authentic information, as to the real facts of the case, and may be guarded against false and exaggerated reports. Another motive for publication, is to afford a warning to all families, to exclude from their houses this terrible agent of death. Its presence produces a dreadful possibility of hurrying a whole family to the grave.

Another reason, to call the attention of the Faculty, to the cause, which this deadly poison can emanate from the stomach for several hours, without fatal results, when one-tenth of the quantity taken in liquid, would have been almost instantly fatal.

A final, and perhaps the strongest, inducement for this statement, is to effectually prevent all suspicion or injurious reports as to any agency of servants in this deplorable affair. The sad mistake was made by one of the daughters of the family, and the poison obtained by her mother without her knowledge. A part of the servants partook of the biscuit, and suffered like the whites. And those servants who did not eat the deadly food, evinced the most severe distress on the occasion, and voluntarily spent a sleepless night in vain attempts to give relief. It should be added that Dr. L. himself was saved from a personal participation in the peril, by his absence from home, to supply the pulpit of the Church in Wintonsville. So that if indeed that this terrible calamity should fall upon a household composed exclusively of females.

In conclusion, Dr. L. earnestly and affectionately invites his relations, friends and neighbors in the ministry in the South, North and West to unite with him in humble and devout gratitude and thanksgiving to Almighty God, for so gracious and so timely a deliverance from a calamity so utterly overwhelming.

Columbia, S. C., Oct. 19, 1855.

A BRANCH ROAD.

To the Richmond and Danville Railroad, is advocated by the Milton Chronicle. It is thought that such a road will get a large amount of freight, which would be impossible to get without, and also obtain a chance for a connection with the North Carolina Central road.

With the reference to our friend of the Chronicle, we think that if his suggestions were carried out, the interests of our town would soon be landed on the "other side of Jordan."

Danville Register.

How to Steer Children that will be Kind to us when we become Old.—We would exhort all parents.—If you regard the welfare and happiness of your children in this world merely, teach them benevolence, and train them in habits of benevolence. If you desire that they may be kind to you when you are old, then strive to enlarge their hearts. If they are taught to love their neighbor as themselves, you may be sure they never can be unkind to their own flesh. But make them avaricious, teach them to grieve over the loss of a dime, and to look grudgingly on every copper they drop into the charity box, and you are training them to be grudge all that you shall eat and wear, and all the attentions you may require when you are more in need for them. Train them in generous habits, and you need not be surprised if they are ready to contribute of their means and of their lives for God, and they will learn to understand that God does not need their services or their dimes so much that he would have them do a wrong thing for the sake of saving or accumulating for his cause.—Foreign Missionary.

Catastrophe Prevented by a Cat's Tail.—A small child of Thomas Murray, assistant freight agent of the Boston Railroad, while playing near a well in East Albany, N. Y., on Saturday afternoon, slipped, and was just on the eve of being precipitated into it when the little one grasped the end by the tail and held on to it, until the end of the child brought assistance, when it was rescued. The cat was sitting on a log, and so death-like was its grasp that the print of its nails were clearly detected in the log.

Agricultural Address,

BY PAUL C. CAMERON, ESQ.

BEFORE THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ORANGE Co. N. C. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—As the representative of the plough, and of the Society, whose organ I am, I bid you all welcome. Nor is the welcome less earnest and sincere, from any failure or inability on our part to array before you the best of the field, the orchard, the garden and the dairy, or the best specimens of the loom and anvil, or the best models of the stall and stable.

Like youthful, hopeful and hospitable house-keepers, we are pleased to make a beginning; and will look forward with eager and joyous expectation that, at each returning annual festival, we shall exhibit new and better proof of our acquisition in the fields of intelligence, industry and enterprise.

Nor is it deemed proper, before this audience, to offer any apology, save for the Speaker, who, if he presents himself before you unarrayed in the robes of professional and forensic fame, destitute of the captivating jewels of a gifted, graceful and cultivated elocution, is at least no volunteer; but comes here to-day, at the bidding of his associates, in the conscious dignity of doing his duty—the earnest advocate for the improvement of the soil of his native county, and for the elevation and advancement of its tillers in every species of mental, moral, and social virtue. Himself a farmer—fresh from the fields of smoking furrows, and the cheerful songs of seed-men and ploughmen, eager for the rewards of Ceres, and desirous of the approval of those whose bridge he wears in speaking for farmers and to farmers.

And, if in my willingness to undertake this service, I spread on this, the first gala-day of the husbandmen of Orange, only a plain and frugal repast for your refreshment and entertainment, may I never permit myself to be wanting in novelty, order and ornament, nothing I hope, will be regarded as distasteful or wanting in refinement. A learner myself, I assure you to the office of instruction, and I speak to you not in the spirit of a teacher. And, surrounded as I am by the gentle daughters and smiling sons of Orange, I hope to escape unkind criticism and misconstruction, and to be sustained by a kind attention which I urge, at least with earnest zeal, the objects of our association and the best interests of this community. And if I speak in the language of soberness and truth—if in a too severe plainness—I beg that it be not charged to a fault-finding or censorious spirit. Whilst I will not flatter, truth and duty require that I point the picture as it is.

Our population have been so often flattered—so often told that they possessed all the virtues, and had gotten all the wisdom, that it requires some degree of firmness to be candid even with our friends and associates. However virtuous our people may be—however exempt from the grosser vices of violence and fraud; and whilst I believe there is none with more reverence for the laws and for those who administer them; none with more fidelity in matters of contract; none less desirous of ostentatious display; none more frugal in their social and domestic habits; just to all but themselves—yet a strangely and sadly impoverished and paralyzed agricultural community. As friend to friend, I must venture to tell you, that in Orange county we have but little to praise, and much to censure.

The controlling causes for this state of things, are not unknown to many of you; nor need I here attempt to sum them up. The fact we cannot change—the present only is ours—and for the future only can we provide. No one man—no one generation of men, can repair the wrongs of the past. And it will require years of patient and intelligent industry to bring us up to what we should wish to accomplish for ourselves, and for those who are to come after us. But there are causes, now more manifest than ever, to stimulate us with more manly energy, and to fire us with a new-born zeal.

We commence our work on a distressingly exhausted field; if hot, in the language of the Psalmist, on "a barren and dry land," yet one that requires all our care to restore it to its native beauty and fertility. And how we shall best accomplish it, and most speedily improve our husbandry, are important considerations. I do not, however, as those of us who, as heads of families and freeholders, intend to make this our abiding place.

Our inland position, and the absence of every thing like a Home Market, may be regarded as the chief causes of our depressed agricultural condition—the fruitful source of many of the ills, as heretofore exhibited, in the want of a liberal public spirit, and that careless indifference, needless energy and sleepy ignorance that have marked the enterprises of our people, public and private. But the up-beaved earth for more than 200 miles, through the centre of the State, assures us that if we be true to ourselves, the day of our deliverance from commercial and agricultural bondage is at hand. The State, after years of continuous delay and debate, has affirmed her assent to this deliverance; and yonder great work is a fixed fact in the future history of North Carolina; and its blessings, like the rains and dews of heaven, will fall with equal favor and kindness on the manly and the mean—the liberal and the illiberal—the thankful and the unthankful. But it will be in vain that millions shall be expended for the construction of Rail Ways, and easy and cheap communication be opened to commercial marts and shipping ports, if our agricultural and mechanic arts be not directed and sustained with more intelligence, liberality, industry and zeal, by your population.

The plough, the great sword of civilization, must be drawn by a stronger will, and a deeper furrow shall be lifted to the influence of the upper day. The Spade must reclaim the valley, and the Larch and Elm—now infrequently the source of disease and death—drive out the source of disease and death from their hiding places. The Farmer must become an educated, a reading and a thinking man. He must not remain like the beaver in the construction of his burrow, the more and satisfied copyist of his father's. We must list-n with a teachable spirit to the suggestions of science. He must believe that *mind*, as well as muscle, is essential to the successful tillage of his soil. He must learn to regard the earth as a great treasure house of beauty and abundance, but that it requires constant additions and new supplies to prevent exhaustion—that the earth is a willing receiver as well as a liberal giver.

The great incentive to all improvement and progress in the application of human labor, is profit. It is dollars and cents that quickens all human invention—stimulates all human enterprise. It is for these representatives of value, that the mariner braves the dangers of sea and land, and the miner traces amid the dangers of fire and death, threads of gold and silver to the earth's centre.

As civilization has advanced, human wants have increased; and to supply this demand, all the powers of the human mind have been taxed to the utmost, making all the elements of the natural world subservient to its necessities and purposes. And by associated wealth and numbers, wonders have been accomplished, erecting and dedicating temples to industry and the arts. The anvil has been made to ring in such loud and continued peals, as to induce the sons of Vulcan to think that the thunders of their hammer are hardly surpassed by the explosion of the natural world; the merry spindle, and the yet more merry shuttle, to dance in collision not of hundreds but of tens of hundreds; exhibiting to all classes the beauty and harmony of all interests—that the loom and anvil do best surrounded by well directed ploughs and harrows, and that the distributions of the wealthy and adventurous furnish, with most certainty and liberality, the daily food of the poor.

Here at the South, and especially in North Carolina, we know as yet but little of the power and influence of associated wealth and numbers, in the advancement of the industrial and utilitarian arts. It is this, coupled with the intelligence, industry, and inventive powers of the people, that has covered the bleak hills of New England with warming villages, weaving workshops, and public schools—stimulating, and elevating, and maintaining a constantly ascending scale in the value of labor and property.

Self-respect, and a certain degree of intelligent enthusiasm, are essential to all the pursuits of life. To none is it more important than to the Farmer and the Mechanic. They best honor themselves by honoring their calling. They must pride themselves in their plain and homely duties; they must know that their daily work is accomplished with the best intelligence and an earnest wish to attain the highest standard of excellence; that the products of their fields, work shops, mills, looms, and dairies shall not be surpassed, so far as their efforts are not controlled by the laws of nature. They must be content to be the equals of any—acknowledging no superiority but such as is everywhere yielded to virtue, merit, and a well spent life.

A people satisfied with their condition, will mark but little, and will shed but little to mark the accession of men or generations. A man or a people who cannot be stimulated to effort by want, is in a hopeless and helpless condition; and it is in vain that we appeal to higher motives than self-interest. I teach nothing new when I say, that self-advancement and accumulation, when chastened by just moderation and virtuous desire, are alike reasonable, commendable and honorable objects; that it is only by their aid that individuals or communities can discharge the obligations of duty, honesty, justice and benevolence. Labor, by the hand of every man in its aims and ends,—and in which every man may have a "patent of nobility," holding his own acre in fee, and producing his own food and raiment.

But noble as it is, it is a life of little things; and in nothing is petty care so fully rewarded by the force and grandeur of its aggregates. It is by little grains, to be multiplied by our care, that mills and barns are filled; it is by repeated strokes of the sythe that we build majestic houses of hay; it is by little particles of oil that we collect pounds of delicious butter; it is from little strands of hair, finer than those of our own heads, that we obtain velvet cloths and tufted carpets; it is from little bolts of cotton that we gather the millions of pounds, equal in value to the millions of dollars of the American commerce to one hundred millions in value—funding many a man on both continents with four shillings, and without it would hardly have one—equalizing the exchanges of commerce, exacting from the men on change and in bank papers, both in Europe and America, the confession that *Cotton is King*—and making England to feel that, mistress as she claims to be of the seas, she must keep the peace with us; that, by withholding a single pound of cotton, we can prostrate her manufacturing cities, and send her tolling millions into the world crying for food and raiment; teaching those haughty islanders that we are their most formidable rivals in the arts of peace, as we have shown ourselves their equals on field and flood.

It is from the accumulated droppings of the sea-fowl on the islands of the ocean, that the mariner freighted to the almost priceless cargoes of guano, that in short season put barrenness to flight on the galled and gulfed fields that surround us, and invites the farmer out to a harvest such as the valley of the Mohawk and the Genesee might boast in their days of virgin beauty and fertility.

As a farmer, trained to my duties alike by interest and inclination, I urge you to look well to little things; especially that you do not forget the little lessons taught you in your daily toils. And remember that no class has been so frequently taught that it is a great error to ascribe great consequences to great causes. It is not the tempest that destroys the lofty oak, but the insect at the root; it is not the flood or the earthquake that desolates our fields of wheat and cotton, but the fatal rat, the insignificant worm, and the greedy grasshopper.

Myself a tributary of the strictest sect, I desire, on an occasion like this, to offer the farmers of Orange something useful, rather than the mere shocks and chaff of a holiday address; to speak of our own homes and fields, rather than the achievements of the plough, and its consort the sub-soil, on the health of England, or the fertilizing and fertilizing powers of clover and turnip husbandry in Scotland, the curious wonders of spade tillage in China and Flanders, or the natural consequences of root and vine culture in France.

I turn, then, to our own Orange, so long distinguished in all the past history of the State, as the home of the most eminent of her Jurists and Statesmen—the seat of the University, the best ornament of the State, advancing and still advancing in usefulness and popular favor, the nursing mother of solid education, sound morality, and all that is useful and ornamental to a people. A few plain and direct interrogatories will suggest the truth, and give us our proper "place in the picture."

What are the achievements of the plough here? Has it been a co-worker in fertilization or has it been used as a scrapper skimming away all beauty and fertility to the very bone, until it is painful to look on the ugly ulcers that are to be seen from the door of almost every household in the county? After the lapse of a full century, does our system of husbandry furnish full supplies of food to the population of the county and its domestic animals? Are we a

self-dependent or a dependent people? Are our smoke-stacks filled with superfluous supplies of pork from our own pens? Do we raise droves of horses or teams of mules, natives of our own fields? Is the community liberally supplied with the rich treasures of domestic dairies? Are our fields becoming annually more and more fertile? Is it every returning Summer exhibiting unmistakable proofs of advancing poverty? Are we yielding another and another field to the benevolent broom-sedge and the prolific asparagus? Do we witness, on each returning Spring, any increase in the spread of clover and the grasses, those steady and silent fertilizers? Do our farm-stocks—the horse, the mule, cow, hog and sheep—in numbers or quality, exhibit any improvement under our care and keep? Are we able to say, on each returning new year, that we owe no man anything; that we have found the philosopher's stone, pay as we go? Are the products of our farms equal to our frugal and necessary wants for the living of our families and the discharge of the first of parental duties, the education of children? Is there any progressive value attached to land and its fixtures? In all the elements of Agricultural wealth do we grow richer or poorer?

A truthful response to these questions will not much elevate our pride, or extend our reputation as husbandmen. I can but give true the convictions of my own observation. I am obliged to confess that there is a decided retrograde in the wealth of the soil of the county, and of course a falling off in the production of living. I cannot discover many changes on the general surface for the better. Very little, of any improvement in the neatness and comfort of our homesteads; very few good houses erected; barns, stables, and out-houses with hardly so good an aspect as when I first observed them in boyhood; no improvement in material, or construction of enclosures. Gates and bars much the same. With a few exceptions, the use of paint and white-wash, either for preservation or ornament, almost unknown here at the centre of the county—the merchants and landlords of our county town occupying, in part, the elements of our ante-revolutionary predecessors. Johnston, Moore, and Courtney. Decay and dilapidation everywhere to manifest as if we had a freehold population—all tenants at will, only waiting the return of an absentee landlord to be ousted. Is this a true picture? I appeal to your own eyes to justify me in saying it is not exaggerated. Elsewhere the market value of land and town lots, and the average product to the acre, are the standards or test of the condition of an agricultural district. Tried by this, to what point in the scale of values do we descend? Will I undervalue the lands of Orange, if I say that, up to the day of commencing the Rail Road, they would not average four dollars per acre on sale—that the average product in corn, is hardly equal to two and a half barrels per acre? By reference to the census tables of 1850, it would seem that ours is the third county in the State in the production of wheat—the aggregate product being reported at 93,338 bushels. The same tables exhibit that the open or improved lands of the county is equal to 140,887 acres; and allowing that one-fourth of the lands are laid down annually to wheat, it does not make quite an average of three bushels to the acre! The total population is given as 17,065; the total number of swine, 29,507; or a little over a hog and a half to each inhabitant, allowing that the entire stock might be slaughtered at once! The total number of sheep of the county is given as 11,335, yielding 14,906 pounds of wool—a little over one pound to the sheep, and furnishing not one pound of wool to each inhabitant of the county! What a tale this tells to us as husbandmen, occupying districts where the "dressing and keeping" of the soil commenced more than a century ago! What people more in need of the stimulating influences of Agricultural Societies and Journals, and a new-born zeal for industry, and a more elevated spirit of intelligent enterprise!

And if it be true that misery loves companionship, it is but too true of many other counties of North Carolina besides our own. I have no fear of exposing our poverty to those who are any better off than ourselves; and I very well know that none are so poor, or so likely to remain poor, as those who attempt to conceal their poverty.

Eligoville is reputed the best cultivated district in the State. It is said her farmers are the freest from debt, the largest money lenders, and the most liberal givers for lands, slaves and manures, and that every thing in her borders is advancing in solid value and improvement. Less noise at elections, and more rivalry in the field, and more and better provision for ourselves and dependents, will certainly bring us better crops, and elevate our social and domestic habits, and improve our industry and advancing the husbandry of Orange, we desire to know no party but the good of all. It is a pleasant sight, to see a people united and acting for the accomplishment of a noble, rational, peaceful and common end—that end the happiness of the largest number. With this object and with these views and feelings, a year ago, fifty of the farmers of Orange associated themselves together, and now number about one hundred members, and propose to distribute two hundred dollars in premiums. The farmers and mechanics who have united in this association, have many interests in common, and they do well to cultivate in this way kind feelings towards each other. We are neighbors, and there should be an interchange of good offices between us, to heighten the pleasures of social intercourse, the chief enjoyment of life. We are useful laborers, and we desire not only pure air, good water, and a healthy soil, but we desire good neighbors, good tillage, and all its attendant consequences. And the soil that we cultivate, we have large expectations for improvement, and for our large and small families. Use in proportion to the means of our self-improvement. We may become learned in the help of others; but we never can be wise but by our own exertion. It is sufficient that makes the man of mark and genius, in all the pursuits of life, and makes necessity often times his greatest temporal blessing—like rising highest in the scale of being when necessity induces activity of both body and mind. It is not leisure that we need to become wise; it is mental stimulus, activity and action. We have opportunities for study in our every day employment—in every tree, plant, and insect—in every crumpling stone and decaying leaf—in every change of the atmosphere—in the clouds above us, and in the earth beneath us—in short, in every natural object or appearance by which we are surrounded. It is by the practice of thinking and investigating, of taking notes of what occurs around us, and trying to ascertain the causes of such phenomena and effects, as they come under our observation, that the mind

is rendered active and stored with really useful knowledge. From such observations and investigations, society has received its best contributions. Strolling on the borders of a cotton field in South Carolina, Whitney, with a metallic point in his hand, applied it to the removal of the lint from the seed. At once the thought of multiplying the points was presented, and hence the Cotton Gin. At the tail of a kite, Franklin, a Boston printer's boy, mastered the laws of Electricity, and obtained the control of the Lightning; hence the Rod and the Telegraph. And Fulton and Watt, watching the action of boiling water, conceived the Steam Engine; and yoking the discordant elements of fire and blood, gave us the Ocean Steamer and the Iron Horse, annihilating time and space. And, seated on his impoverished and wasted farm at Shell Banks, the unpretending author of the "Essay on Calculations Manures," stimulated by necessity, and directed by an active and inquisitive mind, commenced a series of experiments in the use of Shell Marl, that have, in the opinion of the best informed, added not less than thirty millions to the value of the lands of tide-water Virginia; placing his State, in less than twenty years, in the front rank of the wheat-producing States of the Union; and winning for himself a reputation more extensive and enduring than any of Virginia's living statesmen, and is now regarded by all as her best living benefactor. With the farmers of Eastern Virginia, the fame of Edmund Ruffin, "has attained its full height and proportion, and no man's praise can add a single cent to his stature!" In Eastern Virginia, at least, they no longer attach any force or truth to the rhyme—

"That he who marls and,  
Will soon buy more land;  
And he who marls early,  
Thence all away!"

It is not enough that men should see, feel and hear; so does the ox. He must think. It may be said with confidence, that every acquisition to science, and every invention useful to man, has been made; not accidentally, as a general rule, but by the proper use of his reasoning faculties.

Nor is it enough that the should educate his head and hands, but his heart also—learn to master himself to govern his appetites and passions. Society is quite as much in want of the services of the virtuous and good, as of the learned and great. And the history of all past time assures us, that man is not to be made good or virtuous, honest or sober, by statute law. "Thou shalt not steal," is a law higher than man's law, and yet no crime so common as larceny from the widows, pennywise pilferer, the man who deys and swindles by thousands. And had it been written on the same tables, "Thou shalt not drink strong drink," yet intemperance might be as common as it now is. Though no soldier in the cold water army—though no advocate for prohibitory laws—yet I should feel that I had failed in my duty to the plough, and the objects of this association, did I not declare, in the most emphatic manner, that next to a wretched and exhausted soil, the greatest evil which afflicts my native county, degrades its husbandry, and degrades its tillers, is the manufacture and impenetrable use of a cheap and intoxicating drink. For proof of this, visit any neighborhood in the county, and where most whiskey is used, there will you find the most squalid and ragged condition; the social duties and affections most disregarded; humanity in its worst estate; and the brute but the shadow of his master, in the exhibition of the big wolverine coat and the cow without a fold.

Hearts begin to rot, and ends in chains. The individual farmer is of more importance than his farm; and the results of his occupation as his character, of more interest to us than the produce of his fields. We cannot be otherwise than deeply solicitous to know that it makes him, in details of industry, a bee, instead of a stung-in principle and character, a gentleman instead of a backguard—and in benevolence and faith, a christian instead of a sinner. And what better calculated to sustain us in "patient continuance in well doing," than the assurance offered by the sweet Singer of Israel, that the good man "is like the tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he shall put forth shall prosper."

In North Carolina, far and wide apart, we find some self-made farmers, engaged with all their hearts and minds in the cultivation and improvement of the soil, standing up like our own Pilot Mountain, as if to show the width of the plain at its base, or like light houses on a long line of sea-coast, dispelling the darkness that surrounds them; and if not teaching like masters in their art, yet exhibiting the fullest proof that on our soil and under our clime, the best objects of human labor are to be realized and enjoyed. I regard it as neither indicative of impropriety, on an occasion of this sort, to name publicly such planters, farmers and millers as Thomas Moseher, of Terson, and William Hill, of Davidson. And, I should be gratified to see our acquaintance with the State permit me to name a long list of such husbandmen.

(Continued next week.)

A SONG BY WHITFIELD.—Recent English journals mention that a young prodigy of the Methodist Church is creating as much excitement as living and Whitfield did in his day. The London correspondent of the New York Times says: "His name is Spurgeon, and he was recently here, he reached his 22d or 23d year, I should think. His disposition is extraordinary. It is not only his force and brilliancy; but his calmness and his characteristics which would be capable of being heard by an assembly of ten thousand persons."

AN EDITORIAL OF THE "HOLDEN SORT."

Stand public pay, from Billy Tap,  
By their work, holden be,  
Philip Holden with the government,  
For his own sake, holden be.

For Holden to a President,  
When falling like a meteor,  
Would ever stick, unless the clerk  
Be stolen in the pocket?

Is he'll Spectator.

The "pots" of the Detroit Advertiser, in a "point" a tribute for its strength, thus dignifiedly expresses its views:

"This note does very various wrongs.  
For he who loses it makes no man,  
And he who finds it loses a splendid treat,  
To be kept in his pocket before a day, and get  
A big negro with a red shirt on, up behind, to drive on  
standen."