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J. J. BRUNER, Editor and Proprietor.

MINNIE'S RUSE.

BY LIZZIE KIMMEL.

THE WAR.

In a political, if not in a military point of view, the news by the Baltic is highly important. It goes far to confirm what we have stated on a former occasion in the *News*—namely, that a great change is taking place in the relative position and influence of the leading Powers of Europe. It is evident that the so-called balance of power, so much talked of by Russia and England for the last fifty years, is now in danger. The former finds herself defeated in every battle in Asia, as well as in Europe—by the Turks alone, as well as by the French, English, Sarulians and Turks combined. She is beaten, crippled in her resources, and humbled; and England is very little better.

The chief boast of the latter—what she vainly called her irresistible right arm—her navy, has yet shown since the present war commenced only comparatively powerless in its modern warfare. The great Baltic fleet has ended an other campaign, and Cronstadt, Revel, Riga and Abo are still intact. The Black Sea fleet has once more appeared before Odessa—remaining there for days, and then leaving without firing a shot—to attack a small town—Kinchurn—which was thought to be weak, but which appears to have proved rather strong. It was attacked by six vessels, one of which was disabled by the guns of the fort. Two other still smaller vessels—Taman and Fingoria—previous to being attacked at the entrance of the Strait of Jerni Kafe, have also been attacked, and although neither of them did not contain more than 300 soldiers, it seems that the combined armaments found it anything but an easy matter to take them. In short, nothing can be closer than that any fortress, worthy of the name, may, if well garrisoned, bid defiance to all the fleets that can be brought against it. If victories are to be gained, and if nations are to be humbled, these things must be effected by land armies, not by fleets. Hence it is, that France and her Emperor have gained so much, in a moral point of view, by the present war.

The Emperor of Austria sends a Marshal to compliment and congratulate Louis Napoleon, the King of Denmark sends him his license, as a mark of esteem and friendly regard; and the King of Sweden and Norway imitate his example; while the King of the Netherlands sends his Imperial Majesty the Order of Guillaume, and the Spanish Government determine to ennobilitate the same personage by recommending to the Cortes, the propriety of sending 25,000 Spaniards to the Crimea. But this is not all. The Baltic also brings the intelligence that the Duke of Brabant, grand son of Louis Philippe, accompanied by his wife, an Austrian Arch Duchess, had just come to Paris on a visit to the Nephew of Napoleon I., the author of the coup d'etat, of the 24 December. That both were well received at St. Cloud, and that the Emperor accompanied them everywhere, to the theatres, to the horse races, to Vincennes, to Versailles, to the Louvre, &c., &c., always speaking of the Emperor of Austria as "a faithful ally."

While most of the governments of Europe are thus courting the friendship of Napoleon, their recognized organs are jarring at England; and predicting her early downfall. France is now the only Continental Power of any influence that pretends to set any value on the good will of "the Mistress of the Seas." But even France refuses to espouse her cause. Frederick William, who is so much abused by the English press, will allow his nephew, the Prince of Prussia, to marry the Princess Alice of England, but that is all at present. What His Majesty may condemn to do after the marriage takes place, as it is likely it will, is not yet certain. But it seems that Lord Palmerston expects that he will draw the sword against his nephew-in-law, the Czar Alexander.

Louis Napoleon has already intimated in the *Moniteur*, not only that it is not very consistent or dignified for the British government to contemplate a family alliance between Her Majesty and Frederick William, but that if the alliance be consummated it will lead to "no good" for England. The semi-official *Pays* speaks out still more plainly than this—asserting in round terms that France ought to look with considerable suspicion on the motives which could lead to so strange an alliance. This is reasonable if not strictly true; what it means is, that inasmuch as Frederick William is well known to sympathize with the Czar, if England formed such an alliance as that referred to, France would have reason to suspect that Great Britain entertained the perfidious design of betraying her by first seeking a motive to disengage with, or rather with Louis Napoleon, and then making peace with the Czar, through the medium of Prussia and forming once more a holy alliance against France. And while, as we have said, England is thus sinking in the sight of Europe—seeing that the Powers of the Old World for her no longer, she tries to make herself valiant again, by threatening to chastise this country if it attempts to meddle with Cuba! For this undertaking she has already made preparations, if we are to believe the *London Standard and Post*—by ordering a fleet of six men of war to the West Indies, to co-operate with the Spanish vessels in the same waters, if necessary, against the United States.

The Hon. Jos. A. Woodward, late member of Congress from South Carolina, is out in an address in favor of the American party.

nothing serious I assure you. No trouble about the heart," and he laughed, "though," added he, "I regret exceedingly to have them meet with reverses." He soon after took his leave, and returning to his office, seated himself at his writing desk, and wrote, sealed, and dispatched the following note:

"My Dear Miss Arlin—During the time that has elapsed since I saw you last, my feelings have become somewhat changed—or rather I have analyzed them more closely—and I fear we can never be happy together. I see now that I was rather premature in my proposal; though I entertain the warmest feelings of regard and friendship for you. Your cool reply to my proposal led me to suppose that your feelings were not very much interested in myself—and perhaps it were best for us both that the affair should terminate here. I remain most respectfully, your obedient servant,

WALTER ROBY."

Minnie shed some tears, when she received this cool epistle; for she had hoped, as maiden-sometimes do, that her lover might "be tried in the balance, and not found wanting." But brushing the tears away, she went to her father, and handed the note to him, saying, "ah, father you have lost the handsome, accomplished young lawyer for a son-in-law. He doesn't think you home, poor Minnie can make him happy."

Leaving the room, she caught up her straw hat, and went out to ramble in the woods to a favorite haunt hoping the sweet influences of nature might soothe and calm her somewhat troubled spirits.

The scene was lovely, for it was the sunset hour, and the dreamy golden light glowed down between the interlacing boughs upon the soft green making dancing lights and shadows in every greenwood path. No sound broke the stillness of the forest shades save the sighing, plaintive wind hurrying, or the occasional call of a bird, yielding to the hilling influence of the scene. Minnie seated herself upon a fallen tree, and was soon in a reverie.

In her musing, she thought how pleasant it would be to be loved for one's self alone; and a voice seemed whispering in her ear, with soft thrilling tones, love's own cadence, and dark eyes were gazing into her own with tender, loving look. She had wandered thus far into love's fairy dreamland, entirely unconscious of all around her, and she sprang up in alarm; but a pair of dark eyes looked into her own, and a familiar voice reassured her. She laughingly greeted the intruder saying, "Why, Herbert, how you startled me!" He smiled, and advancing to meet her, replied, "I am sorry I awakened you a fright—I did not think to find you here; but you are looking pale—are you faint?" and he gazed at her with so much anxious solicitude, that Minnie's equanimity was completely overthrown, and sinking again upon her hands burst into tears. The feelings long pent up, and the tears that had been gathering for several days, had at last found vent.

Herbert Clayton had grown up with Minnie from childhood. He had always loved her, but had felt that a deep gulf separated him, a poor widow's son, from the only child of the wealthy Esq. Arlin, and therefore he compelled himself to worship from afar. He too had heard the rumors of Esq. Arlin's betrothal, and he supposed this was the cause of Minnie's agitation. He could hardly suppress the hope, sweet and faint though it was, that Minnie might now be his; but checking this feeling, he seated himself by her side to comfort and cheer her, if possible.

Gradually she became calm and she imparted to him the story of Roby. He was indignant at such baseness, and led on by his feelings told Minnie of his own love and hopes. His unsolicited affection touched her heart. There was one who loved her for herself, and was willing to take her, even if poor. But the wound she had received was too fresh to allow her to do night but rise embarrassed, and though thanking Herbert with her eyes, to shake her head sadly.

But that chance interview decided the fate of both. The more she thought of Herbert's disinterested offer, the more his character rose in her estimation. Meaning, as she had consented to receive him as a friend, he often visited her, and gradually esteem for him ripened into love.

One fine summer evening, Herbert ventured to urge his suit again; and this time Minnie, though as embarrassed as before, did not say to him nay, but returned a blushing answer that filled his heart with joy. They lingered long amid the forest shades, and when they returned, Herbert sought Esq. Arlin, while Minnie ran up to her room like a frightened deer.

When Herbert had confessed his suit, Esq. Arlin, looked archly in his face and replied, "Do you wish to make poor Minnie your bride? Can you think of taking a dowryless wife?"

"Oh! yes," earnestly replied Herbert, "I should never have told my love, had she still been as days gone by."

The old gentleman smiled a peculiar smile, and said, "Yes, Herbert she is yours—you are worthy of her! But I am glad, for your sake and her's, that I am not so poor that she will be a portionless bride. But you must let Minnie tell you the story."

Minnie did tell him the story, and Herbert was almost agitated at the idea that he had won the hand of the loveliest of Esq. Arlin's wealth; but Minnie laughingly told him that her father had lost her one lover and won her another. Herbert was also a lawyer. But poor without influential friends, he had many times been near discouraged; but he now felt his heart become strong within him, now because he had won the

hand and heart he had so long desired, than at the prospect of a portion of her father's wealth. They were soon after married, and Esq. Arlin's handsome mansion was thrown open to the crowd of friends who gathered to witness Minnie's bridal.

Before the day had arrived, however, the story of Minnie's ruse had become rumored forth in the village; and Roby finding himself and his selfish principles too much the topic of conversation, found it convenient to leave Belmont for some other field of labor.

From the N. Y. True Sun.

THE MOON.—Much has been said and sung of this planet, it has lost none of its beauty to the human eye, or of its interest to the human mind. Shakespeare, the greatest of Poets, has alluded to it in more than sixty instances, and many of his most beautiful illustrations, and those indeed which are oftenest quoted, for the Moon itself is ever recalling him to our minds, have their origin in its characteristics.

A very pleasant article might be written, by a judicious critic, on the "Moon of Shakespeare." It would be found, on examining the various passages in his plays, that he was familiar with most of the prevailing opinions and superstitions of his day in relation to it—with the character of its changes, of its light, its eclipses, of its effect on the tides, on the weather, and on man. In the second scene, of the fifth act of *Othello*, we have, for example, in the speech of the Moor to Emilia, the idea of the Moon's affecting the brain:

"It is the very error of the Moon; She comes near the earth then she is wont, And makes us mad."

In the brief remarks we now intend to make about the warmth of the Moon's rays, induced by a recent opinion of Sir John Herschel, which we have not yet seen noticed in any of our newspapers, we find that Shakespeare had, as usual, alluded to a supposed harmful effect of the moon's beams. In the Midsummer Night Dream, Titania tells her fairies to treat Bottom, the weaver, with peculiar care and among other things—

"To pluck the weeds from his sleeping eye."

But let us proceed. The Moon reflects the light of the Sun from its illuminated surface, and when we see the unilluminated part, or what is called the "new moon" with the old one in its arms, we see it by the light reflected from the earth alone.

The atmosphere of this planet, if it has one, is considered to be very rare, or in other words, so near a vacuum as to have no refractive power. This is proved with sufficient accuracy.

Each of its days and nights, is equal to fifteen times twenty-four of our hours. We are informed by Arago and others, that the most delicate experiments have hitherto failed to detect any heat or chemical property in the Moon's rays. Yet an universal opinion has prevailed, that they do exercise a strong influence over the mind, the body, and the health. Many persons suppose that vegetation is sensibly affected by them, and gardeners cover over their plants at certain seasons of the year, to protect them from the influence of the "red moon."

Plutarch believed that its light caused putrefaction in animal substances. Theophrastus founded his observations on the weather upon its changes, and the action of the tides is still in part attributed to its attraction. We have accounts from travellers in the East, of diseases ostensibly occasioned by sleeping in the moonlight; but it is well enough to observe that whenever the moon shines brightly in the heavens, there are but few clouds to intercept its rays, and in a clear night there is always a radiation of heat from the earth, causing more or less a change of temperature, and to this we attribute some of the effects that are usually traced directly to the moon.

At the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir John Herschel exhibited a model of the moon of 12 inches diameter, (Rundland measure,) made by a Hanoverian lady, Madame Witte, adopting the discoveries of the German astronomers, and the positions of the places on the surface, as laid down on Beer and Maedler's three feet map. The accomplished lady, had an observatory on the top of her own house, and with a fine telescope studied each part of the planet for herself, and made the model in conformity with her observations. The model was proved to be so accurate, that when it is placed at 40 feet distance from an observer, is illuminated, and then examined through a telescope, it is scarcely distinguishable from the real Moon. Sir John took occasion to make the remarks on its climate which attracted our attention. He expressed the opinion which we do not remember ever to have seen before, that the temperature of the Moon's climate must be very high "for above that of boiling water." And the reason is obvious: Its surface is exposed for eighteen days at a time, to the unmitigated and continual heat of the sun. At the full and for a few days afterwards, the Moon must certainly be the reflector of some heat to the earth. Sir John has no doubt of the fact, but it has the character of culinary rather than solar heat, that is to say, it "emanates from a body below the temperature of ignition" it will be arrested by the upper strata of earth's atmosphere, and thus absorbed.

There is only effect will be to convert visible clouds into transparent vapor. He asserted that the phenomenon of the rapid dissipation of clouds in moderate weather, soon after the appearance of the full moon, could only be accounted for on this principle, and that his own observation confirmed the theory.

We have here a novel and interesting theory, founded on equally interesting facts. We be-

lieve that to most of our readers the intense heat of the moon's climate is a new idea, and on the other hand, we presume they have noticed, as we think we have, the general absence of clouds from the sky during our full moon's splendor. Certainly nothing can exceed the purity of our atmosphere during a bright moonlight night.

But there are two considerations which suggest themselves to our mind at this moment, as consequences of these statements. The first is, the idea that the moon is peopled with beings like ourselves cannot be maintained. The recent discoveries of the appearance of the moon's surface, have satisfied most astronomers that it can be no place for beings such as we. The scenery around the great crater Tycho, is ascertained to be like that of a horrible dream. The spectator, in his imaginary journey to its top, as described by Mr. Nichol in his admirable work on the solar system, sees around him ranges, peaks, and mountains in one chaotic mass, while he himself stands upon a perpendicular precipice, with a surface of many miles diameter, cut off from all the world below. Chasms, many thousands feet deep, with small diameters, yawn around him; dismal abodes where man could never live, and peaks, and pinnacles, and caverns intermingled, diffuse his aching vision. There have been some curiously colored spots discovered on the moon's surface, but whether it is the color of vegetation or merely that of rocks, cannot as yet be decided. We cannot conceive of green foliage, says Mr. Nichol, without atmosphere and without water! We may understand this subject better by and by, when the great Rose telescope shall be directed moonward.

The other consideration remaining to be presented is, that as the moon cannot be inhabited by beings constituted like ourselves, that its rough, diagonal and elastic surface is heated beyond human endurance, and that neither air nor water is to be found there, we may infer that for the comfort and happiness of doubting and thankless men, "it is and was created."

We can also, in this view, admire that infinite wisdom—as infinite in its details as in its whole—which, while making the moon the reflector of the sun's rays to the earth, preserves us from being heated and oppressed by them during the hours of night, and that our own atmosphere, instead of collecting, condensing, and pouring them upon our heads, kindly intercepts, absorbs and disperses them.

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.

They have orators out in Illinois, if we may trust the description of a military one, furnished by a correspondent of that State. It was dog days, and a great hue and cry had been raised about mad dogs; although no person could be found who had seen one, the excitement still grew by the rumors it was fed on. A meeting of the citizens was called for the purpose of devising a plan for the extermination, not only of mad dogs, but, to make safety doubly sure, of dogs in general. The "brigadier" was appointed chairman. After stating the object of the meeting, in a not very parliamentary manner, instead of taking his seat, and allowing others to make some suggestions, he launched forth into a speech of some hours' length, of which the following burst of forensic splendor is a "sample":

"FELLOW CITIZENS: The time has come when the overgrown felins of aggravated human nature are no longer to be stood. Mad dogs are in our midst. Their shrieking yelp and fony track can be heard and seen on our peraries. Death follows in their wake; shall we set here like cowards, while our lives and our neighbors' lives are in danger from their dreadful borasms hydrobolic canines? No; it mustn't be. Even now my bureau is torn with the conflict of 'fins' of rash and vengeance; a funeral pyre of wild cats is burning in me; I have horses and cattle; I have sheep and pigs; I have a wife and children; and (rising higher as the importance of the subject deepened in his estimation) I have money out at interest, all in danger of being bit by these dreadful borasms mad dogs."

FIGHT BETWEEN A RATTLESNAKE AND HOG.

The *State Rights Democrat*, published at Elba, Alabama, narrates the following:—Two gentlemen were lately in the woods, when their attention was attracted by an uproarious noise of hogs. Thinking that something uncommon was occurring, they repaired to the spot, and found that the hogs had been in a fight with a very large rattlesnake. The fight, from appearances, had been a long and desperate one. The snake was torn to pieces, three hogs dead, and a fourth dying. They say that as the last hog would growl, the snake would raise his head, being unable to do any thing else. The snake and fourth hog soon died. They report that for thirty yards around the grass and ground were torn up. The snake was six and a half or seven feet long. The hogs, in the fight, had demolished all the rattles except two.

Singular Arithmetical Fact.—Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2, a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer, when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, what ever it may be, annex it to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2320, divided the same number by 2, and you have 1160, and there is no remainder; you annex a cipher, and you have 11600, which is the answer. Now, take 467, and multiply by 5, the answer will be 2335, and there is a remainder of 1, and you annex a 1 to the answer, and the result is again 11675.

We have here a novel and interesting theory, founded on equally interesting facts. We be-

For the Watchman.

AGRICULTURE.

Commended from a high and ancient source: the following is a translation of a portion of Cicero's tract, *De Senectute*:

"I come now to the pleasure of the farmer, in which I delight very much, which are not obstructed at all by old age, and which seem to me to add much to the life of a wise man. For they have a relation to the earth that never refuses obedience, nor ever returns what it receives without interest, sometimes with less, but generally with a greater increase. Though, indeed, I am delighted not only with the products, but the nature and power of the earth, which, when it receives the seed sown in its broken and softened soil, holds it covered up in the first place, and then swells it by warmth and pressure, and shoots out from the green sprout. This supported by the fibres of the roots, grows gradually, and standing erect, the downy head is shut up as it is a sheath; and when it emerges from that, it puts forth the ear of grain, ranged in a row, and protected from the depredation of birds by the defence of a beard.

And why need I mention the planting, shooting, and growth of vines? That you may know how great diversion and pleasure I have in my old age, I cannot obtain satisfaction enough of this kind.

For to pass over the strength of those things which the earth bears; from low small a seed of a fig, or from a grape stone, or from the smallest seeds of other plants and shrubs, how large trunks and boughs it produces.

Do not the cones, shoots, branches, and slip set out to grow, effect this in such a way as to fill you with admiration and delight? And, indeed, the vine, which naturally is unable to hold itself up, and unless it is propped, falls to the earth, this seizes hold of whatever it finds with its tendrils like hands, that it may raise itself up; which, as it creeps along with many turns and windings, the farmer prunes with his knife, and restrains lest it should put out too many shoots, and spread too far in all directions. So in the beginning of spring, there is, in the vines that are left, what is called the eye, at the joints of the branches. The clusters of grapes spring forth, and show themselves here; they swelling with the sap derived from the earth and with the heat of the sun, are at first very sour to the taste, but, after ripening, they become sweet, and, being covered by the new shoots, they neither want a moderate degree of heat, nor suffer the extreme heat of the sun. And what can be more delightful than the fruit, or more beautiful than the sight! For not the utility alone delights me, but the cultivation, and even nature herself. So do the rows of props, the union of the main stems, the extended new shoots, the pruning away of some, and the permitting of others to grow.

I may also mention the irrigation, the digging and spading of the ground, by which it is rendered much more fertile. And what shall I say of the utility of manuring? I have remarked in the treatise I wrote on farming business, that the learned Hesiod, when writing upon agriculture, said nothing on this subject. But Homer, who lived, I think, many ages before, represents Laertes as soothing his grief that he felt for the absence of his son, by cultivating the soil, and manuring it. Nor am I pleased in the country with the crops, the meadows and the vineyards only, but with the gardens and orchards; with the grazing of herds, with the swarms of bees, and the great variety of flowers. Nor is the planting of trees alone gratifying, but the grafting of them, which is among the most advantageous things in agriculture.

And I will proceed to speak of some farmers: There were Senators, and those old men, in the fields; since the information was carried to Cincinnatus of his election to the office of Dictator, he laid down his arms, and returned to his farm. And other old men were called forth from their farm-houses into the Senate, Was their old age unhappy then, who found satisfaction in the cultivation of the soil? In deed, in my opinion, I do not know a happier life, not only on account of the duty, but because the cultivation of the fields is profitable to all things which relate to the sustenance of men, or the worship of God. For the skillful and industrious master has his wine cellar, his oil cellar, and his pantry crammed full of the whole family's well supplied; he has plenty of pork, goat's meat, lamb, poultry, milk, cheese, and honey.

The farmers themselves call a vegetable garden a second side of bacon; and then hunting and fowling at leisure hours give these things a better relish. And what shall I say of green woods, or the rows of trees, or of the rippled vineyards and olive yards? I will express it briefly, nothing can exceed in profit or beauty a well cultivated farm."

CICERO.

Georgia Legislature—Governor's Message.

MILLEDENBURG, GA. Nov. 7.—The Legislature of this State met on Monday and organized by the election of Democratic officers. The Governor's message was sent in on Tuesday. It is very voluminous and is chiefly devoted to State matters. He recommends the Legislature to provide for the calling of a State Convention in case Congress refuse the admission of Kansas into the Union on account of being a slave-holding State, in which case he advises a disruption of the Union, but he hopes that the patriotism of the North will avoid such a calamity.

How to File Glass.—When it is desired, in the laboratory of the chemist, to divide glass tubing accurately into pieces of a certain specified length, the following simple recipe will be found invaluable. Having measured a small piece, marked it in spirits of turpentine, file the tube in the direction desired with one of the edges of the file, keeping the point of friction constantly wet with the liquid. By using a flat side of the file in the same manner, the ragged edges of broken tubes may be rendered perfectly smooth and even. Tubes, in all shapes, may be easily bowed by using the point of the file, pressed against the point of friction, and constantly moved with the same liquid as above. This plan applies equally well in cutting all other articles of glass, and is strongly recommended for rapidity, and from the fact that it avoids all danger of cracking. It will be found infinitely superior to the old method of simply using the file.

Care of the Teeth.—A correspondent of the Washington National Intelligencer says that the teeth should never be cleansed by other than mechanical means. Any chemical agent that will act upon the tartar on the teeth, will act upon and destroy the enamel of the teeth also. Hence, although the teeth may be made to look very white in a minute or two, by the use of the acid, they soon become darker than ever, to be whitened no more, and early decay and pain are sure to follow. In cleaning the teeth by mechanical means, caution is to be observed that they be not broken or scratched, and that the tartar be perfectly removed. Beware, then, of quick tooth-washes, if you do not wish the destruction of your teeth.

Prince John Van Buren's Loss.—The Prince, in our late election, lost his reputation as a prophet; in the canvass he lost his temper and the confidence of the Kitchen Cabinet and the Custom-house; but, worse than all, it is reported that he lost five hundred dollars in a bet with a Southern upon the State of New York. What says the old proverb!—*New York Herald*.