Carolina Watchman.

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

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MARTIN VAN BUREN OUT IN FAVOR OF BUCHANAN FOR THE PRESIDENCY—THE SOUTH AGAIN SOLD TO THE ABOLITIONISTS!

Our anticipations are all confirmed. The nomination of Buchanan is a cheat and a fraud upon the South. It is the result of a bargain between the Democracy and the Abolitionists. It was made to conciliate the support of Martin Van Buren." It was made because it was entirely acceptable to the whole of Abolitiondom. The coming of Fremont is never invented by the Democracy, and the "little magician of Kinderhook," to throw dust in the eyes of the Southern people, and thereby betray them into the support of Buchanan, the friend and confident of Martin Van Buren! *The South is sold!* and Southern Democrats are a party to the foul transaction.

We now see why the free-soil Softs of New York were treated so tenderly, and with such distinguished consideration, by the Southern Democracy at Cincinnati. We now discover the secret of that hearty and boasted fraternization which has been proclaimed as existing between the Democracy in all sections of the Union. The wishes of Van Buren swayed the Cincinnati Convention, and the result is before us. Buchanan is the candidate, because Buchanan was the choice of Martin Van Buren!

The Southern people of all parties can now see the game which the spurious Democracy is trying to play off upon them. They see that the election of Buchanan will be a restoration of the Van Buren dynasty. For one, we confess that this last development overwhelms us with astonishment. It never entered into our thoughts to conceive that such a horrible and infamous combination was possible. And yet, strange and wonderful and disgusting as it may appear, it is true. Hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder, breast to breast, stand the Democracy of the South and Martin Van Buren, in support of James Buchanan. After fifteen years of alienation, and fifteen years of mutual denunciation and abuse, they are now closely locked in each other's arms. There they are—Wise and the *Enquirer*, and the *Examiner*, and all the Virginia, and all the Southern Democracy, caressing Van, and Van caressing them! What an unexpected, what a foul and disgusting scene! And, in obedience to the contract, signed, sealed and delivered at Cincinnati, every good Democrat, everywhere, is now expected and required, under penalty of being forthwith denounced as a heretic, and read out of the party, to fall down and worship the "sweet little Van." Make no ugly mouths, gentlemen, let not your stomachs revolt at the thought—you must swallow Van, with all his miserable anti-slavery heresies, or you will no longer be regarded as members in good standing in the great Democratic church. You are the slaves of your masters, who sold you at Cincinnati, and there is no use in becoming indignant, or grumbling, or fretting or weeping. It is a hard and degrading lot, but you must endure it as best you can. We suggest, though, that your Cincinnati managers, and intriguers, and hucksters, might have done better for you. If they had sold you to Fred Douglass, instead of Van, there would have been far less shame and humiliation in submitting to your fate. As it is, they have actually degraded you below the level of the beasts of the field. In one word, *they have sold you, body and soul, to Martin Van Buren!* May the pitying Heavens shed one ray of consolation across the unimaginable depths of your ignominy!

The Virginia Democracy, once more "check by jowl" with the valiant and wiley knight of Kinderhook! How astounding sounds such a fact in *Southern* ears! But it is so—it is so. And they stand together, too, on the same identical platform. They all accept, endorse, and swear by the Cincinnati platform for this campaign. Verily, the diplomacy of politics is an unfathomable riddle. Just think of it. Contemplate Van Buren and Wise pegging together in the same boat for the purpose of making Buchanan President. See our neighbor of the *Examiner* standing by, perhaps with fan in hand, keeping the flies off, while the happy pair, in sweet embrace, fatigued by the care of State and the busy acts of intrigue, refresh themselves with gentle slumber! Behold our neighbor of the *Examiner*, with indignant frown and sorrowful look, yet settled in his resignation, approach the couch where the long estrayed, now loving couple, emblems and representatives of Abolitionism and Southern Democracy re-united now and forever! See, too, the rank and file of the Virginia Democracy assemble around, with curses deep, not loud, receiving orders from the Buchanan headquarters, and quickly darting off, like *Rutlachus* or *Malongous*, to carry out the suggestions, and obey the commands of the hoary-headed Abolitionist of Kinderhook! Is not a scene like this enough to sicken the heart and maddan the brain of every man, regardful of decency, and regardful of the rights and honor of the South? What does it mean, but that the South is in the hands of the Philistines? What can it import, but that the politicians of the Southern Democracy have sold the South, and given it up to *Van Burenism*, for the sake of public plunder? That is its meaning—that alone its import. And will you, gentlemen of the Democratic party here in Virginia, ratify the bargain and submit to its hard and infamous conditions? It is for yourselves to determine. Your decision must be made at the polls in November. What will it be? *For Martin Van Buren* and his despicable, revolutionary, Abolition schemes, by giving your support to Buchanan, or *against him* by voting for Millard Fillmore? That is your alternative.—That is the issue in the present canvass narrowed down to a point. That is the question, which, as patriots and as Southern men, you are called upon to decide. Who, with a manly and honorable and patriotic heart in his bosom, can hesitate what to do? Van Buren is, and has ever been, your worst and bitterest enemy. Fillmore is, and has always been, your best and truest friend. Which will you take? For, be assured, the election of Buchanan will be equivalent to the restoration of Martin Van Buren!—As certain as the Heavens are above us—as certain as that the night follows the day—as certain as that you and we live, the cunning and the heartless and the South-hating magician of Kinderhook will be the shaping, the directing, the controling, the all-animating spirit of the Buchanan administration. As for ourselves, we say let Van rule the destinies of this great Republic *in person*, rather than through the weak, corrupt, and subservient tools whom the Cincinnati Convention have selected for him, in obedience to his desires and his wishes. In a word, we prefer to be ruled directly by a master, instead of indirectly by an overseer. If elected, Buchanan will be nothing more nor less than an agent or overseer of Van Buren, and will be prepared to do all manner of dirty Abolition work at the bidding of his patron. That, you may rely upon it, is nominated in the bond, and is the price which the Buchananites pay for Van Buren's support. Choose ye, then, this day, whom you will serve—Constitutionalism and Unionism and Conservatism and Southern Rightism, in the person of Millard Fillmore, or Sectionalism and Abolitionism and Destructivism, in the person of James Buchanan, ruled and controlled by Martin Van Buren!

Oh! what an outcry there was from all the hosts of the Southern Democracy, at *Seward's* supporting General Scott, who was a Southern man by birth, by education, by sympathy, and by a thousand precious ties! It was with them evidence as strong as "Holy Writ," that the war-worn veteran and statesman—he who had illustrated the annals of his country and the world by forty years of faithful, of patriotic, of useful and illustrious service—was not sound on the *slavery question*, and could not be trusted by the South! That was the reasoning of Southern Democrats only four short years ago, in the case of a Presidential candidate born an reared in Virginia. If it was good and legitimate *then*, and in that instance, how much more forcible and conclusive is it now, in the case of Buchanan, who was born at the North, and has lived at the North all his days! If the support of General Scott by Seward made the former unreliable for the South—although a son of the South—what shall we say of Van Buren's support of Buchanan, who is a citizen of the North? We say, as we have said, that every Southern vote given to Buchanan is, in effect, a vote given to Van Buren! In short, that the election of Buchanan to the Presidency would be, to all intents and purposes, equivalent to the re-election of Van Buren—because Buchanan will be the simple agent of carrying out the wishes, views and policy of Van Buren, upon all questions involving the fate of slavery in the Territories—the most vital to the South of all present or prospective issues.—*Rich. Whig.*

THE WILD CAT IN THE FIELD.

We notice in the last Salisbury Watchman that Col. H. L. Robards has formally announced himself a candidate for the State Senate, on the locofoco ticket, in opposition to Dr. Ramsey, American. The Col. professes to be an "old line whig" but is going for Bragg, Buchanan and the other nominee of the "Black Hole," Convention at Cincinati, who, like the Col. is a turn-coat and renegade. Of the Colonel's antecedents, we know but little, except that he is the proprietor of a certain Mail Line that passes this place twice a week, yclept the "Wild Cat," and is a source of much amusement to the boys and a terror to all passengers who are compelled to be transported in it; as ourself can testify from sad experience! As the Col. is an "old line whig," engaged in advocating locofoco principles, he will pardon us for suggesting to him the advantage there might be in traveling around on his electioneering tour, in one of his "old line whiggery," and there will be no telling what success will attend his efforts in the canvass.—Take advice for this one time, Colonel.

But we have not yet done with the Colonel, no indeed! He is pledged to use his influence in the legislature, if elected (ah! there's the rub, if elected!) to use his influence and have the five gallon law" which is in force in the town of Salisbury, repealed! So we sum up the Colonel's platform thus: Buchanan, Bragg, and bald face whiskey—on which he has planted himself before the people for their suffrages, to a seat in the legislature. Fitting ingredients out of which to manufacture a full coaldron of McBeth's witches broth. Joint of snake, toe of frog, lizzard's body and scorpion's tongue, all into the couldron flung, with five gallons or less of "bald face," to manufacture a savory dish, for the political appetites of the good citizens of Rowan.

Scan it well, "Fellow-Citizens of Rowan, and tell us if you fancy either one of the ingredients used in this "hell broth," not excepting the Col. much less the whole preparation, which, has been served up for your stomachs in particular! And rather than taste it yourselves will you not "throw it to the dogs?"

Carolina Bulletin.

FIVE GALLON LAW IN SALISBURY.

The "Watchman" says: "To our astonishment we found all the candidates talking about, and opposing the five gallon law in Salisbury." "They all agree in opposing such a law, and Col. Robards promised, if elected, to use his influence to have it repealed."

This is unwelcome news to the friends of Humanity and Temperance everywhere, especially coming from the old and hitherto patriotic county of Rowan, who ought to be a protecting Mother to the fallen race of man, by putting her face against the horrid sin of intemperance and vice that at this time is desolating the land with horrid crimes, sufferings and death!

It is to be devoutly hoped that Col. Robards, will not get elected, and so will not have the opportunity to "use his influence," in any matter for or against the welfare of the community.—Such a man is unworthy to be entrusted with any measure affecting the welfare of the people—certainly not to legislate laws for them with such principles. What! prepare a way to make a larger number of drunkards in the community!—*Liberal Bulletin.*

"RADICALISM RUN MAD."

Under this caption the Staunton *Vindicator*—a staunch Democratic organ—mournfully says: "It must be painful to every State Rights Democrat to read the proceedings of Congress, by which the vetoes of President Pierce, of their internal improvement bills, have been overruled by a constitutional majority. Especially is the reflection a source of regret, when such men as Cass, Douglas, and Slidell, *array themselves against the whole policy of the Democracy upon this question.*" We subjoin the vote in the Senate, on the bill for removing obstructions at the mouth of the Mississippi, and italicize the Democrats voting in favor of it:

YEAS—Messrs. *Allen, Bayard*, Bell, of New Hampshire, Bell, of Tennessee, *Benjamin, Bright, Brown, Cass*, Collamer, Crittenden, *Dodge, Douglas, Durkee*, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Geyer, *Hale, James, Johnson, Jones*, of Iowa, Pearce, *Pugh, Sebastain*, Seward, *Slidell, Stuart*, Thompson, of Ky., *Trumbull*, Wade, and *Weller*—31.

NAYS.—Messrs. Biggs, Broadhead, Butler, Clay, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Hunter, Mason, Reid, Toombs, Toucey, and Yulee—12.

There it is. Out of 31 votes for the bill, 19 of them are the votes of *Democrats*. And these 19 Democrats all stand upon the Cincinnati platform, which declares that the General Government has no power to "commence and carry on a general system of internal improvements!" What hypocrasy! What downright villainy! What shameless rascals these Locofocos are!—*Rich. Whig.*

The Sumner Insult.

The discussion in the House of Representatives of the assault on Mr. Sumner, has at length been brought to a close. After debate the vote was taken on Mr. English's substitute, disapproving of the assault, and also the personally offensive language used in the course of the debate. The substitute was rejected—yeas, 85; nays, 174. The vote was then taken on the substitute and report of the minority committee, that the House has no jurisdiction in the case. The result was, yeas, 98, nays 145. The vote was then taken on the resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Brooks, and the result was, yeas 121, nays 95. The speaker announced that the resolution was not adopted, two-thirds being required to pass the resolution.

Immediately after the vote was taken, Mr. Brooks arose and addressed the House at considerable length, partly in justification of the assault and partly in reply to the personal attacks made on him by members, and by the people of the North, concluding with the announcement of the fact that he had resigned his seat as a member of the 34th Congress, stating that in anticipation of the result, he had two weeks previously forwarded his resignation to the Governor of South Carolina.

The Columbia Times says that Governor Adams will immediately cause writs for an election to be issued, and Col. Brook's Congressional District will return him by a unanimous vote.

Wilmington Herald.

The Fine.—The fine (amount) in which Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, was mulcted by the Criminal Court for this county, on the day before yesterday, for his assault on Senator Sumner, was to a penny the penalty in which Gen. Sam Houston was mulcted by our District Court, many years ago, for his assault on Hon. Mr. Stansbury, of Ohio, whom he attacked for words spoken in debate, beating him severely with a cane, it will be remembered.—*Washington Evening Star.*

An M. D. in the Nashville Journal of Medicine thus feelingly and truthfully enumerates some of the

SWEETS OF A DOCTOR'S LIFE—

If he visits a few of his customers when they are well, it is to get his dinner; if he don't do so, it is because he cares more about the fleece than the flock. If he goes to church regularly, it is because he has nothing else to do; if he don't go, it is because he has no respect for the Sabbath or religion. If he speaks to a poor person, he keeps bad company; if he passes them by, he is better than other folks. If he has a good carriage, he is deficient in necessary pride. If he makes parties, it is to soft-soap the people to get their money; if he don't make them, he is afraid of a cent. If his horse is fat, it is because he has nothing to do; if he is lean, it is because he isn't taken care of. If he drives fast, it is to make people think somebody is very sick; if he drives slow, he has no interest in the welfare of his patients. If he dresses neat, he is proud; if he does not, he is wanting in self-respect.

If he works on the land, he is fit for nothing but a farmer; if he don't work, it is because he is too lazy to be anything. If he talks much, "we don't want a doctor to tell everything he knows;" if he don't talk, "*we like to see a doctor social.*" If he says anything about politics, he had better let it alone; if he don't say anything about it, "we like to see a man show his colors." If he visits his patients every day, it is to run up a bill; if he don't, it is unjustifiable negligence. If he says anything about religion, he is a hypocrite; if he don't he is an infidel. If he uses any popular remedies of the day, it is to cater to the whims and prejudice of the people to fill his pockets; if he don't use them, it is from professional selfishness. If he is in the habit of having counsel often, it is because he knows nothing; if he objects to having it, on the ground that he understands his own business, he is afraid of exposing ignorance to his superiors. If he gets pay for one-half his services, he has the reputation of being a great manager.

The visitor to Washington at the present day would scarcely credit the description of the Federal Capital as Mrs. John Adams found it in 1801. Subjoined is her description of

THE EARLY PRESIDENT'S MANSION—

"Here and there," she writes, is a small cottage, without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel for miles without seeing a human being. The house is upon a grand and superb scale requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in order. I could content myself anywhere for three months; but tho' surrounded by forests, can you believe that wood cannot be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it? The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment furnished. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience without, and the great unfinished audience room I make a drying room to hang up clothes in. It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and the more I view it, the more I am delighted with it."

"The great unfinished room," of which Mrs. Adams speaks, is the famous East Room of the White House.

An old parson, in one of the back towns of an Eastern State, was a very eccentric divine in the pulpit as well as out of it.—Here is an instance of one of his

PULPIT REPROOFS—

Among his church-members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving the church ere the parson was two-thirds through his sermon. This was practiced so long, that after awhile it became a matter of course, and no one, save the divine, seemed to take notice of it. And he at length notified brother P. that such a thing must, he felt assured, be needless; but P. said at that hour his family needed his services at home, and he must do it; nevertheless, on leaving church, he always took a roundabout course, which, by some mysterious means, always brought him in close proximity with the village tavern, which he would enter, "and thereby hangs a tale."

Parson B. ascertained from some source that P.'s object in leaving church was to obtain a "dram," and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing were possible.

The next Sabbath, brother P. left his seat at the usual time, and started for the door, when Parson B. exclaimed:

"Brother P.!"

P. on being thus addressed, stopped short, and gazed towards the pulpit.

"Brother P.," continued the parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at this time; as I passed the tavern this morning, I made arrangements with the landlord to keep your toddy hot till church was out."

The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined.

Here are a few stanzas

ALL ABOUT EYES

Blue eyes are tender,
Blue eyes are true,
Blue eyes are lovely—
Their smiles ever new.

Brown eyes are merry,
Brown eyes are mild,
Brown eyes are beautiful
As a fair child.

Brown eyes are dazzling
When their orbs roll;
Brown eyes speak volumes
Deep from the soul.

But black eyes are witching,
Black eyes are bright,
Black eyes are the index
Of the soul's light.

Black eyes are glancing
Black eyes are sweet,
Black eyes keep dancing,
When other's they meet.

And in this connection we append a prose description of the various characters indicated by

NOSES—

Little stumpy noses, it is said, indicate weakness of mind or imperfect moral development.

Short, thick noses, indicate a strong sensual disposition.

A turned up nose, with wide, open nostrils, is a certain sign of empty, pompous vanity, and belongs to men most truly called "puffed up," who lack that charity which vaunteth not itself.

Large nostrils generally pass as an indication of strength, pride and courage, as small show fear and weakness.

A large, strongly marked nose is rare in the fairer sex, and when found is a sure sign of masculine temper, undue development of the less refined sensations.

From Nicaragua.

El Nicaraguens, a paper doubtless under the control of Walker, gives the following account of the breaking up of the Walker Rivas government:

On Wednesday, the 14th day of June, Gen. Walker left Leon, after a most affecting parting with his Excellency at the barrier. At this time Leon was guarded by native soldiers. The Americans interferred with nothing, that the city might feel perfectly safe under the guardianship of troops drawn from its own vicinity. The day after Gen. Walker left Col. Escobar, commander of the native garrison, informed Col. Bruno Natzmer that the native force was not sufficient to keep guard, and requested a detail of Americans. Compliance was signified, and an American soldier stationed at the entrance of the Principal or government house. Senor Salizer, Minister of War, thereupon mounted his horse and rode down to the barriers bare-headed, where he informed the rabble, in an official harangue, that the Americans had seized the Principal, and were about to murder the President and his Cabinet. In his speech he also took occasion to advise the people that the Americans were going to burn down the churches and destroy the religion of the country. A great excitement was the result, during which the President and his advisers took flight for Chinandega. The Americans, in the meantime were innocent in knowledge of what was proceeding; and although they knew there was a hubbub about something, they very naturally thought it was some public day among the people, when they had a right to be excited.

Don Patricio Rivas, President of the Republic, Don Sebastian Salinas, Secretary of State, Don Maximo Jerez, Secretary of War, and Don Francisco Baca, Minister of Public Credit, all fled to Chinandega, leaving Don Fermin Ferrer, the only true and loyal Democrat connected with the late Administration in this city.

From Chinandega, Don Maximo Jerez in his capacity as Minister of War, sent word to Realejo to suspend the public work of fortifying that place, and directed that the place be dismantled of its present armament. Orders were also sent to Col. Natzmer, in command at Leon, to withdraw his sentry from the Principal, and allow each of the four towers of the Cathedral to be garrisoned by fifty soldiers of the country. The frontier picquets were all called in and a very general order carried out to leave the State open to the army if invasion which was known to be advancing on Leon. The President expressed great fear of his life, and stated that the above regulations were necessary for his safety.

The order sent to Col. Natzmer was not obeyed until it was submitted to Gen. Walker who immediately ordered the American commander in Leon to comply with the mandates of the Minister of War, and further, to withdraw with his whole force from that city.

At the time Gen. Walker gave the above command, he was in Nagarote, at the head of 250 troops, marching on to Leon; after giving the order, he stopped at Managua until the rifle battallion under Col. Natzmer arrived, when he left for Granada, accompanied by the Rangers.

President Rivas and his cabinet, with the exception of Don Fermin Ferrer, are now in Leon; but the Commander will have no further communication with them. They are known to have made propositions to the enemies of the country, inviting them to invade Nicaragua, and General Walker intends to leave them with their new friends.

The above is a succinct account of one of the strangest revolutions on record, and we leave the world to draw its own conclusions as to the motives that probably controlled the President in conduct. We can only account for it on the ground of fear, both from the external enemies of the State and from the fact of an approaching election. It is well known that whenever an election has taken place in the Republic, the defeated candidate either fled or was summarily executed. It is probable his Excellency remembered this failing of the State, and knowing that an election was about to transpire in the country, he accordingly concluded to follow the example of his predecessors and save himself by flight. It is also known that while the Costa Ricans were in Rivas, and timid men doubted the result, Senor Rivas attempted to make his peace with President Mora, by submitting propositions to that gentleman.

After the flight of the President from Leon, the people of that city became uneasy at the speech of Senor Salizar, and anxiously inquired of the Fathers of the Church if there was any truth in the statement that the Americans intended to destroy the religion of the land. The Vicar of Leon, a good and faithful man, instantly denied the calumny, and ordered all the priests to declare on Sunday that the report was untrue. The people again became reconciled, and the revulsion is strongly against President Rivas and his advisers.

Gen. Walker, immediately after the departure of Rivas, proclaimed Don Fermin Ferrer; the former Minister of the Hacienda, President of the the Republic, until an election could be had. The election took place on the 14th, and it is said that whole districts went to the polls for Walker, with only a few opposing votes, and those chiefly among the American residents who preferred Ferrer, and not among the natives, who look upon the American adventurer as a deliverer from the oppression under which they have suffered. It is already known to our readers that Walker was declared elected.

Improved Motive Power.—A company in New York is trying to bring into use, as an improved motive power, the bi-sulphide of carbon, and some experiments recently tried, if fairly made and reported, indicate a saving of seventy per cent. The engine was started under twenty pounds in the boiler, carrying one weight upon the break, at 60 revolutions a minute, this being all the engine could carry. and keep up the steam to 20 pounds. Four more weights were added, and the bi-sulph. carbon applied to the boiler, and driven at 60 revolutions per minute for one hour. When the bi-sulph. carbon was turned off, the engine decreased in speed and the weights were removed but one, as when first started with 20 pounds steam in the boiler. This experiment was to show that no heat was extracted from the boiler more than was added to it during the application of the bi-sulph. carbon. The heat given out to the same quantity of condensing water; was no greater when carrying the five weights than when running with one weight and with steam. During these experiments, the fire under the boiler was not touched. The discovery is applicable to steam vessels most advantageously, in propelling which, it is claimed, a saving of coal would result of two-thirds, thus affording more freight room, &c.

A man in Troy made a skirt for a lady lately, which used up one hundred and twenty-eight feet of rope. So says the N. York Mirror.

Why did General Morris ask the Woodman to spare that tree? Because he thought he was a good *feller*.

SAFETY DURING THUNDER STORMS.

The records we are now making of the doings of the lightning in various sections of the country, both far and near prompts this communication.

First, Many persons suffer greatly from fear of lightning during thunder storms; to such we say that thus far since steamboats have been in use, no case of loss of life by lightning has occurred in a steamboat or ocean steamer, in a period of fifty years or more; and since railroads have been in use, now about thirty or more years, no case of loss of life by lightning has ever been known in a railroad car. This wonderful exemption, when it is considered that tens of millions of passengers have been conveyed by these two facilities, is extraordinary, and should calm the feeling of the timid during thunder storms, while in steamboats, ocean steamers, or railroad cars.

Second, No case of loss of life by lightning has been known in an iron ship or iron building—this fact, with those stated in the next preceding paragraph, should effectually dispel the too prevalent belief that metals are dangerous, from an erroneous supposed attraction for lightning—metals conduct lightning, but the attractive power probably does not extend over a great amount of surface.

Third, Vessels furnished with lightning conductors have never suffered injury from lightning, if the conductors were up and the continuity uninterrupted to the water; nor has death by lightning ever been known on board of a vessel thus furnished.

Fourth, We have never known of but one death by lightning in a building furnished with metalic conductors reared for the protection, and that occurred in the summer of 1855, at Little Prairie, Wisconsin. In relation to this death we have had considerable correspondence with the person who put up the conductor.

Iron wire, costing less than one cent per foot, and less than one dollar per hundred feet, *in one single* piece, is sufficiently large for a lightning conductor. Any mechanic of ordinary capacity can put up a rod. Glass insulators, with screw fastening, can be had of some of the hardware and glassware stores in New York, for about twelve shillings per dozen.—Persons who want ornamental rods, can substitute copper wire of the same size.

Our register of thirteen years states the deaths by lightning at seven hundred and fifty persons; the wounded we have not counted; there are doubtless many hundreds.

Persons struck down by lightning should be freely drenched with cold water, and if necessary the drenching should be continued for hours.

We have no pecuniary interest direct, or indirect, in furnishing or putting up lightning conductors; our only object in making this notice is to give information.

We have printed a sheet giving directions for putting up conductors, that will be sent to any person postage free, who may desire a copy. E. MERIAM.

Brooklyn Heights, June 9, 1856.

THE DEVIL'S MARKS.

About ten days ago (says a contemporary) a woman, the wife of a laboring man resident in the parish of Rasharkin, got, by some unknown instrumentality, a variety of singular marks upon her face which some of her neighbors are strongly persuaded were placed there by the devil himself! It appears that, in defiance of her husband's injunctions, the infatuated woman persisted in keeping a favorite black bottle, to which she made more secret visits than accorded with the preservation of her health and character.—Soon after one of these visits, about the latter end of May last, she found it expedient to go to bed for an hour or two, and she retired accordingly about five o'clock in the afternoon, and in broad daylight, no person, as she alleges, being in the house at the time except herself. On awakening from her stupefication, she was horrified to find that her forehead, nose, and cheeks were regularly tatooed with the most fantastic of all imaginary marks, in black, red, and blue; and that she had got broad flame-coloured streaks, in imitation of a moustache, extending from the centre of her upper lip to the lobe of each ear!—in fact, no merryandrew ever presented an appearance so truly ridiculous. Her terror knew no bounds when, after washing with soap, scrubbing with sand, and using every possible effort to remove these signals of disgrace, they retained their position in spite of all her efforts, and their traces are still manifestly visible up till the present day! Perhaps her unfortunate husband—particularly if he knows anything of the science of chemistry—could give some rational account of the apparent mystery; but the victim herself, and every other old woman of the neighborhood, is quite persuaded that the devil had something to do with the affair. Since the date of this extraordinary event, a greater number of black bottles have been deliberately smashed in the parish of Rasharkin than in any similar period of time within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant."—*Ulster Paper.*

Holloway's Pills, the best Remedy in the Union for Female Complaints.—These Pills are particularly recommended to the citizens of the Union for their extraordinary efficacy in female complaints; and they are alike valuable either to the daughter verging into womanhood, or the mother at the turn of life. It has been proved beyond all contradiction, that those celebrated Pills will cure all disorders to which females are peculiarly subject, and enable them to pass their critical periods of life, without exposing themselves to those dangers they too often incur by other treatment.

"Dear Lucy, My dear friend Mrs. [illegible] of Brattleboro', Vermont, writing to me a few days Gentlemen as follows:—'I will tell you how I managed to get a grove of Yellow Locust trees. About twenty years ago I sowed half a pound of locust seeds in beds, the same as I sow beets or carrots. I prepared my seed by pouring hot water on it and letting it stand a few hours. The next spring I took up my seedling trees, and set them out on a piece of ground that was so poor that it would hardly turf over. I ploughed some furrows twelve or fifteen feet apart, laid the roots of my seedling trees into them—about two feet apart, covered them with my hoe, righted them up with my hands, and let them go without further cultivation. At this time I have a beautiful grove of trees, straight and thrifty, and many of them long enough for fence posts. The effect on the land is wonderful. It produces ten times the feed it did before the trees were set out. When I took possession of my farm, I found that acre had been skinned until it was almost worthless. Now it produces double the feed of any acre of pasture I have. I take no little pride in showing my trees, and the luxuriant growth of white clover under them."

The famous "Iron Mountain," in Missouri, is situated in St. Francis county.—From surface indications, and from all explorations made, the whole Iron Mountain seems to be made of iron ore. Almost the entire surface of the mountain is covered with iron ore, the particles increasing in size as you ascend towards the top, until upon its summit are found disconnected masses many tons in weight and often six or eight feet in diameter.—To what depth the iron ore extends below the base of the mountain has never yet been ascertained.

STEAM MELODIES.—It has been stated that some inventor in Worcester has succeeded in turning the unearthly screech of the steam whistle into harmonious music. The new invention was attached to one of the locomotives on the Worcester and Nashua railroad on Thursday; and the editor of the Worcester Transcript, who was one of the party that "faced the music," thus speaks of the sensation created as the engine left Worcester to the tune of "Old Dan Tucker:"

"The effect was magical, nay wonderful, exciting and amusing. Men left their fields and workshops and rushed for the railway; with them came women with babies and without, children innumerable, and swarming like ants when their ant hill is trodden on, all agape agrin with wonder and delight. Every thing animate was on the *qui vive*. The horses danced pirouettes to the music; the very pigs relaxed the tension of their tortuous tails, and stupid calves, that ne'er had heard of melody, in dum amazement snuffed the music-laden air, and stood agape, their pendant tails out-standing straight behind. 'Twas marvellous, and we should not have been surprised if all the bending woods, charmed by the Orphic strains, had walked adown the shaded hills and made obeisance to the Calliope, even as, to the terror of Macbeth, the lofty 'Birnam wood' came down 'to Dunsinane.'"

Hon. John Kerr.

This gentleman addressed a Buchanan meeting here, on Saturday afternoon. As no one was present to reply to him we felt no disposition to hear him; but if a report we have heard of his speeches at other places be true, he is doing us no harm and our opponents no good. He pours out the vials of his wrath on the Know Nothings, instead of exhibiting the beauties of Democracy, so as to wean the weak and wavering Whigs to the Democratic party. In this he has not succeeded so far, and if he expects to gain popularity by such a course he will learn that he has counted "without his host." His new friends finding that he is doing them no good, will tip him the "cold shoulder" and will lay him out "as cold as a wedge," before he is aware of it.

Carolina Whig.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—We have news from Mexico to the 2d, and Vera Cruz to the 5th inst. The expected decree declaring that the clergy shall not be permitted to centralize property in their own hands, was officially promulgated in the city of Mexico on the 28th of last month. The people seemed to be generally well satisfied with this measure and numerous congratulations had poured in on President Comonfort, in view of this important step. The next feature of the programme, relative to the clergy, it is understood, will be the expulsion of the Jesuits. The Congress had passed an important bill, guaranteeing liberty of conscience, aside from political interference. The Spanish difficulties had been all amicably arranged, and the Spanish Minister was officially received on the 26th ult. The ports were all open for emigrants, and general comparative quietness reigned.

Hot Subject for the Season.—The following advertisement, signed by the pastor, appeared in a Worcester (Mass.) paper last week:

Notice.—By particular request, there will be a meeting at the Wesleyan Church in Leicester, on Pleasant street, at 5 o'clock, P. M. Sunday July 13th. Subject—*Hell Fire and Politics*,

Punch has a pictorial representation of "Life at an American Hotel," In the picture a guest is represented as holding a revolver to the head of his opposite neighbor, with the imperious demand "Pass the mustard!"

THE VOTE ON EXPELLING BROOKS.—The vote in the House of Representatives on the question of expelling Mr. Brooks for the assault on Mr. Sumner was divided as follows; For the expulsion 119 free State men and 2 slave State men, or 6 Democrats and 115 opposition. Against the expulsion 13 free and 92 slave State men, or 63 Democrats and 32 opposition. Mr. Hoffman, of Maryland, is one of the two slave State men who voted in favor of expelling Mr. Brooks.