Carolina Watchman.

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

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Constitutional Liberty Trodden down by the Queen—Non-intervention of England.

From the London Times, July 24.

We are not yet fully apprised of the events that during the last week have convulsed the Spanish peninsular, and a considerable time must elapse before the details can be fully filled up, but we seem already to have gathered enough to enable us to understand the true bearings and results of the crisis that has just passed away. History is weary of recording the various and sudden revolutions that for the last five and forty years have agitated the Spanish race on both sides of the Atlantic, and developed national characteristics which, suppressed by three centuries of monarchical and sacerdotal despotism, have burst forth with increased fury since French invasion in Europe and the revolt of the Spanish colonies in America overthrew ancient institutions, and subverted the traditional respect for a tyrannical crown and a bigoted clergy. From the death of Ferdinand VII. to the present moment the government of Spain has been rocking to and fro like a tower in an earthquake, without being able for a moment to establish itself on any firm foundations. The bloody civil war which finally beat down the claims of Don Carlos, the establishment of a liberal government under Espartero, his expulsion to make room for the sanguinary tyranny of Narvaez, the ministry that disgraced the earlier years of Queen Isabella, the liberal revolution of July, 1854, and the bloody *coup d'etat* of O'Donnell in July 1856, have all passed before us in succession, without giving to Spain a single statesman or a single warrior whose name will live for a generation after his death. Her public men seem to be divided into two classes. Where there has been good intention there has been no vigour or decision where there have been vigour and decision there has been a total absence of good faith, fairness and honor. Espatero is the perfect picture of a man devoted to the public interests—honest in his ends, and single minded in his means; brave, generous, merciful and chivalrous, but inert, unsuspicious, unready, and undecided; destined to rise perpetually to the summit of affairs by the confidence inspired in his excellent qualities, and a constantly to fall from it by a want of energy, circumspection and forethought. The revolutions of Spain have only more completely verified the profound remark of the ancient Greek historian. "That in conflicts inferior men for the most part succeed," for the superior men, despising their antagonists, and trusting to their own moral and mental superiority, do not attempt to gain by action that which they believe to be theirs already by superiority of counsel, while the inferior conscious of their own defects, proceed boldly to action at once, and their antagonists, being off their guard, are the more readily destroyed. Even so has it fared with the revolutionary government of 1854.—Conscious of his own rectitude, harboring no indirect or unfair designs against any one, confiding implicitly in the sovereign whose throne he had saved & the colleagues to whom he had forgiven every species of injury, and whom he had loaded with every imaginable favor, Espartero treated with contempt the warning which he continually received of the falsehood of the Queen and her Ministers, and remained in heedless security till the hunters had wound their toils around their prey.—Not till everything was prepared, till the last man and the last gun were concentrated around the devoted city of Madrid did the treacherous dangliter of Ferdinand and her wily and sanguinary associates throw off the mask, and, getting up a frivolous quarrel, find an excuse to bring on a ministerial crisis, dismiss Espartero, and place the office of First Minister in the hands of the resolute and merciless O'Donnell. Then came the catastrophe. National Guard and people of Madrid flew to arms. Troops and artillery were poured into the city and there ensued for many hours a fierce struggle between the troops of the line and the National Guard. This state of things could not last. The National Guard, deserted, as they say, by their leaders, and overpowered by the superior discipline and arms of their assailants, gave up the contest and submitted to be disarmed. A few of the more determined, under the guidance of Puchets, the bull fighter, fought to extremity, and perished either by canon shot or the bayonets of the soldiers. Little mercy seems to have been sought or given on either side, and the killed are estimated at not less than a thousand. Feeble insurrections, of a similar character in different parts of the country have been easily suppressed, and the Queen and O'Donnell may now be said to have trampled out the last spark of constitutional liberty in Spain. That this is destined to last we do not believe. That it must last for some time we do not in the least pretend to doubt. The constitutionalists have been surprised and overpowered by a sudden and deeply laid treason, and the perfidious daughter of Ferdinand VII. has employed against them those arts which her father so well knew how to employ in order to conciliate those whom he meant to destroy. Espartero himself seems to be in the power of the conquerors, and there in his absence no man of sufficient weight to raise on his behalf an effective counter movement.

So ends then, the turbulent drama of 1854, not without great reproach to the capacity and activity of the liberal party. Two years have been wasted in constitution making, and have utterly failed to bring forth those reforms to which every friend to constitutional government also made default in two cases in which better things might have been expected. The creditors of Spain remain under constitutional, as under absolute monarchy, disgracefully defrauded, and a prohibitive tariff, the ruin of her revenue and the grave of her industry, remains untouched in its original barbarism. If the constitutional government has fallen, foreign nations have little reason to regret the change. In England we may regret that the last constitutional government on the continent, with the exception of Sardinia, has been overthrown; but our regrets ought not to urge us to interfere, in any respect, with the private affairs of a nation in which nothing appears to be perpetual except change and vicissitude.—We have outlived the days when this country, in absurd imitation of the French republic, and without the excuse of a revolutionary impulse, undertook the task of combating political opinion. That time is past, we trust, never to return; and so long as the new government of Spain carefully perform its duties to us as an ally, we shall be content that it should assume the forms of imperial France instead of constitutional England, without feeling ourselves in any way called upon to intervene in matters of purely domestic organization. We hope—indeed, we believe,—that the Emperor of the French will follow a line of conduct similar to our own. If the new revolution of Madrid be framed in imitation of his conduct, he has the more reason to acquiesce quietly in his principles. Let the new Government last its time, but when the occasion arrives for destroying it we trust that France will show as little inclination as ourselves to check the course of a liberal reaction. It is quite evident that Spain has not yet settled down on her ultimate form of government. It is our duty, and that of all her well-wishers, to await the result, and not to force upon her those institutions that we may believe to be the most salutary in our own case.

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal writing from Leavenworth, Ind., under date, July 30th, says:

Since the formation of a Fillmore electoral ticket in this State the canvass has opened in this portion of it—like an oyster shell—altogether on one side. Buchanan isn't anywhere. I find the same state of things here that I found at Mt. Vernon, Evansville, Rockport, Cannelton, and indeed all along the Southern portion of the State—the National Americans and Old Line Whigs are for Millard Fillmore to a man—here—there—everywhere—and will roll up a majority for him wholly unparalleled in the history of political revolutions and triumphs. Buchanan is losing ground every day. All intelligent and candid men with whom I have conversed admit that in most of the Northern States the race is almost wholly between Fillmore and Fremont. Democrats are deserting Buchanan by scores and enlisting under the banner of the Abolition Free Nigger candidate, and so alarmed have the leaders become at the fact, that in order to check the stampede, they are beginning to preach Free-soil doctrines themselves. For instance their candidate for Congress in this district, Hon. W. H. English declares that the Democratic party is uncompromisingly opposed to slavery, and that he does'nt believe there is a Democrat in the State who is in favor of Kansas being a slave State. He makes the declaration to obtain the votes of the Germans and Free-soilers in his party. I have heard prominent Democrats in other places in this State, and in Illinois, openly assert that Buchanan himself is opposed to the introduction of slavery into Kansas or any other free Territory.

In Illinois, Col. Bissel, the Black Republican candidate for Governor, is considered a better Democrat than Richardson, the late democratic candidate for speaker of the House of Representatives, and in Indiana such men as General Millory, Dan Mace, Dr. Ellis, Thomas Smith, Dr. Nofsinger, James Riches, M. C. Garrer, Lucian Barber, and a host of others who were formerly "big-guns" in the Democratic party are now blazing away for Fremont and free negroes. Whilst in Rockport a few days since, I learned that the Buchanan elector in this district, who resides there, had just taken the stump for Fremont and Dayton. But why cite instances? The fact is daily becoming more and more palpable that the self-styled "national Democratic party" is the veriest of humbugs—that it is one thing in the South, another in the North, and anything in any place for the spoils. If your Southern readers doubt this, let them go into any Northern State, and hear a few Democratic speeches.

An Important Vote.—Saturday last was set apart to canvass the city of Hudson, New York. M. Haviland, American; H. C. Miller, Buchanan; W. Morris, Fremont, were selected to canvass the city. The result was gratifying to all except the Republicans, who are chop fallen, and declare we will find a different result in November next: Fillmore, 532; Buchanan, 262; Fremont, 185.

We copy the above from the New York Express. Hudson is the residence of Hon. Killian Miller, member of Congress, who was elected by the Americans, but who votes with the Republicans.

FROM KANSAS.

St. Louis, Aug. 19.

A Westport paper of the 13th says that on Monday night 200 Freesoilers attacked the town of Franklin, containing only twenty pro-slavery men. Ten persons were killed, and the post office mobbed and burnt. The assailants also carried off a cannon belonging to the town. Another report says seventeen Freesoilers were killed and wounded. The Government troops occupied the place next day.

Fatal Epidemic.—A letter in the Richmond Dispatch, from Green County, Va., says: "For the past two weeks our county has been visited with a malignant epidemic, which the doctors call typhoid flux. It has proven fatal in a great many cases—some thirty or forty have died with it. It is still raging, though supposed to be on the decrease."

Ploughing by Steam.

Although efforts were made in England some years ago to introduce ploughing by steam power, the art is yet quite in its infancy. At the late agricultural exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, at Chelmsford, experiments were made which commanded a good deal of attention of three entirely different modes of accomplishing the desirable object of applying to the labours of tillage a power which does, not itself consume the products of agriculture.—These experiments are thus described in the report of the exhibition given in the London *Times* of July 16.

The first was by Mr. Boydell, by means of an improvement on the steam plough, which he exhibited last year. It is an engine worked by two six and a half inch cylinders, with a common portable eight-horse boiler, and a fly-wheel, mounted on four carriage wheels. The wheels are fitted with the "endless railway," enabling them to traverse over any surface however rugged, to climb acclivities, and to drag behind them an immense weight without losing their bite of the ground. The engine usually works with sixty pound pressure per square inch, and can be worked up to twelve-horse power. Its weight, with water and every requisite for duty, is nine tons; but, nevertheless, it can ascend inclines, back, turn in a small area, and is steered by a pole, chain, and wheel like those of a steamboat, with the greatest nicety. The inventor considers his engine sufficiently powerful to draw say ten ploughs in light land, at six inches depth, with a speed of two miles per hour. It has dragged some implements of very heavy draught during the trials, and was not unable to pull forward Coleman's ploughing machine. In attempt with the dynameter attached to Biddell's cultivator, the instrument broke at forty hundred weight, the draught of the cultivator as used being much greater still. In ploughing hill-sides, the engine is intended to go up hill empty, and, in work downwards, so as to perform very steep work indeed. One of the principal advantages of this locomotive for culture is, that no horses whatever are needed to help it, inasmuch as it travels of itself from place to place, taking coal and water, and costing nothing beyond the wages of two men, in addition to those with the implements; the wear and tear and interest of first cost, about $2750.

Mr. Smith, of Woolston, Buckinghamshire, works his implements by means of a common seven-horse portable engine and a stationary windlass, fixed at one corner of a field. A couple three-quarter inch wire ropes are led from the two drums on the windlass in opposite directions round four anchored pulleys, and meet at the implement, thus passing all round the field—two anchors being fixed and two shifted from time to time along each headland as the ploughing proceeds. The anchors are like large four-toothed rakes, and it requires a man at each end of the work to dig holes and shift them forward. Mr. Smith uses cultivators of a peculiar kind, taking about three feet breadth at a time; and he has an ingenious and quick mode of turning them at the end of the furrow. He is able to scarcely or baulk-plough on an average four acres per day of twelve hours. The expenses, including the labour of six men coal, fetching water, wear and tear (36 cents per acre,) and interest of capital, amount to $2 per acre.

Mr. Fowler has contrived a different arrangement. A portable double-cylinder engine, worked at high pressure, and driving a capstan by a short endless chain is stationed half-way down one side of the field. From the two horizontal drums of the capstan two wire ropes are led diagonally across the field direct to the two ends of the work, these passing around a couple of anchored pulleys and meeting at the implement. The anchorages deserve notice; they consist simply of low trucks or small wagons laden with earth and with short cutting discs for wheels, which cut down into the land, and, while presenting great resistance to sideland pressure in the direction of the ploughing, can be easily pulled forward along the headland when required.

For common ploughing an implement is used having eight ploughs fixed upon it; four in work at once, and the others pointed in an opposite direction for performing the return trip. For trench ploughing, ten or fourteen inches deep, another implement is used, taking two furrows' width and two deep, being, in fact, a modification of Cotgreave's subsoil and trench plough for horse power. The ploughing is one way work, but lands or stretches can be readily ploughed by simply turning the implement end for end for each half-land, and by shifting the anchorages accordingly well done, and the trenching implement was drawn with great steadiness in ground through which ten horses were required to pull it. The amount of ploughing on land where three horses are commonly yoked in a plough capable of being done by a ten-horse engine is about eight acres per day of ten hours; and the expense of working including four men and a boy, fetching water and coal, shifting the engine and tackle to the field, wear and tear, and interest of first cost (which is $2475, including the engine), is apparently not more than $1.25 to $1.60 per acre. Trenching costs about double this sum. Should further experiments and calculations prove this estimate to be correct, there can no longer be a doubt that "an economical substitute" has at last been perfected for the long venerated horse plough.

Sours or Acids.

The sourness of the juice of a lemon and the acidity of vinegar are so well known that the mere mention of them is sufficient to convey a knowledge of the chief qualities of sours or acids in their natural state. There are so many acids that two or three pages of an index to a chemical book are taken up in enumerating them. Every fruit contains an acid; nearly all the metals are capable of forming acids. When coal, wood, paper, rags, charcoal, brimstone, phosphorus, and many other substances are burned, acids are produced. A flint stone is an acid. There is an acid in our window glass, and is many of the most costly precious stones. The air we breathe contains an acid. We create an acid in the lungs by the act of breathing. By a very slight change sugar can be converted into oxalic acid, which is a strong poison. Sugar, by another change, is converted into vinegar. These two illustrations show that a sweet can be converted into a sour; but when sour fruit becomes sweet it proves almost to demonstration that a sour can become a sweet acid.

The most powerful acid is that derived from burning sulphur—it is called sulphuric acid, and is one of the most important articles of manufacture. Its acidity is so great that a teaspoonful is sufficient to make a pailful of water quite sour. Nitric acid, obtained from nitre or saltpetre, is of the next importance in the arts; it is so corosive that it has long been distinguished by the name of *aqua fortis*, that is, strong water—strong sure enough, for a nodule of iron, lead or silver, dissolves in it like sugar placed in water. From the number of acids which we find in nature, and the tendency of many artificial substances to become sour, it is evident that acids and sours are essential to our life and well being. Acids assume all forms and colours; some are liquids, some gaseous, others solid. The acids of fruit, when separated from the grosser particles that accompany them, are very beautiful and crystalizable substances. By the ingenuity of the chemist, the sour or unripe apples, grapes, tamarinds, lemons, &c., may be crystalized into beautiful snow white bodies, which, however, when touched by the tongue, at once indicate their origin by their flavour.—*Septimus Piesse.*

History of the Merino Sheep Mania.

In connection with the history of the Silk Worm Mania, and the Rohan Potato Fever, the Merino Sheep speculation is well worthy to be recalled, because of its stupendous character, excelling every other humbug, probably, except the Tulip Mania of Holland. There has always been enough men in the United States to lay hold of any novelty and make money out of it, whether beneficial or otherwise to the community. But present any thing before the public, which looks like a great benefit, and the furor becomes intense for speculation. Such was the case with the Merino Sheep, first introduced into this country in 1815. In the summer of that year a half-dozen sheep from Andalusia, in Spain, were imported into Boston.—They were immediately invested with a mysterious character. It was said that their fleeces were of the finest texture, and that the introduction of the breed into this country would enable our woollen manufactories, then in their infancy, to produce broadcloths that would compete successfully with the finest European fabrics. Our farmers became excited. Henry Clay was consulted, and he immediately gave the opinion that these sheep were exactly what was required to enrich both our agriculturists and our manufacturers. The mania spread itself rapidly. The six sheep at Boston sold for fifty dollars each; they cost, in Spain, about one dollar. This marvellous pront fanned the flame of speculation, and it was not long before a fleet set sail from our shores in pursuit of the golden fleeces of Andalusia. In December, 1816, there were one thousand Merino Sheep in the U. States, which were valued at twelve hundred dollars the head. In 1817 the importation and the value increased. In the summer of that year select ewes were sold in New England at fifteen hundred dollars, and bucks at two thousand! By the close of 1817 the speculation in New England began to decline on account of the excessive importation; but it increased rapidly in the Western and South western States, and particularly in Kentucky, in consequence of Mr. Clay's opinions. It is narrated that in August, 1817 Samuel Long, a contractor, living near Ashland, paid eight thousand dollars for a merino buck and ewe; and he believed that he had secured a fortune by the purchase! Some of the oldest inhabitants may remember Samuel Trotter, who resided at that time in Lexington, reputed the wealthiest man in Kentucky, and the controlling manager of the U. States Bank. He owned a merino buck and ewe which Long was anxious to buy. Trotter offered to give Long the merinoes if he would build for him a certain house. The offer was accepted. At an expense of about fifteen thousand dollars, Long built and finished a four story brick house, about fifty feet by seventy, and delivered it to Trotter for the two merino sheep! In six months from that time the value of the merinos had fallen to twenty dollars. Long kept them until they had fallen to the value of other sheep, when he killed them, made a feast of the costly mutton, summoned his friends, and, like the ruined Venetian, thanked God that he was not worth a ducat! He died soon after of a broken heart; as did many others who had suffered from this extraordinary Merino Mania.

A Diamond Found.

We have been well aware that this country was very rich in minerals and some kinds of precious stones, but we had not expected to see a Lake Superior diamond; yet such is the case. We were shown one yesterday that would measure three-fourths of an inch in length, and at least one-fourth of an inch in thickness. It is a regular formed octagon, and all who have seen it pronounce it diamond, but of what exact value is yet uncertain, it being in the rough state. It cuts glass "like a knife," and shows all the brilliancy of a diamond of the first water, which if it should prove to be, will make it worth not less than two thousand dollars. The diamond was found by the wife of Mr. Alfred Hauffman, while walking on the shore of the lake. The waves washed it up, and, on receding, left it exposed to the rays of the sun, when its brightness attracted her attention and she picked it up. Mr. Hauffman is a poor labouring man, and should it prove to be as valuable as it is supposed, it will be a handsome windfall (we might say *water* fall) for him. This is a great country—we shall expect to hear of the discovery of a gold mine next—and why not? for we have all the other minerals.—*Lake Superior Journal.*

Velocity of Lightning.

Sound travels in the air with a velocity of only one hundred and thirteen feet in a second, but lightning at the rate of one hundred and ninety-five thousand miles in the same period of time. The time in which a flash of lightning reaches us from the different points of its course, may consequently be considered instantaneous; but the time which the explosion occupies will be very appreciable, and will vary with the distance of the several parts of the long line, which the distance travels. A calculation has been made, founded on the interval between the flash and the sound, and the duration of the thunderclap, showing that a flash of lightning will frequently traverse a space of nine or ten miles; and, when we take into account the zigzag course which ordinarily follows, its alternate approach and recession will account for the phenomena in question. Such would be the effect produced upon an observer standing at the end of a long file of soldiers, who were to discharge their muskets at the same moment. He would not hear a single report, but a succession of reports, which would produce an irregular rolling sound.

Holloway's Pills.—Astonishing cure of a Billious complaint. Mr. Patrick M'Kennan, of Columbus, Ohio, suffered for upwards of three years from violent pains in the head, a foul stomach, bad digestion, disordered liver, and general nervous debility, he tried various remedies for mitigation of this compound disorder, but he only became worse instead of better, although he also consulted several doctors. Finding that the medical faculty could not cure him, he had recourse to Holloway's Pills, by continuing with this remedy for a few weeks, he entirely regained his health, and ever since then he has not had the slightest return of his complaint.

On Friday last a runaway negro camp was discovered on an "island," in Big Swamp, situated between Bladen and Robeson counties. On Saturday morning a company of twelve or fifteen started out to hunt them, and after starting them from their camp, one of the negroes fired at Mr. David C. Lewis, wounding him, from the effects of which he died on Sunday morning. On Friday a man named Taylor was shot at twice from the same place, but missed. The negroes had cleared a place for a garden, had cows, &c., in the swamp—none arrested. The swamp is about four miles wide, and almost impenetrable.—*Journal.*

SPITTING.

Chirt! And there goes some of his constitution, spattered in a nasty brown gravy over the sidewalk. A politician might say that he was "elaborating a constitutional solutional solution." He is dissolving his constitution, at any rate.

I awoke early one morning, unrefreshed, in a berth on a canal "packet," somewhere between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. No wonder that my sleep was not very sweet. The atmosphere of the little cabin was fairly thick with putrified animal matter and stale tobacco poison. I'll go on deck, I said to myself, in spite of fogs, raw autumnal air, and colds; so out I jumped upon the cabin floor. Splat! went both feet into a great pool of the "constitutional solvent." The whole floor was afloat with tobacco spit.

That was a very revelation of nastiness.

And, Mr. Curly Hair—*chirt!* again; another instalment of our strength squirted out through your front teeth into the gutter. Mr. Curly Hair, I tell you that you are not a bit better than that unutterably filthy cabin floor. Into what a foul, reeking, noisome cavern, are you transforming the mouth that God gave you as a passage for cleanly food and sweet breath! A spit manufactory; a mere tobacco-spit factory. Why, man, you might as well establish a guano depot in your house.

Chirt! There it goes! What a pity that you couldn't be made to carry a mug, and keep the liquor that you brew long enough to see what your day's work is. You spit, say once in fifteen minutes! call it fifty times a day. About a dessert spoonful each time. Twenty tablespoonfulls. A tumbler full. That is a very moderate computation. Three hundred and sixty-five half pints in a year—more than twenty gallons of that nauseous brown soup—and just so much withdrawn from healthy muscle, close brain-fibre, elastic bones, and clear complexion.

"Everybody does it!" What if they do? I know it. I remember looking down from my fifth story office upon Broadway, in the emptiness and quiet of a Sabbath afternoon, but immediately after its whole enormous length from Grace Church to Trinity, and especially near the Park, in my vicinity, had been densely crowded with the multitude that waited upon the funeral of Bill Poole.—The street was all speckled as far as I could see, with dark spots, as if autumn leaves had been thickly strewn on it. A moment's thought showed me that it was tobacco spit. An American crowd blackened the whole roadway and sidewalk of a mile of street, with tobacco spit, in two hours!

Chirt! My dear fellow, neither vomiting nor spitting are inviting operations. Circumstances may render the performance of either of them before witnesses necessary, or even highly meritorious. But I must say that ordinarily speaking, the very falntest perception of common decency would teach you to avoid such demonstrations when there is any body in sight.

Spit away, my boy! Smell bad; look dirty, be dirty; weaken your health; undermine your strength; dim your eyes; unsteady your hand; stupify your intellect; shorten your life. Do all these things, if you choose; but never say that you had no advice from me to the contrary. Those are trifling consequences of your making a filth-mill out of your mouth, munching your constitution into that ropy soup, and squiring it out wherever you go.—[Life Illustrated.

Vulgar Romancing at Saratoga.

We find the following account of the first "bit of romance," at Saratoga, this season, in the Saratoga Post of the 23d ult.,

Among the first arrivals this season was a gentlemanly looking chap—adorned with all the dignity and magnificence that the barber and tailor are capable of investing the man with. He put up at one of the first class houses, and commanded all the respect and attention that his apparent character would entitle him to. His foreign airs called attention to him from the visitors, and when approached his modest but cold dignity repulsed them politely—leaving them to conclude that he was some well-bred noble, who would not be disturbed in his reveries by common-place approaches. The ladies were the first to find out his nobility. Every politeness was shown him, and his room was fragrant with bouquets by fair hands formed. Yet the lion was coy and cold as ever, until one evening while wandering near the Circular Railway, he met the lovely and wealthy Miss——, from Georgia. By *accident* the lady had lost her bracelet in the path, and it would be ignoble for him to refuse to help her find it. They sought in vain for the bracelet until it was too dark to longer look, and fatigued, they sat together on the—seats in the grove. The lady forgeting her lips, with sweet inventions of her own, suggested her suspicions of his noble birth—which were modestly increased by his reply that he "made no such pretensions—at least in that country were every man may become a noble." The question, so far at least as he was concerned, was perfectly satisfactory. At this time he condescended to look favorably upon her beauty, and could not believe her of common descent, her modesty, intelligence, wit and dignity belonged to a higher order. All of which we are bound to confess was true. He accompanied her to the hotel, and from thence she came to be envied by every marketable daughter, and slandered by every speculating mother. For a week they were always seen together—and who for the last few days has walked beneath the splendid pines on Circular street and has not met them. They were in love—deep, undying love. The good old father saw the attachment, and was not surprised when the pretty Miss informed him her hand was asked in marriage, and she craved his consent. That consent was given; but not, however, until the old gent had thought full five minutes upon the propriety of inquiring himself into the pecuniary condition of the suitor. "But what use," said the daughter, "of inquiring—is he not a lord—and how insulting it would be to even suggest that money was any consideration for giving away your daughter." The old man thought as thought the daughter, and both slept that night surrounded with visions of splendid castles, gay parties, liveried servants, and exclusive greatness. But what was their surprise the next morning, when smiling through tears of joy on the first meeting after the "consent," to be disturbed by one of the proprietors of a stage line running out of Albany, accosting the "lord for a day" with "I say, Bill, you lousy skunk, why the d—l did you leave the road when we were short of hands, and what's worse, carry off two days' receipts?" The lordly airs dropped—the lady's head fell on her snowy bosom, as with a faint shriek she fell back into the arms of her father—and tall walking on the west side of Broadway towards the depot might have been seen on Saturday morning last, about the time the southern train was leaving.

A Lecture from Gen. Andrew Jackson Promised.—A gentleman who was present at a meeting of the Spiritualist of Lowell, last Sabbath says that a corpulent man, who seemed to have charge, gave out an appointment as follows: "Next Sabbath morning, at the usual hour of divine worship, Gen. Andrew Jackson will lecture through the medium of Brother Pierce." He added further—"that Wednesday afternoon, at two o'clock, the ladies would assemble to decorate the hall for the reception of Gen. Andrew Jackson's Spirit."

Schoolmaster Murdered.—An attrocious murder has just been committed in Florence, Alabama. A correspondent of the Mobile Morning Herald thus furnishes the particulars:

"A schoolmaster had a tame sparrow, of which he was very fond, and he had warned his scholars that if any of them killed it, they should die by his hands. By accident, or intentionally, one of the boys stepped on the bird and killed it. Alarmed at the threats of the master, the boy was afraid to return to school; but the master tranquilized the boy's mind, begged him to come back. He did so, and after the lessons were finished, he took him into a private room, and strangled him. On the boy's father hearing what had occurred, he loaded his gun and went and shot the schoolmaster dead."

New Social Idea.—A Rochester paper mentions a new "institution" just started in that city, which may well be worthy of imitation. It was a gathering of all, or nearly all, the members of one of the largest church congregations in that city, in pursuance of an invitation from the pulpit, at the residence of one of the members. The object of the party was to afford facilities to every member of the congregation to become personally acquainted with each other; and to do this in such a manner as to enable persons in more moderate circumstances to afford the same facilities for this laudable purpose as their more opulent neighbors, the entertainment is simple and unostentatious, and eminently becoming a Christian society. The evening is spent in social intercourse, and no refreshments are provided—this is a brief description of the new and praiseworthy "institution."

The First Bale.—The first bale of new cotton was recieved yesterday over the Manchester road. It was made by Gen. William Evans, of Marion District South Carolina, and consigned to Henry Nutt, Esq., of this place. General Evans, we understand, is the same gentleman who shipped the first bale ever sent over the road, and has since that time always been the earliest in the market.

[*Wilmington Journal.*

Caution to Smokers.—A few days since a man in Albany, N. Y., put a roll of bank notes in his vest pocket, in which were also some matches he used to carry for the purpose of lighting his cigars. After awhile he smelt something burning, and on examination found the roll of bills totally destroyed. "Phanzy the pheelinks of that ere gent?"

CONQUERING BY KINDNESS.

I once had a neighbor—a clever man—who came to me one day, and said, 'Esquire White, I want you to come and get your geese away.'

'Why,' says I, 'what are my geese doing?'

'They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away; and I will not have it.'

'What can I do?' said I.

'You must yoke them.'

'That I have not time to do now," said I. 'I do not see but that they must run.'

'If you do not take care of them, I shall,' said the shoemaker in anger, 'What do you say; Esquire White?'

'I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay for all damages.'

'Well,' said he, you will find that a hard thing, I guess.'

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news was, that three of them were missing. My children went out and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. 'Now, said I, 'all keep still and let me punish him.' In a few days, the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last, I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road; by this time the shoemaker came up in great haste after them.

'Have you seen anything of my hogs, said he.

'Yes, sir, you will find them] yonder eating some corn which they tore down in my field.'

'In your field?'

'Yes, sir, 'hogs love corn, you, know, they were made to eat it.'

'How much mischief have they done?'

'O, not much,' said I. Well off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

'O, no,' said I, 'it can't be.'

'Yes, said the shoemaker, and I will pay you every cent of the damage.'

The shoemaker blushed and went home. the next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn.

'No,' said I, 'I shall take nothing.

After some talk, we parted; but in a few days I met him on the road, and we fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on he seemed loth to move, and paused. For a moment, both of us were silent. At last he said.

'I have something laboring on my mind.'

'Well, what is it?'

'Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and I shall never rest until you know how I feel; I am very sorry.' And the tears came into his eyes.

'O, well,' said I, never mind; I suppose my geese were provoking.

I never took anything of him for it, but when my cattle broke into his field after this he seemed glad, because he could show how patient he could be.

'Now,' said I to my children, 'conquer yourselves, and you can conquer with kindness, where you can conquer in no other way.'

Who will Wheel the Apples?—It is said that Maj. Poore's wager has been taken, namely—that if Fillmore does not receive more votes than Fremont in Massachusetts, he, Poore, will wheel a barrel of apples on a wheelbarrow from Newburyport to Boston, or, if Fillmore recieves the most, the taker of the bet shall convey the apples in the same way from Boston to Newburyport.