# Carolina Watchman.

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

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Having to the accounts I heard of an enormous old lion who was ravaging his neighbors, in the vicinity of the camp of Drean, I sent for my weapons from Ghelma, and left Bone on the 26th of February. At five o'clock on the evening of the 27th, I reached the douar of the Ouled-Bon-Azizi, situate about half a mile from the retreat of the beast, who, according to the old men of the place, had lived there 30 years. I was told, on my arrival, that every evening at sunset the lion roared on leaving his den, and that in the night he descended into the plain still continuing to roar. A meeting seemed inevitable, so I loaded my two guns. Hardly had I finished this operation, which always requires the greatest attention, when I heard the roaring begin in the mountain. My host offered to accompany me as far as the ford which the lion would have to cross on descending the mountain. I gave him my second gun, and we started. It was too dark to see at two steps distance. After having walked through a wood for a quarter of an hour we reached the border of a brook that flows at the foot of the Zebel Krounega. My guide, much agitated by the roaring, which drew nearer and nearer, said, 'The ford is there.' I tried to reconnitre my position; but all around was so dark that I could not even see the Arab, although he touched me. As my eyes could distinguish nothing, I began to descend towards the brook, feeling all the way with my hands for the track of a horse or sheep, it was certainly well sheltered, and difficult of access. Having found a stone, which I used as a seat at the edge of the brook, and just beyond the ford, I sent away my guide, who wished for nothing better. While trying to make out the ground about me, he did not cease saying, "Let us return to the douar; the night is too dark; we will look for the lion tomorrow, during the day." As he did not dare return to the douar alone, he crouched down in a group of lentisses about fifty steps from me. After telling him not to move under any circumstances, I took my position on the stone. The lion was roaring still, and drawing gradually nearer. Having closed my eyes for some minutes, I saw, on opening them, that at my feet there was a perpendicular ditch, formed, no doubt, by the overflowing of the brook, which ran some yards beneath me, on the left, and at the very muzzle of my gun, was the ford. I formed my plan instantly. If it were possible to distinguish the lion in the bed of the river, I meant to fire at him there—the ditch being a means of protection for me in case I wounded him severely. It might have been nine o'clock when I heard the roar, about a hundred yards beyond the brook.

With my elbow on my knee, the butt end of my gun on my shoulder, and my eyes fixed on the water, which I could distinguish from time to time, I waited. The time seemed long, when I heard, just in front of me, on the opposite side of the brook, a long, guttural moan. I raised my eyes in the direction of this strange sound, and perceived the eyes of the lion fixed on me, and looking like two red hot coals. The fixed look drove back all the blood in my veins to my heart. A minute before I shuddered with cold, now the perspiration streamed on my forehead. Any one who has not seen a full grown lion in its wild state, may believe in the possibility of an armed man struggling with it; but any person who has seen one, knows that a man struggling with a lion is like a mouse in the claws of a cat. I have said that I had already killed two lions, the smallest of which weighed five hundred pounds. The latter, with one movement of his claw, had stopped a horse at full gallop, and had killed both horse and man. From that period I was sufficiently well acquainted with their severity to know what I had to expect from some scratches. Accordingly, I have never looked upon a dagger as a weapon to be depended on. In case a lion should not fall beneath my first or second bullet, (which is possible enough,) I have determined when he springs upon me and I resist the shock, to endeavor to force my gun down his throat up to the stock; then, if his powerful claws have neither thrown me to the ground nor pierced me like a harpoon, I must either attack him in the eyes or near the heart, according to the means of action left me. If I fail at his attack, which is more than probable, provided I have my two hands free, I shall feel for his heart with the left, and with the right deal the blow. If, on the following day, two bodies be not found entwined together, mine will not have left the field of honor, and the lion's will not be far from it. The dagger will tell the rest. I had just drawn my dagger from the sheath, and placed it in the ground within reach, when the lion cast his eyes down towards the brook. I took a mental farewell of the world, and made a vow to die in a manner of which those who were dear to me would be proud; yet, when my finger moved softly towards the trigger, I was less agitated than the lion himself, who was about taking to the water. I heard his first step in the stream, which ran noiselessly and rapidly before us. Then, all was silent. Was he standing still? Was he coming towards me? These were the questions I put to myself, as I sought to pierce the obscurity by which I was enveloped on all sides, when suddenly I thought I heard close on my left, the sound of his step in the mud. He had indeed come out of the brook, and was slowly ascending the steps of the ford, when a movement I happened to make caused him to stop. He was at four or five steps from me, and might spring upon me at any moment. It is useless to look for the sights of your gun when you can't even see the barrel. I fired as best as I could, with my head erect and both eyes open. The flash enabled me to see an enormous hairy mass of indistinct form. A fearful roar rent the air, the lion was hors de combat. The last cry of pain was followed by a series of dull, threatening moans. I heard the animal writhing in the mud on the edge of the brook, but after a short time all was silent. Thinking he was dead, I returned to the douar with my guide, who, from what he had been able to hear, also concluded that the lion was now no more. Of course I remained awake all night. At daybreak, we reached the ford, but no lion! We could only trace him by the blood as far as the stream. The day afterwards, the Arabs of the district, who bore considerable ill will towards their nocturnal visiter, being convinced that he was dead, proposed to me to go out and look for him. There were sixty of us, some on foot and some on horseback. After several hours' fruitless search, I returned to the douar and prepared to take my leave, when I heard several shots and cheers from the direction of the mountain. There was no room for doubt, they had found my lion. I started off at a gallop, and soon convinced myself that this time, at all events, my hopes would be realized. The Arabs were flying in all directions, and shouting like demons. Some of them had reached the other side of the brook; the others to the number of ten, emboldened by the fact that they were on horseback, and that the lion had only three legs at his disposal, had formed a party to finish him (as they said;) they were commanded by the cheik. I had just passed the brook and was going to dismount, when I saw the horsemen with the cheik at their head, turn round and start off at full gallop. The lion was after them on his three legs, clearing the rocks and shrubs in a far better style than the men on horseback, and uttering roars, which so terrified the horses that the riders had no longer control over them. The horses were still galloping, but the lion had stopped within an open space, in a haughty and threatening attitude. How grand he was with his jaws open, breathing menances of death against all who were there! How grand he was, with his black mane standing on end, and his tail beating angrily against his sides! He was about a hundred paces from the spot. I dismounted, and called to one of the Arabs, who had been keeping themselves at a safe distance, to take my horse. Several of them ran towards me, and I was obliged to leave my burnous in their hands, in order to prevent them putting me on my horse again and carrying me away. A few of them followed me, in order to dissuade me from my project; but as by degrees I quickened my pace and drew nearer to the lion, their number diminished. At last one man only remained with me, and he was the guide of the previous day. "I received you under my tent," he said to me, 'and will answer for you before God and man. I will die with you.' The lion had left the open space and had buried himself in a mass of trees which were close by. Walking with caution, ready to fire at any moment, I tried in vain to find the animal's track.

The soil was rocky, and the lion's wounds had ceased to bleed. I had just searched the trees forming the group, one by one, when my guide, who had remained a short distance from me, said—"Death will not accept you; you have passed close to the lion without being touched by him; if your eyes had only met his, you must have died without being able to fire a shot.' I told him to throw some stones into the lion's place of retirement. One of the shrubs opened, and, after looking on all sides, out sprang the lion in the direction of myself. He was at ten steps from me, his tail, straight, his mane standing on end, his neck extended. With his broken leg hanging back, and his claws turned inwards, he had altogether the appearance of a dog pointing at game. As soon as he made his appearance, I seated myself on the earth, with the Arab behind me, shouting incessantly, "Fire! why don't you fire?"—exclamations which he mixed up with his prayers. The lion made a bound of four or five steps towards me, and was probably about to follow it up with another, when he suddenly found himself struck with a bullet at about an inch above the right eye. He at once fell. My Arab was already returning thanks to God, when the lion turned round and raised himself on his hind legs, like a horse rearing. Another ball, with a more fortunate result, found the animal's heart, and at last stretched him dead on the ground.—*Lion Hunting in Algeria, by Jules Gerard.*

*The Progress of Life.*—Men rejoice when the sun has risen—they rejoice also when the sun goes down—while they are unconcious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless the revolution of one season is the decay of man. Fragments of driftwood meeting in the wide ocean continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, friends and riches remain with us a short time, then separate—the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot; he who mourns for departed relatives, has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, "I will follow you;" why, then should a person grieve when journeying the same road which has been assuredly by all our forefathers. Life resembles a cataract running down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing that the end of life is death, every right-minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with happiness and ultimate bliss.

A man met an old woman in an English town, driving several asses, "Adieu, mother of asses!" cried he. "Adieu, my son, was the old cronie's reply." The fellow went his way, feeling for his ears.

## SINGULAR THEORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

The Mississippi river is the greatest stream in the world. The total length is 4,000 miles. On looking over a volume recently issued, entitled "Lloyd's Steamboats and Railroad Directory," we find the following instructive article on the waste of the waters of the Mississippi.—It says:

No experience will enable a person to anticipate, with any degree of certainty, the elevation of the flood in any given year. In some seasons, the waters do not rise above their channels; in others, the entire lower valley of the Mississippi is submerged. Embankments called leaves have been raised from five to ten feet, high, on both sides of the stream, extending many miles above and below New Orleans. By this means the river is restrained within its proper limits, except at the greatest freshets, when the waters sometimes break over everything, causing great destructions to property, and sometimes loss of life. The average height of the flood from the Delta to the junction of the Missouri is above sixteen feet. At the mouth of the latter river it is twenty five feet. Below the entrance of the Ohio river the rise is often fifty-five feet.

At Natchez, it seldom exceeds thirty feet; and at New Orleans about twelve feet. What goes with the water. It is known that the difference between high and low water mark, as high up as White river, is about thirty-six feet, and the current at high water mark runs nearly seven miles per hour, and opposite to New Orleans the difference between high and low water mark is only twelve feet, and the current little over three miles to the hour. The width and depth of the river being the same, from which we calculate that nearly six times as much water passes by the mouth of White river as by New Orleans. What goes with the excess? The only solution ever offered, is that it escapes by the bayous "Plaquemine," "Lafourche," and "Iberville," but when we calculate the width, depth and current of these bayous, they fall vastly short of affording a sufficient escapement. The true explanation can, we think, be given.

At low water, throughout the whole extent, we see a land structure exposed, underlying the bank, or that the alluvial structure on which the plantations are, is a structure of deposit made by the river above its low water mark, which, opposite to the mouth of White river, is thirty feet thick. As you descend, the river diminishes in volume as the difference between high and low water mark diminishes and nearly corresponds to it, and wherever the bottom is exposed, it shows throughout the whole extent, that the bottom is *pure coarse sand;* exhibiting at many places the *ocean shingle*, through the superimposed alluvial structure mixed with fine sand. The water percolates with such facility and rapidity that the water in a well dug at a considerable distance from the river bank rises and falls with the rise and fall of the river, not varying an inch, and through the coarse sand and shingles of the bottom, it passes as rapidly as through a common sieve.

By the accurate surveys of several scientific engineers, it is ascertained that the fall of the Mississippi river is four inches to the mile. The distance from Natchez to New Orleans of three hundred miles will give twelve hundred inches or one hundred feet. The depth of the river is less than fifty feet at high water mark. The river debouches into the ocean, from a promontory made by itself. The surface of the ocean, by measurement below the bottom of the river, above New Orleans, corresponds with the low water mark below New Orleans, therefore the Mississippi river is pouring through its own bottom into the ocean, the superimposed weight giving lateral pressure to hurry the subterranean current. If the reader has ever stood upon a Mississippi sand bar, in a hard rain, or seen water poured from a bucket on the sand bar, he has seen that neither can be done in sufficient quantity to produce any current or accumulation on the surface. The river is, therefore, from the time it comes below the limestone stratas of Missouri and Kentucky, wasting itself through its own bottom.

If the Mississippi river had to pursue its course, like the Ohio, over rocky strata walled in by rock and impervious clay banks, the high water mark at New Orleans would reach one hundred feet above its present limits; but running over coarse sand, walled in by a deposit made of sand, ancient deluvial detritous and vegetable mound, no more water reaches the ocean than the excess over the amount that permeates the surrounding structure and passes off in the process of percolation or transperation in a subterranean descent to the ocean. The river, without any other restraint from rock or clay in the bottom or bank, is left free to the government of no other law than the law of hydrostatics. The wathing or wasting of the banks cannot be prevented, though the caving or sliding of large portions at one time may be easily guarded against.

*One Thousand Persons Killed by a Stroke of Lightning.*—Accounts from Rhodes state that the lightning struck the immense store of gunpowder which was placed in the vaults belonging to the Ancient Knights, destroying the whole Turkish quarter so completely that only three children were saved. One thousand persons are said to have perished.

## IN A MINUTE,

### OR THE LITTLE GIRL THAT WAS ALWAYS TOO LATE.

Lucy Lathrop was a little girl of mild temper and amiable disposition. These qualities secured her many friends; but she had one fault which caused herself and her friends, too, some trouble. If anything was to be done she was always too late. Her almost invariable reply was, "In a minute; but it so happened that her minutes were usually much longer than sixty seconds in length. This fault threw a shade over all her good qualities. It was not, is is true, the most serious fault of which a little girl might be accused, but it was serious enough to occasion much trouble. The shortest way, I think, to convince my young readers of this, will be to give them a history of the trouble which this one bad habit brought upon Lucy in a single day.

She was weeding in her garden one morning, when her mother called her to breakfast.

"In a minute, mother," said she, as she continued her employment.

But when at last she came in, and was ready for breakfast, the family had been seated at the table some time. Her father told her that she must wait until they had finished their breakfast before she could sit down; for this habit she had of coming to the table after the rest of the family were seated must be broken up. Lucy was much mortified about this, and one would think it would have cured her at least for that day, of waiting a minute. But, bad habits, when firmly fixed, are not so easily cured. For this reason children should be very careful not to form bad habits.

When it was school time, her brother called to her to know if she was ready.

"In a minute," said Lucy. But Lucy's brother knew something about the length of her minutes, and being somewhat of a punctual boy, he did not choose to wait for her. After a time Lucy too, was ready, and started for school. The teacher had been much annoyed by the tardiness of some of his pupils. The night before he had told them he was resolved to break up this habit, and the next morning he should lock the school room door at precisely five minutes past nine. If any of them came after that time, they would be obliged to return home again. Lucy knew this; but she thought as she always did, that she had plenty of time. When, however, she arrived at the schoolhouse, she found the door locked, and was obliged to return home.

In the afternoon Lucy's mother placed her little infant sister in the cradle, and left the room, telling Lucy to sit beside the cradle and watch her.

"In a minute," said Lucy, who was sitting by the window reading. But before Lucy's minute expired, her little sister dropped her rattle box over the cradle, and as she reached after it, the cradle rocked over. The loud cries of the baby, who was somewhat hurt and more frightened, soon brought Lucy's mother back again. She was much displeased when she found how inattentive her daughter had been. She told her that although she was naturally kind-hearted and affectionate, yet she never could be trusted, because she was never ready to do any thing at the proper time.

It was a long summer's day; and after tea, some of Lucy's companions called for her to take a walk with them. Her mother gave her permission to go; and the party set off in high spirits. Their path lay through fields and meadows.—At length they came to a little brook. It was so narrow that they could almost, but not quite, jump over it. They found a board which they laid across, and all passed over but Lucy. She was busy plucking some beautiful flowers which grew by the side of the brook.

"Come," said one of her companions, "we are all waiting for you."

"In a minute," said Lucy, as she sprang from one flower to another. They were willing to wait one minute, or even more, but she tarried so long that their patience was almost exhausted, and another of them called out—

"Well, I will come in one minute, as soon as I get that flower yonder," said Lucy.

At last, when she was ready, as she came toward the brook, one of the party playfully took up the board, intending to make her, in her turn, to wait just one minute, and then place it back again.—But Lucy was a sprightly, active girl, and seeing a large stone a little way from where she stood, she stepped on to it, thinking that from there she could jump over to the opposite side. But she failed in the attempt, and fell into the brook.—It was very shallow, and she was soon out again, but she was thoroughly wet and covered with mud. While the rest of the party continued their walk, Lucy was obliged to return. As she bent her steps towards home, she called to mind all the trouble she had brought upon herself during the day, by this habit of never being ready to do a thing when it should be done. Her friends had often reasoned with her about it, but she had never tried in earnest to break herself of it. She now resolved to do so without any farther delay.

If any of my young friends who read this story, have formed the same habit, I hope they will not wait a minute before they begin to break themselves of it.

## THE DAUGHTER OF YELLOW SMOKE—A STORY OF THE OMAHAS.

Many years ago, the Omaha Indians were a great and warlike tribe. The beautiful prairies of Nebraska, which lay north of the Platte River, belonged to them, and far north and west, they followed the war path and the game without fear, and with brave hearts. Yellow Smoke, now an old man, was then in the prime of life; a sagacious hunter and a brave warrior, he became the head chief of his nation.

His daughter, Necomah, was the flower of his tribe, and many of the young braves sought her hand and wooed her beauty. But all failed to gain her affections except Tanugah, the hunter who never returned without game, and the warrior who never came from the war-path without scalps. He alone loved Necomah, and he alone was loved in return.

They were betrothed, the day had arrived for the solemnization of their marriage and the presents of robes and horses were already gathered around the lodge of her father, while within the feast of corn and venison was boiling over the fire.

But among the Indians, as among the pale faces, "the course of true love never did run smooth," and just at the auspicious moment, a scout came in and reported a hostile band of the Sioux encamped not far distant. In a moment the young men and brave were arrayed in their war dress, and the war paint paint glowed on their faces. Tanugah bade his bride farewell, and his dark form was lost sight of far off over the prairie.

A fierce and sanguinary battle was fought, and many of the Omahas were sent untimely to the spirit land, and among others, in the thickest of the fight, fell the brave Tanugah. The news soon came home to the village of the Omahas, and the squaws wept and wailed for the departed. But there was one who took no part in the mournful ceremonies—one who wept not, mourned not—it was Necomah. Her bright eye was lighted up with an unearthly fire, and the medicine men of the tribe said she was mad, and that her spirit had left the body and gone to the good hunting grounds to join that of her lover.

Time passed on, and the conjurors told Yellow Smoke that his daughter must be taken to the great Sulphur Spring near the old Council Bluff, and its waters, which were a great medicine, would call back the spirit, and restore the reason of Necomah. And so the chief started, but on the way his daughter died of a broken heart. But still believing in the efficiency of the Spring waters to "minister to a mind diseased," he bore her remains to the high bluff over the White Sulphur Spring, and there buried them.

And now at this day the grave of Necomah is visible, and the rude fence about it still stands, the big wigwams of the pale faces are thick around it. And every moon the aged Yellow Smoke revisits the resting place of his daughter, and leaves upon the grave a cup of the medicine waters that the troubled spirit of Necomah may drink therefrom and be healed.

But now even the medicine men of the pale faces send patients to the new Saratoga to regain health, and a wealthy company has begun the erection of a magnificent hotel near the spring, while a thriving town, called Saratoga, is grown up near the grave of dusky maiden, and the tramp of civilization in its westward march has hushed into silence the rustle of the moccasin in the long prairie grass.

*Nebraska City News.*

*Quite Logical.*—An old Connecticut farmer went to his parson with the following serious inquiry:

"Dr. T., do you believe in the new story they tell about the earth moving around the sun? And do you think that it is according to the Scripture. If it be true, how could Joshua command the sun to stand still?"

"Humph!" quoth the doctor, scratching his cauliflower wig, "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he?"

"Yes," quoth the farmer.

"Well, it stood still, did't it?"

"Yes."

"Very well; did you ever hear that he set it agoing again?"

The farmer smoothed down the nether part of his phiz and vamosed, leaving the parson and Joshua to set the sun agoing at their first convenience.

## NEW CALCULATING MACHINE.

The Paris *Moniteur* describes a new calculating machine invented by M. Thomas of Colmar, and successfully employed in many great financial establishments. Our contemporary says.—"M. Thomas's arithmometer may be used without the least trouble or possibility of error, not only for addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, but also for much more complex operations, such as the extraction of the square root, involution, the resolution of triangles, &c. A multiplication of eight figures by eight others is made in eighteen seconds; a division of sixteen figures by eight figures in twenty-four seconds; and in one minute and a quarter one can extract a square root of sixteen figures, and also prove the accuracy of the calculation. The arithmometer adapts itself to every sort of combination. As an instance of the wonderful extent of its powers, we may state that it can furnish in a few seconds products amounting to 999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999. The working of this instrument is, however, most simple. To raise or lower a nut screw, to turn a winch a few times, and, by means of a button, to slide off a metal plate from left to right, or from right to left, is the whole secret. Instead of simply reproducing the operations of man's intelligence, the arithmometer relieves that intelligence from the necessity of making the operations. Instead of repeating responses dictated to it, this instrument instantaneously dictates the proper answer to the man who asks it a question."

*Death of the Celebrated Doctor Pusey.* By the arrival of the City of Baltimore, at Philadelphia, yesterday, we have intelligence of the death of the celebrated Doctor Pusey, the most famous theological writer of the present century. He was the originator of the Anglican or Puseyite party in the Church of England, and, though his early associate, Dr. Newman, and a vast number of his disciples, have gone over to Papacy, Doctor Pusey remained in the English Church. It is a little more than twenty years since he first created an excitement in the theological world by the publication of the *Oxford Tracts*, in which his great learning and subtle powers of reasoning were employed to sustain a theory of Church worship based upon the Apostolical succession, and attributing an efficacy to the ritual of the Church of England equal to that claimed by the Church of Rome. On account of the publication of the *Tracts*, he was suspended from the duties of a preacher for four years. He was a man of great learning and unquestioned piety, and filled the office of Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and was Canon of Christ Church. He always protested against his name being used to designate the party of which he was the acknowledged head.

*New York Daily Times.*

## THRILLING INCIDENT.

A few days ago a Mrs. Suydam of Granby, New York, hearing a shriek from the well, discovered her little boy sinking in the water, 18 feet below the ground. She immediately sent for assistance, but before it came descended into the well, where she caught the drowning child by by the arm, and held him out of the water. Another child, four and a half years old went into the house, emptied the water out of the pail, hooked it on the pole, and lowered it into the well. This proving of no use the mother thought she must either drop the child or drown herself; but making a desperate effort, she climed up the slippery stones until she was near the top, and raised him over head, when Franky lying down on the platform, caught his little brother by the arm and cried out "I've got him, ma, I've got him!" The child and mother were saved.

## Confidence in One's Self.

When a crisis befalls you, and the emergency requires moral courage and noble manhood to meet it, be equal to the requirements of the moment, and rise superior to the obstacles in your path.—The universal testimony of men whose experience exactly coincides with yours, furnishes the consoling reflection that difficulties may be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. The magnitude of the danger needs nothing more than a greater effort than ever at your hands.—If you prove recreant in the hour of trial you are the worst of recreants, and deserve no compassion. Be not dismayed nor unmanned, when you should be bold and daring, unflinching and resolute.—The cloud whose threatening murmurs, you hear with fear and dread, is pregnant with blessings and the frown whose sternness now makes you shudder and tremble—will ere long, be succeeded by a smile of bewitching sweetness and benignity. Then be strong and manly; oppose equal force to difficulties keep a strong heart and trust in providence. Greatness can only be achieved by those who are tried. The condition of the achievement is confidence in one's self.

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| DECEMBER. | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |
| | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | |

*Sabbath Schools.*—The whole church is concerned in the prosperity of Sabbath schools, even in a secular point of view. As they increase, what is of infinitely greater importance, knowledge, good order and piety will increase. Hence it becomes every true friend of a congregation, as such, to encourage the institution by occasional visits, by the gift of suitable books, which may pass from the Sabbath school library to a hundred families; by appropriating sums of money for incidental expenses; by defending the institution from the attacks of ignorant and wicked men, and by earnest prayer to God.

*Swift Retribution.*—When they do nab a scoundrel in England whose crime can be legally punished they make short work of him. About the same time that Huntington, the great forger, was arrested here, a man named Robson who had defrauded the Crystal Palace at Sydenham of £10,000, was arrested in England. The City of Washington brings the intelligence that Robson had been indicted, tried, found guilty and sentenced to 20 year's imprisonment. Huntington on the contrary, has not yet been indicted.—*New York Express.*

*Conversions to Protestantism.*—A London paper of November 27 says:

"The movement towards Protestantism in Bohemia, Moravia and Austrian Silesia, is becoming daily more immense and overwhelming; whole families, in all their branches, simultaneously embracing the Lutheran creed, and leeding others in the same route, to the consternation of the Roman Catholic clergy, who are striving by every possible means to stop the current. It appears that the recent concordat with the Pope, which disgusts the more intelligent inhabitants of these countries, is the dominant cause of this movement."

☞ The scarlet fever continues to make fearful ravages in the eastern cities. In Boston forty deaths are reported from it last week; in Philadelphia forty-one, and an unusual number in New York also. Small pox, too, prevails, as previously mentioned, in several of the larger cities, though to a more limited extent, and in one or two of the counties of Virginia it is stated to be creating some consternation.

The *Tribune* of Saturday morning states that T. F. Meagher lately challenged H. J. Raymond, of the *Times*, to fight a duel. The offence was the publication of a paragraph saying that Meagher had broken his parole when he escaped from Australia. The story is that Raymond negotiated with Meagher, and finally retracted and explained the offensive paragraph in a manner to satisfy the demands of the duellist. The sending of a challenge is contrary to law in that State, and the *Tribune* lectures Meagher for sending it, and Raymond for not placing it in the hands of the district attorney.