Carolina Watchman.

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

VOL. XIII. SALISBURY, N. C., FEBRUARY 24, 1857. NUMBER XXXIX

A Very Ugly Place to Live in.

The city of New York does not appear to be morally improved in the least by her annually receiving and distributing over the country, some two hundred thousand immigrants from Europe, nor does human life appear to be at all secure there under her brag Democratic Mayor and Foreign police. The following, from the Herald a few days since, shows a horrible state of affairs there:

IS IT SAFE TO BE IN THE STREETS AT NIGHT?

Knowing that through the influence of your valuable columns many of the evils and abuses in this city are corrected, and that your columns are always open to the publication of them, I beg leave to call your attention to a very serious one which exists in this city at present, and which, if not checked, will eventually lead to scenes which must prove an indelible disgrace to one of the greatest cities in the world. I allude to the fact that respectable quiet men cannot walk in this city after dark without constant dread of being knocked down and mutilated, not, as has hitherto been the complaint, by rowdies, but by a new gang which seems lately to have sprung up, whose mode of living is to attack gentlemen for the sake of their watches or jewelry; and there is no possible protection.

We have walked all over the city at night, in all the most respectable parts of the city, both long and short distances, and have looked in vain for policemen to protect us, but not one could be seen.—We also know of, in the last two weeks, no less than five gentlemen of our own acquaintance, who, sometimes leaving the very same houses as ourselves, between ten and eleven o'clock—quiet, respectable citizens—have been knocked down and mutilated by these men. We ask why is this? What is the reason that our city, which claims to be, and is, one of the finest in the world, should be so unprotected, that were we in San Francisco we should feel no more dread, and not so much, as the occurrences of the last two weeks have made us feel, in stepping out after dark? In London, immediately on the discovery of these things, the police, already numerous and vigilant, were doubled after dark. In Paris—in the respectable parts—a call would at any time bring assistance; but in New York, in the most respectable parts of the city, a man is knocked down and mutilated.

Now, sir, I ask you as one of the men whose influence over this is so great, and whose efforts through the medium of your valuable paper, for its welfare and the reformation of its evils and abuses have become so marked and admired, is there no remedy for this? and if not stopped, what must it eventually lead to? We know no man in this city who would not too willingly give a dollar, and some $500, to feel properly protected when out in the evening. Every day these men are increasing in numbers and boldness—not one of them having yet been detected, nor will they—a private citizen being too glad to escape, if attacked, without trying to arrest them, and should they succeed in detaining them, there are no policemen to aid them. We can prove that for nine blocks of a thickly populated place—i. e. Third avenue—on no night or in the cross streets, is a policeman to be found; at least we have walked the same distance two or three times a week, for two months, and have never seen one.—If you will bring this matter before the public, you will oblige and benefit a numerous and respectable body of inhabitants. AN OLD INHABITANT.

The fact that policemen are never on hand in New York near the scenes of the robberies and personal outrages complained of by "an old inhabitant," is pretty good proof that many of the "garrotting" robbers and slungshot pickpockets belong to the police corps. This is no more than what was to be expected when the majority of them hail from that country which furnishes such a number of murderers, brutal assaulters, burglars, and garroters. Our issue of Monday last recorded the conviction of Michael Nugent and Jerry McCauley of the high crime of garrotting and robbery, and the arrest of Jim Kelly and John Clark, (one an Irish youth and the other an Irish waiter,) under the charge of knocking down and robbing Hugh O'Hanan, of Boston, of a large sum of money. On the same day Francis Quinn, (an Irishman) was arrested and committed to prison under the charge of arson. Though we are free to admit that Ireland has contributed many valuable citizens to our country, the fact is nevertheless notorious that most of the bad characters in all our large cities are of Irish birth, or descent, in spite of Mayor Wood's assertion that our country has most to fear from the German and Swiss immigration.

Were the Police corps of Baltimore filled entirely with such foreigners as constitute the majority of the police of New York—men whose characters and crimes cause the better portion of their own countrymen to blush—we have no doubt that the Democratic organ would feel that the lives and property of our people were perfectly secure. But things cannot be exactly as he wishes just now, we are inclined to think; and there would be no need of more than a score or two of police in the city, were it not for the encouragement he gives to foreign lawlessness. All such characters should look to New York and fix things right in that city of fifteen thousand Democratic plurality, before calling for a police that will wink at foreign lawlessness and crime in Baltimore.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

Wilmington, Charlotte, and Rutherford Road.

The Directors of the Wilmington, Charlotte, and Rutherford railroad company met in this town, on Thursday last, and continued in session the remainder of the week.

We learn that they decided to call for the second instalment of ten per cent. on subscriptions of stock, the same to be paid on or before the 1st May next.

They have likewise called a general meeting of the stockholders, to be held in this town on Tuesday, 17th March next, to pass upon the amendments to the charter recently made by the General Assembly, and which, among other things, authorize the counties on the line of the road to subscribe to the capital stock of the company.

We learn also that the difficulty as to the town subscription (of $200,000) to this work, was fully adjusted, and the instalments due from the town with the details of the bonds were agreed upon.

A committee was appointed to confer with the Wilmington and Manchester company as to the details of any connection that may be made between the two roads at Whiteville.

It is expected that, at the meeting in March, the eastern terminus will be settled, and that the road will be put under contract. From Lumberton to Rockingham is now under contract, and many of the contractors, we learn, are engaged upon their sections.

We rejoice that one of the great stumbling blocks in the way of the Company—the difficulty concerning the corporate subscription of the town of Wilmington—has been settled, and the details, agreeable to both Company and corporation, agreed upon. If an eligible sale of the town bonds can be made, the Company will be placed in the possession of means which will enable them to prosecute the work with vigor. For the details of these bonds, and for other interesting matter connected therewith, we would refer the reader to the proceedings of the town authorities published in another column of this paper.

Another serious obstacle still exists which we trust will be harmoniously surmounted at the meeting of stockholders in March next. We refer to the location of the road. For the present we will content ourself with the expression of the hope that past differences of opinion on this point may be forgotten; and that all interested may discuss this subject with unprejudiced eyes, looking not so much to the gratification of preferences, as to the building of the road, a consideration which ought to overide all other considerations.—*Wilmington Herald.*

A Narrow Escape.—A few evenings ago a gentleman called at a drug store to procure some medicine, stating to the clerk that he had already taken two or three doses which had not proved of any service to him. The clerk recommended him to take a bottle of citrate of magnesia, when the gentleman remarked that he had one at home and believed he would try it. On reaching his room he found the bottle, and observed that it had more sediment than usual, but thinking it all right he divided the contents with his room mate, who was also complaining, and they both took a dose. Very soon afterwards, however, they were both taken with a violent vomiting which lasted for some time but eventually produced a beneficial result. On inquiring into the cause of this remarkable action of the medicine, it was ascertained that a servant girl had dissolved a quantity of sugar of lead in the bottle for the purpose of bathing her *heels* which suffering from chilblains, and this poisonous mixture had been taken in such a large dose by both gentlemen that it acted upon them as an emetic, and in this way they not only escaped with their lives but derived a benefit from the medicine. It was a narrow escape and a pretty fair case of what may be termed "heroic practice."

[*Norfolk Herald.*

Not so Sanguinary.—The Wilmington Journal has repented of its blood-thirsty feelings towards the members of the late Legislature, and those gentlemen may dismiss any peculiar feelings with which their windpipes may have been troubled for a fortnight past. It is unfortunate, the Journal editor having been absent for a week, that their feelings (and not themselves) have been kept so long in *suspense*. The Journal explains that, altho' the Legislature actually cut the State's throat, it only desired the Legislator's throats cut metaphorically, and not actually. The Legislators will no doubt breathe freer. Whether any breath is left in the State, is another matter. We can only account for this change of tone in the Journal, by reflecting that the Editor has just been spending a week in Washington, and there must have mingled with so many other shining lights of the democracy who [illegible] with our Legislators deserve to [illegible] their throats cut, that he relented, for fear there would be none of the party left.

The Journal goes into a serious explanation of this cut-throat business, and gravely defends itself from any intention to spill blood! Have the Journal's party friends in some benighted quarter been down upon it? It looks so. And to save it any loss, which it seems to fear, we will give it a certificate, if desired, to save it from the vengeance of its Long Creek friends. We have done such a favor heretofore for an unfortunate Whig in that locality.

The Journal also seriously endeavors to relieve the Democratic party of the responsibility for the acts of the Legislature. We have no disposition to argue so plain a question further. The Democrats had the Legislature by an unprecedented majority. They are very willing to take the credit of any real or supposed good law passed; they should assume the responsibility for all. If they are unwilling to bear the responsibility of power, let them give place to those who have more courage. It does not strike us as manly in so great a party to take all the emoluments of office and cast off the responsibilities upon a helpless minority. Some of the Journal's friends in the Legislature manifested a better spirit, and warned their party to take heed to its ways, for that it would justly be held responsible for the doings of the Legislature. And so it will.

ONLY ONE MAN SAVED.

The following startling passage is from one of the sermons of Wolfe, the author of the "Burial of Sir John Moore."

"Suppose that it was suddenly revealed to any one among you that he, and he alone of all that walk upon the earth, was destined to receive the benefit of his Redeemer's atonement, and that all the rest of mankind was lost—and lost to all eternity; it is hard to say what would be the first sensation excited in that man's mind by the intelligence. It is indeed probable that all his fears respecting his eternal destiny were now no more; that all the forebodings of the mind and misgivings of the heart—all the solemn stir which we feal rising within us whenever we look forward to a dark futurity—to feel that all these had now subsided for ever—to know that he shall stand in the everlasting sunshine of the love of God! It is, perhaps, impossible that all this should not call forth an immediate feeling of delight; but if you wish the sensation to continue, you must go to the wilderness; you must beware how you come in sight of a human being, or within sound of a human voice; you must recollect that you are now alone upon the earth; or, if you want society, you had better look for it among the beasts of the field than among the ruined species to which you belong; unless, indeed, the Almighty, in pity to your desolation, should send his angels before the appointed time, that you might learn to forget in their society the outcast objects of your former sympathies. But to go abroad into human society—to walk amongst beings who are now no longer your fellow-creatures—to feel the charity of your common nature rising in your heart, and to have to crush it within you like a sin—to reach forth your hand to perform one of the common kindnesses of humanity, and to find it withered by the recollection, that however you may mitigate a present pang, the everlasting pang is irreversible; to turn away in despair from these children whom you have now come to bless and to save, (we hope and trust both here and for ever) perhaps it would be too much for you; at all events, it would be hard to state a degree of exertion within the utmost range of human energy, or a degree of pain within the forthest limits of human endurance, to which you would not submit, that you might have one companion on your lonely way from this world to the mansions of happiness. But suppose at that moment, that the angel who brought the first intelligence returns to tell you that there are beings upon this earth who may yet be saved—that he was before mistaken, no matter how—perhaps he was your guardian angel, and darted from the throne of grace with the intelligence of your salvation without waiting to hear the fate of the rest of mankind—no matter how—but he comes to tell you that there are beings upon the earth who are within the reach of your Redeemer's love, and of your own—that some of them are now before you, and their everlasting destiny is placed in your hands; then, what would first occur to your mind?—privations—dangers—difficulties? No; but you would say, 'Lord, what shall I do? Shall I traverse earth and sea, thro' misery and torment, that of those whom thou hast given me I may not lose one?'"

DRIFTING.

It was only the other day that a man fell asleep in his boat on the Niagara river. During his slumber the boat broke loose from her mooring, and he awoke to find himself shooting down the rapids directly towards the cataract. In vain he tried to row against the current. He drifted on and on till his light craft upset, when he was borne rapidly to the brink of the abyss, and leaping up with a wild cry, went over and disappeared for ever.

In the great battle of Gibraltar, when the united fleets of France and Spain attacked the impregnable fortress, one of the gigantic floating batteries broke from her anchorage and began to drift directly in the hottest of the British fire. The thousand men who formed the crew of the unwieldly mass, vainly strove to arrest its progress or divert it from its path. Every minute it drifted nearer the English guns, every minute some new part took fire from the red hot-shot, every minute another score of its helpless defenders were swept like chaff from its decks.—The most superhuman effort failed to prevent its drifting, with its human freight, to inevitable death.

A ship was wrecked at sea. The passengers and crew took refuge on a raft, the boats having been stove in in an attempt to launch them. For days and weeks these unfortunates drifted about, without oar or sail, on the hot brazen tropical ocean. At last their provision failed, and then their water. Still they drifted about, vainly looking for a sail, or hoping for a sight of land. The time had now come when that fearful alternative became inevitable—death from starvation, or feeding human flesh—and they were just beginning to cast lots for a victim, when a vessel was seen far away on the distant horizon. They abandoned their terrible design; the stranger would approach. The ship came toward them. They Strove to attract her attention by shouts and by raising their clothing; but the indolent look-out saw them not. They shouted louder and louder; still they were not seen. At last the vessel tacked. With frantic terror they arose in one body, shouting and waving their garments. It was in vain. They unconscious stood steadily away. Night drew on; and as the darkness fell, the raft drifted in the other direction, till the last trace of the vessel was lost for ever.

So it is in life. The intemperate man, who thinks he, at least, will never die a drunkard, whatever his neighbor may do, only wakes to find himself drifting down the cataract, and all hope gone. The sensualist, who lives merely for his own gratification, drifts into an enfeebled old age, to be tortured with passions he cannot gratify, and perish by merciless, agonizing diseases.—The undisciplined, who are spendthrifts, or passionate, or indolent, or visionary, soon make shipwreck of themselves, and drift about the sea of life, the prey of every wind and current, vainly shrieking for help, till at last they drift away into darkness and death.

Take care that *you* are not drifting.—See that you have fast hold of the helm. The breakers of life forever roar under the lee, and adverse gales continually blow on the shore. Are you watching how she heads? Do you keep a firm grip of the wheel? If you give way but for a moment, you may drift helplessly into the boiling vortex. Young man, take care! It rests with yourself alone, under God, whether you reach port triumphantly, or drift to ruin.—*Balt. Sun.*

EARLY RISING.

I was always an early riser. Happy the man who is. Every morning day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom, and purity, and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called "old," so long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And, O youth! take my word for it—youth in dressing gown and slippers, drawling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrept, ghastly image of that youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains, and the dews sparkle upon blossoming hedgerows.

Old Humphrey and the Blackberries.

Depend upon it, there is nothing like making the best of the little trifling annoyances, which, at the most, only inflict a temporary inconvenience. One day, in the autumn, I was in the country when it rained very fast. I had a few miles to walk to the house of a kind and hospitable friend, and set off with a thin pair of shoes on my feet. It rained very fast, to be sure, but I hoped and trusted it would soon get better. It was wet enough over head, and still wetter under feet; but on I trudged, along the dirty lane, holding up umbrella. My thin shoes were a poor defence against the mud and rain. "Well, well," said I, "they will not all be dirty lanes; I shall soon come to the fields." To the fields I came, but they were no improvement on the road, for the long grass made me miserably wet. "Well, well," said I, "the fields will not all be grass." I soon came to a piece of clover, and the round bossy clover blossoms, saturated with rain, kept bobbing against my legs, and made me wetter than before. "Well, well," said I, "the fields will not all be clover." The next was a potato field, and if the grass was bad, and the clover worse, the potato field was worst of all; for the straggling stems and broad leaves of the potatoes, were so many reservoirs of water, which emptied themselves upon me every time my toe caught the stem of a potato. "Well, well" said I, "they will not all be potato fields;" so on I went, till I came into a sting little lane, where the brambles, hanging in festoons from the hedges, were covered with blackberries, a fruit of which I am uncommonly fond. The storm abated; the road got drier; the sun shone in the skies; and Old Humphrey banquetted on the blackberries.

Now when you meet with any common place vexation, even if it be a little more trying than usual; nay, though it require double patience to endure it, be not discouraged about the matter; think of Old Humphrey and his blackberries, and, by and by, you will not only forget your trouble, but find yourself, with a grateful heart, "singing of mercy."

A Swedish Tale.

In Falun, a mining town in Sweden, a hundred years or more ago, a young miner kissed his fair bride and said to her:

"On St. Lucia's Day our love will be blessed by the priest's hand. Then we shall be husband and wife, and we will build us a little nest of our own."

"And peace and love shall dwell in it," said the beautiful bride, with a sweet smile, "for thou art my all in all, and without thee I would choose to be in my grave."

But when the priest, in proclaiming their bans in the church for the second time before St. Lucia's Day, pronounced the words, "If now, any one can show reason why these persons should not be united in the bonds of matrimony," death was at hand. The young man, as he passed her house next morning in his black mining garb, already wore his shroud. He rapped upon her window and said good morning—but he never returned to bid her good evening. He never came back from the mine, and all in vain she embroidered for him on that very morning a black cravat with a red border, for the wedding day. This she laid carefully away, and never ceased to mourn or weep for him.

Meanwhile, time passed on; the Seven Years' war was fought; the partition of Poland took place; America became free; the French revolution and the long war began; Napoleon subdued Prussia, and the English bombarded Copenhagen. The husbandman sowed and reaped, the miller ground, and the smith hammered, and the miners dug after the veins of metal in their subterranean workshops. As the miners of Falun, in the year eighteen hundred and nine, a little before or after St. John's Day, were excavating an opening between two shafts, full three hundreds ells below the ground, they dug from the rubbish and vitriol water, the body of a young man, entirely saturated with iron vitriol, but otherwise undecayed and unaltered—so that one could distinguish his features and age as well as if he had died only an hour before, or had fallen asleep for a little while at his work.

But when they had brought him out to the light of day, father and mother, friends and acquaintances had been long dead; no one could identify the sleeping youth, or tell any thing of his misfortune, till she came, who was once the betrothed of that miner who had gone one day to the mine and never returned. Gray and shrivelled, she came to the place hobbling upon a crutch, and recognized her bridegroom, when, more in joyful ecstacy than pain, she sank down upon the beloved form. As soon as she had recovered her composure, she exclaimed, "It is my betrothed, whom I have mourned for fifty years, and whom God now permits me to see once more before I die. A week before the wedding time he went under the earth, and never returned."

All the bystanders were moved to tears, as they beheld the former bride, a wasted and feeble old woman, and the bridegroom still in the beauty of youth; and how, after the lapse of fifty years, her youthful love awoke again. But he never opened his mouth to smile, nor his eyes to recognize; and she finally, as the only one belonging to him, and having a right to him, had him carried to her own little room, till a grave could be prepared in the churchyard. The day, when all was ready, and the miners came to take him away, she opened a little drawer, and taking out the black silk cravat, tied it around his neck, and then accompanied him in her Sunday garb, as if it were their wedding day, and not the day of his burial. As they laid him in the grave in the churchyard, she said: "Sleep well now, for a few days in thy cold bridal bed, and let not the time seem long to thee. I have now but little more to do, and will come soon, and then it will be day again." As she was going away, she looked back once more and said, "What the earth has once restored, it will not a second time withhold." *Translated for the Evening Post, from the German of Hebel.*

Look at the Two Pictures.—The following appears in a late number of the Louisville Democrat:

"It is said that there are now in the limits of Cincinnati full three hundred negro families in a state of utter destitution and want. This does not include cases of individual suffering, but whole families numbering from five to ten poor miserable creatures in each house. All of these are objects of charity, depending wholly upon the various charitable institutions in the city for their daily subsistance. This is a deplorable picture of the life of the negroes in a free city and a free State, where such intense sympathy is supposed to exist for the down-trodden race.

"What a contrast to this is exhibited here in the city of Louisville, the centre of slavery, as it is denominated! You might search the city and county from one extreme to the other, and not find a solitary case of destitution and want among our slave population. Such facts as are here presented speak for themselves, and expose the fallacy of the cant of the abolitionists, who pretend to consider the slaveholders as the worst people on earth."

Foul Play.—A day or two ago, Mr. E. Jones came to Augusta, from somewhere in Southwestern Georgia, on his way to North Carolina, where his better half was sick, and had sent for him. He sold a negro woman to raise the wind, and fell in with a man calling himself John H. Bunting, who became very partial to him and by plausible pretention induced Jones to buy him a ticket to Wilmington. They took the cars night before last, and had got down about Branchville, when Bunting went to the Conductor, in great distress, pretended that his hat had blown off, containing all his money, and begged to be let off, to get it. Soon after, Jones found that his pocketbook was missing, and knowing that Bunting had no money suspicion fastened upon him, and he took the train back for Augusta. Bunting was seen here on yesterday, but Jones has not been able to apprehend him.—Jones says it is the second time he has been robbed in the last month, and thinks such mishaps come too often to be agreeable. He will not be so confiding after this.—*Augusta Dispatch.*

Tired of Single Blessedness.—A girl who had become tired of single blessedness thus wrote to her intended husband:

"Dear Bill, come rite off if you'r comin' at all. Edward Kelderman is insistin' that I shall have him, and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer."

A California Cruise.

Narrative of a Woman who lived eighteen years alone upon the Island of San Nicholas.

Captain C. J. R. Russell, who will be recollected by the readers of the papers as the writer of many valuable articles in their columns on the subject of "California Fisheries," has contributed to Hutching's Magazine an interesting narrative of a woman who lived eighteen years alone upon the Island of San Nicholas, one of the Santa Barbara group, off the lower coast, and situated about 43 deg. 15 min. north latitude. While stationed in that quarter, making tidal observations for the United States Government, Captain Russel received from one George Nedevir, an old California resident, the following remarkable history.

Twenty years ago, the whole of the Indian tribes inhabiting the Santa Barbara group of islands were engaged in a fierce and exterminating war with each other, and to such an extent was this deadly hostility waged that already the population had very much diminished, and would, in all probability, before many years, become entirely extinct. To prevent this, and at the same time to ameliorate the condition of the Indians, the good Fathers of the Mission of Santa Barbara conceived the idea of moving them to the main land, where they might be watched over, improved and preserved, under their immediate superintendence. For this purpose they visted the islands, in company with a few partially civilized Indians, and explained to them the advantages of removing to the Mission. They listened attentively to the proposal, and finally consented to go, on promises of protection from their natural enemies being given by the Fathers.

Accordingly a small vessels was sent to the different islands, and the various tribes were taken, one by one, to the Mission of Santa Barbara. But while the last of the Indians were embarking, at the island of San Nicholas, and all were supposed to be on board, a child was missing, and its mother, in great distress, was seeking everywhere, without success. Each portion of the vessel was diligently searched; all the adjacent rocks were examined, but no child could be found. Almost frantic, the mother requested the captain to wait while she went into the interior to search for her child, to which he reluctantly consented.

As night closed down in darkness, heavy masses of clouds rolled up from the horizon, and gave evidence of a coming storm. All were anxious for the return of the woman and her child, beefore it broke upon them, but still they came not. The wind began to blow harder and stronger; the storm was rapidly increasing; and as the groups of Indians on board strained their eyes, trying to discover in the darkness, some object that resembled the returning woman and her child, yet saw them not, there were many sad hearts and anxious countenances that night, on their account. The storm at last came on in all its fury, tossing their little vessel up and down like a feather, and compelled them at last, though reluctantly, to put to sea for safety, before any tidings of the absent ones could be received. Although the cargo of living freight reached Santa Barbara, before the vessel could return for the woman, it was wrecked and entirely lost; and as no other could be obtained at that time, the poor woman had to remain upon the island, where she lived *alone*, for eighteen years, no doubt forgotten or given up as long since dead.

After the discovery of gold, it was rumored that San Nicholas was inhabited, and this, no doubt, had its foundation in the fact that several hunters of the sea otter had seen the print of human footsteps, and they endeavored to discover the whereabouts of the individuals, but could not. Yet, as all the foot prints were alike, they concluded that there could be only one person living upon it. Many attempts were made to find out who, and where this strange being was, but without avail, until one of California's oldest pioneers, Mr. Nedevir—the gentleman who related the story, and who arrived in this country some twenty-five years ago, and still resides in Santa Barbara—went over to look for her. He, having spent many years as a hunter and trapper in the Rocky Mountains, was as expert as an Indian in following a trail, and consequently found but little difficulty in discovering the track, which he followed until he saw a singular object among the rocks upon the seashore, near the mouth of a ravine, upon its knees, skinning a seal. Upon approaching, he found it to be a woman, clad in a singular dress of feathers. When she saw him, she jumped up, and, with excessive joy, ran towards him, and seemed almost beside herself with wild delight at the sight once more of a human being. In her hand she held a rude knife blade that she had made from a piece of old iron, probably obtained from the fragments of a wreck, and which she evidently valued beyond anything else in her possession. She was unable to make herself understood, except by signs in making which she showed a great amount of intelligence, and signified her willingness to accompany him to Santa Barbara. Here Father Gonzales, of the Mission took the greatest pains to discover some of the Indians who had been taken from those Islands eighteen years before, but no one of them could be found, and what become of them is a mystery unto this day. Not one of the Indians, within a circumference of many miles, could be found who could understand her, so she could communicate only by signs.

It appears from her narrative, that, ac-

hours, and when she found it, the wild dogs, which infest the island, even to the present day, had killed and nearly devoured it. We can better imagine the feelings of a mother, at that time, than describe them. When she returned to the spot where she had left the vessel, to tell her sorrows for the loss of her child, that too, was gone, and was bearing away her kindred and friends from her sight. Could she have realized, then, that for eighteen long years she must live *alone* in the world, without one kind word of comfort, one cheering look from a friendly eye, or one smile of recognition, it would have been too much for even her wild but womanly nature to bear, and with her, as with us, it is well that we know not the future. From day to day she lived in hope, beguiling the weary hours in providing for her wants. With snares, made of her hair, she caught birds, and with the skins, properly prepared, she made her clothing. Her needles were neatly made of bone and cactuthorns; her thread was of sinews from the seal. In these, and many other articles found in her possession, she exhibited much of the native ingenuity she possessed.

Whether she still remembered her own language or not, will forever remain a mystery. She was very gentle and kind, especially to children, and nothing seemed to please her more than to be near them; and the poor woman would often shed tears while attempting to describe, by signs, her own little one, which had been killed and eaten by the wild dogs. The sympathy felt for her welfare caused the people to supply her bountifully with everything she needed, and very imprudently allowed her to eat almost anything she chose, and the result was that in about six months after her escape from her lonely exile she sickened and died, having, undoubtedly, been killed with kindness.

From the Wilmington Herald.

Calico Ball!

MR. EDITOR:—The gay season is drawing to a close, and although we have had several very pleasant balls and parties, I see no reason in the world why we should not have another. I go in, sir, for what is called a *Calico Ball* in cities north of us—that is, the Ladies robe themselves in dresses made of calico—none of your moire antiques, watered silks, satins, and other ridiculously expensive fabrics—and after the ball is over give their dresses to the poor.

I am an old bachelor myself, sir, and therefore feel at liberty to whisper this piece of counsel into the ears of the Ladies—"Go back to the good old days of calico and of cheap but neat material for your dresses. You will get married quicker, for there's many a poor fellow in town who would like to get a partner for life, if the present outrageous and extraordinarily expensive fashion of female adornments did not put the thing out of the question altogether. I tell you this in strict confidence, you understand.—Moreover, your smiles will be just as sweet; your eyes will sparkle just as fatally; your forms will show the lines of beauty just as perfectly, as though you were rigged out in the finest of Point d'Alencon, or the most expensive of moire antiques." Hang moire antiques, I say. It has kept me from proposing.—I might have been a married man long ago, but a wife was too costly a luxury.

Let's have a Calico Ball then. We can enjoy ourselves and help the poor What do you say, Girls?—and you, Mr. Editor? BACHELOR.

[We say agreed.—ED'R.]

THE WAY THEY MARRY, SOMETIMES, IN INDIANA.

Our Hoosier friends have a way of their own of indulging their passions and sentiments, even to the sacrifice, sometimes, of conventionalities. We have heard of an instance in which a father and son married two sisters—the young man marrying first, and the father, taking a liking to his daughter-in-law, sought the acquaintance of her sister, proposed, and was married to her. Thus, in addition to the natural sisterly connection which existed, one sister was made step mother and the other step-daughter and daughter-in-law to her sister. Each party having issue, it is a novelty to trace the relationship of the offspring to the "old folks" and to each other. The old gentleman was grandfather and uncle to his son's children, while his better half stood both as grandmother and aunt to the same hopeful scions. The young man became his father's brother-in-law, and enjoyed the same relationship to his cruel step mother, while he was both uncle and half brother to his father's children. The descendants of each have eventually become so entangled in the ties of consanguinity, that at last accounts the oldest son of one of the parties was endeavoring to prove, upon genealogical principles, that he was his sister's grandfather. We hear that "politics make strange bedfellows;" we have certainly shown that love and matrimony sometimes makes strange relationship.

THE BURDELL MURDER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The Coroner's Jury have closed their labors with a verdict, charging Eckel and Mrs. Cunningham as principals, and Snodgrass as accessary, in the late murder of Dr. Burdell, in Bond street.

The Emperor of the French sometime ago offered a prize to him who should be capable of competing successfully with steam. It is said it may be looked upon as a *fait accompli*, and that Dubose is the fortunate individual whom science and wealth will overwhelm with their honors and gifts. It is said that the model of M. Dubose's remarkable invention will work for twenty-four hours, at a cost of only thirty centimes a wheel that is capable of overcoming a resistance of fifty pounds—thus possessing a great advantage over steam as at present worked.

The Wandering Jew has made his appearance in this city, and is attracting marked attention, by his queer dress, quick movements, peculiar address and flowing beard.—*Richmond Dispatch.*