Carolina Watchman.

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

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Capture of an American Slaver—Horrible Scene on Board.

On the 16th inst., the British brig of war, Arab, spied a suspicious looking schooner off Falmouth, Jamaica. The Post says:

She was closely pursued, and the captain, finding that there was no possibility of escaping from the "Arab," deserted her, taking with him in a shallop his crew, money, chronometer and other useful articles. The commander of the Arab dispatched his gun-boat with 15 men under the command of his first lieutenant, with orders for the capture of the shallop.—The chase continued for nearly three hours—and a shot having destroyed the rudder of the shallop, the captain, who was owner of the slaver, surrendered.—Two of his principal slaves, and an interpreter, were taken from the shallop, and the crew were left in it, to make the best of their way to Cuba. The first lieutenant then boarded the schooner, and found her filled with young Africans, males and females, to the number of 373, no less than 126 having fallen victims to the horrors of the middle passage during a voyage of twenty-nine days. The poor captives were in a wretched condition—all of them were naked—and the greater part seemed to have been starved. They were packed closely together, and covered with dirt and vermin. On the arrival of the schooner, in St. Ann's Bay, several gentlemen went on board, and their sympathies were excited at the misery they witnessed. Messrs. Bravo & Bro. suggested measures which were adopted, and with their usual liberality, ordered a steer to be killed, and soup prepared for the sufferers; other gentlemen furnished ground provisions, bread, &c., and while the food was being prepared, the whole of the human cargo was brought upon deck, washed, and had blankets given to them until clothing could be procured. Thirty of them were in a dying state.—The slave schooner has two decks, and between them the captives were packed in such a manner that they had scarcely room to move. During each day of the voyage they sat in a painful posture, eighteen inches only being allowed for each to turn in, and in a deck room of thirty feet in length 300 human beings were stowed away, and brought up, in platoons, once every day, to get a small portion of fresh air. The schooner draws but six feet of water, is of great breadth and flat bottomed, and was thus built to enable her, in case of pursuit, to run into a port where there was not much depth of water. The interpreter states that when slave-trading captains cannot escape cruisers, they make their way to a particular point of land on the Cuban coast—run the vessels ashore—and leave the slaves to perish. The place alluded to is surrounded with rocks—none but flat bottomed boats can get in—and the whole of that portion of the coast is blanched with human bones.

The Angel of the House.

There is an angel in the house. No matter how fallen the inmates, how depressed the circumstances, there is an angel there to pity or to cheer. It may be in the presence of a little child, or it may be clothed in a stooping and wrinkled body, treading the downward path to the grave. Or, perhaps, in a cheerful spirit, looking upon the ills of life as so many steps towards heaven, if only bravely overcome, and mounted with serious feet. We knew such an angel once and it was a drunkard's child. On every side, wherever she moved, she only saw misery and degradation, and yet she did not fall. Her father was brutal, and her mother discouraged, and her home thoroughly comfortless. But she struggled along with angel endurance, bearing with an almost saintly patience the infirmities of him who gave her existence, and then hourly ministered it. Night after night at the hours of 10, 12, and even one, barefoot, shawllless, and bonnetless, has she been to the den of the drunkards, and gone staggering home with her arm around her father. Many a time has her flesh been blue with the mark of his hand, when she has stepped in between her helpless mother and violence. Many a time has she sat upon the curbstone with his head in her lap; many a time known how bitter it was to cry for hunger when the money which should have bought bread was spent in gin. And the patience that the angel wrought within made her face shine; so that, though never acknowledged in the courts of this world, in the kingdom of heaven she was waited for by assembled hosts of spirits, and the crown of martyrdom lay ready waiting for her young brow. And she was a martyr. Her gentle spirit went up from a couch of anguish—anguish brought on by ill usage and neglect. And never till then did the father recognize the angel in the child; never till then did his manhood arise from the dust of its dishonor. From her humble grave he went away to keep his resolves for the better in bitter tears; and he will tell you to-day how the memory of her much enduring life keeps him from the bowl; how he goes sometimes and stands where her patient hands have led him, while her cheek crimsoned at the sneers of those who scoff at the drunkard's child. Search for the angels in your households, and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that, all unconsciously, you frown upon them, when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised; but when they are gone with their silent influence, then will you mourn for them as for a jewel of great worth.

Afflictions of Christians.—They have frequently more of these sufferings than others. The husbandman does not prune the bramble, but the vine. The shine designed for the temple above requires more cutting and polishing than those which are for the common wall. Correction is not for strangers, but children. The Christian mourns over those infirmities which are not viewed by others as sins, such as wandering thoughts and cold affections in duty. It is said of that beautiful bird, the bird of Paradise, that when it is caught and caged, it never ceases to sigh till it is free. Just such is the christian. Nothing will satisfy him but the glorious liberty of the sons of God.—*Jay*

A LADY ON THE MISS BOKER MARRIAGE.—The nice appreciation of the female mind, when disinterested, is seldom at fault in judging social relations and assigning the tone and bearing of personal conduct. This gives value to the opinions of Mrs. R. S. Nichols, in the Miss Boker marriage case, a transcript of which we find in the Huntendon Gazette:

No occurrence of a private nature has ever created deeper public interest than the recent marriage, in New York, of Miss Boker to her father's coachman, one John Dean. It is claimed that Miss Boker is a refined, intelligent and cultivated young lady; that she is competent to teach music, and is mistress of several languages—that she is, in short all that a gentleman could wish his daughter to be, with one exception, to wit: a singular partiality for an unrefined, uncultivated coachman. Divers have been the opinions expressed in regard to Miss B's conduct. Many have praised—many have blamed her, and not a few have been puzzled to know how it all was brought about; which party, in fact, took the lead in this singular courtship. Our own opinion is that Miss Boker must have taken the initiative steps, and that, too, pretty decidedly; for this is not a romantic age, when a pretty page may marry his mistress, or gentlemen go about disguised as menials in order to win the ladies of their love, but a downright sober, utilitarian period, though silly girls are still found who do sillier things to the astonishment of the world at large & of their trusting parents in particular. We have no sympathy with the so called romance of Miss Boker's marriage, though a very genuine pity is awakened at the thought of years of untold misery which she has in all probability brought upon herself. There must have been something radically wrong, either in the moral training or the mental organization of a girl in Miss Boker's position in life, to lead to such a result as is now confessedly before the world.

A young lady, high bred, polished, and of great womanly delicacy, encourages a rough, coarse, unintellectual man, filling a menial station in her parents' household, to approach her as a lover, and finally elopes with and marries him! It is not because he is poor, or that he is in a lower station in life than herself, that makes this affair so monstrous in the eyes of those accustomed to look beyond the present into the future; it is because of the total dissimilarity of feeling, taste, opportunity, and endowments. And yet Miss Boker cannot become to us a refined woman. No refined woman could have bornne to have been addressed in the language of love by an unrefined, coarse-minded man, to say nothing of her living under the same roof with him, and be holding him condemned to herd with those she esteemed so much beneath her, while she moved in an altogether higher sphere. No refined and right-minded woman would have flung away a father's and mother's love, or treated them so disingenuously, after all their kind care and affectionate guardianship, as did this young lady in question. No delicate-minded woman would have subjected herself and her private affairs to the rude remarks and pitiless animadversions of an excitement-hunting public, as this newly-married Mrs. John Dean has done.

Marriage, to bring happiness to the parties interested, must be a union of tastes, feeling and sentiment; there must be congeniality of spirit, something near equality of mind, and certainly that sympathy of pursuit, which equal educational advantages always develop.—Without these, there can be no permanent happiness in life; but after the novelty and blindness of passion wear away, certain misery must follow, which is always sure to fall most heavily on the weaker party.

Clandestine marriages seldom bring happiness; the woman who sacrifices home and a father's and mother's affection for a lover, unless the parents are unusually unreasonable, generally reaps that reward which follows in the footsteps of ingratitude and disobedience.

What did the Clock say.—The clock upon the tower of a neighboring church tolled forth, slowly and solemnly, the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked:

"Mother, what did the clock say?"

"To me," said the mother, sadly, "it seemed to say, gone—gone—gone gone!"

"What, mother—what has gone?"

"Another hour, my son."

"What is an hour, mother?"

"A white-winged messenger from our Father in Heaven, sent by him to inquire of you—of me, what we are doing; what we are saying: what we are thinking and feeling."

"Where has it gone, mother?"

"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words and deeds while it was with us."

Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?

Reader! what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high for you?

A military captain at the West, by the name of Bangs, has named his eldest son Slam. What a noisy fellow he'll be, ha? Slam Bang!

Is not every face beautiful in our eyes which habitually turns towards us with affectionate, guileless smiles?

HOOPS.

Many scandalous stories have been put in circulation to the prejudice of this article of female attire, but the following, from the Richmond Whig, exceeds all its predecessors:

A few Sundays ago, a modest young gentleman of our acquaintance attended the morning service, in one of our fashionable churches. He was kindly shown into a luxuriously cushioned pew, and had hardly settled himself, and taken an observation of his neighbors, before a beautiful young lady entered, and with a graceful waive of the hand preventing our friend from rising to give her place, quietly sunk into a seat near the end.—When a hymn was given out, she skillfully found the page, and with a sweet smile, that set his heart a thumping, handed her neighbor the book. The minister raised his hands in prayer, and the fair girl knelt, and in this posture perplexed her friend to know which most to admire, her beauty or her devoutness.—Presently the prayer was concluded, and the congregation resumed their seats.—Our friend respectfully raised his eyes from the fair form he had been so earnestly scanning, lest when she looked up she would detect him staring at her. After a couple of seconds he darted a furtive glance at his charmer and was astonished to see her still on her knees; he looked closely, and saw that she was much affected, trembling in violent agitation no doubt from the eloquent power of the preacher. Deeply sympathizing, he watched her closely. Her emotion became more vioient; reaching her hand behind her, she would convulsively grasp her clothing, and strain, as it were, to rend the brilliant fabric of her dress.—The sight was exceedingly painful to behold, but he still gazed, like one entranced with wonder and astonishment. After a minute the lady raised her face, heretofore concealed in the cusion, and with her hand made an unmistakable beckon to our friend. He quickly moved along the pew towards her, and inclined his ear as she evidently wished to say something.

"Please help me, sir," she whispered, "my dress has caught, and I can't get up." A brief examination revealed the cause of the difficulty; the fair girl wore fashionable high-heeled shoes; kneeling upon both knees, these heels, of course struck out at right angles, and in this position the highest hoop of her new fangled skirt caught over them, and thus rendered it impossible for her to raise herself or straighten her limbs. The more she struggled, the tighter was she bound; so she was constrained to call for help. This was immediately, if not scientifically rendered; and when the next prayer was made, she merely inclined herself upon the back of the front pew—thinking, no doubt, that she was not in praying position.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

"Friend Broadbrim," said Zephaniah Straightface to his master, a rich Quaker of the City of Brotherly Love, "thou can'st not eat of that leg of mutton at thy noontide table to-day."

"Wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker.

"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calleth Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen it—yea, and he hath eaten it up."

"Beware, friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"

"Yea, verily, I saw it with my eyes, and it was Lawyer Foxcraft's dog, even Pinch'em."

"Upon what evil times have we fallen," sighed the harmless secretary, as he wended his way to the office of his neighbor.

"Friend Griphis," said he, "I want to ask thy opinion."

"I am all attention," replied the scribe, laying down his pen.

"Supposing, friend Foxcraft that my dog has gone into thy neighbor's pantry, and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I saw him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?"

"Pay for the mutton: nothing can be clearer."

"Know thou, friend Foxcraft, thy dog, even the beast men denominate Pinch'em, hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton, of the just value of four shillings and sixpence, which I paid for it in market this morning."

"O, well, then, it is my opinion that I must pay it;" and having done so, the worthy friend turned to depart.

"Tarry yet a little, friend Broadbrim," cried the lawyer. "Of a verity I have yet further to say unto thee. Thou owest me nine shillings—for advice."

"Then verily I must pay thee, and it is my opinion that I have touched pitch and been defiled."

Court Circular from the Nursery.—"Prince Leopold"—writes the Court Newsman of Thursday—"visited the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park." The Prince, being at the ripe age of almost four, it is especially necessary that a thinking people should know when his Royal Highness condescendingly visits the guinea-pigs, and what time he graciously spends in the monkey-house.—*Punch.*

Virtue is no security in this world. What can be more upright than pump logs and editors? Yet both are destined to be *bored!*

A SWEDISH BEAUTY.

Bayard Taylor, writing from Inoxengi, the Frigid Zone, is somewhat enthusiastic in describing a Swedish maid who waited on him at an ancient inn in Haparanda, where he was detained a few days by sickness. The "delicate pink of a wild-rose leaf," with which he tints her cheek, is decidedly Orient-ish—considering the state of the thermometer: "I was obliged to remain three days in Haparanda, applying poultices, gargles and liniments, according to the doctor's instructions.—As my Swedish was scarcely sufficient for the comprehension of prescriptions, or medical technicalities in general, a written programme of my treatment was furnished to Fredrika, the servant-maid, who was properly impressed with the responsibility thereby devolving upon her. Fredrikaka, no doubt, thought that my life was in her hands, and nothing could exceed the energy with which she undertook its preservation. Punctually to the minute appeared the prescribed application, and, if she perceived or suspected any dereliction on my part, it was sure sure to be reported to the doctor at his next visit. I had the taste of camomile and mallows in my mouth from morning till night; the skin of my jaw blistered under the scorching of ammonia; but the final result was that I was cured, as the doctor and Fredrika had determined. This good-hearted girl was a genuine specimen of the Northern Swedish female. Of medium height, plump, but not stout, with a rather slender waist and expansive hips, and a foot which stepped firmly and nimbly at the same time, she was as cheerful a body as one could wish to see. Her hair was of that silky blonde so common in Sweden; her eyes a clear, pale blue; her nose straight and well-formed; her cheeks of the delicate pink of a wild rose leaf, and her teeth so white, regular and perfect, that I am sure they would make her fortune in America. Always cheerful, kind and active, she had, nevertheless, a hard life of it; she was alike cook, chambermaid and hostler, and had a cross mistress to boot. She made our fires in the morning darkness, and brought us our early coffee while we yet lay in bed, in accordance with the luxurious habits of the Arctic zone. Then, until the last drunken guest was silent, toward midnight, there was no respite from labor. Although suffering from a distressing cough, she had the outdoor, as well as the in-door duties to discharge, and we saw her in a sheepskin jacket, harnessing horses, in a temperature of thirty degrees below zero."

THE LAW OF DOGS.

At the general term of the Supreme Court at Oswego, in July last, an appeal was brought from a judgment of the Onondaga County Court affirming that of a justice of the peace. The action was originally brought to recover damages for alleged injuries received by plaintiff's dog in a fight with a dog or dogs belonging to defendant.

Judge Allen delivered the opinion in the case and it was concurred in by his associates on the bench, Justices Pratt and Bacon. We copy from the opinion, condensing somewhat:

This is the first time I have been called upon to administer the law in the case of a pure dog fight, or a fight in which the dogs, instead of the owners, were the principal actors.

I am constrained to admit total ignorance of the code duello among dogs, or what constitutes a just cause of offence and justifies a resort to arms, or rather to teeth, for redress. What violation of the rules of etiquette entitled the injured beast to insist upon prompt and immediate satisfaction I know not, and am glad to know that no nice question upon the conduct of the conflict on the part of the principal actors arises in this case.

It is not claimed upon either side that the struggle was not in all respects dog-like and fair. Indeed I was not before aware that any law, human or divine, moral or ceremonial, common or statute, undertook to regulate these matters, but supposed that this was one of the few privileges which this class of animals still retained in the domesticated state; that it was one of their reserved rights, not surrendied when they entered into and became a part of the domestic institution, to settle and avenge, in their own way, all individual wrongs and insults, without regard to what Blackstone, or any other jurist, might write, speak, or think, of "the rights of persons" or the "rights of things." I have been a firm believer with the poet in the instruction, if not semi-divine right of dogs to fight, and with him would say—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;" &c.

The evidence is slight that the dog died in consequence of this fight. But, as this question is left in doubt by the evidence, the judgment of the justice is conclusive as to the cause of the death. I can, however, see no just grounds for the judgment. It can only be supported upon the broad ground that when two dogs fight and one is killed, the owner can have satisfaction for his loss from the owner of the victorious dog; and I know of no such rule. The owner of the dead dog would, I think, be clearly entitled to the skin, though some, less liberal, would be disposed to award it to the victor, and this rule would ordinarily be a fair equivalent for the loss: and with that, unless the evidence differs materially from that in this case, he should be content.

The judgment of the County Court is reversed.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.*

From the Southern Cultivator.

Work for the Month—(MAY.)

THE PLANTATION.

This is one of the very busiest months on the plantation, and no one who desires to make a good crop has any time to lose now.

Corn, not already brought to a "stand," must be properly worked at once, first "running round" close to the row with a long scooter, after which use a shovel, and then keep the ground stirred between the rows, as often as once every 10 or 15 days, running quite *shallow* with a harrow, cultivator or a horse hoe, followed by hand hoes to clean and mellow the space between the hills. Do not break any roots, or use the turning-plow, at all, in working this crop, except to "lay by" with; and even then it is unnecessary.

Cotton must be brought to a "stand," and scraped and moulded without delay. The moulding must be done as soon after scraping as possible, so that the roots of the young plants may not be left exposed to the scorching effects of the sun.

Oats, Rye, and perhaps *Wheat*, may be cut in some places, the last of this month, and the ground afterwards planted in *Sweet Potato* "draws," or *Cow Peas.*

Cow Peas should be now sown broadcast or drilled, in deeply plowed, and well manured land. If intended for hay, the land must be rich; if seed only is desired, moderately fertile land will answer. The *Chinese Prolific Pea* should also be planted 4 by 4 feet, 1 or 2 Peas in a hill, to secure a future supply of seed.

Sweet Potatoes should be planted extensively as heretofore recommended.—Select a rainy or cloudy day, or the cool of the evening (from 4 P. M. till sundown) for setting your "draws"—dip the roots in a batter of water thickened with fine rich soil, make the holes with a pointed stick (or "dibble")—set the "draws" deep into the mellow ground, and press the earth firmly around them.

Sow *Corn* in drills for fodder—opening the drill wide and deep with a long shovel, and scattering the corn along in it at the rate of about 3 bushel per acre. It may be cut when in the tassel, and fed green, or dried for winter use. Sow, also, *Chinese Sugar Cane*, for fodder, in the same way, on a small scale, to satisfy yourselves of its great value. If allowed to stand, it will mature its seed if planted even as late as the middle of June or 1st of July. Make the ground very deep and rich, as previously directed.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

Transplant *Egg Plants*, and continue planting *Snap Beans* every 10 or 12 days.

Hill up *Bush Beans*, before blooming, to keep them upright when bearing.

Work carefully around *Melons* and *Cucumbers*, with a pronged hoe—prune the vines so as to distribute the fruit equally, and if the striped bug is troublesome, try the effects of sprinkling the vines with weak camphor water, which is made by tying up in muslin, a piece of gum camphor as large as an egg and infusing it in a barrel of rain water. To prevent the wind from bundling up the vines, throw a shovelful of dirt upon them, here and there. The main point, however, in this month is the proper thinning of the crop. Never leave but two, or, at most, three plants of Melons, Cucumbers or Squashes in each hill.

All vegetables will be greatly benefitted by a judicious *thinning*, for a crowded growth is just as injurious to them as if they were overgrown with weeds.

Hoe and stir the soil frequently around your plants, and, whenever you possibly can, mulch them; it will improve them wonderfully.

Plant out *Tomatoes* towards the end of this month for a late crop, and cut them down until the early patch is giving out, then let them go to fruit, and you will have plenty until frost.

Sow *Cabbage* seed the latter part of this month, for fall and winter use. Flat Dutch and Bergens are the best. Try also, the genuine "Buncombe" seed, if you can obtain it.

Transplant *Leeks*—they will be fit for use all next winter.

If you are raising *Onions*, from the black seed, thin out the rows and transplant. Such transplanted Onions will come in late, and last till Christmas.

Finish cutting *Asparagus* by the middle of this month, or the first of June, at farthest.

Continue to plant *Okra, Squashes* and *Melons*, of the different varieties, *Lima* (or Butter) *Beans, Sweet Corn.* Transplant the *Tomato, Pepper, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery*, &c. Plant *Carrots, Beets, Salsify, Parsnips*, &c., for a succession.

Now is also the proper time to feed your plants with liquid manure, [say one pound of Peruvian Guano or two pounds of hen manure dissolved in 10 gallons of water]. Once a week is enough, and give plenty of pure water after the application of the manure.

The *Strawberry* patch should receive a good working with pronged hoes, to avoid injuring the roots. After thus loosening up the soil, replace the mulching, and there will be little trouble with the weeds for the remainder of the season.—If cultivating solely for fruit the runners must be scrupulously kept down.

Weeds will now begin to infest your gardens, and must be ruthlessly destroyed at their first appearance.

THE ORCHARD AND FRUIT GARDEN.

Destroy *Caterpillar's* nests wherever found on your fruit trees. If the branches are crowded or over-laden with thickly-set fruit, thin out one-half of it, and the remainder will be enough better to pay for the trouble.

Dust over the *Plum* and *Nectarine* trees with a mixture of quick-lime, ashes and sulphur, while the dew is on the leaves, to destroy the curculio.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Shade, water, weed, cultivate and mulch your flowers and notice the general directions for last month in this department.

The Printer and the Dutchman.—A Dutchman sitting at the door of his tavern in the far West, is approached by a tall thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward, on foot, with a bundle on a cane over his shoulder.

"Vell Misther Valking Stick, vat you want?"

"Rest and refreshment," replied the traveller.

"Supper and lotching I reckon."

"Yes supper and lodging, if you please."

"I'e ye a Yankee pedler mit chewelry in your pack, to sheat de gals."

"No, sir. I am no Yankee pedler."

"A singin-master too lazy to vork?"

"No, sir."

"A sheenteel shoemaker, vat loves to measure te galls feet and hankles better than to make te shoes?"

"No, sir, or I should have mended my own shoes."

"A pook achent, vot hodders te school committee, till they do vot you vish shoost to get rid of you?"

"Guess again sir; I am no book agent."

"Te tyfels! a dentist, preaking de peebles jaws, at a dollar a shrag and runnin' off mit my daughter?"

"No, sir, I am no tooth puller."

"Phrenologus, den, feelin' te young folks' heads like so many cabbitch?"

"No, I am no phrenologist."

"Vell, den vat te tyfels can you be? choost tell, and you shall haft the besht sassage for supper, and shtay all night, free gratis, nitout a cent, and a chill of viskey to start mit in te mornin."

"I am an humble desciple of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer at your service."

"Votsch dat?"

"A printer, sir, a man that prints books and newspapers."

"Ah! a man vot printsh noospapers! Oh, yaw! yaw! ay, dat ish it. A man vot printsh noospapers! I vish I may be shot if I did not tink you vos a poor tyfel of a dishtrick schoolmaster, who vorks for nottin' and boards round. I tought you vosh him. Yaw, yaw!—Walk up."

Extraordinary Lottery.

A Paris correspondent of the Independence announces the most extraordinary lottery ever heard of, in which a real live Jesuit is to be the prize. The fathers are building a church on the Rue de Sevres, and are short of money. They are poor in cash, but opulent in artific; so, having failed to procure the requisite funds, propose a lottery. But without funds how to procure a prize? The reverend father, Lefebre, has discovered the means for obviating this difficulty. He suggests that he should put himself up to be raffled for by ladies only, at 100 francs per ticket. The winner is to obtain exclusive command over her prize during four days. The reverend father is to do her bidding in all things connected with his ministry, such as preaching, praying, pilgrimage, soliciting charitable subscriptions, confession, absolution, and the like. The correspondent declares that the proposition has succeeded, and that numerous tickets have been taken by the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain. The Jesuits want a million, and Father Lefebre declares they will succeed.

A Jollied Judge, and What It Is to Come of It.

The New York Evening Post says that Judge Davies was to hold the Oyer and Terminer this month—the term of opening on Monday last. The Burdell murder case was to come before him, and it appears he was desirous to try it. He spent the Sunday at his residence in Fishkill, and the weather being very bad on Monday and retarding the cars, he failed to arrive with punctuality. Judge Roosevelt, getting wind of the facts, happened upon the bench at about half-past ten, assumed the ermine, and adjourned his bro. Davies' court to the first Monhay in May, when it is his turn to preside.

This is one point of the joke; but in a subsequent issue, a correspondent of the Post exhibits another of a far more serious import. The law requires, both the revised statutes and the code, that the Oyer and Terminer and the Circuit shall both be held at the same time and place, and of course by the same judge. Now it appears that the learned and facetious judge who, without opening or holding the Court, stepped in and adjourned the Oyer and Terminer, thus separated the Courts. So that all that Eckel and Mrs. Cunningham have to do is to let their trial go on, on the adjourned day, without saying a word, and then, if they are convicted bring a writ of error and assign error in fact, patent on the record, and thus upset the whole concern.

The Dying Bed.

There is no place like a dying bed. There is no place in man's brief journey across the world like the dying hour, so impressive and so full of dread interest to each individual when he arrives at the place and feels that his hour has come. Then the soul makes a pause. She looks back on a receeding world, and onward into a dark unfathomed eternity. There is no retreat. The hour for exchanging worlds has come. The hour for good hope of pardon and of heaven, how invaluable! To have no hope then, when flesh and heart fail and all mortalities are about to be sundered, and to die in despair, how dreadful beyond imagination to conceive! To avoid it is worth a whole life of ceaseless efforts and prayer.

A Foot for Naturalist.—A Norwegian fable satisfactorially accounts for the short tail of the bear. The bear, it seems, was once met by a fox, who carried a load of fish, and who, in answer to the question how he had obtained them, replied that he had caught them by angling. The bear expressed a desire to know an art so useful; when the fox informed him that he had only to make a hole in the ice and insert his tale. "You must stop long enough, and not mind if it hurt you a little, (said the friendly adviser,) for a sensation of pain is a sure sign you have a bite. The longer the time the more fish. Nevertheless, when you have a good strong bite be sure you pull out." The credulous bear followed the instructions, and kept his tail in the hole till it was frozen fast. When he pulled, the end of the tail came off; and hence the shortness of the appendage at the present day.

Monument to a Slave.

The students of Howard (Ala.) College have erected a monument over the grave of the slave Harry. The ceremony was performed on Sunday, the 10th instant, that day being selected for the convenience of the negroes, who wished to witness the ceremony. Harry was a boy who waited on the students, and by his faithful and courageous devotion, sacrificed himself to a horrible death. But for his efforts a large number of the students would have been burned to death. One of the first to discover the fire, he ran from room to room waking up the sleeping students. Even then he would not leave, and thoughtless of himself and reckless of danger, though the flames leaped all around him and the walls were falling in, he would not leave while there was a life to save for others. He remained too long, and was himself enveloped in the flames and burned to death.

Bulls vs. Horses.

Elliot's History of New England—a new work—is highly commended. It shows how horses were once scarce among the "Pilgrim Fathers:"

"It was a country for cattle rather than horses, and it seems to have been a not uncommon thing to ride on bulls. When John Alden went to Cape Cod to marry Priscilla Mullins, he covered his bull with broadcloth, and rode on his back; when he returned he placed his wife there, and led the bull home by the ring in his nose. It is told that Alden at first went to ask the hand of Priscilla for his friend, Miles Standish. The father referred him to the daughter, who listened with attention; but, fixing her eyes on Alden's handsome face, she said, 'Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?' The consequence was, that some time after, Priscilla rode home upon John's Bull."

Anecdote of Senator Toombs.—The following anecdote is told of Senator Toombs while he was an old line Whig Representative in Congress. Meeting Rev. George Pierce, now Bishop, with whom he was on familiar terms, he remarked, "Friend George, it strikes me that you and I are engaged in pretty much the same calling."

"How is that?" inquired the Bishop.

"Why," replied Toombs, "you are fighting the Devil, and I am fighting the Democrats, and I don't see much difference in the warfare."

This is said to have occurred several years ago, and we presume were these old friends to meet now, George might say, "Bro, I'm still fighting the Devil, what are you doing."

"Well, George, I now fully understand the truth of the following verse from Pope:

"Democracy is a monster of so frightful mein,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"Your husband seems to be a very great favorite among the ladies, said Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Batterwood, the other day. 'Yes,' said Mrs. B., 'but for the life of me, I don't see where they find anything to like—I never could."