J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE WATCHMAN.

"WE'LL MEET AGAIN."

"We'll meet again"—Oh! what a joy
These hopeful, heart-felt words contains;
The grief of absence they destroy,
And take from parting half its pain.

"We'll meet again"—sweet, welcome thought!
Oh! how it buoys the fainting heart;
Our deepest sighs with hopes are fraught,
And tears some secret joy impart.

"We'll meet again"—'tis often spoken
Amid the gay and laughing throng,
While other guests—their glee unbroken—
Are reveling in mirth and song.

"We'll meet again"—it is a balm,
That heals the wounded, bruised heart,
It gives the troubled spirit a calm,
That bids its sorrows all depart.

"We'll meet again"—what mother's heart
Has not with this been made to swell,
As she has felt the tear-drop start
In bidding a lovely child farewell!

"We'll meet again"—the lover's vow
Is often coupled with this phrase,
When on his noble, lofty brow,
His deepest heart affections blaze.

"We'll meet again"—the latest breath—
The soldier breaths to cheer his spouse,
When girding on his "shafts of death,"
He goes to meet his country's foes.

"We'll meet again"—the Christian's ease—
When at the door of death he lies;
"We'll meet where all is perfect peace,
Far, far beyond these ambient skies.

"'We'll meet again"—high up in Heaven,
On that eternal, blissful shore;
Where tender hearts no more are riven,
And parting griefs are felt no more."

Violet Dell, N. C., Aug 12th, 1857. GULIELMUS.

DEATH OF A RICHMOND PRINTER.

Thomas Baillie, a worthy member of the typographical corps, died in the City of Richmond on Sunday night last. Mr. B. has discharged, with a faithfulness worthy of emulation, and an industry unsurpassed, all the callings of a printer, from apprentice to editor. He was beloved and esteemed by all his associates—most fondly loved by those who knew him best. He leaves a devoted wife and several young and interesting children to mourn a loss, which to them is irreparable. The American pays the following tribute to his memory:

"*Death of Thomas Baillie.*—The community will be none the less shocked than we were, at the announcement of the death of this estimable citizen. He died at his residence on Sunday night at twelve o'clock, after a short and unanticipated illness.

"Mr. Baille commenced a career of active editorial service under the guidance of the late John Hampden Pleasants.—He was afterward associated in the Richmond Times and Compiler with the lamented Carrington, which paper ceasing at his death, Mr. Baille commenced the editorial conduct of the Evening Bulletin. This journal h[illegible] ed ability, and secured [illegible] respect and commendation of his associates of the press. In the private walks of life his universal popularity dictates the most appropriate eulogy. Kind, and generous to a fault, social and gay in disposition, he gathered around him friends whose eyes will be bedimmed with tears at this sad intelligence.

"His hearty laugh will be heard no more, for Death his put his seal upon it; cold and ashy are the lips that once breathed forth the fire of humor and wit; dumb is the voice that once lent argument to debate, and paralysed the brain once so pregnant with reason. The sad tale is told in one short and solemn word—Death! The sable curtain is drawn. The world yet contains his body, but eternity his soul."

The European Harvest.—The Liverpool Times, of August 1, says:

The harvest accounts from all parts of Europe continue to be most gratifying. In France the grain has been gathered in splendid condition, and the vintage also is very promising. With regard to our own country, the recent beautiful weather has ripened the crops rapidly, and reaping, which has commenced in the South, will be general over the island in the course of a few days.—From Ireland we learn that the prospects are excellent. Even the potato is likely to be more than usually sound and abundant. We hear of the diseases having appeared in certain districts in the South, but all the statements declare that this esculant during the present year is more than ordinarily good and promising—a fact, the importance of which can hardly be over-rated. The improvement in the physical condition of Ireland within the last few years is highly gratifying, and the progress towards material prosperity continues to be uninterrupted.

Balloon Travelling in England.

A voyage of two hundred and fifty miles has been accomplished in the short space of five hours, by a professional æronaut, who, with two amateurs, started from North Woolwich, near London, and terminated their ærial trip at Tavistock, on the Cornish coast. They crossed the southern part of the big village, and then must have steered due west. There was a fine moon shining at the time, and, as the day-light broke on them, they heard the sound of channel surf, and found themselves, in nautical phraseology, hugging the coast, and going along at a considerable speed. The river Exe was crossed over Starcross station, between Exeter and Exmouth; Dartmoor was traversed near the prison, when Mr. Coxwell, finding that a fresh wind prevailed in the lower current, determined to avail himself of the shelter afforded by the hills, and descended, therefore, in a valley about three miles from Tavistock, where a suitable meadow presented a good land-place. It was some time before the particulars of the journey obtained credence. At Newton the balloon was declared to be the comet; but the railway guard stopped the panic by declaring the ærial visitor to be Mr. Coxwell's balloon.

Carolina Watchman.

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

VOL. XIV. SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 25, 1857. NUMBER 13.

A JERUSALEM WEDDING.

My friend Arootain, considered the best watchmaker in Jerusalem, invited me to go and witness the ceremonies of a marriage, which was to take place in his house. The festivities were to commence at half-past four in the evening. The happy man on this occasion went by the name of Katch Adoor, the barber. Wishing to witness the whole of the ceremony, I made it a point to be punctual to the time.

The family where the marriage was to take place was considered one of the most respectable in Jerusalem, among the Armenians, and consequently every thing was done according to the most approved Eastern fashion. On entering my friend's house, I was shown into a large square room, well lit with wax tapers. A number of male guests were already in attendance, seated on splendid divans, made of the choicest materials; the floors also of the rooms were covered with the richest Turkish carpets. When a fresh guest arrived, the whole company rose up, and when he had taken his place all seated themselves simultaneously, and the usual salutations were again repeated with scrupulous exactitude. Conversation then followed, accompanied by the never-failing pipes and coffee.

Our principal attendant was the bridegroom himself; and on inquiring of my friend the reason of this, he answered that it was done in compliance with the injunction laid down by our Lord in the New Testament, and that it took place especially at such a time when there was great temptation for the bridegroom to think too highly of himself; this waiting on us, then, was to remind him that it was written, "He that would be greatest, let him be the servant of him."

The bridegroom, habited in his working clothes, made his appearance, bringing with him the low stools which were to support the long table for the evening banquet. The table was about eight feet in length, and not above two feet from the ground. After spreading a white cloth on the table, it was expeditiously covered with an almost endless variety of dishes. According to the prevailing custom, the different viands were of such a nature as neither to require cutting nor carving; were was nothing in the forms of plates or knives to disturb, and the company were invited to sit around the table upon cushions of a very costly material, which had been previously arranged for their special use.

Having taken our places, we were each supplied with a spoon, a napkin, and some bread. Every one said a grace for himself, accompanied with the usual sign of cross. The great variety of made-up dishes astonished me very much, and as many as I partook of were really very palatable. The wine also, made by our host, and the produce of the native grape, was of a good and pleasant quality.

The dinner being over, the bridegroom came round to each of us, and presented a basin and ewer of water; the basin he held in one hand, whilst with the other he poured the water over our hands as it was required. The towel used on this occasion was beautifully embroidered with gold. We were then served with the usual accompaniments of pipes and coffee.

As it is not customary in the East on such occasions for the ladies to be in the company of gentlemen, the lady friends of the bridegroom were served in an entirely different apartment; but the rigid customs of the harem not being so strictly adhered to by the Christians as by the Mohammedans, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the graceful figures and highly ornamental dresses of the Eastern ladies.

After sitting for about an hour in this room, employed in speaking, smoking, and drinking coffee, we were at length ushered into another apartment—the Eastern drawing-room—much more gorgeously fitted up than the one we had just left. When we were seated, the musicians were introduced, consisting of a blind flute-player, a man with two small half-drums, and an Eastern harp in the shape of a triangle, and having a number of strings attached to the top. This peculiar-looking instrument was laid in the lap of the performer, who sat cross legged on the ground, and to enable him to begin operations he attached to the first fingers of each hand an iron sheath, something in shape like a thimble with the top off, and between the sheaths and the finger he inserted two small pieces of pointed bone; with these he played the instrument by running the right finger up the high, and the left finger down the low notes. The flute itself was of a very curious construction, and the manner of playing upon it was no less peculiar. It was of iron, about eighteen inches long, with the usual number of holes—no keys—the aperture at the top being nearly the same as at the bottom, and it was played by a blind man blowing a little to the side of the hole, and without any mechanical agency he managed nevertheless to bring out of it some sweet notes.

Now commenced what is generally termed the *fantasica*, that is, music and dancing. The Eastern dances are of a peculiar nature, and widely different from those of European countries, as only one person at a time is permitted to perform, the rest of the company being mere spectators. The host generally commences, and keeps up until he grows tired, finishing by stopping opposite to the party whom he chooses as his successor in the entertainment. The dance consists of keeping time left with the feet and hands to the music; the peculiar steps seem to be traditionary, but are also very much to the taste or fancy of the dancer. On this occasion none of those offensive gestures so often referred to by travellers were exhibited, as there seemed to be a marked decorum in all that transpired.

The amusements were kept up till about nine o'clock, when the bridegroom, amidst a short silence, entered the room and proceeded to kiss the back of the right hand of each one in the company. Having performed this ceremony, he took his seat in the centre of the room, and then the operation of shaving commenced. Four boys were employed in this service, two of them being on one side, holding in their hands long lit tapers, while the other two, with silver censors and bottles of rose water, every now and then besprinkled the face of the bridegroom with the delicious perfume. Every one in the room whose profession was that of a barber took a part in the ceremony of shaving. The razor seemed to change hands so frequently that I began to fear that the bridegroom's beard would not last till all partook of the honour. The towel used on the occasion was of immense length, and of fine lawn, lavishly embroidered with gold.

The ladies, who had placed themselves outside the door, endeavoured to get a sight of the proceedings as they best could. Whilst this ceremony was going on, the guests were occupied in chanting the praises of the married life. When this was finished the bridegroom again kissed the hands of his guests, and then disappeared. On his return he brought with him a poor little boy, about eight years of age, when, with great ceremony, they were both clothed with wedding garments, and the priest pronounced a blessing upon them. Inquiring of my friend Arootan as to the object of dressing the boy in the same style as the bridegroom, the reason he gave me was, that it was to remind him and the guests that enjoyment or prosperity should never engender pride, but that unless we all became as little children we could not expect happiness hereafter, referring, no doubt to the words of Scripture.

The dressing of the parties being completed, and the hour approaching nearly to midnight, the whole company set out for the purpose of conducting the bridegroom to the house of his bride. The musicians took the lead, striking up a lively tune, and the drums were slung over the back of a boy, the drummer himself marching behind and beating them most lustily. The majority of us were furnished with paper lanterns; the bridegroom was placed in the centre of the company, with a lady on either side of him, those being surrounded by his male friends; the ladies followed in the rear, enveloped in their white winding sheets. Before starting, each one of the company received a taper; these, when lighted, were of sufficient brilliancy to enable us to mark out the road, and as we proceeded on our way frequent exclamations were made by the women and men—especially the former—praising the virtues of the bridegroom, and giving warning to others who were waiting to join the procession, that the bridegroom was on his way. The company was thus greatly increased by parties joining us, who had been previously waiting at the doors of their houses to meet the proud and happy bridegroom.

The procession arriving at the bride's house, we were then ushered into the room, and the bride, who was surrounded by her parents and friends, was completely covered with a pink gauze-like veil, glittering with a profusion of gold tinsel; a coronet of beautiful flowers adorned her head. The happy pair were then required to take each other by the hand, when the priest, placing the cross upon their heads, repeated what the Scriptures say on the holy estate of matrimony. The bridegroom and the little boy were then seated close to each other. The priest being presented with a sheathed sword, bound the handle of the blade to the scabbard with a white handkerchief, and placed it upon the laps of the bridegroom and little boy as an emblem of peace.

After partaking of some light refreshment, the procession was again formed, for the purpose of going to church, where the marriage service was to be performed. The same expressions of joy were again uttered until we arrived at the church. When we reached the church, the bride and bridegroom, with a few of their nearest relations, were led to the alter, when the whole audience fell on their knees and employed themselves in silent prayer. The priest then commenced the service, reading again those portions of Scripture which relate to the duties required of husband and wife, and making his own comments upon them, after which he offered up suitable prayers, and in an audible voice asked the parties whether they willingly and of their own accord consented to the union. They, answering in the affirmative, were then required to face the congregation, upon which the priest put the question, whether any one knew any just cause why the parties should not be joined together? No answer being given, the priest, after a few other ceremonies, pronounced them man and wife.

On leaving the church the procession again formed, and they now led forth the newly-married pair amid shouts of rejoicing to the house of the bridegroom. The bride was conveyed to the harem by the ladies, while the bridegroom joined his male guests, and dancing and music continued till near daybreak.

FEMALE NOVEL READERS.

One of our exchanges has the following article, which is worthy of a wide perusal. It directs attention to an alarming social evil, needing correction. Many girls, of really fine intellects, are throwing away all hope of a vigorous mental culture by an insatiate craving for fictitious works. These works, which issue from the press, countless as the frogs of Egypt, are destitute, for the most part, of imagination and good taste, and have no power to invigorate the mind or improve the heart. The next generation of American women may furnish robust minds and characters; but the prospect is a dreary one, when one thinks of the unsubstantial food which is the only ailment of many.

"It is said that four-fifths of the novel reading in this country, at the present time is achieved by ladies. So true is this, that publishers cater almost exclusively for the female taste, in the selection of works for issue. The consequence is, that the market is flood with high-wrought pictures of high life for one class of these lady readers, and high-wrought pictures of low life for another class, while the staple article—the article which finds its way in the best of families—is sur-charged and sacrificed by a sickly and slender religious sentiment that is hardly less enervating than the story which forms its vehicle. Now, this is not to blame for the fact, and certainly take no delight in stating it. There is a fact, however, connected with the matter, which is slightly complimentary to them, or their natures. They show signs of a surfeit, and those books are beginning to be a drug in the market. This fact will serve, we hope, as a warning to publishers against ministering to an unhealthy appetite and a low standard of taste. They have bro't literature into disrepute by dissipating, rather than cherishing, a healthy literary appetite; and it will take many months to recover fairly from the degeneration. Now, if they will take as much pains to crowd before the public good books as they have inferior ones, they will sooner or later regain their ground. There is something in the position of American women which exposes them peculiarly to the influence of an unworthy literature. They partake of the national restlessness of mind; they are all readers, and there is a very large class especially in cities, who have nothing to do but read. This lack of regular pursuits unfits them for anything but light reading. They have not the habit of application, time hangs heavy on their hands, and they simply seek for that kind of reading which can be pursued with the slightest outlay of effort. They cannot subsist on this kind of intellectual aliment long at a time; but they live on it long enough to insure several monster editions, and to stimulate production to a sickening surfeit.

Novels, though an important department of literature, do not form the highest or most important department. They are, or should be, incidental and subsidiary; and when history, biography, natural philosophy and criticism have fed the mind, and built up within it sound views of life, a true comprehension of the relation of events, and an insight into human character, the choice of novels, for relaxation or study, will fall upon altogether a different class from that upon which we have animadverted. These, stilted and silly fictions have no charms for a healthy mind, and are cast aside as the most unsatisfactory chaff."

From the Boston Courier.

AUTHORS NOT FATHERS.

Mr. Walter Savage Lander has been calling the attention of the British public to the fact—made known by William Howitt—that some of Shakspeare's descendants are in needy circumstances, with a view of procuring relief for them. But it is quite impossible that any descendant of Shakspeare should be in want because there has been no such person in existence for nearly two hundred years. Shakspeare died in 1616, leaving two daughters only, Susanna and Judith.—Judith married Mr. Thomas Quincy a short time before her father's death.—Three sons were born to her; but they all died before her, and she herself died in 1662.

Susanna, the elder daughter, married Dr. John Hall, and died in 1649. The sole issue of this marriage was a daughter, Elizabeth Hall, who was born before her grand-father's death, and is mentioned in his will, though called his "niece," a word used at that time to denote relationship generally. She was twice married; first to Mr. Thomas Nash, and to Sir John Barnard, but she never had any children, and died in 1670.—With her ended the direct line of Shakspeare.

It is curious how few of the great men of England, whether in literature, science, or government, have left descendants. The line of Shakspeare is extinct, as we have seen; so is that of Milton, Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Pope, Gibbon, Johnson, Swift, Lord Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Gray, Cowper, Collins, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gay, Congreve, Hume, Bishop, Butler, Locke, Hobbes, Adam Smith, Betham, Wollaston, Davy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Flaxman, Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, either were never married, or never had children. Burke's son died before him, and so did Smollet's daughter. Addison's daughter died unmarried. We are not aware that there are any lineal representatives of Chaucer, Spencer, Dryden, Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, or Barrow. We have mentioned only such names as occurred to us without a book; a little research might doubtless much increase the list.

Foreign Goods.—The activity continues, and holders, in view of the large imports, are pressing their stock at less profits, in most cases, than they anticipated. Our tables of receipts show that the goods are pouring in at an unprecedented rate. The importers say that the stock is coming early to take advantage of the reduction of duty in competition with fabrics already on the market, and we think it very likely that after September opens there may be a comparative decrease.—The receipts must be large, however, for the next four or five weeks, and this effectually shuts out the cry of a short supply, proving the truth of our representations upon this subject. There have been during the week large sales of all wool plaids and fancy stuff goods at 40 to $1.25, but most at 45 a 80c. The supply has been abundant, and those who sold early will have done the best. In silks there is no change. Rich, heavy, pure silks are comparatively scarce and high, and all kinds of silk goods consuming much raw material must come invoiced at a higher rate. Ribbons are plenty in medium and low grades, but rich wide goods are in moderate supply and firmly held. British goods are selling slowly, and for the most part are paying poorly, although the high price of cotton has helped the consumption of low-priced linen fabrics.
N. Y. Com. Adv.

TEA AS A SUMMER DRINK.

Frederick Sala, writing from Russia to the *Household Words*, mentions that on a table near him stands "a largish tumbler filled with a teaming liquid of a golden colour, in which floats a thin slice of lemon. It is tea—the most delicious, the most soothing, the most thirst-allaying drink you can have in summer time, and in Russia." Tea flavoured with the slice of lemon we have never tried; neither are we prepared to recommend as a summer beverage, tea teaming hot, as Sala does. But tea made strong (as we like it, or as strong as you like it,) well sweetened, with good milk, or better, cream in it, in sufficient quantity to give it a dark yellow colour, and the whole mixture cooled in an ice chest to the temperature of ice-water, is "the most delicious, the most soothing, the most thirst-allaying drink" we have ever treated ourselves or friends to. We know of nothing to compare with it for deliciousness or refreshment. It cheers, but not inebriates. Its stimulus is gentle, its flavour exquisite. Try it, good reader; make a note of this now, and when the summer fever visits you, and you feel, with Sidney Smith, that for the sake of coolness you could get out of your flesh and sit in your bones, try our specific of ice-cold tea. Ice cream is the only preparation fit to be mentioned with our cold tea.

A Coloured Discourse.

A Duncan Falls correspondent of the *Knickerbocker* who writes from Mansfield, Ohio, sends the following "Discourse," for the authenticity of which he vouches without reserve, having taken it down from the thick lips of the orator himself:

"My tex, bruden and sisters, will be foun in de fus chapter of Genesis, and de twenty-seben werse:

"So de Lor made Adam." I tole you how he made him: He make him out ob clay, an he sot 'im on a board, and he look at im an he say, 'Fus-rate,' an when he git dry, he brethe in him de breff of life. He put him in de garden ob Eden, and he sot him in one corner ob de lot, an he tole him to eat all de apples, ceptin dem in de middle ob de orchard, dem he wanted for the winter apples. By-embye Adam be lonesome. So de Lord make Ebe. I tole you how he make her. He gib Adam lodlum till he got sound sleep; den he gouge a rib out his side, and den make Ebe; and he sot Ebe in de corner ob de garden, an he tole her to eat all de apples ceptin dem in the middle ob de orchard; dem he want for winter apples. One day de Lor go out a bisitin, de debbil cum along, he dress hissef in de skin ob de snake, and he find Ebe! Why for you no eat de apples in de middle ob de orchard? Ebe say dem's de Lor's winter apples. But de debbil say, I tole you for to eat dem, kase dey's de best apples in the orchard. So Ebe eat de apples, an gib Adam a bite; an de debbil go away. By-em-by de Lor cum home, an he miss de winter apples; an he call 'Adam!' Adam he lay low; so de Lor call agin—'You Adam!' Adam say 'hea Lor!' An Lor say 'Who stole de winter Apples!" Adam tole him he don't know, 'Ebe, he spect.' So de Lor call 'Ebe.' Ebe she lay low. De Lor call agin, 'You Ebe!' Ebe say, 'hea, Lor!' De Lor say, 'Who stole dem winter apples?' Ebe tole him she don't know. Adam she spect. So de Lor cotch 'em boff, an he trow dem ober de fence, an he tole 'em 'now go work for your libbin;'"

WHERE WILL THEY GET HUSBANDS!

It appears by the last census, that the excess of females over males in the State of Massachusetts, is 33,056. This excess is partly accounted for by the tendency among the sons of the Bay State to emigrate to other parts of the country, and the resort of native and foreign females to the factories. In Lowell alone, the excess of females over males is 8,088. One thing is certain, Massachusetts cannot furnish husbands for its marriageable female population, and Lowell, especially, we should think, would be an excellent place for bachelors who wish to get mated. In fourteen cities of Massachusetts the proportion of females to every 100 males was, in 1855, as follows:

In Boston, 108; Lowell, 153; Worchester, 104; Charlestown, 102; Salem, 120; Cambridge, 110; New Bedford, 110; Roxbury, 111; Lawrence, 117; Lynn, 111; Springfield, 112; Newburyport, 123; Fall River, 116; Chelsea, 110.

Lucky and Unlucky Days.

Even to this enlightened age, people have their fortunate and unfortunate days, and the educated are by no means exempt from the superstition. Only certain days are deemed lucky for transacting business upon. And the absurdity is carried so far that it is considered very unlucky to pare your nails on Sunday; and if you do it on Friday, you are sure to come to sorrow. Friday is, *par excellence*, the black letter day of the seven, and it is astonishing how general is the prejudice against that day. Farmers dislike the day for all their operations; some merchants will not accept bills on Friday; sailors will not willingly put to sea on that day; and it is well known that Friday is rarely, if ever a wedding day, in any class of society. How a bride would shrink with horror from the proposal to be married on a Friday! Yet, as if to show mankind how ridiculous are these kind of prejudices, history can prove that Friday has been the most fortunate day in the national calender of the United States of America. A few facts on this subject will be instructive:

On Friday, August 21, 1492, Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he made his first discovery. He returned to Spain on Friday, Jan. 4, 1493. On Friday, June 13, 1494, unknown to himself, he discovered the continent of America. In short, Friday was Columbus' lucky day, and, as regards the continent of America, may almost be said to be a Saint Day, for all its great and most lasting events occurred on Friday.

On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII gave John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.

On Friday, November 10, 1620, the May Flower, with the pilgrims, made the harbor of Providence Town, and laid the foundation of the American Constitution.

George Washington was born on Friday, and, during the war of the Revolution, all the victories won by the Americans were obtained on a Friday.

And to crown this series of triumphs, for a day held in such disesteem in Europe, on Friday, July 4, 1776, the motion in Congress was carried, declaring the United Colonies free and independent.

NIX FORSTAW.—Two Dutchmen had occasion to go to a blacksmith's on business and finding the smith absent from the shop, they concluded to go to the house. Having reached the door, said one to the other,

"Come, Hans, you ax about the smit?"

"Nain, Nain," said the other, "but you can tell better as I can, so den I knocks." The mistress of the house came to the door.' Here was a dilemma. At length Hans spoke,

"Is de smit mitin?"

"Sir?" said the woman.

"Is de smit mitin?"

"I don't understand you," said the woman.

Hans then blowed out,—"Vot de debil, I say is de smit mitin?"

The other Dutchman, perceiving that the woman could not understand Hans, stepped up, and pushing him aside said.

"Let me come up vat can say somting.—Is de black smit shop in de house?"

Here was confusion doubly confuzzled.

WHY MEN DRINK.

Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little sulhur.

Mr. B. because his doctor ordered him not to, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C. takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D. because he's dry.

Mr. E. because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off to Oregon.

Mr. H. because he's got a friend come home from California.

Mr. I because he's so hot.

Mr. J because he's so cold.

Mr. K. because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his stomach.

Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable.

Mr. S. because he's married.

Mr. T. because he isn't.

Mr. U. because he's going to be.

Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W. because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X. because his uncle left him a

Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off without a shilling.

Mr. Z—we should be very happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z's reasons are for drinking, but on putting the question to him, he was found too drunk to answer.

LOOKING DOWN A DANDY.—"I was dining at a hotel in Philadelphia," writes a gentleman of Knoxville, Tennessee, "and sitting nearly opposite Gideon Henderson, of this city, a well-known merchant, who was on his semi-annual tour to the North to buy goods. He had two young ladies from this State under his charge, and one of them was sitting on each side of Mr. Henderson at the table. Directly in front of him sat a dandy who, having finished his soup, raised his eyeglass and stared steadily, first at one and then at the other of the ladies. Mr. H. seized a heavy glass tumbler, and I thought was about to spoil the fellow's profile by hurling it at his head; but, instead of that, he brought it to his own eye and looked deliberately through the bottom of it at the top of the scamp in front of him.—The attention of the company was fixed upon the fellow; a general giggle began and grew, till he was compelled to quit the table and the room, in the midst of the jeers of the guests."

OBITUARIES.

See here! Look and Listen! People must die—we know. They cannot avoid it. People to die. But when they are known only to a limited circle of friends, what's the use of writing three or four pages about it, sending them here, and expecting us to insert all that is written, to the exclusion of much other matter in which the people generally are more interested? Especially when so few, if any, beyond the immediate acquaintances, ever read these notices? Now, what is the use of it? The writers of such almost always pursue the same strain, and by leaving blanks for the names, dates, &c., we would risk but little in stereotyping obituaries. We do not complain—always glad to accommodate friends, and willing to do our best—but, if we 'keep cool' during 'dog days,' don't send us obituaries four pages long, and then 'topped off' with a page or two of something called poetry, jingling not more harmoniously than would two pounds of tenpenny nails in a peck basket. Please be short.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

The Human Voice.—Experiences hows that the human voice under favorable circumstances is capable of filling a larger space than was ever, probably, enclosed within the walls of a single room. Lieutenant Foster, on Parry's third expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 6,696 feet, or about one and a quarter miles. Dr. Young says that, at Gibraltar, the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles. If sound be prevented from spreading and losing itself in the air, either by a pipe or an extensive flat surface, as a wall or still water, it may be conveyed to a great distance. Biot heard a flute clearly through a tube of cast iron—the water pipes of Paris—3,120 feet long.—The lowest whisper was distinctly heard.

Sad Warning—A man's Head Knocked off in the Cars.—An Irishman, named Peter Boyle, was killed almost instantly at the little railroad bridge. As the train was passing Laury's Station, he stuck his head out of the window, which, coming in contact with the timbers of the bridge, took his scalp entirely off. Our informant sat on the seat with the unfortunate man, and was bespattered with blood. He describes the scene as awful—the crash of the skull, the fainting of the women, the alarm of the passengers, all being instantaneous. He says the conductor had before cautioned the man against sticking his head out of the window.—*Allentown (Pa.) Democrat.*

A Case Beyond Medical Skill.—Some readers may remember the curious account of a man who died suddenly in this city, a while since, over whose face, as his body was exposed at the grave, a sudden shade and light passed so strangely, that the friends removed it back to the house, and kept up frictions all night, trying to restore it back to life. We learn since that some of the anxious friends of the deceased visited New York at the time, and tried to induce the physician who attended the dead man in his last illness to go up, and try his skill towards his restoration. Dr. S. listened awhile incredulously, but at last seemed to believe the story of his informant. "But," said he, "I hope you won't." "Why?" asked the visitor, in amazement. "Well," said the doctor, "I don't see how he would be able to get along; it would be very awkward for him—for his liver and heart are in that jar on the shelf!"—*Times.*

A Waterfall worth Seeing.—Some writers having described a visit to "Voringfos" waterfall, in Norway, and claimed for it the greatest plunge in the world, the editor of Hutchin's Magazine, a California periodical, says: "The astonishing height of the above, although situated in one of the most romantic and mountainous countries in the Old World, cannot compare with those of our own California which surround the magnificent valey of the Zo Hamite. One of the falls is thirteen times the height of Niagara, that being 165 feet, while the Zo Hamite fall is about 2,000 feet."

Nut for Anybody to Crack.—Mathematical problems are intended only for the learned to solve. Here is one which is open to any one. Who can explain it?

"When a man says "I lie," does he lie or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth. If he speaks the truth, he lies."

We offer $500 premium for the solution.—*Petersburg Express.*