J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

The New York Times thinks that two-thirds of the long, gloomy faces which flit about Broadway, belong to persons who set up there with the calculation either to be President of the United States, or to make such fortunes as that of Astor. No wonder, then, that there is some gloom and long faces to be met with in the walks of the Metropolis.

Carolina Watchman.

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

VOL. XIV. SALISBURY, N. C., OCTOBER 20, 1857. NUMBER 21

Raleigh and Gaston Railroad.

A meeting of the directors of this Road was held in this City on Tuesday last—present, Dr. W. J. Hawkins, President, and Messrs. Alfred Jones, Geo. W. Mordecai, G. H. Wilder, John G. King, Thomas Miller, and Allen C. Perry.

We learn that a dividend of six per cent. was declared for the past year, amounting to about $58,000, of which the State will receive about $30,000. The sum of $6,000 was also carried to the sinking fund of the Road, which is now about $28,000. This fund is accumulating for the purpose of discharging the debt of the Company of $100,000. The debt of the Company at this time is, therefore, really only $72,000

We learn that the current expenses of the Road for the past year were $98,000, and the extraordinary expenses, on account of repairs between Gaston and Weldon and the Gaston bridge, $66,000.—The income of the Road the past year was $204,000, being an increase of about $21,000 over the preceding year.

But for the extraordinary expenses referred to, a dividend of six per cent would no doubt have been declared for the fiscal year preceding the one which has just expired.

The Road is now in excellent order—the freights and travel are increasing; and its marked prosperity furnishes the best evidence of the able and energetic manner in which its affairs have been conducted.

We learn that the Gaston bridge has been so far completed that the cars are passing over it, meeting the Petersburg cars. The understanding was that the old Greenville Road was to be repaired and laid with heavy iron as soon as the Gaston bridge was finished, or as soon thereafter as practicable; but there are no indications yet, we learn, of the contemplated and much needed improvement in the Greenville Road.

The $30,000 above referred to as the State's portion of the Raleigh and Gaston dividend, will be the first item of income of the Sinking Fund authorized by the last Legislature. If the North-Carolina road should declare a dividend, during the ensuing winter or spring, of six per cent. on the State's million of preferred stock to that Road—and the general impression seems to be that it will do this, and probably more—the Sinking Fund will amount, by the meeting of the next Legislature, to between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Raleigh Standard.

Referring to the commercial distress prevailing at the North, the New York *Day Book* has the following observations, which Northern men of all parties and classes should reflect upon:

"Yankee enterprise and Yankee principles in the West cost the New York jobbers their life's blood, and those who have preferred the Western to Southern trade because it possessed this Yankee enterprise, must take the benefit of their choice and the reward of their preference. The South has no Yankee enterprise, but it has that which a majority of Northern men despise above all things else, and which they spend their time and money to destroy, but which pays the southerner's debts—it has negro labor, and negro labor and its products will save New York this year from hopeless bankruptcy."

Parson Brownlow declines Greeley's proposition for a discussion between himself and Fred. Douglass, in the following terms:

Greeley accepts my challenge for a discussion with Beecher, Parker, or some one of your *pious* freedom shrickers—but has the unblushing impudence to name Fred. Douglass—*black as tar*, as the companion of the North. If Douglass was to attempt to reply to me in public, I would serve him as Rusk, of Arkansas, did Greeley in Washington, for his insolence—I would wear him out on the pavement with a big stick! I am willing to meet Greeley in debate, because of his position and the color of his skin, although I feel confident that he possesses less of honor, and of manly feeling, than the big Buck Negro Douglass, whom you all honize!

A VALUABLE TABLE.

1607, Virginia settled by the English; 1614, New York settled by the Dutch; 1620, Massachusetts settled by the Puritans; 1624, New Jersey settled by the Dutch; 1626, Delaware settled by Swedes and Fins; 1635, Maryland settled by Irish Catholics; 1636, Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams; 1659, North Carolina settled by the English; 1670, South Carolina settled by Huguenots; 1682, Pennsylvania settled by William Penn; 1732, Georgia settled by General Oglethorpe.

The other states were admitted into the Union as follows: In 1791 Vermont, 1792 Kentucky, 1796 Tennessee, 1802 Ohio, 1811 Louisiana, 1816 Indiana, 1817 Mississippi, 1819 Alabama, 1820 Maine, 1821 Missouri, 1836 Michigan, 1836 Arkansas, 1845 Florida, 1845 Texas, 1846 Iowa, 1848 Wisconsin, 1850 California.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Some years ago it was proposed to him to purchase a farm in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was, therefore, a valuable acquisition, to which he assented.—When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having had such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulties and forced to part with it. "What do you mean by a bargain?" said the Duke. The other replied, "It was valued at $5500, and we have got it for $4000." "In that case," said the Duke, "you will please to carry the extra $1500 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."—*Burke's Journal.*

Autobiography of a Lawyer.

BY WILLIAM R. OLIVER.

I believe that I started in life under the auspices of my father's aunt Deborah—a maiden lady of sixty four, who, in place of father and mother whom I never saw, alternately petted and scolded me as long as she was able. I escaped from both when I was eleven years old by running away; and although she sent me innumerable messages, when she discovered my whereabouts, to return to her, and be sent to school and fitted for college, I undutifully refused ever to go near her again.

I had 'hired out' with a small farmer to do his 'chores' for my board and clothes and I stayed three years; at the end of which time my roving propensities moved me to run off from him. I had made my arrangements, and was even mounted on the top of the Reading stage, when who should come into the tavern yard but the farmer.

'Where are you going, boy?' he called out in a hard and severe tone.

'To Boston, sir.'

'To Boston?'

I cannot describe the manner in which he said this; but it woke up all the memories of floggings which left scars yet, I have not time to tell you now, any more than the immortal Fuller had. He was a coarse, profane man, and he launched out into a strain of abuse, which would have made my blood chill if I had been afraid of him, and bade me get down instantly and go home.

'Thank you, sir,' I said, 'I am engaged to somebody else.'

At this moment the stage started. He ordered the driver to stop and let me down; but he drove on, and I am almost ashamed to record that I made a significant gesture, with my thumb and finger upon my very decent Roman nose, and calling out, 'Good by, sir—you shall hear of me some day,' I went off in the exultant triumph of freedom.

I was delighted with the fine prospect which I enjoyed in my isolated seat.—The driver was very kind to me, refusing to take my money for the whole journey, and offering to find me a stopping place on his way.

At that time there was a very old house in Howard street, now demolished, in which a Mr. Jones kept boarders for a number of years. Here he stopped the stage to let me down.

'What shall I do, driver?' said I.

'Just toss out back, my lad, and somebody will come and fetch you in.'

'I looked at the speaker more.'

'I don't see any one, sir,' said I timidly.

The man burst into a loud laugh.

'Pull that knob, greenty!' he said, at last; and straightway I pulled it again and again, until Mr. Jones, a queer looking old fellow, with one leg, and a dilapidated eye, came to the door, and looked daggers out of the remaining orb of vision, upon the luckless wight who had broken his bell wire.

'Let that youngster stay with you and Ma'am Jones till I come up to supper,' said the still laughing driver—and I stayed.

Ma'am Jones was a lady that would have made a fine companion for Daniel Lambert. Scattered beneath her capacious wig, I could bid defiance to little Mr. Jones, who dared not attack anything which his wife might take a fancy for petting. The old lady liked me very much; and this knowledge, together with the daily sight of my friend, the driver, kept me contented and happy through the winter. I scoured knives, and performed quite a series of similar dignified labors every morning, but when boys of my own age were round, I sometimes thought, while looking at their good and respectable clothing, that it would not have been a very bad plan for me to have accepted aunt Deborah's offer of sending me to the college.

An opportunity offering to go to sea, I prepared to go, despite the entreaties, and even tears of the fat land lady. When she found me determined, she provided me with everything needful for the voyage, hugged me to her capacious heart, and bade me God speed. Jones, who was so angry because I stayed there, was still more so when I went away; and in his wife's absence, taunted me with my new clothes, which he more than suspected came from her, although they passed as the stage driver's gift.

The servants all assembled to see me go away, and their hearty, 'Good bye, Sam! a safe return to you, old fellow!' was probably more sincere than nine-tenths of the good wishes that have been spoken to me since that time.

I shall say but very little about my sea life. It did not answer my expectations at all. I never passed a day without intolerable sea-sickness, and being a slight, delicate boy, the captain advised me as a friend to stay in future upon the land. Going on shore, the mate stepped forward and shook my hand, saying:

'Well, Sam, you have killed a sailor after all.'

I did not then know the meaning of this phrase; but when I got back to the old house in Howard street, my friend, the driver, repeated it, and from him I got the explanation of the term.

I could not go back to my kitchen work again after my voyage, so I looked out diligently for some employment. An advertisement in the paper for a printer's boy caught my eye, and I applied and was received. Here I was quite happy. I made myself a favorite in the office, and fortunately succeeded in learning the business so that my services would always command a fair remuneration.

At twenty-one I married Susan Russell, the daughter of my employer. I am thus brief in recording this, because by no alchemy whatever could I convert old fashioned matter-of-facts liking for each other, and subsequent union, into anything like romance. The whole might be compressed into a single sentence. I liked her, and married her when I found that she also liked me.

My description of our new home would be quite brief. We took two rooms, furnished them comfortable, and Susan kept them shining the whole year round. If ever I enjoyed true, real, unmerited happiness, without care or anxiety or fear for the future, it was in those days. What peace we enjoyed! Our two eldest children were born here, and then our limits seemed too small; but it was real pain to both of us to move from the snug abode which had been the scene of so many calm and peaceful hours.

We removed to a cottage in the suburbs of Boston; not those miniature cities which now rise up beside the venerable Tri mountain, but a small and obscure village, since risen to the size and importance it deserves.

About the time that we removed, and were quietly settled, a very important law case was on the docket, and when it came on, we were very busy printing the reports of the trial as it progressed. I became intensely absorbed in it; not so much from sympathy with the parties concerned, as from a feeling that, were I acquainted with the technicalities of the law, I could seize upon very many points of importance which I believed the prisoner's counsel had overlooked altogether. This idea grew stronger and stronger upon my mind. I had access to law books which were in my employer's sanctum, and poured over them sometimes all night long.

Mr. Russell had been bred to the law, but had relinquished his profession for that of an editor some years before the birth of my wife. I frankly stated to him my wishes in regard to fitting myself for the bar.

He at first laughed, then seriously tried to dissuade me from attempting it. Opposition only strengthened my purpose, and I entered the office of an eminent lawyer, who overlooked my deficiencies in some respects, in consideration, as he was pleased to term it, of the talent and acumen which my replies to his questions displayed.

I now wrote for the journal which I had been accustomed to print, and with such secrecy that Mr. Russell did not find out who his new contributor was. He would often wonder in my presence, who it could be, and ascribed to him a degree of talent a brilliancy of expression such as I had hardly hoped to deserve. He often, too imputed my articles to —— and —— then the two leading writers of the day, and expressed his opinion that they would not remain incog. a great while. This flattery pleased me, but I did not allow my vanity to lead me into betraying myself. Through a third party, I received a larger compensation for labor, certainly, than I should have done had my wise father-in-law mistrusted who was his correspondent.

I studied hard, and at length had the inexpressible satisfaction of being admitted to the Suffolk bar. I took an office with another young lawyer in order to reduce our expenses, and waited anxiously for the first brief that should be offered.

Poor Susan! My heart aches at the remembrance of certain privations to which, with angel sweetness she submitted at this period, in order that I might appear respectable. My contributions to various literary journals barely gave us the means of sustenance; and I had nearly offended Mr. Russell by slighting his advice, that I dared not apply to him for assistance.

One day, in passing from our suburban residence to the city, I met my old landlady, Mrs. Jones. She looked at me hard, and I returned it. There was no mistaking that good honest countenance and expressive form even when dressed in deepest mourning. A widow's ample veil hung on the back of her head and nearly swept the street. The recognition was mutual, and the old lady's raptures at finding me were almost too strong for out-door exhibition. She told me of poor Jones's death, and of her removing to the country when the old house in Howard street was torn down.

'And now,' she said plaintively, 'I am alone in the world.'

'Come and live with me,' were my first words. 'You gave me a home when I was alone child.'

I stopped, for the thought pressed back upon me that I was poor, and unable to support my own family. A strange smile flitted over the face of my friend, while she inquired my situation. I told her, and described my wife and children.—She said:

'I will go to you. I can help your wife enough to pay my board.'

I was almost dismayed at what I had done, when I considered the immense appetite which I had inconsiderately offered to supply, and which I well remembered of old. But I clung to my bargain, and begged her to come immediately.

'You will find us in rather close quarters,' I said, 'but you shall come and be welcome.'

We agreed that she should be there the following Monday, and I went home to Susan whom I met with rather an embarrassed air. She looked at the matter more philosophically than I had expected, and prepared her best chamber for Mrs. Jones' reception, heroically carrying in many little conveniences of which we had no duplicates.

My relation of Mrs. Jones' former kindness to me, and my description of her present lonely and widowed state, made Susan shed tears. She promised to do everything in her power for the forlorn woman who she thought would now be thrown upon me for maintenance and upon herself for companionship.

Mrs. Jones arrived on Monday morning, carpet-bag in hand, and followed by a hand-cart, bearing her old-fashioned and somewhat dilapidated hair trunk. We received her kindly, and she seemed pleased and happy when she sat down to Susan's simple and excellent dinner. The children were attentive, and kept passing the food near the new guest.

A fortnight passed away, and we began to feel that we could scarcely do without Mrs. Jones. She was invaluable as an assistant to Susan, and in marketing for us, her services were beyond all praise. We gave her our slender purse every morning, as she thought she could do better with it than we could; and it was perfectly amazing to see the loads of provision, and the superior quality of the same, which she obtained.

Susan and I began to think we had been greviously cheated in our former purchases. So, when our wardrobe imperatively called for additions, Mrs. Jones would go out with the money for a sixpenny print, and return with something handsome and valuable, for my wife and a nice remnant for Kitty, and then she would sit down and make them both up with all the skill of an experienced mantua-maker.

Susan handed me some bills, one day, that she said had been left there by a collector, including one for our rent, and one for the last suit of clothes which I had been unwillingly forced to buy in order to keep up a respectable appearance.—My countenance fell some degrees I fancy, for I had no money to pay them.

Mrs. Jones was bustling around the dinner table, and she said, rather sadly, that she felt that she ought not to be living upon us, and perhaps she had better go away.

"Never, my good friend,' said I, and 'Never,' echoed Susy.

I assured her that I would not listen to her leaving us—that I trusted very soon to get business, and that come what would she should share our last loaf. The good old soul hugged us both at once, and then setting her cap and wiping her eyes, she went quietly back to her work. After dinner she went out, but we reiterated our injunctions that she should not seek another home as long as she could put up with ours.

I called round in the evening at the various places from whence I received the bills. To my utter surprise, the answer was that they had all been settled. I inquired by whom, but no one could recollect. They were all cancelled on the various books. I was thoroughly amazed, for I knew no one but Mr. Russell who could do it for me, and hardly thought it of him.

Susy was as surprised as myself, but she rather inclined to the belief that it was her father, so I quietly let her indulge in her pleasant belief.

We got through the summer, but winter was coming on, and I actually trembled at its approach. Industrious as I was—prudent as Susy had ever been—we could not hope to get through the cold season, without both suffering and toil, and with debts superadded.

I had been at the office all day, on one gloomy time in November, anxiously debating whether I should not go back to printing again. I considered all the whys and wherefores, counted the costs again and again, and by the most careful arithmetic, I could not find that change would benefit me a single cent. I was toiling unremittingly now, and I should have done so if I returned to printing, and with scarcely even so much success as now.

I became heartily discouraged with the prospect before me. Had I been alone in the world I could have borne it patiently. Suffering and privation brought no terrors to me individually, but the thought of those who were dear to me at home, unmanned me. And the darker the prospect, the more I shrunk from allowing Mrs. Jones to feel that she was a burden upon us. No—come what might, the good old soul should not be removed from the circle in which she seemed to have placed all her happiness. She should live with us as long as she lived at all, and if we were reduced to beggary, why we would beg for her too.

I started up and paced the office with an impatient step. It may seem strange that a strong healthy man, should be so powerless as I was to procure a living for my family; but so it was. It was growing dusk, and I felt it was near my time to go home. I had intended sending some fuel to my house, but I was disappointed in some money that a certain publisher of a daily paper was owing me, and I now dreaded that there was darkness on the hearth at home.

I was just locked up, when a boy came up to me with a folded paper.—I read it under the lamp post. It ran thus:

'Come to No.—, Tremont Road at six o'clock.'

I saw no alternative but to do as I was asked. The boy was gone, so I could make no excuse; and I walked over the damp leaves that lay crushed upon the sidewalk, which the November blast had shaken that very hour from the trees. I went over the ground rapidly, for I wanted to learn the errand, and be away.

I rang at the number designated. It was a good brick house, with a granite steps a well-lighted vestibule with glass doors, and I could see that the whole front was well supplied with gas. I heard little feet scampering through the hall, but as the doors were of grooved glass I could see nothing.

A servant came to the door, and waited on me to a handsome drawing-room, with plain but new and good furniture. I waited in curious speculation for some minutes. There had been no plate upon the door so I could not even tell the name of the person wishing to see me. I was standing before the chimney-piece, examining a picture, when a child ran into the room. It was so like little Kitty, that I would have called her so, had not the pretty embroidered robe and silk apron looked so different from our children's plain clothes. But another little head was peeping in at the open door, and that was little Charley, only for the scarlet frock and neat gaiters; and then the two made a long run across the floor, and ran into my arms; while slowly and majestically, sweeping along in her ample crapes and bombazines, came portly Mrs. Jones, and behind her Susy, smiling and blushing like the dawn. I think I had a womanly feeling come upon me just then. I felt a sort of faintness, and I passed my hand across my eyes, to be sure that I was wide awake. Susy laid her hand upon my shoulder.

'You owe it to this kind friend here,' whispered she. 'She has been trying you deeply.'

'Trying me?' I said aloud.

'Yes, my good friend,' said Mrs. Jones herself. 'I was rich, and had none about me but selfish and interested people, who wanted all my money. I have long owned this house, and lived in it when I met you first; but a thought suggested by your invitation to go to you induced me to try whether you would keep me if I had happened to be poor, and I was abundantly satisfied with the result. We made money at the old house in Howard street, of which no one but ourselves ever knew, and I always intended to find you and make you my heir. I had, however, rather that you would enjoy my property, while I can have the pleasure of seeing you; so I invite you to return my visit. You will find a handsome office, well fitted up for you in Court street, when you go down to-morrow morning. The boy who will wait on you has the key of the door, but here are the keys of the desk and library.'

I declare to you reader, the generosity of this woman unmanned me more than the disconsolate thoughts which had haunted me the whole afternoon. It seemed too good to believe, and when we walked out to the dining-room, and set down to supper at which no expenses was spared, I could only look from one to the other, and wonder if I was in a dream.

I took possession of my grand office the next day. Briefs poured in upon me; for who will not require the services of a rich lawyer, and who wants the services of a poor one? I rose rapidly, and am still standing in high places. I speak it with reverence, I owe it to a woman.

We bought the cottage, with its little garden, and we go there in summer and play poverty again for a few of the hottest weeks. We have four children now, and Mrs. Jones pets them all. She is now trying to have me seek out my old aunt Deborah, and perhaps I will. The old farmer, too, I intend now that he shall 'hear from me.'

ENTER NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

A young man stood gazing listlessly in at the windows of a pleasantly lighted saloon one evening, when he felt a gentle tap on the shoulder; he turned, and a friend of his, taking his arm, said, "Come, I'm going in here a few moments; will you not come?" He hesitated; his mother rose before him as on her dying bed, he promised her that he would never, never, never sit at a gaming-table, or look upon the wine-cup.—But the tempter still urged; the first downward step was taken. *He entered.*

A few years passed away. Stretched on a bed, is a poor, bloated dying man, with frenzied eyes and writhing limbs.—It is not necessary to follow him in the downward course of sin and misery. He had lost nearly all, and he drank that he might still the accusings of conscience; he drank until he was struck with *delirium tremens*. He would point his attenuated finger towards the door, and exclaim, "There they are; don't you see them? Oh, keep them off; keep them off. There, they have got me. "Yes, yes, I will play one game more with you, for you have my soul. I know you have. I will win it back." Thus he would rave, ever thinking he was playing with demons, that he might win back his soul, which he said they had got, until death palsied his arm and chilled his blood; when the strife was ended, and the gambler and drunkard was no more.

American Messenger.

PAYMENT OF N. CAROLINA COUPONS IN ADVANCE.—We are requested by the Public Treasurer, Mr. Courts, to say that he will take up now, or at any time hereafter, at par, the coupons on the bonds of the State that fall due the 1st of January next.

He requests those who cannot present them in person, to endorse them to C. H. Brogden, Esq., Comptroller, and forward them to Mr. B., and he, the Treasurer, will give checks for them on the Bank of the State, or the Bank of Cape Fear.—*Fay. Statesford.*

From the Richmond "South."

CAUTION REQUIRED IN SELECTING SEEDS OF THE CHINESE SUGAR MILLET.

Within the last few days I learned, from a more careful observer than myself, that there are plants growing among the Chinese Sugar Cane or Millett which have no sacarine juice, and yet are so similar that they would not be suspected to be different, without tasting the sap.—All the crops observed to be thus intermixed, are of the second year's growth, from seed supplied from the Patent Office. It may be that this intermixture, (or degeneracy?) is not general. But every cultivator will do well to examine his plants saved for seed, and to be sure that all such non-sacharine plants are excluded. The counterfeits may readily be known by tasting the sap of the green stalk. Even without this surest test, one who has well compared the two plants, may distinguish them by the age. The sweet or true plant has its seeds covered by a close-fitting sheath or envelope, which, when ripe, perfectly black and glossy on the outside. Some of these sheaths, (but generally,) have a fine and soft hair, less than a quarter of an inch long, extending from each. The other plants have most of the seed covers of a brownish, black color, not glossy, except of a few of the seeds, and with a hair about half an inch long, standing out from every seed cover. The pith is white, comparatively sapless, and without sweetness. These plants are generally the tallest and strongest, and stand erect in many cases after all the surrounding true canes have been prostrated by wind.—The heads of the worthless plant are usually larger, fuller, and more beautiful, and hang slightly and gracefully drooping to one side. Specimens of both plants have been placed in the office of the State Agricultural society.

There is a rule for selecting seeds of the true cane, whether African or Chinese, which it may be well to observe, or at least to test, but which I report upon information, without any personal or experimental knowledge of the facts. From Mr. Leonard Wray, the introducer of the Natal Sugar Millet, (or "imphee,") into France and this country. I lately heard that the practice of the Kaffirs, (directed by long experience,) is to cut off the heads designed for seed when they are barely ripe enough for the seeds to germinate. The proper time is when the seed is still partly in the milky state, and when the solid and harder part of each seed may be mashed between the finger and thumb. The theory is, that unripe seeds produce a growth that goes most to sugar, and (as I infer,) the most perfect or fully ripe seeds are more productive of seeds than sugar. Late as it now is, this notice may still enable many persons to test the opinion, by saving and next year trying their latest seeds, which otherwise would be rejected as unripe and of no value.

If this African practice is correct, and the opinion on which it is founded, the counterfeit Chinese Sugar Millet may be the result of successive plantings of well-ripened seeds. Either this plant is a new production, (degenerated as to sugar, but improved as to grain,) owing to some cause, otherwise there must have been some few seeds of this a different *sorghum*, not distinguishable among some of the true seeds of the Sugar Millet distributed from the Patent Office.

EDMUND RUFFIN.

September 28th, 1857.

DESTRUCTION OF A CARAVAN.

Private letters from Aleppo of 11th August announce the loss of almost an entire caravan of 1300 camels, and 500 irregular troops, traders, and conductors which had taken its departure from Damascus on the 29th of June for Bagdad, involving the ruin of several hundred merchants at the last two named places. It would appear that the caravan had strayed from the direct road, where, finding no water, it had come to a halt; and dispatched some of the conductors in search of some wandering tribe to assist it out of its difficulty—many lives having been already lost from thirst and unprecedented heat. At length a purchase of the necessary element was concluded at the price of 200 piastres the camel load; but on a supply reaching the place of halt, not more than from fifteen to twenty human beings were found alive to partake of it. The Arabs had attacked those dying from thirst, and pillaged all the most valuable of the goods.

READY FOR THE SUMMONS.

In an interesting but painful narrative of the burning of the steamer St. Lawrence, near Montreal, is this beautiful incident:—Close by the good clergyman was a little girl named Catharine McArthur. She could not have been over thirteen years of age. She bore up under heavy sorrow as courageously as possible. She said she was looking for her father. He jumped overboard with her in his arms. He had been a religious man—a Sunday-school teacher in his native land, and amid the terrors of the accident his faith and blessed hope did not desert him. He brought strong testimonials of his worth with him. When in the water he spoke to his daughter and those around him—"Do not fear to die. Trust in God. Don't be afraid." Finally he sank. His body has not yet been found.

Newspaper Morality.

In the contents of a late mail, says the *Christian Mirror*, we found a stranger among our ordinary exchanges. This being a paper of which five cart-loads are said to be mailed daily at the New York Post office, we were curious to open and examine its contents, to discover, if we could,

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great."

We looked over the first page only; here were descriptions of the St. Nicholas Hotel defalcation—the recent fatal run-over occurrence—the alleged counterfeiters—suspicion of drowning a child—alleged wife murder—death by violence of a Custom house officer—more ticket swindling—arrest of a supposed murderer—charge of bigamy—tampering with witnesses—another shoplifter—supposed foul play—row at Weehauken—two or three policemen wanted. These formed only the prominent pieces. In the background were several columns devoted to Mrs. Cunningham, and some to Mrs. Gardner. We did not turn to the other six pages of this quarto newspaper—being satisfied with what we had seen—and well assured that "two or three policemen" would continue to be wanted while such seeds were scattered broadcast. If "evil communications corrupt good manners," the influence of such portrayal of crimes must be to pollute the masses. We find in an exchange a paragraph from the New York *Mirror* on this subject. It says:—"So depraved has public morals become that foul and beastly narratives are permitted to go into the parlors of our most fashionable families, and to soil the hands and hearts of their fairest daughters. The youthful mind becomes corrupted, the imagination diseased, and purity of thought and life departs at once and forever from the sanctuary of the heart and home. A newspaper that will not minister to this tainted taste becomes insipid and 'unpopular.' It is like a glass of plain spring water to the rum-puckered mouth; and, however healthful such a beverage may be to the unsophisticated system, it is decidedly distasteful to the prurient palate. Notwithstanding this, a heavy responsibility rests upon the press for catering to such depraved appetites, and aiding to heat intemperate passions to dangerous warmth. To our courts should be confined the salacious descriptions which it becomes necessary to wade through in ferreting out crime. Within the walls of our prisons the violators of the decencies of life should find obscurity and punishment, instead of being made quite as notorious as he who has woven his name into the scroll of fame by noble and heroic action."

Book-Binding 400 Years Ago.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, kings, princes, and wealthy nobles expended much money upon the binding of their libraries, which were, in many cases, extensive. Carved ivory covers protected by corners, and secured by golden clasps were common, as were also those of velvet, silk, brocade, vellum, and morocco, elaborately ornamented after designs made by great artists, and protected with bosses, corners, and clasps of gold. The precious stones and metals upon these book covers cost us the loss of many a more precious volume, for they frequently formed no inconsiderable part of the plunder of a rich mansion in a captured city. Mr. Dibben tells us of one library of thirty thousand volumes—that of Corvinus, King of Hungary—which was destroyed on this account by the Turkish soldiers when Buda was taken in 1556.

Swedish Women.

The bedding every where along the road is of home-made linen, and do I not recollect an instance where it has not been brought out fresh and sweet from the press for us. In this, as in all other household arrangements, the people are very tidy and cleanly, though a little deficient as regards their own persons. Their clothing, however, is of a healthy, substantial character, and the women consult comfort rather than ornament. Many of them wear cloth pantaloons under their petticoats, which, therefore, they are able to gather under their arms in wading through snow-drifts. I have not seen a low-necked dress or thin shoe north of Stockholm.

"The damsel who trips at daybreak,
Is shod like a mountaineer."

Yet a sensible man would sooner take such a damsel to wife than any delicate Cinderella of the ball-room. I protest, I lose all patience when I think of the habits of our American women, especially our country girls. If ever the Saxon race does deteriorate on the American side of the Atlantic, as some ethnologists anticipate, it will be wholly their fault.—*Bayard Taylor in Northern Europe.*

Ferocity of the Pike.

In the extensive lake of water in the park at Wynyard, the seat of the Marchioness of Londonderry, there are some very large pike, supposed to weigh fifty or sixty pounds each. A few days ago (says a London paper) a large retriever dog was sent into the lake, and when at a distance from the shore, he was attacked by one of these fresh-water sharks, which pulled him under water several times, and tumbled him over and over on his back, to the astonishment of the keeper. A brood of cygnets have been devoured by them, and they make no bones of a duck, many of which have shared the same fate of the cygnets.

THE RIGHT VIEW.—To an indignant person who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, a successful tradesman of humble origin observed, "You, my friend, are proud of your *descent*; I am proud of my *ascent*."

REMARKABLE CHANGE.—Near Heart Grove, Illinois, a person can stand upon an eminence, and at one view, see upwards of 30,000 acres of growing corn. Four years ago the same ground was unbroken prairie!

There are many rules for preserving health and insuring long life, but the best is, to cultivate a spirit of cheerfulness and honesty. Passionate men and melancholy men seldom attain great age.