J. J. DRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Baltimore Excitement.

An extraordinary state of affairs exists in Baltimore at this time. An election for State officers is to be held on Wednesday next, and some of the citizens apprehending a re-currence of those bloody scenes which have characterized the charter elections of that city for some time past, applied to the Governor of the State, and induced by their representations to believe that the municipal authorities were powerless for the preservation of the public peace, Governor Ligon initiated a correspondence with the Mayor of the city, and finally issued a Proclamation in effect declaring the city under martial law. The correspondence between these officials is published at length in the Baltimore papers. The conclusion of one of Mayor Swan's communications to Governor Ligon, shows clearly the ground taken by the city's executive. We append it:

As Mayor of the City of Baltimore, I hold my commission directly from the people, and am accountable to them for the manner in which I discharge my trust. The office which I have been called upon to assume was conferred upon me without solicitation, and will be laid down whenever it shall be made to appear that I have lost the confidence of those whom it has been my endeavor to serve. I can recognize subordination to no other power within the sphere of my duty. I deemed it due to courtesy to afford your Excellency the amplest information in regard to the matters to which you refer in your letter, and now invite from you any reliable evidence, upon which I can legally act, of a combination on the part of any of our citizens to obstruct the laws at the coming election. But while I am thus frank in foreshadowing my plan for the preservation of the public peace and the protection of the voter by every means at my command, I must be equally so in declining to recognize any joint administration of affairs for this city.

The powers of the Mayor are believed to be ample. He has his resort in case of emergency to the civil posse as well as to the military arm, which, like the former, is placed by law under his control. It will be his duty to use his best endeavors to see that every citizen is protected in his constitutional rights, and that the peace of the city is preserved by the means at his disposal. It, however, it should be attempted to introduce a power in the city of Baltimore above that of its regularly constituted authorities, or if power should usurp it in the anticipation of a state of things which may not occur, to bring the military in contact with the people on this day of election, without any such occasion on the part of the local authorities, I do not express the sincere belief that such an outrage might seriously endanger the peace of the city, and lead to consequences which it should be the duty of all good citizens to endeavor, if possible, to avert.

The Governor replies with some warmth to the Mayor's line of argument, and it seems proper to quote a part of that to ply in order to a right understanding of the controversy. Governor Ligon says:

Clothed with authority to see that the laws are executed throughout the entire State, I cannot comprehend how the city of Baltimore or its Mayor recognizes the subordination to the State Executive. His power is created by the constitution; that organic instrument also defines his duties. Has the Mayor of Baltimore any coordinate position in that character, or are not his authority and that of his city the mere endowments of ordinary legislation? I am mortified and pained to notice that spirit in a municipal agent, which, if generally carried out, would subvert the whole theory of our institutions, and end in jealous rivalries among the chain of officials. I will not now indulge in any protracted refutation of an error which must rather be the growth of official sensibility than of mistaken conceptions of constitutional position.

The natural sequel of such an error is the further implication that my powers and duties are to be initiated into activity at the discretion of municipal subordinates. Do you thus await the application of your subordinates? If not, why? Simply because you are sworn to see the laws executed, and while in general you confide in the fulfillment of their duties, you still hold in reserve those powers of supervision which are made necessary by the fact that these subordinates may not recognize their own defaults, and their serious bearing on the general welfare. Is not the city filled with clubs of lawless and violent partizans, whose very appellatives brandish defiance at order, and make the peaceable prefer to surrender their rights rather than claim them at the risk of life? Sir, is there no law and no authority somewhere to curb one class and shield the other? If the ordinary civil power of the city is insufficient, what is the inevitable deduction? Is it not better that you should admit its inadequacy, and be cordially grateful that the constitution has supplied other powers, and permitted, for your aid, the Executive to interfere who has not been at all complicated by past animosities.

The Governor concludes with the declaration that whether the Mayor cooperates with him or not, he will use every means constitutionally to see that the laws are faithfully executed. And the reason seems to proclamation, and order to assemble of the military commanders to have their troops in readiness on Wednesday. He has also made application to the President for the use of Government troops in Baltimore on the day of election; but it is not probable that this request will be granted.

The proceedings have naturally caused great excitement in Baltimore; and the Governor has been waited upon by a number of prominent citizens who urged him to withdraw his Proclamation. A number of the militia officers also called upon him informing him that the military would not obey their orders, and that most of the companies were temporarily disbanding.

Public sentiment in Baltimore is decided on this conflict of authority between the Governor and the Mayor; but it is thought that the Governor has made a blunder, that he has on account of party considerations officiously interfered in a matter more properly within the control of the Mayor, and that he will withdraw his proclamation.

The American says:

We learn that the Mayor has consulted several eminent jurists, whose opinion upon the subject will be given to the public at an early date, together with the instructions to the police regulating their action on Wednesday next. These instructions, which were in preparation before the issue of the Governor's Proclamation, impose upon the police the duty of remaining during the day in the immediate vicinity of the respective polls committed to their charge, of protecting all claiming to be voters in the exercise of their rights, and of preventing the movement from one ward to another of armed and disorderly persons. In other points these instructions are designed to enforce upon the police the strict and impartial discharge of their duties, and of preserving the peace of the city.

The N. York Express well says, "There is an old saying that a predicted riot never comes off"—and in this case, notwithstanding all the bluster, let us trust the proverb will prove true.

Affairs in Baltimore.

The indiscreet haste with which Gov. Ligon, of Maryland, chose to interfere in the municipal affairs of the city of Baltimore, by placing, in effect, the city under martial law, in anticipation of a riot on the day of election (tomorrow), and in direct conflict with the duty and the prerogative of the Mayor of the city, is virtually acknowledged by Gov. Ligon himself. He has, after sober consideration, and a knowledge of the arrangements made by Mayor Swan to preserve the peace at the secure the undisturbed exercise of the right of suffrage, withdrawn his Proclamation calling out the military, and has informed the Mayor that he is satisfied with the arrangements which have been made. In consequence of this, the excitement in Baltimore caused in a great measure by the previous inadvised action of the Governor, has for the most part died out, and the city is quiet.

Gov. Ligon must have been terribly apprehensive of a riot, for he not only ordered out the military of Baltimore, but applied to the President for United States troops, and also went so far as to ask the immediate Governor of Virginia to place *thousand stand of arms* to be used in Baltimore—a request which Gov. Wise was too happy to grant. We learn from the papers that three thousand muskets were actually dispatched by Lieutenant to the relief of his timorous Democratic friend, the Governor of Maryland. It seems to us that these two Governors, Ligon and Wise, have made asses of themselves, and now occupy a truly ridiculous position—the one in seeing for guidance at his shadow, and going outside his jurisdiction, interfering with the prerogative and duty of the Mayor of Baltimore, and seeking extraordinary aid from abroad—the other in complying with the timid request of his brother official, and sending arms all the way from Virginia, enough for a small army, to put down a riot which did not occur. Can't these Democratic Governors attend to their legitimate business, and not interfere in that of other people?—Has Gov. Ligon nothing else to do but to ask Gov. Wise for muskets, and Gov. Wise to send them? Was it necessary to call on the Old Dominion to keep the peace in Baltimore city? Suppose Gov. Bragg was to send on to Virginia for muskets to prevent a riot here in town on the occasion of one of our charter elections, what would be thought of it? Would there not be a general condemnation of the Governor by men of all parties?

The whole concern as the Petersburg Intelligencer remarks, is of a piece with the systematic humbuggery of the Democracy, who avail themselves of every possible occasion of bolstering themselves up as the special champions of popular rights, which they care about as much for as the King of Dahomey cares for the liberty of the miserable black wretches whom he barters off to the Yankee slave traders who infest his ports.—*Bay. Obs.*

Sad Case.

A letter from New York to the Baltimore American tells the following story:

"Last Thursday was to have been the day for the [illegible] Miss Hanna [illegible] of Baltimore, and Mr. V— H—, of the city, a gentleman of talents and ability. On the day preceding the appointed day, the bride received [illegible] that something seemed to tell her she should never become the bride of her choice; that she would soon wed the [illegible] of eternity. The groom replied to her with [illegible]; but on the following day, Wednesday, she felt so ill impressed [illegible] from which time the strength and [illegible] gave seemingly to wane, till Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, the hour appointed for the nuptials—when she breathed her last, without having evinced the slightest bodily pain from the first hour of her illness.

An Irish gentleman lately fought a duel with his intimate friend, because he jocosely asserted that he was born without a shirt on his back.

FOR THE WATCHMAN.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF O. M. SMITH.

A lament on seeing the name of THOMAS HOLLINGSWORTH, written, who had recently paid a visit to North Carolina, hoping to improve his declining health, but died soon after his return home to Louisiana.

Where now I sit in pensive thought,
Once sat thee, Tom, departed friend,
As here I see thy name is wrote,
Inscribed by thine own feeble hand.
Here, musingly, thou sat and dreamt
Of many long and happy days,
And often thought the moments went
Too slow to speed thee on thy way.

Thus flattering hope with serene song,
From youth's unsteady giddy height,
With graceful step has led along
Her millions to the tomb of night.
Oh! delusive hope and cruel grave,
Why hast thou from my bosom torne,
My youthful friend, with spirit brave,
Whose memory now I sadly mourn.

Oh! Thomas, dear departed shade,
Where hast thy gentle spirit flown?
What angel kind thy spirit bade
To fan thy wings and waft thee home?
Oh! where is now that feeble hand
That once these simple lines did trace?
Ah! in yon silent sunny land,
It's locked in death's own cold embrace.

South Yadkin Falls, Davie Co., N. C.

A ROMANTIC REALITY—TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Reality sometimes more strongly taxes credulity for belief than the most highly excited romance. An old man, whose few remaining hairs were whitened by age, was retailing in Fulton street market place, his fellow-citizens an eloquent tale of his travels and experience in foreign countries, his travels by land and sea, his hopes and wishes for the future.

Twenty years ago, or there about, he left Lancaster, Pa., with no particular object in view, except to relieve himself of the oppressive ills of poverty and want. Without money to support his wife and three children, with little or no employment, he abandoned home and friends to chance his fortune in the world elsewhere, in hopes [illegible] accidentally met a friend [illegible] who, pitying his forlorn condition, advised him to go to sea, as a hand before the mast, and in this capacity he [illegible] that expedient, back and forth across the Atlantic.

Finally, on the last voyage, he left his ship [illegible] a port, and remained there for several years, engaged in various pursuits that offered [illegible] remuneration. He saved up the Mediterranean [illegible] back to Liverpool, and [illegible] his home, but after [illegible] a year or more, finally [illegible] American port, where he remained [illegible] years, engaged in trade, and [illegible] other occupations that yielded a fair profit. The gold [illegible] in the Pacific carried him further west [illegible] golden Sacramento, with [illegible] prospects. A year's experience there [illegible] more than [illegible] fortune, and he left the Empire State for Ohio, again as a sailor. From there he shipped in another vessel for New York where he arrived several months ago, after almost thirty odd years of absence, and sought out his old friends for [illegible] and children.

With many doubts and hopes he visited Lancaster, where he had left them, but found [illegible] or him to receive him. His wife had died long years before, and one son had soon followed to the grave. With a heavy heart, a future before him as black as the unexplored page, he [illegible] of forth again, little heeding life, not caring how soon its "little fever" closed for him. Chance directed his footsteps to Cincinnatti, in his weary travel, and chance, or a guardian spirit, or fate, prompted him to relate his adventures to a half dozen listeners in Fifth street yesterday, and amongst them was a young mechanic, a cabinet maker, on his way to his boarding house to dinner, who listened with marked attention, and who found, on further inquiry, that the venerable old gentleman was *his father!* The son was but a small lad when the parent left home, but he had heard enough of his history to know that the wanderer before him was indeed his parent, of whom he had but a dim recollection personally. He grasped the old man by the arm with hearty good will, took him to his boarding house, and provided him with food and raiment, and will smooth his footpath to the grave with kindness and devotion. Do we not say truly that highly colored romance is often dimmed by stern reality?—*Cincinnatti Gaz.*

Sell Your Cotton.

In the market reports of the Fayetteville Observer, we find the following advice by Mr. James G. Cook, an old cotton buyer in Fayetteville.—Mr. Cook has had much experience in mercantile affairs, and we copy his remarks for the consideration of those who hold cotton in this section:

"*Cotton*.—We are often asked, when shall we sell our Cotton? It is travelling out of the way for a prophet to offer his opinion as to the future; but it it is worth nothing it shall cost you nothing. Well when is the time? I say now. Why? Because Europe wants her supply now, and when she gets that, the price will go down, for this reason; the United States have now on hand goods enough for a whole year, and hence the first rise you will see in this country will be on Cotton goods, for cotton is now above the price of goods. Again; the panic in this country will require time to leave its effect; consequently manufacturers cannot go on now having money as formerly, for the reason that they have not got it, and capitalists will not furnish it if they know they cannot get their money back with interest. There is another view to look at. England needs all the gold she has, hence she will not part with it unless she gets the worth of it. The panic in this country has already had the effect of putting up interest by the bank of England, and cotton will feel it first. Taking these things altogether, my honest impression is, that the planter will get his best prices between this and the 1st of February, 1858."

There are two kinds of family jars. Into one you put your sweet meats, and into the other you put your foot.

From the N. C. Standard.

The Late William Hill.

In our last we briefly announced the death of WILLIAM HILL, Secretary of State. His funeral took place at the Methodist Episcopal Church, in this City, on Friday last, and was attended by a large concourse of people. The public offices of the Capitol, and the principle places of business throughout the City, were closed, as a mark of respect for the deceased. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, the minister in charge, who preached an impressive sermon from the following text: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Job, ch. 19. vs. 25, 26.

Partly from facts furnished us, and partly from our own knowledge, we are enabled to give the following brief biography of the deceased:

WILLIAM HILL was born in Surry (now Stokes) county, N. C., on the 23d of September, 1773, and died in Raleigh on the 29th of October, 1857, being 84 years, 1 month and 6 days old.

Of his early life little is known beyond the few brief reminiscences occasionally narrated by himself. His father, who removed from Caroline county, Va., was a Baptist minister, a sterling patriot and an honest man. During the war of the Revolution his stirring appeals stimulated the Whigs of his section. He was a chaplain in the American army at the battle of Guilford Court House. His son William was then about eight years old, and he well recollected hearing the roar of the artillery, being only four miles distant from the field of battle. He has been heard to relate that a short time prior to this battle a band of Tories called at his father's house, where he and his mother were, and inquired for his father. On being told that he was not at home they departed, avowing their intention to hang him if they found him. He had incurred their hate by his devotion to the patriot cause. He was a member of the Convention that met at Hillsborough in August, 1775, to improvise a system of Government for the State. He married Elizabeth Hilliard, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Hilliard, whose mother, of the same name as herself, was Eliza Hilliard. She was a native of Caroline county, Va.

The late Secretary had in youth but limited educational facilities. He became the plow for several years, during the year he attended a country school for [illegible] his instruction at school for ten months of the year. At the early age of sixteen he taught school. His aspiring mind [illegible] while he entered a mercantile [illegible].

In the month of July, 1795, having obtained a letter of introduction from Mark Hardin, Esq., of [illegible] Hill, afterwards Major Hardin, to James Glasgow, then Secretary of State, he came to Raleigh and entered his Grandfather's office as a clerk. Associated with him in the like capacity was William White, Esq., who had Glasgow in office in 1798.

He continued in the same position under Secretary White until about January, 1806, when he was married to Miss Sarah, daughter of Col. John Geddy. Col. G. was a staunch Whig. He was captured by the British and imprisoned for a long time in Charleston, S. C. He was a member of the first Convention of the people held in the State on the 25th of August, 1774, at New Bern; also of the Convention held at Hillsborough on the 21st of August, 1775; and he represented Halifax County in the State Legislature from 1774 to 1845.

A son and four daughters, all now living, were the fruits of the marriage. His wife died on the 14th of February, 1833.

A short time after his marriage he engaged in the mercantile business at Haywood, Chatham county, where he remained but a short time, returning to Raleigh during the year 1806. Here, for a while, he followed the same pursuit, at Richard Smith's old stand, Mr. Smith being then his clerk. At the session of the Legislature of 1807 he was appointed a magistrate for Wake county. At the February term of the court of pleas and quarter sessions in the year 1806, he was elected Register of the county; and at February term, 1807, he was elected County Court Clerk, which office he held until he was elected Secretary of State in November, 1811, succeeding Wm. White, who died in October, 1811.

In the year 1834 or 1835 he again married. His second wife was Mrs. Frances C. Blount, relict of Joseph Blount, Esq., of Chowan county. Her maiden name was Conner. She is a lineal descendant from John Archdale, a Quaker, who succeeded Philip Ludwell as Governor of Carolina in the year 1694. By this marriage there was no issue. She is still living.

At the burning of the old Capitol in 1831, Mr. Hill succeeded, by strenuous exertions, in preserving the records of his office, and had them removed to what is now the site of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. By laboring incessantly he succeeded in arranging all his papers before the meeting of the Legislature.

He held the office of Secretary of State, through all the mutations of party, to the day of his death.

Mr. Hill joined the M. E. Church in 1811, when Bishops Ashbury and McKendree preached in the old Statehouse. He was baptised privately, by immersion. There was then no church building in Raleigh. The first church built here was that of Rev. Mr. Glendening, a Unitarian, and the building is now used as a shop. It is situated on Hargett street, near the shop of David Royster, Sr. The next church was the Presbyterian, and the next the Methodist. The only person now living in Raleigh who joined the Church with Mr. Hill, is Wesley Whitaker, Sr.

Mr. Hill was a sincere Christian. His leading characteristics were fidelity, industry, simplicity, honesty, integrity, benevolence and charity. But for the two last named virtues he might have amassed wealth. He was for many years a class leader and steward in the church of which he was a member. There was no gloom nor austerity in his religion. He was ever cheerful. He looked with leniency upon the failings, of others and never spoke harshly of them. Regular as was his attendance at the sanctuary, his strict observance of private duty was equally unremitting and methodical. Method, indeed, was one of his most prominent characteristics, and one of the main causes of his success in life. It is related of him that often on Saturday evenings, when he supposed no eye was on him except that of his God he would kneel in his office at the Capitol to return thanks for mercies past, and to implore the Divine blessing upon the approaching Sabbath. He was distinguished in a remarkable degree for his uniform kindness and cordiality in his intercourse with his fellow-men. He was a man of naturally strong feelings, but he learned to control them. He was decided in his political principles—no trimmer or time server, but he always treated others as he was treated himself. It is believed that he never voted, either in county or state elections, to turn out an officer who had done his duty. It was owing to the fact that he was a good officer, an honest man, and a kind and courteous gentleman, and not that he courted favor by clinging to party, that he held office so long. All esteemed him—none doubted his capacity or his fidelity.

When a good man dies, any incident, however trivial, illustrative of his character, is eagerly sought and treasured up by those who loved or admired him; and the following anecdote, occasionally related by Mr. Hill himself, will not be without interest. It is he meditated, both as a pleasure and a duty, a constant regard for the feelings of others and unwavering kindness and courtesy to all with whom he should chance to meet. He remarked that he who did this was often rewarded even in this world.

Many years ago he journeyed to Tennessee, then an almost unbroken forest. At this time it was a perilous undertaking. Robberies were by no means uncommon, and Indian outrages were of frequent occurrence. The passage of the mountains was fraught with danger, as there were but few roads, and they almost impassable. While there he met a widow lady with an infant, left by her husband's death in a land of strangers, friendless and alone. She was endeavoring to make her way back to her relatives in Carolina. Obedient to the generous impulses of his nature he endeavored to soothe her comfort and shield her as far as he could, from the hardships incident to the journey, frequently carrying her infant for hours in his arms. In 1811, when a candidate for the office he so long and worthily filled, he was opposed by a gentleman of deserved popularity and powerful family influence. Twice they received each an equal number of votes. Several members of the Legislature were confined to their rooms by sickness, and a committee was appointed to visit them and obtain their votes. One of these gentlemen, a brother of the widow above mentioned, but an entire stranger to Mr. Hill, recollected hearing his sister speak of the kindness shown her by him, and cast his vote, on that account, for William Hill. That one vote secured his election.

Mr. Hill had two brothers, one of whom is still living. The other was at the battle of the Horse Shoe, under Gen. Jackson, and was called by the Indians "Captain Big John Hill." He has been dead several years.

The Central America.

While the heart swells with pride at the recital of deeds of heroism done by our countrymen in India, it is no less grateful to see equally high qualities manifested under difficulties by our kindred men beyond the Atlantic. The wreck of the Central America, fatal and painful as it was, presents instances of composure, coolness, consideration and real heroism, which dignify humanity. The captain of the ill fated vessel was truly of a noble nature. He died in the discharge of a duty which he might have in part neglected with impunity; but in him the finest part of an ancient chivalry appeared. In the presence of peril the women and children were his first care. He prepared to enforce this intention, but it was unnecessary. The passengers and crew were as resolute, determined and humane as himself; they seconded him in everything, and even the women were ready to do the work of men in aiding him. Some time ago, Capt. Hall, we think it was, wrote the account of two wrecks—an English and a French vessel. The conduct of the Englishmen contrasted finely with the Frenchmen: they were obedient and fearless. Captain Herndon and his men behaved not less nobly; and their conduct and the conduct of the passengers speak irresistibly in favor of the high tone of the American mind. Their country ought to be proud of them; all Christendom will praise them.—*Liverpool Post.*

Destruction of Oysters by Star Fish. The Providence Tribune says that the star fish (five fingers) have made sad havoc among the oysters on "Long Bed," destroying not less that $500 worth, belonging to one person.

Scuppernong Wine.

We have seen specimens of this wine made by a gentleman of our town, which would be pronounced good in any country. It was made without the addition of one drop of brandy or other alcoholic stimulant. The idea has been prevalent that this excellent grape, unsurpassed for the table, would not make wine without the use of liquors. This idea is now obsolete. Everybody knows better, and we predict that the manufacture of pure Scuppernong wine is yet to be a source of considerable revenue to this portion of the State. Thousands of bushels of the grape are raised in this and the surrounding counties every year. We know of several who have turned their attention this year to wine making, and they will find a ready sale for all that they will manufacture. Why may not our people adopt it as a substitute for nasty whiskey, and other drugged and poisonous compounds? Its general use would greatly promote the cause of temperance, and the man who will do most to introduce it, will become a public benefactor.

We would not wish to be understood as wishing to confine any one to the use of this particular grape alone. Our soil and climate are equally well adapted to the growth and maturity of all other native varieties. Indeed, the bonsted Catawba grape so extensively cultivated in the Ohio valley, as also the Isabella, now become famous as a table grape, are both of North Carolina growth.

But we have in this country still another variety, a *native* of the county, which far surpasses them all, both as a wine grape and table grape. It is a black grape, found by the late Albert Mish, Esq., a few miles below this town near the Palmeto river, and cultivated by him for many years. His son, Mr. Henry Mish, now sells the roots and cuttings. It is known hereabouts as the Mish grape, but has been called abroad where it has been sent within the last two years, the *Palmeto* grape. When we say it is superior to all the grapes named, we know what we say. Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnatti, has made superior sparkling wine of the pure juice, and advises, that it be grafted into all Scuppernong roots. This gentleman has a root sent to him by a friend in our town, which he says fifty thousand dollars would not buy if he could not get another. And yet it will hardly be found suited to the soil and climate of Ohio. Why will not some person of means try a vineyard on a large scale? Now that it has become so difficult to procure a good article of either wine or liquor, our native wine will find a ready sale in the home as well as foreign markets.—*Wash. Dis.*

A Catenarian Discharged from Prison.—Two years ago, Joel Schoonoven, of Summer Hill, in this county, was convicted of arson, and sentenced to the State prison for life. He freely confessed the commission of the crime, and said he was driven to it in consequence of what he considered to be personal injuries, inflicted upon him by a son in-law, and other members of his family, who were anxious to obtain possession of the valuable property that he owned. Well, he was released to day, by executive clemency, and we met him at the corner of State and Genesee street, comfortably clad and carrying a pair of heavy new boots in his hand. He said he was "pretty glad to get out," though he preferred the State prison to the county house. He was employed in the "spun shop" in the prison. He is a native of Orange County, in this State, and served in the war of the revolution and "last war." He saw Washington at Newburg and he "fought his battles over again" this morning. When we asked him what his age was, he replied. "Young man, I was one hundred years old Fourth of July last;" and he tottered away, "homeward bound."—Think for a moment of a man's reaching and passing his one hundredth year in a State prison. The sentence of a man of his years for life, was not, in the ordinary course of things, a long sentence; to release him was an act of clemency and of justice. The old man is hale and hearty, and looks as though he might live a score of years yet.—*Auburn American, October 17.*

A Thought.

The rose that's wet with summer rain;
Or filled with early dew,
Sheds richer perfume o'er again,
And glows with lovelier hue
The pearly drops that light within
Its leafy chalice rest,
But fresher beauties for it win,
Its fragrant charms attest.

So hearts bowed down with weight and care,
Or crushed with bitter grief,
Show clearer what their virtues are,
While waiting for relief.
Each tender pang is sweet that springs
From hearts by sorrow riven;
If on its parting breath it brings
Some dearer hope of Heaven.

Russell's Magazine.

Examine the Gizzards.—A cook in the family of one of our citizens found in the gizzard of a chicken, on Wednesday last, a cone shaped piece of solid gold, worth about five dollars. We may look out for an advance in the poultry trade, and a very close examination of the gizzards of slaughtered Shanghaes in future.

Agusta Constitutionalist.

Dissolution.—The New School Presbyterian Synod of Virginia, at its meeting in Washington city last week, resolved, 32 to 3, to withdraw from the General Assembly in consequence of the anti-slavery resolutions of the latter at Cleaveland.

New Constitution of Oregon.

The new constitution of Oregon bids fair to contain some curious features.—One of these, prepared at the last dates, in the convention, was to abolish the grand jury system, on account of its expense and inquisitorial character, and substitute therefor the result of examination before justices of the peace. Another is to make the Governor ex-officio treasurer of the State, to have no Lieut. Governor, and to make the Secretary of State Governor pro tem., in case of the death of the executive. A third novelty is the limitation of the number of members of the State Senate to fifteen, and of the Assembly to thirty, with biennial sessions. A fourth is the *viva voce* system of voting at all public elections. This has been done all along in Oregon, and is the old English plan, adopted thence into Virginia, and from Virginia carried westward through Kentucky and Missouri to Oregon. The voting is done in the same way in Kansas. There are some other interesting features which may be briefly stated thus: Judges of courts are rendered ineligible to any office other than a judicial one during the terms for which they may have been elected, and for one year thereafter; towns and cities are prohibited from contracting debts for any purpose whatever; banking charters are absolutely prohibited, so that the business of corporate banking will not be recognized.

A Shower of Manna.

Do not be incredulous, reader, when we inform you that on Monday last, at the foot of Clear Lake, in this county, a shower of sugar candy fell, covering a large tract of country. It covered everything—leaves of trees, rocks, and the earth's surface alike. When discovered by the inhabitants the next morning, a part of it was of the consistency of syrup, and the rest as perfectly crystalized as the candy of the shops. Its taste is precisely similar to that of unflavored candy. Mr. J. Hale, the Clear Lake expressman, saw it while on the ground, and collected a box as samples, which he brought to us. There is no mistake about the matter, as the public may learn for themselves, by calling at our office. The specimens before us are generally irregularly crystalized, rounded at one end and irregular in form at the other, as if broken off from some surface to which they adhered. They are from one-fourth to five-eighths of an inch in length, some pure white, and others of a delicate pink hue. Their general appearance is that of very small stalagmities, such as we have often seen in caves.

A similar shower occurred at Salt Lake, some years since. Naturalists pretend to explain such phenomena by saying that such saccharine showers are of insect origin; but their explanations seem even more improbable than the fact itself—the latter being well attested, and the former a mere theory to excuse ignorance of Nature's wondrous workings.

Napa Republican.

Dosticks Married.—Last night there was an irruption into this city of long-bearded men from New York, having in charge the celebrated "Dosticks," known to the initiated as Mortimer Thompson, of the Tribune, and editor of the New York Picayune. This morning the victim, Dosticks aforesaid, was apprehended by his hiernte friends, taken before Professor Gibbs, and then and there, with intent and malice aforethought, the said Dosticks, otherwise known as Mortimer Thompson, was solemnly married to and with Miss Anna H. Van Clove, of Minnesota, the youthful and accomplished niece of the worthy professor aforesaid. The malefactors and their accomplices left in the afternoon train for New York.

New Haven Palladium, October 24.

The Mazatlan correspondent of the New York Herald furnishes that paper with a "sensation" narrative of the slaughter of Col. Crabbe and his party at Cavorca, taken from the lips of Charles Edward Evans, the only survivor of that cruel tragedy. Evans says that the bodies of the Americans (filibusters) were stripped bare of every particle of clothing by the Mexicans, and laid exposed without burial; and that the stench arising from the dead bodies was nauseating in town, and that the hogs were unbearable from their contact with carrion, and that he was shown the gold taken from the teeth of some of the dead Americans, and that he was also taken to see the head of Mr. Crabbe, which was lifted from a "jar" of vinegar by the hair.

Stopped Publishing the List of Failures.—Some days ago we took occasion to condemn, in decided terms, the reprehensible practice of publishing the names of persons who had failed in business, or suspended payment. We are now gratified to announce that the N. Y. Independent, the journal through which these publications were made, has abandoned the practice. It says:

"Some of our friends, who have been in favor of the publication, doubt the propriety of spreading such intelligence before the public during the present disastrous crisis, fearing that our weekly record, extensively copied as it always has been, might only increase the panic."

We hope the Independent will be sufficiently convinced of the evils resulting from the course heretofore pursued by it, so as to abandon the evil practice in all time to come.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

THE APPROACHING STATE FAIR.

We notice that our Charleston friends are making active preparations for the fair, which is to convene in their city on the 18th proximo. This is commendable, and we sincerely hope, and have no doubt from what we have seen and heard, that the citizens of our city will not be behind those of the metropolis in making all needful and necessary preparations for the State Fair, which is to convene in our city on Tuesday, the 10th of November. To our friends in every part of the State, and in the neighboring States, we would say, that although money matters are somewhat tight, and but few of us have a sufficiency of the "circulating medium," still we hope that this will not relax their energies or interest in our State Fair; and we trust that we shall see a large number of contributions in the various departments appertaining to such an institution.—*South Carolinian.*

Mission from Heaven.—It may be important to somebody to know that a "spiritualist" visited us this morning, and told us to say, he had a mission direct from Heaven last night, which told him, that in the city of New York this winter, the hungry and houseless would rise against the bread eater, and the house liver, and burn, shoot, murder and destroy, with a great many other woes.—*N. Y. Express.*