

Democratic Secret Societies.—The N. Y. Correspondent of the National Intelligencer says that the Tammany managers of the Democratic party are beginning to be alarmed at the springing up of secret societies among their hitherto faithful adherents. They are somewhat strange on the occasion. The Sun well remarks: "It is, indeed, rather ludicrous to hear of secret societies springing up in a party which so recently waged war against 'dark lanterns' and 'Kove-Nothing' councils."

From the Fayetteville Observer.—
Dangers of Northern Society.—We think that some of the people in the Northern cities are beginning to see, what has long been apparent to Southern people, that there is far more danger of popular commotion and violence there than here. Heretofore, indeed, their riots have not been between classes, but rather between political parties or people of the same class. But it may not be always so, for it is likely to be; and it may not be long before the vile may be arrayed in deadly strife against the reputable classes. That such an idea has forced itself upon them, see the following from the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, on the funeral of Pat. McLaughlin:

"Broad way was thronged from Grand street, many a square up, so as to be almost impassable; and the crowd which extended over the curb far toward the center of the street looked with eagerly expectant eyes for the appearance of some object of unusual interest. Many waited a long time before they were gratified; but finally their anticipations were satisfied by the appearance of that for which they waited. It was a stately hearse, covered with tall nodding plumes of black and white, and drawn by horses richly decorated with sable trappings. The hearse was accompanied by rail bearers with the new unusual decoration of scarfs and knots, and was followed by a procession of carriages which stretched in a long line through Broadway into Grand street. A crowd waited for it, a crowd accompanied it, and a crowd followed it.

"The man whose funeral attracted this attention had, on the evidence of his own brother, no trade or occupation; he was by habit and almost by profession a rascal, though he could hardly be called a bully, because he lacked the physical strength to win even that brutal distinction, and he had only made himself prominent among his degraded companions by his recklessness and impudence; and he was killed by another of his own kind in a midnight brawl provoked by himself in a low rum-hole. He had indeed another claim on distinction: it was that he had made one of the party of ruffians at the hands of one of whom that professional lully so well known as Bill Poole, received his death-blow a year or two since; and as Poole was honored at his funeral by a concourse which had hardly been equalled in New York, it perhaps was to be expected that one of his murderers would not be allowed to go off the stage of life by the same exit without some but similar distinction.

"It is true that the person who thronged the streets through which Patrick McLaughlin's coffin was borne was not of what are called the influential, or the respectable classes of society. They belonged chiefly to what may be well called our dangerous class; but this only darkens the aspect of the case. For it is difficult to think not only how numerous as well as how dangerous this class is, but how openly it shows its character and its sympathies—to think that dangerous as it is, numerous as it is, and great as are its instincts, it is yet a broad element of our political and social structure—an element that has to be taken into consideration by all politicians and by some journalists, not as a class to be cared for and controlled, but to be pleased—to think that it seems to lack those softening and humanizing instincts which temper the character of corresponding classes in other countries, and neither knows nor seeks other enjoyments than those of the ring, the gambling hell, or the bottle, and that it is visibly increasing.

As John Randolph once said to a person collecting money for the famishing Greeks, "The Greeks are at your own doors." So those Northern fanatics, who distrust themselves about Southern institutions, would do well to ponder over the picture drawn in these paragraphs, especially the last, by one of their leading papers.

Brussels Lace.—The spinning of the fine threads used for lace-making in the Netherlands is an operation demanding such minute care and vigilant attention, it is impossible that it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp, underground cellars, for it is so extremely delicate that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in good condition only when made and kept in a humid, subterranean atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers, who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This sort of occupation naturally has an injurious effect on the health; and therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid.

Surrender of Billy Bowlegs.—The Madison Messenger has reliable information that Billy Bowlegs "has surrendered his sword, and is now at Tampa with his whole party, waiting the consummation of arrangements now being made to be transferred to the West.

Carolina Watchman.

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

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Agricultural.

FROM THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.

Fence and Fencing.

It is in making fences, and proper care to prevent decay, are matters of some consequence in farm economy. Rails should be split neither too large nor too small, and always out of the most enduring timber at one's command. In the old States, and in long settled districts where a second growth pine abounds, and primitive forests are scarce, farmers are often under the necessity of using old field pine for fencing purposes. In such cases, a pole that will not in three years if placed in a fence whole, will last five or six years if split in half. In laying up all split timber, it is important to have the bark side of every rail lie under, or toward the ground, so as not to collect and hold water like a sponge in contact with the sapwood of the rail. Any close observer may verify the truth of this remark by examining almost any fence where rails have the bark on their upper sides in a part of the fence and on their under sides in a part. The latter will be found in a sound condition at the time when the former will be half rotten. As soon as practicable, without too much labor, all the bark should be removed to keep every rail as dry as possible.

There are six points about every rail fence, deserving of care and attention:

1st. It should be as straight as the nature of the ground will permit.
2nd. It is generally bad economy to place the bottom rail on the ground to rot early in its whole length. Although born and reared on a farm, and spending this life where fences were ever being constructed, the writer never saw corner stones or blocks dispensed with till he came South. The bottom rail need not be over three inches above the ground, and at the bearing points at each end, where the laps are to rest, care should be taken to have a good foundation of one or more flat stones, if attainable; and in case nothing of the rock kind can be had, then a short piece of a heart rail ought to be used for the support of each fence corner.

3rd. As the rails generally decay first at the joints where moisture collects most, and the whole weight of the fence is brought to bear on a small surface; it is wise to take down the fence two or more times during every ten years, and shift the points of contact on each rail by proper re-laying.

4th. At each time the fence is reset, it should be removed a few yards where the surface is clean and has been tilled, that all briars, bushes and grass along the line of the old fence be eradicated and the land cultivated.

5th. Care is needful to have the bearing of each rail at the corner, directly over that of the rail below it; for in this way only can an upright and firm fence be made, leaving at the same time a due angle or "worm" in each corner and panel, and the same uniform from one end of the fence to the other.

6th. One or two of the top rails should be weighty and strong, so as not to be easily broken nor blown down. The fence ought to be high enough to turn all live stock, and have its panels so closely set that common sheeps will even keep on the right side.

Where material for making rails is scarce, one better have but few division fences and then have the first character, rather than many which are nearly worthless as protection for crops, and an injury in taking up land and encouraging the growth of weeds and other pests, to the cultivator. More important objects generally induce the neglect of fences, briars and hedges, which by their humidity hasten the decay rails, as well as disfigure the appearance of an otherwise handsome field. At the same time dead grass, leaves and other trash greatly increase the chances that some stupid negro or more careless white man, will set the fence on fire, and perchance do much

damage. To keep the supply of good rails, encourage the growth of chestnut, black walnut, oak and locust trees.

Chinese Sugar Cane.

A Committee of the United States Agricultural Society which recently met at Washington, made a report upon the subject of the Chinese Sugar Cane, of which the following is a synopsis:

1. The soil and geographical range of the Chinese Sugar Cane correspond nearly with those of Indian Cane. It produces the best crop on dry uplands, but the most luxuriantly on rich bottoms of moist loams.

2. It endures cold much better than corn, and experiences no injury from the autumnal frosts. It will also withstand excessive droughts. Ripens its seeds in September, in dry and warm soils, in many parts of the New England States; in the extreme South it may be planted as late as the 20th of June.

3. Its cost and culture is about the same as Indian Cane.

4. Height of plant, when fully grown, varies from 6 to 18 feet, and stalks vary from half an inch to two inches in diameter. The weight of the entire crop, when fully grown, taken before drying, is from 10 to 40 tons. Of seed, the amount is reported from 15 to 60 bushels.

5. During the early stages of its growth it makes but little progress; so slow indeed, as to have discouraged many cultivators; but the approach of warm weather imparts to it a wonderful rapidity. The period of growth varies from 90 to 120 days.

6. The yield of juice was about 50 per cent. The number of gallons required to make a gallon of syrup varies from 5 to 10; in New Brunswick, 10 to 1; in Indiana and Illinois, 7 to 1; and in Maryland and Virginia, 5 to 1. The yield of syrup varies from 140 to 400 gallons. The amount of pure alcohol ranged from 5 to 9 per cent. Ripe cane, grown on a light, warm soil, gives 11 per cent. of well defined crystallized sugar.

7. A palatable bread was made from the flour ground from the seed.

8. By accounts from all parts of the country, this plant is universally admitted to be wholesome, nutritious and economical food for animals; all parts of it being greedily devoured, in a green or dry state, by horses, cattle, sheep and swine, without injurious effects; the latter, especially, fattening upon it as well as upon corn.

9. Paper of various qualities has been manufactured from the fibrous parts of the stalk, some of which appear to be peculiarly fitted for a special use.

Modelled Fruits.

A correspondent of one of our exchanges, says:—"In the Patent Office, now extended over the entire square, there is a most beautiful and remarkable collection of 'Modelled Fruits,' which, as one of capital curiosities, is well worth seeing. The collection consists of about 2000 specimens of the principal fruits and vegetable roots of the United States, and has occupied the artist, Mr. Townsend Glover, some six years to bring the work to its present state. The specimens are all cast or modelled in a hard material and then prepared and painted in oil colors. It is intended to furnish a ready means for the identification and classification of fruit, and to indicate, by appropriate labels, the soil and locality where each will best thrive. Congress has not yet purchased the collection, but I believe an appropriation for the purpose has passed both Houses. To farmers and horticulturists this collection of Mr. Glover is invaluable, and the Government should purchase and pay for it without delay."

The Farmer.

What a sovereign man is the intelligent, industrious farmer. Within his own realm of earth, he wields a sceptre to which all must bend. The balance of the world's life and comfort he holds in his stalwart hand. Neither courts, nor camps, nor armies, nor fleets can exist without his aid. He is the feeder—the garbenter, virtually—of the race. Cities spring from the traffic in the products of his industry. Commerce is born at his behest. Of the State he is the "first estate." Lord of the land, no man has firmer hold of the essential title of nobility. And he need be no plodder superior to him who can give it.

because he is a farmer. The day is past when the soil tiller was confounded with the clod turned by his plow. The soil is his servant; he smites it, and lo! the harvest comes forth. The hoe and the sickle make him muscle heavier than dulciners, and sound the march of a triumph grand as it is peaceful and blessed.

But he is not forever in the furrow. For him are broad fields of study—fair-est fields of delight. For him are honors linked to beauties and wisdom; for him, periods of communion and rapture, of which the birds, the flowers, the streams, the stars, and all wondrous things of the universe may bear witness. A brave man art thou, wielder of the mallet and the plane; and thou skilful worker of webs; and thou, deviser of all machines whereby the labor of man's hand is speeded or abridged. But you are all second to the farmer. He is master of the most useful of tools, and the most servicable products. He can live without you, but you cannot exist for a day without him. Honor to the farmer; may his sphere widen and his stature be exalted. And honor to all honest toil, for of such are the fruits that form the crowning glories of the world.—N. C. Planter.

A Startling Confession.

Mordecai Paine, a saddler, doing business in North Ninth street, was called home from his workshop on Saturday morning, by a messenger who brought the melancholy intelligence that his wife, Barbara, had taken arsenic for the purpose of committing suicide, and she was then at the point of death. He hastened to her bedside, and found her in more agony of mind than body. She declared that there was something on her mind which she wished to confess to him before her departure, with the hope of obtaining his forgiveness. Mr. Paine, with great emotion, desired her to go on with the disclosure, adding that she might be sure of his forgiveness before she had made known her offense.

"Ah, Mordecai," said she, "you remember our large white pitcher was broken some time ago; I pretended to you that the cat broke it, but it was false, for I myself did it."

"Oh, my dear," said Mr. Paine, "don't concern yourself about such a trifle. I had forgotten the pitcher, and it matters not how it was broken."

"There is another matter," said Mrs. P., after some hesitation. "The six silver spoons which I made you believe were stolen by the Yankee glock mender, I pawned them to raise money to pay the milliner for doing up my pink satin bonnet."

"Never mind it, my love," said Mr. Paine, encouragingly. "I hope heaven will forgive you as freely as I do."

After a short pause Mrs. P. began again:—"Your best razor which you missed last summer, and made so much to do about, I swapped it away to a peddler for a tortoise-shell comb."

"The devil I—well, well," said Mr. P., recollecting himself, "that is all done now, and can't be mended. Think no more of it."

"I could not leave the world with such a thing on my conscience," replied the fair penitent.

"Go on, go on," cried Mr. Paine, "I told you that I could forgive everything at such a time as this." Mrs. P. resumed:—"You remember our boarder, Simeon Deaks, who ran up a bill for six weeks, and then went off in a hurry without paying a cent. He and I agreed to elope together; but he changed his mind at the last moment, and ran away without me."

"Fire and fury! do you dare to tell me this?" cried Mordecai, in great excitement. "But, as you are dying, I won't reproach you. I'll leave you now to settle the affair with your conscience."

"Stay and hear one thing more," cried the repentant Barbara. "The dose I took this morning was intended for you; I put it into your coffee, but, in my hurry to get the thing done, I gave you the wrong cup and took the right one myself."

"The devil fly away with you, you jade!" roared Mordecai, as he flung himself out of the room. In the entry he met the apothecary who had sold Mrs. P. the fatal powder. This medical man had heard of the commotion at Paine's house, and suspecting the cause of it, he came to administer hope and comfort to the afflicted.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Paine," said he, "the drug I sold your wife was nothing but magnesia. I judged that she wished to destroy herself, and I tricked her in this way to save her life."

"You swindling rascal," shouted Paine, how dare you cheat a customer in that shameful manner, and obtain her money on false pretences! Begone!"

And with this exclamation he violently ejected the astonished apothecary from his front door. The man of the physic, suspecting of course that poor Mordecai was deranged, sent two officers to provide for his safe keeping. His relation of the preceding dialogue, however, soon obtained his discharge.

Philadelphia Press.

A Soft Place.—"I was down to see the widow yesterday," said Tim's uncle, "and she gave me backbones for dinner. I went down rather early in the morning; we talked, and laughed, and chattered and ran on, she going out and in occasionally to see to things till dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to backbones. Now, I took it as a symptom of personal approbation, because everybody knows I love backbones, and I flattered myself she had cooked them on purpose for me. So I grew particularly cheerful, and I could see it in her too. So after dinner, while sitting close beside the widow, I fancied we both felt sorter comfortable like—I know I did. I felt that I had fallen over head and ears and heart in love with her, and I imagined, from the way she looked, she had fallen teeth and too nail in love with me. She appeared for all the world like she thought it was a coming, that I was going to court her. Presently, I couldn't help it, I laid my hand softly on her beautiful shoulder, and I remarked, when I had placed it there, in my blindest tone, Tim, for I tried to throw my whole soul in the expression, I remarked then with my eyes pouring love, truth and fidelity right into her, 'widow, this is the nicest, softest place I ever had my hand on in my life.'"

Looking benevolently at me, and at the same time flushing up a little, she said in melting and winning tones:—"Doctor, give me your hand, and I'll put it on a much softer place."

In a moment of rapture I consented, and taking my hand, she gently, very gently, Tim, and quietly laid it on my head—and burst into a laugh that's running in my ears yet.

Now, Tim, I haven't told this to a living soul but you, and by jink! you mustn't; but I couldn't hold any longer, so I tell you; but mind, it mustn't go any further.—Spirit of the Times.

Sagacity of Dogs.—Among many curious, yet well-authenticated anecdotes, illustrating the wonderful sagacity or reasoning powers of the canine race, the following deserves a place:—A large Newfoundland dog belonged to the captain of a ship engaged in the trade between Nova Scotia and Greenock. On one occasion, the captain brought from Halifax a beautiful cat, which formed a particular acquaintance with Rover; and these two animals, of such different natures, were almost inseparable during the passage.

On arriving at Greenock, the cat was presented by the captain to a lady of his acquaintance, who resided nearly half a mile from the quay, in whose family she remained for several weeks, and was occasionally visited by her friend and fellow-passenger, Rover, who seemed not a little displeased at the separation which had taken place between them. On the day, however, when the ship was to leave the port for another voyage, the usual bustle on board gave Rover a hint of what was going on, and he decided on his course of conduct without delay. He jumped on shore, made his last visit to his mistress, seized her in his teeth, much to her astonishment, and carried her through the streets to the quay, just as the ship was hauling off. He made a spring, cleared the gunwale, and fairly shipped his feline friend in good order and well conditioned, in and upon the good ship Agency of Greenock; and then ran to his master, wagging his tail, as if entreating that she might remain on board.

Advice to Youth.

Eighteen things in which young people render themselves very impolite:

1. Loud laughing.
2. Leading when others are talking.
3. Cutting finger nails in company.
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Whistling in meeting.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for superiors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
11. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
13. Joking others in company.
14. Correcting other persons than your self, especially parents.
15. To converse talking before others are through.
16. Answering questions when put to others.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you sit down to table. And—
18. In not listening to what one is saying in company—unless you desire to show contempt for the speaker. A well-bred person will not make an observation whilst another of the company is addressing himself to it.

Found his Match.

We saw a good thing yesterday. In the Court of Quarter Sessions, a petty case was being tried. A well known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd looking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a boss shoe maker.

"You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, sir; cause why, she confessed it."

"And you also swear she bonnd shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"

"I do, sir."

"Then—giving a suspicious look to the Court—"we are to understand that you

employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their criminalities are known?"

"Of course; how else could I get an assistance from a lawyer?"

The counsel said "stand aside," and in a tone which showed that if he had the witness' hand in a bark mill, little mercy might have been expected.

Does Your Mother Know You're Out?

A young lady once had a beau. One evening, said beau was anxious to enjoy some private conversation with his charming, but there being two children in the room, somewhat marred his wishes. The gentleman looked to see them sent to bed, but he was disappointed. The youngest child, a boy of three years old, slept with the young lady, and had no idea of retiring without his bed-fellow.

Stretching his chubby length upon the carpet, the "youngest" watched the twain with resolutely wide-awake eyes until the bell struck for nine, when passion becoming exhausted, he raised his little head and said:—"Nine o'clock is bed-time. Don't you think your mother want a you now?"

This was one of the tallest hints the young gentleman ever received in a civil kind of way, and the mingling of embarrassment, and vexation, and mirth produced by it, was funny in the extreme.

"Sonny" was sent to bed every night after that solus, and in due to the relief of the visitor.

A Virginia Diamond.

Mr. G. P. Matthews, of Virginia, has exhibited at the Cincinnati Times office what he claims as a diamond of the first water, and the largest in the world. It has an inch and a half of diameter, and nearly an inch of thickness.

It is surpassingly brilliant, particularly when viewed by gas-light. Mr. Matthews says he has been offered for it \$21,000. It was found by the father of its present possessor in the gold mines of Buckingham county, Virginia, about seventy years since. It has remained in the rough state ever since, until a few weeks ago, when Mr. M., being satisfied by every test that it was in reality a diamond, took it to New York and had it dressed. This precious gem weighs 144 carats. The Koh-i-noor, if we remember several diamonds found in the regions of Virginia. Last year one was found in said locality was sold at Richmond for \$4,500.

[A marvellous story, truly.]

AN INDIAN WEDDING.

The Nebraska City News of the 3d instant, contains a long account of the marriage of a Royal Squaw of the Otoe tribe. The bridegroom was named White-water, and the bride Wash-mah-po-shinga. We extract the following:

The bride's daughter was elegantly dressed in a red flannel shirt with deep blue calico border, a checked apron, a summer killed buffalo robe and a white felt hat. Her jewels were magnificent. From either auricular depended bright ornaments of brass, tin and copper.

We must not omit to mention that Miss Wash-mah-po-shinga also wore a "red petticoat" embroidered according to a design of her own, with porcupine quills, representing a desperate dog fight. Her entire wardrobe and jewelry could not have cost less than six thousand dollars in Fontenelle money. The bridegroom was attired in all the magnificence which his rank and wealth demanded. He wore a standing shirt collar, a medal of President Pierce, a brass straight-collared soldier coat, with brass buttons, and an elegant pair of Spanish shoes, while his stalwart limbs were admirably clothed in an ancient coffee sack. Altogether the appearance of both the bride and the groom was appropriate to their high sphere in life.

The most sumptuous feast awaited the guests at the residence of the bride's father. It was spread in a camp-kettle and suspended over the fire that burned in the centre of that princely lodge. It consisted of a young dog meat, making altogether, one of the most palatable and nourishing compounds that ever graced a royal camp-kettle. The horns spoons of accidental luxury seldom come to the ordinary palate, viands more tempting and delicious. As for drinks, corn-whisky, made of red pepper, tobacco plugs and rain water, together with molasses-sweetened coffee, made up the list.

THE SCARLET BLOSSOM.

It is related by Charles John Anderson, in his account of explorations and discoveries in South-Western Africa, that one morning, after he and his party had been travelling some time through a wild and sterile region, he discovered upon the top of a rock "a most beautiful air-plant in full blossom, of a bright scarlet color, with the lower part of the interior of the corolla tinged with lemon."

What a lesson did this little plant whisper to the traveller's heart; and what lessons should all such displays of God's goodness whisper to us. Shall he who so clothes the lilies and the wild flowers of the desert forget us, who are of more value than they? Cannot he who caused the barren rock to blossom, give us light in darkness and comfort in affliction?

Christ says, "Consider the lilies of the field." Yes, whose is wise, and will consider these things, shall find here and there along life's dreary waste many a scarlet blossom smiling around him.

"You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, sir; cause why, she confessed it."

"And you also swear she bonnd shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"

"I do, sir."

"Then—giving a suspicious look to the Court—"we are to understand that you

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

The Lancaster (Pa.) Express announces the death of Henry Webb, aged twenty-seven years, under the following circumstances:

About four or five weeks ago Mr. Webb was in Mr. Shellenbrand's grocery store where there was a large dog quietly standing, which he patted on the head; the dog turned furiously around and bit him on the back of the right hand; the dog, although not evincing the least symptoms of madness at that time, was killed on the following day. The wound was superficial, and healing up in a few days, nothing more was thought of it until early on Saturday morning last, when Webb complained of a violent illness, great pain in his right side and arm. Dr. John L. Atlee, Jr., was called in and found him laboring under hydrophobia symptoms. Webb could bear the sight of water, and the pouring of water from one vessel into another had no visible effect on him; nor had the wafting of cool air towards him; but an attempt to drink, or the act of merely taking the vessel containing the liquid into his hand, caused a violent spasm of the muscles, with an inability to swallow. He was totally beyond the reach of medical aid, and died in great agony on Sunday morning. Mr. Webb was a married man, and leaves one or two small children.

Never Forgotten.

A rich landlord of England once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a little boy of eight years, saw it. He afterwards became a painter, and painted a life-likeness of the scene. Years afterwards he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered any sum to purchase it, that he might put it out of sight. Thus, there is an invisible painter, drawing on the canvass of the soul a life-likeness correctly all the passions and actions of the spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must meet our earth life again.

Maintain.

Learn from the earliest days to insure your principle against the peril of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it; however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear, do it—not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who were a son of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

In Father Here?

A young man came into a city station yesterday afternoon, and inquired: "Is father here?" "I do not know; what is his name?" said the lieutenant on duty. The name was given, and the record exhibited it, with "drunk and disorderly" attached as the charge.

"Can I see him a moment—he is my father?" was the response, and the young man was conducted to the iron cage where the father had been confined since morning, now sobered and in his right mind.

"Father," said the visitor, "Jane is dead!" And the young man choked at the sentence, while the strong-nerved father vented his grief in tears and loud expressions of sorrow.

Ingenuity of a Spider.

A friend, writing from Havre-de-Grace, gives the following occurrence in relation to a spider, showing an astonishing degree of instinct, if not reason. He says:—"Some days since, a gentleman was walking on one of the wharves in this place, when he saw a large spider sailing on a chip not far from the wharf. The tide was setting out of the harbor, the wind blowing on shore. It was easy to go out to sea; but to regain the shore, this was the difficulty. The spider, having gone to one side of the chip, and then to another, and after completely viewing his situation, found any further retreat cut off, and placed himself in the centre of the chip. In a short time the tide had carried the chip off with its passenger, near the other side of the wharf, who, perceiving that the chip would soon drift beyond it, immediately commenced spinning a web. The threads of the web (the wind favoring) were successfully blown against the wharf, and firmly adhered to it. As soon as this was accomplished, the spider warped his boat along-side, and thus escaped destruction."

A Village for Sale.

The Newark Advertiser says the sheriff of Newark advertises for sale the entire village of Malaga, in New Jersey. It consists of more than 5,000 acres of land, with glass works, mills, and forty dwelling houses. The village exhibits a scene of desolation and abandonment so complete and thorough as to be rarely exceeded.

An Old Soldier, whose nose had been lopped off by a sabre cut, happened to give a few pence to a beggar, who exclaimed in return:

"God preserve your eye-sight!"

"Why so?" inquired the veteran.

"Because, sir," was the reply, "if your eyes should grow weak, you could not keep spectacles before them."

The Legislature of Louisiana has passed a law abolishing capital punishment, and the substitution of hard labor for life in lieu thereof.

He who plows his land and breeds cattle spins gold. The footsteps of the warrior are the best manure for his land.

What a world of gossip would be prevented, if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.