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Good For McRae!—Mr. McRae's letter has worked something like a wonder. He said a good word for Fayetteville.—He said it in a published letter, a letter written for publication as a certain letter which our Democratic friends here may yet remember was not. One good turn deserves another and sometimes gets it, as in this instance. The Wilmington Journal faces the music, and talks right out in meeting, in handsome style. Hear it:—

"We know something about the platform of the Democratic party, and we say that the spirit of the framers of that resolution was in favor of granting the proper amount of aid to one Fayetteville friends. *We meet the thing right up and say that they ought to get it, and we think will get it at the next Legislature.*"

Good for McRae, say we. When it is recollected that the Wilmington Journal's interest in our Railroad was so overpowering that for weeks and weeks it could never mention the cheering fact of the arrival of a cargo of iron at its own port, and at last only succeeded in squeezing in among the odds and ends a little paragraph from this paper, Mr. McRae may be set down as a worker of miracles.

Fay. Ob.

Clingman Appointed Senator!—We were quite taken by surprise at the announciation in the Senate's proceedings of Friday last, that the Hon. Thos. L. Clingman was sworn in as Senator on that day. The Standard of Saturday last has not a word on the subject, though the appointment had then been made and Clingman had actually taken his seat. What does this mean? Were the parties to the *bargain* ashamed of it? or are those about Raleigh so incensed at the failure of the Charlotte Convention to ratify one part of the contract, that they manifest their resentment by letting Clingman sneak in, as it were? However this may be, we are satisfied that many old democrats throughout the State will in their hearts curse the Governor for bestowing this signal honor upon this one of the new converts. We have already heard one influential Ellis democrat express his disapprobation of it, and his hope that the party would *refuse* to elect Gov. Bragg to the Senate next winter, as a mark of their disapproval of this Clingman appointment.

It is said that Chief Justice Ruffin would have no objection to a seat in the U. S. Senate, and it is a pity that Gov. Bragg did not appoint him. That would have been "a nomination fit to be made." But perhaps it was not supposed that Judge Ruffin could command votes enough to make a bargain with *him* available. We shall see. And we now predict that if Judge Ruffin is in the next Legislature, as we take it for granted he will be, and wishes to go to the Senate, *he will go*, and that either Clingman or Bragg, (or more likely both,) will find that their bargain will not be ratified.

We give Clingman credit for considerable shiftiy, and for most efficient services to the Democratic party, which makes it a point to reward party services. But they were Benedict Arnold services. According to his own statement, he was a Democrat nearly four years before he ceased to be a Whig. During all that time he was working, as a Whig leader to undermine the principles of the Whigs of the Mountain district; and finally, as a Whig, he succeeded. He surrendered that Gibraltar of the Whig party to the enemy. Neither he nor they could ever have carried it by open assault. To reward such an act is monstrous. When Arnold went over to England, he was not thus treated there. He was not honored nor elevated to high places, but was an object of scorn among honorable men.—They "loved the treason but despised the traitor."—*Fay. Observer.*

Better!—We are becoming decidedly a popular Town. The Standard, drawn out by Mr. McRae, speaks of Fayetteville as the Town "which we *all* desire to see improved."

Really, we shall not be surprised to find every body seeking success in the ensuing campaign merely for the purpose of having an opportunity to aid the extension of the Western Railroad.

In the meantime, however, it may not be amiss for the people of Cumberland to remember the last Legislature. They may thus estimate the value to them of the next Assembly, should it also be Democratic.—*Fay. Ob.*

Resumption in Lynchburg.—A correspondent of the Petersburg (Va.) *Express* says:

"The first of May having come, the brokers are down on our banks with a rapacity of Shylocks. A number are here from Richmond with carpet bags well filled, and tellers are having a lively time in counting out the coin. In fact, our banks virtually resumed specie payments yesteday, and one of them alone (the Exchange) paid out twenty-two thousand dollars in redemption before the hour of closing. Another paid out over twelve thousand dollars. After the first rush is over, the banks will no doubt have an easier time."

There was a "marriage in high life," in Warren county, North Carolina, Tuesday—Mr.——Green, son of Gen. T. J. Green, late of Texas, to Miss Ellery, daughter of Gen. G.'s lady by a former husband. The bride is an heiress, and her wealth is computed at 180,000 dollars. They went as far as Petersburg, on their way to Europe, where they will probably spend the balance of the year.

The Artesian Well at Louisville.—Messrs. Dupont & Co., of Louisville, after boring to the depth of 1,700 feet—the last 1,600 through solid rock—have succeeded in finding water of a temperature about ten degrees warmer than the atmosphere, and strongly impregnated with salt or alum. It is to be analyzed.

ADVENTUROUS CURIOSITY.

One of the most perilous adventures on record, was achieved in the last century by a printer named Robert. He was in the church of St. Peter, at Rome, one day after the hour of prayer, alone, and was contemplating the many wonders of the venerable and majestic building. Suddenly he perceived a rope let down from the cupola, and a workman approach, and fasten a bucket of water to it, which was drawn up. The artist was instantly seized with a desire to ascend the steeple; and did so. On reaching the top, he saw some workmen engaged in repairing a portion of the roof. Across an opening in the top of the dome, they had stretched two planks, by which they drew up the bucket of water. The planks being only designed to support the weight of the bucket, had been chosen carelessly without much regard to strength or soundness. After surveying the lovely scene spread out before him Robert felt a great curiosity to view the interior of St. Peter's from his elevated position. With the recklessness of youth he instantly determined to cross on the planks. First he cautiously placed one foot on the narrow pathway, and then the other, and commenced his hazardous undertaking. When he reached the middle of the plank being desirous to view the church beneath him, he cast his eyes downwards. Instantly he was seized with vertigo, his head seemed to whirl, and blackness came before his eyes. Conscious of his inability to proceed farther, he stopped. There, in his awful situation, at a height of three hundred feet, with a marble pavement beneath him, and with only a frail plank between him and certain destruction, he could distinctly hear the muttered execrations of the workmen, who were in momentary expectation of seeing him crushed to pieces.

Knowing, however, that if he remained in his present position he would soon fall, the painter walked tremblingly on.—Presently the plank, which was rotten, began to crack. "Heavens! the poor fellow will be dashed to—" exclaimed a workman. He did not finish the sentence for the master mason placed his hand upon his mouth, and pressed it violently.

The painter hurried on, and in a few moments was in safety. He instantly threw himself on his knees and returned thanks to God for his preservation. But he was soon surrounded by the masons. "Oh, my friends, how fortunate I have been!" exclaimed he. But the masons began to beat him. "You naughty fellow," said they, "how you have frightened us!" They continued the beating until Robert, half laughing and half angry, was pretty sore. When they ceased, the painter, turning to the master mason, said "Why did you stop that man's mouth?"

"Why, would you have had let him take away the little reason that you had left?" was the answer. Robert took the man's hand and pressed it with emotion too deep for utterance.

A Party of Thieves—Superstition and Fraud.—A very ingenious plan of raising the wind was recently practiced by a gang of gypsies, in Cobb county, their victim being a widow lady in moderate circumstances.

The party camped in the vicinity of Marietta. One of the party—a dark, sun burnt woman, looking like a half-breed Indian—went to the house of a Mrs. Hanby, and represented herself as sent by the Indians, who formerly inhabited the region, to get a mass of gold, buried in a place near by. The unsuspecting lady, knowing that the Indians had formerly made the region a favorite haunt, became intensely interested in the tale of the mysterious looking stranger, entered at once into her plans for getting the treasure.

Her scheme was characterized by the mummery and superstitious movements peculiar to the Indian, and only served to heighten the confidence of the good lady in the strange adventures. In the progress of the plan it became necessary for the gold hunter to have $1000 to use as a sort of enchantment for the hidden treasure, and unless this sum could be had it was asserted that the whole scheme would fail. The money was obtained, Mrs. H. having a portion of it in the house, and the balance was borrowed from the neighbors, after which the mysterious looking gold wizard took French leave of her new made friends, and is probably in the wild hunt for buried treasures in some other locality.

Aug. (Ga.) Dispatch.

Connecting France and England by a Bridge.—The French "Moniteur" says:

"The relations between the Continent and the United Kingdom becoming more and more important, has called forth the idea of connecting both with a road by which the operation of a more uninterrupted intercourse between France and England could be established.

The project has been submitted by Mr. Boyd, an English Engineer, who proposes a bridge from Cape Gris Neg on the French coast to Douvres on the English side, the length of the route being eighteen English miles.

The bridge will rest on 191 arches of 500 English feet in circumference each. The bridge is proposed to be in the form of a viaduct of 30 feet wide and 50 feet high in which two or three tracks of rails shall be placed. On each of the arches there is to be a large tower, with construction for ventilation of the passage through which the viaduct is to pass at an elevation of 300 feet above the level of the sea, which leave ample room for the passage of vessels, the largest of which never reach higher than 217 feet.

In order to prevent vessels from being damaged by being thrown against the arches of the bridge during a gale, they are proposed to be surrounded with India rubber. The author of this gigantic project has estimated the total cost at the amount of thirty millions of pounds sterling (nearly 150 millions of dollars.")

The Bargain for a Wife.

A young Norfolk farmer, on beginning life with a limited capital, found two things were wanting to do justice to a large farm which he rented on a long lease—namely, a wife to rule the house at home, and an additional thousand pounds to invest upon the land. Like a sagacious man, he conceived that the two might be found combined, and he began to look about for a cheerful lass with a dowery to the desired amount. Accident threw him one day into company with the parson of a neighboring parish, with whom, as he rode home while returning from market, he fell into conversation. Encouraged by the divine, the youth unburdened himself of his cares and plans, and mentioned the desire he had for marrying at soon as he could find an agreeable lass with a moderate dowery.

"I tell you what," said the parson, "I've got three daughters, and very nice girls they are, I assure you. Suppose you come and dine with me next market day—you will meet them at the table; and if any of them should prove to be the 'inevitable she' that you are in search of, I shall not be backward to do my part as far as I can."

"Agreed," said the youth. "I'll come as sure as you're alive, if you'll say nothing about it to the ladies."

"That shall be a bargain. On Saturday next then, we shall have you at dinner, at five."

And here the roads diverging, the two gentlemen separated.

At appointed hour on the following Saturday the young farmer, in handsome trim, descended from his galloway at the parson's door. Dinner was served a few minutes after, and the young ladies, with their mother, graced the table with their presence. All three fully justified the encomiums of their father, but the youngest—a rosy-faced, roguish, lass, just escaped from her teens—alone made a vivid impression upon the young farmer. The repast progressed agreeably, and, when ended, the ladies withdrew, leaving the gentlemen to chat over the wine.

"Well," said the host, what do you think of my girls?"

"I think them all charming," said the youth; but the youngest—you call Nelly—really is most bewitching; and clever, too; and if I am to have the honor of being allied to you, you must give me her."

"That is against all rule," returned the host: "to take the youngest first, but of course, I cannot control your choice.—What dowery do you expect?"

"My capital," said the wooer, "is three thousand pounds, and I want a thousand more—and I must have it."

"I will give you a thousand with the eldest girl."

"No the charming Nelly and the thousand, or I am off."

"That cannot be; five hundred with Nelly, if you like. The others are not half so handsome, and must have a fortune, or I shall never get them off."

"No; my resolution is fixed, replied the young gentleman, and I shall not alter my mind."

"Nor I mine," said the parson, "and the affair is at an end; but we shall be good friends notwithstanding."

The conversation, which each speaker supposed to be strictly private, now fell into another channel.

The ladies returned with the tea urn, and chatted unreservedly with the farmer. Evening came on and towards sunset, the girls have strolled into the garden, the youth rose to take his leave. He found his nag in the stable, and having bid farewell to his host, took his way through the shubbery that led to the road. He was about alighting to open the gate, when the rosy faced Nelly darted forward to save him the trouble. As she lifted the latch, she archly looked up into his face and said:

"Can't you take my father's money?"

"Yes, by Jove I will if you wish it."

"Then come over to the church tomorrow morning, and tell him so after service;" and she vanished like a spirit among the shubbery.

The First New Wheat.—Messrs. McConkey, Parr & Co., of this city, on Wednesday, received from Mr. Boughtol, of Essex county, Va., a bundle of stalks of wheat, measuring forty-nine inches in height and headed. The field from which they were indiscriminately taken, will, it is expected, be harvested and in market by the latter part of the month. This is fully six weeks earlier in the season than any wheat ever before reached this market.—*Balt. Sun.*

Wretched State of the Matrimonial Market.—A California correspondent writes as follows:—"I consider it my duty to state boldly, that the matrimonial market is shockingly dull. The time was when women, and all other dry goods, went off rapidly at high figures. But now even young and tender candidates go off slowly; and as for the older and tougher ones, there's no more show for them than there is for an honest administration of the government of New York.

SINGULAR PROCEEDINGS FOR A DIVORCE.

One Lucius Bulkley of New York, desirous to be rid of his wife, adopted a singular and temporarily successful manœuvre to obtain a divorce. His wife was about to visit her mother in Sacramento, California, with, so far as appears, her husband's full consent. As she was about to start he placed or caused to be placed in her hands a tin box, closed, covered with paper and sealed, purporting to be a present for her mother and a note for herself. When on the cars the wife opened the box and ascertained its contents to be legal documents summoning her to answer a complaint filed in Saratoga county in twenty days. On arriving at Aspinwall she made an effort to return, but was unsuccessful, and went on to California, residing there until January, 1857. During her absence her husband had obtained a decree of divorce. On returning she took measures to have this reversed. The husband made a proposition to her that if she would raise $5.000 she should have the custody of her child, and another, that if she would give him $1,400 he would procure and destroy the record of divorce. Neither was accepted, and a suit was brought. Justice Potter decided the manner of serving the papers upon her as she was about to leave the State was a practical denial of the rights of the defendant, who was entitled to time to make a defence to the complaint, and that in this cunningly devised stratagem the husband was guilty of most deliberate falsehood, if not legal perjury, and is at least guilty of moral if not legal subordination of perjury. Of course the decree and all the proceedings under which it was obtained were set aside.

The New Orleans Picayune, of April 24, reports the following singular case of fraud, involving no less a sum total than $200,000:

"The street has been somewhat excited by the sudden disappearance of a noted salt dealer, leaving sundry parties in the lurch, as is stated, to the amount of $200,000. In several instances, advances have been made on warehouse receipts; and it is now found that the salt has been surreptitiously withdrawn, and that nothing remains to cover the pledges. Other cases are reported where the salt belonging to second and third parties has been sold without the customary formality of consulting the views of owners in relation to the market. Then again we hear of cargoes bought and sold, the existence of which cannot be verified by any tangible process. A quantity of railroad iron, notwithstanding its specific gravity, has likewise taken wings and gone off the lay track in some remote section of the country. Fancied possessors have paid their monthly storage accounts with accustomed regularity on what now turns out to have been a vacuum for some time past. The loss falls heavily on certain parties, and under the peculiar nature of the contracts must give rise to protracted litigation."

A Wonderful Turn in the Tide of Fortune.

Among the many passengers in the Collins steamer, Pacific, which disappeared in 1856, were Jabez Barber, wife and daughter, of Chicago. Mr. Barber possessed an extensive property here, of some $300,000 in value. The steamer's loss swept away his entire family with the exception of one little girl—then an infant of three years—who was left in Chicago during her parents' European tour. When all hope of any tidings were abandoned, the Probate Court opened the will; by it all this immense estate, apart from a few private bequests, was left to the surviving child, who thus become one of the largest direct heiresses in the country. In case of her death, it was to revert to her nearest kin. A few weeks since, this little one, who has never enjoyed perfect health, was stricken with scarlet fever. Much concern continued to be felt throughout the city as the insidious disease heightened, for every one appeared interested in the peculiar circumstances. On Friday last, when human skill resigned its baffled efforts to save so valuable a life, death terminated the child's sufferings; and threw into the lap of those who never dreamed of being wealthy, a fortune of solid value. The next kin are three sisters of Mr. Barber, who live at Simcoe, Canada West. To these the will left two hundred per annum. The ladies are at present in straightened circumstances; but by this inscrutable decree of Providence, they have come into possession of an estate whose intrinsic value is at least $400,000. As Byron woke up one morning and found himself famous, so will these poor people suddenly find themselves rich, and endowed with more wealth than their wildest dreams ever pictured.

A Romantic Burglar.—Thieves of the Claude du Val and Paul Clifford school are gradually becoming "played out" but occasionally we hear of one. For instance, a gentleman of this order entered the house of Wm. Echols, Esq., Huntsville, Ala., and not finding any money he scorned all such trifles as watches, &c., and contented himself with stealing a ring from the finger of a sleeping young lady. Who knows but that he kissed her too.

A Beautiful Paragraph.

The man who stands on his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the soil he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed by any other source. He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of a man as a lord of the inanimate world, of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part of his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a link with those who follow him, and whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps a farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home! but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the fields lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the open window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the House of God; and near at hand is the place where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time shall come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-spring of a free, healthy and general national character.—*Edward Everett.*

"Annie Laurie."

We find the following in an exchange and whether a true story or a fancy sketch, it is truly thrilling:

"If you want to hear Annie Laurie sung, come to my house, said a man to his friend "We have a lovelorn fellow in the village who was wrecked by the refusal of a girl whom he had been paying attention to for a year or more. It is seldom he will attempt the song, but when he does, I tell you it draws tears from eyes unused to weeping."

A small selected company had assembled in a small, pleasant parlor, and were gaily chatting and laughing, when a young man entered, whose peculiar face and air arrested their attention. His locks were as black as jet, and hung profusely upon a square, white collar. His eyes were very large and spiritual, and his eye such an one as a poet should have. But for a certain wandering look an observer would have pronounced him a man of uncommon intellectual powers. The words 'poor fellow,' and 'how sad he looks,' went the rounds as he came forward bowed to the company and took his seat. One or two thoughtless girls laughed, as they whispered that he was 'love-cracked'—but the rest treated him with respectful deference.

It was late in the evening when singing was proposed, and to ask him to sing 'Annie Laurie' was a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another was sung, and last that one was named. At its mention the young man turned deadly pale but did not speak; he seemed lost in reverie. "The name of the girl who treated him so badly was Annie," said a lady whispering to the new guest—"but oh! I wish he would sing it; nobody else can do it justice."

"No one dares sing Annie Laurie before you Charles," said an elderly lady." Would it be too much to ask you to favor the company with it?" she added timidly.

He did not reply for a moment—his lips quivered a little, and then looking up as if he saw a spiritual presence, he began. Every sound was hushed—it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel. The tones vibrated throughout nerve and pulse, and heart, and made one shiver with the pathos of his feelings; never was heard melody in a human voice like that—so plaintive so soul-full—so tender and earnest!

He sat with his head thrown back, his eyes half closed—the locks of hair glistening against his pale temples, his fine throat swelling with the rich tones, his hands lightly folded before him; and as he sang—

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,—"

it seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emotion. Many a lip trembled—and there was no jesting, no laughing; but instead tears in more eyes than one.

And on he sang, and on, holding every one in rapt attention, till he came to the last verse—

"Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fair of fairy feet—
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me—"

He paused before he added—

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die."

There was a long, solemn pause. The black locks seemed to grow blacker—the white temples whiter—almost imperceptibly the head falling back—the eyes were close shut. One glanced at another—all seemed awe struck—till the same person who urged him to sing, laid her hand gently on his shoulder, saying:

"Charles! Charles!"

Then came a hush—a thrill of terror crept through every frame—the poor, tried heart had ceased to beat—Charles the love-betrayed was dead.

Right Living.—"To love and to labor is the sum of living, and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love."

What a bright thought it is, set in this quaint old Saxon! The first part of the sentence is a beautiful text for one's life, while the other is an equally sad commentary on the "living" of a great portion of humanity! And are not these twain, the loving and the laboring, the one "royal law" of the Bible, and do they not bring with them their own exceeding great reward? Ye who seek after happiness, behold, here is the key! This sitting down, folding up one's hands, and moping away one's life in vain yearning after affection, will never do you any good. Just step out of yourself, and live for and in others. Go out with a brave spirit into the world, and minister to the wants of humanity. Everywhere hands are reaching out to you for help, everywhere bleeding hearts are needing the balm of sympathy and tenderness. The little children want your smile, the old people want some comforting word; and the strongest and the best have their hours of weakness and of need.

So don't sit still, we pray you, for this is not living. But "whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might, with a true honest heart and purpose; and no matter how heavy may be the darkness of the night through which you are walking, the morning will rise, the flowers will blossom, and the birds sing about you.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

The Thunder Storm.

Frank, a boy from the city, had been picking raspberries in the woods. As he was on his way home, a violent storm arose; it began to rain, to lighten, and thunder fearfully. Frank was very much frightened, and crept into a hole in an old tree, not far from the road side. He did not know that the lightning is very apt to strike a hollow tree. But all at once he heard a voice that called, "Frank! Frank! come, O! come out quickly!" Frank jumped instantly from the tree, but scarcely had his feet touched the ground than the lightning struck the tree, and the thunder crashed frightfully. The ground quaked beneath the terrified boy, and it seemed if he was standing in the midst of the fire. But he was not hurt at all, and he exclaimed, with raised hands, "That voice came from heaven! Thou O dear Lord, hast saved me!" But once more the voice was heard, "Frank! Frank! do you not hear me?" He looked around him, and discovered a peasant woman who was calling, Frank ran towards her, and said, "Here am I, what do you want of me?" The woman replied, "I do not mean you, but my own little Frank; he was watching the geese, yonder by the brooks, and must have hidden himself somewhere from the storm. I came to take him home. See! there he comes at last, out from the bushes." Frank, the boy from the city, related how he had taken her voice for a voice from heaven. Then the peasant folded her hands devoutly and said, "O! my child, do not thank God any the less, that voice came from the mouth of a poor peasant woman. It was He who willed that I should call your name, although I knew nothing about you."

"Yes, yes!" said Frank, "God served himself your voice, but my escape nevertheless, came from heaven."

Always remember, dear children, that your safety depends not on accident or chance, but it proceeds directly from your Heavenly Father, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice.

The "Scientific American," in remarks upon the wonderful exploits of Rarey in subduing vicious horses, gives the following directions for accomplishing the same object:

"Procure some finely grated horse castor, and oils of cumin and rhodium, and keep the three separate in air tight vessels. Rub a little of the oil of cumin upon your hand, and approach the horse on the windward side, so that he can smell the odor of the cumin. The horse will then suffer you to approach him without any trouble. Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil upon it, and you can lead him anywhere. Give him a little of the castor on any substance for which he has a taste, and in the most suitable manner manage to get eight drops of the oil of rhodium upon his tongue, and he will at once become obedient to the most exacting commands with which horses are capable of complying. Be kind and gentle to him, and your permanent supremacy will be established, no matter what may have been his previously wild and vicious character. We understand also a horse tamer, grandson of the celebrated "Sullivan, the Whisperer," to a trial of his powers in Cork, Ireland."

THE YACHTING SEASON.

The yacht Rebecca slipped her moorings yesterday morning, and with a fine breeze started on a cruise South. She will touch at Norfolk, Petersburg, Washington City and other ports. From the active preparations making by the owners of yachts, we have every expectation that this expectation that this season will be one of considerable interest among our yachting friends. The Wanderer's and Rebecca's white fleets, and the arrival recently at Charleston, S. C., of an English yacht, (which we hope to see soon in our bay,) will tend, we have no doubt, to induce many to take their families and friends this summer, and enjoy the pleasures of a cruise to the ports along the Atlantic coast. It is expected that the regatta this season will be specially attractive, from the fact that some of the swiftest boats will contend, and the anticipated presence of two or three English first class yachts.

New York Herald.

Young Men.

I love to look upon a young man.—There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me. I silently ask: What will that youth accomplish in after life? Will he take rank with the benefactors or scourges of his race? Will he exhibit the patriotic virtues of Hampden and Washington, or the selfish craftiness of Benedict Arnold? If he have genius, will he consecrate it, like Milton and Montgomery, to humanity and religion; or like Moore and Byron, to the polluted altars of passion? If he have mercantile skill, will he employ it like Astor, to gratify his lust of wealth, or to elevate and bless humanity, like some of our merchant princes? If the gift of eloquence be hidden in his undeveloped soul, will he use it, like Summerfield, in favor of religion, or like Patrick Henry, in battling for human rights; or, will he, for mammon's sake, prostitute that gift to the use of tyranny and infidelity? Will that immortal soul, which beams with intelligence and power in his countenance, ally itself with its Creator, and thus rise to the sublime height of destiny; or will it wage war with truth and duty, and thus sink to degradation and death? As I raise these great queries, I, at once, do reverence to the high potentiality of his nature, and tremble for his fate.—*Daniel Wise.*

Intelligence of a Deaf Mute.

A pupil of the Abbe Sicard gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"

"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower; and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no ends."

"What is time?"

"A line that has two ends; a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."

"What is God?"

"The necessary being, the son of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watch-maker of the universe, the soul of the world."

"Does God reason?"

"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates; he decides. God is omniscient; he knows all things; he never doubts; he therefore never reasons."

Paraguay.—The Senate has passed the resolution authorizing the President to obtain a settlement of our difficulty with Paraguay growing out of the attack upon the steamer Water Witch. The resolution reads as follows:

Resolved, That for the purpose of adjusting the differences between the United States and the Republic of Paraguay in connection with the attack on the United States steamer Water Witch, and with other matters referred to the Annual Message of the President, he be, and is hereby, authorized to adopt such measures and use such force as in his judgment may be necessary and advisable, in *the event of a refusal of just satisfaction by the Government of Paraguay.*

Pretty Women.

A pretty woman is one of the "institutions" of the country—an angel is dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfumes and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls, and bound in choice calico and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream and then butter. Her words float around the ear like music, birds of Paradise, or the chimes of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise, raise the lowly, flannel shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find fireside boquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, music, light, and model "institutions" generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration the breath of Heaven.

The Text That Took Hold.

Over the mantle-piece in a drunkard's home hung one or two ornamental cards, each containing a few verses of a hymn which his child had received in a ragged-school, and which were fastened up by the little boy as a choice treasure. The father had seen them a hundred times over, and never heeded them; but he was laid upon a sick bed, and then a text from Scripture quoted in one of these verses first caught his eye, and found its way to his heart. He desired the child to bring his Bible, and see if the quotation was correct. He then read on; and a visit from the Scripture reader occurring soon afterward, was received with gratitude, for his old companions had deserted him. It pleased God to raise him once more to health, and he has now renounced infidelity, is an attendant at God's house, has prospered in the world, and has become the father of a happy family—all owing to the "text that took hold upon him."—*Scripture Reader's Journal.*

To Kill Cockroaches.—Get a pair of big boots, then catch your cockroaches, put them in [illegible]