J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Arrival and Departure of the Mails.

Post Office, Salisbury, N. C.,
May 10th, 1858.

Below is a correct statement of the hours of closing the Mails, and departure time of the several of the same.

Northern Mail, (Monday excepted)	7 A. M.
Southern " "	4 P. M.
Statesville " closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday,	2 P. M.
Arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday	10 A. M.
Charlotte, closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday,	7 A. M.
Arrives Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday,	4 P. M.
Asheboro', closes Monday and Friday,	5 A. M.
Arrives Tuesday and Saturday,	6 P. M.
Lincolnton, closes Monday and Thursday,	6 A. M.
Arrives Tuesday and Friday,	5 P. M.
Mocksville, closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday,	8 P. M.
Arrives Monday and Thursday,	7 P. M.
Mt. Pleasant, closes Friday,	12 A. M.
Arrives Friday,	10 P. M.
Troy, closes Saturday,	10 A. M.
Arrives "	10 A. M.
Wilkesboro', Closes Tuesday,	3 P. M.
Arrives Friday,	6 A. M.
Sunday Mail, North, Saturday,	3 P. M.
" " South, Sunday,	3 P. M.
Arrives going North, Sunday,	7 A. M.
" " South, "	10 P. M.

MOSES A. SMITH, P. M.

May 28, 1858.

The Post Office Department.—The suggestion that the Post Office is to be made a self-sustaining department by an increase of postage, will not meet the approbation of the people, if there be any fair test of public sentiment made on the subject. That something may be saved by curtailing the franking privilege is possible, but why should this be done, even if there are flagrant abuses under it?—Why print documents, at the expense of millions of dollars, if they are not to be distributed freely over the country? It is true that many of the documents printed at a heavy cost go to the grocers, hucksters, and confectioners for three cents a pound, the white paper of which cost ten to twelve; but that is the fault of the dishonest agents who handle them, and of the indolent members who will not take the trouble to endorse them or furnish their clerks with lists of names to whom to address them. There are often too many copies ordered, without due reflection.

But why should the post office be required to be self-sustaining more than the army or the navy? There is no branch of the Government so intimately connected with the "business and the bosoms" of the whole country as the post office.—It is emphatically the People's department. Every man's, woman's and child's interests and affections are indissolubly interwoven with and dependent upon, in some degree, the post office. It originated in benevolence. It is the messenger of charity and love to the whole civilized world. It is one of the ligaments of our Union; or rather it binds with tens of thousands of cords the hearts of the masses, in spite of the diversity of interests and opinions which pervade the different sections. There can be no retrograde movement in the matter of postage. The reduction was a revolution which will never go backwards. Our legislators need not waste their time in devices to make the department self-sustaining. The surplus common to the National Treasury cannot be better expended than in extending mail facilities by sea and land, and maintaining cheap postage.

N. Y. Cor. Nat. Intelligencer.

Adventures of a Virginia Darkie.—Some few weeks since we stated that Mr. Albert Aiken, of Henrico County, had recovered a runaway slave belonging to him, who had been at large six years.—The slave, by the oath of a white man, had obtained a register of freedom in the name of Isaac Jefferson, and was getting work in this city wherever he could.—Since his arrest he has acknowledged that he belongs to Mr Aiken, and says that when he first ran off a white man carried him to Dinwiddie County, and afterwards gave him a certificate of his freedom in Petersburg. He then went to Boston and married, but was robbed of his wife by another negro, when he became disgusted with the free States and returned to Virginia, where negroes are not looked upon as brutes. Mr. Aiken appeared before the Hustings Court last Friday, and on proving his property, by several witnesses, the Clerk was ordered to destroy the register granted to him improperly in September last. Mr. Aiken took charge of his servant and left the court room.

Richmond Enquirer.

BRITISH AGGRESSIONS.

Within the last two months, the list shows twenty-eight outrages that have been committed in the Gulf upon our merchant vessels. Of these, seven consist in firing into, seven in overhauling and boarding at sea, one in seizing and detaining at Lnagua, and thirteen in overhauling at Sagua la Grande. The New Era, which recently arrived at New York, reports the chasing and firing at an American clipper by a steamer. No colors were shown. If she was under American colors, the insults number twenty-nine—one, almost, for each star in the federal galaxy.—*South Carolinian.*

The first Wine Fair of Missouri opened at St. Louis on the 13th instant. About seventy specimens were exhibited, contributed from Illinois, New Tennessee, and Missouri. Seventeen gentlemen were selected as a board of judges to compare specimens offered and award the premiums. They report that all the specimens are very superior in character, and indicate great improvement in the manufacture of native wines. It has been decided by the Missouri Wine Company to hold, hereafter, in St. Louis, an annual fair, from which most encouraging results are expected.

Fleet in the Gulf.—From a statement in the *New York Times*, we learn that the American fleet carries 140 guns, while the British fleet carries 357. Such is the relative strength of the two fleets now in the Gulf.

In boring an artesian well at Louisville, a depth of 1,760 feet has been reached, and a jet of salt water now rises fifty feet into the air above the earth's surface.

Carolina Watchman.

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

VOL. XV. SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 8, 1858. NUMBER 2

Agricultural.

Hints for the Month.

The Plantation.—If your early planting was injured by the frost, or if from any cause you have failed to get in a good crop up to the present time, continue to plant *Corn* at all favorable opportunities, plowing up deeply, a few acres after every rain, and putting into the ground in the best manner. We have often made good crops after the "latter rains" of June—but, of course, we do not advise such late planting where it can be avoided. After the first hoeing, give your corn a top dressing of gypsum, ashes and salt—10 parts of the first, 4 of the second, and 1 of salt. It will be of great benefit in a dry season, and no injury at any time. Try it, if you can obtain the plaster. Work your young Corn as often as possible with a cultivator or horse hoe, giving the roots a deep mellow bed in which to extend themselves, and leaving the surface level and well pulverized.

Plant plenty of *Cow Peas*, using plaster as a top-dressing, after they are well up. It will act like magic on land deficient in lime. Plant, also, the *Chinese Prolific Pea*; which will yet give you a good yield, with favorable "season."—Plant, also, plenty of *Pumpkins* among your corn or in a separate patch. Milch cows and hogs relish them greatly, and they are quite fattening when boiled up with meal or bran.

Cotton will need constant and unremitting attention during the present month. Scrape and mould the plant as soon as possible; keep the weeds down, and the ground in a state of fine "tilth."

Sow, in the drill, in your richest land, large quantities of *Chinese Sugar Cane* and *Corn*, for forage. A farmer has rarely too much rough provender; it is useful for soiling as well as for curing to hay.

Sweet Potatoes should be transplanted now as soon as possible. Dip the roots in a thick batter, made by stirring fine black leaf mould and scrapings from the cow-pen into water—set the plants pretty deep, and shade the ground around them with a handful of pine straw, and they will grow off finely, even in dry weather. Just before sundown is the best time for this operation with "draws."

Wheat, Oats, and early *Corn Fodder* (from the drill) may now be cut and stacked up carefully on a platform of rails raised several inches above ground; or, (which is still better) put under cover immediately.

The Kitchen Garden.—Little can be done the present month, in the garden, with the exception of mulching, weeding and watering. We regard the first operation (mulching) as of paramount importance in this climate, and have spoken of it so often that repetition seems unnecessary. Mulch everything—trees, shrubs, vines and vegetables—covering the surface of the earth, as far as the roots extend, with 4 or 5 inches of pine straw, chip mould, spent tan, sawdust or forest leaves—and you will fine that trees and plants thus treated grow much faster, and receive little or no check from the long-continued drouths of mid-summer. *Water* should now be freely and regularly applied to all your growing vegetables, through the mulching, in the manner heretofore directed—leaving no moisture exposed on the surface to the baking rays of the sun. This is an excellent time to attack the weeds, and you must show them no quarter. Cut them down and let them die on the surface; or dig them up, and burn them, root, branch and seed. Plant *Snap Beans* and scatter a little short litter or saw dust on the ground after having covered the seed. This will make them come up.

Irish Potatoes can be planted and heavily mulched; they will give a fair crop in October. Plant *Watermelons* for a succession. During the latter part of this month, *Cabbage* and *Broccli* plants for fall and winter use may be set out.

Seeds of *Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery*, may be sown under low arbors, made of brush or pine tops, in order to shelter them from the fierce rays of the sun. Water often until the plants are well up, when a little liquid manure may be used alternately with the water, from time to time. Plant a full crop of *Okra*, without delay. Plant *Peas, Sweet Corn* and *Snap Beans*, for a succession. Transplant *Tomatoes* and early *Celery, &c.*, and prick out *Celery, Cauliflower* and *Broccli*. Pinch off the leading shoots of your early *Tomatoes, Lima Beans, Melons, and Cucumbers*, if you want the fruit to set early; and give the plants liquid manure if you desire large specimens.—If the green worm is troubling your fine Muskmelons, place the fruit on a brick, when half-grown. Sow Tomatoes for a late crop, they will come in when the first is gone. Sow Rutabaga *Turnip* seed and transplant them like winter cabbages, in rows 2 feet apart and 18 inches apart in the row. The white and yellow summer *Radish* must now be sown. Transplant *Onions* and *Leeks*, if not done last month, whenever the season suits. Also transplant *Beets* where they stand too thick in the seed beds.

Strawberry Beds must be kept free from weeds, well mulched with leaves or broom straw and freely watered in dry weather. If you desire fruit, cut off all the runners as fast as they appear, and keep the ground cool and moist. But if you wish to increase your plants, the mulching may be dispensed with (except immediately around the plants as directed heretofore) and the surface must be kept clean, and well worked with a pronged hoe.

The Orchard and Fruit Garden.—Where the frost has not cut off a portion of your fruit, thin it from one-third to one-half, if the branches are heavily laden, and the remainder will be enough larger and finer to pay for the trouble. [See Mr. Leggett's article, elsewhere, in the present number.] *Peaches, Plums, Nectarines, Apricots, &c.*, may now be budded, using for the stone fruits, by way of experiment, free growing and vigorous stocks of the wild Chickasaw Plum; but the tree must be trained low and branching instead of tall, slender and "spindling." Mulch all young trees set out last spring, and give them a copious watering occasionally. (See article on "Summer Management of Trees" in our last.) Turn your small "shoats" into the orchard to devour fallen fruit, and encourage them to "root," or loosen up the earth by scattering a handful of corn to them occasionally underneath the trees. Large hogs are frequently destructive to orchards, tearing and mutilating the branches in their efforts to obtain the fruit, even when the ground is thickly covered with it.

The Flower Garden.—Some hardy *Annual* seeds may yet be sown, but it is rather late. If you do not wish to take up your bulbous roots, (by which method they often are lost in this climate unless properly attended to) give them a heavy mulching and let them stand in the ground until September, when they may be taken up, divided, and planted again. Whenever *Dahlias* stop blooming, cut them down to the ground, and give them a good watering and a heavy mulch; they will soon sprout and bloom anew. Apply liquid manure occasionally to all your choice flowers. *Roses* should now be budded and layered—fumigate with tobacco smoke to destroy the Aphis or green fly upon the Rose and other plants. Gather ripe flower seeds in dry weather. Use water freely among your flowers whenever it is necessary, and do not disappoint the plants and yourself by giving them a sprinkling, but give them a thorough soaking whenever you do give them a watering. Rain water is, by far, the best.

Corn Planting.

Does the earliest planting always give the best crop? No. Planting at the right time gives the best result. And when is the right time? It is important to know, for when that time comes not a moment is to be lost. Corn is a tropical plant; it will flourish only in tropical countries, or those which have the summer of tropical climates. Under favorable circumstances, it grows rapidly. Three months will carry it from germination beyond the danger of injury by frost, provided the weather be warm and not over wet.—Without those favoring circumstances, it "gets contrary," so to speak, and won't grow. These are essential to its tropical nature. There is hardly a more important problem for the corn-grower, than to hit upon the time for planting when the seed will come in three or four days, and then grow "right on" without stopping.

Wheat, rye, oats, almost anything else, will wait for growing weather, without [illegible] Not so with corn. The farmer must give it the three hottest months in our climate, so nearly as his judgment will enable him.

The true advice with regard to this crop is, not to plant early; but as soon as the ground is warm and there is a reasonable hope of its continuing so not to lose a moment.—*Plow, Loom and Anvil.*

Life.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and light, to pace around in the mill of habits and turn the mill of wealth, to make reason our book-keeper, and thought an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sensitities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, beauty, love, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tear which freshens the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in being.—Chalmers.

A Highway Adventure.

My business called me through the northern part of the State of Illinois. I crossed the Illinois river at Foster's mill. Foster was an old friend who had gone out some years before, and erected a mill upon one of the tributaries of the last mentioned river, he having bought a whole township in that section. It was out of my way, as my most direct route was very near due west from Ottawa, whereas this route took me over sixty miles farther north. However, I had learned that there was quite a good road to Rock river, and had turned my horse's head in that direction. I calculated my time, and concluded that by moderate traveling I could reach the mill in two days. During the first day my road lay through a country mostly cleared, and was well traveled; but on the second day I struck into a wilder region, and the way was little better than a bridle path through a dense forest. I passed several clearings where small huts were erected, and at one of them latter I stopped and got some dinner. I found a young man in charge of the premises, the father having gone to "the mills." I asked what mills they meant, and the old lady said they were "Foster's mills." From these people I learned that Foster's place was forty miles distant, and that the only dwelling after leaving two near by, between here and there, was a sort of stopping place, kept by a man named Daniel Groome. They said he generally kept food for man and beast. His house was just twelve miles from the mills. This just suited me. I could reach Groome's by six o'clock, and there eat some supper, and rest and bait my horse. Then I could easily reach Foster's by nine, as the moon was well on its second quarter. The good people refused to take anything for my dinner, but I bestowed half a dollar upon a flaxen-headed urchin who was trotting around his bare feet, and then set forward again. There was another hut at a distance of half a mile, and a second a mile off. I saw no more human habitations until I reached Groome's. I found the traveling full as good as I expected, and arrived at the forest inn just at half-past five. The inn was situated upon a romantic spot, and to a lover of isolated nature, must have been a charming retreat.

The house was built of logs. There were three separate buildings to this house, the principal one being built with the gable-end to the road, and the other two upon either side, running out like two L's. Then there was a barn a short distance off with a piggery connected.—Take it altogether, it was quite a place for such a locality. A small stream ran close by, so that water was plentiful. As I rode up to the door Mr. Groome himself came out. He was a tall, gaunt man with a fiery red head, and a face as coarse as it was ugly. But I was surprised when I heard his voice. I had expected a tone like the bellow of a bull; but instead of that, his notes fell upon my ear like the speech of a woman. He smiled as he spoke, and I thought to myself how his appearance would deceive any one, but in conversation he seemed a different man. I informed him that I was on my way to Foster's mill, and could only stop long enough to rest my horse, and get some supper. He gazed into my face some moments without speaking, and finally said:—

"Ah—yes—humph," then turned into the house and called "Ike." Ike came, a tall strapping youth—of one or two and twenty—with a red head, and features such as could belong to no one but a child of my host. Ike took my horse, and Mr. Groome led the way to the "sitting room," as he called it. It was rough but comfortable, and the furniture consisted of a pine and a mahogany bureau, and four long pine benches which were set against the walls. There were no chairs, these benches being sufficient to accomodate quite an assemblage. Groome asked me if I would like something warm. I supposed he meant whiskey, and told him no. He said I had better take a little—'would do me good. But I assured him I never used it—that I felt better without it.

"But do you mean that you never drink whiskey?" he added with elevated eye-brows.

"Never!" I told him.

"Brandy, I spose; or mebby rale old gin?" pursued my host.

"You don't?" burst from his lips, while he eyed me from head to foot. "Wall stranger I'd gin som'thin for your pictur to hang up in my house. Never drink! How in mercy's name d'ye live! How d'ye contrive when ye get wet and cold?"

"Why," said I with a smile, "I get dry again as soon as possible!"

"Dry, my aiken, I should think it would be an everlastin' dry! Never drink! Wall—here I've lived year in an' year out, goin on to fifteen years, an' you're the fust man I ever seed as would not drink a bit o' whiskey on the top of a long journey. Fact—stranger—'tis by thunder!"

I told him I thought it very probable, and he then went out, and I heard him leave the house. In half an hour my host came in and informed me that supper was ready. He led me to a back room where a table was set quite respectable, the dishes being of blue ware and nearly new. He and Ike sat down with me, and as I saw them attack the various articles of food, I felt assured that there could be no poison in them. The meal consisted of boiled potatoes, fried bacon, and new wheat bread, and I did ample justice to the repast.

"You think you must go on to-night?" said my host, while we were eating.

"Yes," I told him, "I wish to see my friend, and I shall gain considerable time by reaching his place to-night."

"Is he expecting ye?" Groome asked.

"No," I answered.

"Perhaps he don't know that ye're in this section at all?"

"No, he doesn't," I said, and I expected that my host would urge me to stay with him until morning. I had my answers all prepared. But I was mistaken. He didn't urge any such thing. On the contrary, he said he thought I was wise in my determination. He would like my company, but it would be better for me to push on. I felt quite relieved.

It wanted a quarter to seven when my horse was brought to the door. I took out my wallet, and asked what was to pay. "Half a dollar." I paid it, and then asked which was the most direct route.

"You see that big tree, just over the barn there?"

"Yes," I said.

"Wall, that's right in the best road.—When you strike that, you can't miss the way."

"But isn't there another road, one which follows this stream right down to the mills?" I asked; for I had been informed by the young man who had taken charge of my horse at noon that Groome's inn was right by the very stream which gave Foster his mill power, and that the road followed the stream direct.

"Oh," said my host, turning and looking off towards the stream," that road ain't fit to travel now. Tother one's the best."

"But what's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Why the bridges are all washed away, an' then there's been windfalls across't.—I tried it last week, and had to come back. The upper road is a matter of a mile or two further, but that's nothin'. Your beast is good for it I guess."

I told him my horse would stand it well enough, and then asked where the other road struck the stream.

"About three miles this side of the mills," he replied.

"It's all clear and direct?"

"Yes you can't miss the way."

I bade my host good-bye, and then started. I did not like the idea of a new road at all. The youth mentioned had told me what an excellent road it was from Groome's to the mill by the river road. He said it followed the stream, which was very near straight, and that it was light and open the whole distance. However, of course Groome knew, so I must make the best of it. I looked back as I reached the edge of the wood. I was upon a gentle eminence, and could overlook the shrubbery I had passed. I looked and saw Ike going from the house to the barn; he had a saddle upon his arm. I was sure it was a saddle—perhaps he had an errand to do. Ere long I entered the wood and found it thick and gloomy. The path was plain enough, and had evidently been at some time a traveled road. Aye, I remember now of having heard my informant of the noon-time speak of the "old road." He said there used to be a road leading to Rock river, but when Foster commenced his settlement, a new road was opened by the stream and the old one discontinued. He said nothing about any bridges. At the distance of two miles, I came to a place where a bed of sand lay across the road. It was a sort of gully, and a stream must at some time have run there. I looked but saw no track upon it. Water had swept across since any living thing had trodden it. I slid from my saddle, and examined thoroughly; but I could find no tracks. Of course the father of my noon-time's host could not have gone this way! And yet had gone to Foster's Mills. I began to suspect mischief. There had been an uneasy sensation lurking in my bosom ever since I left the inn. Something was wrong. I regained my saddle and looked about. The sun was nearly down; in twenty minutes at farthest it would be out of sight. Instinctly I drew one of my pistols from the holster. I raised the hammer and found the cap in its place. I was just putting it back when I noticed a mark upon the butt. It was a peculiar knot in the wood. That pistol I always carried in the left holster. It was not so sure as the other one. I took out the other and was sure the weapons had been changed by other hands than mine. They had remained in the saddle at the forest inn, and they had been changed there. I began to think. Why was Mr. Groome so particular to know if my friend expected me? And then, why should he have been so anxious to have me set forward that night, instead of remaining with him, and paying him a dollar or so more than I did. Then, this road—I believed I had been deceived. There were no freshets to carry away any bridges, for it was now early autumn, and the river road had been traveled all summer. And then the saddle I had seen Ike carrying to the barn. There was surely mischief in all this. Daniel Groome had daughters at his house, and, perhaps others, whom he would not like to hear the noise of the robbery. And very likely he would not like to have such a deed connected with his house at all.

Of course he knew I had money. No one would be traveling as I then was without a considerable sum. If my pistols had been taken out might they not have been foully dealt with? I took the one from the right holster and examined it. The ball was in its place and the cap on.—Still I was not satisfied. I slipped the cap off, and found the percussion removed. There was not a particle left within the cap. And this was not all. I found the tube spiked with a little pine stick! Here was the secret sure enough. I took my pen-knife and succeeded in drawing out the stick; and then I examined the other pistol, which I found to be in the same plight. I stopped and went to work in earnest. I had an excellent screw for removing bullets, and my pistol barrels were emptied in a very few minutes. I had a very serious objection to firing them off in the woods, where they might betray the knowledge I had gained. So I emptied them, and snapped a cap upon each. I found them both clear, and then proceeded to load them, which I did carefully. And now, how should I proceed? That this road would lead me to Foster's mills I had no doubt; and it would be nearer for me to keep on than to turn back. So upon that point my mind was made up. And next—which way would my host come. For that he meant to rob me I felt certain. Every circumstance—every thing that had transpired between him and me—pointed to that one simple result. Would he go down the river a piece and head me off, or would he follow me directly up? Most likely the former. I considered it awhile, and then resolved to push on and keep on my guard. The sun went down, and it grew dark in the deep wood; but the moon was already up, and as her beams fell lengthwise upon the road, she gave me considerable light when my eyes had become used to the transition. Half an hour had passed since I looked to my pistols, and just as I began to wonder if I had been mistaken, I heard the sound of a horse's tramp at no great distance. At first it puzzled me to tell the direction from whence it came, but in a moment I knew it was in advance of me, and upon my right hand, which was turned towards the river. Presently it stopped. I drew my horse to the left side of the path and kept on at a gentle trot, having raised the lappet of my right holster. In a few moments I saw a dark form among the bushes, a little way ahead on the right. As I came up, a man rode out. It was my host!

"Good evening, sir," he said with exceeding politeness.

"Ah! good evening," I returned. "I had not expected the pleasure of your company."

"No, expect not," he resumed, in a sort of hesitating manner. "And I shouldn't have come out only for a little business I forgot when you were at the inn."

It was plain as day. My pistols had been rendered useless; I had been sent off into this unfrequented wood, and now the villian had thought to take my life and my money without any risk to his own body, and then hide my poor carcass in the earth, where, very likely, others had been hidden before. My eyes were open, and my hand ready.

"May I ask to what business you allude?" I said.

"Yes!" he snapped out—something in agreement with his features. "I want money, money, sir." As he spoke he raised a heavy pistol.

"Take care!" I cried, raising my pistol, and pointing it in his face.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed in coarse triumph, "your Yankee pistols weru't made to harm such as me! I'll soon put you where I've put others afore—"

When a man knows death is staring him in the face, and that only his act will avert it, he is not apt to wait long. At least I am not. And my hosts last words gave me ample proof of the correctness of my suspicions. Without waiting for him to finish, I fired. His finger must have pressed the trigger of his pistol, for the space of a watch tick, a sharp report answered, and mingled with mine, and my hat shook upon my head. Daniel Groome swayed to and fro several times in his saddle, and then with a gurgling groan sank upon the earth. I slipped down after him, and when I stooped over the body, I saw a few drops of dark blood trickling from his fore-head. For a few moments I felt awe-struck and condemned. It was a natural feeling in such a presence. But when I came to reflect upon all that had proceeded the deed, I felt that I had done my country a service.—I made the robber's horse fast to a tree, and then re-mounted and rode on. I reached the mills at half past nine, and found Foster and his family up. They were glad to see me, and introduced me to a Mr. Price, whom I afterwards found to be the owner of the place where I had taken my dinner.

On the following morning a party started out under my guidance. There were Foster and Price, and three men who worked in the mills. When we reached the spot where the tragedy had happened, we found the horse as I had left him, and my host lay upon the ground, stiff and cold. He had not bled at all, the ball having made but a small wound, though it had passed clear through. A little way within the wood, we found a place where the ground seemed at some time to have been disturbed, and upon digging there, we found two human bodies. Subsequently one more was found only a few rods distant. The body of Groome was taken up to his house, and we found that Ike had fled. He had probably been out and found his dead father, and fearing that he might be implicated, he departed.

Mrs. Groome, who was a mild broken down woman, acknowledged that she had long been aware of her husband's crimes, but that the fear of death had kept her silent. Ike, I believe, has not yet been found, but his mother is still living in Illinois with a married daughter, who is well off. She has grown more strong and happy since the night on which I had the highway adventure with my host.

AMERICAN PRIVATEERS IN THE LATE WAR.

A History of the Privateers of the Late War, of which a condensed account is given by the Petersburg Intelligencer, states that the whole number of privateers and private armed ships, commissioned as cruising vessels, and actively engaged during our war with Great Britain, in the years 1812, 1813 and 1814, were two hundred and fifty sail. Baltimore is the Coryphæus on his noble list, having furnished more than one-fifth of the whole number—78. New York sent out 53; Salem 40; Boston 31; Philadelphia 14; Portsmouth 11; Charleston 10, &c. More than two thousand sail of British armed vessels and shipping were captured during the war; and of this number two thirds, at least, or more than 1300, were taken by our privateers and letters-of-marque. The privateer Scourge, of New York, was very successful, and made about thirty valuable prizes; the Rattlesnake, of Philadelphia, nearly as many; the Surprise, of Baltimore, took twenty valuable prizes in the short space of one month; and the True-blooded Yankee, owned in New York, but fitted out from France, cruised during the whole war, and captured many large and splendid prizes without once falling into the hands of the enemy.

The Intelligencer adds the significant fact that the English navy entered upon the contest with one thousand and sixty men-of-war, eight hundred of which was in commission, and were effective cruisers, while the United States had but seven affective frigates, with twelve or fifteen sloops of war, and most of the latter undergoing repairs in the dock-yards. Only about five hundred American vessels, one-fourth the number of our captures, were taken by the enemy.

It was undoubtedly a smart thing in the Paris Conference to propose to America the abolition of privateering. We wonder it did not also request that we should retire altogether from the ocean, dismantle our forts, spike our cannon, and disappear from the earth, nationally and individually.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

The Sabbath.—The Mayor of New York has taken measures to suppress the nuisance as well as sin of crying and hawking Sunday newspapers in the street, and of arresting other gross violators of the Sabbath peace. The first experiments have operated happily.

The Mayor of Philadelphia is ready to adopt similar measures, in which we heartily wish him success.

We are gratified to learn that nearly one hundred members of the General Assembly, on their way to New Orleans, when they ascertained that the boat, the *City of Memphis*, could not reach Vicksburg so as to give them the privilege of rightly observing the Sabbath, contributed five hundred dollars as an indemnification to the Captain, inducing him to stop over the Sabbath at a little town on the way. There they spent a delightful Sabbath, preaching in the town and on board of boat, and participating in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper with the Presbyterian church and with the Presbytery of Central Mississippi, which were in session there. The scene must have been one of remarkable interest to them and the little village of Providence, Louisiana. Surely much is gained every way by a reverential observance of God's laws.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

Struck by Lightning.—We learn from John C. Williams, Esq., of Harnett County, that during the storm on Tuesday evening last, the 18th inst., a bolt of lightning passed down the chimney of one of his negro houses, around the fire of which were five negroes—one man, one woman and three children. They were all struck down, and the skin from the upper portion of their bodies was literally peeled off. By the timely application of cold water they were brought to life; but it is doubtful whether the children will recover. Neither the chimney nor the building has any appearance of having been struck.

Fay. Observer.

The result of a cock fight is thus given by a correspondent of the Petersburg Express:

"Halifax, N. C., May 17.—The great cock fight closed on Saturday. Warren whipped Halifax badly. After the chickens got through, the men commenced fighting, but, save a few bruised faces, there was no harm done."

Pebbles and Nails in Cotton Bales.—A Manchester (English) paper states that stones, nails and weeds are sometimes found in cotton bales from America. The stones are from ½ to 1 ½ inch in size—sometimes larger. The paper noticing the matter supposes that fires in Cotton factories are often caused by these stones getting into the "beater" with the cotton and then passing through the machine, producing a friction sufficient to ignite the cotton.