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Carolina Watchman.

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Arrival and Departure of the Mails.

[illegible]

ARMORERS FOR THE WORLD.

[illegible]

[Washington States.]

Sleeping Cars.—[illegible]

An Infidel Converted.—[illegible]

The Spanish Government Interposing.

New Orleans, May [illegible]—[illegible]

Agricultural.

[illegible]

[illegible] superfine and fine flour, middlings, shorts, shipstuff and bran. The rapidity of the process is astonishing, while every part of the machinery works with the utmost precision. From two to three barrels per hour are turned out. The flour is of the best quality, and the yield per bushel more considerable, than that of any other mill known. The cleaning of the offal, too, is more thoroughly performed. But one of the main points is that a mill of the old style costing from $10,000 to 20,000, the new mill costs from $500 to $700. The construction being extremely simple, the repairs will be very few and not costly. Power of any kind can be applied to the machinery, and this is done directly with ordinary appliances. Six horse-power suffice, though larger may be used. The necessity of erecting buildings especially for the purpose, which is in other cases a very great item of expense, is obviated, as any building, in any locality, will be found suitable. Considering the immense amount of grain annually raised and consumed in this country, and exported in the shape of flour, it is impossible to overrate the value of this invention. It will prove exceedingly useful to all parts of the country, and especially to the West and Northwest which regions may justly be termed the world's granary.—The working and construction of the machinery may be examined at the place above mentioned. The inventor and patentee is Mr. James M. Clark, of Philadelphia, and we are gratified to learn that he is disposing of his patent-rights to good advantage.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The Mocking Bird.

Many have raised these beautiful birds in the hope of securing a songster, but in most instances disappointment has ensued. For the benefit of such we will communicate a rule, upon the authority of a lady of long experience, and one who has one of the most fluent and melodious songsters now in her cage we ever listened to, by which a singing bird may always be secured in the nest. All mocking birds have more or less white feathers in each wing. The females never have more than eight, and never sing.—Some males also never have more than eight, and they likewise never sing. But whenever a male bird has nine *white feathers* in each wing, he is sure to become a good songster. Will some of our bird fanciers try the experiment, and give the public the result?—*Cheraw (S. C.) Gazette.*

"Fun should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a funny man to be a bad one? On the contrary is not he, nine times in ten, generous, humane and good? To be sure he is. Fun—it is a great thing. It smoothes the rough places of life, makes the disposition as sweet and rosy as a fresh maiden's kiss, scatters sunshine and flowers wherever we go, gives the world a round, jolly countenance, makes all the girls as pretty as June roses and mankind one of the best families out. We go in for fun."

New and Improved Mill.

[illegible]

Planter.

From the Child's Paper.

The Lost Son.

A rich man had two sons. The younger did not wish to live at home; he wanted to go away and do as he liked. "Father," said he, "give me my share of the money that will fall to me." His father gave him his portion, and he went away into a far off country. Here the young man lived a wild and wicked life. He was for a long while like one lost or dead to his family.

By and by all his money was spent, and his bad associates left him. There was nobody to do a kind act to him, and he was so poor that he went into the fields to take care of pigs. Often he was so hungry that he would gladly have eaten some of their food. His fine clothes were turned to rags, and very lonely and wretched was he. Then he thought of his happy days at home; and he said, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say to him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Oh, how many tears must have trickled down his pale face as he thought of his father's home and his own sad state.

Then he arose and went to his father. We do not know how he felt or what he said on the way, or how he fared day by day on his sorrowful journey; but we do know that when he came near to his father's house, his father saw him, and in spite of his poor ragged condition, his father knew him, and he ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him. The good father forgave his poor penitent boy, and he called his servants to take away his tattered dress, and to bring the best robe for him to put on, and he put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet, and made a great supper for him; for he said, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

What does this story teach? That it is a sad thing for us to have our own way; and when we go from our Father in heaven, we run into sorrow and ruin. All sin leads us from God, and brings us into shame and trouble. But how ready is God to forgive us. He will, for Christ's sake, hear our penitent confessions, take off the ragged garments of sin, put on us the new and beautiful robes of righteousness, and receive us as a child. How glad is a father who has found a lost child.—So is there joy in heaven among the angels when a poor lost sinner repents and turns to God.

Mount Vernon

Was Washington's home almost from his boyhood to his death, a spot sacred to every true-hearted American. It was owned by his older and half brother Lawrence Washington, who named it Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon, an English officer under whom he once served. At his death he left the estate to George, to whom it was endeared by the memory of many happy days passed there in the society of this beloved brother. Here he died, and here is his tomb.

The house is beautifully situated on a swell of land, commanding a splendid view up and down the Potomac. It is in Fairfax county, on the eastern edge of Virginia. "No estate in the United States," wrote Washington to one of his friends, "is more pleasant. In a high and healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on a river well stocked with fish at all seasons of the year."

The farm was very large, divided into immense fields for the cultivation of wheat, corn, and tobacco. His workmen and outhouses formed a miniature village; for there were houses and workshops for tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, smiths, and wheelwrights; stables for his horses, whose names, ages, and qualities were booked: here we find Ajax, Blueskin, Valiant, Magnolia; and kennels for the dogs Vulcan, Singer, Ringwood, Sweetlips, Music, True-love.

Washington managed his estate with the same thorough business habits for which he was so remarkable in public life. He kept his own accounts, and posted his own books. Nothing was neglected, nothing put off or done slovenly; every thing which was considered worth doing, was done in the best possible way. The products of his farm became so noted for the faithfulness as to quality and to quantity with which they were put up, that it is said any barrel of flour which bore the brand of George Washington, Mount Vernon, was not subject to the usual custom-house vigilance in the West India ports.

But if the unflinching integrity of the master of Mount Vernon is worthy of being copied, no less so were his daily habits. He was an early riser, often long before daybreak in winter, when he would light his own fire and read till breakfast-time. Two small cups of tea and two or three hoe-cakes formed his usual breakfast. Then he mounted his horse, and visited those parts of the farm where work was going on, seeing to every thing with his own eyes, and often aiding with his own hand. Dinner was served at two. He took tea early in the evening, and retired to his chamber about nine. Nor can we doubt that his frugal and regular habits contributed to that clear discernment of men and manners, that calm consciousness of strength, which so wonderfully fitted him for the trying struggles of the Revolution.—Though called to the most responsible offices in camp and city, Mount Vernon was always his harbor of rest, where he loved to furl his sails and enjoy the sweet peace of country life.

It is fifteen miles from Washington and eight from Alexandria. About three years ago the ladies of Virginia patriotically resolved to buy this interesting spot, and present it to their state. A noble gift. Hon. Edward Everett, delighted with the plan, offered his services to further the undertaking, but with this condition, that Mount Vernon might be made a gift to the *nation*. For this purpose he wrote his famous oration upon Washington, which has charmed the largest audiences in all the chief cities of the land. This he has already delivered more than eighty times, and a large fund has been growing from it. Virginia may justly be proud of such a son; but the republic may well thank God for such a model of a man as George Washington.

Privateering.—It is stated by the New York Express, that some adventurous spirits there have conceived the idea of avenging the insults which have been bestowed upon the American flag by the British cruisers, and accordingly fitted out a staunch clipper, with 45 picked men on board, to proceed to the waters in which the recent outrages occurred. The Express adds:

Whether the object of the expedition is to await the announcement of the course to be pursued by the Government or to overhaul, generally, on their own account, we cannot say. At all events, in certain political resorts, it was stated on Sunday night, that such a vessel had on that day sailed from this port, without troubling the custom-house for a clearance.

A Singular Adventure.—Last evening Dr. Vinton preached an eloquent discourse to the young men of this city in St. Paul's. The church was well filled by an attentive audience of young gentlemen: a few ladies also graced the occasion with their presence. The discourse was particularly addressed to young men, and the temptations to which youth are exposed were forcibly set forth.

Many of the young men lingered upon the broad steps, as the long congregation, with thoughtful minds and softened hearts, left the stately edifice.

Among the congregation was a young woman of some twenty years, who was fashionably costumed, in half mourning. As she passed out of the gate into the broad street in front of the church, she (accidentally) dropped a glove, and appeared to be weeping. A white handkerchief was held to her eyes, as she gracefully passed along. A young man, who had heard the discourse of Dr. Vinton, was standing near the gate when the glove was dropped, and the article which in former times, was a challenge to brave deeds, fell directly upon his patent leathers.

The young man at once secured the glove and hastened to restore it to its owner. The glove was received, and a kind word of thanks given in return. A glistening tear lingered in the black eye of the recipient, and she said she was so overcome by the discourse of the speaker that she scarcely knew what she did. Her tears then flowed more bountifully than ever. The young man, who had also been sensibly affected by the same discourse, deeply sympathised with the beautiful stranger. He spoke kindly to her, and she took his arm. The parties walked around our beautiful Common by the mellow light of the young moon, and ere they had reached the front of the State House, the young woman had dried her weeping tears, and the young man found himself the companion of a fascinating young woman with a Grecian face, a sparkling eye, and hair which more than rivalled the wing of the raven in glossy blackness.

The parties then passed down Park street mall, and lingering for a few minutes for rest, took a seat on one of the benches near the corner of Park street. The striking of the clock marked the hour of ten. This reminded them that they must leave for their homes. The young man says that he escorted her to the residence of a well known citizen, not far from Pemberton Square, where he left her, as he supposed, ringing the door bell. When he reached his rooms he found that his portmonaie was missing. It contained $24 in bank bills, and three one dollar gold pieces.

This morning the victimized young man called at the house where he left his tearful friend, but it is scarcely necessary to add that no such person as his acquaintance of the evening previous was to be found. He is of an opinion that his pocket was penetrated by the gloveless hand of his fair acquaintance while they were seated on Park street mall, although he stoutly avers that they sat at that respectful distance from each other which seemed proper for their new and singular relation to each other. He also says that the sermon and the adventure will be lessons for life to him.—*Boston Ledger.*

True Eloquence.—Mr. Choate has recently delivered an oration in Boston, on Jefferson, Hamilton and Burr, which has attracted great attention. Of Mr. Jefferson, he said: "The great and learned man had some speciality by which he moved the people, yet, were they all centered in a single clarion cry, which animated the age of the Declaration of Independence—by which the whole rising people spoke out their full heart, their long yearning to be free. The specialities of eloquence and wisdom of James Otis, John Adams, Hawley, Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams and Washington, were all embodied in that declaration. Yet we cannot criticise it. Understand it, interpret it, love it we can, but criticise it we cannot. I hold it for expression, although most unrivalled by the productions of uninspired men. I would not add to it if I could, or take from it a single word. I would not pitch it on a tune higher or a tune lower. I would not alter it if I might, in argument expostulations, epithet. On the morning of every Fourth of July, it should be read and meditated anew as the wisest expression of our wisest men, speaking for man, for America, in her sublimest moment."

The eloquent orator concludes:

"Where now would these three men stand in these crises, which are thought to have come upon us, if they were alive? How would they look upon them and upon us, if they could descend from their homes, of light and calm and love? That farewell address of Washington—how would it appear if its counsels and expostulations were made to-day.

"Their counsel would be, 'The Union—it must be and it shall be preserved, just as we left it to you.' To them, these strifes of party, these debates about Lecompton and Topeka; this array of South against North, and East against West, this fanaticism for freedom; and this fanaticism against freedom, seen now as the shadow that passes, as the ripple upon depths unsounded and sunless, as the small disturbance and perturbation that cannot change the course or hasten the doom of stars. They, all three of them, stand together and rejoice to see our true civilization, our better liberty, our people boundless as the waves, one as the sea, one sun, rising, yet going forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, as a strong man beginning only to run his race."

Passing down Market street a few days since, we noticed a little child of perhaps four or five Summers, lying upon the portico of a house fast asleep.—By its side, with both paws resting gently upon the child, a small dog lay crouched, who watched with sparkling eye each one that passed as though it feared an enemy in all. It was a warm Summer afternoon, and the rays of the evening Sun shone down upon the little one with intense heat. Fearing for its health we stepped on the Portico to raise the youthful sleeper from his exposed position, but scarcely had our foot touched the last step of the piazza when the dog leaped upon us with the most savage and ferocious growl. Again and again we tried to approach the child, but each time were forced back by its watchful guardian.—Finding harsh measures of no avail, we tried persuasion, and knowing well that dogs, like men, are more or less open to temptation, we offered sundry morsels that dogs do most delight in, to bribe him from his charge. But all in vain, the tempting food was unnoticed and unheeded for, he neither saw nor felt, nor seemed to care for aught on earth, save the unconscious child that slumbered at his feet. Finding all efforts useless, we passed on and left them as we found them, the child still sleeping, and its faithful guardian nestling still closer by its side, a beautiful illustration of unselfish devotion, and unwavering fidelity on the part of a poor dumb brute, seldom exhibited by man, even in his best estate.

Wilmington Herald.

THE MILK TRADE OF BOSTON.

Apropos to the shocking "swill milk," developments in New York city, the editor of the New England Farmer has devoted much labor to an investigation of the milk trade of Boston, and as a result has gathered much interesting and valuable information. We extract the following from a lengthy article in the Farmer of the present week:

The value of the milk annually brought to this city, as it comes from the country, is about one million of dollars, and that, as it is sold out to the consumers, is swelled to the sum of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars being the charge for carrying the Cochituate water through the streets, and peddling it out at six cents per quart! To test this, the editor of the Farmer purchased recently, in person, from those usually selling it, a single pint of milk at a place, from every part of the city of Boston. Each parcel was placed in a bottle by itself, and the name of the person of whom it was purchased, together with the name of the street and number of the place of business, entered upon a card and tied to the bottle. When a large box full of these samples had been collected, the milk was taken into the presence of several impartial business men of the city and tested.

The results show that nearly—but not quite—one quarter part of all that is sold for milk in Boston, is water. Some of the places where this adulteration takes place, together with the method of coloring, and other parts of the modus operandi are much better known than the perpetrators in this wicked work are aware of. In many cases the milk is deprived of its cream either before or after it is watered, or perhaps in both cases, so that the consumer, after paying the highest prices for his milk and water, pays from seventeen to twenty-five or thirty cents per quart for his own cream. These are questions of importance, and concern the public health. In New York, the milk is vitiated before it comes from the cow; in Boston afterwards.

GAMBLING.

The Winnsboro *Register* extends the following lines of encouragement to our town authorities. We have no doubt that our energetic Mayor and Council have the ardent sympathy of the whole State:

"We are gratified to learn from our Columbia exchanges, that the City Council of that city have determined to suppress this pernicious vice, within the limits of that beautiful city. It is a crime which calls for the severest punishment. There is a nest of professional "land pirates, in Columbia, who are a curse to any community, and we sincerely hope they will be ferretted out, and after receiving a coat of tar and feathers, banished from the State. Had the bill which passed the House last session been adopted by the Senate, this evil would have been eradicated in a short time."

Bringing an Obstinate Juror to his Senses.—The Santa Cruz Sentinel gives the following account of a method adopted recently in that town to overcome the objection of an obstinate juror:

[illegible] ed a verdict of guilty.

[illegible]

Old Dominion.—[illegible]

Pacific British Belligerents.—[illegible]

Ordered to be Closed.—[illegible]

The North Carolina Presbyterian.—[illegible]

Disagreement of the Jury in the Case of Gen. Walker.

New Orleans, June 2.

[illegible]