J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

No name of a new subscriber will be entered on our list, without payment in advance; nor will the paper be sent to subscribers for a longer time than they have paid for.

The red X mark indicates that your subscription year has nearly expired, and is notice for a renewal, if you desire the paper continued.

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Hitherto, we have offered to the public no proposition for "clubbing", because under the credit plan, we had found clubs a source of more trouble than profit. But "clubbing" has become so common, and we are so often spoken to on the subject, that we have concluded to offer the following club terms.

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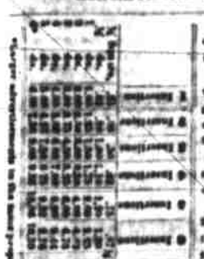

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J. J. BRUNER.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

South Carolina Son of Temperance.

It is proposed to publish a new WEEKLY PAPER at Bennettsville, Marlboro District, S. C., as early this fall as arrangements can be made to issue it.

The main leading object of the paper will be to advance the cause of Temperance, and especially to hold up the Order of the Sons of Temperance, believing this to be the organization at present that embraces the entire State in the scope of its operations, and for more systematic, efficient and powerful than any human instrumentality that has yet been devised for the accomplishment of what all sensible americans profess—the reformation of drunkards, the suppression of intemperance and the systematic training of the rising generation in habits of strict sobriety.

To indicate unmistakeably the purpose of this paper, it will be called "THE SOUTH CAROLINA SON OF TEMPERANCE."

The officers of the M. W. P. of the Sons of Temperance of North America, and the Grand Scribe of the Grand Division of South Carolina, located at present where this paper is to be issued, besides being in a community of strong, leading, intelligent, active, well-informed Sons of Temperance, extraordinary facilities will be enjoyed for rendering the paper all that the Order could desire. Its main leading purpose will be to deserve and secure the general support of the Order in South Carolina; but it will embrace news of interest to the Order generally, and to all Temperance organizations.

Subscriptions are therefore solicited from Sons of Temperance in other jurisdictions and other Temperance Associations and individuals, and from all who wish the cause well.

As this is to be the only newspaper published in the District, and as it will probably be taken by many in the neighborhood, for the local interest it may possess—existing, it may be, the humble choice of some, unable to take other papers, it is deemed advisable to accommodate and secure the home patronage, by devoting a small but judiciously filled space to local news and to the general news of the day.

The necessary capital to start this enterprise having been contributed in advance, and all the necessary arrangements having been made with reference to stability and good faith, all who may feel inclined to favor the undertaking may confidently subscribe, and remit advance payments, assured that there will be no disappointment.

The paper will be of medium size, well printed—indeed, the entire office management will have the benefit of experienced Printers and new and superior materials.

H. Jones Moore and James T. Powell, Proprietors, under the firm of MOORE & POWELL.

The paper will be published by JAMES T. POWELL, and edited by H. JUDGE MOORE, assisted by Maj. R. D. TOWNSEND, M. W. P. of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance of North America.

Sufficient encouragement having been already extended to the enterprise to render it certain that the paper will be issued in October, subscriptions are invited immediately from all who favor the undertaking; and as the Proprietors intend to adhere STRICTLY TO THE CASH SYSTEM, *advance payments must be made in all cases, or the will not be sent.*

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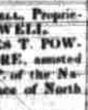
HAT MANUFACTURER, AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN HATS, CAPS, FURS, TRIMMINGS, &c., FALL, 1858.



I HAVE now in store an extensive and complete assortment of everything in my line adapted to the Fall trade, and am prepared to offer unusual inducements to purchasers.

In my late visit to the markets and manufactories of the North and East, I have spared no pains in the selection of this stock; and I flatter myself that long experience enables me to anticipate the wants of my trade in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee.

A call is respectfully solicited from my old customers and the public. JNO. DOOLEY.

Sept. 28, 1858. 4t28

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VOL. XVI. SALISBURY, N. C., OCTOBER 5, 1858. NUMBER 19

Joe Chickweed's Courtship.

BY LOUIS H. BURDETT.

"I vow!" said Joe Chickweed, as he stood before the parlor mirror, putting the last touch to his well-oiled hair, "if I let this night pass without finding out just how I stand with Malinda Martin, then I'm a cow. The critter's always acted so peaky skittish there's been no getting around her. I like her, and she knows it, and I'm inclined to think she likes me; but she likes more than one string to her bow, and I ain't sure but she'd slip me any minute if she could make a better bargain. Maybe I'm doing her an injustice; and I hope I am; but she acts sometimes 'tarnally like a real coquette, and I don't know what to make of her. But to-night," he added, fitting an immensely wide-brimmed hat upon his shining head, "to-night I'll settle the matter—I'll cross the Rubicon, if I get my boots full of water. Malinda ain't got a bad speck, and I might do worse most anywhere else."

"Do tell, if it's come to that!" exclaimed old Mrs. Chickweed, who had entered the room unnoticed by her son, in time to hear his last sentence—"well, I've all along had a notion that you was aimin' in that ere direction."

Joe turned red from his eye-winkers to his ankles, and looked very sheepish.—He worked very busily, too, for a few seconds, with brushing some imaginary dust from a place between the shoulders of his coat, which he couldn't reach, but he said nothing.

"There aint nothin' to be ashamed on, Joe," continued the loquacious old lady, apparently greatly pleased at making the discovery she had, "and you spoke Gospel truth when you said you might do worse elsewhere. Malinda's a nice gal."

"Well," said Joe, gaining some courage from his mother's manner, "I'm glad you think so, for I'm bound to make her my wife, if"—

"If what?" asked the old lady.

"Well, if everything's favorable."

"Don't you fear anything's agin it.—You just do your duty, Joe, and Malinda's yours. Remember the farm."

"It's a fine farm, no mistake," said the young man, earnestly.

"No better farm of it's size, in the whole country, than the widow Martin's," said Mrs. Chickweed, in an emphatic tone.

"No. I think not."

"And then see how it is stocked; two yokes of the best steers in all these parts, besides their two horses; sayin' nothin' of the rest of the critters. And of course they'll all go with Malinda when the widder's dead, and before, too—for you'll go right on to the farm as soon as you marry, and take charge of everything."

"It's a good opening, that's a fact," said Joe; "but I put a higher value on Malinda than all the property."

"And well you should; though the farm and fixins aint to be despised."

"Oh, I aint one to despise them."

Joe laughed and left the room, and soon after he left the house, and made his way as expeditiely as the gloom would permit, towards the residence of the widow Martin. A light was burning in the front room, but the window curtains were closely drawn, so that he could not get a view into the apartment as he passed along the yard. He knocked at the door, and was admitted by the widow in person, who, after inquiring benevolently after his health, ushered him into the parlor. It was already occupied by two persons—Malinda and Reuben Sparks, the latter a young man who recently returned to Springfield from California, and was looked upon with special disfavor by the young farmer.

Joe was welcomed by the young lady, not so cordially as formerly, and by no means so cordially as Joe thought his due. He was greeted by Mr. Sparks in a sort of joking condescending way, that raised the ire inwardly. However, the conversation that followed was apparently agreeable to all parties, and the evening wore away till the widow retired, when Mr. Sparks intimated that it was perhaps time for him to be returning, as it was quite a little walk to the village. Malinda at once asserted that it was very early, indeed, and he should not think of leaving so soon; whereupon Mr. Sparks was induced to remain a while longer, and Mr. Chickweed was secretly enraged that Malinda should be so taken up with the company of a young sprig.

California became the topic of conversation, and Reuben Sparks shone brilliantly in his descriptive accounts of the country, and what he had done there.

"Then you weren't in the diggins?" inquired Joe, in response to something his rival had uttered.

"By no means," replied Sparks, loftily. "I left digging to those that were used to it. I hadn't a taste that way."

"Oh, then you stopped in town?"

"Certainly."

"Business, I spose, first-rate there?"

"Yes. A young man of talent will soon engage himself in profitable employment."

"Then I 'spec you must have done extraordinary well," said Joe, in a tone he intended should be sarcastic.

"Oh," replied the other, laughing in a meaning way, and winking an eye at the young lady, who appeared to "take," and enjoy it accordingly, "as for that matter, I can't complain. I think I improved my chances—I rather think I did. No, I don't complain, by no means."

"Then why din't you stay longer?—You warn't gone but a short time; you should have staid a year or two more, and made yourself independent."

"Perhaps I am independent already.—I say perhaps. Of course I can't tell you the exact amount I made—that, I think, is quite unnecessary."

"Oh, quite."

"And perhaps, too, there were attractions in this part of the world as alluring as gold."

He looked knowingly at Malinda as he spoke, and gave her another wink, which that young lady seemed to relish, though she blushed and appeared wonderfully embarrassed for a moment. Joe noticed what occurred, and didn't at all fancy the course affairs seemed to be setting. He knew that he should feel and appear peculiarly savage, if he remained much longer, and so he hinted that it was about time for him to be going; and what served to enrage him more than aught else, Malinda appeared to be of the same mind, for she offered no objection. So he took his hat and departed, with firmness in his step and bitterness in his heart.

"I don't like the looks of things at all," he muttered to himself as he walked on through the dark; "she's altogether too tender with that chap, to be agreeable to me. If he has not turned her head, then there's a mistake somewhere. I don't believe he has brought money enough from California to buy a rope to hang him. He's after the widder's farm now, to make it up, I'll bet my hat. Yes, sir, he means to catch Malinda, and I've been fool enough to wait all this time before coming to a final point. But perhaps it aint too late yet," he added, after a few moment's reflection; "maybe she'll consent to have me yet, if I lose no time in asking her—I'll try it, I vow I will.—I'll go over again to-morrow, and have the thing settled."

And having come to this conclusion, he hurried forward, and soon after was dreaming of Malinda Martin, the widow, himself, and an infinite number of Reuben Sparks, who were endeavoring to chase him up a steep hill, and beating his brains out with bars of California gold.

Mrs. Chickweed was most anxious next morning to learn from her son the result of his mission to the widow's, but Joe was silent and pensive; avoiding his mother's eye, and keeping away from the house as much as possible. Late in the evening, he carefully dressed himself in his best suit, and with a look of determination stamped upon his features, he once more set out to visit the fickle Malinda.

He found her at home and alone.

"Hope you spent an agreeable evening yesterday," remarked Joe, after he had passed the usual compliments, and seated himself near the young lady.

"Oh, yes, I did, I assure you," was the reply.

"Mr. Sparks, I should say, is a very entertaining young man."

Joe didn't think anything of the kind, but quite the contrary.

"He is, indeed," responded Malinda.

Joe looked anything but pleased at this encomium on his rival, and sat for some moments in utter silence. At length he turned to the young lady and spoke:

"I came here last evening," he said, "with the intention of speaking to you on a particular subject, but I found you so engaged that I determined to call again to-night, and so—so"

"Here you are," said Malinda, smiling at his embarrassment.

"Yes, here I am. And now that I'm here, I'll tell you what I have come for. You know I love you. I told you as much more'n once, and I've flattered myself that I wern't indifferent to you. But now I wish you to tell me if you really love me in return, and if I may hope to make you my wife. Will you marry me?"

Joe, having arrived at this important question, looked tenderly and appealingly into her face, and breathlessly awaited her reply. She colored slightly and bent her eyes to the ground.

"You are quite right," she said, "in supposing that you were not indifferent to me, for I regard you very highly.

"Then all my fears have been groundless," uttered Joe, exultingly.

"But," continued the lady, "I cannot very well grant your wish regarding"——

"What!" cried Joe, his countenance suddenly changing.

"I cannot very well marry you."

"And why can't you? I'd like to know what's to hinder your marrying me if you think enough of me?"

"There is one reason in particular."

"What is it?"

"I'm engaged to another."

Joe turned pale.

"Sparks," he cried—"tell me, is it Sparks?"

"Well, and if it is"——

"I know it. Blast him! I knew what he was after."

"I don't know that Mr. Sparks has acted in any way as he should not," remarked the young lady, warmly.

"He's a cheatin' villain," replied Joe, indignantly.

"You don't know him; he's nothing of the kind."

"It's you that don't know him; but you will, before long. I've been deceived, and I aint afraid to say so," continued he, snatching up his hat; "it's the money he pretends to have that's lost me a wife; but when you want to touch it, just as like as not you won't be able."

He rushed from the house as he uttered these words, and hurried homeward. He found his mother still up, and was eagerly interrogated by her as to the luck he had met with. He told her all, and little condolence was she enabled to offer him in return.

For two or three days following, Joe Chickweed said very little, but thought much. One morning, he met his mother with a smiling face and a sort of triumph in his look. The old lady was somewhat surprised at the sudden change in her son's manner.

"Why, what on earth's the matter now, Joe," said she; "hope you aint goin' to go crazy."

"Not by a long shot," replied Joe; "I aint quite as big a fool as that."

"Then what ails you?"

"Oh, I've got it all arranged at last—I've got 'em now!"

"What! what?"

"Why, Malinda and that vagabond Reuben Sparks—ha! ha! I'll surprise him."

"Well, how you goin' to do it?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Joe, laughingly. "I'll fix the sneaking critter."

"But how—how, Joe? Can't you speak out? What's got in the boy?" cried the old lady, dying with curiosity to know what was his plan.

"Well, now I will tell you all about it," began Joe, assuming a more sober tone.

"Well, I just wish you would."

"You know the widder has always favored my keeping company with Malinda?"

"Well."

"And I do believe she is desperate down on that feller, Sparks, coming into her family."

"Yes."

"In that case she wouldn't very willingly let her property go into his hands."

"But 'cording to the will of old Mr. Martin, the property aint to go out of her hands till she is dead."

"Just so—but Sparks would have all the benefit. And now I'm coming to the point—it's just there I'm going to floor Reuben Sparks."

"Well, do let me hear."

"The widder Martin herself aint a bad looking woman," Joe remarked, in a sort of mysterious tone of voice, glancing up suddenly into his mother's face.

"No; but what's that got to do with the matter?" replied the old lady, impatiently.

"And she aint very old, neither," continued he, with the same air.

"Why, she can't be more'n forty."

"So I should think; and she has a good chance of livin' forty more."

"Well, what of it?"

"Just this," said Joe, leaning over to his mother's ear—"I'll marry the widder!"

Mrs. Chickweed, expecting as she was, something startling, wasn't prepared for this. She uttered an exclamation of unbounded surprise, started upward from her seat, and then sank back and fixed her eyes with a vacant stare upon her son's face.

"Well," said Joe, "I hope you don't see anything agin it."

"No—no," stammered his mother, recovering somewhat from the shock she had received; "but are you really in earnest, Joe—will you marry the widder?"

"To be sure I will, and that's the whole of it. I'm going up to see her this very day. I'll marry her, if she'll have me, and be revenged on Malinda for dotting me as she has for that blasted Sparks. I'll teach 'em what's what."

Joe was as good as his word. He sought the widow and made his proposal. She was more astonished than she knew how to express, but she was more gratified than astonished. Fresh and fair as she was, considering her years, she had never given over the idea of winning another husband; but it had never entered her head that she could possibly procure so young and estimable a prize as Joe Chickweed.

Joe made it a special proviso in his proposal, that they should be married privately the day before the marriage of Sparks with the widow's daughter, and it should be kept a secret till that wedding had taken place. To this the widow readily agreed, although it was a hard task for her to restrain the enjoyment she experienced and prevent the secret being discovered.

The evening before the nuptials of Sparks and Malinda at length arrived, and all the preparations for the ceremony on the ensuing day were completed. When the darkness had fairly set in, while Malinda was so occupied with the conversation of her soon-to-be husband as to be completely oblivious to all else, Mrs. Martin cautiously left the house, and meeting Joe near at hand, she hastened with him to the residence of the Chickweeds. The minister, who had been duly admonished to secrecy, was in attendance; and in less than half an hour thereafter, Joe was a married man, and the no longer widow was on her way back to her home—parting from Joe with a single, but enormous kiss, with which he was content to satisfy himself, considering what was to follow from so doing on the morrow.

The wedding passed off next day to the entire satisfaction of all parties. The affair took place in the morning, at the residence of the bride, and at the hour of noon all the guests, with the exception of Joe Chickweed, departed. Why he remained so long, it puzzled the newly married to surmise, as they had not supposed he would be present at all. Joe took it very easily, however, and seemed quite embarrassed by the occasional bantering of the happy Sparks.

"S'pose," said Joe, addressing himself to the newly made husband, as they were assembled in the parlor together, "I s'pose you'll take up your residence in the village right away—buy you a nice house and live fashionably?"

"O no," replied Mr. Sparks—"don't know as I shall."

"What! well, now, I calc'late you don't have any idea of settling on a farm!—you ain't used to that work, you know."

"Don't know but I may," said Sparks, assuming a careless air and tone; "coming on hot weather, you know, and living in town is a bore in summer. Yes, I think I shall try country life for a while; I aint in the best of health, and a farm life may improve me."

"Well," responded Joe, deliberately, "can't say that I'm sorry you're going to stay with us. I think myself that it would be to your benefit to work on a farm for a while; and we'll try to make it as comfortable for you as we can."

Mr. Sparks looked at him; they then looked at one another and laughed.

"No doubt," remarked Mr. Sparks, "you'll make a very agreeable neighbor—very agreeable, indeed."

"Oh, we'll be nearer than neighbors a good sight—of course we will," said Joe, glancing with a look of intelligence towards the former widow.

Again Mr. and Mrs. Sparks glanced at one another, but this time they didn't laugh.

"What do you mean?" they asked, simultaneously.

"Oh, excuse me; I forgot that you didn't know what transpired. The fact is, the widow here and myself, taking a mutual liking to each other, were married last night! We should have invited you to the wedding, but we knew you were engaged"——

"What! married!" cried Mr. Sparks, springing to his feet, while a look of horror overspread his features. His wife sat pale as a ghost, utterly unable to speak a word.

"Certainly, married," said Joe, coolly. "Is this so?" he inquired, turning to the late widow.

"You may rely upon all he says," she replied.

"Then I have been swindled—imposed upon—deceived. And you knew of this also, and led me on?" he continued, in a violent tone, addressing his wife. "You worked to net me, while this infernal cheat gets all the property."

"No—it's not so!" exclaimed Malinda, bursting into tears; "I knew nothing of it; and thought you married me for myself, and not for my money—you pretended to have enough of that yourself."

Reuben Sparks smiled a sickly and scornful smile.

"It's even as I thought; his money's so deep in the bank, that he'll never be able to dig it out," remarked Joe.

"You scheming rascal!" gasped Sparks, looking as if it would be pleasant to eat him entirely up, body and bones."

"Oh, fire away! it don't hurt any; and I've got a long lease of the farm."

"You scoundrel!"

"And the horses and steers."

"Oh, you miserable cheat!"

"And the fixins generally."

"Fool!"

"And moreover," continued Joe, assuming a more sober and sterner tone, and grasping Sparks firmly by the collar as he spoke, "among other things, I've got a word or two of advice for you. You married Malinda in the expectation of stepping into a snug little property, putting yourself off as a man of means to accomplish your end. You are a real schemer but a part of your scheme has failed. Take my advice, and it will be well with you; use your wife as you know you should, go to work like a man—and strive to be an honest one. And finally, don't let me hear you make use of any more such expressions as you just now bestowed on me, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life! Remember," added Joe, giving him a shake as a terrier would a rat, "you're my son 'cording to law, and you must have a slight show of respect for your father."

Reuben Sparks seemed to come at once to his senses, and after a little reflection concluded that the advice he had received was, upon the whole, the best he could act upon; and for many a year thereafter Joe Chickweed looked upon him as a most valuable assistant.

RENEGADE WHIGS.

The Pittsburg *Intelligencer*, referring to the North Carolina election, truly and forcibly says:

It is beyond all manner of question a most disgusting spectacle to see such men as Ransom and Miller, after making the hills and valleys *far* and near echo and re-echo with their thundering denunciations of Democracy, coolly cast off their Whig armour, and put on the livery and badge of that very Democracy. A Christian converting by the Koran is scarcely a more contemptible specimen of renegadism than an old Whig wallowing in the mire of Democracy. We wonder equally in both cases at the rending versatility of faith and infirmity of principle which are exhibited.

Democracy, always an insidious and dangerous enemy to the people, has been growing worse and worse in its nature and aims of late years. Yet it is in this its most demoralized and demoralizing stage, that it has rallied over to its motley ranks more of its opponents than ever before. Toombs, Stephens, Clingman, Faulkner, Wise, with a hundred others that used to make the welkin ring with their burning anathemas against this most despotic and corrupt party, are *they were pounded in*, are all vociferating its praises and wearing its livery, just as if it were the most exquisitely virtuous political organization that ever showered blessings on a people. It is the very same party, in a far deteriorated condition, now, that it was in 1848, when all these men were driving their daggers into its vitals.

Lynchburg Virginian.

South Carolina Conference.—At the request of several persons in South Carolina, Bishop Andrews has determined to change the time of the session of this Conference. The time for its commencement has been fixed at December 1st, instead of November 17, as originally intended.

HOW THE TOAD EATS.

The long, free, bifid tongue of the toad, covered with papillin, and uniparous (mucus) follicles, is the all-important instrument for the procuration of food.

It is attached by its apex to the inner surface of the under jaw, the base being loose and free in the back part of the mouth. A toad will never touch any save a living insect, and of this fact requires such positive and conclusive evidence, that the latter often escapes before the former is sufficiently stimulated to attempt its capture.

When once a toad fixes his eyes on a lively, living insect, his whole appearance is suddenly changed. The passive, sluggish animal of the minute before has suddenly assumed the aspect of ferocity.

If it be a fly at some distance from the toad, on the carpet, the latter, his eyes full of malignity and craft, stretches out his limbs to their utmost capacity, and creeps toward the insect in the most stealthy, noiseless manner possible; as soon as he arrives within a certain distance of his victim, the tongue is thrown out so rapidly that it escapes detection; but the fly has been struck, glued to the tongue by the mucus on the surface, and returns with it into the toad's mouth.

The senses of hearing, sight, and smell, are wonderfully acute in these animals. No one would believe that a fly alighting on the surface of the carpet would be accompanied by any appreciable sound, and (so far as our sensations are concerned) this is quite true; not so with the toad, however; the fly may alight at a distant part of the room, and the toad's back turned from that direction, yet he hears it instantly, turns round, and proceeds to effect its capture, in which he very rarely fails!

The mode by which a toad is enabled to seize its prey, is in this wise; stimulated by the sight of it, the tongue becomes injected with blood, through the influence of the imagination, until it is quite turgid or erect; at this instant it can be thrown out and used. The action is like letting the back of the hand fall quickly from the elbow joint, without moving the wrist, and allowing it quickly to rebound.

The process requires to be very swift, for the breathing of the toad is suspended so long as the mouth remains open.

There is not in nature a more harmless or valuable animal than a toad, nor one whose presence in gardens should be so much encouraged, for they consume only insects, spiders, and slugs, and the quantity of these they destroy is quite incredible.

Like all the reptiles, the toad changes its skin, but the cast envelope is never found, although those of the serpent are common enough. The reason why it is not found is this:—The toad is an economical animal, and does not choose that so much substance should be wasted. So after the skin has been entirely thrown off, the toad takes the old coat in its two fore paws, and deliberately rolls it, and pats it, and twists it, until the coat has been formed into a ball. It is then taken between the paws, pushed into the mouth, and swallowed at a gulp like a big pill. The tadpole does the same, says the *Maine Farmer*.

Fearful Accident.—A House Occupied by a Dead Body Thrown Within.—Early in August, John Rowlo, a lad of 16 years, living in Volcano, Amador county, Cal., who had lately been endeavoring to obtain his father's consent to go to Frazier River, disappeared, taking with him a valuable horse belonging to the family. It was supposed he had started for Frazier River, and no little anxiety was felt in regard to him. On the 19th of August his body was found in the Butte Creek, a few miles East of Jackson, attached by a "lariat" to a half dead horse. From appearances, the boy, on the night after leaving home, lay down to sleep, with the horse tied to his person, to prevent his escape. The animal, however, managed to drag through bright during the night, had run off, and dragged his master by the rope until the boy's life was extinct. Afterwards the horse had continued to graze around, dragging the body along for three weeks. Finally, the horse had been dragged into a thicket, where it became entangled beyond the horse's strength to extricate it. In the efforts to get loose, the horse had cut his neck, and had bitten the rope in two. Most of the right side of the horse's head and the flesh had been from the bone.

Food for Children.—According to a German author, the best food for children is fresh milk, which is far more nourishing than tea, coffee, and the other stimulants too often given to children. I remember a young man, who, from his infancy, had been fed with tea, and was a miserable specimen of humanity. He was nervous, pale, and emaciated, and was subject to fits. He was known to have drunk a quart of tea at a time. No wonder he was a miserable specimen of humanity. Let the young have fresh milk, and they will be healthy, if not, more. No wonder so many children die in short petticoats.

THE COURTIN.

Sehs crept up, quite stealthaisy,
An' peeped in thru the window,
An' there set Shady all alone,
'Tth no one nigh to hinder.

Agin' the chimbley crooknecks hung,
An' in among 'em rested
The old squire's gun that gran'ther Young
Fetched hitt'n from Concord hested.

The critter logs that sparkles out
Towards the pasture, bless her!
An' heels free danced all about
The chimy on the dresser.

The very room, an she was in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin,
An' she looked fell on cosy agin
Es th' apples she was peelin'.

She knew a feet, an' knowed 'th, too,
A stepin' on the stepper—
All steps to same her feller's feet
Like sparks to burnt-up paper.

He hit' a'leaned on the mat,
Some doubtin o' the mockin;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But knew went pity Sehs.

An' yet the gin her chance a jerk
Es though she wished him farther,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Es of a wager spunsed her.

"You want to see my pa, I 'spose?"
"Wal, no; I came designin'—"
"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's ironin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the worst
He couldn't hev' said yer, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin?"
Sez she, "Think likely, Mister?"
The last words pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up and kiss her.

When she kinsfolk seed'em slips,
Holdin out, pale as ashes,
All kind o' smiles round the lips
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though like the tide
Bears to the flow o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was married
In mornin' sun an' Sunday.

JAMES ROWE, LOWELL.

From the Presbyterian.

NIAGARA.

BY MOSES HALL BROWN.

Upon being asked to describe Niagara.

Describe it! Who can o'er describe
The lightning's flash, the thunder's roll,
Say what is life, or what is death,
Or point the pathway of the soul?

Describe the mistery in the spray,
The rapids in their wild career,
Raging like ravenous beasts of prey,
While all creation shrinks with fear?

Go sketch cold paint the humblest flower
That trods its fragrance to the grave;
Go trace the feblest star that gleams
From the cerulean vaults above.

Exhaust thyself, vain glorious man,
On lesser and subjects fit for thee,
Nor dare presumptuously to scan
The wonders of eternity.

The works of an Almighty hand
None can depict, though all adore!
Terrific, bold, and beautiful,
They breathe the sovereignty of power.

O God! it seems to me most strange,
That any man on mind should be
To doubt, to disbelieve thy power,
When thus creation speaks of thee!

THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

A carpenter at the Sandwich Islands, recently sent his Hawaiian assistant to an adjoining building for his pipe; but not speaking the native language, he made use of signs to explain his meaning. The native brought the broad axe. Dispatched again with fresh instructions he got no nearer the pipe than a heavy saw horse, which he deposited near the lover of the wood. A third attempt, with a new panoramic of explanations illustrating the fact that the desired article was on an elevation about five feet high, produced a cross-bar, and then the would be smoker gave it up.

1836.—A writer in the Richmond Whig nominates for President, Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, and for Vice President, Hon. John A. Gilmer, of North Carolina.

To the same effect, so far as Mr. Everett is concerned, writes Mr. Webb, the correspondent Democratic Press correspondent of the Democratic Journal of Commerce. "I was informed, of a recent member of the National Intelligencer, were to have the title, *Tribune* to Mr. Adams, (in the part of the United States, for just and wise tribute would be to make him the next successor of Washington,) in the office of President. No man equaled with his character and more allowable qualifications can, by possibility, doubt that the trust would be discharged with a truly patriotic spirit and the most enlightened capacity. All hands would applaud."

Curious.—A little son of Mr. Albert Pace of Hanover county Va. came to his death on the 4th inst., by swallowing a percussion cap. He was known to have swallowed a percussion of not more. No cause of death could be found in about [illegible]