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THE NEWS.

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POST OFFICE,
FAYETTEVILLE, NOV. 19, 1867.

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GEO. LAUDER, P. M.

SCALE OF DEPRECIATION.

Month	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
January	\$1 20	\$3 00	\$21 00	\$50 00	00
February	1 30	3 00	21 00	50 00	00
March	1 50	4 00	23 00	60 00	00
April	1 50	5 00	20 00	100 00	00
May	1 50	5 50	19 00	00	00
June	1 50	6 50	18 00	00	00
July	1 50	9 00	1 00	00	00
August	1 50	14 00	3 00	00	00
September	2 00	14 00	25 00	00	00
October	2 00	14 00	25 00	00	00
November	\$1 10	2 50	15 00	30 00	00
December	1 15	1 50	20 00	00	00
Dec. 1 to 10 inclusive				35 00	
Dec. 10 to 20 inclusive				42 00	00
Dec. 20 to 31 inclusive				49 00	00

MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The night of the seventeenth of October—

I shall ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the lone forest, and the incessant down-pour of the rain! I had heard of lonely wayfarers being lost in the woods before, and I pitied them; but now I fully realized the vague terror, the undefined danger which broods over the Lost!

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself as I plodded along, keeping close to the trees, so as to avoid the deep ravine, through which I could just hear the roar of the turbulent stream some forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought what might be the possible consequences of a mis step or a move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been contented to keep in the high road.

"I should have reached the railroad station an hour ago if I had not foolishly imagined that the wood path might be more direct; now I have wandered off, no body knows how many miles out of civilization, and if I escape with a whole skin and sound bones, I shall consider myself particularly lucky. Hold on—was that a light, or are my eyes playing me as false as did my common sense?

I stopped, holding on to the low, resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank, for it actually seemed as if the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It was a light—thank Providence, it was a light, and no ignis fatuus or corpse-glean to lure me on to destruction.

"Halloo-o-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion, strengthened by the energy of desperation; the light hesitated, oscillated back and forth, and finally stood still. I plunged onward through tangled vines, dense briars and rocky banks, until, gradually nearing, I could perceive a bent figure wrapped in an old oil cloth cape or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude and the woods be preferable to the companionship of such a withered, wrinkled, hideous old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow stumps all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R— station?"

"Yes; R— station is twelve miles from here."

"Twelve miles!"

I stood aghast.

"Yes."

"Can you tell me of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's, down by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed, the yellow stumps

stood revealed once more.

"I guess so. 'Taint a tavern, but folks do stop there once in a while."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then let us make haste and reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

"We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me, though he must have been nearly seventy five years of age, and bent with infirmity. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed like trackless woods, and keeping straight on until the lights of some habitation gleamed faintly through the wet foliage."

It was a ruinous old place with the windows all down to one side as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of an old porch nearly rotted away; yet Aladdin's castle could scarcely have looked pleasanter or more welcome to me, wayworn and weary as I was.

A woman answered my fellow-traveller's knock—a woman apparently about thirty-five years of age, with reddish-brown hair, wound in thick braids about her head and curious, half-shut eyes. My companion whispered a word to her, and she turned to me with smooth voluble words of welcome.

"She regretted the poverty of their accommodations, but I was welcome to them; such as they were."

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, with my valise close to me, while the woman threw on fresh logs, drew out a round pine table, and produced bread, cold meat, and a bottle of some spirituous compound. I ate a few mouthfuls of bread, but did not touch the other articles.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly," the woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No."

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you no!"

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care where you lodge me, only make haste."

The woman's smooth apologies were profuse. "She only wished to make me comfortable, and Isaac's room always leaked in wet spells." So I was conducted up a step ladder that stood in the corner of the room, into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table, with one or two chairs, formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman set the light—an oil lamp—on the table.

"Any thing I can get for you, sir?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"I hope you'll sleep well, sir—when shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R— station in time for the seven o'clock express."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.

Wearied as I had become I felt no inclination to sleep—in fact, it seemed as if I had never been more wakeful in all my life. I walked up and down the narrow room; I lay down on the bed, trying to woo slumber by listening to the ceaseless drip, drip of the rain upon upon the roof; but my brain seemed preternaturally active.

"I will sit down and write to Berenice," I thought. "That will soothe my nerves and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire still glowed redly on the stone beneath; my companion and the woman sat beside it, talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating—a short, stout, villainous-looking man in a red flannel shirt and muddy trousers.

I asked for writing materials. A bottle of ink, a stumpy pen and a couple of sheets of soiled paper were brought out of a little cupboard in the chimney, and I returned to my room to write to my wife.

"My Darling Berenice."

I paused and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say could she know of my strange quarters—she, my fair Italian flower, now regaining the lost roses under the blue, balmy sky of her native land. Sweet little Berenice! She, at least, was spared the perils of this stormy midnight!

Not until both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded the paper I happened to glance toward my couch.

guished the light and laid down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until, all of a sudden, some startling electric thrill coursed through all my veins, and I sat up excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow and quiver through the room—no light of moon or star was ever so soft or penetrating—and by the little window I saw Berenice, my wife, dressed in a floating garment of white, with her long golden hair knotted back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she was beckoning to me with outstretched hands and eyes full of wild anxiety and fear.

I sprang to my feet, and rushed toward her. As I did so, the window and the apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone. At the self-same instant the sharp report of a pistol sounded. I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow—straight, straight through the very spot where, ten seconds since, my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the edge of the window, jumping some eight or ten feet into the tangled rosebushes below, and as I crouched there, recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman with the half closed eyes.

"Of course he is," growled a voice back; "that charge would have killed ten men! A light there, quick! and tell Tom to be ready to dispose of it."

"It! A cold, agonized shudder ran through me as I recalled what "it" meant. What den of midnight murders had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape. With a speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illumined by a faint glimmer of starlight. I knew not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track, or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine; but some merciful Providence compassed me with guiding and protecting care, for, when the morning dawned, with faint red bars of orient light against the eastern sky, I was close to the high road, some seven miles from B—

Once at the town, I told my story to the local police, and a detachment was sent to the spot. After much searching, and many false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old shanty; but it was empty and deserted. Our birds had flown; nor did I ever recover my valise and watch, and chain, which later I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police; "and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though, they'll come back here just at present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is to come yet. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister who was with Berenice in her Italian home—a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise.

"I must tell you something very, very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened to us on the night of the 17th of October. Berenice had not been so well for some time; in fact, she had been confined to her bed for nearly a week, and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late; the clock had just struck one, when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing cold and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance, but all our efforts seemed vain to restore life or animation. I was just about sending Antonio for the doctor when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushing back her hair, and looking wildly around her."

"Berenice," I exclaimed, "how you have terrified us all! Are you ill?"

"Not ill," she answered; "but I feel so strange. Gracie, I have been with my husband!"

"And all our reasonings failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertion. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the night of the seventeenth of October, or rather on the morning of the eighteenth. Where and how she cannot tell; but we think it must have been some dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthical skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths and apparitions; but this thing I do know—that although my Italian wife was at Naples, in the body, the morning of the eighteenth of October, her spirit surely stood beside me in the moment of the deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that, to the subtle instinct and strength of a wife's holy love, all things are possible; but Berenice surely saved my life.

Jinks and an acquaintance were on the beach the other day and heard the screaming and giggling of some young ladies who were preparing to bathe in the surf. Jinks' friend asked what occasioned so much noise in the bath house. "Oh," replied Jinks, "it is only some belles peeling."

Anecdotes of Gen. Jackson.

Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, in early life friend and neighbor of General Jackson, relates the following anecdotes of the old hero, illustrative of his organic will and character:

The General had bought an old-fashioned long clock for his wife, such as forty years ago usually graced the corner of the parlor room of the well-to-do sort of people in the South. When it arrived from the city, it was too long to stand upright in the low cabin he lived in. Mrs. J. was vexed and annoyed by the circumstance, and in consultation with neighbors, about what she had done, some advised to cut it off at the top and others at the bottom.

The old hero was evidently indulging in a sullen, discontented mood. Finally, he said:—

"It shall go in as it is!"

"But," said his wife and neighbors, "it can't go in as it is."

"But it shall," replied Jackson.

He called up some of his negro fellows and directed them to go to a neighboring forest and bring some "poles" of a certain size and length. They soon returned and to the astonishment of his guests, poised up the house, introduced the new logs, and very summarily accommodated the clock, to the delight of his good wife.

On one occasion a bridal party passed his house, and the lady lost a valuable piece of gold on the bank of the river. She was troubled about it, and was delaying to hunt it. "Go on, madam," said General Jackson, "I'll find it and give it to you on your return." She reluctantly consented.—

When the party left, he began his search, and found it a much more difficult matter than he anticipated. He, however, persisted, and finally recovered the coveted piece from the sand. In a few days the party returned. Gen. Jackson met the lady with a smile, saying, "Here is your gold piece, madam!" The lady was profuse in her acknowledgment of the obligation, but upon being informed of the trouble and loss of time its recovery had cost the great and gallant man, expressed regret that he had submitted to them on her account. "What, madam!" replied he, "do you think I could have given it up? I would have sifted all the sands of the Cumberland river or had it."

The following is related by E. W. Thomas, in his "Sketches of Character":

A vacancy occurred during his administration in the bureau of one of the Auditors, and General Jackson wrote a very strong letter of recommendation to the Auditor in behalf of a young man from Tennessee, with whose fitness and character the General was well acquainted.—

With letter in hand the applicant called upon the Auditor, who replied that he had the highest respect for the President's recommendation, but that Mr. Burns came so variously and strongly recommended he should be compelled to fill the vacancy with his name. The applicant quietly took up his letter and withdrew; and with Western frankness, and somewhat chagrined, repaired to the White House and returned the General the letter.

"What's the matter, sir?" asked the old chief.

"He says he cannot give it to me, General."

"Why not?" was the gentle inquiry.

"He says he has the highest respect for your recommendation, but Mr. Burns is so strongly and variously recommended that he felt compelled to give it to him."

"Mr. Burns is his relative, sir. Compelled to give it to him!" He pulled the bell sharply. "To have the highest respect for my recommendation is to follow it."

"Tell," said he to the messenger, "tell the Auditor I wish to see him. Keep your seat, sir," to the Tennesseean.

In a few minutes the Auditor made his appearance. The General, whose placidity had apparently returned to him, asked the startled official why he had not given the situation to the young gentleman whom he had recommended.

"Why, Mr. President, Mr. Burns is so strongly recommended!"

"I know Mr. Burns, sir; he is your relative, sir; and I also know this gentleman; and I should like to know whose recommendation is stronger than that of the President of the United States?"

The Tennesseean got the office; and it is needless to say that the Auditor came near losing his.

THE OCEAN BOTTOM.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Bank," near Hayti:

The banks of coral on which my divers were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean in many places is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of these more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean and gazes through, in the deep winding avenues he finds that they fit him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had long been buried beneath old oceans wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the lofty columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals where water had deposited the earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea fan of immense size, of variegated colors and the most brilliant hues. The fish which inhabit these "Silver Banks" I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sunfish; from the dullest hue to the changeable dahlia, from the spots of the leopard to the hues of sun beams; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark.

Some had heads like squirrels, others cats and dogs, some of small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.

To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more than my limits allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there.— The sun fish, star fish, white shark and blue or shovel nose shark were often seen.

There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose when in full bloom, and were of all hues. These were the ribbon fish, from four or five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large and protrude from the sides of their heads.

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Another fish is spotted like a leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from 400 to 500 pounds.

Story of a Missing Trunk.

Between thirty and forty years ago a family of wealth left Boston for Europe by way of New York, and just before leaving the latter city for England they concluded to send back to Boston a trunk filled with articles, of great value; not wishing to run the risk of taking the same with them to Europe. The trunk was sent by the mate of a vessel from New York to Boston, and he delivered it faithfully to the gentleman to whom it was directed, who was then, and for about thirty five years after, a director in one of our old banks; and for his safe keeping he deposited it in the bank in which he was a director, with his name upon the trunk—placed there by Mr. N., the owner, in New York—and Mr. C. to whom it was addressed, wrote underneath the same: "To remain in the bank until called for by Mr. N., on his return from Europe." The trunk did so remain in the bank as directed, with a large number of other trunks, it being customary for the cashier or tellers to deliver trunks to their owners only when called for.

The family of Mr. N. remained in Europe for a number of years, and on their return they probably remembered that the trunk was sent to Boston, and that their faithful(?) coachman, to whose care they had left their coach and horses, and who, soon after the family left for Europe, absconded to New York, sold the same for his own benefit and left for parts unknown—therefore, the supposition of the family was that he had taken the trunk also. In consequence of a recent judicial decision that banks and bankers were accountable to the owners of such property for its safekeeping, and also of a recent letter from the comptroller of the currency upon the impropriety of assuming such responsibility in justice to their stockholders, an overhauling of property so placed has recently been had in State street, and a number of the banks have required that their depositors should sign a paper relieving said institution from all responsibility. The above mentioned trunk then came to light.

On the requirement of the octogenarian director to sign the agreement for this trunk, he then for the first time discovered that this valuable article had never been taken away by his old friend, Mr. N. that he, with a number of his family, had passed away, the widow of the owner being still in the land of the living. She was called upon, and much to her astonishment, surprise and gratification, the long-missing and highly valuable treasure had come to light.

In the trunk was found a number of miniatures of the family and friends of Mrs. N., painted upon ivory, quite a number of gold coins of fifty years ago, numerous gold necklaces of the olden time, and, in short, it was nearly filled with valuable gold ornaments—beirlooms of the family—including also a very valuable and curious time-piece or clock set in a beautiful ivory case—all in the most perfect order; for on winding up this precious time-keeper, and the proper time arriving for announcing the hour, an apartment in the same opened, the hour was struck, and a curious and interesting little man and woman appeared and either sang or whistled a popular air of fifty years ago. They then disappeared, the apartment closed, and the clock ticked on until the proper time for the same performance to be repeated again.

A STRANGE INCIDENT IN A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

ANECDOTE OF JEFF DAVIS.

A citizen of Lafayette township in this county relates to us the following anecdote: While Jeff. Davis was a Lieutenant of dragons in the United States army, Mr. Patrick H. Coleman, nephew of John Coleman, Esq., of this county, well known and universally esteemed, was a private in the same regiment. The portion of the regiment to which Davis and Coleman belonged was stationed on the frontier, and was much distressed for the want of subsistence. Being far removed from civilization, it was necessary when a soldier became so ill that he could not sit on his horse, and the probabilities were that he would die, to place him at the foot of a tree, chop a limb partially off, so that it would hang down and thus serve the double purpose of shading him from the sun while he lived, and of marking his grave when he was dead. Young Coleman was taken very sick, and found himself in this predicament, abandoned by his comrades to die, with nothing left him but his blanket and pistol, as was the custom. Being destitute of provisions, the men then scattered through the woods to gather berries for their meal. Upon returning to the spot preparatory to taking their final departure, Lieutenant Davis looked in upon Coleman through the branches of the tree and remarked to him: "So, my poor fellow, you are going to die!" Coleman replied, "I suppose so." Davis then put his hand in his pocket, pulled out the handful of berries he had gathered for his own use, and said to Coleman:

"You will need them more than I do." The soldiers left the place, but had been gone but a few minutes, when a large wolf came to the spot, and gazed in upon the prostrate soldier, evidently familiar with such scenes, and willing to wait till the man was dead, feeling that he was, sooner or later, sure of his prey. Mr. Coleman raised the pistol and pointed it at the brute—which did not change its position—fired and killed it.—Coleman now gathered all his energies, determined to leave the living tomb and join his companions if possible. They were compelled to make a detour round a high bluff, and he made his way to the crest of the hill for the purpose of endeavoring to attract their attention while passing. He was successful, but some of the more superstitious believed that it was not Coleman, but his ghost. Others, however, went to his rescue, carried him into the midst of his command, strapped him to his horse, and cared for him till they reached the settlements, where, with care and nursing, he recovered, and is still alive. Mr. Coleman now resides in Western Kentucky.—He enlisted in Louisville in a romantic freak, being engaged at the time as a clerk or book-keeper in a large mercantile house. The story is a strange one, but there is no reason to doubt that the main facts, as here related, are entirely true.

New Albany Ledger, 15th inst.

NEW ENGLAND FISHERIES.—New England, from Eastern Maine to the New York line, is and long has been heavily engaged in the fisheries.—The business began with the settlement of those States, and their proximity to the fishing grounds and the nautical tastes of the people have kept it up until the annual outfits and returns from Boston are rated at \$11,000,000. In 1865 the trade of that city with the provinces was \$8,000,000, while the imports from Canada amounted to \$11,000,000. Boston alone has \$27,000,000 at stake in this trade. This trade has been injured by the Grand Trunk railroad carrying a large share of it to Portland, and new disturbances are apprehended from the completion of the Pacific railway, that will enable San Francisco to supply the interior with fish, spices, sugar, coffee, teas, wine and silk more cheaply than Boston can do. In 1865 Massachusetts had 70,420 tons engaged in whaling, that returned \$6,618,680, and 117,146 tons employed in cod and mackerel fishing, returning 355,165 quanta of cod and 253,000 barrels of mackerel, valued at \$4,532,215. The total Massachusetts interest in fishing is thus made in excess of \$11,000,000 annually, employing 157,000 tons of shipping. But the whole national tonnage engaged in the fisheries dwindled from 205,459 tons in 1862 to 89,355 tons in 1866. The subject is, for these reasons, coming into prominent discussion in Boston and New England. The hope is that the fisheries will rally with the general improvement, so as to need no aid.

Why is an onion like a piano? Because it smells odious.