THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE RUTHERFORD ENQUIRER.

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THE ENQUIRER.

G. W. LOGAN, EDITOR,
L. P. ERWIN, PUB. & PRO.
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1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled bills and ordered them discontinued.

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G. W. LOGAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.,

WILL attend to any business intrusted to his care, in Western North Carolina.

L. F. CHURCHILL,
Attorney at Law,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.,

Will practice in the Courts of this Judicial District.
Jan. 7, 1858. 1-ly.

H. D. LEE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.,

Will practice in the Courts of Henderson Buncombe, McDowell, Burke, Rutherford, Polk and Cleaveland counties.
Jan. 7, 1858. 1-1y.

C. T. N. DAVIS,
Atorney at Law.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

WILL practice in the Counties of Henderson, Buncombe, McDowell, Burke, Rutherford, Polk and Cleaveland, and Supreme Court at Morganton.
May 14 1858. 19-tf.

Dr. J. W HARRIS,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.,

RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Rutherford county. Office at his Drug store.
Jan. 3, 1858. 2-y.

C. BECHTLER & SON,
Watch Makers,
MANUFACTURERS OF JEWELRY &C.
SPARTANBURG, S. C.
March 1. 10-tf.

R. M. ROBINSON,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Nov. 22, 1859. 45—tf.

M. L. PUTMAN,

Watchmaker & Jeweller.
Shelby, N. C.

OFFERS his services to the citizens of the surrounding country in the above business.
August 9: 1859. 30-1y.

Stoves! Stoves!!
OLIVER GUNN,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Rutherford county that he will travel through the county prepared to supply every family with the celebrated *Iron Witch*
Cooking Stoves,
Also other kinds and at Charlotte *Prices.*
Sept 13. '58. 35-3m.

WESTERN EAGLE.

THE Subscribers to the Western Eagle and those indebted for advertising or other work done in the office, are most respectfully informed that the settlement of their accounts will be considered a very great favor; we must have the money and can wait no longer.
L. P. ERWIN.

From the North Carolina Presbyterian.

A Letter from the Holy Land.

A friend in this State, has kindly placed at our disposal a letter, written not long since in Jerusalem. The writer is the Rev. E. C. Bittinger, a member of Orange Presbytery and at present a Chaplain in the United States Navy. Mr Bittinger is with our Mediterranean Squadron; and having obtained leave of absence for a short time, made a flying visit to those places so familiar by name to every Bible reader, and so dear to every pious heart. He passed rapidly through the country, not having the time, if he had had the inclination to make any new investigations, in Biblical Archaeology; and his letter is the hurried account that he gives a friend of the sights he saw and the feelings he had, as place after place, was presented, written, too without any expectation that it would be published. But, though the places are those which have often times been described by travellers, and about which little new can be said; they are places that are always interesting to us, from the sacred associations connected with them; and we never tire of hearing an intelligent traveler speak of them'—We give some extracts:

FROM DAMASCUS TO JERUSALEM.

"I left the city of Damascus, I confess, with unfeigned regret; for I had made several friends there to whom I felt no little attached. I went out by a very different gate from that whereby I entered it, passing thro' a crowded street and by fragrant gardens over shadowed by noble trees. Tradition represents this beautiful city and this eden-like plain to form the site of the lost and forgotten Paradise; and certainly there is much very much, to confirm one in the opinion.—This beautiful and well watered place, abounding with luxurious gardens, and sweet scented flowers, and orchards of fruit trees; as well as its geographical position between two seas, its perfect climate, its streams of water, reflecting by day the sun and firmament, and by night the moon and the stars; and its majestic frame work of mountain scenery; combine to impress one that Damascus was designed by God to be one of the most imposing and attractive cities in the world; for in the sun light, it appears like a fairy land of enchantment. I cast one long, lingering look over the beautiful city, waved my hand towards it, and then left it forever.

"I rode all day through a large plain, and met a number of Bedouins on horseback, (who seemed to pride themselves on going through a number of exercises, and riding swiftly around us,) then ascended somewhat of a hilly country, all the day in sight of Mt Hermon covered with snow. Found the roads near the mountain very deep, and in some places almost impassable, and ordered my dragoman to pitch my tent in a small village of little or no interest, named Kafor Haman, where I passed the night after a hard day's ride"

"Early the next morning, I was in the saddle and on my way for I was anxious to enter Holy Land, for there was very little now this side of it to interest me. I found Mount Hermon covered with snow; the roads in some places, uncommonly bad; and I had great difficulty in crossing the mountain, for the wind was high. But on I urged my noble Arab all the day, though I felt almost frozen, for it became intensely cold.

* * * * * *

"I ordered my tent to be pitched at the little village named Banias, or the ancient "Cæsarea Philippi." This little town stands on an extensive terrace covered with the ruins of ancient buildings; and here are the sources of the river Jordan, which flows from under the old rivers that have been partly covered by slides of earth and rock of the mountain. * * * This is my *first* night on Holy Land; and here it was that our blessed Lord said to Peter, "On this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

"In the first light of the morning I was up, visiting the ruins and the sources of the Jordan, for I was now in Holy Land, and was becoming acquainted with places and scenes hallowed by the presence and the footsteps of Christ. From this day forward, I am to visit and become familiar with everything identified with the Savior's birth and life, sufferings and death The ground is no longer common earth, but Holy Land, sanctified by His precious tears and His sacred blood.

"I left Cæsarea Philipi, and passed during the morning through the modern town, and purchased a number of ancient coins; then through the extensive groves of oaks and olives, and various other trees; and on through the plain, until I reached a rapid stream rushing down from the mountains of Lebanon, which turned a mill of very singular and simple style of workmanship. It was nothing more than a horizontal wheel, and the water pouring down a spout struck the arms and turned it round; for the upper end of the axle was attached to the millstone, and the water turned it round. The houses in this country are all like the one which stands by this old mill, and I will describe it as I saw it while my horse was drinking.—Stone walls, plastered within and without with mud; the roof consists of long poplar poles extending across, brush piled over them and covered with mud, which is then pressed by a stone roller, not unlike those in your own garden. The floor is pressed earth—a fire place—no windows, but plenty of *wind-doors*. I found the ground over which I rode during the day covered with flowers of every hue. And did they not mark the footsteps of our Lord? He must certainly have passed this way. At the village of Mallaha I pitched my tent, and laid myself down to pleasant dreams. I have felt all day that I have been literally following the footprints of Christ. And every step I took increased in interest; so that I found my Bible just as good a guide of this country and its sacred localities, as it was eighteen hundred years ago. Every spot seemed to be hallowed by His presence, every flower nurtured by His blood, and every hill and valley, lake and mountain, consecrated by his teachings, and miracles, and life.

* * * * * *

"I then ordered my dragoman to send the tents on to Nazareth; and about 9 o'clock in the morning, I cast a last lingering look over the sea of Galilee and its surrounding plain and mountains, and passed the hot baths so celebrated for their medical properties They stand upon the sea shore, and have been celebrated since the days of the Roman Emperors. The water issues from the side of the hill in the vicinity, and in great quantities, is exceedingly hot, and is considered almost a specific for rheumatism and neuralgia All this is hallowed ground, and all these associations are holy, and all these prospects are beautiful, for there is the bright paved firmament bending lovely over it, as though weighed down by the presence of Angels—You almost imagine you see on its shores the footsteps of our Lord, and that you hear his blessed voice floating over the waters—'Peace, be still,' Peace, be still!'

"I rode on and ordered the dragoman to prepare lunch in 'Cana of Galilee,' a small village where our blessed Saviour performed his first miracle—where 'the modest water saw its God and blushed.' It is situated on the slope of a small hill, from which I had a noble view of the valley. In this small village there is a Greek church. The walls are covered with poor paintings, intended to represent numerous events connected with the Savior's birth and life, sufferings and death. Two old stone jars, made of common clay of the country, or rather rock, were shown me, as the original vessels that contained the water which Christ converted into wine I asked to see the rest of the jars, and was told that they had been sent to England

"Yonder is Nazareth, the birth place, it is said, of the Virgin Mary. All yesterday's ride, from the sea of Galilee to Nazareth, deeply interested me, for I was drawing near the place where our blessed Lord spent most of his life. 'Here he was brought up.' The sun was throwing its last beams along the sides of the mountains, as well as gilding the hills round about Nazareth, which is by far the most beautiful town in Palestine. It is picturesquely situated, its white stone houses occupying the sides of high hills and a small valley. * * *

"I wandered over the hill sides and through this valley, and felt that here the footsteps of our blessed Lord had been, and here the sunshine fell upon His pathway, and here the winds fanned His brows, and here were the scenes of His childhood and youth, and here He was guarded by unseen visitants, and here He held sweet and unbroken communion with His Father. Everything in or about Nazareth, more or less reminded me of Him who owned the universe, inlaid with worlds and systems, and yet had no place in this boundless empire to call his own—no place to lay his head. It was hallowed ground on which I stood; these were holy winds which fanned my cheek; and these were holy influences which surrounded me. He is not to be envied, but to be pitied, who could stand where I stood, and bathe his forehead in the soft light of heaven, without becoming deeply impressed by the sacredness of the associations and the influences which are around him, and beneath him, and over him. I then visited the old church of the Annunciation, which is under the care of the Superior of the Convent. From the nave, a double flight of steps leads to the place which contains the high altar. A narrow stairway leads between these to the point which is shown as the side of the house of the blessed Virgin—a single chamber with a small recess beyond it, in which stands an altar which is said to be the place where the Virgin received the annunciation, that from her should be born the Saviour of the world. In the rear of this is another locality, said to be the place where stood the house of one of Joseph's friends, who took care of his house during his flight into Egypt. Another house I visited which my guide told me was the workshop of Joseph; and another still which he told me was the one in which Jesus took his last supper with his disciples. In the centre of this last, there is a large stone about the size of a dining table. From my window in the Convent, I have a very good view of Nazareth and its surroundings. Yonder, in the distance, is Mount Tabor, which tradition says was the mount of Transfiguration; and not far distant is the Mount of Precipitation, where the people of Nazareth intended to cast Christ headlong into the abyss, but, as the sacred record informs us, He escaped out of their hands. The inhabitants of this village have a very different appearance from any people I have seen in the country round about Galilee. They are of a higher and nobler cast of race—more intelligent—finer countenance—darker eyes, and more commanding appearance."

* * * * * *

"I then proceeded on my way, and passed close by Mount Tabor which stands in the plain of Esdraelon, and had as noble a panorama of mountain scenery in view, as is to be found in the world. Yonder, in the far off distance, was the blue outline of the mountains of Moab, and Mount Hermon, and the snow covered summits of Lebanon. The valley of the Jordan stretches far away to the South, and Endor and Nain, of sacred interest, and Jezreel on the other side of them. This plain of Esdraelon has been the theatre of many battles. Here Sisera was conquered here the Midianites were vanquished by Gideon and his handfull of men, and on the mountains of Gilboa Saul lost his army and kingdom and life—here many of the most sanguinary battles of the Crusades were fought, and lost, and won; and here it was that Napoleon fought the battle which he called Mount Tabor, where the great chieftain came with a handfull of men to rescue Kleber and his fifteen hundred men surrounded by twenty five thousand enemies." * * *

Then follows a minute account of the writer's visit to Samaria, and the various interesting localities in that neighborhood—too long to be copied into our columns. We conclude our extracts this week, with his impressions upon first entering the Holy City:

"I then rode to the top of a high hill, which commanded a view of the most remarkable city on earth, and enjoyed, in deep contemplation, a panorama of hallowed sights and sacred places, which is allowed to few in this world, and I raised my cap and thanked God that by His kind providence, I was permitted to see the holy hills round about Jerusalem, and the city of the Great King. My eyes gazed upon the city, and its sacred places, and the holy sepulchre, and where God's temple once stood, as they never gazed before I am drawing near the Holy City, and the very firmament itself seems to bend here in lower adoration over the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, Calvary and the Sepulchre of the Saviour of the world. The city of Jerusalem is surrounded by mountains. It is a city of domes, and minarets, and monuments, and is daguerreotyped upon my mind and enshrined in my soul forever Yonder, right before me, smiling and glittering in the holy sunshine lay the city of David in all its majesty and beauty; and there stood, as in the days of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and when besieged by its conquerors and laid waste and destroyed, Mount Moriah, Mount Zion, and the Mount of Olives, hallowed by the life, and sufferings, and death of the Son of God. My approach to the city of Jerusalem on the North, by the Damascus gate was extremely beautiful, though the hills which encompassed it were at this time without verdure, and the rocks without sublimity, and the gardens without flowers "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How has she become a widow, she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces! how has she become tributary!" I am now riding near the walls of the Holy City of my Lord and my God, and I am now gazing with wonder and admiration upon its minarets and towers and battlements; and I bowed my head and heart as I passed under the grand archway of the Damascus gate, and realized, with no ordinary realization, the dream and the desire of my soul. My mind was the theatre of strange emotions, too deep for utterance. Every step and every look was full of the profoundest interest and tenderest sorrow, for my feet were within thy gates. O Jerusalem, over which "Jesus wept!" Thank God *I am in Jerusalem.*

"From my earliest remembrance, when my mother taught me to lisp the name of Jesus—the name of Jerusalem alone could at times vie with it in its simplicity and comprehensiveness than all other names in the world; and until I ascend to her God and my God, to her Father and my Father, I shall never forget the tender emotions that flooded my soul, as I gazed upon the high and mysterious walls that compass the Holy City which contains the temple of my Lord. Never will my *first* entrance into Jerusalem be forgotten!"

"Pray then for the peace of Jerusalem;
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces!
For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say. Peace be within thee!
Because of the house of the Lord our God,
I will seek thy good!"

REVIVED HOPES OF ITALY.—The hopes of the State of Central Italy brighten. It seems as if nothing but some blunder or rash impudence on the part of her leaders can prevent her from grasping the glorious realities of freedom and nationality, for which she has so yearned and struggled. She has reason to rejoice over the impediments which prevent the organization of the Congress; every month of delay makes her position more solid and secure. There is no public or international law which should forbid the ultimate recognition by Europe of the consolidation and unity of her provinces. France, England, and the Protestant States seem ready to do so; and, if she holds out long, and bravely, and wisely, Austria and her little circle of dependencies must sooner or later acquiesce in the independence and sovereignty of the new State. For the present, at least, their hands are tied; the forcible return of the exiled rulers of Tuscany and the Duchies, in the face of the opposition of the French and English Governments, and of the moral sentiment of the world, may be regarded as almost impossible. The problem of the Romagna seems, also, on the point of being happily solved. * * *

Among these revived hopes of Italy, we must not pass by the proud triumph of Count Cavour, who has been made minister of Foreign Affairs in Sardinia, the germ and root of the proposed new State of Northern Italy. When he lost power, the cause of Italy lost hope; for he was the brave and prudent guardian and guide of the nation in its struggle for independence. The great statesman knows when to yield, and Cavour's voluntary retirement from public life, contrary to the wishes of the people, whose idol he was, and his forbearance towards plans which he deemed inexpedient and unwise, showed a spirit of unselfishness and self-control which is the highest glory of the true patriot. His vindication has come speedily, and is complete; for he finds himself restored to power, and elevated to one of the most influential positions in Italy, at the time when his own policy seems to be in a fair way to be restored and justified, and when he himself can be of the most service in securing and maintaining for his country her fair and just position as a free and independent State.—*N. Y. Jour. Commerce.*

We suppose that toleration is carried quite far enough when men tolerate in tolerance.

Life's great success is a happy heart, and a good conscience the best estate. Who hath them,

From the Franklin Observer.

The following article from the *New York Times*, is suggestive of the future. We have often thought of the subject of which it treats, in connection with our own country, hence our solicitude to see an agricultural society organized in our county, thinking it might result in the reclamation of our exhausted lands into fertile fields. The sentiment is general amongst our farmers that something must be done, or our population must leave. Is it not singular that while this sentiment is so general, we receive so few responses to our proposition to organize an agricultural association? Through such society we have hoped to arouse public sentiment, awaken enquiry, induce our farmers to read agricultural works, inspire a generous rivalry in the best methods of enriching our exhausted soils, produce an increased love of care for the sufferings of unprotected stock, awaken inquiry as to the best method of producing manure and obtaining the heaviest yield of grain crops, and in fact to spread peace and prosperity throughout our borders. Read the article below, and then say brother farmers if you will not join with the editors of the Observer for a general call to organize at March court, an agricultural society?

DEARTH OF FOOD—A STARTLING VIEW.

We published yesterday a remarkable letter from Liebig, the great German chemist, addressed to Mechi, the famous English farmer, upon that most momentous of all sublunary themes, the production of corn. He shows that the corn producing power of the civilized, cultivated countries of the globe is rapidly becoming exhausted; that it is owing to guano that the decline has not been more rapid and more marked; but that the existing supply of Guano, if it continues to be consumed at its present rate, will not last more than twenty-five or thirty years at the utmost. He predicts accordingly, that unless war or pestilence, or famine, or emigration *en masse*, largely diminishes the population of the older countries, they will find themselves, at no very distant day, if the existing system of cultivation be pursued, in actual want of bread and the Malthusian theory will thus receive an early and certainly unlooked for exemplification.

These conclusions, thus massed together are so startling that, even when they come from eminent scientific men one finds some difficulty in accepting them But a very cursory inspection of what is actually occurring within our own country, and in Europe, places their general correctness beyond doubt. For many years before the repeal of the Corn laws, in 1847, England was only enabled to keep up the supply of wheat for her own population by the existence of high protective duties, and consequently a high price for bread and low standard of living on the part of the masses. As soon as the duties were removed, the farmers were unable to produce it at the natural market price and had to give way before the competition of Russia and the United States, and betake themselves to cattle raising and green crops. With these they are thriving, as perhaps they never throve before, but the annual yield of home grown wheat has been enormously diminished, and English bread is now mainly the product of the Eastern steppes and Western prairies, purchased with British manufactures.

It is however, notorious that the same exhaustion is now showing itself in the lands which have been longest under cultivation here, and corn is ceasing to be a profitable product through all the Eastern States In New England, and New York, and Virginia the yield per acre is rapidly diminishing; and as the process of exhaustion goes on we seek our bread further west in Germany, and Eastern Europe the same decline in fertility is also to be witnessed, the cause being every where the same—the continued extraction from the soil of the elements of productiveness, without the smallest attempt at their restoration. Owing to the abundance of land with which we have so far been blessed, our farmers have rarely taken the trouble to manure their fields. They found them virgin soil; they get all they can out of them, and when exhausted abandon them. In Europe, and especially in England, stern necessity has compelled the cultivator to take some pains to restore to the soil some portion of the vitality of which his crops each year deprive it The ordinary farmyard manure was long relied on for this purpose; but even that at last ceased to produce the required effect. Guano then made its appearance, but according to Liebig the supply of guano cannot last much longer, and this once exhausted, some means must be devised of supplying its place, or the people of the civilized world will soon find themselves face to face with a deficiency of bread—a crisis which, if it did not cause absolute famine, would certainly entail a descent to a much lower standard of living, and corresponding moral degradation.

The formula on which all this gloomy foreboding is based is a very simple one. To render and keep soil productive, the elements which are withdrawn in the harvest must be restored. The ordinary barnyard manures, where these are used, partially suffice for this purpose; but only partially. They leave every year a deficiency; and this deficiency, multiplied by fifty or one hundred gives in its final result, total barrenness. Guano would supply the need, if the supply were inexhaustible. As it is not so, Liebig insists that we must fall back on the sewerage of towns. These great consumers of food, which modern civilization is creating and developing on such an enormous scale, must be made to keep up the fertility of the surrounding country by discharging their sewerage over the fields instead of filling the harbors and choking the rivers with it, and allowing it to run to waste. The mechanical and engineering difficulties of such enterprise are no doubt great, but not too great, for modern science to overcome, if the farmer were once made sensible of the consequence of perseverance in the existing mode of cultivation.

The political aspects of this question are by no means the least interesting and important. The growth and prosperity of a nation are now, and will always continue to be, largely dependent on its power of feeding itself When that power once leaves it, its greatness is no longer in its own hands. Rome was invincible as long as her bread was the product of Italian farms. When she began to draw her supplies from Sicily and Africa, she was already on the downward path, and she involved her granaries in the same ruin as she suffered herself.—*N. Y. Times.*

A LETTER FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.—At a meeting of the Geographical and Statistical Society, a letter was read from Dr. Livingstone; the distinguished traveller, under date of "Tette, Zambesi, 22nd February, 1859," from which we extract the following interesting account of his latest discoveries:

"We are all quite sure now that during at least eight months of each year, a steamer of four or five feet could trade without embarrassment. The reason why so little has been known about the Zambesi may have been the branching in the stormy promontory by which it was hid from navigators. And these easy chair geographers, dreaming over the Geography of Ptolemy; actually put down the Zambesi as flowing into the sea at Quilimane, which in his day it probably did, though not a drop of Zambesi water in ordinary circumstances reaches that port. Had some branch of the Anglo-Americans planted their footsteps on its bank—we are such a babbling newspaper set—the world would have known all about it long ago; and no one would have ventured to play with this river as has been done, making it lose itself and flow under the Kalahari river".

Dr. Livingstone and his party ascended a branch of this river, the "Shire," and he gives some account of the people and things along its banks. He says:

"So far as we can ascertain, this river has never been explored by Europeans before. One part of the luxuriant valley of the Shire is marshy and abounding in lagoons, in which grow great quantities of the lotus plant. The people were busy collecting the tubers, which, when boiled or roasted, resembled chestnuts. Another part of the valley abounded in elephants My companion estimated the number over eight hundred. Herd upon herd appeared as far as the eye could reach; and noble animals they were. We sometimes chased them in our little steamer; for elephants dwelling on occasionally and forms islands

"The upper part of the valley is well peopled, and many of the hills are cultivated high up. But never having seen Europeans before, they looked on us with suspicion—They watched us constantly, well armed with bows and poisoned arrows, ready to repel any attack; but no incivility was offered when we landed, nor were our wooding parties molested. * * * * * *

"The greatest coward fires first; so thinking we had as much pluck as they, we did not lift a gun, though we saw them over ready to fire, or rather shoot. We did nothing to make us ashamed to return, and, if we have their confidence, we may go further. They had abundance of provisions, and sold them at a cheap rate; also, cotton of two kinds—one indigenous, short in the staple but very strong and woolly to the feeling—the other from imported, very fine and long in the staple.

"We bought a number of specimens of their spindles and yarn, and, as it was quite equal to American uplands, did not offer them any American seed. The cotton plant is met with everywhere, and, though burned down annually, springs up again as fresh and strong as ever. They grow sugar-cane too, bananas, manioc, &c. The men are said by the Portuguese to be very inteligent, but very wild The women wear the lip ornament, [which the doctor describes by a diagram, It is a ring about four inches in circumference and nearly a quarter of an inch thick, passing through a large hole in the lower lip, which is thus made to protrude frightfully.] I am thus particular, says the Doctor, in case our own ladies who show a noble perseverance when fashion dictates, may wish to adopt lip ornaments."

HUMAN NATURE.—An Eastern paper tells a good anecdote of an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer illustration of that cold compound of incompatibles called 'human nature" It was a Christmas Eve of one of these old fashioned winters which were so cold. The old lady put on an extra shawl and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant; 'It's a terrible cold night, Seip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, widow Green is suffering. Take the wheelbarrow Seip, fill it full of wood; pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself comfortable. But before you go, Seip, put some more wood on the fire and make me a nice mug of flip.' Those last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed, both inside and out. And her trusty Seip was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed; 'Stop Seip. You need not go now. *The weather has moderated!*

PRINTERS.—Printers, not editors, but type stickers we mean, are no insignificant portion of this world's humanity. True, as the nabob or monied swell hurries pass the window where he bends over his "ease" at midnight, they think him only a machine fit for manual labor, but the printer is something more, and the brainless fop who now looks down on him, may live to hear listening Senates entranced by his eloquence. A large number of the members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania as also several members of Congress are printers. So too with the judiciary—many of the ablest and best men at the bar and on the bench are printers. We wish we could mix a few among the law givers and law makers of North Carolina.—*Progress*