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THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

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# A Selected Cale.

### From the Sons of Temperance Offering for 1853. THE COLD WATER FANATIC.

"Come, Parker," said a young man named Franklin, "there's to be a temperance meeting over at Mariou Hall. Don't you want to hear

the speaking !"
"No, I believe not," was answered indifferent "I have little fancy for such things." "Sturgess is in town, and, I am told, will

"I heard him once, and that was enough for me," replied Parker, "He's a cold water

This was said in a group of half a dozen men, most of whom were strangers to Parker. Some of these looked at each other with knowing glances. Here a separation took place, and the

different parties moved away.
"I think you had better go with me," said Parker's friend, who still kept in his company. "If Sturgess is a little enthusiastic in the cause,

"I'm not a drunkard," returned Parker. "I'm not a drunkard, returned I arker.

"No; still, you are not beyond the reach of danger. No man is, who daily gratifies a desire for a glass of brandy."

"Don't you think I could do without it?"

"Certainly; you could do without it now,"

"Why do you say now so emphatically ?"
"Now, means at the present time."

"I cannot speak for the future. You are not ignorant of the power of liabit."

"Upon my word! you are complimentary.
Then you really think me in danger of becoming

a drunkard?" a drunkard?

"Every young man, who takes daily a glass of brandy, is in that danger."

"You really think so?"

"Most assuredly! How are drunkards made? You know the process as well as I do. Every mighty river has its beginning in a scarcely noticed stream. Ask the most besotted inebriate for the history of his fall, and you will find a

part of that history running parallel with your own at the present time." "You are serious, as I live," said Parker, force

ing a smile." "It is hardly a matter of jest. But, come! Go with me to hear this cold water fanatic, as you call him. You have no other engagement been turned upon the subject of a daily glass of brandy, it may be as well for you to hear something further as to the consequences of such a habit. A wise man forseeth the evil and hideth

"But the fool-why don't you finish the quo-

tation, Franklin?" "That is needless. Its application you fully

understand. You will go with me?"
"I will, as you seem so carnest about the mat-

And so Parker went to Marion Hall, which he found crowded. After some difficulty in procuring a seat, he made out to get one very near to the platform, upon which was seated the president and secretary of one of the temperance as sociations in the place, with two or three others, who were to act as speakers. One of these latter was a man past the prime of life. His hair was thin and gray, and his face lean and withered; but his dark, restless eyes showed that within was an active mind and quick feelings. This was Sturgess, the individual before referred to. After the usual preliminaries, necessary on such occasions, he arose to address the meeting. For some time, he stood with his eyes moving

through the audience. All was hushed to profound silence; and there was a breathless expectation throughout the room. The speaker's usual style was impulsive. He was more given to declamation than argnment; generally carrying his hearers with him by the force of strong en-

"My friends," he at length said, in a low, subdued, yet thrillingly distinct voice. His manner, to those who had before listened to him, was so different from what was expected, that they felt a double interest in the speaker, and bent forward, eager to catch every word.

"My friends," he repeated, "a little over half an hour ago, an incident occurred which has so checked the current of my thoughts and feelings, that I find myself in a state fitted for the seclusion of my chamber, than for public speaking. It is a weakness I know; but even the best of us are not all times able to rise above our weaknesses. I was conversing with a friend in the midst of a group of men, some of whom were unknown to me, when one of the latter proposed to an acquaintance, whom he called by name, an attendance upon this meeting. 'I have no fancy for such things,' was answered. 'Sturges is to speak,' was advanced as an argument. 'He's a cold water fanatic,' said the young man, with a speer."

There was the most perfect stillness throughout the room. All eyes was fixed upon Sturgess, apparent in a few years. His frequent visits whose low, subdued tone of voice, so unusual for him, made a marked impression on the audience. He stood for some moments again silent, his eye by its usual consequences, idleness: and the

of the sweet promise God once gave us in our

The speaker's voice had trembled - but now it was lost in a sob. In a moment he recovered shelter beneath a large tree. I had been there himself and went on, still in the same low, searching tones:

"In the sweet promise of our children. Where are they? I look all around this large audience. There sits an old friend; and there, and there. Like mine, their heads are blossoming for eternity. Long years ago, we started side by side on the journey of life. We had our wives and our little ones around us then. Where are they

Another long pause and deep silence followed. The dropping of a pin could have been heard in that crowded assembly.

"When my thoughts go wandering back to that olden time," resumed the speaker, "and I see, in imagination, the bright fire, now extinguished, and hear, in imagination, the glad voices of children, now hushed forever; and when I think of what caused this sad change, I do not wonder that I have been all on fire, as it were; that I have appeared to some a mere cold

"I wish that young man were here to-night; and, perhaps, he is here. I will, at any rate, vater fanatic. take his presence for granted, and make briefly

my address to him."

"You have called me, my young friend, a cold water fanatic. If you had said enthusiastic. would have liked the term better. But, no matter, a fanatic let it be. And what has made me so? I will draw for you a picture.

"There is a small, meagerly furnished room in the third story of an old building. The time is winter; and on the hearth burns a few pieces of pine wood, that afford but little warmth. Three persons are in that room-a mother and her two children. The mother is still young; he is yet a very interesting speaker. Perhaps but her thin, sad, suffering face, tells a story of poverty, sickness, and that heart-sorrow which dries up the very fountains of life. A few years previously, she had gone forth from her father's house, a happy bride, looking down the open vista of the future, and seeing naught but joy and sunshine. She clung to her husband as confidingly as the vine clings to the oak; and she loved him with all the fervor and devotion of a pure, young heart. Alas! that a shadow so soon fell upon her path; that love's

clinging tendrils were soon torn away!

"She is still young. Look upon her as she moves with feeble steps about her room. Ah! into what a depth of misery she has fallen! Where is her husband—he who so solemny swore to love, cherish, and keep her in sickness and in health? The door has opened! He enters—gaze upon him! No wonder an expression of pain and disgust is on your countenance; for a miserable drunkard is before you. No wonder the poor wife's pale cheek

grows paler, nor that the sadness of her face changes into a look of anguish. Hark! He has greeted her with an angry word. He staggers across the room, and, in doing so, throws over that little toddling thing on her way to meet him. The mother, with an exclamation, springs forward to save her child from harm. The drunken wretch has thrust her angrily aside with his strong arm; and she has fallen-fallen with her head across a chair!

"The fall, my friends, proved fatal. A week loving of children!"

The speaker's voice faltered. But he recov ered himself, and went on:

"A few years before, I gave my child, dear to me as the apple of an eye, into the keeping of one I believed to be kind, noble-hearted and faithful. He was so then-yes, I will still say this. But the demon of intemperance threw upon him her baleful glances, and he became changed. And such a change! The scene I have pictured took place in a far city, whither my child had been taken. Alas! the poor child did not die in my own arms. I was sum-moned too late. Only the sad pleasure of gazing upon her wasted cheeks, white as marble, and icy cold, remained to me."

The old man could no longer suppress his emotions. Tears gushed over his face, and he wept aloud. Few dry eyes were in that as-

"Is it any wonder," resumed Sturgess, after he had again recovered the mastery of his feelings, "that I am a cold water fanatic? Methinks, if the young man to whom I have referred, had passed through a sorrow like this, he, too, would have been an enthusiast-a fanatic, if he will, in the cause of temperance. He, too, would have proclaimed from the streets and the house-tops, in highways and by-ways, his mission of reform and regeneration. But let me say to him, and all like him, that prevention is better than cure, that it is easier to keep sober than to get sober, easier to give up the daily glass at twenty-two or twenty-five, than at thirty or forty. These drinking habits gain strength more rapidly than others, from the fact that they vitiate the whole system, and produce a diseased vital action.

"A cold water fanatic! perhaps I am. But have I not had cause ? Ten years ago, a youth of the brightest promise stepped confidently upwards, and set his foot on the firm earth of manhood. He had education, talents, industry, and good principles. But he lacked one element of safety-he had not a deeply fixed antagonism towards all forms of intemperance; indeed, like the young man to whom I have before referred, he rather regarded the advocates of temperance as fanatics. And he was not so much to blame on this account, for his own father, in whom he confided, kept liquors in his side board, used them himself, and set them out in mistaken hospitality before his friends. Well, this young man went on well for a time; but, sad to relate, a change was to taverns brought him into contact with dangerous companions. Drinking was followed

searching everywhere.

"If," he resumed in the same low, half-sad, impressive voice, "that young man were here by two united in speedily working his ruin.

"My friends"—the speaker was again visibly excited—"one night, two years ago, I was to-night, I would feel it a duty, as well as a privilege, to tell him why I have become what he was dark, for heavy clouds obscured the sky, and gloriously. The word and the was dark, for nearly clouds obscured the say, of Charles Lamb: "When you find a ticklish re- of the spheres are still known, and they yet hundred and twenty in other Germanic states,

temperate in my crusade against the monster tance. I was, perhaps, a quarter of a mile ternatural flow of ideas setting in temperate in my crusaue against the monster tance. I was, perhaps, a quarter of a mile ternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the that has desolated our homes and robbed us from home, when the rain came down in a the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid given tance. I was, perhaps, a quarter of the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoing the fierce gust of wind. The darkness was now so intense, that I could not see five paces ahead; but, aided by the lightning, I obtained shalter heneath a large tree. I had been there shalter heneath a large tree. I had been there only a few moments, when a human groan came upon my ears, chilled the blood back to my heart. The next flash enabled me to see. for an instant, the prostrate form of a man, He lay close to my feet. I was, for the time, paralyzed. At length, as flash after flash rendered the figure momently visible, and groan after groan awoke human feelings, I spoke aloud. But the only answer was that continued moan, as one in mortal agony. I drew nearer, and bent over the prostrate body. Then, by the lightning's aid, I knew it but too well. It was alas! that of the unhappy man I have mentioned-MY OWN SON!

"I took him in my arms," continued the old man, in a faltering voice, after another pause, in which the audience bent forward with manifestations of intense interest, "and with a strength given at the time, carried him home. I was, from the moment of recognition, unconscious of storm or darkness. Alas! when I laid him upon his own bed, in his own room, and looked eagerly down into his face, that face was rigid in death. If I am a cold water fanatic, friends, here is my apology! Is it not all-sufficient ?"

And he sat down amid low murmurs of feel-

For a time the silence of expectation reigned throughout the room. Then one of the audience stood up in his seat, and every gaze was turned towards him. It was the young man, Parker. Fixing his eyes upon the still

evil, I will hide myself, rather than pass on, and the falling leaves betoken Winteris coming like the fool, and be punished. This night I in the course of time. So the spring time of enlist in your cold water army, and I trust to life soon passes, aye, is already gone make a brave soldier."

Parker sat down, when instantly a shout went up that startled the far-off, slumbering ended; and now, as the senses one by en echoes. Sturgess, yielding to the impulse of the falling tears as so many leaves, yet restored to calmness—
"My son—born of love for this high and

holy cause; I bless you! Stand firm! Be a faithful soldier! Our enemies are named legion; but we shall yet prevail against them." Here drop we the curtain of our narrative. Parker, when the hour of cool reflection came, saw no reason to repent of what he had done. He is now a faithful soldier in the cold water

If we knew all that some advocates of temperance have suffered, we might well pardon an enthusiasm that, at times, seems to verge on fanaticism. They have felt the cause-they have endured the pain-they know the monster vice in every phase of its hideous deformity. No, we need not wonder at their enthu siasm; the wonder should rather be, that it is

## Miscellaneous.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN RICHMOND .writer in the Southern Era, (a paper published in Richmond, Va.) harangues the people of that city lengthily and elaborately upon the evils of dramshops. Among other things, he says that there is a mammoth distillery in the place which is capable of consuming twelve hundred bushels of corn per day and of manufacturing near five thousand gallons of whiskey in the same time-that there are some twenty-five wholesale and retail houses where liquors of all kinds are sold, and twenty eight regularly licensed ordinaries—and, worse than all, that there are at least THREE HUNDRED AND TWEN-TY-FIVE hells, where the sale of spirituous drinks of the meanest kinds is illicitly carried on, day and night. The annual loss to the city in the decreased value of the negro property from this blighting and debasing cause is put down, in round numbers, at forty thou-

We once tasted a "hail-storm" in Richmond which we considered at least equal to the nectar of the gods, it was "got up" in such exquisite taste! But if such beverages can ony be had under a system which equally sanctions the Retail of the most villainous compounds, we are prepared to say, away forever with even hail-storms, rather than be annoyed by their vulgar and disgusting bastard cousins. Edgefield Advertiser.

## The Dangers of Brandy Drinking.

In the last number of the Irish Quarterly Review, the weakness of poor Maginn is thus alluded to:

"He now turned for comfort and inspiration to the foul fiend, Brandy, which has been the cause of misery to so many men of genius. We regret the errors of Addison and Steele, we sigh at the recollection of poor Moreland the painter, working at his last picture, with the brush in one hand, and a glass of brandy in the other, opinions, now exercise on the affairs of men, for he had then arrived at the terrible condition in which reason could only visit him through intoxication and Maginn, although not so fallen manding human intellect, a truly great man, as this is sunk deeply. The weary hours of lonely watching brought no resource, but that which copious drafts of the liquor could supply. Health was fading away, the brightest years of life were passed for ever, and as the dim, influence of that demon which enthralled the brilliant souls of Addison, of Sheridan of Charles Lamb, and which sent the once stalwart form of Theodore Hook a miserable skeleton, to the grave.

Maginn, we know, felt his position. He was neglected by his own party-he was forgotton by many of his former, friends, and as we looked upon him in his pitiable condition, and compared what we then saw in him with what he might after truth, has kept on its course, successfully

—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down my cheeks. To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes: to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dult dia possessions, on the arrival in which the metal when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for is duly melted down and coined into rupees for when you know you have been dull; to be called the East India Company." upon for extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures hatred; to give pleasure and to be paid with equinting malice; to swallow drafts of life destroying wine, which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain au ditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights. of madness! to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause, are the wages of buffoonry and death."

### "I am like that Leaf."

Nature has been called the first and great instructor of man: it is so, and it is well that it is. There are many that can be reached only through the phenomena of nature, and, therefore, He who "doeth all things well," and having been known to have had a consultability that had been known to have had a consultability to with said boy. Messrs. Searcy and Jenkins. From the dew that gently distills, to the gorgeous leaf of autumn that falls in many a circling chir, all harmoniously join in man what Time hath labored to destro all unmoved, we calmly note them idly pass them by, and thus neglect v hath spared.

I take back the words unwisely spoken. With such an experience, a man may well be pardoned for enthusiasm. Thanks! my venerable friend, not only for your rebuke, but for your reminiscence. I never saw my danger as I see it now; but, like a wise man, forseeing the evil, I will hide myself rather than the first of the summer is gone, the harvest done, and now Autumn is here, shedding her tears on the breast of earth. Even the grasshoppers, which have so long been a burden, are now gone; we hear no longer the hum of insects, they are ephemeral, and with the hours of summer is gone, the harvest done, and now Autumn is here, shedding her tears on the breast of earth. Even the grasshoppers, which have so long been a burden, are now gone; we hear no longer the hum of insects, they are ephemeral, and with the hours of summer is gone, the harvest done, and now Autumn is here, shedding her tears on the breast too. The former is an Englishman, and has resided in Jamaica for seventeen years:

"When the grasshop of the summer from Benj, Walker, Esq., of Charles brother, H. Pinckney Walker, Esq., of Charles too. The former is an Englishman, and has resided in Jamaica for seventeen years:

"When the grasshop of the sum of the summer is gone, the harvest done, and now Autumn is here, shedding her tears on the breast of earth. Even the grasshoppers, which have so long been a burden, are now gone; we hear no longer the hum of insects, they are ephemeral and the summer is gone. The following extract from a letter, from Benj, Walker, Esq., of Charles too. The former is an Englishman, and has resided in Jamaica, to his brother, H. Pinckney Walker, Esq., of Charles too. The former is an Englishman, and has resided in Jamaica for seventeen years." with its flowers, is seen, now heard again; the harvest of worldly gain and manly appla

his feelings, sprung from the stage, and grasping the young man's hand, said in a voice not yet restored to calmness—

"My son—born of love for this high and of the impulse of the impuls zephyr, may snap it, and forgotten I shall moulder on the ground. Or, if it is spared even to three-score and ten years, yet they are all speedily passed, and then must come the fall, the decay. We may smile now, flowers may bloom around us, all may be attractive, yet the chilling winds will blow, the cold, damp air enshroud us, and the grave entomb us.
"I am like that leaf." It may have been

beautiful, but it will soon fade entirely; it has fallen and no one knows or cares where it lies. So man may for a time adorn the world, then he passeth away, and no one knows where he lies, or if they know will speedily forget, and the places that once knew him shall know him no more ferever. Leaves have their time to fall, and though Death knows no season, yet we have our time to die; the very hour and its agonies were known in heaven before time began. The common lot of mortals is to sleep of beauty wane away, to behold the limbs losing their roundness and shrivelling up; sadder to know that the limbs are the limbs is found guilty of attempting, directly or indirectin Lethe's waves, and it is sad to see the light der to know that the lines where beauty has lingered, the eye where love has dwelt, the

lingered, the eye where love has dwelt, the mind where hope has thrived, are all to be swept by "decay's effacing fingers."

"I am like that leaf." My hold upon life is feeble and frail it will soon be broken; and when I am gone, even my memory will not remain behind me long. In vain I look around for durability; all am passing away with me. And may kind Heave grant that like that leaf, our work may be done, and well done; then we shall bloom beside the river of life, never to decay again! to decay again!

Great Men never die.
In the oration delivered by Webster in Faneuil
Hall, in 1826, on the death of Adams and Jefferson, he thus tells us, and his words have now, full application to himself, that great and good

Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more.— They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on sub sequent periods, the heads of the government no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there, of the great and good, which can die. They are they yet live, and can die. To their country they yet live, and live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the seconded proofs of their own great ac-tions; in the offspring of their intellent; in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example, and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world. A superior and comwhen heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit. Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand, to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring cans a cord water manue, why I are form my and there were an the indications of a rapidly whole soul in this cause, why I am at times over enthusiastic, and why I am, probably, a little in- to gleam out, and thunder to roll in the dis-

## General Hews

NEGRO STEALING .- We find the following agraph in the Milledgeville (Ga.) Recorder of the 4th instant :

"Messrs. Searcy and Jenkins of this city arrested one Geo. M. Jones, on Thursday last, near Monticello, who had some twelve negroes in his possession, one of which escaped after he was apprehended. Said negroes belong to Mr. P. Bailey, of Double Wells, Warren county, Ga. Thos. Mormon, of Harris county, and Dr. W. A. Jarratt, of Baldwin county, excepting four, owned by the said Jones.

were at once put on the track of Jones, and ar rested him without much trouble. Jones was fired at, the best grazing his scalp. The white

"On more than one occasion I have been on the point of giving letters of introduction to you, but as the parties openly professed abolition opinions, I thought it prudent to abstain from ing so, lest any foolish conduct might occasion consequences unpleasant to you. I do not exactly know what are your political opinions on that subject, but I imagine that all residing in the Southern States can hold but one. I hope and trust you will never be imbued with antislavery doctrines; and if many could witness the ruin of interests, both moral and material the misery of families, and the desolation which I now see around me, occasioned by the emancipation of the negroes, there would be less agitation in your country on that much vexed ques-tion. I hope the people of the South will "hold their own." Emancipation means confiscation, and misery to both races. Let people come to Jamaica and judge for themselves, and witness the white race driven from their hearth and home by the destructive policy of the Mother

Philadelphia city and county have adopted a neat set of rules to govern their primary elections in June next, and among them is the fol-

"If any candidate for any office, by offers of ly, to influence the vote of any Democratic citizen at the election on the second Monday in June, or if any conferee, his name is to be stricken from the list of candidates by the conference, and any votes cast for such candidates will not be

SINGULAR APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE. -A woman has made application, in the Massachusetts Supreme Court, for a bill of divorce. Her husband has been sentenced to the State prison for a period of over seven years, which, by the law, entitles her to a divorce, but it appears that she was instrumental in getting him to prison.

BAR-ROOMS CLOSED .- Be it known to all whom it may concern, that the bar-rooms of our town were closed by order of our Council on the first day of the year 1853-and, moreover, that no license has or will be granted for the selling of liquor by the quart, in any grocery store or elsewhere, during said year.

We have no hesitation in approving heartily

of the course our authorities have adopted in this matter. The nefarious traffic has undoubtedly resulted in much and serious injury to the character of our town and to the interests of our citizens. Many there are who doubt whether the recent enactment will do any good; and we confess that we are among those who have fears upon the subject. But we sincerely hope that its successful operation will soon remove all apprehensions. In any event, nothing could be worse than the open-shop business which has just been terminated.

It now behooves our Council to be ever on the lert to preserve their ordinance inviolate. Their effort to suppress this crying evil will be estimated entirely by the degree of its success. If carried on with energy and determination to the achievement of its object, it will in six months time command the applause of its bitterest opponents. If suffered to fail from indifference and indolence, it will be scoffed at as an absurdity. Edgefield Advertiser.

The Legislature of Florida has elected S. St. George Rogers, Solicitor of the Eastern Circuit. The "Liquor Bill," which had passed the House, was defeated in the Senate by a vote of 8 for 22 against it. This overwhelming defeat, says the Floridian, was caused by the conviction that the bill was unconstitutional.

fourteen in Africa, twenty-four in Spain, twenty self, as it were, on the feeling which is your feel-ty in Portugal, thirty in Asia, sixty five in Beling for the hour. gium, eighty-five in Denmark, ninety in Russia and Poland, three hundred in Prussia, three

snobs abroad; and there was quite a talk of seizures, blockades and similar 'what nots.'

"The credit and opulence of the State grew with her decision, and she did not stoop to notice

her assailant, no more than the eagle its flight among the sunbeams, to feed on flies from the feet of a beggar.

"The people of a sovereign State—n people thoroughly enlightened, like the people of Mississippi—a people whose ideas of free government have been adopted, more or less, by every State that has revised its Constitution within the last fifteen years certainly understand their own business better than outsiders and outsiders have no right to intermeddle with it.

NIAGARA.—The Lookport Journal says laborers are busily employed in pushing Niagara Suspension Bridge to completion.

Country. An Exodus of the white race has already commenced, and I am preparing to join in the stream, and abandon a worthless and ruined country."

A Commendable Rule.—the Democrats of Philadelphia city and county have adopted a stavs.

"The lower floor, 19 feet wide and I high in the clear, is connected to floor by vertical truses.—The cohesion of a iron wire, when properly united into cash ropes is found to be from 90,000 pounds square inch, according to quality.—The stone used in constructing the towers will a pressure of 500 tons upon every square. The towers are 60 feet high 15 feet at the b The towers are 60 feet high 15 feet authe base, and 8 at the top. When this bridge is covered by a train of cars the whole length, it will sustain a pressure of not less than 405 tous. The speed is supposed to add 10 per cent, to the pressure, equal to 61 tons. The weight of superstructure added, makes the total aggregate weight sustained 1,273 tons.

"Assuming 2,000 tons as the great-tension to which the cables can be subjected, it is considered safe to allow five times the regular strength, and providing for a weight of 10,000 tons.—For this, thirteen thousand miles of wire are required. The number of wires in one caare required. The number of wires in one ca-ble is three thousand.—The diameter of cable about 9 1-2 inches. The budge we believe, is the longest between the points of support of any in the world."

Mrs. Letitia Preston Flood recently died in Tazewell county, Va., aged 74 years. She was the widow of Gen, John Floyd, formerly governor of Virginia; mother to ex-governor Jno. B. Floyd; niece to the late James P. Preston governor of Virginia, and aunt to the late James McDowell, of Virginia, and Hon. Wm. C. Preston, of S. C.

The Legislature of North Carolina has passed a law providing that when a man dies intestate, leaving a widow and no child or children, the widow is to have one-half his personal estate. If the husband make a will, and the widow dissent therefrom, she is to receive one-third, as hereto-

A CHILD'S EYE .-- Those clear wells of undefiled thought-what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they must meet your own. In prayer how earnest in joy how sparkling, in sympathy how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think .-Speak to it of the holy things of your religion—
of your grief for the loss of a friend—of your love for some one you fear will not love you in return -it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought, it will not judge how much you should believe whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss; whether you are worthy The following is supposed to be the number or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its of newspapers in the world:-Ten in Austria, whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft it-

> Judge Nash has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of North Carolina, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the late resignation of the Hon Thomas Ruffin