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TERMS.
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Miscellaneous.

A Word to Fathers.

HAVE YOU A DAUGHTER.

Then how great your responsibility! Can you look on that fragile form—see the out-beamings of that artless spirit, and not shudder to think of the dangers that surround her? A child of Eve, frail and fallen at best, long before her young heart had been sobered by experience, or learned one cold lesson of this world's selfishness and falseness, she is called upon to take steps that must tell on the brightness or blackness of her destiny. As she first steps forth upon life's stage, how her bounding spirit sends out its aspirations in the holy confidence of hope and love. With her bosom unsteered to the fascinating influences of flattery and folly, as she looks out on life, robed in all its rainbow colorings, how bright, how beautiful it appears to her. She thinks not of deception—she suspects no hollowess, but believes the reality will prove, as the surface appears.

Poor child! how little does she know of the dark, withering shades of human depravity, whose blighting influence she may soon feel! How little does she think of the deceiver with his bland smile and black heart, of a censorious world, with its scornful smile and unforgiving spirit. Yet through all these snares, these hidden fetters, that lie along her untrodden path, she must pass unscathed—unsold. One false step and she is ruined—her name is blackened—her happiness gone. Gold cannot give it, beauty cannot adorn it, tears of bitterest anguish cannot wash away the stain. Let the tributes of wealth be laid at her feet, let pleasure breathe its soft melody around her, let every other joy, like gems of morning, sparkle around her path, and yet a cloud is on her brow, a blight is on her character—she feels that her glory is departed, that hers is a miserable lot. Are her imprudent acts of childhood ever forgotten? Are these follies, over which a man would smile and feel a kind of pride, ever overlooked or forgotten when committed by a girl? He may reform with honor, but the very name of reform in a woman is disgrace. The summit of moral excellence and influence, the world's admiration and esteem may be gained by him, over whose youth, marked with dissipation and profligacy, the veil of forgetfulness has been thrown. But poor woman, often neglected and uneducated as she is, must present to an exacting world, a whole life from childhood up, untinged, unsoftened by a single stain.

Nor is this the mere arbitrary decision of society, it is written on woman's own heart. To be loved, to be esteemed, to stand unclouded and unapproached, above slander and suspicion—this is her natural and holy ambition. Interwoven with her nature, it concentrates the very elements of her being, and is at once the goal of her life and the safeguard of her character.

This, then, on which woman's happiness depends—which can fling gladness around her life, or bring anguish from her heart, must be decided by herself long before maturity, has given her strength or experience. Who, then, is responsible for the manner in which her character is formed, her mind moulded, her destiny shaped? Oh, how many a tale of woe, how many a tale of lingering agony, of crushed hopes, of cold, rayless despair, might have been prevented, had a father's time and attention, so often expended on trifles, been directed to that frail and delicate flower, which, exposed to the rude blast and scorching sun, must bloom unsoftened or else be despaired.

[Western Recorder.]

A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.—'Tis mine!—bound to me by a tie that death cannot sever.

That little heart shall never thrill with pleasure or throb with pain, without a quick response from mine. I am the centre of its little world; its very life depends on my faithful care. It is my sweet duty to deck those dimpled limbs, to poise that tiny, trembling foot; yet stay—My duty ends not here. A soul looks forth from those blue eyes! An undying spirit, that shall plume its wing for a ceaseless flight, guided by my erring hand.

The hot blood of anger may not poison the fount whence it draws its life, or the hasty words escape my lips, in that rare presence, Wayward, passionate, impulsive—how shall I approach it, but with a hush upon my spirit and a silent prayer!

Oh, ceaseless sentinel, slumber not at thy post of its trusting innocence!

Oh, reckless "sower of the seed," let not "the tares spring up!"

Oh, unskillful helmsman! how shalt thou pilot that little bark o'er life's tempestuous sea safe to the eternal shore?

'Tis ours!
A father bends proudly over that little cradle! A father's love! how strong! how true! But, oh, not so tender as hers, whose heart that babe hath lain beneath!

Fit me for the holy trust, oh, good shepherd, or fold it early to thy bosom!—Fanny Fern.

Boston they say, is the richest city in the world in proportion to its population. If its taxable property were equally divided, every Bostonian would have fourteen hundred and forty dollars.

He that is little in his own eyes will not be troubled to be thought so in others.

From the N. Y. Musical World & Times.
A Sketch from Life; or the Age of Progress.

Look into yonder window; what do you see? nothing new, surely; nothing but what the angels have looked down smilingly upon since the morning stars first sang together. Nothing but a loving mother lushing upon her faithful breast a waiting babe; whose little life hangs by a slender thread; mortal lips have said, "The boy must die."

A mother's hope never dies. She clasps him closer to her breast, and gazes upwards; food and rest and sleep are forgotten, so that that little flickering taper die not out. Gently upon her soft warm breast she weaves for his baby slumbers; long weary nights, up and down the cottage floor, she paces, soothing its restless moaning. Suis rise and set; stars pale; seasons come and go; she heeds them not so that those languid eyes may beam with brightness. Down the meadow by the brook, on the hill side she seeks with him the health restoring breeze.

God be praised, health comes at last! What joy to see the rosy flush mantle on the pallid cheek; what joy to see the shrunken limbs grow round with health; what joy to see the damp tints look grow crisp and glossy? What matter though the knitting lie neglected—the spinning wheel be dumb, so that the scolding kate or bonning ball but please his boyish fancy and prompt the gleeful shout? What matter though the coarser fare be hers, so that the daintier morsel pass his rosy lip? What matter that her robe be threadbare, so that his graceful limbs be clad in Joseph's rainbow coat? What matter that her couch be hard, so that his sunny head rests nightly on a downy pillow? What matter that her slender purse be empty, so that his childish heart may never know dejection?

Years roll on. That loving mother's eyes grow dim; her glossy locks are silvered; her footsteps slow and tottering. And the boy? the cherished Joseph? he of the bold bright eye and sinewy limb, and bounding step; surely, from his kind hand shall flowers be strewn on the dim downward path to the dark valley? surely her son's strong arm be hers to lean on; his voice of music sweeter to her dull ear than seraph's singing.

No, no. The hum of busy life has struck upon his ear, drowning the voice of love. He has become a MAN!—refined, fastidious!—and to his forgetful, unfeeling heart, (God forgive him) the mother who bore him is only, "the old woman."

FANNY FERN.

Paragraph for Pious People.

How quickly, yet how strongly expressed, is the valuable idea of the paragraph annexed. It is the opening passage of an article in the last Westminster Review.

"From time to time there returns upon the incautious thinker the conclusion that, considered merely as a question of probabilities, it is decidedly unlikely that his views on any debatable topic are correct. He reflects, are thousands around me holding on this or that point, opinions different from mine—wholly in most cases; partially in the rest.—Each is as confident as I am of the truth of his convictions. Many of them are possessed of great intelligence; and, rank myself as high as I may, I must admit that some are my equals—perhaps my superiors. Yet, whilst every one of us is sure he is right, unquestionably most of us are wrong. Why should I not be amongst the mistaken? True, I cannot realize the likelihood that I am so, but this proves nothing; for though the majority of us are necessarily in error, we all labor under the inability to think we are in error.—Is it not, then, foolishish thus to trust myself? When I turn and look back on the past, I find nations, sects, philosophers, cherishing belief in science, morals, politics and religion, which we decisively reject. Yet they held them with a faith quite as strong as ours; may—stronger, if their intolerance of dissent is any criterion. Of what little worth, therefore, seems this strength of my conviction that I am right! A like warrant has been felt by men all the world through; and in nine cases out of ten, has proved a delusive warrant. Is it not, then, absurd in me to put so much faith in my judgments?"

Is Gold better than Farm Produce.

The Ohio Farmer in commenting upon the letter of a California correspondent, makes some very sensible remarks about the mania which has possessed the people of this country to forsake the golden fields of their own State to dig in the "gold fields" of California, where they often gather more disappointment than produce.

It has ever been our opinion (says the Farmer) that the ultimate prosperity of California, or any other State, must be influenced more by its adaptation to all agricultural pursuits than by any or all the gold mines that have been or may be found therein. There can be no sort of doubt but that the greatest source of wealth which California possesses is found in the rich valleys, table lands and the mountain slopes so graphically described by Fremont, and now so ably noticed by Mr. Kelley. When these resources are developed, as they will be very soon, the gold diggings and the quartz rocks will sink with comparative insignificance. Look at it. It is said that the yield of gold from the California mines for the current year will reach the enormous sum of fifty five or sixty millions of dollars! An enormous sum, truly; and yet we venture to say that the value of the hay crop alone of the State of New York will fully equal it! Six counties of that state produced, in 1850, 800,000 tons of hay, which at \$7 per ton, would be \$5,600,000. Thus they do, year after year, with a gradual increase; and yet how few are seen rushing to the meadows of Onondago, Jefferson, Chenango, Delaware, Chautauque or St. Lawrence. The wheat and corn fields of Ohio produce annually more dollars than the gold mines of California. Yet there is no noise made about it; and instead of thousands rushing to them in the hope of growing suddenly rich, thousands have been fleeing from them in search of gold—gold—gold.

We hazard nothing in saying that had the emigrants to California, since the discovery of gold there, gone instead to the rich lands of our Western States, they could have produced double the amount of all the gold dug from the mines of that El Dorado. The capital necessary to

place a man in working condition in the California mines would have settled him comfortably on an eighty acre lot in Iowa, in a good cabin, with a team, farming utensils, provisions, &c., and insured him instead of a chance for a little gold, the certainty of an independent position for life, without the sacrifices of home, friends, health, morals, and indeed all that men should esteem valuable in life. Thank heaven the gold mania is in its decline, and the time is near when it will be seen and known that every ounce of gold dust dug from the mines of California has cost twice its market value.

Crushed Jewels.

Oh, me! two jewels crushed in the casket; two buds withered in the home wreath; two flowers faded in the household vase! Lo, the babies slumber! Whiter than unwhewn marble, colder than drifted snow. Brush away the way hair, there are no sin lines on those white brows, no care shades in the depth of those dark and dreamy eyes; no line, no mark, nor shade, on those neck, Madonna faces, upturned pale and passionless. Not long their little feet pattered along life's highway, ere they grew weary and sunk by the wayside. Then the golden gates opened, misty forms bent over them, white hands bore the tiny travellers into the pure land. The crown rested early, very early, on their heads; angels guided, God led them, the short journey they had taken. Look! His signet resteth on them—His seal on the pure brow—His staff in the baby hands! All around thee, evermore, will be the rustling of silver wings in the moonlight—the gleaming of white forms, the print of small, shadowy feet in thy life path; the tap of tiny fingers on the window panes, when the rain comes—tides of each flower leaf, moaning melodious in the rush of the southern winds. Deeper, darker, grows the rolling ocean; nightier, stronger the sigh of the northern blast. Deeper, darker, thy heart's waters—nightier, stronger, thy despair. The gush of childish glee is lushed; never more will those young eyes peer into thine! baby faces glance before thee, little forms glide by thee, warm, dimpled hands clasp confidently thine own. Ye only have the memory, three fold, holy memory, that—

There has been childish laughter
Footsteps quick and light,
Daily voices chiming,
Young eyes flashing bright,
Tones of deep, rich music,
Thrilling the heart all through,
Eyes, which stole from violets
The darkness of their hue.

Cheeks which borrowed shading
From the rose's leaf;
Brows, unclouded by pencils
Of the painter's grief.
Tiny forms, at twilight, bowing
Beside their mother's chair,
Dimpled hands, upraised to Heaven
"In attitude of prayer."

But Jesus sent his jeweller down
To crush them one and all;
He said that He had need of them
To deck His coronal.
So give heed to his keeping,
The jewels He had given,
Knowing full well you'll find them
All at rest in Heaven. FANNY FERN.

HINTS TO LITTLE FOLKS.—When your parents tell you to do anything, do not whimper and say you "don't want to," or "you will in a minute," but do it immediately and cheerfully; for when your dear parents are laid in the grave the recollections of your disobedience will reproach you.

When your parents dress you nicely on Sabbath and bid you go to Sabbath school, do not run away and play, for one day a mother's voice will chide you from the cold gloom of the tomb.

Don't fret and murmur when you are sent to school, but look around you at the many little boys and girls who are forced to beg or work for a living and believe that you possess peculiar advantages, and that they must be improved.

When your parents reprove you, do not reply with impudence or in anger, but know that it is for your good, and that some day the gentle hand that now seeks to guide your little steps aright, will be stiff "neath the valley's sod."

If you are told to keep out of the streets or to relinquish the company of an associate, do not think it hard, but believe that you possess no more stability than the sands who have been led away, and that in an evil hour you may forsake the path of rectitude, and be hurled away in the stream of destruction.

Avoid bad habits. Do not think it manly to drink, smoke or chew,—that is a mistaken idea; they only indicate bad family government, or a feeble, unstable disposition.

Be kind to one another. There is nothing that reproaches one so bitterly as an unkind word in a moment of passion. When your little sister lies cold in death, the little causes of displeasure which you have given her, will cluster around your heart and bring many a bitter tear. In your journey through life, there will be nothing so grateful to your thoughts, as the pleasing conviction of your obedience to parents while they lived. Oh! obey them, little friends, while they are with you, think that you can never do enough for them. We have been an orphan for nearly twelve years and we have often thought that if our parents could once more be restored to us they would never again be pained with our faults. Oh, trifle not with a mother's heart; there is a stream of affection within a mother's breast, that however ill you use her, however often you may cause her bitter tears to flow, will ever continue to nourish and protect the wayward fancy, and recall every wish to step aside from a mother's influence.

The "New York Mirror," in a talk about the circulation of some of its contemporaries, philosophises this wise:

"There is something better in this world than money—something nobler in the newspaper element than the fact of having the largest circulation in the world." * * * We appreciate the value of money, knowing full well the want and worth of it; but there is a secret and an enduring satisfaction in the consciousness of never having prostituted tongue or pen to obtain it; that is worth more than all the luxury that gold can buy."

MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.—Gen. Green, in his despatches, after the battle of Eutaw, says:

"Hundreds of my men were naked as they were born." Judge Johnson, in his life of Green, says: "Posterity will scarcely believe that the joins of many men who carried death into the enemy's ranks at Eutaw were galled by their cartouch boxes, while a fold, or rag, or tuft of moss protected the shoulder from the same injury from the musket."

General Green says, in his letters the Secretary of War: "We have three hundred men without arms, and more than one thousand so naked that they can be put on duty only on the most desperate cases. Our difficulties are so enormous, and our wants so pressing, that I have not a moment's relief from the most painful anxieties. I have more embarrassments than it is proper to disclose to the world."

TEMPERANCE IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.—The annual State Conference, now in session in Lynchburg, had under consideration on the 31st ult., the following resolution from the Missouri Annual Conference:

Resolved, That this Conference recommend to the ensuing General Conference, and most respectfully request it, so to change our rule on temperance, as to prohibit the use, manufacture and sale of ardent spirits, as a beverage, by members of our church.

The Missouri Conference asked the endorsement and co-operation of the Virginia Conference; but, after full discussion, it was not concurred in, by a vote of sixty-five dissentients to thirty-two affirmants.

IMMIGRATION.—For the more purposes of emigration, there has come to the knowledge of the English Commissioners of Emigration that, from this country there was sent, in 1848, £160,000; in 1849, £540,000; in 1850, £957,000; in 1851, £997,000—£2,947,000; nearly equal to \$15,000,000.

A PARAGRAPH FROM GOETHE.—Goethe has written few passages more beautiful than the following:

"The year is going away like the sound of bells. The winds pass over the stubble, and find nothing to move, only the red berries of that slender tree, which seem as if they would fall remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought that in the dry and falling eye riles so much nourishment and life."

NEW FOUNTAIN.—Aunt Mary, whilst going along the street the other day, saw over a tailor's door, a sign bearing the inscription "Fountain of Fashion." "Ah!" exclaimed she, that must be the place where *aggrits* come from, at the time casting a malignant squint at a couple of young men with ineffectual whiskers and standing collars. A woman of great perception is our Aunt Mary.

THE VOICE.—A certain writer, speaking of the influence of temper on the voice, makes the following remarks: "The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness, or ill-nature, will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infidelity as they give a quality to the speaking voice." That there is no deception; it is to many, the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and may be remarked, that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of the mind."

FLOWERS.—A pure passion for flowers is the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. How often during a weary illness have we looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when, if a friend has sent a few flowers, your heart has leaped up to their dreamy hues and odors with a sense of "renovated childhood, which seemed like one of the mysteries of our being."

ADVERTISING.—Blackwood's Magazine says—"There is but one way of obtaining business—publicity—one way of obtaining publicity—advertisements. The newspaper is the fly-wheel by which the motive power of business enterprise is sustained, and money the steam by which the advertising is kept going."

"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Certainly, my dear madam, anything is a means of grace which breaks up pride and leads to repentance." [Exit Mr. Jones, under the influence of a mop-handle.]

WHAT HE DIED OF.—We overheard the following dialogue between an alderman and an Irish shoplifter:

"What's gone of your husband woman?"
"What's gone of him, yer honor? F.uth, and he's gone dead."
"Ah! Pray, what did he die of?"
"Die of, yer honor? He died of a Friday."
"I don't mean what day of the week, but what complaint?"
"Oh what complaint, yer honor? faith and its himself that did not get time to complain."
"Oh, oh, ah—he died suddenly?"
"Rather that way, yer honor."
"Did he fall in a fit?"
"No answer."
"He fell in a fit perhaps?"
"A fit, yer honor? why, no, not exactly that. He fell out a window, or through a cellar door—I don't know what they call it."
"Ah, ah, and broke his neck?"
"No, not quite that, yer honor."
"What then?"
"There was a bit of string or cord, or that like, and it throttled poor Mike."

A gentleman who was waiting upon a young lady, was making fun of a sack which she wore. "You'd better be quiet, or I'll give you the sack," replied the lady, archly.
"I should be most happy," was the reply, "if you would give yourself inside of it."
It is said she did.

General News.

The President's Message.
The New York Courier & Enquirer's correspondent at Washington, says:

The frame-work of the Message has been laid out and the President is engaged with his Secretaries in reducing it to form. Its developments, respecting our foreign relations, will be doubtless, deeply interesting. Through its statements, we shall be informed of the exact progress of the negotiations relative to the fishery question and the northwest trade. The best informed here believe that the Secretary of State is proceeding quietly but efficiently to an adjustment of the differences which have so long existed between England and the United States on that subject. Nothing definite or very important can be expected to have taken place in reference to Cuba, Mr. Soale not having yet presented himself for acceptance at the Court of Spain, and there being no representative of the Queen near this government. The question pending with Mexico is the right of transit across the Tehuantepec as involved in the Sloc Garry contracts, and defined in the treaties negotiated by Judge Cocklin and Gov. Letcher; the demand for the right of way for the Pacific Railroad through Sonora and Chihuahua, the reclamations of Mexico for Indian depredations, and the re-adjustment of our mutual commercial relations. These are most important subjects of negotiation between the two republics, and the President's revelations as to the progress made in adjusting them are awaited with universal interest.

Diplomacy, however, is the science of keeping state secrets, and the state of our foreign relations must necessarily be but imperfectly known, until the first Monday in December.

In domestic affairs the policy recommended in the Message will be, it is whispered among the personal and confidential friends of the President, in rigorous conformity with the principles of the democratic party, as announced by its founders and earliest expositors. In finance, the President will advise the adoption of a revenue system which shall keep the annual receipts nearly on a level with the estimated expenditure. One of his subordinates in administration has not inaptly characterized the present system as "a revenue tariff for protection." It is to be amended by striking out the words "for protection." As to the surplus on hand, the system of purchasing up government stocks will be pursued until it is consumed.

In reference to expenditure, the most rigid economy will be insisted upon. It is expected that the policy of improving rivers and internal harbors will be discouraged. The plan of connecting the contract system of carrying mails with the increase and support of the Navy, will be referred to in unfavorable terms, and its abandonment, as soon as co-existent with existing contracts and resulting rights will be recommended. The proposition to connect the Atlantic and Pacific coasts by a great national railroad, will be discussed, but the President will state his conviction that sound policy require it to be left to the individual energies and the private capital of the country.

The Secretary of the Navy is maturely considering the condition of the Navy, and will present a plan for re-organizing the personal and reforming the material. Many naval officers, however, expect more from experience and collective talent of judiciously appointed committees on naval matters in Congress, than from the Department.

WASHINGTON ITEMS.—Mr. Crampton is said to have had a long interview with President Pierce, in the course of which the former gentleman positively denied that there was any truth in the ridiculous rumors that the British Government was engaged in any scheme to substitute the apprenticeship system for slavery in Cuba.

Chevalier Hulsemann paid his respects to Secretary Marcy yesterday, but what transpired between them is not exactly known, although from the fact that a courier arrived from Vienna on the night previous, and proceeded post haste to the residence of the Russian Ambassador, it is surmised that the Chevalier's visit was in some way connected with the Russo Turkish difficulty. Russia, it is well known, is desirous of securing the neutrality of the United States in the expected struggle, in which case the Czar, backed by Austria and Prussia, would feel authorized to bid defiance to all the other powers of Europe combined. It is broadly intimated that it was the purpose of gaining this very object of neutrality that produced the quiet and speedy arrangement of the Koszta affair.—N. Y. Herald.

The Methodist of the United States have made admirable provision for the education of their pastors. They have already eight first class colleges, with property and funds amounting in the aggregate to \$194,063, and another is projected in Missouri. They have also forty-six theological academies and seminaries, in twenty-nine of which there are 4,936 students an average of 175 students to each seminary. The oldest of their colleges is at Wilberham and was founded in the year 1830 by the Rev. Wilbur Fisk.

A RARE SIGHT.—The Augusta Constitutionalist says:—We saw yesterday at Messrs. D. Antiqua, Evans and Co's office, samples of the different parcels of Cotton offered at the late Fair for premiums. There were samples of 250 bales, and were it offered as a lot, would be one of the best ever offered in this country. It made the eyes of some of our old Cotton buyers watery to look at it. The like we do not expect to see ourselves again.

JURIES OF WOMEN.—The great number of aggravated assaults committed by men on their wives, in England, has led one of the London journals to recommend a new punishment for such offences, as well as a novel method of awarding it. The proposition is to try all such assaults by a jury of women, partly to obtain a fairer verdict, partly cover the criminal with ridicule.

NEW WHEELBARROW.—It is said, has been invented. The wheel is placed under the centre, so that none of the weight of the load rests upon the hands. A man can wheel twice the usual weight.

Startling Feat.

A Paris correspondence of the New York Times gives the following account of the latest amusement devised for the wonder-loving Parisians:

"The feat of jumping from a Balloon, the jumper sustained by an India-rubber rope, was duly performed on Thursday. It was the most stupendous exhibition of daring and address that the Parisian have been permitted to witness. From one side of the car of the balloon hung the India-rubber cord descending 150 feet, and then returning and being fastened on the other side of the car. It thus formed a strong loop.

The athlete was dressed as Mercury; his body, from the neck to the small of his back, was enclosed in a framework which enabled him to endure the suspension without wrenching or dislocation. The rope passed through an eyelet in the middle of the back, placed so that he was held in perfect equilibrium. When the balloon had reached an altitude double that of the supposed elasticity of the cord, the volti-gear appeared on the edge of the car, looked over, and dove into space. The eyelet slipped along the rope so that the first 150 feet were a positive fall through the air without any resistance or break. The rest of the way was an elongation of the rope. It stretched four times its length, making, in all, a descent of 600 feet, accomplished in two seconds. After having attained its lowest point, the rope contracted once, perhaps two hundred feet, and then descended again. There was no further rebound and no oscillation; the volti-gear lay calmly, cradled in mid air, and probably spent the leisure he was now permitted to enjoy, in recovering his breath and contemplating the prospect. The aeronaut above now commenced on the windlass, and gradually wound his dangling friend up again. In four minutes he climbed over the side of the car, having made the fastest time that any human being has ever achieved, except such as have been shot from cannon, as Baron Munchausen said he was, I think, 600 feet in two seconds at the rate of three miles and a half a minute. We are waiting now to see what will be done next.

A PUZZLE FOR LAWYERS.—WHOSE BABY?—The glorious uncertainty of the law, has been a standing toast for centuries.—Still it is lauded by its professors as "the perfection of reason." The paradox presented by these two dogmas is only apparent, for both are true. Nothing can be more harmonious and certain than legal principles, yet nothing is more uncertain than these principles in their application to facts.

These principles are so arranged, like the heavenly bodies, that they cannot come in conflict. Yet the great "chapter of accidents" to which mankind is subject, will present occasional anomalies and exceptions to all rules. A recent case has occurred in a neighboring District, which is altogether the most extraordinary we have ever heard of. It is perhaps the only case ever known, to which two conflicting rules of law apply.—The legal principles arising upon the case, involve a flat absurdity. These are the facts.

A man died, leaving a widow. As is very common in such cases, the widow was not "like Rachel who would not be comforted," but was shortly wooed and won by an impatient lover. In a few months the widow doffed her "widow's weeds," and enrobed in satin slippers and white muslin, appeared before the altar of Hymen, to take the oath of allegiance to a new lord. Thus far it is a common-place history. But scarcely had the honeymoon passed, before the even tenor of their way was disturbed by a squall. The consequence was, that the husband was presented with a heavenly stranger in an unprecedented short time.

The first husband left a considerable estate, which raises the question of the right of the child to inherit from. If the widow had not married there could be no doubt, for the child comes clearly within "the statute of limitations in such cases made and provided." But here comes in collision two rules of law. The first is that which makes a child born within ten lunar months after the death of the husband, a legal heir. The other is a rule equally clear and inflexible—"Pater est quem nuptie demonstrant." In English, that the husband is the father. If the wife under similar circumstances, had not been previously married, the child would be, in law, the child of the present husband. If the present husband should die, the child would be his legal heir. By the first rule, it is now the legal heir of the deceased husband.

The case presents a strange complication of facts, which seem a Gordian knot to lawyers. According to the rules or the fictions of law, the child is the child of two fathers, and a legal heir to both, which of course is an absurdity. The case is, we understand, to be brought before the Courts, and of course has to be decided in some manner. We wish the parties concerned a safe deliverance.—Independent Press.

AMERICAN WOOL.—Peter A. Browne, of Philadelphia, in a communication to the Richmond (Va.) Whig, asserts that he can show that "as fine fleece can be produced in the United States as in any portion of the world." He says that he has in his possession wool grown in Allegheny county, Penn., by Wm. Hall, which measures from 1-2186 to 1-2500 part of an inch, while the finest wool in the collection sent to him by the King of Prussia, and the finest among the specimens sent to him by the King of Saxony, measures 1-2186. Mr. Browne denies the correctness of the decision on this subject at the London Crystal Palace Exhibition, and produces facts to show that the jury on wool did injustice to the specimens of American wool exhibited.

NEW ORLEANS.—No one certainly would possibly imagine, from the present aspect of our city, what its condition was a few short weeks ago. Within ten or fifteen days thousands have been added to our population. The absentees have nearly all returned, while the large vacuum created by the recent appalling mortality is quickly disappearing, in consequence of the arrival of a legion of strangers among us.—New Orleans Bee of Oct. 25.

A New Wheelbarrow, it is said, has been invented. The wheel is placed under the centre, so that none of the weight of the load rests upon the hands. A man can wheel twice the usual weight.