

# Raftman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Wanted—a hand to hold my own.  
As down life's vale I glide;  
Wanted—an arm to lean upon,  
Forever by my side.  
Wanted—a firm and steady foot,  
With step secure and free,  
To take its straight and onward pace  
O'er life's path with me.  
Wanted—a form erect and high,  
A head above my own,  
So much that I might walk beneath  
Its shadow o'er me thrown.  
Wanted—an eye within whose depth  
Mine own might rise and see  
Uprights from a guileless heart,  
Overdown with love for me.  
Wanted—a lip whose kindest smile  
Would speak for me alone;  
A voice whose richest melody  
Would breathe affection's tone.  
Wanted—a true, religious soul,  
To pious purpose given,  
With whom my own might pass along,  
The road that leads to Heaven.

## THE QUAKER PATRIOT.

The British troops were investing Long Island, and spreading the fire of resistance that had been kindled on Bunker Hill to a wild blaze. The time had come when no one who really loved his native land could look idly upon the contest; and many hitherto lamb-like spirits were suddenly seized with a lion courage, and marched out to battle with their noble countrymen. None, perhaps, in the whole struggle of the colonies to free themselves from oppression, exhibited a more dauntless front than Peletiah Hicks. Although a member of the society of "Friends," his patriotic feeling had repeatedly manifested itself in a very unquakerlike manner. At last the news came to him that the enemy had crossed from Staten Island to Long Island to attack the American forces. With promptness and decision he made up his mind to join the army.—Throwing aside, then, his peaceable character, and shouldering his musket, he left his usual avocations upon his productive farm, and prepared to accompany some other volunteers from his neighborhood. He sought his daughter to communicate his determination to her. He found her seated in an arbor in the garden at the rear of the house. By her side sat one who had sought her love and obtained it, with the sanction of her father, and they now waited a favorable opportunity to unite their fortunes forever. As our friend joined them, the young man held the hand of the Quakeress, and was evidently pouring into her ears the soft words of true affection. They started at the unexpected appearance of the farmer "armed and equipped." He said—

"I must interrupt thee, Thomas Edson, in thy billing and cooing; for the trumpet of battle is sounding in our ears. Thou must accompany me to the struggle. Nay, Judith, express no surprise; and least of all, attempt not to use entreaties to dissuade him from his duty. When peace comes again, when the storm that now hangs over our beloved country has passed, then can resume where thee left off, and indulge in as thy heart is capable of."

"I am with you, to the death," cried Thomas, springing to his feet.

"Death!" murmured the frightened girl.—"Thomas! father! remember that our society have ever advocated the principles of peace. Will not thy appearance in the contest be condemned by our friends? Why not wait for the summons?"

"Judith," answered the Quaker warrior, and there was something of sternness in his tones, "we have no right to remain inactive in this fearful crisis. Perhaps our arms, nerved with a might derived from the Great Ruler, may render efficient aid to those who are battling for us. I have no pleasure in warfare—I would rather bind up wounds than cause them—but thy father were a craven and a coward did he not fly to the rescue, or rather to the support of those brave hearts who have already ventured forth in this struggle for freedom. We have borne much from our oppressors; I, as an individual, would never have tamely submitted thus far, but now the hour has come; we must go forth, and with what success may be re-visited as, bare our bosoms to the fray. Take a short leave of Thomas, and let thy petitions to the Director of Life's contests be frequent and fervent, for his and thy parent's protection."

The parting of the lovers, after Mr. Hicks had left them, was divested of pain, by the bright hopes which the young man had suddenly conceived of glory and renown. Judith contented herself with charging him to be careful of himself, and to watch over and be near her father. With a fortitude worthy of a Roman damsel, she kept back her tears; and when he pressed his farewell kiss upon her lips, her eyes were scarcely moistened, although her heart entertained many forebodings.

"Go!" she said, "and when the struggle is ended, if thy life is spared, thou wilt receive a deserved welcome."

Our new-fledged warriors were too late to join the volunteers that had already left; but they at once set out, alone. When within a mile of the brave Greene's encampment, the quick eye of Peletiah discovered a movement in the underbrush just ahead of them. He seized the arm of his companion, and thus arrested his progress.

"Look there," he whispered, "does the see something crawling along stealthily in the bushes? Be cautious, and we will see what and what it is. Honesty seeks no such hiding place."

"There must be spies around the camp," answered Thomas, in the same low tone.

"We shall see presently. There is an opening just ahead, and the persons will there be revealed."

In a moment after, our volunteers perceived two "red coats" slowly rising from the thicket. They moved cautiously and glanced fearfully around them. It was evident that they were spies. Satisfying themselves that there was no one near, the "Royalists" assumed an upright posture, leaned their guns against a tree, and were about to disguise themselves by donning each a farmer's frock, when a hand was laid on their shoulders. As they turned, Peletiah and Thomas each seized their man. The opponent of Mr. Hicks was of a stalwart, powerful build, and essayed to free himself from the determined grasp of the Quaker. He wrestled manfully. Together they rolled upon the green sward. In close embrace they rose again, and contended fiercely. Peletiah had dropped his gun, thus rendering the combat more equal. Fisticuffs were now resorted to, and their well-directed blows resounded through the stillness of the wood, upon the verge of which they were engaged. Thomas being compelled to hold his prisoner, could render his friend no assistance. He stood with his captive, the spectator of the scene. Summoning the whole of his strength for a final effort, he threw himself upon the "Britisher" and bore him heavily to the earth, vanquished. With his teeth and one hand he tore the frock into strips and bound the "spy" ejaculating as he did so—

"Really, friend, there is well knit in limb and muscle, and thou art no mean man of battle. But verily thy strength availeth thee not, for thou art my prisoner, friend! I am a man of peace, but the spirit of rebellion is waxing strong within me. Being tied thus, of course thee surrenders."

"I must e'en bear the disgrace of being overcome by an d—d rebel," ungraciously growled the captive.

"Use no oaths, friend 'Britisher,' they are vain now, for the master thou servest, the Devil, has deserted thee in thy most needy hour. I must take thee to the camp. It is not far as thou well knowest. Thy desire to know more of our condition shall be gratified. There will proceed with me thither. I will take charge of this, thy instrument of death, so that it may yet do good service. I will not harm thee, stranger, if thou dost not attempt to fly. Go like a lamb to the slaughter, and thy person shall be safe—at least to escape and d—d sinful man, thou almost persuaded me to utter an unclean word."

The arrival of the volunteers and their captives were hailed with acclamation and some laughter, as the plain and peculiar garb of the elder captor met their view, but Peletiah bore these signs of merriment with good humor.

"When the balls fly thick around thee and the blood gushes from gaping wounds, my friend, they will not have time to notice peculiarities," said he.

The persons arrested proved to be spies, and were placed in safe quarters. Peletiah and Thomas were allowed to join their friends in a division of the army under the immediate command of the brave Sullivan, who just returned from Lake Champlain, had temporarily succeeded General Greene, then down with a virulent fever. Their position was soon changed, however, for Washington apprehended an attempt on the part of the enemy to force the lines, ordered a reinforcement to be sent to Colonel Hand, stationed some miles below.—Among those advanced was the company to which our friends were attached. The skirmishes of the outposts continued until "Old Pat" was sent over from New York to relieve Greene, whose illness was protracted by his great anxiety.

At last the crisis came. Washington, who surveyed the lines from the heights, was heard to exclaim:

"Good God! what brave fellows I must this day lose!"

The battle raged with dreadful consequences. Nearly two thousand of the Americans fell before the deadly aim of the royal army, while they themselves lost about one-fourth that number. There were no cowards upon that bloody field, but all fought well and bravely. The defeat of our forces was perhaps attributable to the fact of the unlooked-for and unfortunate illness of General Greene, who, having early had the command, had informed himself of the prominent points along the whole line of the defence, a knowledge hardly possessed by his successor.

During the action, our friend Peletiah had received an unpleasant wound in the right shoulder, but it did not deter him from a continuance in the ranks. His cheering voice animated many a breast where hope had almost died out. But individual bravery could not turn the tide of war. As the order for retreat reached them, Peletiah felt a weakness passing over him. He rallied, however, and passed on with the brave survivors to new scenes of conflict. Throughout the war our friends fought side by side with marked zeal. They never deserted the cause until the last enemy had left the land, then they sought their homes in peace.

Judith kept her promise, and a kind welcome was awarded to the lover as well as to her sire. The young couple were soon after married. As we look back through the long vista of years that have fled since the occurrences above related we must allow that none have exceeded the dauntless courage of those who struggled for our independence, prominent among whom was the Quaker Patriot.

## THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

In its account of the recent Spring Exhibition of the Brooklyn Horticultural Society, the New York Tribune says: "We must notice one very remarkable curiosity, known as the Resurrection Flower. This flower, or rather plant, resembles in its nominal state a dried poppy-head, with the stem attached. Upon being immersed a moment or two in a glass of water, and set upright in the neck of a small vial, in a few moments the open petals began to burst open gradually, yet visibly to the eye; they continued to expand until, throwing themselves back in equidistant order, there was presented a beautifully radiated starry flower, somewhat resembling both the passion flower and the sun flower, and yet more splendid than either. The unfolding still continued until the petals bent backward over what might be termed the base of the flower, presenting in bold relief in its centre its rosette of the most exquisite form and ornamentation, and thus assuming a new charm, entirely eclipsing what a moment before, seemed its absolute perfection. After remaining open an hour or more, the moisture gradually dissipates itself, and the fibres of the flower contract as gradually as they expanded, and it re-assumes its original appearance, ready to be unfolded again by the same simple process—the number of times seeming to be limited only by the will of the possessor."

Dr. Deck, who brought this specimen from Upper Egypt, suggests that the flower is a native of the Holy Land, and is a type or variety of the long lost Rose of Jericho, called also the "Rose of Sharon," and the "Star of Bethlehem," and highly venerated for its rarity and peculiar properties by the pilgrims and crusaders; and eagerly sought after by them as a priceless emblem of their zeal and pilgrimage, and worn on their escutcheons in a similar manner as the scollop shell and palm-branch. This idea is strengthened by the fact that resemblances of the flower, both opened and closed, are sculptured upon tombs of two of the Crusaders buried in the Temple Church of London, and also in the Cathedrals of Bayeux and Rouen in Normandy, where some of the most illustrious Crusaders are interred.—Its botanical position is difficult to assign, as it presents some peculiarities of the highest and lowest classes.

The opinion most sanctioned is, that the flower is pericarp, or seed-vessel of the plant, that it grows in desert or sandy places, and falls, in due course of existence, from the parent stem. Retaining its seed in an arid soil and atmosphere, it is for months and years wafted about by the winds, but from lack of moisture keeping closed. Eventually, it falls upon some damp spot, near some well or oasis, when it opens, deposits its seeds, and thus, by a most exquisite adaptation of means to an end, exhibited by this beautiful phenomenon of nature, the work of reproduction is commenced and concluded.

**THRILLING INCIDENT.**—The "Banner of Temperance" tells of a thrilling incident that occurred at a temperance meeting some years since. A learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as drink; demonstrating it quite to his own satisfaction, to be scriptural, gentlemanly, and healthful. When the clergyman sat down, a plain, elderly man arose, and asked the liberty to say a few words. "A young friend of mine," said he, "who long had been intemperate, was at great length prevailed on, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful; till one evening, in a social party, glasses of wine were handed round. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man 'if a clergyman can take wine and justify it so well, why not I?' So he also took a glass.—It instantly rekindled his fiery slumbering appetite; and after a rapid downward course, he died of delirium tremens, as a raving madman." The old man paused for utterance, and was just able to add—"That young man was my only son, and the clergyman was the Reverend Doctor who has just addressed this assembly!"

**DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.**—A multitude of them have perished during the winter; give the survivors a chance. We fully concur with the "Hartford Courant" when it says—"Shame on the man or boy who kills robins at this season of the year! It is a dastardly thing—unsportsman like. The youth who murders robins in the spring is the man who kills hired horses because they are hired, cheats his creditors and abuses his mother. These qualities go in clusters; and where you find a boy or man mean enough to shoot a robin in May, you find a coward! Pass the boy who kills robins in May on to his moral pillory."

**CHOCOLATE** was first introduced into England from Mexico, A. D. 1520. It was made from the flower of the cocoa nut, and soon became very popular and universally used in the London coffee-houses.

**A GERMAN** writer says, "the people of the United States can burst more steam boilers and chew more tobacco than any other five nations on the globe."

**A WESTERN** editor cautions his tall readers against kissing short women, as the habit has rendered him round shouldered.

**THE SHORTEST WAY.**—Some twelve years ago Napoleon, Indiana, was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its citizens, and the other for the great number of cross roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night, and gain some information respecting his future course. During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover, who appeared well posted with the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route to different points to which he was destined.

"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector, "now which will be my shortest way?"

"Well, sir," said the drover, "you had better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly north."

The traveller noted it down.

"Well, sir, if I wished to go to Edinburg?"

"Then go to Napoleon, and take the road west."

"Well, if I wished to go to Vernon?"

"Go to Napoleon, and take the road south-west."

"Or to Indianapolis?" asked the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being imposed on.

"Go to Napoleon, and take the road north-west."

The collector looked at his note-book; every direction had Napoleon on it; he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more to the drover, with—

"Suppose, my friend, I want to go to h—?"

The drover never smiled, but scratched his head, and after a moment's hesitation he said: "Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than to go to Napoleon."

**THE JUMPING WAFFER.**—The priests in France now announce a new miracle about twice a week. The last is a jump which the "waffer" made, in church, from the hand of a person who ought not to have touched it, to the missal of a very devout lady, and thence into her mouth, which happened provisionally to be open at the time. This was clever for a waffer, though we confess, the greater miracle seems to be, that a priest should print such a story and not to be sent to St. Pelagie as a rogue, or to Bicetre as a fool. However, the jumping waffer is a worthy companion of the Winking Virgin.

A young miss lately accompanied her father to the horse-market in New York, to purchase a pony for herself. The father soon selected a very nice bob-tail pony, which was brought out and the young lady was asked how she liked it. She replied, "I don't like that!" "What," inquired the seller, "his mane—legs—neck—eyes—color?" None of these was what she meant. "My dear, tell yourself," said the father. "Well, I mean his narrative—it is too short!" replied the modest young lady. The seller didn't effect a sale that time. Cause; the ponies "narrative" was too short.

**AN ENGLISHMAN** dropped into a restaurant in Providence, recently, and made a hearty meal, topping out with a piece of pie, which, upon tasting, he found was cold. He called the Ethiopian waiter, and said to him: "Take this piece of pie to the fire and eat it." He was much surprised to see Sambo walk up to the stove and quietly devour the pie.

**IRISH SERVANT,** to a lady in intelligence office. "Well, then, if you'll give me eight dollars a month and three afternoons in a week, and time for church three times every Sunday, and eggs and fish every Friday, and your references from your last cook are satisfactory, I think the place will suit me."

"I GUESS you mean to bring up that ere one to be pretty sharp at a bargain," said a fellow to a woman who was rocking and singing, with all her might, to a little responsibility.—"Why," said she, "Cause you keep bawling by low baby, by low baby, into its ears all the time."

**AT A PARTY** the other evening, the conversation turned, as it naturally does among young folks, on marriage. One of the belles, addressing a beau, quite unconsciously, as she explained, said, "If I were you, and you me, I should have been married long ago."

**A COUNTRYMAN** entered a daguerrotype saloon a few days since, and wished a daguerrotype of his uncle. "I can do it, sir, but where is he?" "Oh, he's dead" was the simple reply, "but I've got a description of him in an old pass-port."

**A MAN** in Florida, who accidentally swallowed an orange seed last fall, has a breath so fragrant, this spring, that he says, the ladies are constantly teasing him for kisses. Poor fellow! what will become of him?

**BEARDED WOMEN** have been known to every age; one was seen at the court of Czar Peter I, in 1724, with a beard of immense length.—Margaret, governess of the Netherlands, had a heavy beard.

**THE SCARCITY** of barrels is accounted for in the fact that the ladies have monopolized the hoops.

**SOME** queer genius has discovered that the centre of GRAVITY is a Quaker meeting house.

## SAVANNAH—A SOUTH-SIDE VIEW.

The following article is from the pen of the Rev. T. R. CUYLER, pastor of the Market-st. Reformed Dutch Church in New York, who is on a visit to the south for the benefit of his health. In his allusions to slavery the main features of the system are very briefly but very clearly presented. It was written for the Christian Intelligencer and has been copied from that paper.

Palaski House, Savannah, April 4, 1856.

"It was no easy thing, my dear Ingenious, to break away from a flock that was enjoying the refreshing baptism of the Holy Spirit in such full measure as has been meted out to old Market-street Church for the last two months.—But a series of labours that brought life and joy to the soul, brought also weariness to the body; so I have turned hither for a week of recuperation. The soft air of spring comes in my open window this morning most deliciously. The wild olives in Monument Square are in full leaf; and over in yonder rich planter's courtyard the Japonica blaze in crimson glory. The season is comparatively backward here, but O what a contrast to the ice-blockaded streets of New York!"

"We left the Empire City on 29th of March, in the good steamer Knoxville, with that prince of 'sailing-masters,' Captain Ludlow. For two days and three nights we have the usual melange of smooth seas and rough—"quahs" in the cabin and promenades on the rolling deck—of long, prosy talks around the smoke-stack—of reconnoitering of ships and seagulls, and looking out for lighthouses. Captain Ludlow fed us well by day, and old Neptune rocked us grandly by night; but it was rather a welcome sight to see the muddy Savannah rimping past our "porchholes" on Tuesday morning. We were at the wharf, with a long row of smoky, Rideswell-looking cotton warehouses lining the river side. The city stands on a bluff, and these warehouses are entered from the city side by the third story. A monster omnibus is moored on the wharf, with "J. Stephenson, New York," on the panels. (Nearly every manufactured article, from a coach to a coach whip, comes from the North. Even our bill of fare announces "Philadelphia beef" and "New York mutton.") If the hot bloods of slavery agitation "dissolve the Union," I fear that Savannah will starve.)

"We mount the huge omnibus, and land at the "Palaski," a large old-fashioned, comfortable hotel, mostly filled with Northern invalids and up-country planters. The square in front of the house contains a group of olives and locust-trees, with a marble monument to the heroic Palaski, who fell at the siege of Savannah in 1798. One of the young *clonies* being asked by a stranger what the monument was, replied, "Ah, massa, I 'spose dat is de sign of de Palaski House."

"Savannah is a pleasant city—rectangular, like a miniature Philadelphia. It abounds in public squares—a most admirable arrangement that might be advantageously copied in more of our northern cities. Some of the new buildings are elegant, and in the villa style that prevails in New-Haven. On account of the dampness they are elevated from the earth, with high "stoops," as the awkward Yankee phrase goes. In front of my window is the tall spire of Dr. Preston's beautiful church, where the eloquent Kollock once preached. Dr. Preston has now there the most wealthy congregation of the city. As I write you, a troop of negroes are passing through the square, dragging an engine home from a fire, (a large rice mill burned last night,) and singing a wild melody at the top of their voices. Others are strolling along with large burdens or tubs of water on their heads, at a pace about as lively as young elephants. A month of such slow movements as I see here among white and black would give me an apoplexy!"

"On the day we arrived, a sale of negroes took place in "Wright Square," near Dr. Preston's church. The vulgar auctioneer with the utmost coolness opened the mouths of the negro women, and made them display their white teeth, as if they had been sheep in the shambles! They, the women, also held up their hard, horny hands, to show that they would make "good field-hands!" The auctioneer went up from five and ten dollar bids until he reached \$850 for a young lad. A meek-looking mother with her two children were knocked off together at a moderate price. Some of our Northern fellow-passengers looking on with intense indignation at this barbarous spectacle, worthy of Rome in her lowest days of heathen degradation. I believe that none of the clerical apologists for slavery have ever yet had the hardihood to lip a word in defence of the auction-block.

"You ask me, my dear Ingenious, what is my candid impression of slavery after a few days' glimpse of the best phases of the institution. I answer most frankly, "Worse than I expected." Not that I have seen any personal cruelty to the black race; although a negro was most brutally beaten yesterday close to our hotel by a passionate overseer. The blacks are mostly well fed and well clad. Many are most kindly treated. In the interior, where the overseer is a man of iron, they are thrashed and mauled most villainously. But few of them can read; a well-dressed man who waits at our table told me he could not spell his own name! Said he, "I believe it begins wid a C." Some negroes are thrifty, and have managed

to lay up from their earnings (when hired out by their masters) a snug sum in their own wallets. For the blacks themselves the most heinous features of slavery are, the internal slave trade, the forced violations of the marriage vow, the necessary ignorance, and the total ruin of self-respect which chattelism inevitably produces.

"But, after all, the whites have the worst of it. It demoralizes them more than their slaves.—The institution makes them indolent, improvident, and overbearing. Slavery degrades human labor, and is therein directly contrary to the law of God. The owner of a score or more of slave women has also a constant temptation to become licentious, and too often the masters yield to the snare. Agriculturally, slavery is an unalloyed curse. The country about Savannah is almost a desert; and the city itself, which in Yankee hands would have been a Boston or a Cincinnati, is only a lethargic village of some 20,000 inhabitants. More than half of them answer to such names as "Pomp," "Scipio," and "Dinah." But enough on this distasteful topic. I came to the south with an anxious desire to see as much of good as possible in the "patriarchal institution." I go home again with a more earnest prayer than ever before that the virgin soil of Kansas may never be cursed with the upas of human bondage. If you want to see a fair, candid statement of the real workings of slavery, with its lights and shadows, read the admirable work of Olmsted on the "Seaboard Slave States."

"With the citizens of Savannah I have been greatly delighted. They are hospitable and refined—somewhat careless in housekeeping, but "Aunt Chloe" is not over neat in her arrangements, and she is "miss" of the kitchen. I attended a wedding in Dr. Preston's church last evening, that would have done no discredit to "up-town" New York in its paragonia. The venerable Dr. Preston officiated with great grace and dignity. I wanted to sketch for you our ride to the picturesque and extraordinary cemetery near a town called "Bonaventura." But a friend is waiting. So adieu! I leave for home on Saturday. T. R. C.

## A STRIKING SIMILE.

**THE HEALING WATERS.**—Our readers will doubtless remember the magic properties assigned to the River Lethe in the Mythology of ancient Greece. In those darker ages superstition held predominant sway, and usurped the minds of men. Immersion in its waters was believed to cause forgetfulness of past and present woes—the afflicted mind and diseased body could alike throw off the trammels that bound them, and being thus no longer the slaves of mental or bodily enthrallment, finish the rest of their days with indifference to the past, and unalloyed anticipation for the future.

But start not! attentive reader! when we tell you with less fable, but far sterner fact, that we have a Lethe near our homes and hearths, whose waters not occasionally but at all times flow in one continuous stream of healing beneficence!

Whether the affliction emanates from the deep-seated core of long neglected disease, or from the ravages of malignant epidemic, or again from long-protracted habits of dissipation and vice, there is at hand, within the easy grasp of the poor sufferer, be he high or low, a remedy for his woes to which he can look for success.

We allude, in the above remarks, to the vastly spread and mighty influence of the remedies which bear the name of the world-famed and renowned Professor Holloway.

Countless thousands of every tongue and clime, daily hymn his praises, as having lifted them from a bed of suffering and sorrow to new life and reanimated vigor!

Be the malady hidden in the inmost vitals of the human frame, or evinced by superficial sores, by sure, but gentle means, he eradicates the secret evil, and disperses to the winds the chronic venom that has for years defied the physician's skill!

These are not idle words we utter, nor the visionary imaginings of a fevered brain, but the stern realities of long-trying practice and unswerving issues.

The suffrages of universal acclamation stamp Holloway as the man, and his medicines as the means that administer to the healing of the nations from the "Orient" to the "Occidental" sun!

The printer heralds it from pole to pole, and leaves to all and each but a "trial's test" to wring from the unwilling lips of the skeptic and doubter the universally allowed confession that "these things are so."—N. Y. Eccelesias.

**YOU BACHELORS** ought to be taxed, said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose matrimonial. "I agree with you perfectly, ma'am," replied he, "bachelors certainly is a luxury."

**DE QUINCY** somewhere tells an anecdote of a man, who, on being threatened with an assault by eighteen tailors, cried out: "Come on both of you!"

**West Windsor, Vt.** is remarkable for the longevity of its citizens; fifteen of its 1000 inhabitants died over 80 years of age during the month of March.

**Common Schools** are rapidly increasing in North Carolina, and were attended last year by 139,000 scholars against 139,900 in 1849.