# North Carolina Standard.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

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**WILLIAM W. HOLDEN,**
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Letters to the Editor must come free of postage.


### A CHILD'S CURIOSITY.

Curiosity!—who has not felt
Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?
In the pleased infant see its power expand,
When first the coral fills his little hand;
Throned in his mother's lap, it dries each tear,
As her sweet legend falls upon his ear;
Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum;
Each gilded toy, that doting love bestows,
He longs to break and every spring expose.
Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores
O'er the bright pages of his pictured stores;
How oft he steals upon your graver task,
Of this to tell you and of that to ask;
And, when the waning hour to-bedward bids,
Though gentle sleep sit waiting on his lids,
How winningly he pleads to gain you o'er,
That he may read one little story more!

Not yet alone to toys and tales confined,
It sits, dark brooding, o'er his embryo mind:
Take him between your knees, peruse his face,
While all you know, or think you know, you trace;
Tell him who spoke creation into birth,
Arched the broad heavens and spread the rolling earth,
Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,
And bade the seasons in their circles run,
Who filled the air, the forest, and the flood,
And gave man all, for comfort, or for food;
Tell him they sprang at God's creating nod—
He stops you short with, "Father, who made God?"

[C. Sprague.

### HEAVEN AND EARTH.

There are sounds so softly stealing;
There are anthems loudly pealing;
Seraph choirs that pour forever,
Music like a rolling river,
Deep, and clear, and strong, and swelling,
Through their bright celestial dwelling.
Angels, watching round the portal,
Hear the tones, but never mortal;
Oh! 'tis far too high and holy,
For the ears of aught so lowly.

There is glory bright and beaming,
From the throne Eternal streaming;
Cherub crowns of living splendor,
Wreathed with mercy's flow'rets tender,
Sun, nor moon, nor planet shineth—
Heaven its light that ne'er declineth.
Angel glance alone may bear it;
Mortal eye comes never near it;
Oh! 'tis far too high and holy,
For the eye of aught so lowly.

But though winged with lightning pinions,
There are joys in earth's dominions—
Accents sweet with passion laden,
From the lips of mortal maiden:
Tones on earth low, soft, and tender,
That the Heaven shall perfect render:
Earthly ear alone comes near them,
Angels dare not bend to hear them:
These are joys for mortals only,
Else the world indeed were lonely.

There are blossoms earth doth nourish,
That in Heaven shall perfect flourish;
Fairy forms of mortal beauty,
From their high celestial duty
Once that won the seraphs holy,
To a world so dim and lowly:
Mortal arm alone may clasp them;
Angels lost their Heaven to grasp them.
These are joys for mortals only,
Else the world indeed were lonely.

STUDY AND BUSINESS. In learning, concentrate the energy of the mind principally on one study; the attention divided among several studies is weakened by the division; besides it is not given to man to excel in many things. But while one study claims your main attention, make occasional excursions into the fields of literature and science, and collect materials for the improvement of your mind and the advancement of your favorite pursuit. The union of contemplative and active habits constructs the most useful and perfect character; contemplation gives relief to action, action gives relief to contemplation. A man unaccustomed to speculation is confined to a narrow routine of action; a man of mere speculation constructs visionary theories which have no practical utility. Excellence in a profession, or success in business, is to be obtained only by persevering industry. None who thinks himself above his vocation can succeed in it, for we cannot give our attention to what our self-importance despises. None can be eminent in his profession who devotes his mental energies to pursuits opposed to it, for success in what we love is failure in what we neglect. People whose inclinations are in opposition to their duties, have no security for their integrity. He who covets the wages of industry without submitting to its labor, is prepared for dishonesty. He who is more anxious to realise the profits of an office than to discharge its duties, cannot be expected to discharge them faithfully. In every situation bring your inclination into accordance with your duties.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT. Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, and sometimes with advantage, be gulped down. Though the drinker make wry faces, there may, after all, be a wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however courteously it be offered, is the coup of a siren, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, an eating poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe-leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday—a slave to be reclaimed at any moment by his owner, the creditor? My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; let thy mouth water at a last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the "only wear"; and acknowledge a white-washed garret the fittest housing place for a gentleman: do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded.

[*Douglass Jerrold.*

PRINTER'S INK. Printer's ink! Wonderful compound! Now a balsam, and now a poison; now conveying a sustaining comfort, sweetest health and sympathetic love to outraged men—and now devouring with the hunger of flame, the heart of tyrannous wrongs. The salve of suffering and the bane of crime. Beautiful is a review—very glorious are thousands of bayonets, the impartial sun kissing the murdering steel! Inspiring the trumpet, hearts pulsating to its brassy breath! Terrible the cannon! their silent homicidal mouths gapping, stupidly cruel. Nevertheless all dull, all dumb—all dust, when touched and touched by John Guttenburg's ointment—Printer's Ink. Lay it on well and wisely, and in good time the bayonets shall break like autumn reeds—the trumpet be choked to silence—and the cannon crack and crumble like sun-split clay. *Punch.*

### THE TRIAL BY CAIMAN.

Certain philosophers of the last century discovered that savage life was preferable to civilization, and regretted in pathetic tones the unhappy condition of those nations which have made any progress in the arts of life. These admirers of what is very absurdly called a state of nature could never have visited Madagascar, or even have wandered thither in imagination, wafted on the magic chariot of the pen. Had they done so, I doubt if they would have deplored the demoralizing effects of civilization upon a primitive people. The Madagascarites—whether Malagaches, or Antancars, or Belsimsaraes, or of the other numerous tribes—are in truth primitive. They go nearly naked, they allow a plurality of wives, they believe in charms, they delight in war, they adore birds and animals, they kill children born in an unlucky hour, they bury a large quantity of ready money, with every rich man, and never dig it up, suffering severe inconvenience in a short currency thereby, while, worst of all, their criminal justice consists in giving the *tanghin*. The tanghin (*Tanghinia venerifiua*) is a subtle vegetable poison, which is administered to persons accused of sorcery. Any individual can accuse another of this crime, and demand the application of the tanghin, or the (*lela-bi*) tongue and iron. The accuser goes before a judge and states his case; the judge sends him to the *ampan'anghin*, who is half priest, half executioner. Having learned the motives of the accusation, this person first experiments on young fowls. He gives them tanghin in water, and says, "If thou art come forth from a bull, die!" If it dies, the presumption against the accused is strong. He then tries again, "If thou camest from the shell of an egg, die; if thou hast for the father a bull, live!" If the fowl dies, the evidence is startling.

This trial takes place seven times, and if there be three results in favor of the prosecution, the ampan gives the heads and claws of the fowls to the informer, who goes before the judge and gets an order for a *sahali*, or trial. A *traon-fadi*, or hut of repentance, is built, in which the judge, witnesses, accused, ampan, and all to be present at the trial, pass the night. Next morning, the accused, stript of all clothing, is placed on the green-sward, and surrounded by the crowd. The judge makes a speech, and the ampan gives the tanghin mixed with water on a *ravinala* leaf, after which the victim swallows a cup of rice water. Frightful convulsions soon ensue, and the wretched being dies in ninety cases out of a hundred, confessing all he is asked to confess. The *lela-bi* consists in passing a hot iron over the victim's tongue three times, when, if a blister rises, the spears of the bystanders immediately terminate his life. This barbarous and savage legislation is observably effectual in checking the increase of population. Scarcely a day passes but some head of a family perishes. But the most abominable feature in the affair is, that the goods of the victim are divided into three parts—one for the chief, one for his officers, and the third for the informer. Radama, the celebrated king of Madagascar, when shown the absurdity and wickedness of the practice, replied, "Find me another tax which will so easily fill my treasury."

But these primitive habits are not all. The people of this great Island have others, which will be explained by my narrative.

In the village of Matatana, on the river of the same name, lived Rakar, a young girl of sixteen, of gentle mien and modest countenance, belonging to the aristocratic cast of the Zanak-andia. The village is situated on an island at some distance from the banks of the river, and containing 800 houses, is not of small importance in the land, being moreover fortified. Rakar was a beauty, and rich, her father having left her much property at his death; and she owned numerous slaves. She had many suitors as a matter of course; but she was more fastidious that the generality of her people, and none seemed to touch her heart until young Rene, a native born, but whose father was a Frenchman, appeared in the village on a trading expedition. Rakar saw and loved. The semi-white was handsome, tall, and striking in mien, and, it was said, generous and frank in character. But Rene scarcely saw Rakar, or, if he did, he distinguished her not from the multitude of dark women who flitted around him in a costume which was not very far removed from that of Eve in Paradise. Rakar was stricken with despair, and went to an old woman, learned in the science of futurity, for counsel. The old woman took her fee, ordered incantations without number, and promised to turn the heart of the cold youth towards her, but more piastres in pure gold went than results were produced. Rakar almost regretted having used any other charms than those she had been endowed with by nature.

Still, love is a passion which, in this primitive state of society, is not easily to be conquered by reflection, or even its apparent futility. In civilization the feeling would have been concealed by the female forever, unless called forth by the addresses of the man. Rakar attempted not to convey to Rene the least suspicion of her emotions, the more that she had heard him declaim against the idea of settling in a wild out-of-the-world place like Matatana. But she put faith in Derafif, the protective genius of the Malgaches, and one morning early she crossed over to the mainland in a piroque to pray for his intercession. The vegetable productions of Madagascar are varied and rich, and the wooded shore was composed of a vast tangled mass of trees and parasites, whose appearance, despite their hard appellations, was gorgeous in the extreme, each vying with the other in the beauty of leaf and flower. Amid a dense thicket of this verdure Rakar concealed herself, neither listening to the songs of the strange choristers of the woods, nor dreading the snakes, nor scorpions, nor wild boars and cats, which people the virgin forests of this prolific isle. She knew a shady spot, yet open to the light, where the *ravinsara* sent forth its delicious perfume from nut and leaf, and where also grew the plants she made use of for her incantation.

The place selected was a hollow where the grass grew to a prodigious height, rank and strong, and here Rakar halted, after collecting a quantity of the herbs she needed. These were piled in a heap in an open space, which she cleared with her hands, and several odorous leaves and nuts of the ravintsara being added, the young girl set fire to the whole, and sitting down, began to chant a montonous ballad, beginning,

"He! he! he! zala he, the moon looks down,
The moon in the blue sky, he! he! he!"

such as is universally sung throughout the land.

The dry grass and twigs crackled, flamed and smoked, while the young Zanak gazed eagerly on, as if expecting an instant manifestation of the will of Derafif. But as nothing greeted her eager eyes, she still hoped that the guardian spirit of her race would act invisibly, and was about to rise and return, when a step was heard, and Ratsimi, one of her suitors, stood before her.

"Rakar is burning incense to the Angatch," (evil spirit,) said the young man coldly.

"And why not to Zanaar?" asked the girl shuddering, and quoting the good angel of her faith.

"You do not answer?" continued Ratsimi.

"I own no right in you to ask me," said the Zanak, moving as if to go.

"Rakar knows well that Ratsimi loves her; that he has told her so two moons ago; and that, like Raafou—who dared the enemy of man in the Mount Tangoury for the love of Fihali—Ratsimi would brave any danger for Rakar."

"I have spoken once," replied the young Zanak coldly; "the daughter of the great chief of the mountains will not be even the first wife of Ratsimi, much less one of his wives."

"Rakar!" cried the lover impetuously, "do not anger me. Recollect I have caught you exercising sorcery."

"Give me up to the ampan, then!" said the girl indignantly. "Your threats have less value than your protestations"; and Rakar ran lightly through the wood, leaving Ratsimi in a violent passion, thinking over vengeance—a passion which is tempered only by religion and civilization.

Rakar was not without alarm. She knew Ratsimi to be a young man of violent passions, sometimes uncontrollable; but she still doubted his descending to denounce her because she could not return his love. She paddled quickly across the river to the village, and met Rene smoking his pipe before breakfast on the strand. Rene complimented the girl without looking at her, on her address and activity in paddling.

"A Malgache girl is not always flying from a lover," replied Rakar as she was about to pass.

"What mean you? Flying from a lover! that's not like your age and race," said Rene curiously.

"Rakar is different from her race, and runs to avoid the anger of Ratsimi, who is heated with passion because I said I loved him not."

"And who, pretty one, is the favored brave?" asked Rene, gazing on her with admiration.

"Rakar never accepted love from any one," she cried, and darted away.

Rene filled his pipe, and puffed away for some time in silence, thinking the Zanak a strange girl, and then he went to breakfast and forgot the subject.

That evening there was solemn council held in the camp of Metatana. It chanced to be the night of full moon, but the pale and cold luminary had not yet risen over the lofty trees, though its light already pervaded the sky. A marshy space near the river's bank was the spot chosen for the deliberation, which never took place but on the night of the full moon. The chief of the village sat on a raised pile of boughs; around were the men and women of the place in a vast circle. Rene leant against a tree behind Ova, the old head of Matatana. The river lay dark and gloomy beside them, its swift current darting by in the gloom, and pouring at a great distance into the vast ocean. Beyond was the great Island of Madagascar, and about two hundred yards distant a low bank covered with reeds, often infested by caimans of the most ferocious and ravenous character, as are most of the rivers in those parts. Suddenly the moon rose in the sky, the water danced pellucid and sparkling in the light, the trees waved clearly their dark outlines, and the whole tribe could be distinguished. It was ten o'clock, and the affair of the night commenced.

Rakar stood before the chief, accused by Ratsimi of sorcery.

As soon as the moon had risen, Ova stood up, and, like most of his countrymen, fond of speech, addressed the assembly at length on the atrocious crime of sorcery. He pointed out its fatal consequences, visible in the ailment which it produced, and the many deaths yearly in the village, all to be attributed to the wickedness of male and female conjurers. He was sorry that a girl so excellent and worthy should be there on this charge, but he must see justice done.

Ratsimi then declared his belief that she was a witch, and related what he had seen that morning, leaving out his declaration of love and his threat. He expressed profound grief at having to accuse one so lovely and charming, and hoped she might clear herself.

The judge then rose and implored Rakar to tell the truth, and confess her crime—an act that would have given her to certain death on the instant, and which the Zanak declined performing, it may be presumed, for that very reason.

"I am innocent," she cried aloud. "Ratsimi is a false coward; the caimans will decide between us."

"As you will, so be it," said the judge.

"What are they about to do?" whispered Rene to a Malgache near him.

"Rakar will swim out to yonder Island. If guilty, the caimans will devour her; if innocent, she will come back in safety?"

"But the river swarms with these savage monsters. The girl is innocent; I swear it—I know it!"

"She must bear the trial," said the superstitious Malgache: "if innocent, there is no danger."

"This is mere savage stupidity: I will speak!"

"And die," said his friend solemnly. "The people will spear you if you dare to interfere."

Rene ground his teeth with rage, and moved nearer the young girl.

"Rakar," said Ova, "confess: once more I conjure you."

"The caimans shall decide," replied the Zanak, who, conscious of her innocence of anything beyond trying a harmless charm for a harmless end, under the advice of a urie-woman, felt safe; for she believed in the efficacy of the trial.

"Ombiach," cried the chief, addressing the half-priest half-executioner, "she is yours."

The ombiach took her by the hand, and led her towards the river, on the banks of which he addressed a conjuration to the savage crocodiles, calling on them to rise and devour her if guilty, and left her to a few young attached female friends, who braved contagion, and stood by her to the last. Rakar thanked them gently.

"Rafara," said she, turning to one, "give me that ribbon to tie my long hair; it may prevent my swimming freely."

The girl, much moved, gave the silken tie, and herself aided to apply it.

Then Rakar took off her *simbou* and *seidck*—garments equivalent to European petticoats—and plunged into the river.

Rene shuddered, and, with the whole tribe, rushed to the banks of the stream. The bright moon illumined the picture in every detail. There was the bold swimmer, her head and arms only visible, while her long hair floated behind, as driven back by the wind; every splash was seen clearly. She swam with astonishing rapidity. Rene felt sick; he knew the fatal character of the river, and had himself shot caimans on the little island. The whole village gazed on coldly, but some anxiously. Ratsimi stood sullen and silent on one side. Every time there was the least stir in the water, all expected to hear a shriek and a struggle. The reptiles to which Rakar was exposed could have killed her at one bite. From twelve to twenty feet long, their voracity is frightful, and many is the victim which falls under their jaws, especially in these trials which at Matatana replaced the tanghin.

A low murmur of applause arose as Rakar stood upright on the island, and then sat down to gain breath. Rene thought the trial was now over; but the worst was to come. The unfortunate girl was in a very nest of crocodiles; but, nothing terrified, she rose after five minutes, and plunged headlong into the stream, and disappeared. Rene held his breath for half a minute, at the expiration of which she reappeared not, and then felt inexpressible delight as she rose and landed. Again, after taking breath, she plunged a second and a third time, and, rare instance of good fortune, reappeared as often. After some time she entered the river once more, and swam towards home.

"The worst is now to come," thought Rene; "the savage animals must be alarmed by all the noise. God help her!" he added, as he caught sight of a commotion in the water near the island, and next minute saw a huge caiman with his scales flashing in the moon's rays.

The young man closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, Rakar was within fifty yards of the shore. With a wild shout of joy Rene fired the two barrels of his fowling piece, as if by way of triumph, but in reality in the desperate hope of checking the progress of any pursuing alligator. The people shouted: they felt the lovely Zanak was innocent. Ratsimi stood transfixed with terror; still, another death-like silence ensued. The girl was weary, and swam slowly, but presently was within ten yards of the shore. Her female friends were ready with a large cloak given by Rene for the purpose, a white African *bumoore* which he wore at night; and as this fell around her, so did the arms of the young man.

"People of Matatana, I claim this heroic and innocent girl as my wife!" he cried, wild with enthusiasm and joy, "I knew her innocent and beautiful; I now know her something more. As for that base wretch, I claim for him the law of retaliation."

"As for claiming the girl as a wife," said the chief, "that rests with her; but Ratsimi will pay unto her a thousand piastres, and thus, in poverty and misery, will repent his folly."

"Worse than folly!" cried Rene: "the girl refused his love, and this is his revenge!"

"Is this true, Rakar?" asked Ova.

Rakar, far more troubled at the sudden explosion of the young man's feelings than at her trial, was silent a moment, and then made an open confession, not without blushes—many, yet unseen—before the whole tribe. Now that Rene had spoken, her love was legitimate and just; according to her native customs she felt a pride in her public avowals.

"Ratsimi," said Ova, when she had concluded, "you are a false and lying slave. Rakar has the choice. You will swim to Caiman Island as did she, or you will pay her all the value of your flocks and cattle, and then be bound as a slave to her for life. Choose, girl."

"I forgive him all!" cried Rakar warmly; "for am I not happy? I have gained the husband that I love; that was worth the race."

Rane's admiration knew no bounds; and then on the spot he denounced the wickedness and folly of this mode of trial, showed how easily malevolence could get up false accusations, and offered, if the tribe would abolish all such practices, to settle amongst them; otherwise, he would retire to Mauritius, where he was educated, and visit them no more. His eloquence was persuasive; the people were in a moment of enthusiasm; the custom was abolished, the ombiach dismissed, and that evening the simple marriage ceremony of Matatana was celebrated. Rene settled in the place, was very happy, and lives there, for aught I know to the contrary, up to this day. He made Rakar a happy woman, and found a deep satisfaction in having been the instrument of abolishing *trial by caiman?**

[*P. B. St. John.*

*The above scene is no fiction; it was witnessed by Lequeval de Lacombe.

GENERAL JACKSON. The little circumstance narrated below, which is said to have occurred after the battle of the 8th of January, 1815, strikingly characterizes Gen. Jackson. It reflects credit, not only on himself but on the country:

'In the year 1815, our informant met, at the table of Sir George Airy, many distinguished Englishmen then in Paris. The conversation turned upon the then pending presidential election and fears were expressed that, should Gen. Jackson be elected, the amicable relations between the two countries might be endangered, in consequence of his high-handed exercise of power, as evinced during his command at New Orleans. The necessity on the part of our informant, of replying to these observations, was superseded by the prompt and generous outbreak of one of the guests, Colonel Thornton of the 8th, an officer well known for his gallant character, and whose regiment sufferred severely in the attack of the 8th of January. He testified in the handsomest terms to the conduct of Gen. Jackson, as an amicable and faithful commander on that occasion, and declared that, had he not used the power confided to him in the high-handed way alluded to, New Orleans would infallibly have been captured. As to the charge of implacable hostility, Col. T. declared that in all the intercourse by flag and otherwise, between the hostile commanders, Gen. Jackson had been peculiarly courteous and humane, and proceeded to state that, on the day after the battle, the British were permitted to bury their dead lying beyond a certain line, a hundred yards in advance of General Jackson's entrenchments—all within that line being buried by the Americans themselves. As soon as the melancholy duty was performed, the British General was surprised at receiving a flag, with the swords, epaulettes and watches of the officers who had fallen, and a note from General Jackson, couched in the most courteous language, saying that one pair of epaulettes was missing, but diligent search was making, and when found they should be sent in. These articles—always considered fair objects of plunder—were rescued by Gen. Jackson and thus handed over, with a request that they might be transmitted to the relatives of the gallant officers to whom they had belonged.

This anecdote, and the frank and soldier-like style in which it was given, turned the whole current of feeling in favor of the General, and drew forth an expression of applause from all parts of the table. For myself, said our informant, I felt a flush on my cheek, and a thrill of pride through my bosom, and in my heart, I thanked the old General for proving by this chivalrous act, that the defenders of our country were above the sordid feelings of mercenary warfare.'

BOY'S GAMES. In the current number of Copperfield, Dickens introduces a Mr. Micawber, who is described as "always being "on the look-out for a turn up." Did Micawber live in these fast times he would prepare for an evil that is daily increasing. We allude to the recently introduced practice, which the boys have almost unanimously adopted, of standing on the head in the centre of the sidewalk, and throwing the feet first against the house and then towards the curb. Pass along what street you may, boys will be seen employed at this ugly game. Boys, this practice is injurious to your health and should be discontinued.

This paragraph, which we cut a week or two since from the Baltimore Sun, reminds us [illegible] curious fact in the history of boys, often before observed; namely, the mysterious distribution, in point of time, by which the sports and games of boys appear to be regulated; for, just about the time when the paragraph appeared in the Baltimore journal, we were daily noticing that the same upturning experiment was popular among the New York boys also, and we have no doubt that, about the same time, it was in course of practice generally throughout the Union. How do the boys thus universally become advised that the proper time has arrived for taking up, as they annually do, a particular kind of diversion? What hidden agency communicates the warning, from village to village, and city to city, that a particular sport or feat is the "order of the day?" We have often pondered upon this question.

For it is to be observed that there is a regular succession of games throughout the year. There is a specified, or at least determinate, season, not only for skating and snow-balling, which we may suppose to be governed by the state of the weather, but for ball, marbles, kites, pitching coppers, "hyspy," "mumble-the-peg," hoops, tops, and all the rest of the boyish recreations; you always see *all* the boys pitching coppers, or whipping tops, or whatever else may be the game of the day—not some boys at one and some at another. At the season of kites the blue vault above is thickly sprinkled with these paper high-flyers, and mothers and sisters all over the land are simultaneously pestered for twine and for rags wherewith to make tails; then kites suddenly disappear, and every urchin is spinning a top, or kicking up his heels at the sunny side of a brick wall; anon the side walks swarm with knots of eager gamesters, intent upon the accurate aiming of "chany-alleys" and more ignoble plain pellets; presently bows and arrows are the mode; and so it goes on, year after year, in a regular and universal succession. How is all this matter governed? By instinct, or by a wonderful boyish free-masonry? *N. Y. Com. Adv.*

THE MESSAGE. The Boston Daily Times says of the message: "We have our doubts whether the question as to the authorship of the message will ever excite so much discussion as has arisen about that of Junius's Letters. It is heavy and dull enough, taking it clear through, to be from the pen of Clayton, while the flippancy of some portions of it have the Ewing stamp: the piety, probably, comes from the Secretary of War, and the tariff passages are so very stupid, that they could have come from no other person than Mr. Meredith, who was made Secretary of the Treasury because he knew nothing about public affairs. Mr. Preston, from his belonging to one of "the first families" of Virginia, undoubtedly took charge of the passage on slavery that don't appear; while the thing being good for little, and exhibiting a plentiful lack of knowledge of matters generally understood by statesmen, would seem to fasten it upon the veritable Zachary."

### A CALIFORNIAN WHO WILL DO.

The following, says the New York Tribune, is the greater part of a private letter from a Yorker in California to his friend in this City. He has not seen quite so many alligators as Mr. Stephen H. Branch and a few more of the same sort, but he gives as good an idea of life and prospects in California as we have found in any one letter. He is evidently one of the kind of men that nobody need be ashamed to learn from:

* * * Now, about my own experience in California; I arrived here in June, and went immediately to the mines. I worked there five weeks, and cleared, over all my expenses, $600. Then, partly through the expected arrival of my goods, and partly through fear that my "hole," or lead, would give out, I sold out my "whole," machine and all, for two ounces of dust more than I gave for it, and started for San Francisco. But learning at Sacramento City that the "Robert Browne" had not arrived, I set my wits to work to ascertain how I could spend the intervening time most profitably.

My first operation way buying a lot, 20 by 160 feet, for which I paid $600, and sold soon after for $1,500. Soon after I made the acquaintance of Mr. T. C. O. of New York, who was in the same predicament as myself, not knowing what to do next, as business was then quite dull in the city (Sacramento.) I suggested to him that I thought haying appeared the most reasonable for a lucrative occupation, as terms were pouring in from the Plains, and feed scarce. He agreed with me, and we forthwith set about making preparations for haying. Then commenced a search for scythes. All we could find were two old ones, nearly worn out, and without handles. These we bought at $16 each, and soon after came across a company, just arrived, who had one dozen new ones, sythe and handles, yet did not know for what purpose they brought them. We bought one for $40, and could have sold it in 30 minutes for $75. We cut two crooked sticks for the old ones, hired a man for $10 a day, and started out to a prairie, about six miles from the city, where were about 100 acres of beautiful grass.

We there worked about ten days in the hottest sun that ever shone. From 11 to 3 we could not work, and even after that it would blister the back of our hands. In that time we cut and cocked about 60 tons of hay. The next job was to get it to the city. O. and myself invested $450 each, in oxen and wagons, made our hay riggings, and commenced carting. We drew in, stacked and fenced about 20 tons, and went after more, when a streak of bad luck came over us. One team had loaded and started, and the other two loaded, when, the Prairie being on fire, and the wind blowing hard, our loads took fire, and in fifteen minutes hay and wagons were in ashes, and one yoke of cattle so badly burnt as to be unfit for use. The hay was not of much account, but the wagons cost $300. And that was not all, for three days after the stack at the city took fire and also burnt up. We now had 40 tuns on the prairie, that escaped the fire. We then sold four yoke of oxen, got another wagon, and succeeded in drawing the balance, and stacking it near the city, where we are retailing it at eight cents a pound ($160 a tun) and keeping horses and mules at $2 50 a day.

We have now two good teams, six yoke of oxen and two wagons, which we are running from Sacramento to the Mines, with freight, and which average us $60 a day. They are now on a trip of six days, and will bring us in $900 in *dust*. Teaming is decidedly the best business done here, and if it was not so late, we should put on three or four wagons more. We intend, in the Spring, to run at least ten teams. Had it not been for my goods, I should probably have been *shaking*, or digging now. But I am convinced that mining is the poorest business done here, and the *hardest* work that any white man ever engaged in. From all my experience and observation, I candidly believe, that the *miners will average five dollars a day*. I was extremely lucky, for numbers of our party have worked hard and are not a cent better off than the day they landed. It is all luck—a perfect lottery—and I have not heard of a single instance where a man has been very fortunate, that he continued so long. Thousand come here with sanguine expectations, but are wofully disappointed, and return disgusted with the country. Many lives are lost, and many more constitutions ruined. Browning and Flayler, of our party, (Richardson's,) died on the way through Mexico. A Mr. Capron, formerly with Lea & Brewster, N. Y., recently died at Sacramento. O—— and myself have both been sick, and as we do not like to expose ourselves to the heat of the sun, or the heavy dew at night, we hire two men to drive our teams. One we pay $10 a day, the other $250 a month.

I had an attack of fever caused by overwork, and rode over to the Hospital, 3 miles, to Sutter's Fort, and put myself under the care of Dr. Craigan from Washington, the only comfortable place there for a sick man. I was there five days, had good care and attention, and for which I paid $115. I am able now to keep a horse to ride, so that my labor is comparatively easy, and I therefore do not anticipate any serious results from my sickness.

Horses are worth $100 to $500; Mules ditto. There are but few good horses here, and those are from the States. The Mexican horse is an inferior animal, both in size and build. Oxen, $200; we have six yoke, worth $1,200. Wagons, $100 to $150. There are many cattle coming from the plains, but they are too poor to use this Fall, and many will die before Spring.

Sacramento is a hot, dusty, filthy place, and if the wind blew there as at Sanfrancisco, it would be impossible to live. But it has increased astonishingly. It has now a three-story house called the City Hotel, several zinc-stores, a number of wooden ones, and tents, gambling-houses and boarding-houses of all descriptions and sizes. Gamblers are doing the most extensive business here. It is almost incredible, but I really believe that every third house in Sacramento, San Francisco, and every other place of any note, is a gambling-house, and as you pass along the street at night every one seems filled. They operate greatly in keeping up the rents, for it is not uncommon for them to pay $100 a day rent.

San Francisco is really quite a city. They have already a theater, circus, a number of large hotels and extensive stores, and a dock 300 feet in length. The buildings are all on the side of a mountain, overlooking the Bay, the streets running up and down.

If I had had capital to operate with when I first came, I should now be ready for the return steamer with my fortune. Lots at Sacramento which I could then have bought for $300 to $500, have since sold for $5,000 to $10,000.

There are now three steamboats navigating the Sacramento. The "Mint," about the size of a *clam-shell*, the "McKim," and the "Senator." The last worth both of the others, if it does not draw too much water.

Seven thousand teams have already arrived here, by the Plains, and three thousand more are daily expected. From their accounts, the suffering on that route has been extreme, the roads being literally blocked up with dead oxen and mules.

Board, at Sacramento, is $1 25cts. a single meal, or $20 a week, lodging $1 to $1 50 a night.

As a whole, I think there never was, and probably never will be again, such a country as this for making money. If any of my friends wish to come here for the purpose of making money, in almost any kind of business, *except mining, come on*. Though thousands are coming, yet, take your chance with the rest. It requires either *hard labor* or *capital*.

My merchandise, I disposed of at 25 per cent. advance, which, considering the crammed, glutted condition of the market, I think a remarkably good sale; though it will not afford me any profit, I have not been obliged to sacrifice them, as hundreds have done.

I enclose you an ounce of DUST, as a specimen of the balance, as the man said of the brick.

Yours, L. B. JR.

ALGERIAN TOBACCO. The French Tobacco Regie, it is stated, gets 600,000 pounds Tobacco this year from Algiers.

THE WARINESS OF A DEER. The deer is the most acute animal we possess, and adopts the most sagacious plans for the preservation of its life. When it lies, satisfied that the wind will convey to it an intimation of the approach of its pursuer, it gazes in another direction. If there are any wild birds, such as curlews or ravens, in its vicinity, it keeps its eye intently fixed on them, convinced that they will give it a timely alarm. It selects its cover with the greatest caution, and invariably chooses an eminence from which it can have a view around. It recognises individuals, and permits the shepherds to approach it. The stags at Tornapress will suffer the boy to go within 20 yards of them, but if I attempt to encroach upon them they are off at once. A poor man who carries peats in a creel on his back here, may go "cheek by jowl" with them; but I put on his pannier the other day, and attempted to advance, and immediately they sprung away like antelopes. An eminent deer-stalker told me the other day of a plan one of his keepers adopted to kill a wary stag. This animal had been known for years, and occupied part of a plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The keeper cut a thick bush, which he carried before him as he crept, and commenced stalking at eight in the morning; but so gradually did he move forward that it was five in the afternoon before he stood in triumph with his foot on the antlered king. "I never felt so much for an inferior creature," said the gentleman as I did for this deer. When I came up it was panting life away, with its large Blue eyes firmly fixed on its slayer. You would have thought, sir, that it was accusing itself of simplicity in having been so easily betrayed.

*Inverness Courier.*

CONSOLATION FOR POVERTY. The Home Journal gives utterance to some true philosophy; when speaking of riches, it says:

"Aggrandize as we may, the limits of our senses check miserably at every moment. You call yourself 'proprietor!' Houses and pictures outlive you, and after taking your will of them for a short time, you are carried out of your own door, feet foremost, and never again to enter it. Proprietor you were, perhaps, of farms and castles, estates and mountains; but now you own nothing but a hole in the ground, six feet by two. The artist who visits your gallery while you live and own it, enjoys it more than you. You are rich enough to dine twenty-four times a day, but you must eat sparingly to enjoy eating once. Your cellar is full of exquisite wines, but you can only drink one bottle yourself, and to help you use your store, you are obliged to call around you friends, relatives, parasites—a little world who would live upon your substance, and who, instead of gratitude, are likelier to make you a return in envy. You have thirty horses in your stable, you can mount but one; ride after two or four. To be truly rich, one should have stomach in proportion to the number of dinners he can afford; senses excluded according to stock in bank; sextuple vigor, and sensibility to concentrate and return all the love he could propitiate with gifts. At the close of his life the rich man has hardly spent more upon his own enjoyment than the poor man. He has eaten twice a day, slept in bed alone or with one wife, and the poor man can do as much, and the proprietor scarcely more."

OUR SAVIOUR. The following is the description of the person of Jesus Christ, as it was found in an ancient manuscript sent by Publius Sentilus, President of Judea, to the Roman Senate:

"There lives at this time, in Judea a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet—but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unsurpassed virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped—his aspect amiable—reverent. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match—flowing into graceful curls below his ears; agreeably touching on his shoulder and parting on the crown of his head, like the head dress of the sect of Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large—the cheek without spot, save that of a lovely red—his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry—his beard is thick, and suitable to the hair of his head, extending a little below the chin, and parting in the middle like a fork—his eyes are bright, clear, and serene. He rebukes with majesty—counsels with mildness—and invites with tender and persuasive language. His whole address whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so great a being."

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF A SLAVE. We understand a vessel has arrived here from Wilmington, North Carolina, bringing a yellow girl belonging to George W. Davis, of that city. She was secreted on board by the mate. A bed was thrown into the poop for her to lie upon, and concealed by piling wood around it. The authorities at Wilmington, almost knowing her to be on board, made repeated searches, and smoked the vessel several times, after loudly announcing that they would smother her if she did not show herself. Upon coming out of the river the vessel was boarded by the posse for the last time, and had the girl been found the captain would have been in great peril, notwithstanding he knew nothing of the runaway. During the voyage the girl was fed in the watches, without the knowledge of the master. At the wharf here the vessel was entrusted to the care of the second mate; but in the evening the first mate went aboard, and persuaded the second mate to go on shore upon an errand. He returned, however, so quickly that the mate had not time to get off with his prize, but hid her in another place, where she was discovered by the steward. He told the two mates, who were then conversing in the cabin, that there was a woman on board; but the first mate laughed at the story. Soon after the second mate went into his own room, when the mate took the girl from her concealment, and ran with her rapidly up the wharf. *Boston Post.*

SAVING KNAVES AND ROGUES FROM PUNISHMENT. Macauly, the historian, justly reprimands those wicked English attorneys and counsellors, who agree to defend thieves, murderers, house-burners, highwaymen, &c., before the courts of law, and exert themselves to the utmost, for hire, to show that their clients are innocent, although fully aware that they are guilty. When the constable has caught a thief, is it not monstrous that a counsellor privileged as a friend to justice will, for a fee of ten dollars up to a thousand of the stolen money, exert himself to defeat justice, and send the villain back into the bosom of society, again to plunder honest men? 'I do not think it right,' says Macauly, 'that a man with a wig on his head, and a band round his hat, should do for a guinea, what, without these appendages, he would think it wicked and infamous to do for an empire.' Ethan Allen was once sued, in Vermont, for £60, on a note due to a person in Boston, and being unable to pay it at the moment, he hired a lawyer to get the case put off. His attorney tried to do this, by denying the signature to be Allen's, the witness to the note being in Massachusetts. Allen was in court when this defence was offered; and he cried out, "Mr. S., I did not hire you to come here to lie; I signed that note, and meant to pay it, but I want time." He got it.

Dr. Bacon, of the "Day Book," makes this calculation:—If a clerk will commence on a salary of six hundred dollars a year, at the age of twenty-one, with a merchant having a capital of twenty thousand dollars, and save out of his salary two hundred dollars a year, and lend it to his employer at seven per cent. on his note at six months, add the interest to principal when the note is paid, and lend it again, and so receiving his interest semi-annually, and re-investing it, he will, at the age of forty, have possessed himself of all his employer's capital, and a large sum of his profits.

This is an encouraging fact for young men to take care of their small earnings.