

# CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VOLUME 9.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1857.

NUMBER 3.

## THE CHRONICLE.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, by

**NEBLETT & GRANT,**

Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF THE PAPER,

**\$2 Per annum, in advance.**

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FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS,  
One insertion \$1.00 Two months \$4.50  
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## MISCELLANY.

From Peterson's Magazine.

**FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE.**

BY A. L. OTIS.

"My dear Ada, have you posted that letter?" my aunt asked me.

"No, not yet. I will, by-and-by. I don't feel like going now. The foreign mail does not close until seven."

"It looks like a thunder-storm, and then you can't go."

"This was all my aunt said, and left the room."

My cousin Randolph sat at his writing-desk by the parlor window, and heard our words.

No one on earth ever has been, or ever can be, so dear to me as my cousin.

He was an invalid, and was also suffering from some great grief, the nature of which I did not know. My yearning tenderness and pity, given blindly, he put away from him. He said he dared not accept it.

This was the first day of his escape from a sick-room, his first appearance at the family circle at tea-time, and now, just in the sunset, I was so happy in his presence, that I could not bear to leave him, even to post a letter to my darling sailor brother. When my aunt left the room, we were alone.

"Come here, Ada, love," he said to me, and I flew to his side delighted.

"Go at once with that letter, and when you come back I will tell you what changed me from a happy, strong man, to the guilty, grief broken wretch you have always known me. Good-bye, and hasten, Ada, dearest."

"Grass did not grow under my feet." In half an hour I had returned and was sitting by his side on the bamboo settee, looking from our porch over the garden, to where the heavy purple clouds were still sailing in the golden glory. Randolph held my hand in his, and my heart, in intense listening.

"You know that I was a junior partner in the firm of Smoock & Swansea. One of our clerks, Vincent Underhill, had fallen under suspicion of embezzling large sums from the firm, and was on trial. All the evidence proved him guilty, and his conviction was certain. No one doubted that when his case was concluded, he would be sentenced to the State's prison. Underhill had been a favorite companion, indeed a friend of mine—and I was one evening expressing my grief at his criminal conduct, and horror at his punishment, which in hearing of some of the porters. I observed that one of them, who had been a protegee of Underhill, listened intently, and turned very pale.

"That night, after I had been asleep in my boarding-house for some hours, I was awakened by a knock at my door, and was informed that a man must see me immediately. I had him sent up.

"It was Karl Weiss, the porter to whom Underhill had been so kind. He came, in an agony of repentance, to tell me that he knew the real culprit; that Vincent was innocent, but that he had been bribed, and threatened into swearing false testimony against him, which he had done at the trial. He told me that the guilty man was now at Albany. He was a clerk who had voluntarily left our employment some month before.

"I thought my plain course was, to keep all quiet until I had secured the proofs of guilt, which Karl told me where to find. I was so afraid that my man would get information of Karl's repentance and make his escape, that I got up, dressed myself, talked the matter over with my partners, who secured Karl, and set off by the early morning train for New York. It was before the days of telegraphs.

"I arrived in time, secured certain papers, had the man arrested, and then sped homeward again. All this was promptly done, Ada. But my energy flagged, and I have been paying the heavy penalty ever since.

"I was tired, and worn-out for want of sleep, which I had not enjoyed for three nights. While in New York awaiting the cars, I took a hearty supper and a cigar. When the time came for me to go, I was deliciously resting in an easy chair, and had but half finished my cigar and my

newspaper. I lingered ten minutes longer—ten fatal minutes!"

"Oh, Ada, never defer a duty a moment. There is but one right time given us to do it in, and to occupy another time, is defrauding some other duty of its hour. It is irreparable mischief done, and may bring upon you, dear, some grief like this of mine!"

"I knew I should have to use great haste to reach the depot before the train left, so I promised the driver extra pay if he would get me there in time. You see, I was anxious not to miss this train, as it was the last that day, and I wanted to be in court before the jury brought in their verdict, that dreadful word 'Guilty,' might not strike into my friend's quivering and innocent heart. I knew Underhill to be a person of great sensibility, and I knew, too, that he was engaged to be married.—The verdict 'Guilty,' would be an almost insufferable pang to two persons.

"Ada, I know by the pain it costs me to make this confession to you, in whose eyes I most desire to be good and blameless, what poor Vicent must have suffered, when he felt that she whom he loved, would hear him pronounce a criminal. To be sure, I knew that he would be cleared again, but that word would stain their life with grief, and grief-stains cannot be wholly washed out in after happiness.

"My punishment began with my ride to the cars. In order to secure the promised advance in fare, the driver lashed his poor brutes unmercifully. I remonstrated, but the fellow only grinned, saying, 'No time to lose, sir.' I could hardly bear to hear the savage blows which the poor horses were enduring, to make up for my indulgence in ease. But I did not bear it. When arrived at the depot, I found the train had left."

"The next morning I was in time. But there had been a collision between two stone-trains, and it took five hours to clear the tract. So that I was nine hours in reaching Philadelphia, and when I arrived the jury had brought in their verdict, 'Guilty.' After it was pronounced, the yet unbroken stillness of the court, poor Underhill heard stifled cries and sobs in the gallery, and fainted. He was now in another room, being revived sufficiently to return and hear his sentence. This was told me, as I made my way in frantic haste through the crowd. I quickly informed the proper persons of his innocence, gave up the proofs, and ran to take the news to my friend, Ada—"

Randolph leaned his head heavily on my shoulder. "Oh, Ada, he had just—cut his throat! I saw it."

Randolph was fainting. My kisses and tears could not revive him. Help came, but that emotion was too much for his weakened frame. When they lifted him from my shoulder, a gush of blood poured from his mouth.

In a few days he was well enough to talk a little. I sat alone by his bedside.

"Ada," he said, "I expect another hemorrhage hourly. I want you to make me a promise while I have strength to ask it of you, and sense enough to enjoy your compliance."

"Anything, Randolph."

"Don't sob, darling. This suffering is but retribution. It almost gives me satisfaction to see my blood flow as his did. But I would willingly spare you what his poor Mary endured. It is my heaviest punishment that I cannot. Grant my request, dear. It is to write this cruel story for a warning to others. I believe no human failing produces such fatal results as prostration. Let others see what evil may come by being only five minutes too late."

Poor Randolph has made full retribution. He is dead.

**BEAUTIFUL ALLUSION.**—What quality of human nature is more ennobling, more soul elevating, more benevolent, than the pure love of the parent for its child? And could this love be more charmingly illustrated than in the beautiful allusion of Lamartine, the great French writer, to his parents?

"I remember," says he, "to have seen the branch of a willow which had been torn by the tempest's hand from the parent trunk, floating in the morning light upon the angry surges of the over-foaming Saone. On it a female nightingale still covered her nest, as it drifted down the foaming stream; and the male on the wing followed the wreck which was bearing away the objects of his love!"

What words could express the attachment of the loving parent for its offspring more eloquently than the foregoing?

And how could a parent express love for the child with more true and beautiful simplicity than did the plain, uneducated man, who had received his education principally beneath the open sky, in the field and forest, and who had wielded an ax more than a pen, when he remarked, speaking to his children, "The little chips are nearest the heart!"

## A TROUBLESOME SWAP.

The New York Tribune relates an amusing story, which it declares to be true, of a lady and gentleman at a bathing place in Long Island. They were engaged to be married, and one warm evening when walking along the beach, talking nonsense, they came to a beautiful cove, which was divided by a rocky projection into two nice little bathing places. It was agreed they should bathe here, one taking one place and the other the other, so they would be out of sight of each other. They went in, were having a first rate time, splashing about and talking over the rock to each other, when a little scamp, who had been fishing there, happened to see them, and straightway was possessed by the devil to change their clothes. He did it, and the result is thus related:

As the boy ran behind a sand-hill his long shadow between her and the sinking sun attracted the lady's notice, and in some trepidation she hastened to don her apparel. Fancy her "feelings" on finding not her own clothes, but the hat, coat, vest and other articles in *extenso*, of the gentleman on the other side of the promontory! How could it have happened—and what was to be done? Was that fearfully long shadow some spirit of the sea or shore, who, offended at her intrusion upon his solitude, had resorted to this method of punishing her temerity? It were better to imagine her situation than to attempt to describe it.

In the meantime the gentleman, too, repaired to the shore to dress. Speechless astonishment was depicted on his countenance as it fell upon a heap of woman's clothing. "What in thunder," he muttered to himself, "does this mean? Is the place turned around, or am I crazy?"

In the greatest perplexity he took up one article of feminine apparel after another to the number of about thirty, letting one after another drop again upon the rock where he stood, with many a half audible ejaculation of wonder. There was no doubt in his mind as to whom the things belonged, but how did they get there and where were his own clothes? With one arm akimbo, he pressed his other hand upon his forehead to collect his bewildered senses, little thinking that the mischievous elf who was the author of his embarrassment was laughing at him from behind the same sand-hill.

After a few moments of hesitation the gentleman shouted to his lady love the awkward intelligence and in return was informed that his clothes lay at her feet. All that was to be done was to exchange the lot; but how in the name of delivery, was that consummation, so devoutly wished, to be effected? The sun was now down, but it was not dark yet. Finally, it was arranged that the lady should venture into the water with her eyes seaward, while the lover should exchange the clothes and return to his side of the rocks. Unfortunately, just as he was about to cut around the other side to perform that duty, he caught sight of a couple of young ladies not far off, and he felt compelled to retreat precipitately to his place again.—His discomfited companion would have then come out hastily and called to the ladies for their help, but they were distant, and between herself and them she saw a boy passing along.

To cut the story short, the "peculiarly unpleasant predicament" lasted till the young lady felt it necessary, to save herself from being chilled to death, to attire herself in her lover's clothing. He, on his part, put her garments to his own use for his own benefit, and a pretty good fit it was; for the two friends were about of a size, and for the discrepancy of a full board he might, in less dusky light than then prevailed, have passed for a lady.—It was his intention, in some way or another, he hardly knew how, to rectify the matter immediately; but when he had ventured to rejoin his laughing and blushing sweetheart, he saw the mischievous boy a little distance off, with a grin on his impish countenance, closely watching their motions. Quickly putting a handkerchief to his face to conceal his tell-tale beard, the gentleman took the lady's arm, and they sauntered on the shore until it was dark, then entered the hotel as privately as possible, and making the best of their way to their respective rooms, lost no time in donning more appropriate habiliments.

**GLYCERINE IN CORNS.**—These troublesome things Mr. Wakeley is in the habit of treating, at the Royal Free Hospital, by the application of glycerine, which has the effect of softening them, so that they are easily scooped out. We saw as many as seventeen corns removed in twelve days in this manner.

**SALE OF "EVE."**—Bartholemew, the sculptor, now in Boston, has sold his famous statue of Eve to an American gentleman, for \$5,000. It will be brought from Rome in the Spring.

## OPERATIONS OF THE TENNESSEE PENITENTIARY.

We have received the Report of the Agent of the Penitentiary from which we condense the following facts. They show the institution in a flourishing condition. The aggregate business of the Penitentiary for the past two years, ending on the 30th September, 1857, foots up the sum of \$218,879.86. Work done on the State Capitol by the convicts amounts, during the two years, to \$51,970. The cash transactions including the amount received from the Commissioners of the State Capitol and appropriations by the Legislature, sum up \$134,059.92—\$91,096.56 of which was received from current sales and collections from the 30th Sept. 1855, to the same date 1857. The whole amount of manufactures, sold for cash, on credit, and for the Prison itself is \$184,026.95. The present indebtedness of the Penitentiary is \$15,385.64—its available assets \$50,849.73—showing a net balance in its favor of \$35,564.19—which may be set down as the net profits of the institution for two years.—There is a further balance due the Prison on the old books, bad and suspended debts, which it is improbable will ever be collected. This shows the financial concerns of the Penitentiary to be in a healthy condition. And the Agent predicts that the profits will hereafter be increased. The number of convicts in confinement at the date of the last report was 240—admitted since 197—discharged by expiration of sentence, pardon and death 150, escaped 1—leaving still in confinement on the 30th Sept. last 286. Gov. Johnson pardoned 21; the President 3 and 16 died.

Of those now in prison Davidson county has a representation of 31, Shelby 50, Stewart 10, and the remaining counties each a smaller number. Of the occupations before conviction there were 10 farmers—81 laborers—105 no occupation—14 blacksmiths—15 shoe-makers, and 12 carpenters—of other trades 5 and under.—There were 13 sentenced for murder in the first degree—39 for murder in the second degree—5 for manslaughter—13 for assault with intent to kill—16 for horse stealing—6 for negro stealing—8 for arson—5 for passing counterfeit money—5 for rape—9 for false pretences—5 for malicious shooting—125 for grand and petit larceny—and less numbers for other crimes. The ages of the convicts range from 15 to 70 years—the largest proportion being from 20 to 30. There were married and widowed 162—never married 124. There are who can neither read nor write 56—who can read 78—with common school education 148—classical education 4.—There are who were temperate 33—moderate drinkers 128—intemperate 125—having intemperate parents 91.

The Chaplain, in his report says that, "the history of Penitentiaries forbids us to hope that they will ever become schools of reform for the unfortunate, the ignorant and the vicious; their tendency being rather to render vice inveterate and crime contagious, by associating the depraved together in masses—the combustible elements thus becoming more explosive by contact and compression." But he tells us that of the whole number now in prison, 39 profess to be sincerely religious, 31 of that number having made that profession since their imprisonment. He also says that most of the convicts are in the habit of paying earnest and serious attention to the ordinances and services of the Lord's day.

The Agent states that the grounds &c. of the Prison are too limited for comfort and convenience; and that under the extension of the city it is becoming a nuisance to the residents and property holders of the vicinage, and strongly recommends the purchase of a new site and the erection of new buildings, somewhere on the Cumberland river, three or four miles above the city. He states that the present establishment can be sold out for nearly enough to cover the expenses of removal, and thinks it would subvert the interests of all concerned to change the location. The physician, Dr. Robertson, urges this or some other measure, as a sanitary one.—*Nash Patriot.*

The Devil Plaster, much used by an old surgeon of Morelo and his sons for the cure of wounds without the loss of substance, the composition of which they kept secret, is now published to the world by M. Escorihuela. He obtained the secret from one of the heirs. It is as follows:  
Black pitch, } aa. 180 gramm.  
Dry Resin, }  
Powdered earth worms, 30.  
Crude alum, 4.  
Essential oil of turpentine, 98.  
Mixed well.

Several cases of severe wounds are reported cicatrized without suppuration by this plaster after seventeen or more days. Even fractures and tumors were treated with success by it.

To ascertain the weight of a horse—put your toe under the animal's foot.

## TO MY MOTHER.

The following lines are touchingly beautiful. We have seen nothing of late that has so moved our sympathy. The man who can write such poetry, who has such thoughts, cannot be utterly depraved. The curse of intemperance, with its attendant downward influence, has here done its work, and a spirit noble and generous that might and should be the pride and ornament of the social circle, is now the degraded convict in the walls of a penitentiary. How will that fond mother's heart bleed, if she shall hear of her darling boy, the inmate of a prison, in a foreign land!

I've wander'd far from thee mother;  
Far from my happy home;  
I've left the land that gave me birth,  
In other climes to roam;  
And time, since then, has roll'd its years  
And mark'd them on my brow;  
Yet, I have often thought of thee—  
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking on the day, mother,  
When, at my tender side,  
You watched the dawning of my youth,  
And kissed me in your pride;  
Then brightly was my heart lit up  
With hopes of future joy,  
While your bright finger honor'd mine  
To deck thy darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day mother,  
When, with such anxious care,  
You lift up your heart to Heaven—  
Your hope, your trust was there:  
Fond memory brings thy parting words,  
While tears roll'd down your cheek;  
Thy long, long, loving look told more  
Than ever words could speak.

I'm far away from thee mother;  
No friend is near me now,  
To soothe me with a tender word  
Or cool my burning brow;  
The dearest thy affection words  
Are all now torn from me;  
They left me when the trouble came:  
They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,  
Unloved and unloving;  
Yet still I would not have thee know  
How sorely I'm distressed;  
I know you would not chide me, mother,  
You would not give me blame;  
But soothe me with yo'r tender words,  
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know mother,  
How brightest hopes decay;  
The comfort with his selfish cup  
Has dulled them all away;  
And shame has left its venom sting,  
To rack with anguish wild—  
Yet, still I would not have you know  
The sorrows of thy child.

Oh! I have wander'd far mother,  
Since I deserted thee,  
And left thy trusting heart to break,  
Beyond the deep blue sea;  
Oh! mother, still I love the well,  
And long to hear thee speak,  
And feel again thy kindly breath  
Upon my careworn cheek.

But, ah! there is a thought, mother,  
Pervades my beating breast,  
That thy freed spirit may have flown  
To its eternal rest;  
And while I wipe the tear away,  
Thine whispers in my ear  
A voice, that speaks of heaven and thee,  
And bids me seek thee there.

These lines were written by a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary.

## FAREWELL.

We do not know how much we love  
Until we come to leave;  
An aged tree, a common flower,  
Are things o'er which we grieve;  
There is pleasure in the pots,  
That brings us back the past again.  
We linger while we turn away,  
We cling while we depart;  
And memories, unmet of till then,  
Come crowding round the heart.  
Let what will lure our onward way,  
Farewell's a bitter word to say.

## IMPORTANT INVENTION FOR COTTON PLANTERS.

At the recent fair of the American Institute, a silver medal was awarded to Major George G. Henry, of Mobile, Ala., for his improvement in the manufacture of yarn, by spinning the seed cotton on the plantation. The inventor has contracted with George L. Yergor, Esq., an extensively known cotton grower of Yazoo county, Mississippi, on whose plantation the machine is to go into immediate operation, to spin the seed cotton into yarns to the extent of 450 bales per annum, for five years. This machine is destined to work an entire revolution in the manufacture of cotton.

It is proposed to form a joint company under the general law of Virginia, with a capital of four millions of dollars, in shares of \$1,000 each, which will contract with the former to furnish the necessary machinery itself, but requiring a tariff of say one-fourth of the profit between the price of the raw cotton and the spun yarn. It is admitted on all hands that the increase in the revenue of the cotton grower will be about 100 per cent.

Wisdom is always satisfied with present enjoyments, because it frees a man from all anxious cares about futurities.

**COTTON FACTORY BURNED.**—The cotton factory at Athens, Georgia, was burned on Tuesday night last. The loss of property is estimated at from \$60,000 \$75,000, upon which there is no insurance.

**GENERAL HASKELL.**—It affords us unfeigned pleasure to find the following announcement in the Lexington Observer. We trust that Gen. Haskell may be prevailed upon to deliver a lecture here on his return home.—*Lex. Jour.*

Gen. W. T. Haskell.—This distinguished jurist, soldier, and orator, whose fame is not confined to any single section of our country, will appear before the citizens of Lexington on Friday evening next in the capacity of a public lecturer. It is generally known that Gen. Haskell has for some months past been an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum in this city, and we announce the fact of his complete restoration to sanity with a feeling of the liveliest satisfaction. The name of Haskell is dear, not only to the people of Tennessee, but is cherished wherever admiration for chivalry and eloquence and genius has an abiding place, and we congratulate the country upon the fact that he has come down from "the thunder hill of Frensy," purified and chastened by the fierce ordeal through which he has lately passed. Gen. Haskell is, beyond all peradventure, one of the most eloquent and gifted men of the time, and belongs to that class of which Sargent S. Prentiss was such a glorious type, and we assure our readers that an ever-to-be-remembered pleasure is in store for them. It is needless for us to call upon the people of Lexington to give the lecturer a reception worthy of themselves and of him. Let him receive an oration at their hands that will bring him a golden dowry of resolution and of hope, and dull the memory of his recent wanderings in the strange, wild Land of Distraction.

**THAT DUEL OPPOSITE VICKSBURG.**—The Vicksburg Sentinel, of the 3d inst., gives the following account of the duel fought opposite that place:

"Our city for the past two or three days has been in a state of excitement in anticipation of an affair of honor between B. H. Purdom, Esq., editor of the Port Gibson Herald, and Col. W. D. Roy, editor of the Southern Sun. In accordance with previous arrangements, the parties repaired to the opposite side of the river yesterday, and at about 3 o'clock the duel came off. The Mississippi rifles were used, distance forty paces. At the first fire Mr. Purdom received a severe wound, the ball of his adversary striking his left arm just below the elbow, ranging up to the shoulder, shattering his arm in a most terrible manner. It is feared that amputation will be necessary.

A very kind-hearted, humane Judge about to pass sentence of death, upon a criminal, began by assuring him that although it was necessary he should die; it was with extreme reluctance that he should pass his sentence—that no one would take any pleasure in his death, but on the contrary regret it. "But there is no escape," said the Judge, "the blood of your victim crieth—the law lies bleeding—there's no doubt of your guilt—what chance, then is there that you should escape? Die you must!" Here the feelings of the prisoner overpowered him, and, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "Yes, Judge, I have been thinking about all this—it is monstrous bad—but can't see compromise by hanging a nigger!"

**WOMAN'S LAUGH.**—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It leaps from her heart in clear sparkling rill; the heart hears it and feels bathed in the exhilarating spring. It turns the prose of our life into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darkest wood in which we are traveling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other; "but, to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class generally called insects."

**A GUN FOR A CANNON.**—The people in one of the upper districts of Wisconsin, were represented in the last Legislature by a Mr. Gunn; but he not making noise enough, they have this year nominated a Mr. Cannon.

**HOGS.**—The Louisville Journal says, we could hear of nothing doing in hogs. The weather was warm, and packers showed but little disposition to make contracts: \$5 nett, however, was freely offered.

The Rockport Democrat says hogs are offered in that market at \$4 per 100 lbs, without finding any one willing to contract at that price.

At Quincy, Ills., the highest figure offered is \$4 1/2 100 lbs, for early delivery.

The Chicago Tribune of Thursday says: The demand for hogs is not great, and packers are only slaughtering those contracted some time since, and small lots for all occasional orders for barreled pork. Rates offered to-day are about \$5 nett, or say \$4 @ 20 gross, it being very difficult to obtain \$4 25 for very heavy hogs. But the stock of beef and pork in the various markets is very small, and the demand from Europe, and Canada, and the East must require all the hogs in the country, so that we may pretty certainly look for fair rates and a better demand after awhile.

## A RELIGION FOR ALL WEATHERS.

There is a fishing village on the coast of Cornwall, where the people are very poor, but pious and intelligent. Last year they were sorely tried. The winds were contrary, and for nearly a month they could not go to sea. At last, one Sabbath morning, the wind changed, and some of the men whose faith was weak, went out towards the beach, the women and children looking on sadly, many saying with sighs; "I'm sorry it's Sunday, but—if we were not so poor."

"But if," said a sturdy fisherman, starting up and speaking aloud, "surely, neighbors, are your butts and ifs to break God's law?"

The people gather around him, and he added:

"Mine's a religion for all weathers, fair winds and foul. 'That is the love of God, that ye keep it holy.' That's the law, friends. 'And our Lord came not to break, but to fulfill the law. True, we are poor; what of that? Better poor and have God's smile, than rich and have his frown. Go, you that dare; but I never knew any good come of a religion that changes with the wind.'"

These words in season staved off the purpose of the rest. They went home and made ready for the house of God, and spent the day in praise and prayer. In the evening just when they would have been returning, a sudden storm sprung up that raged terribly for two days. After the tempest came settled weather, and the pilchard fishery was so rich and abundant that there was soon no complaining in the village. Here was a religion for all weathers. Remember the words, "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

## PAYING SMALL BILLS DUE MECHANICS.

It is a very common practice for individuals to engage a mechanic to do a job of work, the cost of which would probably amount to a dollar or two. The work must be done immediately, because it is generally such a necessity that waiting is not possible. The mechanic puts aside his other business and does the job, but instead of being paid at once, and engagements on both sides complete, as they ought to be, he is told to call at some future time for the money. If he does so, he of course, has to be subjected to that loss of time, and which is not included in the job. If he repeats his visit he gives offence, though it is evident that having earned his money, he is entitled to it promptly, and he is the person who has reason to complain that his visits have to be so frequent, compelling him to earn his money twice—once by efforts to collect it. Persons now fully able to pay all such debts as these as soon as the work is done, take advantage of the present monetary difficulties to delay payment for weeks and months, and in some instances, we have heard of them taking the tour of Europe and leaving such small claims undischarged. This is a great wrong to industrious mechanics and results in mischief to the community, for the trouble in collecting such debts has grown so great that mechanics are obtained with difficulty in times of ordinary prosperity, for jobbing about a house, unless they know their customers make it a rule to pay promptly on the completion of the job.

A piece of candle may be made to burn all night in a sick room, or elsewhere, when a dull light is wished, by putting finely powdered salt on the candle until it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night from a small piece of candle.

Storne says in his Koran, "I never drink, I cannot do it on equal terms with others. If costs them only one day, but me three; the first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting."

Mr. Choate was arguing a case before a full bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, when he, wishing to compliment Judge Shaw, exclaimed:—"When I look upon the venerable Chief Justice, I am like the Hindoo before his idol—I know that he is ugly, but I feel that he is very great."

The Philadelphia bakers are in arms against the Steam Bakery Company in that city. They are fearful that it will ruin their business.

The official vote for Governor of Alabama, as declared before the Legislature at Montgomery, on Wednesday last, was, for Andrew B. Moore, 41,871, and scattering 2,447 votes.

The South Carolina Conference will meet at Charlotte, N. C., on the 25th November, and Bishop PAINÉ will preside.

WITTY BUT WICKED.—A stout fellow says he always looks under the marriage bed for the signs of a ghost.