

# The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 4.

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## TERMS:

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## Poetry.



### I LOVE THE LADIES.

I love the ladies, every one—  
The laughing girl and young one—  
Those dark-eyed daughters of the sun,  
With tresses black as jet's hair,  
Who rapture in their glances glow,  
Rich lips their cheeks disclose,  
And in the little dimples there,  
Young smiling Loves repose.

I love the ladies, every one—  
The blushing one and fair—  
With looks as mild and languishing,  
And bright and golden hair;  
How lovely are their eyelike forms,  
Their slender waists,  
And their blushes for more beautiful  
Than rose-buds bathed in dew.

I love the ladies, every one—  
Even those whose graceful forms  
Are engaged to the work that's done,  
A hundred winter's storm—  
The young, the old, the stout, the thin,  
The stout as well as tall,  
Widows and wives, matrons and maids,  
O, yes, I love them all.

I love the ladies, every one—  
None but a wretch could doubt—  
This world would be a lonely place,  
If we were left without you;  
But lighted by a woman's smile,  
Away all gloom is driven,  
And the most humble home appears  
Almost a little heaven.

I love the ladies, every one—  
They're angels all, God bless 'em!  
And what our greatest pleasure give,  
Then to comfort and express 'em!

I love myself a temperance man,  
So I'll drink no wine or water—  
Here's to the mother, son and all,  
And every mother's daughter.

## Miscellaneous.

### ONLY A FEW WORDS.

Words are little things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily, that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fifty spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew and the fertilizing rain—but when unspoken, like the frost, the hail, and the desolating tempest. Some men speak as they feel or think, without estimating the force of what they say, and then seem very much surprised if any one is hurt or offended. To this class belongs Mr. Winkelman. His wife was a loving, sincere woman, quick to feel. Words to her were indeed things. They never fell upon her ears as idle sounds. How often was her poor heart bruised by them!

On this particular morning, Mrs. Winkelman, whose health was feeble, found herself in a weak, nervous state. It is only by an effort that she could rise above the morbid irritability that afflicted her. Earnestly did she strive to repress the disturbed beatings of her heart, but she strove in vain. And it seemed to her, as it often does in such cases, that everything went wrong. The children were fretful, the cook dilatory and cross, and Winkelman impatient, because saucy matters pertaining to his wardrobe were not just to his mind.

"Eight o'clock, and no breakfast yet," said Mr. Winkelman, as he drew out his watch, on completing his own toilet. Mrs. Winkelman was in the act of dressing the last of five children, all of whom had passed under her hands. Each had been capacious, cross, or aurally, sorely trying the mother's patience. Twice had she been in the kitchen to see how breakfast was progressing, and to enjoy the careful preparation for a favorite dish with which she had prepared to surprise her husband.

"It will be ready in a few minutes," said Mrs. Winkelman. The fire hasn't burnt freely this morning.

"If it has one thing, it is smother," growled the husband. "I'm getting tired of this irregularity. There's soon to be no breakfast to get if I were always behind time in business matters."

Mrs. Winkelman bent lower over the child she was dressing, to conceal the expression of her face. What sharp pains throbbled through her temples. Mr. Winkelman commenced walking the floor impatiently, little imagining that every jarring footfall was like a blow on the sensitive brain of his wife.

"Too bad! too bad!" he had just ejaculated, when the bell rang.

"At last!" he muttered, and strode towards the breakfast room. The children followed in considerable disorder, and Mrs. Winkelman, after arranging her hair, and putting on a morning cap, joined them at the table. It took some moments to restore order among the little ones.

The dish that Mrs. Winkelman had been at considerable pains to provide for her husband, was set beside his plate. It was his favorite among many, and his wife looked for a pleased recognition thereof, and a lifting up of his clouded brow. But he did not seem even to notice it. After supplying the children, Mr. Winkelman helped himself in silence. At the first mouthful he

threw down his knife and fork, and pushed his plate from him. "What's the matter?" "You didn't trust Bridget to cook this, I hope," was the response.

"What else?" Mrs. Winkelman's eyes were filling with tears.

"Oh, it's of no consequence," answered Mr. Winkelman, coldly, "anything will do for me."

"James!" There was a touching sadness blended with the rebuke in the tones of his wife, and as she uttered his name tears welled over her cheeks.

Mr. Winkelman didn't like tears. They always annoyed him. At the present time, he was in no mood to bear with them. So, on the impulse of the moment he rose from the table, and taking up his hat he left the house.

Self-justification was tried, though not as has been seen, with complete success. The calmer grew the mind of Mr. Winkelman, and the clearer his thoughts, the less satisfied did he feel with the part he had taken in the morning's drama. By an inversion of thought, not usual among men of his temperment, he had been presented with a vivid realization of his wife's side of the question. The consequence was, that by dinner time he felt a good deal ashamed of himself, and grieved for the pain he knew his hasty words had occasioned.

It was in this better state of mind that Mr. Winkelman returned home. The house seemed still as entered. As he proceeded up stairs, he heard the children's voices, pitched to a low key, in the nursery. He then listened, but could not hear the tones of his wife. So he passed into the chamber which was darkened. As soon as he could see clearly in the feeble light, he perceived that his wife was lying on the bed. Her eyes were closed, and her thin face looked so pale and death-like that Mr. Winkelman felt a cold shudder creep through his heart. Coming to the bedside he leaned over and looked down upon her. At first he was in doubt whether she really breathed or not, and he felt a heavy weight removed when he saw that her chest rose and fell in feeble respiration.

"Mary!" he spoke in a low tender voice. Instantly the fringed eyelids parted, and Mrs. Winkelman gazed upon the husband's face in blank bewilderment.

Obeying the momentary impulse, Mr. Winkelman bent down and left a kiss upon her pale lips. As moved by an electric thrill, the wife's arms were flung around the husband's neck.

"I am sorry to find you so ill," said Mr. Winkelman in a voice of sympathy. "What is the matter?"

"Only a sick headache," replied Mrs. Winkelman. "But I've had a good sleep, and feel better now. I didn't know it was so late," she added, her tone changed slightly, and a look of concern coming into her countenance. "I'm afraid your dinner is not ready," she attempted to rise. But her husband bore her gently back with his hand, saying:

"Never mind about dinner. It will come in good time. If you feel better, lie perfectly quiet. Have you suffered much pain?"

"Yes." The word did not pass her lips sadly, but came with a softly wreathed smile. Already the hue of her cheeks was giving place to a warmer tint, and the dull eyes brightening. What a healing power was in his tender tones and considerate words. And that kiss—it had thrilled a long weary nerve—and had been as a tonic to the drooping spirit. "I feel so much better that I will get up," she added, now rising from her pillow.

And Mrs. Winkelman was entirely free from pain. As she stepped upon the carpet, and moved across the room, it was with a firm tread. Every muscle was elastic, and the blood leaped along her veins with a new and healthier impulse.

No trial of Mr. Winkelman's patience in a late dinner was in store for him. In a few minutes the bell announced the family; and he took his place at the table so tranquil in mood, that he almost wondered at the change in his feelings. How different was the scene from that presented at the morning meal!

And there was power in a few simple words to effect so great a change as this? Yes, in simple words, fragrant with the oils of kindness.

A few gleams of light shone into the mind of Mr. Winkelman, as he returned nursing to his office, and he saw that he was often to blame for the clouds that darkened so often over the sky of home.

"Mary is foolish," he said, in partial self-justification, "to take my words so much to heart. I speak often without meaning half what I say. She ought to know me better. And yet," he added, as his step became slower, "it may be easier for me to choose my words carefully, and repress the unkindness of tone that gives them a double force, than for her to help feeling pain at their utterance."

Right, Mr. Winkelman! That is the common sense of the whole matter. It is easier not to strike, than to help feeling, or showing signs of pain, under the infliction of a blow. Look well to your words, all ye members of a home circle. And especially look well to your words, ye whose words, have more weight, and fall, dealt in passion, with the heaviest force.

SEWARD ON THE STUMP.  
Senator Seward somewhat against his custom, has taken the stump in New York, in behalf of the Black Republican anti-slavery movement. He made a two hours speech at Albany on Friday evening last—a speech that bristled with boldness and treason to the Constitution and the Union, and the most scathing hostility to the South and Southern institutions. As remarked by the Herald, "there must be something in the wind" sure enough, when Seward abandons even for a moment his favorite policy of secret wire working, and boldly makes his appearance on the hustings. "Heretofore," it says, "he has been the invisible arch-agitator, never seen anywhere, but working everywhere, through the agencies of his big and little villains, runners, tick-waiters, and pipe-layers. Like the old rat in the fable, his policy has been to keep out of harm's way. But the present agitation has unceremoniously, &c. 'Of one thing,' it continues, 'we may be assured when the arch-agitator takes the field: his stakes are directly involved in the contest, and there is some doubt of the result.' This, we suspect, is the true reason why he has made his public appearance in the canvass in New York at the present time. He sees something in the signs of the times, which promises to be fatal to the success of his long-cherished Abolition schemes and to his own hopes of political promotion, and deeming it no longer safe or prudent to rely entirely upon his 'big and little villains,' he considers it necessary to step boldly into the ring himself. This we regard a significant sign of the re-organization of the old Wide Party at the North upon a basis of national principles, and their expressed determination to oppose sectionalism and factionism in all their forms, have disturbed the equanimity of the arch agitator, and caused him to crawl out from his hiding place, and make a desperate attempt to bolster up the falling fortunes of himself and his cause. We repeat that the various movements of a national character, which have recently manifested themselves in several of the Northern States have animated the friends of the Union and the Constitution with new hopes, and produced considerable fear and depression in the minds of the Abolition fanatics and incendiaries. The conservative men at the North have only to remain firm and organize themselves properly, and the result will be such as every patriot in the land will heartily rejoice over.

The speech of Senator Seward is only a repetition and relish of what he has frequently disgorged the country with before. He offers nothing new, but contents himself with reiterating his old hackneyed notions about the equality of all men and all races. He calls the slaveholders of the South a "petty class," and argues that the existence of such a people under a Republican form of government is fatal to its continuance, and that it ought to be done away with, if we would preserve our institutions and our liberties intact and unimpaired. He says:

"I think it not strange or extravagant when I say that an Aristocracy has already arisen here, and it is already undermining the Republic. An Aristocracy could not arise in any country, where there was no privileged class and no special foundation on which such a class could permanently stand. On the contrary, every state, however Republican its constitution may be, is sure to become an Aristocracy sooner or later, if it has a privileged class standing firmly on an enduring special foundation, and if that class is continually growing stronger and stronger, and the opposite classes growing weaker and weaker. It is not all essential to a privileged class that it rest on feudal tenures, or on military command, or on ecclesiastical authority, or that its rights be hereditary, or even that it be distinguished by titles of honor. It may be even the mere intonations and the more dangerous for lacking all these things, because it will be less obnoxious to popular hostility."

A privileged class has existed in this country from an early period of its settlement. Slaveholders constitute that class. They have a special foundation on which to stand, namely, personal dominion over slaves. Conscience and policy forbid all men alike from holding slaves, but some citizens disregard the injunction. Some of the States enforce the prohibition; other States neglect or refuse to enforce it. In each of the States, there are three hundred and fifty thousand citizens who avail themselves of this peculiar indulgence, and those protected by the laws of the States, constitute a privileged class. They confer themselves to be such a class, when they designate the system of slavery as a peculiar institution."

He next attempts to show that the spirit of the revolutionary age was adverse to such a "privileged class," as he maintains Southern slave holders are—that, at the period of the revolution both America and Europe were firmly and earnestly engaged prosecuting what was expected to be a self-justified, and universal abolition of slavery—that at that time, Southern slave holders themselves admitted that slavery, as a permanent system, was indefensible, and favored its removal—and that then they only asked for some securities against a sudden, rash, and violent removal of the evil. He then points to the provisions of the Constitution, which contain guaranties of the slave property of the South, and says such concessions would never have been made by Northern men at that time, but for the conviction among them that the Southern States themselves would soon, without federal interference take prompt steps to abolish slavery from their midst.

All this, and much more, he says, which he has heretofore repeated a thousand times. But even the wicked and wily intellect of William H. Seward is unequal to the task we trust, of organizing a great sectional party whose sole object is the prostration of the South and the destruction of the Union. We know the Black Republican movement is formidable both in the number of its adherents and advocates, and their quality. Reckless from principle, unscrupulous in their tactics, and indomitable in their perseverance, they have it in their power to accomplish much mischief by sowing the seeds of discord and alienation between the North and the South, and keeping up that system of perpetual irritation, which destroys the peace of the country, retards legislation, and constantly opens before us that fearful abyss of Dissension, from which patriots and good men of all sections shrink with unalterable fear and trembling. But notwithstanding all this, we have faith that the "sober second thought" of a majority of even the Northern people will yet rally to the rescue of the Constitution and the Union, and save them from the fate which Abolitionism, in its madness and its fury, would consign them. There is, we believe, enough conscience, enough patriotism, and enough of the spirit of genuine nationality and love of liberty pervading the masses of the Northern people to constitute an all-sufficient bulwark against the frantic assaults which Abolitionism and Sewardism are making upon our institutions and our rights. If in this we are mistaken, then the sad story is soon told. The Union becomes a thing of the past; and its separate fragments like kindred estranged, will be to each other irreconcilable and warring enemies.

In conclusion, there is one feature of Mr. Seward's speech, which we commend to the special attention of Southern Democrats. It is that therein he denounces the American Party with extraordinary zest and violence, calling it "prosperity and opposed to the principles of universal equality." When it is remembered that Southern Democrats have uniformly alleged that the Abolitionists of the North were the special friends and allies of the American party, it will sound a little singular to hear the great and avowed leader of the Abolition hosts denouncing that party. But so it is, we call particular attention to the significant fact.—*Richmond Whig.*

### A HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

In Richmond, Va., on Tuesday night of last week, two negro men disappeared from their owners, and were supposed to have run away. On Friday night, one of them re-appeared before his master in great agitation, and informed him that he had been enticed away by a Northern white man named Francis Aboubrine, who had arrived in Richmond three or four weeks ago, and who persuaded them, against their will, to let him carry them off to the North in his brothers vessel, then lying at Richmond. For this they were to pay \$75 each. He took them on Tuesday night, to a house which he had rented, in the 3d story of which he kept them carefully locked up, staying with them himself at night, and carrying them their food. On Thursday night, Carter, one of the negroes, (who had paid his \$75 of "passage money"—Baylis, the other negro, having paid but a few dollars,) complained of sickness, and requested the white man to procure him some medicine. He went out and brought a mixture which he administered to Carter, who in a few moments commenced having spasms, and very soon died. The man directed Baylis to help him carry the body to the cellar. This accomplished, the murderer took a knife and cut and gashed the body in a horrible manner, telling Baylis he had been a physician, and wished to observe the effect of the drug upon the system. The next morning the white man told Baylis that he would go out and procure a shovel and bury the body in the cellar—that he had rented the premises for five years, and no one would discover it. He went accordingly, and Baylis was subsequently made to act as grave digger and the burial was soon completed. These circumstances very naturally alarmed Baylis, who expected his turn would come next. He asked the man why he killed Carter, and he replied that he didn't like him much; but as for him (Baylis) he would stick by him and send him to the North, where he would have a lucrative situation. Baylis, however, was not satisfied; and on Friday night, (his white acquaintance happening to leave the key in the door,) he slipped out; went from the third to the second story, opened a window and jumped out.

At the entreaty of Baylis, his master and a number of policemen went to the house, where they found the body of Carter, horribly gashed. Setting a watch about the premises, they saw Aboubrine enter at a late hour of the night. They followed, and found that he had taken the alarm and secured himself in a coal house in an adjoining lot. When they came upon him, he attempted to repel them with a revolver and a knife; but was safely secured. At this moment he blew a quantity of powder from his mouth into the face of one of the officers, from which that officer felt a disagreeable sensation. On his way to prison he admitted that he killed Carter, and said he had done a very foolish thing. He also apologized for blowing the powder into the officer's face, and told him to drink some water, which would prevent any injury. This advice the officer very prudently declined.

Shortly after arriving at the cage, the prisoner was seized, with the most horrible screams, which succeeded each other with fearful rapidity, and before any medical assistance could be procured, he was dead! He had, it appeared, swallowed a large dose of strychnine, and it was a portion of the deadly poison that he had pulled into the watchman's face. Thus, the murderer, by his own act, and with all his sins upon him, went to meet his helpless victim in another world.

The murder of Carter (says the Richmond Whig, from whose detailed account we have condensed the above particulars) was an unprovoked, cold-blooded act, and the general belief is that he would have made way with Baylis in the same manner, had not his escape frustrated the plan. The public must form their own opinion of his atrocious design. That he contemplated aiding the escape of the negroes is controverted by the murder of one of them; and the only conclusion we can arrive at is that he merely wished to secure their money, and then get rid of them by the shortest possible method. No one seems to know any thing of the murderer's previous history, although a woman testified at the inquest that he came to her house and stated that he was from New York; that he had recently clandestinely married a lady in the British Provinces, and that while on the way to New York they were overtaken and the lady was carried back. The witness also stated that Aboubrine offered her \$500, if she would go to the British Provinces and induce the lady to come hither; and that she saw in his possession two vials which he said contained strychnine, with which he said he would end his life, if he was constrained that he would never again see her upon whom his affections were centered.

This horrible affair produced the most intense excitement in Richmond and crowds of persons flocked to see the dead bodies of Aboubrine was a carrier and designer by trade, and had worked a short time at his trade in Richmond. He had hired the house for the purpose of establishing a restaurant, as he said. He told the negroes that the plan was a safe one; that they would be placed on his brother's vessel on Thursday night, and would be in no danger, as all vessels were never searched. The Petersburg Express says: "There can be little doubt that the murderer was the agent of a Northern society, sent to the South for the purpose of seducing negro slaves to escape from servitude, and that the house rented by him, under the pretext of being designed for a restaurant, was really to serve as a rendezvous for runaways, where they might be secreted, until an opportunity for escape was presented."

And the Express cites the case of Baylis now in the Virginia penitentiary, convicted under similar circumstances as the agent of a society of women at Worcester, Mass.

Another case in point. A negro belonging to Dr. Crawford, of Lancaster C. H., S. C., is now in jail at King & Queen C. H.,

### REMEMBER A FRENCH PRIVATEER.

The schooner Director, of Seizure, is now discharging at Long wharf some eighteen or twenty old iron guns which were taken from the sunken wreck of the French frigate "Bien Faitant"—or God will—sunk in 1798, at the time of the attack of the English upon the French at Louisburg, to prevent her falling into the hands of the English. The guns, which weigh in weight from one and a half to four and a half tons, were taken up by the submarine armor of Messrs. Edwin Otis & Co., of Seizure, Mass. Among other things raised was a piece of one of the floor timbers, which sided 18 by 36 inches. The Director will return to the spot where the wreck lies to secure more of the remains.—*Boston Post.*

### HEAVY SNOW STORM.

We were yesterday shown a letter, dated Cherry Valley, 12th instant, in which it was stated, that the evening previous (Thursday) they were visited by a severe snow storm which broke down trees and fences, and resulted in doing other damage. Trees laden with fruit suffered the most. The snow that fell was wet and heavy, and the storm extended for several miles.—*Albany Argus.*

### LARGE CARGO OF WHEAT AND FLOUR.

NEW YORK, October 19.—The clipper ship Adelaide, from San Francisco, arrived here to day with a cargo of 10,000 bushels of wheat and barley, and 1,000 bbls. of flour.

### FROM THE N. Y. JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

THE KANE EXPEDITION—THRILLING ADVENTURE.  
Some of the episodes encountered during Dr. Kane's search, have wild interest. At one time it became necessary to send a fatigued party with provisions, to assist the main party under Dr. Kane, in an attempted passage across Smith Sound. This party was under the command of Mr. Brooks, first officer of the expedition. He was accompanied by Mr. Wilson and other volunteers. During their travel they found the ice completely impenetrable, and a snow drift at last swept wildly over the floes, and in the midst of a heavy gale from the North, the thermometer, to their dismay, sunk to fifty-seven degrees below zero. Human nature could not support the terrible cold. Four of the party, including Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilson, were prostrated with frozen feet, and with great difficulty three of their companions, after encountering great suffering reached the ship and announced the condition of their comrades. Their chances of being rescued seemed extremely small.

They were in the midst of a wilderness of snow, incapable of motion, protected only by a canvas tent, and with no land marks by which their position could be known. Even to draw these unaided men would have been under ordinary circumstances, a work of difficulty, but to the slender party left at the ship it seemed to be impossible. Dr. Kane, with the boldness and courage which justified the warm attachment felt towards him by all under his command, in less than one hour organized a rescue party, leaving on board only those who were necessary to receive the sick, and started off in the teeth of a terrific gale, steering by compass, to rescue the sufferers. After fourteen hours' constant travel, during which two of the party fainted, and others required to be kept from sleep by force, they struck the trail of the lost party, and finally, staggering under their burdens, one by one reached the tent, which was almost hidden by the snow.

The scene as Dr. Kane entered the tent, was affecting beyond description. The party burst out into tears. A blubber fire was immediately built, pemmican cooked, and the party ate for the first time after leaving the vessel. Ice was also melted, and having been so starved, the patients drank. Worn out as they were, but four hours were allowed for the halt. The maimed of the frozen party were sown up in Buffalo robes, placed on sledges, and dragged along by their companions. Dr. Kane walked in advance, and picking the track. Cold of the utmost severity again overtook them. Bon-sall and Merton, and even the Esquimaux boy Hence, sunk upon the snow with grief. It was only by force that they were aroused and made to proceed, as the cold seemed to have destroyed all conception of danger. A large bear met on their way, was fortunately scared off by Dr. Kane, by the simple waving of his hand.

They reached the ship, after a walk of sixty-two hours, still dragging their companions behind them, but insensible. Dr. Hayes, the intelligent surgeon of the ship, from whom we obtain the particulars of this fearful adventure, received the returning party. Two of the number died of their injuries, and two others underwent amputation, who are now restored to perfect health. The condition of those who dragged the sick, was most lamentable. Their money for a time was entirely gone, and the ship, in the midst of uttering delirium, resembled a hospital. The surgeon and one remaining attendant were in sole charge of the ship. In this state of semi-madness the sick remained for two or three days, but afterwards they entirely recovered, and the party under Dr. Kane started three weeks afterwards and resumed their labors in the field.

Intrepidity like this, has never been surpassed. It is spoken of with emotion, even now by the stoutest hearts in the expedition.

A handsome gold medal was presented to Capt. D. N. Ingraham, U. S. N., in New York recently, as a testimonial of respect and appreciation of his conduct in the bay of Suwayr, on the occasion of the rescue of Kosta. The face of the medal which was massive and richly chased, represents a boat bearing figures from the quays of a seaport, the American vessel in the foreground and the Austrian ships in the distance. The Goddess of Liberty occupied the centre immediately above this scene. Surrounding both was the inscription, "Do you close the protection of the United States?" Then you shall have it!" Below the scene impression was the legend, "Civil and Religious Liberty." And "Ingraham—Suwayr, July 2, 1855." On the reverse side of the medal was a design in relief, representing a half globe surrounded by the American eagle, capped with rays of light, and below the globe the words, "Mass meeting of the United States of New York to Capt. D. N. Ingraham, Sept. 22, 1855."

Capt. Ingraham's reply upon the reception of the medal was brief and modest.

PECULIARITIES OF GLASS.—It is curious fact in science that glass resists the action of all acids except the fluorine; it loses nothing in weight by use; it is more capable than all other substances of receiving the highest degree of polish; if melted several times over and properly cooled in the furnace, receiving a polish which almost rivals the diamond in brilliancy. It is capable of receiving the richest colors produced from gold or other metallic coloring, and will retain the original brilliancy of hue for ages. Medals, too, imbedded in glass, can be made to retain forever their original purity and appearance.

### FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF STEAMER AFRICA.  
HALIFAX, Oct. 24.  
The steamer Africa has arrived, with Liverpool dates of October 13.

The allies were active on the Danube. Sebastopol was quiet. The Russians on the north side are continuing their works of defense, and throwing a stray shot occasionally at the south side. Kars still holds out. A slight affair had occurred near Kertsch, terminating in favor of the allies. The allies were threatening Perokop, and the bombardment of Odessa by the fleet was expected.

The allied fleet was before Odessa. The papers say that the Russians had withdrawn from the north side of Sebastopol towards the Belbek, leaving only a few to defend the fort.

The czar was at Nicolaeff attending a Council of War.

The French were concentrating men and munitions of war at Silbirtia. An Austrian circular says that though Prussia is at liberty to act as mediator, the present is not the proper time, and that the Western Powers must follow up their advantage and not treat with Russia till she is expelled from the Crimea.

The Russians had defeated the Turks in Asia, with a loss of 400 killed. Ali Pasha was taken prisoner. The garrison at Kars was reduced to the last extremity. Omar Pasha was advancing to raise the siege.

In the Baltic, nineteen Russian merchantmen had been captured.

Denmark had invited a Congress of all the Powers, including the United States, to settle the question of the Sound dues.

The Greek Ministry had resigned, and a new one was to be formed.

Cotton has declined 1/4 cent, chiefly on four uplands and lower grades. Sales of the 31,000 bales, including 5,000 to speculators and exporters. Fair Orleans 64 1/2, middling 54 1/2, fair uplands 64, middling 54 1/2. Flour has advanced 1/2, and wheat 3/4. Corn active and unchanged. Canal flour 41s. Ohio 41s. 6d. White corn 45s.; yellow 40s. 6d. White wheat 12s. 8d.; red 12s. Provisions firm.

Money tighter. Consols 87 1/2. Bonds and shares very quiet, nearly a panic had taken place in the cotton market. There were more sellers than buyers, and some sales were forced at nearly 1/2 cent decline. The market, however, closed steady, as the bank rate of interest had not been increased.

### VERY IMPORTANT FROM JAPAN.

The schooner C. F. Foote, Capt. Worth, arrived at San Francisco on the 17th ultimo, from Japan, by the way of the Ladron Islands. She left Hakodadi, Japan, on the 27th of June. Among the passengers was H. H. Doty, Esq., who was bearer of despatches from Admiral Poutiatine to the Russian Consul there, and to whom we are indebted for the following information.

Last May, the Russian fleet, consisting of the frigate Aurora, a corvette, the Diana "armed transport," a bark and a brig, were discovered by the English in the Bay of Castro, [where we presume is somewhere on the coast of the Island of Jesso]. The British steamer Barrowton immediately sailed for Hakodadi to communicate with the English Admiral, while two frigates were left to blockade the fort until they should be reinforced by the remainder of the fleet of the East India or Chinese station. Shortly afterwards the English fleet made its appearance off Castro. A thick fog set in at this time, which completely enveloped the harbor and coast. The fog cleared off, a steamer was sent towards the bay to reconnoitre, but the hired had blown. During the fog the Russian vessels managed to escape unseen. Entering the harbor, the English captured a quantity of stores, a daguerotype, a lady's bracelet and a wardrobe, which had been left by the Russians on their hurried departure.

The news is late, and of considerable importance to those who have been calculating on a large trade with Japan. The Imperial Governor of Simoda has issued a proclamation, which denies the right of Americans to live in Japan, except in cases of shipwreck or distress. None of the passengers of the Foote were permitted to land and live on shore at Hakodadi.

The news is important in three other points of view:

1. The French were negotiating a treaty with the Japanese, at Nagasaki.
2. The English treaty had not been ratified, though it was in possession of Admiral Stirling, who intended to exchange it, after having finished the little work he had on hand at the north.
3. Admiral Poutiatine, Minister Plenipotentiary on the part of Russia, has just concluded a treaty with Japan.

The United States surveying squadron—Vice-Admiral Penhryn Cooper and steamer Hancock—were at Simoda and Hakodadi in June, and called for Belting's Straits.

The Porpoise has not been heard from. The United States ship Vandalia was at Guam, Ladron Islands, and sailed for Hongkong July 22; all well.

The mortality among children at the Ladron Islands had been very great during the months of April to July, inclusive. About four hundred have been carried off by the whooping cough.

The whalers report unusual success. The United States Consul at Guam is still awaiting for his exequator. He is not permitted to hoist his flag until it is received.

The London News has a genealogical sketch, proving that Louis Napoleon is a cousin of Queen Victoria.