

The North Carolina Whig.

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

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
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Poetry.



From the Dollar News-paper.

The Hapless Home.

BY MISS MARY G. HINCKLE.
When grief steals o'er the heart,
And wakes the tender sigh,
When burning tears drop start
And leave the swollen eye;
When eve's soft beauty yields
No pleasure to the heart,
And fragrant gales from summer fields
No sense of bliss impart;
When hope's bright dream appears
To vanish into gloom,
And every thing external most dear
Seems destined to the tomb;
To sweet to think there is
A happier home than this,
Where never a sigh can ever come
To taint unmingled bliss.

Miscellaneous.

THE CRIMINAL WITNESS.

In the spring of '45 I was called to Jackson to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man accused of robbing the mail. I had a long conference with my client, and he acknowledged to me that on the night when the mail was robbed he had been with a party of dissipated companions over to Topham, and that on returning they met the mail carrier on horseback coming from Jackson. Some of his companions were very drunk, and they proposed to stop the carrier and overhaul his bag. The roads were very muddy at the time, and the coach could not run. My client assured me that he not only had no hand in robbing the mail, but that he tried to dissuade his companions. But they would not listen to him. One of them slipped off behind the carrier and knocked him from the horse. Then they bound and blind-folded him, and having tied him to a tree they took the mail bag, and made off to a neighboring field, where they overhauled it, finding some five hundred dollars in money in various letters. He went with them, but in no way did he have any hand in the crime. Those who did it fled, and as the carrier recognized him in the party, he had been arrested. The mail bag had been found as well as the letters. Those letters from which money had been taken, were kept, by order of the officers, and duplicates sent to the various persons to whom they were directed. The letters had been given to me for examination, and I had returned them to the prosecuting attorney.

I got through with my private preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come up before next day, I went into court to see what was going on. The first case which came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl, not more than seventeen years of age. Elizabeth Madworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look, which we seldom find in a culprit. She was pale and frightened, and the moment my eyes rested upon her, I pitied her. She had been weeping profusely, for her bosom was wet, but as she found so many eyes upon her, she became too much frightened to weep more.

The complaint against her set forth that she had stolen one hundred dollars from Mrs. Naseby, and as the case went on I found that Mrs. Naseby was her mistress, a wealthy widow, living in town. The poor girl declared her innocence in the most wild terms, and called on God to witness that she would rather die than steal. But circumstances were hard against her. A hundred dollars in bank-notes had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only one who had access there.

At this juncture, while the mistress was upon the witness-stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm. He was a fine looking fellow, and big tears stood in his eyes.

"They tell me you are a good lawyer!" he whispered.

"I am a lawyer," I answered.

"Then—O!—save her! You can certainly do it, for she is innocent."

"Is she your sister?"

"No, sir," he said. "But—"

Here he hesitated again.

"Has she no counsel?" I asked.

"None that's good for anything—nobody that'll do anything for her. O, save her, and I'll pay you all I have got. I can't pay you much, but I can raise something."

I reflected for a moment. I cast my eyes towards the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the volume of humble, prayerful entreaty, I read in those large tearful orbs, resolved me in a moment. In my soul I knew the girl was innocent; or at least, I firmly believed so—and perhaps I could help her. I arose and went to the girl, and asked her if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. Then I informed the court that I was ready to enter the case, and was admitted at once. The loud murmur of satisfaction which ran through the room, quickly told me where the sympathies of the whole people were.

I asked for a moment's cessation, that I might speak to my client. I went and sat down by her side, and asked her to state to me candidly the whole case. She told me that she had lived with Mrs. Naseby nearly two years, and that during all that time she had never had any trouble before. About two weeks ago, she said, her mistress lost a hundred dollars.

"She missed it from the draw," the girl told me, "and she asked me about it, but I knew nothing about it. The next thing I knew, Nancy Luther told Mrs. Naseby that she saw me take the money from the draw—that she watched me through the key-hole. Then they went to my trunk, and they found twenty-five dollars of the missing money there. But O, sir, I never took it—somebody else put that money there."

I then asked her if she suspected any one.

"I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me, because she thought I was treated better than she was. She is the cook, and I was the chambermaid."

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, about twenty and twenty, with a low forehead, small grey eyes, pug nose and thick lips. I caught her glance at once, as it rested upon the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there I was convinced that she was the rogue.

"Oh, sir, can you help me?" my client asked in a fearful whisper.

"Nancy Luther, did you say that girl's name was?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there any other girl of that name about this place?"

"No, sir."

"Then rest easy. I'll try hard to save you."

I left the court room, and went to the prosecuting attorney and asked him for the letters I had handed him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail bag. He gave them to me, and having selected one I returned to the court room and the case went on.

Mrs. Naseby resumed her testimony. She said she entrusted her room to the prisoner's care, and that no one else had access there, but herself. Then she described the missing money, and closed by telling how she had found twenty-five dollars of it in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was the identical money she had lost, it being two tens and one five dollar bill.

"Mrs. Naseby," said I, "when you first missed the money, had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Had you ever before detected her in dishonesty?"

"No, sir."

Mrs. Naseby then left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant glance, as much as to say, "trap me if you can." She gave evidence as follows:

"She said that on the night when the money was stolen, she saw the prisoner going up stairs, and from the manner in which she went up she suspected that all was not right. So she followed her up."

"Elizabeth went into Mrs. Naseby's room and shut the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the key hole, and saw her at her mistress's drawer. I saw her take out the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down to pick up the lamp, and as I saw that she was coming out I hurried away."

Then she told how she informed her mistress of this and proposed to search the girl's trunk.

I called Mrs. Naseby back to the stand.

"You say that no one, save yourself and the prisoner, had access to your room?" I said. "Now could Nancy Luther have entered that room if she wished?"

"Certainly, sir. I meant no one else had any right there."

I saw that Mrs. N, though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery.

"Could your cook have known, by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?"

"Yes, sir; for she often came up to my

room when I was there, and I have given her money with which to buy provisions of market men who happened along with their waggons.

"One more question: Have you known of the prisoner's having had any money since this was stolen?"

"No, sir."

I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.

"Miss Luther," I said, "why did you not inform your mistress at once of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask about the lost money?"

"Because I could not make up my mind as to once to expose the poor girl," she answered promptly.

"You say you looked through the key hole, and saw her take the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did she put the lamp while she did so?"

"On the bureau."

"In your testimony you said she stopped down when she picked it up. What do you mean by that?"

The girl hesitated, and finally said she didn't mean anything, only that she picked up the lamp.

"Very well," said I. "How long have you been with Mrs. Naseby?"

"Not quite a year, sir."

"How much does she pay a week?"

"A dollar and three quarters."

"Have you taken up any of your pay since you have been there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why don't you know?"

"How should I! I've taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and have kept no account."

"Now if you had any wish to harm the prisoner, couldn't you have raised twenty-five dollars to put in her trunk?"

"No, sir," she replied, with virtuous indignation.

"Then you have not laid up any money since you have been there?"

"No, sir—only what Mrs. Naseby owes me."

"Then you didn't have twenty-five dollars when you came there?"

"No, sir, and what's more, the money found in the girl's trunk was the money that Mrs. Naseby lost. You might have known that, if you'd only remember what you hear."

This was said very sarcastically, and was intended as a crusher upon the idea that she could have put the money into the prisoner's trunk. However, I was not overcome entirely.

"Will you tell me if you belong in this State?" I asked next.

"I do, sir."

"In what town?"

She hesitated, and for an instant that hold look forsook her. But she finally answered.

"I belong in Somers, Montgomery county."

I next turned to Mrs. Naseby:

"Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them?" I asked.

"Always," she answered.

"Could you send and get one of them for me?"

"She told the truth, sir, about my payments," Mrs. Naseby said.

"O, I don't doubt it," I replied, "but ordinary proof is the proof for the court room. So, if you can, I wish you would procure the receipts."

She said she would willingly go, if the Court said so. The Court did so, and she went. Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned, and handed me four receipts, which I took and examined. They were all signed in a strange, straggling hand by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," said I, turning to the witness, and speaking in a quick, starting tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eye, "please tell the court and jury, and tell me, too, where you got the seventy-five dollars you sent to your sister in Somers?"

The witness started as though a volcano had burst at her feet.

She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could see her emotion, and then repeated the question.

"I—never—sent—any!" she fairly gasped.

"You did!" I thundered, for I was excited now.

"I—did—n't," she faintly uttered, grasping the rail for support.

"May it please your honor, and gentlemen of the jury," I said as soon as I had looked the witness out of countenance, "I came here to defend a youth who had been arrested for robbing the mail, and in my course of preliminary examinations I had access to the letters which had been torn open and rifled of money. When I entered upon this case, and heard the name of this witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter, which I now hold, for I remembered to have seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. The letter was taken out

of the mail bag, and contained seventy-five dollars; and by looking at the post-mark you will observe it was mailed on the very next day after the money was taken from Mrs. Naseby's drawer. I will read it to you, if you please."

The Court nodded assent, and I read the following, which was without date, save that made by the post-master's stamp on the outside. I give it here verbatim:

"Sister Doreas: I read you hear seventy-five dollars, which I want you to keep it for me till I can come and get it here. Don't be afraid if you see a don't speak to anybody, but if you see a man who don't want to know I have got any money, you will tell me. I am first rate here, only that gude for nothing snipe of Liz madworth is here yet—but I hope to get rid of her now, you know I rot you about her. Give my love to all your friends. This is from your sister till death."

"Now your honor," I said, as I handed him the letter, and also the receipts, "you will see that the letter is directed to Doreas Luther, Samers, Montgomery county. And you will also observe that one hand wrote that letter and signed those receipts. It is plain how the hundred dollars was disposed of. Seventy-five were in that letter and sent away for safe keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's trunk, for the purpose of covering the real criminal. Of the tone of the other parts of the letter I leave you to judge. And now, gentlemen of the jury, I leave my case in your hands, only I will thank God, and I know you will also, that an innocent person has been thus strangely saved from ruin and disgrace."

The case was given to the jury immediately following their examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness's own mouth that she had no money of her own, and without leaving their seats, they returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

The youth who had first asked me to defend the prisoner, caught me by the hand, but he could not speak plainly. He simply looked at me through his tears for a moment, and then rushed to the fair prisoner. He seemed to forget where he was, for he flung his arms around her, and she laid her head upon his bosom and wept aloud.

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed; but Nancy Luther had not been arrested for the theft, she would have been obliged to seek the protection of the officers; for the excited people would have maimed her, if they had done so more.

Next morning I received a note hand-written, in which I was told that the within was but a slight token of gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of a poor defenseless, but much loved maiden. It was signed "Several Citizens," and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards the youth came to pay all the money he could raise. I simply showed him the note I had received, and asked him to keep his hard earnings for his wife when he got one. He owned he had intended to Lizzie Madworth his wife very soon.

Next I succeeded in clearing my other client from conviction of robbing the mail; and made a considerable haul of the fortunate discovery of the letter which had saved an innocent girl on the day before, in my appeal to the jury; and if I made them feel that the finger of Omnipotence was in the work, it was because I sincerely believed that the young man was innocent of all crime, and I am sure they thought so too.

A THRILLING SCENE.—A sub-marine diver from Buffalo has at last succeeded in raising the safe of the American Express Company, which was lost when the steamer Atlantic was sunk off Long Point in 1852. It will be recalled that this steamer was instantly sunk by collision with a propeller, and that a large number of passengers were lost. The diver was protected by copper armor, and was under water forty minutes, during which time he had some strange adventures. The upper deck of the steamer lies one hundred and sixty feet under water, and far below there is any current, or motion. Everything therefore is exactly as it first went down. When the diver sighted upon the deck, he was saluted by a beautiful lady, whose clothing was well arranged, and her hair elegantly dressed.

As he approached her, the motion of the water caused oscillation of the head, as if gracefully bowing to him. She was standing erect, with one hand grasping the rigging. Around by the bodies of several others as if sleeping. Children holding their fathers by their hands, and mothers with their babes in their arms were there. In the cabin the furniture was still untouched by decay, and to all appearance had just been arranged by some careful and tasteful hand.

In the office he found the safe, and was enabled to move it with ease, and took it upon deck where the grappling irons were fastened on, and the prize brought safely to the light. Upon opening the safe it displayed its contents in a perfect state of preservation. There was in the safe \$5,000 in gold, \$3,500 in bills of the Government Stock Bank, and a large amount of bills on other banks, amounting in all to about \$36,000. The papers were unimpaired, except that they smelled very strongly of decayed human bodies, as if it had lain for many years in a coffin with their owner. Of course, all this money goes to the persons interested in the wonderful adventure.

LETTER FROM CALEB PHIFER.
CONCORD, June 12, 1856.
Dr. Henderson: At your request I will briefly state my views in reference to the reduction of freights on the N. C. R. Road.—I am, as you are aware, both a merchant and a farmer, as well as a stockholder in this road, consequently my interests are deeply involved in its success. The interests of the merchant, the farmer and the stockholders of the road are reciprocal. To the merchant and farmer it is all important that this merchandise and produce should be conveyed over the road at the cheapest possible rates; and it is the duty of the Directors of the road to lower the tariff of freight to this point.

Again, it is the bounden duty of the Directors to adjust their tariff so as to carry the merchandise and produce over the greatest length of road. Let us examine and see if this has been done.

I will suppose that New York is to be the great centre in which most of our produce is eventually to find a market, particularly our wheat. The rail road freight on a bushel of wheat from Charlotte, N. C. to Charleston, S. C., is 20 cts., thence by sea to New York's etc.—making the whole cost of freight from Charlotte to New York 28 cts. The freight on a bushel of wheat from Charlotte to Wilmington is 26 cts. and ship freight to N. York 8 cts., giving to the Southern route an advantage of 7 cts. a bushel on the transportation of wheat, and also to Charlotte merchants the advantage of 7 cents a bushel on the price of wheat, which enables them to pay better prices than the Concord and Salisbury merchants can afford. The result of this is that all the counties West of Rowan, and a part of Rowan also, send most of their wheat or flour by wagon direct to Charlotte, from whence it is sent South, not paying a cent to the Central road. Another result of this condition of things is that the merchants of Morganton, and other points similarly situated, finding so many more returned wagons from Charlotte than from Salisbury, that they order all their goods to be sent to them via Charlotte; a clear loss to the Central Road.

The freight on wheat from Concord to Charlotte is 6 cts. per bushel, and I am enabled to land a bushel of wheat in N. York by the Southern route for this place for 34 cts., whilst on the route via Wilmington, it would cost me 39 cts., and I have also to contend against the Charlotte market.

The freight from Charlotte here on all articles, except corn, wheat and flour, is a prohibitory rate. On the article of hay we are charged 13 cts. per 100, altho' our bales are as heavy and but little larger than cotton bales. A wagon may haul hay to Charlotte and be allowed \$8 per day and then do it cheaper than the N. C. R. R. The rates on sugar, coffee and salt, are so high that all the country South of us haul their produce to Charlotte, sell it at better prices, and get their groceries cheaper than we can afford to sell them. The farmers in the neighborhood of the Harrisburg Depot were liberal in their subscriptions towards building the road. Yet these men are already cut off from the benefits of the road, so far as transportation of produce is concerned. The distance from this Depot to Charlotte is 12 miles. From Charlotte they are charged 6 cts. per bushel on corn and wheat; 13 cts. per 100 for cotton, and 15 cts. for hay; and generally 15 to 25 cts. per 100 for dry goods. The prices force them to haul all their produce to Charlotte. The argument is, short distances won't pay. The Yorkville route is only 25 miles long, and it pays a great deal better than I fear the Central road ever will pay. I believe that if we could compete successfully with Charlotte, we could send 100,000 bushels of wheat from this point over the N. C. R. Road. We hope to send half that quantity to N. York the ensuing season, but our contracts will make it well nigh impossible to do so. If it were not for the road, there would be no loss of cotton. A few men living in the neighborhood of Gibson's Mill, on Coddle Creek, 8 miles from Concord, and 14 miles from Charlotte, can deliver a wagon load of wheat in Concord in a day—it will take two days for its delivery in Charlotte, yet the advance on the bushel, which the Charlotte merchants are enabled to pay over what we can gain, will pay him well to haul his wheat to that point—and once at Charlotte it is lost to the Central road forever. The Wilmington and Charlotte Roads will be along some of these times, and then the matter will be at rest.

It is unnecessary to consider cotton. From Charlotte to Goldsboro' it is \$2.40 per bale; from Charlotte to Charleston \$2.25. Cabarrus county will this year produce 5,000 bales of cotton. We dreamed once that this cotton would find an outlet via Wilmington and the result has proved that we were indeed dreaming. To sum up the whole matter, we, in Cabarrus, have come to the conclusion, that so far as we are concerned, a great North Carolina Central Rail Road is a failure, and we defy them to advance their freight on us—it is now at wagon rates—I expect to send to Charlotte from Concord by wagons the ensuing season, 1000 bales of hay—of course, these wagons will haul back all our Fall stock of goods.

At present rates of freight, commissions and packing, it will cost the farmer half fifty cents to sell a bushel of wheat in N. York, but from this section of country, it is certain that the price of wheat must come down, and this cost of 50 cts. upon the bushel will act as an embargo upon the cultivation, and the farmer will be forced to abandon it.

I think that wheat instead of flour should go to market, yet the board discriminates in favor of flour. It takes at our best mills, on an average, 54 bushels of wheat to make a barrel, the transportation of this 54 bushels of wheat over the road at 20 cts. per bushel will amount to \$1.10, while but 75 cts. is charged for the transportation of a barrel of flour the same distance.

Major Gwynn, who had a good deal to do in fixing the rate of freight on the North Carolina Rail Road, confidently expected cotton to go North from Charlotte and pass on this road. Many persons thought it would come up from as far as Chester, and yet cotton can be sent to New York via Charleston a fraction less than it can be had

down in Wilmington; and so with the products of the country generally. Gov. Morehead and Maj. Gwynn had a long struggle with the Charlotte Company about a few feet of ground about the Depot at Charlotte, insisting that to give up these few feet would injuriously effect the immense local business of the Central Road at that point. What a humbug!

You would naturally enquire, can or will these things be remedied? The remedy rests with the directors.

A bale of cotton is sent from Augusta to Charleston, 160 miles, for 75 cents a bale—other freight in proportion, and yet the income of this road is \$1,500,000.

I would remark so far as I am concerned as a merchant, I would have but little interest in the subject of freights for my neighbors who bid, in my own market, has the same freights to pay that I have and brings me on a level; but the difficulty is the freights go to Charlotte and then they are lost to myself and to the road. With all these difficulties, I think when the figures are made out for the business of the road, we will compare favorably with other points on the road. I write in great haste.

Yours very respectfully,
CALEB PHIFER.

From our Correspondents.
WASHINGTON, July 2, 1856.
Having been absent from the city during the last two weeks my letters to you were necessarily suspended. Wishing to take some little recreation, and at the same time attend to some business which had been entrusted to me, I made a rapid but very delightful trip through a portion of the States of Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Vermont, and crossed the line and paid my respects to our cousins of Montreal, Canada East. The whole length of the country through which I traveled, appears to be in a healthy and fertile state, and the cities and towns through which I passed are in a high degree picturesque and flourishing.

It would not be interesting to your readers, neither would your space permit me to give a detailed account of my trip, but I must say that in the city of Montreal I was agreeably disappointed. I find it to be a place of about 60,000 inhabitants, mostly Catholics, but, nevertheless, containing many true and devoted Protestants. The buildings of the town are mostly of stone, and are massive and comfortable. Business of all kinds appears to be flourishing, and a very commendable public spirit is manifested on the part of the citizens of the town. The cathedral of the French Catholics in this place is the largest building of the kind I ever saw. It will seat 12,000 people, with standing room for 8,000 more; it has two towers each two hundred feet high, and has the largest bell in North America. Our Canadian friends are strongly opposed to war with the United States, and entertain the opinion that none will take place.

While in the city of New-York on my return home, I had the pleasure of meeting with our candidate for the Presidency, Millard Fillmore. He appears to be in the enjoyment of excellent health and is a little darkened by his travelling under a southern sun. The enthusiasm with which he has been greeted as he journeyed towards his home was of the wildest nature, and is an evidence of the hold which he has upon the affections of Americans citizens.

Mr. Fillmore has always been highly respected and esteemed by his fellow-citizens every where, but the commendable modesty which has characterized his actions since his arrival in New-York, has strengthened the affection previously entertained for him. His course in declining to deviate from the nearest route from New-York to Buffalo, shows that he is unwilling to do anything which would look like electioneering for the high office for which he is a candidate.—This is the course of a true patriot, and should be applauded by all. If it is properly appreciated by the people we may look for his triumphant return to the position which he once filled with so much credit to himself and honor to the country.

A truly large and enthusiastic meeting was held here on Monday night. Resolutions congratulating the American people on the safe return of Mr. Fillmore to the country were passed. It is not necessary for me to undertake to describe the appearance of this meeting, or the gratifying incidents of the occasion. It is enough to say, that in its numbers, in its enthusiasm, in its decorations, in its transparencies, in its behaviour, and last, not least, in the various addresses of its public speakers, it was the grandest exhibition that was ever witnessed in the city of Washington!

The Speakers on the occasion, after the opening ceremonies, were—Senator Crittenden of Kentucky; Mr. Humphrey Marshall of Kentucky; Mr. Reedy, of Tennessee; Mr. Harrison, of Ohio; Mr. Hoffman, of Maryland; Mr. Brown, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Sneed, of Tennessee; and Mr. Lake of Mississippi. All of them did honor to themselves and to the occasion, and called forth bursts of applause, and cheers after cheers from the enthusiastic multitude of people whom they addressed.

I regret to be compelled to say that our new Mayor in a state of intoxication proceeded to this meeting, and by interfering unlawfully, first with some boys, and afterwards with one of the speakers, created considerable disturbance.

Such are the men who the Forney and Pierce have set over us of this District, and whom they would, had they the power, place over the country.

On Monday the House, by a vote of 106 to 107 rejected the bill admitting Kansas as a State with the constitution formed at Topeka. This is regarded as the most important action of the session. Mr. Dunn of Indiana, a Republican has been a consistent opponent of this bill from first to last, and is the only one of that party who recorded his vote against it. Efforts are being made to procure a reconsideration.

On Tuesday the Kansas Investigating Committee made their report. The majority of the committee say that the election of Mr. Whitfield is void on account of fraud, and that the election of Reeder is not in accordance with law. Mr. Oliver will submit a minority report.

Mr. Clingman has at last attempted a reply to the able letter of Hon. E. G. Reeds. I have not yet seen the document.

Hon. Edward Stanley, formerly of your State arrived in New-York on Saturday.
BRONTES.

A NOVEL DEER HUNT.—Herr Driesbach was travelling with his mammoth menagerie recently, and when near La Porte, Indiana, observed, a short distance from the road, under the shade of a cluster of trees, a fine fat buck. He was anxious to obtain it; but there was a law prohibiting the shooting of deer, and he had no dogs. In this emergency, a happy thought struck him. He unbarred the cage of his pet leopard, and pointing to the deer, in a moment the beautiful, but treacherous animal, was stealthily creeping towards his prey, and with a sudden spring, bared his talons in its ha-dy. Herr Driesbach then went and dispatched the deer.

A word of kindness, is a seed which when dropped, by chance, brings up a Bower.