The North Carolina Whig.

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

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Poetry.

SONG OF THE AMERICANS.

Arise, ye free! the land goes forth—
The voice of a million free!
To the East, the West, the North and South,
Rolling on like the sounding sea!
To the cause of the Free!
To the shout of the True!
As they swore by the Flag
Of the Red, White and Blue,
To be true to the Union forever!
Let it roar where it saith!
Let it ring on its breath!
To be true to the Union forever!

While the conquered fled,
And Freedom's power was born,
We commended our Flag o'er the graves of our dead,
And the first Union oath was sworn!
To the cause of the Free!
To the shout of the True!
As they swore by the Flag
Of the Red, White and Blue,
To be true to the Union forever, &c.

Rhode Island the clarion blew,
And Connecticut swelled the blast—
Jersey came to school the Jersey halloo,
And Georgia the war cry cast!
To the cry of the Free!
To the shout of the True!
As they swore by the Flag
Of the Red, White and Blue,
To be true to the Union forever, &c.

Virginia the crown of her trod;
Massachusetts the sceptre broke;
From the pines Carolinians the trump went abroad,
And New York with a shout awoke!
To the shout of the Free!
To the word of the True!
As they swore by the Flag
Of the Red, White and Blue,
To be true to the Union forever, &c.

From Maryland's blooming vale!
From New Hampshire's abode of snows;
From the Green Mountain peaks, and the Delaware dales,
Rolling onward! the shout arose!
To the shout of the Free!
To the word of the True!
As they swore by the Flag
Of the Red, White and Blue,
To be true to the Union forever, &c.

For the Union the Father fought,
For the Union the Children band;
By the martyrs who died, and the freedom they wrought,
They will save their native land!
To the oath of the Free!
To the oath of the True!
We swore by the Flag
Of the Red White and Blue,
To be true to the Union forever, &c.

Miscellaneous.

From the American Union

THE FRIGATE'S TENDER;
OR
THE NAUTICAL RUSE,

A Tale of the Last War, Founded on Fact.

It was on a sunny morning, during the progress of the last war with Great Britain, that a young naval officer, standing on the battery at New York, had his attention drawn to a group of persons earnestly engaged in watching two vessels just visible, far down the harbor.

"What is it, my friends?" he asked, in a frank, hearty tone, as he joined them.

"The tender again, chasing in a schooner," answered an old tar, touching a point of his hat, as he noticed the anchor-buttons on the officer's coat.

"Here is a spy glass, sir," said a master's mate, who stood near, at the same time respectfully handing it to him.

"Thank you, my man," answered the lieutenant, with a smile, as he took the instrument, and placed it to his eye.

By its aid, he could clearly distinguish an armed schooner, of about ninety tons, crowding sail, in chase of a trading fore-and-after, that both by towing and throwing water upon her sails, was making every exertion to escape.

"The chase is about half a mile ahead," said the master's mate; "but the tender sails like a shark in chase of a dolphin. The fore-and-after don't stand a chance of getting in past the fort."

"The tender can sail, and I am the one to ought to know it," said a stout, weather-beaten man. "She was a pilot boat, and the fastest craft that ever danced over the waves.

"Three weeks ago, I and my crew were out in her, when you English frigate suddenly made her appearance out of a fog-bank, and brought us to. But I took my gavel, and pulled for the land a league away, and escaped, for the fog was so thick the Englishmen could not get a glimpse of me. It is my schooner they've turned into a tender, sir, and that's made so many captures the last three weeks, of our small coasters."

"She carries forty men, and a long thirty two, so I hear," observed a seaman in the group.

"And is commanded by a luff and reefer," added the master's mate.

"It would be a blessing," observed a man-of-war's man, who had not yet spoken, "if that craft could be caught napping. It ain't safe for a sloop to put her nose out of the harbor, beyond the cape; but while the frigate was alone, they could skip along the coast in light water, and show their heels. But now, everything that ventures out, is brought to by that long gun of the tender."

"That's a fact, then," responded another seaman. "She has taken or driven back into port no less than twenty six crafts in the last three weeks. I shall be glad when our frigate, laying off there, gets her armament abroad, for then I think we'll swallow the English frigate outside, and pick our teeth with the tender."

All these remarks were heard by the young officer, who all the while continued to look through the spy-glass at the tender and the chase.

"There goes a gun!" cried several of the spectators, as a jet of azure smoke came from the tender's bow.

"That is bold enough," observed the young officer, as if speaking his thoughts aloud; "the impudent tender is almost up with the fort, and dares to fire at the chase in the very face of the batteries."

"It is only to try and do her mischief, sir," said the master's mate; "for she knows the fore-and-after will escape her, so she fires a gun to cut away something."

"You are right, my man," responded the officer, "for she has put about, and to seaward again."

He continued to watch the retiring tender for some moments in silence.

"It's a pity we hadn't an armed cutter in port that would sail faster than she can, so that we might give her a chase out," said a lad approaching the group. His dress was that of a midshipman, and his air singularly free and fearless.

"Ah, Frank, are you there?" said the lieutenant. "When did you get back from your father's?"

"Last night; I was in hopes to find the ship ready for sea, Mr. Percival; but I am told that it will be three weeks before we can get ready. I want to have a brush with John Bull's frigate, who hovers off the harbor with such bravadoing. When did you get in town, sir?"

"Yesterday morning. Have you been witnessing the pretty chase down the bay, Frank?"

"Yes; I would give a year's pay, if I could have a hand in capturing that rogue."

"Come aside with me," said the officer, putting his arm in that of the midshipman's "Your words but express my own wishes. I have conceived a plan for capturing the tender."

"In what way?" demanded the youth, with animation.

"I will show you. The tender's game appears to be the coasting vessels, from which she takes men to impress in the British navy, and also plunders the crafts of such things as they contain as are of value. My plan is to charter a sloop, the worst looking one that it is possible to find in port, yet a tolerable sailer, for she must work well and readily; but all will depend on our good management of the affair. Now you see what I would be at, Frank—will you join me?"

"Heart and hand, sir," responded Frank Talbot, with enthusiasm. "Will you allow me to be the hand on deck to help work the sloop?"

"Yes, if you can talk Weathersfield Yankee."

"Wall, I rather guess I ken though I ain't been to Connecticut since last grass."

The reply was pronounced in such inimitable Yankee, that the lieutenant burst into a hearty laugh.

"You will do, Frank. Now we want to proceed to action at once. I want you to go to the anchor rendezvous in Pearl street and drum up five and thirty men. Take only those that are daring and ready for anything. Let none of them know your object, lest you be betrayed by information being conveyed to the tender. You will find men enough in these times who will ask no questions. Meet me at twelve o'clock at the Exchange Reading Rooms, and report to me."

The midshipman then took his leave, and hastened up to the battery. The lieutenant returned to the group, and taking aside the master's mate, whom he knew, laid briefly before him his project. The old tar entered into it with zeal. Together they went to the docks, where, on account of the blockade, lay idle a large number of vessels of every description. They were not long in discovering such a craft as suited them—a Hudson sloop of ninety tons. She was immediately put in trim for sailing by the master's mate and three or four men whom he employed, while the officer proceeded to buy up and send on board his live stock.

The morning following these events, the tender of the British Frigate was standing off and on, under sail, very close in with Sandy Hook. The wind was from the south west, and blowing a five knot breeze. The sky was without a cloud, and only a gentle undulation lifted the surface of the ocean.

The tender was a clipper built vessel, very long and narrow in the beam, and constructed wholly with an eye single to her fast sailing qualities, and she gave proof of them by overhauling everything. She carried amidships a long thirty-two pounder. Her crew consisted of about forty men in the uniform of the British navy. They were now principally assembled in the bow and on the windlass, talking together, or watching the shore. Aft, the officer of the deck, a bluff, full-faced young English middy, was lounging on quarter railway, smoking a cigar. The man at the helm had a sinecure of his post, for the vessel skipped along so easily that she seemed almost to steer herself.

"Sail ho!" cried the lookout, from the head of the bowsprit.

"Where away?" quickly demanded the officer.

"In shore, about two points forward the beam!"

"Aye, aye, I see," answered the middy, levelling his glass at a sloop just stealing out of the harbor, closely hugging the shore. "It is another of the Yankee coasters. A sail in shore, Mr. Stanly," said he, speaking through the skylight.

The lieutenant, a stout, fleshy, port-wine-visaged John Bull, came on deck, and took a sight at the stranger, who was about a mile distant.

"It is a lumber sloop, but we will bring her to, if she dares to venture out; for we can get some fresh provisions and vegetables from her, if nothing more."

"Shall I put her on the tack, sir?"

"Not yet. Keep on as we are, till the sloop gets an offing. If we run for her now, she will take refuge in the harbor."

The sloop stood out for half a mile, and then hauling her wind, beat down along the land. The tender delayed the chase until she had got too far from the entrance of the harbor to get back again, then put about and run for her, so as to cut her off. The sloop seemed to take alarm, and putting about began to make the best of her way toward the harbor she had left. Confident in the speed of his own vessel, the English lieutenant felt satisfied that the chase was already his, and laughed at the efforts of the sloop to get away.

At length they came near enough to see that her decks were literally covered with pigs and poultry.

"A rare haul we shall make this morning!" said the middy. "Enough chicken pie for the whole of the frigate's crew, to say nothing of turkies and roast pig for the cabin.

"What a regular slab-sided skipper she has at the helm."

"Man and boy, she has a stout crew!" said the lieutenant, laughing.

"They look frightened out of their senses, as they begin to think they are gone for it. Sloop ahoy."

"What ye want!" came across the water in the strongest nasal of Yankeedom."

"I want you to heave to, brother Jonathan."

"I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you! I'm in a mity hurry. Frank!" added the disguised American officer, in an under tone, "when I order you to let go the jib, you must draw it aft as hard as your strength will let you. I at the same time will put the helm hard up, so the sloop will pay off, and fall aboard of the tender; for I am determined to fall aboard of her. I shall curse your blunders, and order you to let go; but don't mind me, keep pulling the jib sheet hard to windward. Leave the rest to me. Now my men," he said, speaking through the companion way, "take a good grasp of your pistols and cutlasses. When I stamp my foot on the deck over your heads, throw off the hatches, leap on deck and follow me."

"Heave to, or I'll sink you. What are you palavering about!" shouted the Englishman.

The two vessels were now side by side, steering on the same course, abeam of each other, the tender to leeward, and not more than a hundred fathoms off.

"Wall, don't be too free with your powder, and I will. Aminidab, let go that ar' jib sheet."

"Yes, I will," answered the young reefer; and with a hearty will he began to draw it to windward. At the same moment, the American officer put his helm hard up, and the sloop rapidly paid off right toward the tender.

"Let go that jib sheet," shouted the English officer.

"Yes, Aminidab, you tarnal fool you, let it go, I say! let it go! Don't you see we are coming right aboard the capting's vessel."

But Aminidab pulled the harder, and fairly took a turn with the sheet round a belaying pin.

The English officer was about to pour out upon him a volley of oaths, when seeing that the sloop would certainly fall foul of him, he turned to give orders for the protection of his own vessel; but ere he could utter them, the sloop's bows struck her near the fore-rigging, and swung round stern and stern.

At the same instant, the American officer stamped upon the deck, and forty armed men made their appearance from the hatches, forecastle and cabin, and leaped after Percival on the tender's deck.

The Englishman, taken by surprise, surrendered without scarcely striking a blow; and getting both vessels under sail, in the very sight of the frigate the gallant young captor sailed with his prize back into the harbor, after an absence of six hours and twenty-seven minutes.

This exploit is doubtless one of the boldest and most spirited affairs that came off during the war. The account given above is a faithful narrative of the transaction, and the chief circumstances will be recognized both by the brave officer in question, as well as by his friends.

NIGHT SCENE IN A YOUNG LADY'S BED-CHAMBER.—Last Tuesday night which will be remembered as one of the warmest of the season, a young lady at the "West End" was excessively frightened at a little circumstance which transpired about the hour of midnight. The young lady, whose beauty is only equalled by her modesty and whose "eye's dark charm" has caused more than one waistcoat to palpitate, had retired to her chamber, where, after laying aside the greater portion of her wearing apparel she committed herself to the tender embrace of Morpheus, whose soothing influences were aided by the cooling breath of Zephyr, who came in at the open window and fanned her cheeks with his feathery wings. In a word, she was snoozing finely—or, to use the language of a modern bard—

"Sleep on her velvet eyelids lightly pressed
And dreamy sighs unheaved her snowy breast,
While starbeams, through her window softly creeping,
Stole to her couch and trembling there stood peeping."

It was, it is said, about midnight, when the young lady was roused from her delicious slumber by hearing a noise at the window. Half unclosing her eyes, she was startled by the sight of a corpulent form, apparently struggling to gain admission to her chamber through the open window. It struck her at once that the intruder had been caught in the rear of his unmentionables, by a nail or some other sharp instrument, as he seemed to be struggling with a stern determination to enter. Her first thought was to faint—her second, to give the fellow a push—her third, to jump out of the window as soon as he jumped in—her fourth, to scream, which was immediately carried into effect. The whistle of the locomotive on the Iron Mountain road, when it gave its first snort on the 4th July, was but a whisper to the screams of the young girl. The whole house and half the neighborhood, were awakened by the outcry. The old folks, three female servants, and two big brothers rushed to the rescue, and broomsticks, mop-handles and boot-jacks flashed in the gas light, as the household entered the chamber of the frightened beauty. An examination of the figure in the window dispelled the fears of all and changed the screams of the young lady into shouts of laughter. The imaginary "fat man" was only her own darling *hooped skirt*, which she had hung on a hook near the window, and which the wind had inflated and set in motion. There was no more sleeping in the house that night.—*St. Louis Herald.*

A WARNING FROM THE SCAFFOLD.—On the 31st of May, Nicholas Graham expiated the murder of Joseph Brooks, in San Francisco. The following is a part of his dying confession, which is worthy of being read and pondered upon:

I acknowledge my guilt, and the justice of my sentence of death. I am satisfied to die; I feel that I deserve to die. The free use of spirituous liquors is the cause of my coming to this disgraceful end. For the past seven or eight years I have worked constantly; I have spent all the money that I earned for liquor, and have drunk deeply. I write this for publication after my death and if the notice of my execution and the cause of the crime for which I suffer, should deter but one of my fellow-citizens from following in my footsteps, and induce him to refrain from the use of man's greatest curse, (rum) I feel that I have not lived or died in vain.

My fellow creatures, let the voice of a man on the brink of the grave be heard in solemn warning against this detestable vice. I know from my own experience, that the use of intoxicating drinks is the cause of the greatest evils of life.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.—The Methodist Episcopal Church has had a general session—quadrennial—at Indianapolis, Indiana, at which the subject of slavery was discussed by the members of the Baltimore and Northern Conferences. When the members came to a vote, the latter were virtually defeated. The first resolution, which proposed to alter the clause in the discipline which forbids the buying and selling of slaves—"buying, selling and holding human beings"—was lost by a vote of one hundred and twenty-one ayes to ninety four nays—less than two-thirds, which is required for an alteration of the discipline.

Up jumps the *devil* in a rage,
And sets two lines to fill the page.

From the Louisville Journal, 7th instant.

Kentucky Election.

A very curious anomaly has presented itself in the last local election throughout Kentucky. In very few instances have the Democrats run one of their number in any county where the majority was a against them, but a great many independent American and Whig candidates have been in the field in all the American strongholds. The Democrats have already commenced claiming the foremost candidates, whether Whig or American, and it is very well that they should have a crumb of comfort, as in November there will not be a grease-spot left of them. The American order has been charged with introducing party politics into the judicial elections. The recent election shows this to be false. In several of the judicial districts, in which there is beyond doubt a large American majority, the American party declined to nominate candidates for judicial offices, and the Americans have cast their votes in the election without any reference whatever to parties.

Whilst such has been the course of the American party, the Democrats have invariably voted in solid columns for one of their own number. This has been most evident in the contest between Duvall and Marshall. The Americans had no nominee in the field. The Democrats to a man have voted for Duvall, and the Americans, having no nomination to bind them, have not only in part voted for Duvall, but a prominent member of our party, from personal considerations, has electioneered for him throughout the district. Consequently, in a district which last year gave Morehead 1,600 majority, Judge Duvall is doubtless elected, and the Democrats have the impudence to claim this as a great falling off from the American party. We can assure our friends everywhere that such is not the case; the Democrats have polled their entire strength, whilst our party, not considering it a party contest, have divided their votes between the candidates, and thousands have not voted at all.

In Judge Kincheloe's district a member of the American party was an independent candidate against him. Though we have there 2,600 majority, the Americans would not make a nomination. It was not a party vote. Judge Kincheloe is a Whig and a supporter of Mr. Fillmore. Doubtless the Democrats will also claim a very large gain in that district, as the race lids fair to be very close; but we presume they will entirely overlook such instances as Marion county, where the independent candidate for sheriff, supported by the Americans, has beaten the regular Democratic nominee in the county in which Clark beat Morehead 740 votes.

Judge Pryor was not nominated by the American party, but ran as an independent candidate against the regular nominee of the Democrats. His district went for Clark last year and it was to be presumed that he would be beaten, if as they have done, that party should uniformly sustain their nominee.

In the Mason district our opponents have claimed the foremost of two *Whigs*, who were running for circuit judge, and doubtless would have claimed the other if he had been successful. In Hart county two *Whigs* were candidates for clerk, and we shall doubtless find the aunties claiming the successful candidate. In Judge Goodloe's district, the American party held a convention and declined to nominate a candidate for Judge. Goodloe became an independent candidate for re-election. Capt Hawes a *Whig*, was also an independent candidate, but finding that he would be defeated, he withdrew and left the course clear to Goodloe. If Capt Hawes had continued a candidate, although Goodloe is a member of the American Order, we should have found the Democrats proclaiming his success, as an independent candidate, to be an anti-American triumph.

The party lines have been strictly drawn in very few counties in the State. Wherever this has been done there have been large gains for the American party. There have been more Whig candidates in the field than Democrats. That there shall be no misapprehension on the part of our friends elsewhere, we tell them that this election cannot show the relative strength of the parties, and that however great a gain the Democrat may *claim* and chuckle over, our party is stronger by many thousands than it was last August, and in November we will give an overwhelming majority for Fillmore and Donelson.

WHAT HURTS 'EM!—The Buck-a-niers have one stump in their path that they don't even try to remove. Their candidate voted, (on certain resolutions of Mr. Calhoun,) *in favor of the religious agitation of the slavery question!* We have published the record more than once!

Our friends everywhere will do well to remember this vote in favor of the principle under which such men as Ward Beecher preaches Sharpe's Rifles to his congregation.

That's one answer to the allegation of certain ignorant presses which assert that Buchanan never gave a vote *against the South.*—[*Montgomery Mail.*

FREMONT TICKET IN KENTUCKY.

A Convention of the Freesoilers and Abolitionists of Kentucky, recently met at Lake Springs, Madison county, and nominated the following electoral ticket for that State:

SENATORIAL ELECTORS:—1. C. M Clay, of Madison county. 2. George D. Blakely of Logan county.

REPRESENTATIVES.—1. Edgar Needham, of Louisville; 2. J. H. Rawlings, of Madison county; 3. Rev. J. H. Davis, of Lewis county; 4. J. Grazebrook, of Barren county; 5. J. R. Whittemore, of Campbell county; 6. David Morgan, of Floyd county; 7. V. Hamilton, of Bracken county; 8 James Lashbrooks, of Davies county; 9 Green Shells, of Jessamine county; 10. John Wash, of Anderson county.

A remarkable fact connected with this Abolition ticket in a slave State is stated by the Louisville *Journal*, to-wit: that every man on it voted the Democratic ticket at the last State election.

The *Journal* has the following comment upon the effect this nomination is likely to have upon the Presidential election in that State. We hope no Southern reader will omit the reflections contained in the concluding paragraphs:

The vote of the German population of Kentucky is estimated at 10,000. This vote has hitherto been given to the Democratic party, but nearly the whole of it will now go to the support of this Fremont ticket. In 1854, the Free German Republicans of this State held a convention in Louisville, and adopted an ultra anti-slavery platform. They have since continued to act with the Democratic party only because they had no opportunity to vote for Free-soil candidates, but now they will in a body leave the Democracy and sustain the Freesoil ticket. It is evident to every well-informed man, that the whole strength of this Fremont party in Kentucky, will be derived exclusively from the Democratic ranks, and that this Freesoil movement will place Mr. Buchanan in a minority of not much less than 25,000 votes in this State.

Thus every day makes more apparent the truth of the declaration that the great mass of the foreign population in this country is strongly anti-slavery. We have repeatedly warned the South of this fact.—We have called upon Southern men to protect their own interests by aiding the establishment of the policy recommended by the American party, thus preventing the increase of this source of Abolition strength.

The present position of political parties has proved the justice and propriety of the principles of the American party in regard to an extension of the naturalization laws, and has demonstrated the hopelessness of the Democratic party in the present contest.

THE INVENTOR OF PICKLED HERRINGS.—Some of our most valuable inventions are of so simple a character that the only wonder about them seem to be that they were never found out before. It is said that the Emperor of Russia has just returned from a visit to the little town of Borgo, on the Baltic, where he took part in the ceremony of laying the foundation of a monument to the memory of the fisherman Beukels, who first introduced the plan of preserving herrings by salting and packing them. Formerly the vast numbers of herrings which were captured in the northern and western shores of the empire, were lost to the world by the rapid decomposition of the fish—Beukels conceived the happy idea of salting them, and having instructed his neighbors how to preserve them by this process, went himself to Finland and taught the Fins how to deal with the fish. As a reward for his public spirit, the name of Beukels has been handed down to posterity as a benefactor of mankind. The Emperor Charles the Fifth visited his tomb; Peter the Great granted a pension to one of his descendants, and now Alexander has laid the foundation-stone of a monument to be erected in his honor.

STATUE OF WEBSTER.—The correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser writes from Florence as follows:

The friends of Mr. Webster will be gratified to learn that Powers has completed the model of his statue for the people of Boston; and that a bronze foundry in this city is making arrangements to cast it without delay; so that the work will probably be achieved before the recurrence of his 75th birth-day. As it is to stand in the open air, the figure is somewhat exaggerated, being eight feet in height; but the action, air and proportions are all those of the orator in his finest mood, and in his own proper costume.

The incomparable bust is an enlarged copy of the one modelled at Marshfield in Mr. Webster's prime, and is, therefore, the very presentment of his best condition.

ELIJAH FILLMORE, Esq., an uncle of the ex-President, died at his residence in Bennington, Vermont, a few days since. He was very highly respected by his neighbors and townsmen, and was one of the oldest living native residents in Bennington. The ex-President's father was born in Bennington. Millard himself was born at Summer Hill, Cayaga Co., New York, to which place his father had removed from Bennington.

GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.—The Hon Buckner S. Norris, of Chicago, has consented to run as the Fillmore candidate for Governor of Illinois. Col. Bissell is the Republican and Col. Richardson the Democratic candidate.

From the Salisbury Herald.

THE FEMALE COLLEGE.

MESSRS. EDITORS—The Trustees of the Female College located at Statesville, were called together during the Commencement exercises at Davidson. It was with some degree of regret that we learned that the College building would not be fully completed by the 4th of August. It was the unanimous opinion of the Trustees who were present that it would be better to suspend the opening of the next session for a few weeks, rather than go into the new building before it was entirely finished. They unanimously resolved to open the next session on the 15th of September. We expect by that time that the finishing stroke will be put upon the College edifice, so that without the noise of axe or hammer to disturb the meditations of the young ladies, and with some degree of comfort we may be permitted to occupy the new building. The session of the Female College will begin at the same time with the session at Davidson, which will no doubt be advantageous to both. Mr. Tinsley, the Principal, is so operating most heartily with the Trustees. We are expending with great liberality both labor and money to make this institution worthy of the Church under whose auspices it is erected—to make it worthy of the country in which it is located, and of the age in which we live. Able and experienced instructors are employed, and the terms for Board and Tuition are so reasonable when compared with other similar Institutions, that we are confident that all grounds of complaint are entirely removed, and general satisfaction will be given. The leading object with the founder of this Institution is not to make money, but to do good. It is to bring the blessing of female education within the reach of the daughters of Zion and the mothers in Israel. We hope that there will be a generous response on the part of an enlightened and christian public to the commendable effort on the part of the guardians and instructors in this important Institution. Why should ever parent or guardian from Western Carolina send their daughters or wards to other States, or to other portions of this State, since we have as healthy location, as good instructors, and as fine scenery as is to be found in any part of this Union. We offer the lasting blessings of education on conditions unusually reasonable. It is uniformally true that every institution of learning is pre-eminently adapted to the wants and the condition of the country in which it is located. I would earnestly call upon an enlightened christian public to come up to the support and patronage of this College with the heart of one man. It has been built up for your benefit, and is adapted to your wants. And with your united fostering care, light and truth from this centre of influence will go out, that will cause the wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

W. W. P.

INTERESTING COMMERCIAL CASE—We copy the following from the New York Herald:

A commercial case, involving a large sum of money, has occurred in this city.

It seems that Messrs. Cunningham & Brother, merchants of Boston, engaged in the East Indian trade, are the owners of the ship Anna Kimbell, which they sent out to Manilla, where she loaded with 700 tons of sugar, more or less. Some two months or more, since, they authorized their brokers here to sell the sugars to arrive. They consequently effected a sale of the entire cargo to Messrs Havermeyer & Moller, large sugar refiners, of this city at 6⅞c. pound, less 4 per cent for cash, to arrive in N. Y. on or before the 1st of August (to-day.) It appears that the ship was detained by having, through stress of weather, to put into the Isle of France, where she had to discharge some 200 tons before being ready for sea again, and has not yet arrived. In the meantime, since the purchase was made, the price of the sugar has advanced to 8¼ a 8½c., making a difference in the value of the cargo of about $20,000 to $25,000. The owners of the vessel and cargo, it is said, contend that the contract expired at 12 o'clock last night, and that the right of the purchasers to receive the sugars ceased at that time, and that they have the right to sell the sugars, hereafter, on arrival, to other purchasers at such prices as they can obtain. They say that had the price of the sugar fallen, the purchasers, after the 1st of August, could have thrown it upon their hands, and that it was a bad rule which would not work both ways. Some of the buyers, on the other hand, contend that the sellers cannot take advantage of their inability to deliver the sugar, by contract, on or before the 1st of August, and that they have the right to claim the delivery of the sugar on arrival, whether before or after the 1st of August, or, in default of its delivery, to claim a settlement in their favor of the difference of value between the price at the time of purchase and the 1st of August. They also claim the custom in relation to time contract in other articles to be in their favor. The parties present strong points in defence of their respective views, which, it is probable, only referees or a legal tribunal will be able to decide.

CAN MR. FILLMORE BE ELECTED?—We hear this question asked hourly, and by those who would gladly see him elected. The Savannah *Republican* makes the following sensible remarks upon this interrogation. "This question has been asked by some of Mr. Fillmore's doubting friends, who acknowledge his superior claims, 'and follow afar off,' but would vote for him cheerfully if they believed there was any chance of his election. We say there is. But that is not the question. Is Mr. Fillmore a true man? Does the country need his services in the perils that surround her? If these qestions be answered in the affirmative, answer all others by putting your shoulders to the wheel, and thus aiding by your personal exertions in the attainment of a consummation you so anxiously desire. The true question is, what are *you* doing, not what other people are *going* to do."