# The North Carolina Whig.

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

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## Poetry.

### SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming, spring is coming!
Don't you hear her in the rills,
Tripping gaily o'er the valley,
Flying o'er the sunny hills?
Nature leaps to meet her coming.
With her teeming babbling throng:
Gladsome Spring! with joy we greet thee,
With a cheerful voice of song.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming!
She is in the southern breeze;
Merrily the birds are singing
Mates in the forest trees,
Modest violets are springing
From the gladsome earth the while,
And the butter-cups and daisies
Greet her with a lover's smile.

Spring is coming! spring is coming!
Tiny leaflets venture out;
Torrents, that for months hath slumbered
Hasten seaward with a shout,
Wanton breezes kiss the flowers,
Butterflies are on the wing,
Birds have set the day to merry,
And invited guests to sing.

Spring is coming, spring is coming!
Joyous beats the pulse of life;
Weary ones, almost despairing,
Start a new to meet the strife,
Nature's bosom throbs with pleasure;
Spring has set the captive free;
Earth with all her teeming millions,
Chants the song of jubilee!

## Miscellaneous.

*From the American Organ.*

### CHARLIE MASON.

#### A HOME STORY.

BY SNOW DROP.

CONTINUED.

#### CHAPTER III.

Two days had passed since the heart-rending occurrence, narrated in the foregoing chapter, and Mr. Stanford, the wealthy merchant, sat in the same pleasant office where he had so sternly spoken to the little boy who had lost his life in his service. He was thinking of him then, perhaps, but not to reproach himself for his unkind treatment. Oh, no! Martin Stanford had scarcely a human feeling in his heart. Every thought and impulse was absorbed in the love of the "almighty dollar," and if he cast a thought on the lost boy, it was because he knew that none could discharge the duties of the store as faithfully as he had done. For some moments he seemed as if in a deep reverie, which was broken by a sweet voice saying,

"I'm coming in father," and the sunny face of his pet daughter, Annie, peeped roguishly through the half open door.

If there was any thing on earth, that could make any impression on the stony heart of this man of wealth, it was little Annie; she was so gentle and loving. The stern, imperious look that usually contracted his brow, relaxed, as she threw her white arms round his neck and kissed his cheek.

"Father," said she, "I want you to let Charlie off this evening, to go to the President's House with me; this is the first time I have been here to your office for three days, so you can't refuse me. Now do say yes," she continued coaxingly, "Charlie always works so hard. I know you can spare him this afternoon."

Mr. Stanford gazed with a troubled look in the sweet young face, raised so pleadingly, and hesitating a moment, replied.

"You will never see him again, Annie, he is dead, but I thought you knew this before, for it has been two days since."

The little rosy cherub grew pale, her lips quivered, and she attempted to speak, but her voice failed and the next instant she lay senseless in her father's arms. A messenger was instantly despatched for her mother, and when she arrived, Annie sat sobbing beside him, while he endeavored to calm her grief.

"Why do you weep so, my darling," asked he, "the boy was nothing to you—Come, dry your tears and go with me, and you shall have whatever you choose from Lammond's, I care not what it costs."

"Charlie was my playmate; you and brother Marion, and sister, always speak so cross to him, and that is why I love him; I don't want any plaything from old Lammond's; I wish I was dead like Charlie;" and another passionate burst of grief alarmed her mother, who tried in vain to comfort her.

"She will soon forget her childish grief," said Mr. Stanford, after they had returned home, "but I have been a fool to allow her to stay with him so much; a mechanic's son is not a fit associate for my daughter," and he gazed proudly around the richly furnished apartment.

But she did not forget; and though she once more became light and merry, there were times when neither playmates nor toys could engage her mind, and then she thought of Charlie. And the father, mother, and sister—did they forget as time passed on, that one was missing from the pleasant little home circle? Oh! no; days, months, and even years sped by, and still the glistening tear-drops that would start unbidden, as some familiar object or scene recalled the past, told that the loved and lost was still enshrined in the deep recesses of their hearts. They missed the pleasant voice that once greeted them, they listened in vain for the merry laugh that once rung lightly through the house, and though kind friends were round them, who strove with loving words to banish their sorrow, yet nought could win their thoughts from the past.

Oh! yes, brother Charlie, we miss thy dear form,
We miss the glad welcome that always was thine,
But, tho' changing years may still swiftly glide on,
Affection's sweet flowers thy mem'ry shall twine.

The flowers of ten summers had bloomed and faded, and autumn's chill winds were sighing mournfully around. Time brings changes to all, and if my reader will steal a glance with me through the casement of yonder mansion, he will scarcely recognise in that bent form and silvery locks, the once erect figure and stern features of Martin Stanford. Fortune had smiled on him, and if he was wealthy when we first introduced him to our readers, he was this time almost a millionaire, though it had been vaguely whispered that his riches had not all been quite honestly obtained. It was the morning of his daughter's nineteenth birthday, and he had prevailed upon her to celebrate it by a social party, at which all of her young friends were to be present, though she would greatly have preferred spending the evening quietly with her parents. She was not now the little Annie of ten years, and none who saw her as she sat by the window of her richly furnished apartment, with a pensive look in her sweet blue eyes, could deny that she was beautiful. As she sat musing thus, a slight tap was heard at the door, which she opened immediately.

"Why, how are you, Kate, I am so very glad to see you," she exclaimed. A young lady entered, followed by a gentleman; "good morning Mr. Ray," she continued, laughing, "I am half-inclined to send you in the library with father, and make you stay there, as a punishment for keeping Kate from me so long; don't you think it would be right?"

"Oh! my dear Miss Annie, how can you have the heart to think of inflicting such awful punishment? Why, I believe it would give me the 'blues' outright to stay there twenty minutes listening to your father's long talks about banks and stocks."

The girls could not resist the comic tone of distress in which this was spoken, and laughed merrily as he ended. The young lady that Annie addressed as Kate is no other than the sister of the little Charlie of whom we spoke in the foregoing chapters of this narrative. Not Katie Mason now, but Mrs. Ray, for she had but a short time been united to the playfellow of her dear brother. Wealthy, talented, and high-minded, he had just returned from a voyage to England, and when he offered his heart and hand to the playmate of his childhood, he was not refused.

"Now, Mr. Ray," said Annie, "I will hear the request you were so anxious to make of me yesterday, on condition that you will be quite good, and not tease me any more for a week, so proceed."

"That is a hard condition, but perhaps I may comply with it, so here comes my request. During my stay in England, I became acquainted with a young gentleman, and we gradually became quite intimate.—We have been corresponding since my return, and last week I received a letter informing me that he was on his way to America, and would reach this city this afternoon, and the favor I wish you to grant, is this, I wish him to accompany me to your soiree this evening, if you have no objection; he is a perfect gentleman, in all respects, and I am sure you cannot but be pleased with him, though I advise you to put a lock and key on your heart, or it will surely take leave of you at the first glance from his dark eyes."

"Oh! dear, I am quite frightened, for I am sure it will get away in spite of lock and key; but your request is granted; I shall be happy to see any of your friends," replied Annie laughingme rrily.

"You cannot be otherwise than pleased with him, for there is something very strange about him, something sad and mysterious connected with his history, that I have often endeavored to draw from him without success," remarked Eugene Ray, "he has a very handsome face, with black eyes, and ——— but I shall not gratify you with a description of him, you must judge for yourself." After some conversation the friends parted; but Annie remained some time in deep thought, and as it is none of our business what she was thinking of, we will leave her for a short time to her meditations.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Twilight's shadows had darkened the earth; and at an early hour, the handsome and spacious parlors of Mrs. Stanford began to fill with Annie's gay and fashionable young friends. Annie, herself, tastefully arrayed in a plain white satin dress, with a single white rose-bud in her sunny curls, was seen gracefully moving around among her companions, with a smile and a pleasant word for each one. At length Eugene Ray was announced, and as he entered the door near which she stood, he advanced, followed by a gentleman, whom he introduced as his friend, Mr. Percy. She gracefully returned the stranger's polished bow, and after a few words had passed, Eugene left them, saying, in a laughing tone, "I leave Mr. Percy in your care, Miss Annie; you are responsible for his safe return to me presently." Annie returned the remark in the same merry tone, and from that moment, she and her new acquaintance conversed with the familiarity of old friends. He offered his arm for a promenade, and as they joined the numerous couples that were promenading around the spacious apartments, little did Annie know how much she was envied by many of her acquaintances, while not a few of the gentlemen present would have given much if she would have listened to their words of love, with the same attention that she paid to the intelligent and interesting conversation of Mr. Percy.

The piano was opened, and after several pieces were performed, a song was requested from Miss Stanford. She immediately complied, without any affectation or excuse, and as her sweet voice rose softly, the busy hum of voices ceased, and all listened with rapt attention while she sang a beautiful popular air called "Ossian's Serenade," and as the last notes died softly away, the stranger, who stood beside her, asked in a low tone if she sang the "Last Rose of Summer."—She replied that she did, and after a short prelude sang it, if possible, sweeter than the first; at any rate Mr. Percy thought so, by the earnest tones in which he thanked her, as he led her to a seat when she concluded. During the remainder of the evening he scarcely left her side, (much to the vexation of a young lady who had endeavored by various pretty looks and sweet smiles to captivate him) and when the hour arrived for his departure, it was with a request to be permitted to call on her the next evening, which was granted.

It was a long time before Annie closed her eyes in sleep that night, so much were her thoughts occupied by the incidents of the evening, and when she did, her dreams were of the noble looking stranger. When she first received an introduction to him, she was startled by something in his countenance that she thought seemed familiar, and though she knew she had never seen him before, she was puzzled more and more each moment.

There was a peculiar charm in his voice that fascinated her attention, and after listening to it awhile, she thought she should never weary of hearing it, as he discoursed eloquently on various subjects. He was not strikingly handsome, yet there was a mild, sad expression beaming from the depths of his dark eyes, and the high expansive brow gave evidence that he possessed highly intellectual endowments. It appeared to Annie that the day was twice its usual length, and when evening at last arrived, she felt her heart beat in "double quick time," as she seated herself at the guitar to calm herself, while awaiting his arrival. She ran her fingers over the strings in silence for some time, and then involuntarily, she began to sing in a low voice "The Last Rose of Summer."

As she concluded the first stanza, a slight noise in the apartment caused her to turn her head, and she beheld Eugene's roguish eyes looking over her shoulder, and a short distance back stood Mr. Percy. Eugene, with the privilege of an old acquaintance, had entered unannounced, and as Annie rose, blushing deeply, he apologized by saying—

"I hope you will excuse us, Annie, for entering so abruptly, but we heard you singing, and my friend here wished to hear the conclusion of the piece; am I excused?"

"Oh! certainly, on the condition that you are not guilty of so great a transgression on the laws of etiquette again," replied she, for she had entirely recovered her self-possession while Ray was speaking.

"And am I included in that gracious pardon, Miss Stanford?" asked Mr. Percy, "if so, prove it by concluding the piece you were singing so sweetly when we disturbed you. It is a favorite ballad of mine, and I should be pleased to hear the remainder," and he led her unresistingly to the instrument.

Her cheek again crimsoned, and this time with vexation, that he should have heard her playing his favorite; but she could not politely refuse; after it was finished an interesting conversation ensued, and Eugene soon took his leave, saying that business called him away.

Annie and Mr. Percy passed an extremely pleasant time, conversing on poetry and music, and various other subjects on which he spoke with a peculiar charm, and it was with surprise that they heard the clock strike the hour of ten.

"I did not dream it was so very late," said he, taking up his hat, "but when an interesting subject is under discussion we do not note how swiftly time flies."

As Annie accompanied him to the door a rose fell from her hair, that Eugene had playfully placed there, and he stooped to take it up, saying as he did so—

"Permit me to keep this flower, Miss Stanford, I will treasure it as a sweet remembrance of the pleasant moments I have spent in your company this evening."

She hesitated a moment and then replied—

"Certainly, Mr. Percy, if it will afford you any pleasure, the rose shall be yours."

"Thank you," he said earnestly, and as he bade her "good night" and turned from the door, she saw him press it to his lips.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

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A BRIDEGROOM RUSTICATING.—John Dean, who recently kicked up a great hubbub among the Codfish aristocracy by marrying the wealthy Miss Baker, is rusticating in the pleasant little village of Franklinville, a few miles east of Riverhead. He is boarding in the family of Mr. John N. Sayes, and is being tutored and polished by the Rev. Mr. Reed, a Congregational clergyman, preparatory to his debut among the fashionables in Fifth Avenue. It seems he was sent down there by his lawyer, and to avoid recognition he assumed the name of John Johnson. The manner in which his true name and character leaked out was in this wise: A few days after his arrival a letter was received by the worthy Postmaster of that village, directed to John Johnson, and as there was a young farmer living in the neighborhood by that name he took it out of the office and opened it. It proved to be from Dean's wife, and as it was filled with such matter as a good wife knows only how to write to an absent husband, John Johnson, farmer, concluded it was not for him, as he was not the owner of such a piece of animated luxury; so he returned it to the Post Office, and in a day or two John Johnson No. 2, *i. e.* John Dean, called and claimed it.—*N. Y. News.*

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Tom says the other day he saw a walking match, and Bill says that's nothing, for he saw a candle run.

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From our Correspondent.

CHARLESTON, May 20, 1857.

We are again in the midst of a crisis, and the public pulse is beating quick and strong, urged to a galloping pace by the spasmodic throes of conflicting and inflamatory elements. This fast age with its steam and lightning appliances has so wrought upon the mind of the great body politic that people cannot live without excitement, and without the regular recurrence of a nine days wonder, in some shape or other, we would actually die of *ennui*, excessive stilness and mental stagnation. The world is actually running crazy with wild schemes and go ahead whimsicalities. Every thing must be done upon the high pressure system, regardless of the consequences of collision or a burst up. Every body is fighting and elbowing for a through ticket and a front seat upon the great express train of life, and the more steam you can crowd on the better. "Look out for the engine when the whistle blows," or you will be crushed beneath the thundering avalanch of humanity, or left standing at the depot with your carpet bag in your hand gazing at a blue streak of empty space which your more fortunate fellow passengers have left behind them.

The comet, the city taxes and the reception of the delegates from Memphis on the 27th, are now the leading topics, the two former, just now, being pretty much eclipsed by the latter. Grand preparations are being made for a great three days blow out, to be given with a splendor and style of magnificence which has seldom been equaled in these latter days of pageantry, pomp and parade. Memphis did her part well, acted nobly, and with a spirit of profuse and prodigal liberality, welcomed and feasted and toasted the delegates from the Queen city, and the rest of mankind. But Charleston is an older, a larger and a more wealthy city than this modern Athens upon the distant bank of the Father of waters, and so we must excel them in turn, and we will succeed. Mayor Miles with the proud metropolis of the Palmetto State to back him, can do anything he undertakes, and with the true pluck and spirit of Old Hickory in his palmiest days, he has undertaken it, and "by the eternal," he will carry it out to the letter.

I suppose you will have a grand time in Charlotte to-day, and I had promised myself the pleasure of being with you, to take notes and print them too, but I was disappointed just at the moment I was ready to start, which chilled my buoyant hopes and brought my spirits down to freezing point. I cannot flatter myself, however, that I should be missed, and the joy will be just as great, and the notes of patriotic rejoicing as long and loud as if the Paul Prying "Ashley" had been there with his note book, intent, as usual, upon the "items." I shall look for a detailed account of the proceedings in the columns of the Whig, where I can enjoy it at a distance, in common with many other of your readers, who, like myself, may have been detained at home against their will. If you have been as fortunate as we are to-day, you have been blest with fine weather, and cool enough in all conscience for the season. A light frost was reported this morning in the suburbs of the city. The most fearless and strong minded among us are actually becoming a little alarmed about the unusual state of the weather, and can only account for it by believing that the comet that is now said to be approaching the earth at the velocity of a thousand miles a minute is made of icebergs and snow mountains, and that is rather *cool* comfort to say the least of it.

This is indeed a strange world, and things have very much changed since the days of Solomon, the wise man, if what he said of his times was true, that here was "nothing new under the sun." There is something new now every day, which puzzles the wise men of the East and he soothsayer, not only under the sun, but also under the moon and the stars and the whole broad arch of heaven. This is a world of changeless changes, and the revolutions and summersets are so rapid and unaccountable that even the telegraph cannot keep pace with them, and the last agony becomes stale before the wings of the lightning can bring it to us.—This may look like extravagant speculation, but there is more truth than poetry in it. There is no necessity now for drawing upon one's imagination for facts, for truth is stranger than fiction, and the wildest flights of fancy will fall far short of the reality.

The remnant of the Palmetto Boys have lately had a grand celebration at Columbia, an account of which you have seen ere this, and I was also prevented from attending that. I would have been pleased to have taken my old comrades by the hand once more, and awoke the remembrances of the past, and talked over the hair breadth escapes by flood and fire which we had passed together in that distant land of the enemy where so many of our brave companions now sleep the sleep that knows no waking. It makes the heart sad to remember the bloody scenes of that eventful struggle, and the "friends that fell around us like leaves in wintry weather," and our gallant chief that fell on Churubusco's bloody field, where he lay in all the pale beauties of death, "like a warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him."

ASHLEY.

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The San Joaquin (Cal.) Republican says: "We noticed on the streets yesterday a number of wagons, heavy laden with wool, on the way to Atlantic markets. One load was from the Tuolumne river. Wool is destined, at no very distant day, to constitute an extensive and valuable article of export. It has already been demonstrated that, as a wool-growing district, California has no superior in the old."

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DEATH OF MRS. EAY.—We regret to announce that Mrs. Early, wife of Rev. John Early, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at her residence, in this city, on Sunday morning last.—*Lynchburg Virginian, Tuesday.*

"WHY DO WE MEDDLE WITH SLAVERY?"

Such is the significant question of the New York Times, and let the people of the South mark the answer:

"The Northern people are beginning to see that acquiescence in the pretensions of the slave party—that compromises with the institution of slavery in the distribution of an unsettled national territory—that all the old-fashioned system, in short, of palaver, procrastination and concession in dealing with such national issues as are presented by the question of the extension or restriction of slavery, cannot be any longer maintained with safety to the Union. For they are beginning to see that there is, in the intrinsic quality of slavery, an influence fatal to the establishment of that cordial, mutual understanding between the South and the North, without which the Union cannot possibly or profitably exist. They are beginning to see that the Southern people and the people of the North are yearly growing apart, instead of yearly growing together—and this they do not like to see—and believing that the cause of this odious severance is to be found in an institution which the soundest political economists and the noblest moralists of the age unite in condemning as alike cruel and foolish, they will oppose to the clamor and amazement of the South one steady and unvarying cry, 'Between Slavery and the Union we choose, and you shall choose the Union.'"

Here we have the issue fully and fairly presented. Sooner or later the South will have to decide, whether she will surrender her great domestic institution, or sever her connection with its opponents. It is impossible to mistake the tendencies of the times or to disguise the force and meaning of these ominous forebodings. The Times has completely thrown off the mask and exposed the true gist of the question. To this complexion it has come at last. If the Union is to be preserved, either there must be a revolution in public sentiment at the North, or the South must tamely submit to the inexorable decrees of an arbitrary majority.—And as there seems to be little probability of the happening of either of these events, prudence would dictate that we had better hold ourselves in readiness for the worst that may befall.

The Times freely admits that the slave-holding States are independent sovereignties, having absolute jurisdiction over all matters within their own territories, which have not been specifically entrusted to the Federal Government. We alone are responsible for the institution of slavery—whether good or bad, it belongs exclusively to us. Then, why not leave us in unmolested enjoyment of our peculiar system?

Why not take a practical view of the subject? Why not consider this controversy as a mere difference of opinion in regard to an abstract question of social ethics, which, under control of prudent statesmanship, can, in no wise, disturb the harmonious movements of the Confederation? The answer is, because in the eyes of the civilized world slavery is an atrocious crime, far exceeding in enormity "the spasmodic outrages of the Reign of Terror and the chronic savagery of feudalism."

To permit us to hold possession of our negro property for a moment is an act of generosity which costs our adversaries a considerable sacrifice of their inevitable principles of human rights.

It is now boldly maintained that slavery is a national disgrace, and must therefore be eradicated. Hear what the Times says upon this point:

"But these States which exact of us a full measure of respect for their independence, must remember that the object of those who framed the Constitution of this country was to create not a confederation simply, but a Union. With the growth of our national dominion this object of the fathers has become more and more truly the ideal of the people. Especially in the Northern States has the notion of a great, free and united America wrought itself into the popular heart. The citizens of Ohio, or of Massachusetts, of Pennsylvania, or Wisconsin, though he may feel himself very strongly attached to the State of his residence, is still more strongly attached to the nation of which that State is but one member after all, be her specific importance what it may.

"And whatever impedes the advance or interferes with the prosperity of the Nation, of the United States as a grand consolidated empire, will excite the attention and invite upon itself the indignation of the Northern States just in proportion to the weight of the obstacle and to the distinctness with which the people are made to perceive it.

"Here, then, is an aspect of the Northern hostility to slavery, which it becomes the South to consider very carefully. Upon this view of the question, it would be disgraceful for the South to expend idle expletives by denunciation. It is no impertinent and unwarrantable spirit which animates the North to such a consideration of slavery."

And because we will not suffer slavery to be stigmatized as a crime by an authoritative edict of the Government we helped to institute; because we will not suffer it to be localized by Congressional enactment; because we will not permit the North to be the sole and ultimate arbiter of our rights, and yield to the domination of a tyrannical and irresponsible majority; because we will not surrender all claim to the territories of the Union; because we will not consent to lay a suicidal hand upon our own domestic peace and happiness, and confess our shame, "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," before the great tribunal of public opinion; because, in fine, we contend for equality of rights under the Constitution, and cherish a distinct social and domestic system, we are reprobated and denounced as insolent aggressors, and sought to be excommunicated beyond the pale of civilization. It is matter of affected amazement, that we should have the audacious effrontery to offer the slightest resistance to the holy cause of Universal Emancipation.

These jarring materials cannot remain much longer in contact without producing an explosion. It is absolutely impossible to reconcile such wide difference of feeling and opinion. Every day we see the two sections becoming more and more estranged, and in many respects presenting the strange anomaly of two bitterly hostile nations united for common objects. The South was justly indignant at the insulting stipulation in the Treaty between Great Britain and Honduras, requiring the unqualified prohibition of slavery in the Bay Islands. To have ratified such a Convention, would have been with their own hands to affix a stigma upon the institution of slavery as it exists here.

And yet we permit insults and indignities of tenfold greater magnitude from those who are our associates in a political co-partnership, to pass unnoticed. It is time this state of things should cease. Such constant irritation and suspense are worse than the most aggravated evils of dissolution. It is idle now to be chaunting the glories of the Union, and singing pæans in praise of American liberty. These once transporting strains are drowned in the discordant notes of dissension and strife, which rise on every hand. The predictions of the early Virginia Fathers are fast becoming a part of recorded history. What the penetrating sagacity and prescience of Henry and Mason foretold, the present generation may see come to pass.—*The South.*

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AN AMERICAN CIRCUS IN ENGLAND.—Howe and Cushing's American Circus has astonished the people of Liverpool. While the English Circuses build houses to show in, the American concern has a mammoth tent, which lights upon a city at night and flits away with the light of morning. A rival English Circus paraded the streets with eight horses to the band chariot. The Liverpool Times thus speaks of the American Circus:

"The American procession was on a larger scale—40 fine cream colored horses, four abreast, with a charioteer, who wore rather an anxious appearance. He did not use the whip—as far at least as we could perceive—and it was said that he could only check the movements of his leaders and wheelers. There were men on each side of the horses conducting them—an indispensable precaution under the circumstances, but which seemed rather to disappoint the public, which always delights in the marvellous. Then came the Indian wigwam, driven by a negro, and other illustrations incident to the United States, which the other establishment did not attempt to rival. We never remember the streets so densely crowded as on Thursday, to witness the American display, and to such an extent was this carried that for some hours the ordinary business of the town might be said to be actually suspended."

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LARGE SPECULATIONS IN SUGAR AND TEAS.—As it is anticipated the sugar crop of Cuba will prove a short one, the agents of Spanish houses in New York, it is said, received on the 14th instant large orders to purchase in the latter market on speculation, and prices immediately advanced from ¼ to ½ cent. per lb., fully recovering the previous depression. According to the Herald, on the 15th and 16th instant, the sales amounted to about 4,000 to 5,000 hogsheads, and 6,000 barrels of refined crushed sugar, of an aggregate value of over one million of dollars. The hogsheads sold weighed about 1,400 lbs. each, which, at current rates, averaged about $150 per hogshead. On Saturday last, there was also a large speculative movement in teas in New York, at an advance of 3 a 5c. per lb. for all the lower grades, while the higher qualities were sold at very full prices. Prices, it is said, have still an upward tendency.

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THAT CASE OF REMARKABLE ENDURANCE.—The Rochester Union is informed that Mr. Ellis, the elderly gentleman who severed his wind-pipe forty-one days since, in a fit of despondency, is still living, though he has taken no nourishment since he committed the act. We are assured that nothing has passed into the stomach of Mr. E., either solid or fluid, for forty-one days, except it may have been a few drops of water at one time. He has been gradually sinking and wasting away; until within a week past he has not complained of being hungry. Some food in a fluid state has been put in his mouth, but it runs from the wound in his throat and nothing reaches the stomach—at least so his physicians believe. His endurance is remarkable, and can hardly be expected to continue much longer. It appears to us that the case is one that should be noted for the medical profession in detail.

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SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO.—If people *will* make chimneys of their noses, the best way is to furnish cheap fuel. We are therefore pleased to find, on page 207, vol. 2, of the Patent Office Report for 1855, a preparation of maized leaf as a substitute for tobacco; patented February 20, 1855. To soak maize leaf in a dilated extract of quassia and capsicum, in the proportion of one pound maize leaf to four ounces of quassia and half an ounce of capsicum, will produce, it is said a good substitute for tobacco, in the manufacture of cigars. Now a better substitute exists without any patent, in the sunflower leaf, gathered and cured in the same manner as tobacco. It is finer in flavor, burns equally well, and is not so nasty. We are not sure but the inside of many of our "Havanas" is sunflower leaf.

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COLORED MAN ELECTED TO OFFICE.—Thos. Howland, a colored stevedore, has been elected warden in third ward of Providence, R. I. The result, it appears, was brought about through a joke, but it turned out to be a reality, and a few days ago Howland demanded to be sworn into office. His election, upon examination, was found to be legal, and he was thereupon sworn, and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

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On the occasion of a fair held in Spencer Massachusetts, on Wednesday night, some sixty persons were poisoned from eating ice cream. No case has proved fatal, but the physicians of the town have been kept busy counteracting its effects. It is supposed to have been accidental.

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REVOLT OF THE CHINESE COOLIES.

THE HORRORS OF THE COOLIE TRADE.—The Singapore Times gives the particulars of the revolt of the coolies on board the Peruvian ship Carmen, and the Friend of China, an account of another revolt on the British ship Guinare, attended with a terrible loss of life. These accounts show the nature and character of the coolie trade to be as bad as any trade in African slaves:

"On board the Carmen were two hundred coolies, who endeavored to take the ship.—They threw a quantity of burning straw into the hold, which fell among the contents of their beds, (straw,) paper and fragments of wooden boxes, which it appears they had previously broken up. The crew speedily armed, and the coolies were forcibly driven down below. The captain first desired the powder in the ship to be thrown overboard, and then tried to extinguish the fire by closing the hatchways, but in vain; the flames soon seized on every pary of the ship, affording time only to get out two boats.—The captain, officers and crew, numbering in all fourteen, with seven passengers, having been able to secure a few arms, but without water or provisions, quitted the burning ship in the boats. At this time some of the coolies had forced the hatchways, and were observed passing up the rigging, but the masts shortly afterwards fell over into the sea. Just as the boat (in which the captain) had reached the vessel, the latter went down, and the boat must have been taken down with the sinking ship, as nothing was seen of the captain or the people in the boat, although the mate remained close by for nearly four hours. *The greater part of the coolies must have been suffocated by the smoke; the whole perished except an interpreter.*

On board the Guinare, the coolies made a similar assault upon its officers. The captain, officers and crew immediately rushed out and rescued the third mate and sentry, who were seriously wounded. The coolies fought with fearful desperation, and in some instances were fairly cut to pieces before they were driven below; in fact they returned the fire for some ten minutes, with basins, firewood, &c., and by an oversight of the officers, had smuggled from the deck all the chain hooks and axes, and concealed them below. After the coolies had been driven below they again began throwing up at the crew basins and firewood. One pistol was fired up the hatchway in the direction of the poop. Finding they could not regain the coolies broke up their berths and set the ship on fire in the main, mizen and poop and hatchways, but when the leaders in the incendiarism were shot down, they immediately extinguished the fires. The third mate and sentry were the only two of the crew who were seriously wounded. Twenty-seven coolies were killed and wounded—ten killed, three drowned and fourteen wounded. Some have since jumped overboard.

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WHAT IT HAS DONE.—The Wilmington (N. C.) Herald, in exemplification of the beneficent results that would flow from the adoption of the Distribution policy, asks:

Do the people know what was done with the money this State received under the Deposit bill, which was passed by Congress and approved by Gen. Jackson, when President of the United States? It was appropriated to the establishment of the present system of Common Schools in our State; and in aid of the road running from Wilmington to Weldon? We have been informed that this road,—the great thoroughfare between the North and South, this road has done so much to quicken the energy and advance the prosperity of our town,—this road, a model as it has been of enterprise to the whole State, *could not have been built*, without this well-timed and liberal aid. Does not this single fact speak volumes in favor of distribution, and against the suicidal, nonsensical, unprofitable, "quibbles and squabbles" of Democratic leaders, who busy themselves in hunting up old votes, and worn-out, antiquated and ante-diluvian authorities to break their own heads, and deprive the State of her just rights?

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OUTRAGES COMMITTED BY THE MORMONS.—The Washington correspondent of the N. York Times communicates some interesting news from Salt Lake City. We copy the following statement of alleged outrages perpetrated by the Mormons against those whom they look upon as unfriendly to them:

Numbers of houses had been torn down, and their occupants thus turned into the open air to suffer the rigors of the past severe winter. Among these sufferers was one woman entirely without a protector, and with three little children, one of them a nursing infant. The houses occupied by Judge Stiles and Thomas S. Williams, were also destroyed by incendiarism. Mr. Stiles is the only federal judge remaining in the territory, and Mr. Williams a lawyer who had incurred the displeasure of the heads of the Mormon church by his manly independence.

There have been threats of late to murder the surveyor general. Judge Stiles, and the United States Indian agent, the only acting United States officers remaining in the territory, and their position had become so precarious at last accounts that in all probability they are now on their way to the States.

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THE CROPS.—The Asheboro' (N.C.) *Bulletin* says: "We are gratified to know of our own observation that in Rowan, Davidson, and we believe, in Guilford and Randolph, the Wheat crop is of the most promising character at present, and Oats tolerably fair. There is yet time, but none to spare, to plant Corn, and all the root crops, which we hope our farmers will do extensively, as the weather, and condition of the soil was never more favorable than they are about this time."

The Milton Chronicle says: "The Wheat crop, so far as our observation extends, looks exceedingly well, and promises an abundant harvest should not the ravages of the chinchbug destroy its beauty and mar its growth."