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.

From the Plaindealer.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

BY J. R. G.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my life."—Psalm 121.

Up to the radiant throne so high,
Mid glorious worlds of day,
My spirit lifts the mental eye,
And gives her fears away.

From thence descends the mighty God,
He comes my soul to save:
That power which spread the heavens abroad,
Redeems beyond the grave.

The Lord himself who formed the earth,
My slipping foot can keep,
The God who gave this being birth
Shall slumber not nor sleep.

What though amid death's gloomy vale,
The dying Israel rove,
His guardian care it cannot fail,
Nor yet almighty love.

The fiery beams of burning day,
Shall ne'er assault my head;
Much less the moon with mortal ray
Nocturnal vapors shed.

From every ill the Lord can guard,
'Tis His the soul to save;
Death sent to me from Him a just reward,
Destruction to the grave.

My coming into life he knew,
I go at His command;
And when I bid the world adieu,
I'll ever trust His hand.

STEWART COUNTY, Nov. 1856.

Miscellaneous.

A MAN IN THE RESERVOIR.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY THE LATE CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

You may see most of the best society in New York on the top of the distributing reservoir, any of these fine October mornings. There were two or three carriages in waiting, and a half dozen senatorial mothers with their young children pacing the parapet as we basked there the other day in the sunshine—now watching the pickerel that glide along the lucid edges of the black pool within, and now looking off upon the scene of rich and wonderous variety that spreads along the two rivers on either side.

Well, you have seen the notice forbidding any one to fish in the reservoir. Now when I read that warning the spirit of the thing struck me at once as inferring nothing more than that one should sully the temperance potations of our citizens by steeping bait in it of any kind. But you probably know the common way of taking pike, with a slip noose of delicate wire. I was determined to have a touch at the fellows with this kind of tackle.

I chose a moonlight night, and at an hour before the edifice was closed to visitors I secreted myself within the walls, determined to pass the night on the top. All went as I could wish it. The night proved cloudy, but it was only a variable drift of broken clouds which obscured the moon. I had a walking cane rod with me, which would reach to the margin of the water, and several feet beyond if necessary. To this was attached the wire, about fifteen inches in length.

I prowled along the parapet for a considerable time, but not a single fish could I see. The clouds made a flickering light and shade that wholly foiled my steadfast gaze. I was convinced that should they come up thicker, my whole night's adventure would be thrown away. "Why should I not descend the sloping wall and get nearer on a level with the fish, for thus alone could I hope to see one?" The question had hardly shaped itself in my mind before I had one leg over the iron railing.

If you look around you will see that there are some half dozen weeds growing here and there, amid the fissures of solid masonry. In one of the fissures from whence these spring, I planted a foot and began my descent. The reservoir was fuller than it is now, and a few strides would have carried me to the margin of the water. Holding on to the cleft above, I felt round with one foot for a place to plant it below me.

Just at that moment the flap of a good pound pike made me look round, and the roots of the weed upon which I partially depended gave way as I was in the act of turning. Sir, one's senses are sharpened in deadly peril; and as I live now, I distinctly heard the bells of the Trinity chiming midnight, as I rose to the surface the next instant, immersed in the stone cauldron, where I must swim for my life, Heaven only could tell how long!

The Struggle for Life.—I am a capital swimmer, and this naturally gave me a degree of self possession. Falling as I had, I of course had pitched out some distance from the sloping parapet. A few strokes brought me to the edge. I really was not yet certain but that I could clamber up the face of the wall anywhere. I had hoped that I could. I felt certain at least there was some spot where I might get hold with my hands, even if I did not ultimately ascend it.

I tried the nearest spot. The inclination of the wall was so vertical that it did not even rest me to lean against it. Surely, I thought, there must be some fissure like those in which the ill omened weed had found a place for its root.

There was none. My fingers became sore in busying themselves with the harsh and inhospitable stones. My feet slipped from the smooth and slimy masonry beneath the water; and several times my face came in contact with the wall, when my foothold gave way on the instant that I seemed to have found some diminutive rocky cleft upon which I could stay myself.

Sir, did you ever see a rat drowned in a half-filled hogshead? How he swims round and round, and after vainly trying the sides again and again with his paws, fixes his eyes upon the upper rim, as if he would look himself out of his watery prison. I thought of the miserable vermin, thought of him as I had often watched him thus in dying agonies, when a cruel urchin of eight or ten. Boys are horribly cruel, sir—boys, women and savages. All child-like things are cruel; cruel from a want of thought and from a perverse ingenuity, although by instinct each of these is so tender. You may not have observed it, but a savage is as tender to its own young as a boy is to its favorite puppy—the same boy that will torture a kitten out of existence. I thought, then, I say, of that rat drowning in a half filled cask of water, and fitting his gaze out of the vessel he grew more and more desperate, and I flung myself on my back, and floating thus, fixed my eyes upon the face of the moon.

The moon is well enough, in her way, however you may look at her; but her appearance is, to say the best of it, peculiar to a man floating on his back in the centre of a stone tank, with a dead wall of fifteen or twenty feet rising squarely on every side of him. The last time I had noted the planet with any emotion, she was on the wane—Mary was with me. I had brought her out here one morning to look at the view from the top of the reservoir. She said little of the scene, but as we talked of our childish loves, I saw that its fresh features were incorporating themselves with tender memories of the past, and I was content.

There was a rich golden haze upon the landscape, and as my own spirits rose among the voluptuous atmosphere, she pointed to the waning planet, discernible like a faint gash in a welkin, and wondered how long it would be before the leaves would fall.—Strange girl! did she mean to rebuke my joyous mood, as if we had no right to be happy while nature, withering in her pomp, and the sickly moon wasting in the blaze of noontide, were there to remind us of the "gone forever!" "They will all renew themselves, dear Mary," said I, encouragingly, "and there is one who will ever keep tryste alike with thee and nature through all seasons, if thou wilt but be true to one of us, and remain as now, a child of nature."

A tear sprang to her eye, and then searching her pocket for the card case, she remembered an engagement to be present at Miss Lawson's opening of full bonnets at 2 o'clock. And yet dear, wild, wayward Mary, I thought of her now.

You have probably outlived this sort of thing, sir; but I looked at the moon, as I floated there upturned to her yellow light, thought of the loved being whose tears would flow when she heard of my singular fate, at once so grotesque, yet melancholy, to awfulness.

And how often we have talked, too, of that sylvan shepherd who spent his damp nights upon the hills, gazing as I do on the lustrous planet! who will revel with her amid those old superstitions! who, from our own unlegended woods, will evoke their yet undetected haunting spirits! Who peer with her in prying scrutiny into nature's laws, and challenge the whispers of poetry from the voiceless throat of matter! Who laugh merrily over the stupid guess-work of pedants, than never mingled with the infinitude of nature, through love exhaustless and all-embracing, as we have! Poor girl, she will be companionless.

Alas! companionless, never—save in the exciting stages of some brisk flirtation. She will live hereafter by feeding other hearts with the love's lore she has learned from me, and then Pygmalion-like grow fond of the images she has herself endowed with semblance of divinity, until they seem to breath back the mystery the soul can truly catch from only one.

How anxious she will be lest the coroner shall have discovered any of her notes in my pocket!

I felt chilly as this last reflection crossed my mind. Partly at the thought of the coroner, partly at the idea of Mary being unwillingly compelled to wear mourning for me, in case of such a disclosure of our engagement. It is a provoking thought for a girl of nineteen to have to go into mourning for a deceased lover at the beginning of her second winter in the metropolis.

The water, though, with my motionless position must have had something to do with my chilliness. I see, sir, that you think I tell my story with great levity; but indeed, indeed I should grow delirious did I venture to hold steadily to the awfulness of my feelings the greater part of that night. I think, indeed, I must have been most of the time hysterical with horror, for the vibrating emotions I have recapitulated did not pass through my brain even as I had detailed them.

But, as I am now become calm in thought, I summoned up again some resolution of action.

I will begin at the corner (said I) and swim around the whole enclosure. I will swim slowly and again feel the sides of the tank with my feet. If die I must, let me perish at least from well directed though exhausting effort, not sink from mere bootless weariness in sustaining myself till the morning shall bring relief.

The sides of the place seemed to grow higher as I now kept my watery course beneath them. It was not altogether a dead pull. I had some variety of emotion in making my circuit. When I swam in the shadow, it looked more cheerful beyond in the moonlight. When I swam in the moonlight I had the hope of making some discovery when I should again reach the shadow. I turned several times on my back to rest just where those wavy lines would meet. The stars looked viciously bright to me from the bottom of that well; there was such a company of them; they were so glad in their lustrous revelry; and they had such space to move in! I was alone, and to despair, in a strange element, prisoned, and a solitary gazer upon their mocking chorus. And yet there was nothing else with which I could hold communion.

THE CATASTROPHE.

I turned upon my breast and struck out almost frantically once more. The stars were forgotten, the moon, the very world of which I yet formed a part, my poor Mary herself was forgotten. I thought only of the strong man there perishing; of me in my lusty manhood, in the sharp vigor of my dawning prime with faculties illimitable, with senses all alert, battling there with physical obstacles, which men like myself had brought together for my undoing.—The Eternal could never have willed this thing. I could not and would not perish thus. And I grew strong in insolence of self trust; and I laughed aloud, as I dashed the sluggish water from side to side.

Then came an emotion of pity for myself—of wild, wild regret—of sorrow, oh infinite, for a fate so desolate, a doom so dreary, so heart-sickening. You may laugh at the contradiction if you will, sir, but I felt that I could sacrifice my life on the instant, to redeem another fellow-creature from such a place of horror, from an end so piteous. My soul and my vital spirit seemed in that desperate moment to be separating; while one is parting grieved over the deplorable fate of the other.

And then I prayed!

I prayed, why or wherefore I know not. It was not from fear. It could have been in hope. The days of miracles are passed, and there was no natural law by whose providential interposition I could be saved. I did not pray, it prayed of itself, my soul within me.

Was the calmness that I now felt torpidity, the torpidity that precedes dissolution, to the strong swimmer who, sinking from exhaustion, must at last add a bubble to the wave as he suffocates beneath the element which now denied his mastery? If it were so, how fortunate was it that my floating rod at that moment attracted my attention as it dashed through the water by me. I saw on the instant that a fish had entangled himself in the wire noose. The rod quivered, plunged, came again to the surface, and rippled the water as it shot in arrow flight from side to side of the tank. At last, driven towards the southeast corner of the reservoir, the small end seemed to have got foul somewhere. The brazen butt which, every time the fish sounded, was thrown up to the moon, now sank by its own weight, showing that the end must be fast. But the cornered fish, evidently anchored somewhere by that short wire, floundered several times to the surface before I thought of striking out to the spot.

The water is low now, and tolerably clear. You may see the very ledge there, sir, in yonder corner, on which the small end of my rod rested when I secured that pike with my hand. I did not take him from the slip noose, however, but, standing upon the ledge, handled the rod in a woman-like manner, as I flung that pound pickerel over the iron railing upon the top of the parapet. The rod, as I have told you, barely reached from the railing to the water. It was a strong, heavy brass rod, which I had borrowed in the "Spirit of the Times" office; and when I discovered that the fish at the end of the wire made a strong enough knot to prevent me from drawing my tackle away from the railing, around which it twined itself as I threw, why, as you can at once see, I had but little difficulty in making my way up the wall with such assistance. The ladder which attracted your notice is, as you see, lashed to the iron railing in the identical spot where I made my escape; and for fear of similar accidents, they have placed another one in the corresponding corner of the other compartment of the tank, ever since my remarkable night's adventure in the reservoir.

WROUGHT IRON DIRECT FROM THE ORE.—A New York correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer announces the success of the process patented by M. S. Salter, Esq., of the former city. The writer says:

"A furnace, on the new plan, costing $1,500, has now been several weeks in operation, within fifty miles of this city, turning out daily two tons of pure iron, in blooms, worth $50 per ton, at a cost of $20 per ton. Large capitalists, dealers in iron, are beginning to 'smell a rat,' and this very day a contract has been completed with a large iron house here, to put up two large furnaces, (one in Orange county, N. Y., the other in Westchester county, N. Y.,) each of which, at a cost of under $2,000 a piece, it is expected will turn out six tons of pure wrought iron in a day. It is a revolution indeed.—The patentee heartily acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. William Turner, of this city, in aiding to make his patent effective and available."

A WEALTHY BEGGAR.—The Montgomery (Md.) Mail says the City Police overhauled a man on Friday last, originally from Wales, who says he has fought the battles of our country in Mexico, and desires a small donation to enable him to remove a wife and three children from Maryland to Missouri, where he owns 160 acres of land. His name is John Bunn. In his possession were found certificates of deposit and drafts to the amount of $5,517.49. These were scattered through the States of Virginia, North Carolina Georgia and Alabama.

One dollar bills on the Bank of Wadesborough are circulating in Milton. These bills are, of course, counterfeit, as the Wadesborough Bank issues no bill of a less denomination than $3.

From the Chapel Hill Gazette.

THE LATE PROF. MITCHELL.

The Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., was born in Washington, Litchfield County, Conn., August 19, 1793—graduated at Yale College in 1813—appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of North Carolina in 1817—married in 1819—ordained by the Presbytery of Orange in 1821—transferred to the Professorship of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology in 1825—honored with the Doctorship in Divinity by the University of Alabama in 1840 and appointed Bursar of the University of North Carolina in 1835. He died June 27th 1857.

Dr. Mitchell was the [illegible] Elisha Mitchell, a respectable farmer in Washington, Conn. His mother's maiden name was Phœbe Eliot, and so he was a descendant, in the fifth remove, of that celebrated man of God, John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. John Eliot and his wife Ann had six children, whose descendants are now very numerous and can be found in all parts of our country. Wherever found, and whatever be the number of their generation, their position in society and their influence in Church and in State shows that the family still receives of that mercy which is shown unto thousands of them that fear God and keep His commandments.

Having received his preparatory education in his native town, he was graduated at Yale College in July 1813. He counted among his classmates there, Judge Badger and Mr. Thomas P. Devereux, and the late Rev. Mr. Singletary, of this State, Judge Longstreet, the famous author of "Georgia Scenes" and President of the University of Mississippi, and others of note in Church and in State. Among these men he maintained a highly creditable rank in scholarship and thus excited hopes which were fully realized. After graduating, he spent some time as Tutor in Yale College, and then as Principal of a school for young ladies in New London, Conn.,—and afterwards as a Teacher in Jamaica, L. I. While in this last position he received an appointment to the Chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, in the University of North Carolina, at the same time that Dr. Olmsted, now of Yale College, received one to the Chair of Chemistry, then first created.

Dr. Mitchell began his labors as a Professor, in January 1818, when the Senior Class contained Bishop Green, Mr. Reporter Jones, the Rev. Dr. Morrison, President Polk, Hon. Hugh Waddell, &c. At the same time the late Judge Anderson, of Fla., and Senator Haywood of N. C. and Hon. James T. Morehead were in the Junior Class; the Hon. Judge Battle, Mr. B. F. Moore, and Bishop Otey were Sophomores, and the Hon. J. R. J. Daniel, the Hon. Anderson Mitchell, and the Rev. Jos. H. Saunders were Freshmen. The Faculty at the time consisted of Dr. Caldwell as President and Dr. Hooper as Professor of Ancient Languages, Gov. Morehead and the late Priestly H. Mangum, were Tutors. Dr. Mitchell also found 120 Students as his pupils. He left behind him a Faculty of a President, nine Professors and six Tutors, with 440 pupils.

He was licensed to preach the Everlasting Gospel by the Orthodox Congregational Church in Conn., after spending some time at the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass. He preached his first sermon, after licensure in Chapel Hill, and was ordained by the Presbytery of Orange in Hillsborough. His wife, Maria S., was the daughter of Elisha North, an eminent Physician of New London, Conn., and the house to which he brought his bride is still the home of the widow. As the fruits of this union, he left behind him five children and nine grandchildren.

When Dr. Olmsted returned to Yale College in 1825, Dr. Mitchell stepped into his place, because its studies were always particularly attractive to him, and he was succeeded in the place he left by the Rev. James Phillips, D. D., who is now the only member of the Faculty of 1826 remaining at Chapel Hill.

Always remarkable for great bodily activity, he devoted much time during the early years of his Professorship to forming an intimate acquaintance with the Botany and Geology of North Carolina. The plants and the rocks of the State he visited in their own homes, and during his life he was one of the best authorities on both subjects in the country. The expeditions that he conducted into all parts of N. C., looking for flowers, and mosses, and trees; and for rocks, and strata, and deposits, rendered him the best Physical Geographer that the State has ever had. The information that he gathered thus, was used profusely in the instruction of his classes, who always reaped greater benefits from his acquisitions than any other part of our community. He loved the University of North Carolina as he loved his own child, and to its advance in all that should mark an Institution of the highest grade in our land he sedulously devoted the best years of his life. His acquirements by reading and by observation were immense. But they were mainly for his pupils. Sometimes he wrote for the public papers, on matters of scientific interest and sometimes on other subjects. But he read more than he observed, more than he wrote.—The following are the titles of some of the articles he furnished to Silliman's Journal: On the low country of N. C. in 1828; On the Geology of the Gold Regions of N. C. in 1829; On Weither's tube of safety, with notices of other subjects, in 1830; On the causes of Winds and Storms, in 1831; Analysis of the Protogæa of Leibnitz, in 1831; Notices of high mountains in N. C., in 1833; &c. These articles he continued at intervals to the day of his death, and they were always received with much respect by the *savans* of the country.

The survey of the life of a scholar, especially if he be a diligent and pains-taking teacher, seldom presents points of much public interest. Engaged for nine months out of twelve in daily attendance on Prayers, Recitations, Lectures, Faculty meetings and the details of discipline, his labors do not often furnish materials for an extended or exciting memoir. What his wisdom and experience teach him to be useful exercises for a class of pupils this year, he must repeat with some modifications next year.—The intervals between his special duties as teacher must be occupied in learning through the press what others are thinking on the subjects he has to teach, for he has but few opportunities for personal intercourse with others than his immediate colleagues. If he publish many books he must do so at the expense of the midnight lamp, or by intruding on those periods of relaxation from his exhausting labors, which perhaps were more wisely spent in communion with his fellow men, and acquiring common sense from the common people.

Dr. Mitchell was a Professor in the University of North Carolina and all that he required, and most of what he did was with an eye single to his influence and success in what he felt to be a great office. His reading was subservient to this end, and what he published was mainly connected with his duties as teacher. To facilitate these labors, he prepared for his own classes a Manuel of Chemistry, the second edition of which was passing through the Press when he died; a Manuel of Geology, illustrated by a geological map of N. C.; a Manuel of Natural History, and a collection of facts and dates respecting the History, Geography, &c., of the Holy Land, a minute acquaintance with which he was always very desirous to promote among his pupils. The labors of such a recluse must find their appropriate reward, not in a present notoriety, nor in the comforts of a well filled purse, but in the approval of an enlightened conscience, in the gradual improvement of society, in the permanent well being of his fellowmen, in a consciousness of diffusing an acquaintance with the true laws of Nature and so of magnifying the glory of our Great Creator, and in the inconceivable rewards of the Judgment Day. Dr. Mitchell felt that he had received a command of "Occupy till I come," and he was careful lest that great day should find him either listless or idle.

The investigations respecting the form of the Black Mountain, which must ever have such a melancholy interest to North Carolinians, were very attractive to Dr. Mitchell, and at such times as he could appropriate without neglect of more important labours, he pursued them with great eagerness. It had been suggested in 1799, by the younger Michaux, that these peaks of the Black Mountain in N. C., were higher than any other land east of the Rocky mountains.—To this conclusion he was led by plants being found there which are not met with again until we reach Canada. The Hon John C. Calhoun also suggested the same truth, as accounting for the manner in which several large rivers, flowing in various directions, gather their water from its sides.—These suggestions Dr. Mitchell was the first to verify in 1835. After very arduous labours in a country naturally savage and at that time very little known, he found the height of one of the peaks to be 6,176 feet. Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire, hitherto considered the highest point of the Alleghanies is 6,428 feet high. Dr. Mitchell never was satisfied with the observation, always judging its result to be too small. He visited the mountain again in 1844, after surveying its line of peaks from the Yeates' Knob, which lies on the southwest of the Black Mountain, and towards the centre of the arc on which those peaks are distributed. Here he selected the highest peak, and after obtaining the assistance of a mountaineer as a guide, he attempted to climb it. He succeeded in getting on the mountain and on the peak, as he thought. In this latter point he had to trust to the guide, for it was late in the afternoon when he reached the top, and the obscurity of a summer mist prevented him from determining whether or not he was on the peak he sought. It has been suggested lately that Mr. Mitchell was mistaken, and that he never measured the highest peak. If he was mistaken it was because he was misled by his guide, for he certainly knew which was the highest peak and tried to reach it. One object of the late unfortunate expedition, was to examine the truth of the suggestion. The position and connections of the Mountain gorge, down which he was groping his way when he perished, were of importance to this end. Another object was the connecting the top of that highest peak with the surveys made by the Western Extension of the N. C. R. R. by a series of levels.

The result of this work would have been a true determination of the height in question, and also an additional solution of the problem as to the proper value of the Barometic coefficient heretofore used in ascertaining elevations. To this last investigation he was incited by the labors of Capt. Cram, of the U. S. Coast Survey, on the sides of Mt. Washington. Capt. Cram's conclusions throw great doubt on the reliability of all numbers hitherto presenting altitudes when obtained by the Barometer, and Dr. Mitchell wanted to correct or confirm them.—The line of levels was left about one-half done, and the doubts about the peak that Dr. Mitchell measured in 1844 are still somewhat unsettled. But one would have thought that the highest peak of the Black Mountain would have been named Mount Mitchell even if he had been providentially prevented from ascertaining its height. To climb the Black Mountain and carry up instruments to determine its height in 1835, required courage and scientific tastes of a very different order from what were necessary in 1855. After a mine has been discovered to be valuable and its out-crop has been laid bare, it is often an easy matter to go and gather up the grains of gold. It is a singular fact that the peak which bears Dr. M's name was never measured by him, and he is uncertain whether he was ever on it, in either 1835 or 1844. The name Black Mountain should now never be forgotten, and the whole range should be called Mitchell's Mountain. Then the different peaks might be named to tickle those who can be tickled by such straws. Dr. Mitchell had no such ambition to gratify.

On Saturday, June 27th 1857, Dr. M. parted from his son Charles, about half a mile from the Mountain House, on what is now known as Mitchell's Peak. He started to go alone to Wilson's on Caney River in Yancey county, and told his son to meet him where they then were on Monday morning. The son was at his post on Monday morning, and again on Tuesday and on Wednesday mornings, but the father came not. On Thursday it was found that he had not been on Caney River. On Friday a search for him was instituted,—which was continued with an increasing excitement day after day. At one time some 200 persons must have been engaged in this arduous work. All exertions were fruitless, until a mountaineer named Wilson, who was with Dr. Mitchell on the mountain in 1855, on Tuesday July 8th found his body in a gorge through which they two had passed, on their return from that visit. It was lying at the bottom of a pool in the Sugar Camp branch of the Cattail fork of Caney River, at the base of a cliff about 40 feet high, down which he had evidently fallen. He held in his hand a branch of Laurel, which he had grasped and broken off when he began to fall, so that he could not have struggled after he reached the water which was about fourteen feet deep and ten feet wide. His watch stopped at 20 minutes before 7; hence it is supposed that he perished not far from 7 P. M., on the evening of the Saturday on which he parted with his son, eleven days before he was found. That afternoon was very stormy and the mountains were enveloped in a thick mist. The unusual darkness of the evening would,—doubtless, have rendered the way dangerous to even a more experienced and hardy mountaineer than it was possible for Dr. M to be.

It will be no easy matter for the most gifted, even when intimately acquainted with him to sketch the character of Dr. Mitchell. There was hardly anything which he might feel called upon to do, which he would not try to do, and be ambitious to do well. A widowed mother, at the age of 92 weeps over her favorite son—her oldest child. As a Husband,—a Father and a Master, as a teacher of the Word of God, as a citizen of this Commonwealth, as a Justice of the Peace and a Commissioner of the village of Chapel Hill, he fulfilled his duties cheerfully, intelligently, laboriously and conscientiously. As a neighbor he was kind, generous and charitable. Favors he always repaid with large interest, and his friendship was sincere and lasting. He never feared the face of man.

That Dr. Mitchell's character had blemishes, is not to be denied. It is the lot of a corrupted humanity to have them. No man is without them. Dr. Mitchell's soul was unique in that it was polyedral, one whose planes were many, broad, and distinctly marked.

Dr. Mitchell was buried in Asheville on Friday, July 10th, and he was followed to his temporary resting place by an immense assembly. He shall yet sleep on one of the peaks of his own grand and lofty mountains, among the chivalrous and warm hearted mountaineers, who adored him so much when living, and searched so enthusiastically for him when dead. There in the sublime and peerless mausoleum, he will await the summons and the Archangel's tramp, while the solemn firs chaunt his funeral dirge, and the leaping waters recall the example of his active and useful life.

"And the King said unto his servants, know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

A NEW TREATY WITH MEXICO.—A new Treaty with Mexico will, it is believed, soon be negotiated.

Many of the restrictions which now exist between the two countries will be removed. The Treaty which Mr. Forsythe effected, was returned some time since, and it is understood that in the arrangement of a new Treaty, the principle of commercial reciprocity will be adopted, as between the United States and the South American colonies. The overflowing Treasury of the nation, and the flood of the revenue pouring into it, seem to require an outlet.

It was suggested some time ago by Gen. Gadsden when Minister to Mexico, that we could not obtain a good commercial treaty with Mexico without buying it. It will be necessary, in the proposed renewed negotiations, to offer to pay Mexico a handsome sum of money, in hand, for an unrestricted trade, the ultimate benefit of which to the United States, as well as to Mexico, cannot be too highly estimated.

A HEART AND HAND WORTH HAVING.—No person who has any reverence for the good, the true, and the beautiful in human nature, can help admiring the noble woman of whom the following record is made by a letter writer in the West:

While in Gratiot county, Michigan, during the recent fearful famine, he saw a woman who, with affectionate devotion, sustained her sick husband and two children on maple sugar and leeks several day before she could get other relief; and when, at last, relief came, she had to carry the provisions several miles on her back. This woman had taken care of her sick husband since last August, and her family of two children, besides which she made 100 pounds of maple sugar, cleared the ground and hoed in two acres of spring wheat, and planted some corn and potatoes. She was habited in tattered garments.

LIFE PRESERVED BY HOOPS.—A lady residing in New York was saved from the bite of a mad dog a few days since by—a hoop. While passing along Twelfth street from Broadway, the cry of "mad dog" was raised and before she could step aside, a huge bull-dog, with every mark of madness, was upon her, and as is the custom with those animals, he attempted to bite and snap while passing. Fortunately she wore a large hoop, of which the dog took a mouthful and passed on, and was shortly afterward killed.

A FISH STORY.—The Washington (Beaufort County) Dispatch states that "one day last week, three gentlemen went fishing; in the course of their progrinations in search of the finny tribe, they fell in with a large *sturgeon*, which they captured. Upon actual measurement, it was found to measure *eight feet*. Quite a fish story, but true nevertheless. It was not weighed unfortunately."

LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE NORTH AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, July 27.

The steamer North American has arrived at Quebec, with advices from Liverpool to the 14th instant, being three days later than the Circassian.

The sales of cotton for the three days amounted to 28,000 bales, of which speculators took 1,600 bales and exporters 1,600. The market closed buoyant. Some newspapers quote an advance of 1-16d. Spence & Richardson's circular says that the market is unchanged.

Breadstuffs declining—the weather being favorable for the growing crops. Provisions quiet. Consols 92 to 92¼.

FURTHER BY THE NORTH AMERICAN.

The mutiny in India was spreading.—Twenty-three Regiments had joined the insurrection, but they were defeated outside of Delhi. They still held the city.

Gen. Aaron, the commander-in-chief of the British forces, had died of cholera. Sir Colin Campbell succeeded him.

The news from China is unimportant.

Italy and Spain were tranquil.

In the English House of Commons, Lord Loudsay moved the production of Mr. Marcy's letter on privateering. Lord Palmerston replied that it was not yet officially in the hands of the government.

An address to the Queen was adopted, praying the adoption of some effectual means for suppressing the slave trade and securing the fulfilment of existing treaties. Lord Palmerston pledged his government to carry out the request.

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce gave a brilliant banquet to the officers of the steamer Niagara.

The details of the recently discovered conspiracy at Paris shows it to have been the most serious yet discovered. Mazzini is alleged to have escaped in a ship carrying the American flag.

The fall of Delhi was hourly looked for when the Indian mail left. The loss to the Bengal army in consequence of the mutiny is estimated at 20,000. It is believed that the crisis has passed, as the latest advices indicate a famine and desertions among the insurgents at Delhi.

The British government was acting vigorously. Sir Colin Campbell started for the place at a few hour's notice.

Advices from China say that the frigate San Jacinto and the English gun boats had gone up the Canton river to attack a fleet of Junks. Too-chew-choo was quiet. The rebels there had been defeated. Tea was coming in freely. Trade at Hon Kong was quiet. The American house of King & Co. had suspended.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA, &c.

ARRIVAL OF STEAMER ILLINOIS.

NEW YORK, July 28.

The steamer Illinois has arrived at this port, with advices from California to the 1st instant. She brings $500,000 in gold.

The primary elections had been held in California, and the Broderick party defeated. Weller has doubtless been nominated for the United States Senate. The occupants of Col. Fremont's Mariposa claim threaten resistance in case an effort is made to dispossess them. Several failures had occurred in San Francisco.

Advices from Nicaragua have been received, which state that the Costa Ricans have chartered the steamer Genessee to convey home the remainder of Walker's men. They were determined to hold possession of Rivas and other important points, which had given great offence to Nicaraguans. The Costa Ricans had sent to England for gunboats to strengthen their positions on the rivers and lakes. The Chamorro party were dissatisfied, and had requested Gen. Walker to return.

From Oregon, we learn that the policy of forming a State Government was being zealously urged. The prospectus of a pro-slavery paper had been issued.

A Chilian plenipotentiary had arrived at San Jose, with proposals for the formation of a Spanish-American confederation.

"PAT AND THE KNOW NOTHINGS."—One afternoon, last September, during the time of the great political excitement, as I was wending my way homeward along the wharf, my attention was called to a new steam process for loading and discharging the freights from the holds of vessels. Whilst admiring the beautiful machinery then in operation, with its innumerable wheels spinning and buzzing around, performing the labor of some twenty men, my eyes fell upon a rather distressed looking son of Erin, from whom I heard the following soliloquy:

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "you whirly-gig you: it is yourself that takes the bread out of twenty of me honest countrymen's mouths jiny day you work; but be jabers there is one consolation after all; *you can't vote the Know Nothing ticket!*"

HOW THE CUBAN TARIFF IS EVADED.—An intelligent citizen of Havana tells the editor of the Savannah Republican how the heavy and onerous import duties of the "ever faithful isle" are sometimes evaded. A vessel, entirely empty, clears, for instance, at Havana for Matanzas, or any other domestic port, with a "constructive" cargo of flour, the customary duty on which, when arriving from foreign countries, is $9.50 per barrel. With papers all regular she goes to sea, falls in, by previous agreement, with an American vessel on the coast of Florida or elsewhere, actually freighted with the same dutiable article. The cargo is transferred, and the vessel, which left Havana entirely empty, proceeds on her voyage, and entering the port for which she had formally cleared, throws the flour upon the market duty free.

The best capital for a young man is a capital young wife. So a young gent informs us who has just "gone and done it."

John Woodfall, who lately became heir to $30,000 in England, was killed by lightning a few days ago in Illinois.