

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 6.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., OCTOBER 6, 1857.

NUMBER 82.

THOMAS J. HOLTON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be forwarded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months; and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 45 cents for each subsequent insertion. Short advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher, and a deduction of 25 per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisements by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 25 per cent. for each time. Semi-monthly 15 cents per square for each time.

Persons when sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions ordered, or they will be inserted until forbidden or charged accordingly.

Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.



SONG OF THE ROOFS.

Rolling down the crowded street,
Singing every one they meet,
With a rushing whirled sound,
Muffled in the whirled sound.
Hoop! hoop! hoop! hoop!
What a vast, expansive hoop!

Hoops of wholeness, short and crisp,
Hoops of wit, thin as a whip,
Hoops of brass, thirteen yards long,
Hoops of steel, seven feet and strong;
Hoops of rubber, soft and slick,
Hoops of iron, hanging thick,
Hoops of copper, red and hot,
Hoops that languish in wet weather,
Hoops that stand out silver white,
Hooping off from silly girls.

Hooping off the public lands,
Tearing over apple trees,
Tearing children to the ground,
As they stand and watch around,
Hoop! hoop! hoop!
What a vast, expansive hoop!

Hooping off the public lands,
Tearing over apple trees,
Tearing children to the ground,
As they stand and watch around,
Hoop! hoop! hoop!
What a vast, expansive hoop!

Miscellaneous.

From the Greensboro Times.

THE NEW FURNITURE.

"Charles, isn't it elegant?" asked Ellen, looking at the new furniture which had that day been brought by the upholsterer, to her cottage. "Yes, dear, and I suppose you have expected yourself to get all arranged by my return; it is very nice Ellen—but," "But what Charles, oh don't pry fetch up my hangers, but, since we have got what my heart has so long sought for let us be happy."

"Well Ellen sit down to the piano and play me one of those old German songs that I am so delighted to hear before we were married."

Ellen cheerfully complied and for a few moments Charles wore a less troubled look, he seemed carried back, in imagination to the joyous days of his bachelorhood when the fair Ellen with her maiden smiles was day by day winning his heart "intently," but a loud ring at the door bell soon interrupted his reverent and Ellen's song. It was the upholsterer who came to present his bill. Charles examined it with a startled look, exclaimed "Why Ellen, it is possible this furniture amounts to a thousand dollars."

"A long credit Charles!" "Let us see only till first of January which is scarcely six months; how do you think I am to pay it puffy?" and the carpets and other things amount to two or three hundred dollars more."

"Haro I done wrong, Charles!" asked Ellen looking into her husband's face. "Don't trouble yourself about it darling, I will try and meet the demands although my salary is small and my health is failing." These kind words which her appealing traits, sank deeper into Ellen's heart than though she had met reproaches, and she retired with a pang at her heart. She realized for the first time how her husband must toil to pay for so many fine things and indeed she there he never could do it; it was utterly impossible, and through the long long night she tossed to and fro upon her couch and there one moment sleep came to lull her senses to repose. Only the night before she had looked forward to the ensuing day as one marked with happiness, but it had proved one of regrets.

The morning rose bright and clear and Ellen arose and performed the duties that she had been wont to do, and why did not Charles arise as usual, she went to his bedside. "Oh Ellen such a dreadful headache," and he clasped his forehead with his attenuated hands. "Can you send word to my employer?" "Yes, dearest," and in a few moments a boy was on his way to Ruggles & Co., with the painful intelligence that Charles Clark was very ill; a fever ensued. Three long weeks it raged and of the time his life was despaired of, and Ellen had taken her moments rest during the time. In his frantic moments he had raved of the debt

he could never pay and it was impossible to soothe him. At length his fever attained a crisis; oh that dreaded moment, either death or life, but it proved to be the latter and Charles Clark through emaciated and worn was himself again, and what tears of gratitude filled the eyes of the loving wife, as again he twined his arms earnestly about her neck and whispered sweet words of hope into her ears, for he knew the world never looks brighter than to one who is recovering from a severe fit of sickness; even the debt seemed nearly forgotten in his sweet dream for the future; but a recession followed as his strength returned, so likewise his fears. One evening after he had become quite strong Ellen asked him to accompany her to the parlor; it wearied him somewhat descending the stairs but as he reached the bottom the parlor door stood ajar; for a moment he gazed about the room where only a few weeks previous the luxurious furniture was standing, but now, what a change! nothing but the simple old furniture which had been there since they were first married.

"What does this mean Ellen?" asked the convalescent man, "can it be I am dreaming?" and again he surveyed the room. "Charles," said Ellen gently "the furniture is returned to the upholsterer. I persuaded him to take it back; and as you was so sick I presume he thought he never should get his pay and consequently was willing to do it. I am happier without it Charles, so do not scold me for doing as I have. By making that purchase I have learned a lesson which I can never forget; hereafter I shall buy nothing that I am not able to pay for when I take it. My fine carpet is laid aside until it can afford to get furniture to match. The carpet is not paid for but you need not trouble yourself about that dear Charles, for I have agreed to pay for it in weekly."

Charles was at a loss for words to express his thanks for possessing such a treasure as his wife, and he could only draw her to his heart and imprint the kiss of holy love upon her lips. Years have passed, Charles has succeeded admirably in business, he is no longer tending for another's gain but has a capital of his own; he also owns the beautiful cottage in which he and his precious Ellen reside and it is elegantly furnished. He attributes his good fortune to the influence and excellent management of his wife, and says she has never erred but once.

AN APPEAL NOT SET DOWN IN THE BELLS.—On the first night of Cooper's engagement at Cincinnati, the following whimsical incident occurred—Othello was the play:

The fame of the great tragedian had drawn a crowded audience, composed of every description of persons, and among the rest a country lass of sixteen, whom the poet knew by her real name, we will call Peggy. Peggy had never before seen inside of a playhouse. She entered at the time Othello was making his defence before the Duke and senators; the audience was unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby until she arrived at the door of the stage-box when a gentleman handed her in, without drawing his eyes from the celebrated performer, and her husband a country boy, was obliged to remain in the lobby. Miss Peggy stared about her for a moment, as if doubting whether she was in her proper place, till casting her eyes on the stage, she observed several chairs unoccupied. It is probable this circumstance alone would have induced her to take the step she did; but she observed the people on the stage appeared more at their ease than those among whom she was standing, and withal much more respectable—and as fate would have it, just at that moment, Othello looking nearly towards the place where she was situated, exclaimed, "Here come the lady!"

The senators all rose, in expectation of seeing the gentle Desdemona, when to the maiden from the country stepped from the box plump on the stage, and advanced towards the expectant Moor. It is impossible to give any idea of the confusion that followed; the audience clapped and cheered; the duke and senators forgot their dignity; the girl was ready to sink with consternation; even Cooper himself could not help joining in the general mirth. The uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who had handed her in the box, helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation. It was agreed by all present that a lady never made her debut on a stage with more credit than Miss Peggy—Boston's Encyclopedia of Wit and Humor.

THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—A recent letter from a merchant in San Francisco to a friend in New York, says that in consequence of the reform brought about by the Vigilance Committee, that city has been governed, during the past year, at an expense of about \$250,000, against an average expense the previous years of over \$1,500,000. This aside from the repression of outrage, robbery, violence, murder, and crime of every description. From the same letter, it appears that the Vigilance organization is still alive and powerful; and that when it was recently rumored that the proposed and excited seceders were about to return to San Francisco some two thousand of the Vigilance force were under arms, awaiting the arrival of the steamer to give the miscreants a warm reception. But they did not come.

A JOHN DEAN AFFAIR.—Some gossip was created at Petersburg, Virginia, a few days ago, by the rumored appearance on the streets of a lady from Norfolk, in company with a smart Irish lad, with who she had slipped off to Weldon, where their fates were duly quitted by the very accommodating hymeneal agent at that place. The circumstances connected with this romantic match are said to form a parallel with the late John Dean affair in New York. It is reported that the fair one is sole heiress to \$100,000, and her papa is a liquor merchant to boot.

GENERAL HUTCHCOCK'S REPLY TO GENERAL PILLOW.

From the St. Louis Republican of September 16.

Gen. Pillow and the Mexican War.

GIDEON J. PILLOW, of Mexican war notoriety, has placed his name before the country as a candidate for United States Senator from Tennessee, as appears by an address over his name "to the people of Tennessee."

This address will probably call forth comments from several officers in high places in the American army. Meantime the undersigned, having some knowledge of facts referred to in the address, feels called upon to state that knowledge, to the end that people out of Tennessee, as well as in that State, may be able to form a just opinion of the claims of General Pillow to the honor he seeks. I shall not refer to the address in extent, but will confine my remarks to facts within my own knowledge. This very remarkable paper stands alone, it is presumed, as an instance where a candidate for office before our people bases his claims, or his principal claim, upon an open confession of having occupied the low and dishonorable position of a spy upon the conduct of his commanding General. General Pillow unblushingly tells us that he joined General Scott in Mexico as "the confidential officer of the Government, upon whom the President relied to guard and protect the honor of the country in the important negotiations involving the peace of the country." In this secret position, General Pillow having received the entire to the presence of the Commanding General at all times, and frequently having a seat at his private table, accumulated materials for defaming his confiding commanding officer in confidential letters to his old companion in a law office, then the President of the United States, and now reveals his astonishing fact, and claims from the people of his State a high office as a reward for his secret service in that capacity.

Who does not see the shocking state of things thus disclosed, and disclosed, too, by the very man who occupied so degrading a position? What officer of the American army, of any proper self-respect, would permit himself to be made such an instrument? What would a due sense of delicacy and honor have prompted a gentleman to do on finding himself appointed to so dishonorable a service? Undoubtedly he would have thrown back the President's appeal with scorn, or he would at least have laid the whole matter before the commanding General, and profess to act only with his full knowledge. But General Pillow accepted the degrading position tendered him by the President, and now claims credit for his services as "the confidential officer" whose public position gave him access to the presence of his commanding General.

But what was the service performed by Gen. Pillow in the so-called secret position in which he allowed himself to be placed? It terms almost wholly upon his lying protest, as he says, against the use of money to bring about a peace under stated circumstances, and he takes pains to implicate Gen. Scott in the alleged dishonorable transaction. Now, it is remarkable that this statement by Gen. Pillow is coupled with the *avowed* confession that he (Gen. Pillow) was at a conference of general officers, gave his full approbation of it. The inference is plain, that the alleged dishonorable transaction could not have been glaringly disreputable, or how could even Gen. Pillow have at one time fully approved of it? Men are not accustomed to vacillate in such matters, and the nature of the transaction stands out in clear characters marked with dishonor—yet there are facts enough in connection with the transaction referred to to show that it had no such marks of discredit as now, by its mere mention, seems to shock the delicate sensibility of the confidential spy of the President; and it is my purpose to state some of these facts known to myself, for I was present at the council of general officers at which the subject was not discussed, but talked over. I heard all that was said on that occasion, and made a brief memorandum of the conversation, which is now before me.

On the evening of the 16th of July, 1847, Gen. Scott assembled all the general officers of the army at his quarters in Puebla, excepting Gen. Worth and Smith, to "post" them up as to the state of the army in such matters as was of interest to all of them, informing them, among other things, of the approach and expected arrival of Gen. Pierce with 2,000 men or more. He then disclosed some proceedings entered upon by Mr. Nicholas P. Trist, the United States Commissioner, the substance of which was that Mr. Trist had been informed through confidential sources that a treaty of peace could be had with the Mexican Government by the use of a little money. A handsome sum had been already appropriated by the United States Congress for securing a treaty, and the question with Mr. Trist, as stated by the General, was as to whether a million of it might not appropriately be used in the mode suggested by those in power in the city of Mexico, even though it should be considered a bribe, the proposal coming from that side. Gen. Scott took pains to explain that under no circumstances would he initiate such a scheme, but that, inasmuch as a proposal had come from Mexico of a peculiar character, he, for his own part, was willing to assist Mr. Trist in executing his wishes. Gen. Scott did not profess to advocate such proceedings in general, and declared that in the present case it was for Mr. Trist himself to determine what he might think expedient; but that if Mr. Trist decided upon the employment of money as proposed, he, Gen. Scott, would assist him in obtaining it, and would defend his motives in the use of it.

The first officer who made a remark upon the subject, after Gen. Scott's statement, was Gen. Twiggs, who pleasantly said that if gentlemen to the city of Mexico proposed to be bribed he saw no reason why they should not be accommodated.

should have such a treaty as was desired. This is all of my memorandum of what he said, but I will remember that he rose from his seat and earnestly spoke for some time in favor of the scheme. There was not the slightest intimation from him that there was any thing wrong in according to the proposals from the city of Mexico. He made, in approbation of the proceeding, what might be called a regular speech in favor of it, and I venture to say that no one who heard him had any doubts of the perfect propriety of it. What he said was then uttered as a general officer of the army. It now appears that the next day, acting no doubt in his private capacity as a spy, he made a somewhat formal protest against the proceeding; and for this after-thought he now claims vast credit, as if by his incoherence he had saved the honor of the country! Again, I say, if the measure was so clearly and palpably wrong, how came he to approve of it at all? It is manifest that the point which the General has endeavored to make is not of the slightest importance. But to proceed with what took place in the conference.

Gen. Quitman, whose nullification or secession principles, if I understand them, I deeply regret, spoke very modestly and becomingly, as I very well remember. My notes simply say:

"Gen. Quitman did not like the payment of money secretly as a bribe, and thought that of more people at home might not or would not approve of it; but he expressed himself very decidedly in approval of the measure, which induced the measure, and pledged himself to defend those natives."

"Gen. Shields," my notes proceed, "informed doubts and misgivings about the *million* and said that, as he knew nothing of the proposed terms of the treaty, he could give no opinion; that he might perhaps dissent from the treaty itself, but he, too, seemed entirely willing that the matter should be disposed of by the Commissioner, Mr. Trist, wishing apparently, as a matter of personal friendship to Gen. Scott, that he should have nothing to do with the disposal of the million."

Gen. Scott repeated that it was for Mr. Trist to determine whether he could properly use the money, adding that he would assist him to the control of it he desired it.

By this time a movement was made to break up the conversation, when Gen. Shields observed that Gen. Caldwell had expressed no opinion, which brought out the remark from Gen. C. that enough had been said, and so he said nothing; and nothing more was said on the subject.

What, now, is the mer of Gen. Pillow's protest against a measure fully approved of by him at one time, who it appears that out of a whole body of general officers there was but one dissenting voice, very modestly expressed, coupled with a declaration in approval of the *million* of those who sanctioned the measure, and a pledge to defend those natives? Can the people of our country imagine that a dishonorable measure could have been freely talked over by a body of American Generals without calling forth a burst of indignation? Gen. Pillow even approved of it in council, doubtful recommendation I admit, and was not until the next day that, perhaps discovering that the scheme was not likely to succeed, as indeed it did not for the measure was never executed, he secretly prepared papers, to be taken up after years, to show to the admiring world how exquisitely he felt for the honor of his country? It is thereby manifestly in his eyes at one time, who it appears that equally to his discredit—claimed in his official report that the bath of Contreras was won in accordance with his plan of battle, when, as is perfectly well known, after hearing the details of the plan, as prepared by Gen. Persifer F. Smith, through that accomplished and modest engineer, Colonel then Capt. R. E. Lee, took Mr. Nicholas P. Trist aside, and privately declared to him that he, Gen. Pillow, had no confidence in the plan, and charged him to remember that he told him so. I am present at the headquarters of Gen. Scott, at San Augustine, the evening or night of the 19th of August, 1847, when Capt. Lee came in from the advanced post of Gen. Smith, and reported to Gen. Scott a plan for taking Contreras by assault the next morning, as suggested by Gen. Smith. In the course of the examination of the plan by Gen. Scott, Gen. Pillow and Twiggs came in. The divisions of these two Generals were both in the field before Contreras, two or three miles from San Augustine. Gen. Scott modified the plan in one not very essential point, and directed Capt. Lee to carry his approval to Gen. Smith, with instructions to execute it. A movement was then made towards the door by Generals Twiggs and Pillow, when Gen. Scott remarked that as the night was dark and rainy they might as well remain until the next morning. Upon which Gen. Twiggs observed that "his division was in the field, and that his plan was with it; but Gen. Pillow allowed himself very easily to be persuaded to take a led in Gen. Scott's quarters, and was actually seen to take the next morning when he usually was seen upon Contreras, which was taken in seven or eight minutes by the watch, in accordance with the suggestions or plan of Gen. Smith. Before retiring to bed, Gen. Pillow, to be prepared for a disaster or a failure, expressly, but privately, warned Mr. Trist, with whom he was then on intimate terms, that he had no confidence in the plan, and desired him to remember that he had so declared himself. This fact I had from Mr. Trist himself.

This brings me to another point in Gen. Pillow's address, where he endeavors to make it appear that Gen. Scott was most urgent in seeking his esteem and confidence, garbling for this purpose a note from Gen. Scott, to which he says, "Permit me to repeat once more that I have, from my first meeting with you, been anxious, from a high opinion of your heart and heart, your intelligence, honor, zeal, and valor, to win your esteem and confidence on any terms consistent with justice and honor."

strong post of Contreras was invested, Gen. Pillow being the senior officer of the troops designated for service against that post, this General, as he almost proved before the Court of Inquiry subsequently, in an interview with General, then Colonel, Riley, suggested, as it would appear, somewhat in the way of a query, "Can you not (with your regiment) get into the rear of the enemy and make an assault there?" Gen. Riley's recollection was by no means clear as to what General Pillow said, and it was plain that nothing that could be called a plan of battle was suggested, much less ordered—Gen. Riley did, however, succeed in reaching the rear of Contreras, and there repulsed handsomely a charge of Mexican horse; but no assault was made upon Contreras.

That evening, as already stated, General Smith proposed a night movement, by which a body of men was to be thrown in position for a daylight assault the next morning, from the direction of some timber beyond the position reached by Gen. Riley the day before, and this was the plan in which Gen. Pillow, as declared by Mr. Trist, had no confidence. The plan succeeded, and Contreras fell easily into the possession of our forces, though occupied by 5,000 choice troops, with some twenty pieces of artillery, under command of Gen. Valentin, one of the most distinguished of Mexico's Generals. Here were taken a number of Mexican officers of high rank, both civil and military, and here, too, were recovered the two six-pounders so nobly defended, though honorably lost, at Buena Vista, in the preceding February.

In the official report of this battle, Gen. Pillow, though actually in bed at San Augustine, three or four miles from the scene of action when the battle came off, and after the secret caution to Mr. Trist to remember his disapproval of the plan for the assault, actually claimed that the battle was fought after his plan, defending this monstrous assertion subsequently by referring to some never-said-certified something, alleged to have been said to Gen. Riley, the day before, which came to nothing, whatever it was.

Now, the reader will please mark what followed.

After the American army had entered the capital and Gen. Scott had undertaken the difficult and delicate task of making a general report of the operations of the army in the Valley of Mexico, for which purpose he was obliged to read very carefully the reports of the various commanders, who had respectively reported upon their own operations, he fell upon the report of Gen. Pillow upon the taking of Contreras. He could not fail to notice the absurdity and grossly false claim therein set up of having planned the method of assault by which that place was taken, having certain knowledge that the plan had been proposed by Gen. Smith, under circumstances already stated. It became necessary for Gen. Scott to assign the honor to Gen. Smith, to whom it was due, and thinking or hoping that Gen. Pillow's sense of justice needed nothing but a hint to induce him to modify his report, he wrote a private note to him, calling his attention to an inaccuracy, by which, if unaltered, an injury might be done to Gen. Smith, and asked him to reconsider his report. To Gen. Scott's great surprise, Gen. P. declined to change his report, and reiterated his pretension that the battle had been fought in accordance with his plan. In this state of things Gen. Scott determined to make another effort, and addressed another private note to Gen. Pillow, and reasoned the point with him, urging him to so modify his report as not to interfere with the just claims of Gen. Smith; and here it was that Gen. Scott, in a spirit of kindness and conciliation, condescended to appeal to Gen. Pillow's better feelings, if he had any, and professed his earnest wish to maintain friendly relations with him on any terms consistent with justice and honor, as if he had said: "You are hereby attempting to deprive Gen. Smith of honors justly belonging to him, and it is my duty to see justice done to you, and to you, your good qualities, and desire to maintain friendly relations with you, but, *work*, only on terms consistent with justice and honor. Who does not see that this is the true spirit of the *earnest* desire so fraudulently paraded of Gen. Scott to secure the friendship of his second in command?"

To any eye but one blinded by vanity or blinded by moral obliquity, the note from Gen. Scott was one of the most insulting that could have been passed. It expressed a condition for the maintenance of friendly relations which, to a conscientiously minded man, would have gone to the heart with the effect of a two-edged sword. It contained a plain implication that Gen. Pillow might be a dishonest man—that he might be capable of robbing a brother soldier of his justly acquired honors.

The end sufficiently illustrates the characters of the two men. Gen. Pillow persisted in his pretensions; and Gen. Scott, as he could not maintain friendly relations with him "consistently with justice and honor," dropped those relations; and now, whole years having intervened, Gen. Pillow would have his readers believe that Gen. Scott sought most anxiously his friendship.

But I must desist from further comments upon this discreditable address, filled as it is with artfully stated half truths, which are often a species of most detestable falsehoods, and leave to others the task, if any one thinks it worth while to show how preposterous it is to Gen. Pillow to criticize the operations of the army under General Scott, making his comments upon circumstances only brought to light after the accomplishment of the events referred to. Who does not know what sort of a capacity it requires to plan operations after the fact, and show how much better things might have been done? Thus General Pillow built fault with the armistice granted by General Scott to the Mexicans while their Government was yet in existence within the city, and had the highest motives for making a peace to prevent having the streets of the capital shrouded by the tread of a foreign army. Gen. Scott knew that the city was virtually in his possession on the evening of the battle of Charabasco, and I heard him tell the Mexican Commissioners so at the moment they presented the application of Santa Anna for an armistice.

Gen. Scott knew that he could enter the city, but he knew also that his doing so would disperse the Government, and that it might require whole months afterwards to find a Government in condition to make a peace, as proved to be the case when, finally, he did enter the city. There was a reasonable hope of avoiding that delay by according to the proposed armistice. That it was not avoided General Pillow has the wit to see, after the fact, and now comments upon it.

It is proper for me to say that some two years since I resigned my commission in the army in which I had served nearly forty years, and have sought a well-earned retirement to pursue a course of study altogether private and personal, with no desire or intention of mingling in any political or other controversies; but meeting with this base attempt, as I remember it, of Gen. Pillow to throw discredit upon the one soldier of our country whom the country delights to honor, whose "Conquest of Mexico" will be read in after days with that of Cortez, I could not help placing on record some few facts known to myself for the benefit of history. As for the immediate object of Gen. Pillow's address, that of securing a seat in the Senate of the United States, I have nothing to say, but to express my hope that Tennessee has worthier sons more entitled to that honor.

E. A. HUTCHCOCK,
Acting Inspector General of the American Army,
in Mexico, and late Brigadier General,
St. Louis, (Mo.) September 14, 1857.

THE SOCIETY OF LADIES.—The following pertinent remarks occur at the close of an article on the dangers of "College Life," from the pen of a New York clergyman, which appeared in the New York Times:

"The society of ladies has done much for me all my life long; and it was the salutary softening influence of such associations that, with God's blessing, restrained me from many an excess into which I might otherwise have been led while receiving my education. It has been a bad sign when a young man has no relish for such company. Whatever be a man's station in life, whether higher or lower, public or private, he will become a better man, and escape many a disaster if he will listen in due season to the voices of the intelligent and the refined among the other sex. Not only do they generally excel as in their true perception of the proprieties of life, and in the truer sense of duty to both God and man, but they are equally better in their instinctive facility of foreseeing evil before it is upon us, and of wisely discerning the character and motives of men. It was not all a dream which made the wife of Julius Cæsar—she had heard the words of Julius Cæsar, and she had heard the words of Marcus Brutus, and had seen the dagger in her entrails, he might have escaped the danger of Brutus. Disaster followed from the time that he ceased to feel the influence which of Josephine had borne on his impetuous spirit. Our own Washington, when important questions were submitted to him, often has said that he would like to carry the subject to his bedchamber before he had formed his decision; and those who knew the clear judgment and elevated purposes of Mrs. Washington, thought all the better of him for wishing to make her a confidential counsellor. Indeed, the great majority of men who have acquired for themselves a good and great name were not only married men, but happily married—both paired and matched."

A NORTH CAROLINIAN TAKES IN AND DROPS FOR.—The Baltimore Sun furnishes the following:

Several days since Mr. Wm. H. Richardson, a merchant of North Carolina, was accosted on a light street by one of these practitioners, and the two engaged in conversation. The stranger professed himself a native of North Carolina, and proposing a walk, the parties walked out to an obscure street, when a third party introduced himself, exhibited the ball, and a game was proposed with very tempting offers. Finally Mr. Richardson agreed to stake his gold watch and fifty dollars against the result, at the same time receiving as a surety a check for \$1,500 from his friends. But no sooner did the money and watch change hands, than one of the swindlers made off with them, whilst his accomplice in villainy borrowed Mr. Richardson's knife, and following after him, he would have killed him in the street. It is needless to say that neither returned, and the check upon examination was found worthless.

We have received from Surgeon John Vassar, United States Navy, a letter dated United States ship Portsmouth, Hong Kong, July 1, 1857, containing a very interesting account of a visit to Siam. Siam is but comparatively little visited or known even in the East, and is still nearer a terra incognita to the people of the West. Though visited near the sixteenth century by the Portuguese, the country has not yet been thoroughly explored, and parties are now engaged in making investigations in the interior, prompted by the hope of pecuniary gain. It is very rare for a free man to see the people here as for a Yankee, the ancient capital, now in ruins. But the trade is increasing; the land is extremely fertile; the people here are not like the Chinese, an exclusive jealousy of strangers; treaties of commerce and amity have been formed; and the kingdom must become of much greater importance than it has been in the eyes of the civilized world.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

EXPENSES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler writes that traveler's expenses are much greater in England, and less on the Continent, than in our own country. Three dollars a day is the least for which a stranger can live comfortably at a hotel in London. By railway, fares are double or triple. In Paris, on the contrary, one may sojourn in various modes, at an expense of from one to three dollars—the latter being the cost of full board at the Hotel du Louvre, the most magnificent in the world. Five dollars a day is a fair average allowance for a rapid tour.

INCIDENTS OF CENTRAL AMERICA DISASTER.

The papers contain many interesting incidents attending the late disaster at sea. In his account of his instrumentality in saving some of the passengers, Captain Jones, of the brig Ellen, says:

SINGULAR VISITATION OF A BIRD.—Just before six o'clock, on the afternoon of September 12, I was standing on the quarter deck with two others of the crew on the deck at the same time besides the man at the helm. Suddenly a bird flew over around me, just grazing my right shoulder. Afterwards it flew around my head. It was a very fine, when I caught hold of it and made it a prisoner. The bird is unlike any I ever saw before, and I don't know its name. The color of its feathers was a dark iron gray; its body was a foot and a half in length, with wings three and a half feet from tip to tip. It had a beak full eight inches long, and sort of teeth like a small hand-saw. In capturing it, it gave me a good bite on the thumb. Two of the crew, who assisted me in trying its legs, were also bitten. As it showed to be fat at every body I had its head afterwards cut off and the body thrown overboard.

THE BIRD'S VISIT REPEATED AS A WARNING.—When the bird flew to the ship the hawk was going a little north of north-east. I regarded the appearance of the bird as an omen, and an indication to me that I must change my course. I accordingly headed to the eastward direct. I should not have deviated from my course had it not been for this change of course I should not have fallen in with such passengers of the Central America.

THE BARK ENCOUNTERS THE CENTRAL AMERICA'S PASSENGERS.—About 1 o'clock Sunday morning, the helmsman and myself, who were on deck, were suddenly startled by hearing strange cries a short distance from the vessel. At first we could not tell what the cries were. In a moment the agonizing shrieks, as it seemed of a hundred voices, were plainly distinguished. I at once knew that we must be in the vicinity of a wreck, and immediately raised every man on board. In less than a minute I found that we were surrounded with persons floating in the water. The darkness of the night made it impossible to see them, but the voices calling for aid rang in my ears from every direction. As soon as the flashes of the small boat were cut and thrown into the water with ten men in it. It had hardly touched the water when six men, who were in the water, grabbed hold of it and turned it keel up—It was soon capsized, and the men taken in an instant. The work of rescuing the drowning men was proceeded with all possible dispatch.

Besides the efforts being kept up by the small boat, three fine life buoys were thrown overboard, and ropes were suspended from the sides of the vessel that the passengers might get hold of them. Altogether, forty-nine persons were picked up and taken on board. Additional lights were put up, so that they could be seen from all sides of the ship. The utmost effort was made to catch the cries of any who might be in the water. With the heavy sea that continued to roll, and the noise on board and whistling of the wind through the ropes, it was difficult to hear any distance. Five persons were picked up after daylight. The last person who was rescued, was at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Only two of the forty-nine were able to be of any service in rescuing others or ministering to those who had been rescued. These two were Captain Badger and Mr. A. J. Easton. The rest, from having remained so long in the water, were exhausted. The ship lay to till 11 a. m. Sunday morning, in the possibility that additional survivors might be found. Finding no more I headed the brig for Cape Hatteras and landed the passengers at Norfolk, on Friday, the 19th of September.

SEEKING A COMPANION.—One man floating in solitude, and terrified at his loneliness, after shouting himself hoarse to find a companion, saw at length a man with two life-preservers fastened about his body drifting towards him. His heart leaped for joy at the welcome sight, for to come him was terrible when he had overcome him was terrible. He called to the other to help him, if possible, and made every exertion to meet him half-way. There was no reply, but the other drifted nearer and nearer. A wave threw them together. The living man shrieked in the face of a corpse. The other had been drowned by the dash of the billows, or had perished from exhaustion.

SEND MY LOVE TO MY DEAR WIFE.—One man called to another, in our informant's hearing, "If you are saved, Frank, send my love to my dear wife!" but the friend appealed to answered only with a gurgle of the throat. He was washed off his plank, and perished as his comrade spoke. Many were desirous of separating themselves as far as possible from the rest, being fearful that some death-struggle might seize hold of them and draw them under. Others, afraid of their loneliness, called to their neighbors to keep together. Generally, they strove to cheer each other as long as they remained within hearing.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF QUARTERMASTER RAYMOND.—The rescued passengers from the Central America appear unanimous in their opinion as regards the intrepid and noble conduct of David Raymond, quartermaster of the ill-fated steamer. He made three trips with one of the life-boats between the steamer and the brig Maria, and tried hard to get some one to accompany him on another trip; and while pleading for assistance in his work of humanity, the boat in which he stood strewed in beneath him.

INTERESTING STATEMENT.—The Boston Journal has communicated by a correspondent the following interesting statement:

Mr. S. Colwell, one of the passengers picked up by the bark Ellen, from the wreck of the ill-fated steamer Central America, informs us that he was about for the period of nine hours, during which time he sustained himself and twenty pounds of