The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 6. CHARLOTTE, N. C., DECEMBER 8, 1857. NUMBER 41.

THOMAS J. HOLTON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North-Carolina Whig will be afforded 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 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

☞ Those when sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Crockery, Crockery!

JUST received, a new supply of White Granite and common White and Painted Ware, Blue Edge Plates and Cups and Saucers, 25 cents set, common Tumblers 5 cents a piece, at China Hall, Charlotte, N. C.

JAMES HARTY & CO.

Oct. 6, 1857. 44

Valuable Town Property

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber being desirous of improving his other Lots, offers for sale his residence on the corner of Church and —— Streets. The situation is high and healthy and one of the most desirable in the town. The buildings are all good and have been finished off lately in handsome style, and the Dwelling House is covered with tin and the domestic part of the building is arranged in a style superior to any building in the country, and in the yard is a well of excellent water. This desirable residence is situated within a short distance of the Female College one of the handsomest buildings in the State. As I do not expect a person to purchase without examining the premises, I will take great pleasure in showing the property, to any one desirous of purchasing. I will make the price correspond with the lateness of the times, not expecting to realize more than what will pay for the cost of the buildings.

GEO. CROSS.

Charlotte, Sept. 15, 1857. 29tf

40,000 PAIRS
OF
Boots, Shoes,
BROGANS
AND
Over Shoes,

EMBRACING every variety of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Children's,

BOOTS and SHOES

that can be found in any wholesale or retail establishment in the

Southern Country.

Our Goods are manufactured *EXPRESSLY* for us, and we are satisfied they will give better satisfaction, and at less prices for the same quality of goods, than at any other establishment in the South.

It is only necessary to examine our Stock and Prices to be satisfied that this is the place to

Buy Boots and Shos.

BOONE & CO.

☞ CASH—One price only.

Sept. 29, 1857. 31tf

Field Seeds!

CLOVER, Timothy, Blue Grass, Orchard, Lucerne, Millet, &c. A large quantity just received and for sale at the lowest market prices, at

PRITCHARD'S
Wholesale and Retail Drug Store,
IRWIN'S CORNER.

Aug. 25, 1857. 26tf

Otto of Rose!

A LARGE Assortment of Lubin's, Glem's and J. Houte's Splendid Extracts, Toilet Waters, Soaps, Brushes, &c. &c.

Just to hand at

PRITCHARD'S
Fancy Drug Store,
Irwin's corner.

Soluble Ess. Camphor!

FOR Diseases of the Throat, Mouth, Stomach and Bowels, prepared and sold at

PRITCHARD'S
Drug and Chemical Store,
IRWIN'S CORNER.

Blake's Aromatic Bitters!

AN excellent tonic and anti-dyspeptic Medicine, just to hand at

PRITCHARD'S
Depot of Choice Family Medicines,
IRWIN'S CORNER.

Try It! Try It!

HEMBOLD'S *concentrated* Extract of BUCHU the best medicine in the world for the class of diseases it proposes to treat. Try it.

For sale at

PRICHARD'S DRUG HOUSE,
Irwin's corner.

White Lead.

10,000 LBS WHITE LEAD just received and for sale at

H. M. PRITCHARD,
Druggist & Chemist.

Hawk's History of N. Carolina.

MR. HORNE, the agent for the above book, has left a few copies at *P. J. LOWRIE'S BOOK STORE.* Persons desiring copies will please call soon.

May 26, 1857. 13tf

KERRISON & LEIDING.
IMPORTERS OF
FANCY DRY GOODS,
Silks, Linens, Hosiery, Embroideries, &c.,
NO. 141 MEETING STREET,
OPPOSITE HAYNE STREET,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

L. L. KERRISON. HERMAN LEIDING.

Horses! Horses!!

An Infallible Remedy for HORSES!

ON the receipt of One Dollar, I will mail to any person, a receipt of a remedy for Horses while suffering from Botts or Grubs. This remedy has never been known to fail in the worst cases to give immediate relief. Every man who has a horse should always have this receipt by them. The material, of which the medicine is composed can be procured by any person at all times. If this remedy fails when given as I direct, the money will be refunded. Address me at Greensboro', Guilford co., N. C.

JOHN W. BAKER.

Sept. 15, 1857. 29tf

Dye-Stuffs, Dye-Stuffs!

THE very best of this class of articles, consisting in part of Solution of Tin, Extract of Logwood, Cochineal, Madder, &c., may be purchased low at

PRITCHARD'S
Drug Store, Irwin's corner.

Port Monnaies, Port Monnaies,

A NEW and beautiful assortment just received at

PRITCHARD'S
Drug and Chemical House,
IRWIN'S CORNER.

Country Merchants

ARE respectfully invited to call and examine our wholesale prices of *choice* DRUGS and MEDICINES, put up in any style to order, by

PRITCHARD,
Druggist and Apothecary,
IRWIN'S CORNER.

Varnishes, Varnishes!

A LARGE stock now on hand consisting of Demar, Copal, Couch Body, Furniture, Japan, &c., Which will be sold for *CASH* lower than any other house in Charlotte. By.

H. M. PRITCHARD,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist,
IRWIN'S CORNER.

Condition Powders!

FARMERS and others interested in STOCK, are assured that these preparations are unsurpassed as health-giving remedies to Horses, Cattle, and all kinds of Stock.

For sale at

PRITCHARD'S
Wholesale and Retail Drug Store,
IRWIN'S CORNER.

DESIRABLE INFORMATION TO EVERYBODY.

FOR some time past I have been engaged in a business (known only to myself and comparatively few others whom I have instructed for $100 each) which has averaged me an income of from $3,000 to $5,000 per annum—and having made arrangements to go to the Eastern Continent next Fall, I am willing to give full instructions in the art to any person in the United States, who will remit me the sum of Two Dollars. I am induced from the success I have been favored with, and the many happy acknowledgments that I have received from those whom I have instructed in the art, and who are now clearing from $3 to $15 per day, to give every person a chance to come into possession of this valuable means of making a small fortune. There is no humbug about the business herein alluded to. References of the best class can be given as regards its character, and I can also refer to persons in Chicago and Detroit, as well as in this place, who have within three months embarked in the business, and who will testify that they are making from $3 to $15 per day at the same. It is a business in which either Ladies or Gentlemen can engage, and with perfect ease make a very handsome income. Several Ladies in various parts of Illinois and Missouri, whom I have instructed in the art, are now clearing from $5 to $12 per day. It is a genteel business and requires but a few shillings to commence it. Upon receipt of $2 I will attend forward to the applicant a circular containing full instructions in the art, which will be perfectly understood upon being once read. Address:

EDWIN TEMPLETON,
No. 37, Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.

Aug. 25, 1857. 26-6m

Paint or Linseed Oil.

300 GALLONS just received and for sale at the lowest market prices, by

H. M. PRITCHARD, M. D.
Druggist & Chemist,
IRWIN'S CORNER.

Prof. DE GRATH'S
ELECTRIC OIL.

THE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electric Cures—Pain is the premonitor of death, relieve the pain and you check the disease.

Prof. De Grath's Electric Oil is the nerve of the age, for the following, (not everything:)

Cures Rheumatism often in a day;
Cures Neuralgia, Toothache two minutes;
Cures Cramp in Stomach, five minutes;
Cures Burns, Wounds, Bruises, one to three days;
Cures Headache, fifteen minutes;
Cures Earache, Stiff Neck, Ague, one night;
Cures Piles, Swelled Glands, ten days;
Cures Hemorrhage, Scrofula, Abscess, six to ten days;
Cures Frosted Feet and Chilblains, one to three days;
Cures Ague and Fever, one to two days, and all nervous and scrofulous affections.
Cures deafness in one to four days;
Cures all Pains in the Back, Breast, &c., in two days.

As an example of the estimation in which it is held by one of the ablest jurists and writers on law, &c., in this country, we will give a letter received by Prof. De Grath from John Livingston, Esq., Editor of the well known Monthly Law Magazine, 157 Broadway, New York, a word of such testimony is of more weight among the best classes of the country, than volumes from unknown sources:

GIRARD HOUSE, Philadelphia, May 7, 1856.

Prof. Charles De Grath—I freely give it as my opinion that your "Electric Oil" is among the most wonderful remedies of modern times. At the earnest request of a lady who alleged she had been relieved of a most painful affection by its use, I was induced to try a bottle, though at the time of purchasing, I fully believed it to be a quack medicine and a catch penny humbug. But a trial convinces me that it does possess a magic power, and its use will prove a blessing to suffering humanity.

I recently took a cold from sleeping in damp sheets, and my neck became so much swollen and painful, that I could not turn my head.

After using, without success, everything prescribed by my physician, I last evening tried your Electric Oil. This morning I am well, the relief having been as complete as it was instantaneous.

Yours very truly,
JOHN LIVINGSTON.
Editor Monthly Law Magazine,
157 Broadway & 120 West Fourteenth st., N. Y.

Mr. Livingston belongs to the old wealthy and highly respectable families of the first settlers of New York. Any one can address him on the subject of the above letter, which will be answered with pleasure.

CAUTION.—There are numerous imitations sprung up on the reputation that my article has acquired. The public must beware. They are worthless.

DR. H. M. PRITCHARD.

sole agent for Charlotte, and sold by Druggists and Country Merchants generally.

Nov. 3, 1857

Bathing and Surgeon's Sponge,

OF the first quality, at

PRITCHARD'S DRUG STORE.

White Lead! White Lead!!

ANOTHER supply invoiced. Pure Article 9½ cents per lb. *for Cash*, together with every variety of colors, &c., at

PRITCHARD'S
Drug and Paint Store.

Quinine has Declined!

POWER'S & WIGHTMAN'S pure QUININE at $2 50 per oz.—*cash invariably*—at

PRITCHARD'S
Chemical House,
IRWIN'S CORNER.

Breast Pumps, Nursing Bottles India Rubber Shields, &c., &c.,

JUST to hand at

PRITCHARD'S
Family Drug Store.

Teeth and Ear Syringes,

JUST received at

PRITCHARD'S.

Becker's Farina!

THE superiority of this article over corn Starch Tapioca, Sago, &c., as an article of diet for invalids and *children*, is unquestioned by the medical faculty.

Full supply at

PRITCHARD'S
Family Drug Store.

Sept. 15, 1857. 25tf

Steadman's Salem Magazine.

IS TO BE the title of a Literary Periodical, to be published Monthly, in the town of Salem, North Carolina, by ANDREW J. STEADMAN, a member of the North Carolina bar.

In offering to the public my Magazine, I claim for the Editorial Chair no superiority over that department of other like Periodicals; but I do claim for the talent of North Carolina, and the South generally, that will be brought to its support, Southern patronage. And I also, as a Southern man, and the Editor of a Southern Magazine, claim at the hands of the Southern country and especially of North Carolina, that she shall support that will here, at home, established, upon a firm basis, a fountain of Literature, she exclusively a Home Literary Magazine.

Many are the Magazines now published in the Northern States that are flooding the whole Southern country. There is not, (it is probable,) a county in any Southern State that is not visited by "Harper," "Graham," "Peterson," or "Godey;" while here, in North Carolina and the South, where genius unsurpassed and unequaled reigns, the literary talent that is brought into exercise is dedicated to the support of Northern Magazines, while Southern enterprise, taste and talent bow in humble submission to such suicidal policy of Southern contributors.

Why I ask, cannot we—North Carolina, the South—send greetings to our Southern clime a Magazine, acceptable for the many qualities that adorn the pages of the most classic, elegant and polite Periodicals? It is true that the South has her Magazines; but few in number are they, and unknown, compared to the publications of the North, which every mail brings to our homes, filled with the result of hired labor, and teeming with unpatriotic sedition.

Then I appeal to North Carolina and other Southern States to aid me in my enterprise, and in promoting a literary taste amongst those upon whom as a Southern man, I have claims.

My Magazine will be of the usual size; and nothing will be admitted to its pages but such articles as will meet the approval of the most fastidious. It shall be illustrated with Engravings and Plates, of the most elegant texture, equaling in beauty and style any executed at the North.

My price of subscription is THREE DOLLARS per year, which is required to be paid in advance, as the expense to be incurred in establishing such a publication will not admit of a credit system.

☞ *The first number will be issued 1st January 1858.*

A. J. STEADMAN,
Editor and Prop.

September 1, 1857.

N. B.—My Address until the first of November will be Pittsborough, N. C.—after that time it will be Salem, N. C.

CHARGE AGAINST MINISTERS.—The Elizabeth City Pioneer, in an article on the Virginia Conference, now in session at that place, says a charge was brought against the Revs J. E. Edwards and Leonidas Rosser, for INDULGING in a game of ten pins at the Virginia Springs during the past summer:

The charge was founded upon the statement made by a correspondent of the Elizabeth City American Sentinel, published in that paper some time in August. The defendants plead guilty to the charge, and while expressing their regret for the act, denied the intentional commission of wrong, and resorted to the game as a healthy and harmless exercise. The character of the two gentlemen inculpated, would never subject them to the charge of a wanton disregard of the obligations and duties appertaining to their vocation, and however improper a resort to the bowling alley by a Christian minister, there can be no doubt that the reason assigned—a good and sufficient one we might say, if allowed to express an opinion—was the true one. Messrs. Edwards and Rosser pledged themselves from all future indulgence in the game complained of, and the Conference declined any further action in the premises.

A DESCENDANT OF ROYALTY.—The Norfolk papers in announcing that a man named Bartholomew has been fined and imprisoned in that city for shooting and wounding T. T. Cropper, states that on the trial it was proven that the prisoner believed he was a descendant of the royal family of France, and that it was a condescension in him to speak to common men. He was kicked when a boy by a colt, which injured his intellect. His father died in the lunatic asylum at Mount Hope, having gone deranged because Gen. Taylor beat Gen. Cass for the presidency.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOUND IN A CAR.—Geo. E. King, the well known baggage master on the Boston and Worcester Railroad, as is his usual custom, was passing through the cars on Tuesday last, on their arrival from Worcester, after the passengers had left, to pick up such articles as might be accidentally left, for the benefit of the owner. In one of the cars he found a package containing five thousand dollars.—The owner, after reaching his place of business, discovered the loss, and made all haste to the station, where the money had been safely locked up, waiting the rightful owner's arrival. Upon receiving his property, he presented the finder with twenty dollars.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Poetry.

From Russell's Magazine.

BALLAD—The Sleeping Child.

I.

My child, upon thy slumbering eye,
What lovely visions now descend,
Sweet shapes, that with thy forms blend,
And woo thee for Eternity!

II.

The smile of absences [illegible]
Declares a presence in thy heart:—
Celestial visitant, whose art
Would make it Love's abiding place.

III.

And pure ideals, fond and warm,
Are sleeping now thy infant thought—
By these, the latent virtues taught
Grow strong, and eminent of charm.

IV.

Glad forms before the flit and play;—
The Future, with her promise fair;
Love that floats free in upper air,
And Friendship, that makes smooth the way.

V.

And hallow'd Truth, and genial Hope,
These bend above, and with thy dreams,
Twine flowers of fancy, shed the gleams,
That through the clouds the vistas ope!

VI.

And how that happy heart pursues'
Each avenue of light, that shows
Where, in sweet harbours of the Rose,
Sits Beauty, that in worship woos.

VII.

She builds thy little Temple fair,—
And Hope and Love, and Virgin eyes,
Seize on thy soul with glad surprise,
And raise a joyous altar there!

Miscellaneous.

THE CHAMPAGNE CORK.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

A half a dozen young men sat chatting over their champagne, after a lively supper, with Harry Beaumont, at his mother's country-seat, in the vicinity of Philadelphia. As the hour grew late, and the guests reluctantly spoke of departure, the young host called on them to drink one more glass to the "loves of their hearts" at parting.

"And especially," added Frank Treverton, the gayest of the party, "especially to your mother's charming guests, Grace and Mary Bloomwood!" And he bowed to Harry.

"Why do you omit their cousin Blanche?" asked Harry. "She is worth both the beauties put together. For my man who could put up with the plain setting, she's a jewel."

"Is she?" returned Frank, carelessly. "Well, I've thought so once or twice myself. But it's a pity, for she's confoundedly plain, and will never get a husband unless by chance."

"The more fools they that overlook her," returned Harry.

"Why the mischief don't you appropriate her yourself then?" asked two or three voices.

"I! Oh! I'm in love with a beauty myself, and could not think of such a thing—but that only proves I'm a fool like the rest of you."

"I declare, Harry, you almost persuade me to take her," cried Frank. "At all events I'd be willing to run the risk of having happiness 'thrust upon me.' Besides it's a shame such a fine girl should not have one chance for a husband. What say you, boys? Suppose we agree that the fellow that is hit by the cork Harry is going to let fly, shall offer himself to Miss Blanche, and thus be made happy for life in spite of himself?"

"Agreed," cried some voices. Others, however, demurred. At last, after some debate, the resolution was carried, with the proviso that a prior attachment should be an exemption from the decree.

Harry cut the wire, and the cork, after vaulting almost to the ceiling, descended plump on the head of the originator of the proposal.

"Dashed! by thunder," cried that luckless hero, inelegantly, when he felt the fatal tap on his crown; while roars of laughter from his unsympathizing companions attested their enjoyment of the humor and justice of the hit, as well perhaps their sense of personal relief at their own escape.

"Well, I'm in for it," cried Frank, after a great gasp. "I'll stand by my bargain. I'll offer myself, as per agreement, and trust to my lucky stars for a refusal."

A derisive jeer, and the universal exclamation, "No hopes of that—no hopes of that!" damped his rising spirits at view of this mode of escape.

"Why not?" he asked, rather faintly.

"She, plain and poor—you, handsome and rich," returned one of the party, laconically.

Frank sighed; he felt the force of circumstances.

And now, reader, it is time for me to let you into a secret. The whole of the strange conversation I have described, was overheard by the person most interested in it—namely, Blanche Bloomwood herself.

For, with the other young ladies, Grace and Mary, she had gone into the conservatory adjoining the dining-room, and there, in consequence of the raised voices of the young men at their supper, had recognized her name. The result added one more confirmation to the truth of the everlastingly true proverb, about "listeners hearing no good of themselves."

It is needless to say that Blanche's feelings of mortification and annoyance, on this occasion, were severely painful. The reader may well imagine that as the conversation progressed she blushed—she hid her face—she tried to stop her ears, and being prevented from making her escape by her companions, who roguishly held her still, fearing any movement might betray them, she finally sat, pale, and quiet, while tears of real agony rolled down her cheeks.

But what of that? What if another, and yet keener pang, mingled with the mortification she felt at hearing her name so disrespectfully mentioned? What if, like a silly, susceptible girl as she was, she had been foolish enough to look too often and too kindly on Frank Treverton's open face, till a warm and tender feeling for him had almost unconsciously sprung up in her imprudent heart? We are not going to accord her any sympathy on that account—she had no business to look—no business to feel. She was plain as a pike-staff: and what business have plain women to be looking about, and feeling, especially as nobody is likely to look at, or feel anything for them? No, it was most responsible, in our heroine, and she has got to take the consequences—to receive her punishment, which is coming.

On the following day, Frank, who was one of those persons who like to remove the pressure of a disagreeable, impending duty by instantly performing it, called on Blanche to get through the task his folly had imposed on him. Besides, he shrewdly calculated that by making his offer suddenly, without any preliminary advances, he greatly increased his chances of a refusal.

As for poor Blanche, she had passed a sleepless night. She had been harassed by distressing thoughts. Surely hers was a trial of a peculiar kind. She felt that she loved Frank—and felt as plainly that he had never even given her a thought. Yet, by a strange chance, she saw him about to put himself in her power. She had but to accept his offer, and honor would bind him to her. Afterward—so the tempter whispered—she could win his heart—she would then have opportunity which was now denied her; and if, after all, she found this hope vain, she could then release him, and be no worse off than she was now. But opposed to this special pleading came her woman's pride—her woman's delicacy, which forbade her to accept a feigned suit, or to force herself on any man.

It was some relief to her, after such a disturbed night, during which every distressing thought visited her with exaggerated horrors, to find that by broad daylight she could scarcely regard the agreement of the night before as anything but a jest.—Notwithstanding this conviction, however, she dressed herself with particular care, (for a plain woman is more regardful of such things than a pretty one,) and the silly child not help thinking of possibilities.

Therefore, when Frank was announced, as he was shortly, she went down to the drawing room, perfectly sure of his errand, and perfectly sure, too, of her answer.

Frank, the elegant, and perhaps too confident man of the world, was evidently not himself on this occasion. He was manifestly confused and embarrassed. He spoke hurriedly of a thousand things, passing abruptly from one subject to another. The composure of his companion gradually restored his tranquility, in a measure; but his agitation returned as often as he thought of offending her dignity by the blow he meditated. There was something, too, of sensibility and tenderness in her face, which made him shrink from wounding her feelings. He procrastinated, and the longer he delayed, the more impossible seemed his task; for the more he conversed with Blanche, the higher he was obliged to estimate her character. More than once, charmed by the brilliancy of her conversation, and the grace of her manner, he half determined to defer his offer till he knew her better, feeling that it might possibly, one day, be made in a very different spirit.

The morning was already far spent, ere he called up resolution to say,

"Miss Blanche, I have called here to day on a most disagreeable—I mean—most agreeable, though—extraordinary—errand——"

A warm blush rushed to Blanche's face; she trembled visibly. Frank went on with forced bravery,

"Miss Blanche, I am here to offer you my hand——" He stopped abruptly, at a loss how to round his periods.

Poor Blanche's heart palpitated so that she could not speak. During the silence which followed, Frank recovered from his embarrassment enough to notice and wonder at her; but Blanche soon composed herself.

"Mr. Treverton," she said, in a low, distinct voice, "I shall not ask what has impelled you to make your strange offer. It is enough for me to be sure that you do not love me, and poor and plain though I am, I cannot forego affection in a husband. I feel, too, that it was not kind in you to——" She could get no farther. The coming flood of tears threatened to wash away all her dignity. She made hastily for the door.

Frank, well nigh melted to tears himself at sight of her impassioned sorrow, followed her, and caught her hand at the door to detain her.

There was something within the hand he seized, which she left within his as she escaped from him, just managing to say, with a convulsive smile,

"A keepsake."

Frank clenched his hand upon the trifle, without thinking to look at it till after he had taken two or three turns up and down the room, during which he heartily berated himself for his folly and unkindness, and as heartily pitied poor Blanche. When he unclosed his hand, he saw something carefully wrapped in a silver paper. He unfolded it, and found—a champagne cork.

It would be a difficult matter to describe Frank's feelings as he left the house and walked homeward. He made his escape; met with the refusal he hoped for; yet he did not seem the light-hearted fellow one might have expected. In fact, Blanche's intelligence, gentleness and refinement of manners, still more, her dignified rejection of his suit, had made a deep impression on him. Perhaps, too, with man's ready intuition on such points, he divined the state of her feelings toward him; for men are vain creatures, and quick enough to see, or if necessary to imagine, what flatters them.

At all events, her keepsake proved that she was cognizant of the motives which induced him to make his unlucky offer; and her feelings under such singular circumstances offered a curious subject for his speculations, especially if his surmise as to her state of mind was correct.

He felt himself called upon, if only as a mere matter of curiosity, to investigate the latter point.

Philosophic investigations, however well intended, are dangerous under certain circumstances. This truth Frank discovered long before his course of study was complete. He fell so deeply in love as even to satisfy the requirements of a plain woman on that point.

Some superficial observers may think that this is not saying much. I tell them it is saying a great deal—since in addition to the love which would satisfy a handsome woman, a plain one demands as much more as shall quiet her doubts of her own powers of attraction.

But, as I have said, poor Frank's infatuation was complete. He was even heard to say, that the happiest moment of his life was that in which Blanche confessed to him, that, though she did not choose that her fate for life should be decided by the popping of champagne cork, she had loved him then, and ever since.

DISASTER UPON DISASTER—A FEARFUL CATALOGUE.—We do not believe that, in the entire history of newspaper printing, the press has ever been called upon to record a week's chapter of tragedies, disasters, and fatal results, that can compare with the one just past. To waive all comment upon the incredible number of murders and fatal assaults that have transpired in this city and elsewhere, and which seem to be viewed more in the light of matter-of-course occurrences than otherwise, we will only allude to what may be classed as serious disasters.—We have, then, in this one week's catalogue the unprecedented freshets in this State, in Canada, and on the Western rivers, involving the loss of a million dollars' worth of property and a large number of lives; gales on the lakes, in which some thirty vessels are known to have been foundered or stranded, with the probable loss of a still larger number. The amount of property thus destroyed can be estimated only by hundreds of thousands of dollars, to say nothing of many sailors and others who perished.—Gales on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, in which a large number of coal boats were sunk, involving the loss of $50,000 and upwards of 100 lives. Boiler explosions—in Griffintown, Canada, with one man killed and many wounded; steamer Cataract, five lives lost and fifteen wounded; Rainbow, loss of life and many wounded; N. P. Sprague, eight lives lost and several wounded. Collision on the coast of Texas, with loss of steamer Opelousas and twenty-five lives, besides many wounded. Fires—in Rochester, two lives lost and $100,000 worth of property; Baltimore, loss $80,000; Columbus, Ohio, loss heavy; Louisville, $30,000; Mobile, $150,000; Ocean, N. Y., $70,000; Jamaica, N. Y., $20,000; Lockport, $100,000; steamer Henry H. Beach at Baltimore, $10,000; also in this city, $50,000.

All these disasters occurred during the week just past. The record for the previous week was scarcely less appalling. The old proverb that "misfortunes never come singly," seems to be often verified, and particularly in the present instance.—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE RESTORATION OF THE RESOLUTE.—The painting executed by Simpson, the English artist, by order of Queen Victoria, representing the restoration of the Arctic ship Resolute to her Majesty, has arrived in this country, and is now on exhibition for the first time at Earl's Galleries, 816 Chestnut street. It is, without doubt, the most interesting modern historical picture that has recently been exhibited in America.—The artist has done his work well, and has given, it is said, a very exact representation of the actual scene at the moment of Capt. Hartstene's capital presentation speech.

The Queen, the Prince Consort, Princess Royal, Prince of Wales, with different ladies and gentlemen of the Court, are all represented, and all their portraits are taken from life. A large number of Americans, who were present, also figure in the scene.—The painting is not a brilliant one, for the Resolute afforded no room or convenience for stage effect, and the Court was in mourning for the Duchess of Gloucester. But the excellent groupings, the admirable painting, the correctness of the likenesses and the fidelity to history displayed in every part of it, makes it one of the most interesting pictures ever brought to America. It is to be engraved in the best style.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A PLEASANT AFFAIR.—One day last week, says the Eastern Argus, a merchant in Gardiner, Me., offered to give a barrel of flour to Rev. Charles Blake, a Baptist minister in that city, provided the young ladies would haul it to him. To this they consented, and having obtained a small pair of trucks the barrel of flour was placed thereon, and about forty young ladies took hold of the ropes and drew the barrel of flour about half a mile, up one of the steepest hills in Gardiner, to the minister's house. The Gardiner band, seeing what was going on, headed the procession, and played some excellent music. There was a large crowd to witness the proceeding, and a cabinet maker brought out a very handsome rocking chair, which he fastened to the barrel, and let it go as an additional present to the minister.

HONEST OFFICIALS.—In August last, a subscriber to the Observer in Tennessee enclosed in a letter to us $5, to pay his account. Not getting a receipt from us, he wrote to inquire about it; but we had not received the letter. On Monday last, it came to hand, having travelled to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, where it was opened, and on finding a bank note enclosed was returned to Memphis for a postage stamp, which the writer forgot to put on it originally, and without which it was unlawful to send it to us. It is all right now, thanks to the Dead Letter men, who we hope may long live faithfully to perform their resurrectionary labors.—*Pay. Obs.*

From the Baltimore American.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The measure to which the Bank of England has been authorized to resort by a government order is not a suspension of specie payments, though, if the panic continued, it may eventuate in that. Under the act of 1844, the Bank was allowed to issue £14,000,000 of bank notes (all at or above the denomination of £5) on the faith of the government, and £2,000,000 more in post notes for the convenience of Exchange. Beyond this £16,000,000, no issue could be made except upon a corresponding amount of specie in hand. Of course, as the specie decreased the volume of the currency went down in the same ratio. The government now suspends the operation of this restrictive clause, and the Bank, under a promise of government indemnity, oversteps the limits of the law and advances its notes upon good security. These notes, however, the Bank is just as much bound to redeem in gold on demand, as any of its issues under the charter, and it is therefore no act of grace toward the Bank, but only an expansion of accommodations to the public. But if the panic was to continue, with the same features of aggravation as belong to such financial spasms in this country, and depositors withdrew their deposits whilst noteholders united in a run for gold, it is evident that the increased issue would not increase the difficulties of the Bank and render a suspension of specie payments inevitable.—The suspension of the restrictive clause of the charter, therefore, only effects an increase of the facilities of the Bank by which to avert the necessity of a suspension.

In 1847, when similar powers were granted to the Bank, the effect was immediately as now, to allay the panic, restore public confidence, and the extraordinary powers which it was officially permitted to exercise were never resorted to; the very knowledge that these powers could be exerted having done away with the necessity to do so. If, however, the Bank resorts to this extra issue, the high rate of interest now charged, will prevent the issue from being too large, thus checking over trading and speculation, whilst affording to all who absolutely need money the opportunity of obtaining it. In other words the Bank has the means of expansion through an extra issue of notes, and the power to keep that expansion within reasonable limits by maintaining an extraordinary rate of discount. Our banks may expand in the face of a crisis and as a means of averting a panic, but they do it at their own risk; they cannot advance the rate of interest, and are forced, if they discount at all, to do so at the same rates that the law holds sufficient in times when only the ordinary dangers of money lending are to be met. Of course they refuse to assume this additional risk when they have no counterposing additional safeguard, and thus the usury laws, always obnoxious, become in times of commercial stringency the greatest promoters of panic and disaster. The Bank of England protects its customers to save itself; our Banks break their customers to save themselves. A briefly expressed but very important difference.

The issues of the Bank of England are a legal tender for all debts of the United Kingdom, and answer, except for export, all the purposes of gold. The fact that under the provisions of the Treasury letter they can be obtained upon governmental and other prime securities will prevent an increase of the excitement, limit the demand, and favorably influence a restoration of public confidence. The panic doubtless proves for England, as it has proved for us, what has always been sufficiently self-evident, that the immediate liquidation of all business indebtedness everywhere is impossible; the more impossible indeed as that business is extensive and its basis existing in real substantial wealth. The world cannot, if it be commercial at all, be prepared to pay on demand; there must be credit and confidence, or without them distrust, inactivity and the absence of progress. England, however, meets these crises with safeguards that we have not, and though they, in the nature of things, cannot be entirely avoided, we think the experience of that country will show how they are to be mitigated.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—A young English sailor, who in a skirmish with the Russians had shot a man, describes his feelings in a letter to his friends, which strikingly shows how greatly war is opposed to the sensibilities of our nature. Seeing the man at whom he had aimed fall, he felt that he must go to him. "He lay quite still, he says," and I was more afraid of him lying so, than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once, that you have killed a man. He was a fine young fellow, not more than twenty five. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt as full as though my heart would break. *He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy.* What I felt I can never tell; but if my life would have saved his, I believe I would have given it." The wound was fatal, and he soon breathed his last.—"I laid his head gently down upon the grass," he continues, "and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time. I somehow thought of every thing I had heard about the Turks and the Russians and the rest of them; but all that seemed so far off, and the dead man so near."

STARVING.—A gentleman, a few days since, having purchased his dinner at one of the provision stores in our city, placed his basket on the door step for a moment, to get some forgotten article within. On his return, he found his basket gone, and up the street he saw it in the hands of a man making off with it. The owner gave pursuit, and soon overtaking the thief, he inquired why he took his basket. "Come with me," said he, "and you shall see." He went, and as soon as the father entered the room of his dwelling, his children rushed to the basket and seizing the raw food, ate it with all the ravenous eagerness of extreme hunger.—*Providence Transcript.*