# Communication.

Correspondence of the North Carolina Whig.

## FROM EASTERN CAROLINA TO MIDDLE TENNESSEE.

Mr. Editor:—I closed my last epistle, it will be recollected, with an account of my visit to the Lookout mountain. And now that I may somewhat excuse the apparent enthusiasm of that communication, I will say that I have been informed that Dr. Means of Ga., pronounces the scenery about Chattanooga fully equal to any European scenery, and unsurpassed in the world. After descending the mountain, we took a right hand road, and soon found ourselves on the premises formerly owned by the celebrated Chief of the Cherokees, John Ross. A Mr. Gillespie now owns the place. By the way, I became acquainted with a person of this name in Charlotte a few years ago. So when I heard the word—Gillespie, it did not sound strange to me. Mr. Gillespie resides in a neat two story house, painted white. In the same yard there is standing the veritable habitation in which Ross resided until some 10 or 12 years ago, when he crossed the "father of waters." It is said that this house is 60 or 70 years old. It is a log house, with pole and dirt chimney; no sash or glass in the windows; and but for its celebrity, would be regarded as nothing more than a dilapidated log cabin, considerably larger than ordinary structures of this sort.

The stables in which Ross kept his horses are still there, and are remarkable for nothing. The fruit trees which he planted, mostly apple, are still flourishing; the lands are ordinary, and altogether it is a *common place*. I understand that Ross has a son in Yale College, and that he is also possessed of two very beautiful daughters. It is said that the reason why it was so difficult to get the Cherokees to remove was that there were two chiefs, Ross and Ridge. Ridge was unwilling to go, and not until he was killed did the difficulty of removal cease.

Having said this much about Chattanooga in my former letter, and in this, embracing what I saw returning as well as what I saw going; we will now imagine ourselves "on board" for Nashville, having just passed Chattanooga. We now find ourselves in the midst of the mountains. I believe the name of Lookout is given to this entire range, extending for several miles. And now as we roll on we are amazed that any one should ever have thought, or even dreamed, of bringing a stage coach through this Switzerland, much less that the idea of building a railroad over these hills and hollows should have been conceived. We are in Tennessee now, and as we look upon this Herculean work, we are ready to exclaim, "these Tennesseeans are men of stout hearts and strong arms."

We frequently pass over portions of the road, two hundred yards in length, where the way has been literally hewn out through the rock; the massive walls rising on either hand to the height of fifty to, perhaps, one hundred feet. But the wonder excited by these huge cuts is scarcely less than that produced by the immense fillings over which we pass. Imagine the red earth piled up until it is as high as the tree tops, and then an exceedingly high trestle work erected on this high ridge, and then imagine a long train of cars creeping along up there between the heavens and the earth, and you will have some idea of railroad travel through this interesting region.

Some ten or fifteen miles from Chattanooga we find ourselves emerging from the mountains into the Sequatchie valley. This valley extends for several miles. Looking to the right as we pass along we frequently see mountains in the distance; and sometimes very near us, the Tennessee river rolls noiselessly along. Looking to the left, we generally see a steep rugged ridge rising up from the valley to a considerable height.—Much of the Sequatchie valley has never been cleared, and the grand old trees lift up their heads on high "to meet the sun in his coming," and spread wide their umbrageous arms. The grateful coolness of this sylvan valley invites the sun burnt traveller to repose, and you may well suppose that it is a real paradise for those quadrupeds which divide the hoof, and which furnish such excellent material for the supply of our tables. Here

Tall oaks from little acorns grow,
And tall hogs also.

Isn't that beautiful? But I must restrain this poetic effusion, and go on. Sequatchie signifies *fat hog*; the Indians used to raise fine hogs here, and with this, we leave fat hog valley.

We come, at length to the Cumberland mountain. Again we pass through walls of limestone, and then scale the river tops.—But lo! a total eclipse! midnight at noonday! We are now rumbling along through the Tunnel made by incredible labor through the hard limestone. It is 2800 feet through this Egyptian darkness. Now we cross the Tennessee, having *threatened* to do so ever and anon since we left Chattanooga. I should think the river 300 or 400 yards wide at this point; perhaps a quarter of a mile.

We pass through one corner of Alabama, and then again into Tennessee. We are now a little over one hundred miles from Nashville, and in the midst of the finest farming region I have ever seen. All the lands that I have seen in Middle Tennessee are very much alike, in appearance at least. The soil is not red like that of our worn out hills in Carolina; but it has a reddish cast, being of a brown or mulatto color.—There is some cotton raised in Tennessee, but corn and wheat are the great articles of production. And the abundance of these, together with the fine grasses and clover which abound, affords great facilities for the raising of stock. The cow cows are in many places not four feet apart; they scarcely ever apply manure in this fertile region; I understand they hardly ever hoe their corn, and yet the yield is very great. I was especially struck with the vigour and greenness which vegetation every where exhibited. Here is evidently a very great native strength about the soil which is only manifest in the very richest lands of the Atlantic States. The hope that abounds in the West is wanting in the East.

I made inquiry as to the health of the country. A. P. D., who has been residing in Nashville and its surroundings for the last twelve or fifteen years, assured me that he had never seen more than two or three cases of chill and fever, and that he never could be induced to reside in an unhealthy place.

And now, shall we emigrate to Middle Tennessee—the writer, the Editor, and the reader all in company? I must forbid one, errors before we start; we must take plenty of the *needful*, for we shall have to pay from $20 to $100 an acre for these elegant lands. How it is with the Editor and the reader, I cannot tell; but the writer I know. Having enough at this time to purchase only about a half acre, he declines going.

And after all, the writer doesn't want to go. Profoundly as he was impressed with the virtues, talents, attainments, and hospitality of the Tennesseeans; he imagines that in Carolina there is more refinement and intelligence, and equal piety characterizing the men; and more beauty, gracefulness, and delicacy amongst the women.—I will close this part of my rigmarole with this sentiment: THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER!

Nashville is so denominated in honor of Gen. Nash of N. C., who fell bravely in one of the battles of the Revolutionary war.—It has a population of about 25,000, and is rapidly increasing in extent, wealth, and numbers. It is called "the city of rocks," and never was an appellation more correctly given. You may undertake to dig down anywhere in the city, and the first and last thing you find is rock, the hard limestone. The environs of the city are charming, especially when distance lends its enchantment.

We ascended the lofty eminence upon which stands the beautiful and magnificent State House. We now have a wide field of roofs and chimneys, and green tree tops at our feet; bordering the city on the North, we have the slowly gliding Cumberland, some 200 or 300 yards wide, spanned by a suspension bridge, and beyond this, gardens, fields, and handsome residences, and then the Cumberland mountains sweeping away to the North west. I must say however that with the exception of the principal streets, Nashville is a filthy city. I am not surprised at the havoc of human life made here by the cholera a few years ago.

The State House is perhaps 300 feet in length; it is built of white limestone, hewn as smoothly as a planed plank, and is three stories high. It is said that the capitol in Columbia, S. C., will not equal it, and that it is only surpassed in the U. S. A., by the Capitol at Washington.

The City Hotel is contiguous to the Methodist Publishing House on the Public Square, and this Hotel is, I understand, the site of the affray which occurred many years ago between Jackson and Benton. It is pleasant to know that the *tomahawk* was buried long before the interment of those who used it.

Of course I visited the Hermitage during my stay in Tennessee. It is 12 miles North east of the city. In company with three others, I drove out to this far-famed spot one pleasant afternoon. It was indeed a delightful drive. The road is macadamized and the residences, farms, and patches of woods, all combined to produce the most agreeable emotions. Turning a little from the main road, and passing through a gate, we found ourselves in the avenue which leads to the mansion of the late ex President. The trees are green around us, and the grass under them is luxuriant. The house is a substantial brick structure of ordinary size, two stories high. The room opening to the South and East, on the lower floor, was the old hero's bed-room. The house has been re-furnished since the General's decease, but many interesting relics of the former illustrious occupant are still pointed out to visitors.

Amongst these we saw a sort of pitcher presented to the ex President by the Coopers of Philadelphia. It is composed of 750 staves made from the wood of the tree under which Penn concluded his treaty with the Indians. The vessel is beautifully polished and varnished, and has a silver covering.

We saw also a miniature marble monument presented to the General by Lafayette. Also a large, round, substantial chair, with cushion, which once belonged to General Washington. We were shown the easy chair in which the old hero reclined during his last sickness, and several other objects of interest were pointed out to us. Andrew Jackson, jr., the nephew and adopted son of the General, now resides on the premises; but the State of Tennessee having bought the establishment, he will vacate it, is said, next fall.

From the house, we walked East into the garden. It is both a flower and vegetable garden; but has no remarkable characteristics. In the South-east corner of the garden the old warrior and statesman "sleeps his last sleep." We make two or three steps upward, and find ourselves upon the limestone floor which covers the vault in which is deposited the dust of Andrew Jackson and his wife. Laid flat upon this floor are the plain slabs inscribed to their memory. The epitaph of Mrs. Jackson is elaborate; the following is all that is said of her distinguished husband: "General Andrew Jackson; born March 15th, 1767; died June 8th, 1845." There is a circular covering for the vault supported by columns some 16 or 18 feet in height. But the whole affair strikes us as exceedingly plain, and looks old.

As the sun was sinking in the west, we all reclined upon the pebbles in the walk around the vault, and each one was called upon to mention some marked event in the General's life. The battle of New Orleans, the removal of the deposits, the blow struck at Nullification, and the five millions collected from the French, were all mentioned.

As we lingered about this memorable nook, we felt that even the grave has its charms. We almost envied the old man of steel nerves and iron will; he sleeps so peacefully after the storms of life, here where willows wave, and where roses bloom. May the moss of time cover his faults, and may his good deeds shine on forever. With these feelings we returned to the house; and after furnishing ourselves with hickory sticks, a supply of which is always kept on hand by the servants, we bade adieu to the home and grave of "Old Hickory."

A. G. S.

BOARDING AN AMERICAN SHIP.—Quite an agreeable meeting at sea took place lately. An American ship, bound for Australia, fell in with a British transport. As a mark of respect, the American dipped her ensign. This brought a boat with a number of officers from the transport, who were boarded by the hand with "Yankee Doodle" and "God Save the Queen." At night, desirous to prolong the civilities, signal rockets were sent up and blue lights burned by each. How gratifying must such courtesies have been to parties several thousand miles from home, on the "ocean wave." "Boarding" in this manner is far more interesting and better calculated to do good than the way in which some British officers have lately visited the marine of our neighbors. We "go in" for operations such as the above.—*St. Johns (N. B.) News.*

Com. Ap. Catesby Jones, of the navy, died in Fairfax county, Va., on the 30th ult.


# North Carolina Whig.

CHARLOTTE:

Tuesday, June 15, 1858.


☞ We give in a preceding column another interesting communication from a friend who has been on a visit to Tennessee. It will richly repay for the time consumed in its perusal.

### Our Sons.

At the request of a friend we have given on the first page of to-days paper an article from Harper's Magazine headed "our Sons." It is long, but notwithstanding its length, the reader will find it an article of great interest especially to parents. It must be apparent to all, that the suggestions made by the writer are important, and if carried out, would be an improvement much called for and would be the means of entailing upon those interested a greater amount of happiness than the present extravagant habits.

### Mecklenburg Bonds.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the President of the Wilmington, C. & R. R. R. Company offering for sale the Bonds of Mecklenburg county in aid of this company.

### Land for Sale.

Persons desirous of purchasing land have an opportunity, as a large quantity is offered for sale in Union county. This land, from its situation, offers to those desirous of raising Sheep or other stock great inducements, as wool and good beef is in great demand.

### A Horrid Affair.

We understand that on Sunday last, a few miles from Charlotte, a man named Anderson Beaty was so seriously injured by another man named Frank Cathey, that his life is disposed off. It is reported that they had a chicken fight somewhere in the neighborhood of the accident, and that a quarrel sprung up between these two men and they got into a fight, when Cathey picked up a rock and struck Beaty in the head, severely fracturing his skull. Cathey has put himself out of the way. We think a Vigilant Committee would be of great service in ridding this community of the pests that frequent that section of the country. It is surprising that the people have tolerated so long such a nest for the commission of crime.

### Ashley.

For several weeks we had entirely lost sight of our Charleston correspondent. He disappeared so suddenly we were afraid he had been decoyed away by the "snatchers," but he at last turns up as our readers will learn by his letter. It appears that he has been to New York, and we would like to know if he found any "tender loves" or "strong coffee" or "mince pies" in his peregrinations.

### A Pumpkin.

A week or two ago, we received from a friend in Gaston county, Mr. Caleb W. Hoyle, a nice pumpkin of last year's growth. It was in fine order and was just in time to give us something to make pies off. We are a sort of Yankee as regards pumpkin pies or custards and can eat them at any time. This pumpkin had been preserved without any extra care, except being kept in a dry cellar during the winter. We intended noticing it sooner, but a press of other engagements made us forget it. Our better half says she would have no objection to receive another one of the same sort.

### Fight between the Gubernatorial Candidates.

We regret to learn that Messrs. Ellis and McRae got into a "regular fight" at Beaufort, on the 7th instant, while addressing an audience. It is stated in our exchanges that it occurred after the following manner:

The discussion was conducted for the most part in the same manner as on previous occasions—Judge Ellis evidently getting worsted. Finding that he was losing ground, the Judge became excited and turning to Mr. McRae, told him that if he was successful next August, his election would be looked upon at the North as a Black Republican triumph.

Mr McRae—Who says so?

Judge Ellis—I say so.

Mr McRae—Then it is false.

Here Judge Ellis rushed on Mr McRae and struck him a blow, and they grappled each other, but were separated by friends before any serious damage was done—and the matter ended.

Judge Ellis, it will be seen, was the aggressor and is to be blamed, for he used towards Mr. McRae "provoking and unwarrantable language." But Mr. Ellis is only carrying out what seems to be the feeling of many Democrats here, and throughout the State, and every one who does not fall in with Democratic notions of measures are branded as favoring the Black Republicans of the North. If it keeps on no one will be allowed to hold an opinion in opposition to the predominant party.

The Editor of the Kinston *American Advocate*, who was present and saw the fight gives the following account of the affair:

"To get at the connection in which the occasion of the fight occurred, it is necessary to state the fact that Judge Ellis led off in the discussion. He had, as usual in that portion of his speech, contended that the course of those who opposed the adoption of the Lecompton constitution, as the question first came before Congress, gave encouragement to the Abolitionists, as they also opposed it—that the election of his competitor would be claimed by them as a triumph—that although not basing his opposition on the same grounds as did the Abolitionists, yet they would overlook his grounds of opposition, viz: the large amount of public lands granted to Kansas. This, and other points were managed by him in the usual way when we have heard them.

Mr. McRae, in his reply, had made several very strong points, pressing them with earnestness and force, and was making, altogether, a decidedly effective speech.

When he came to the discussion of the public lands and the practice of granting those immense quantities to the Western States, among other objections stated, he urged the one of giving it to any and everybody, who chose to go upon them, by the thousands and millions of acres; and in reply to Ellis' idea that his election would encourage the Abolitionists, [here turning towards the Judge, just as he had repeatedly done before, and as the Judge had also done during their discussions,] he was eloquently, and we may add, vividly portraying the evils of this practice, utterly condemning it,—"giving these lands," said Mr. McRae, "the common property of *all* the States, to any and every body except the old States—even to strangers, and to our enemies—aye, to these very Abolitionists which my competitor speaks of my encouraging; yes, pouring millions of acres of these lands into their laps, enriching *them*, and then talk about my election encouraging "abolitionists!" "Encouraging Abolitionists," indeed! How?"

Here Judge Ellis (in his seat) said. "I say it would encourage them," and at this point rising and advancing towards Mr. McRae in a very excited and threatening manner, with clenched fists, making some remark which we could not hear, to which Mr. McRae replied," "I say it is false" whereupon Judge Ellis struck him, the latter returning the blow, when they clinched for a regular set-to. By the time they had clinched however, the friends of each had seized and drawn them apart."

When order was restored, Mr. McRae said the whole house would bear him witness that he had done nothing to provoke this affair. Was it the execution of a preconcerted plan to attack and drive him from the field? He had indeed heard of an attack whispered, but he had not expected it here, to day. He would go on through the campaign in defiance of all such threats.

He then went on with his speech, and finished the unexpired time of only a few moments.

Judge Ellis complained that his competitor's speech had been insulting—that it was the manner of his competitor to which he objected, while he was turned to him, and in asking the question. He felt called on to reply. He said that Mr. McRae had spoken of him as being as "slippery as an eel." He had never said a word, personally, of his competitor in all their previous discussion, and expressed his regret at the occurrence.

Mr. McRae said that an apology was due from both to the audience—that he regretted it exceedingly—that he had always treated his opponent courteously as he had always been personally friendly with him and had so treated him. He stated that his manner was addressed entirely to the argument he was pursuing, as the audience saw. In reply to the Judge's "eel" allusion, he asked if he had not compared him [McR.] to "fleas"? He had spoken of the Judge's "two sides" and in reply he had put him on "*three* sides." He had given blows and had received blows and expected to continue to do so. [All that he could say in the prosecution of the argument he would expect to say."

The Editor, although he considers Judge Ellis the aggressor, is willing to admit that if he had had but a moment to reflect he would not have placed himself in such an attitude.

We are pleased to learn that the affair has been satisfactorily settled and that the two candidates went off in the same carriage to their next appointment.

### The Spotted Know Nothings.

The Editor of the Kinston *American Advocate* gives the following humorous account of what took place between Messrs. Ellis and McRae at Beaufort after the regular discussion:

At the conclusion of Mr. McRae's speech [and after the fight] three cheers were proposed for D. K. McRae! which were given with a general shout.

Judge Ellis then said "sh, I don't mind that, it was from the Newbern Know Nothings, *I can spot 'em*."

To this Mr. McRae replied, "yes sir, I suppose he can 'spot 'em,' I am not surprised at that, he has been with them so much, and indeed I might say *commanded by them* (naming some half dozen leaders of them in the Charlotte convention) that no doubt he knows them well and can 'spot 'em' wherever he sees one. [Applause.]—This "spotting" "Know Nothings" seemed to be a favorite expression which the Judge obtained perhaps from his idea formed of that class of his "Know Nothing" supporters who were so "spotted" that you could scarcely lay your finger on them without putting it on the "spots." [Continued applause.] He (McR.) did not know them so well and could not tell who it was, but was pleased to know that he had the approbation of so large a portion of his fellow citizens.

### Judge Ruffin.

This learned Jurist and Patriot, we learn from a correspondence we find in our exchanges, has been nominated by the Democratic convention of Alamance county as a candidate to represent them in the House of Commons of the next General Assembly. The Judge declines and pleads his love for rest and quietness. In his letter declining the nomination he remarks:

There is nothing nearer my heart than the honor and welfare of North Carolina; and I truly desire to serve and oblige my friends and neighbors. It has, therefore, proved a hard task to give a negative answer to a people, among whom I have spent, between manhood and this period, fifty years, and from whom I have experienced so many honors and kindnesses: especially as the important questions of Currency, Banking, Revenue, Internal Improvements, and particularly those improvements which concern the development of our rich mineral deposits of Coal and Iron, ought, and I doubt not will, engage the attention of the Legislature; and I entertain on those questions very decided opinions, which I should like to see prevail.

### From our Correspondent.

CHARLESTON, June 7, 1858.

I have been identified with the floating population for the last six weeks, being driven to and fro by the force of circumstances or the idle whim of a roving fancy, during which time my *locus in quo* has scarcely been sufficiently permanent to allow me to indite a respectable and connected epistle. I first flew off in a tangent to New York where I roamed, reveled and ruminated amid the rush of humanity—the great Maelstrom of fashion and folly, misery and want which there mingles and bubbles like the cauldron of Macbeth's witches. I often essayed to give you some "jottings down" from this great commercial centre of the new world, but I soon found that "Ashley" could never flourish in that latitude, so I threw down my pen and gave up in despair."

I fished for ideas and wooed the spirit of inspiration where the quiet stars looked down upon the deep blue waters of the moonlit deep when its raging pulse was still and the turbulent throes of its boisterous and storm-tossed bosom were rocked to the repose of an infant's dreamless slumbers by the soft lullabys of the light-winged zephyrs, but again I failed to produce any thing that could be assigned "a local habitation and a name" under the head of blank verse, prose or poetry. I then sought a change of scene, and stood upon the deck when the storm king was out, and "the prince of the powers of the air" seemed to hold undisputed sway, and the waves, goaded to fury by the maddening war of the raging elements, rushed upon each other like demons of wrath, but it was all to no purpose, my right hand had forgot its cunning and my ideas still refused to come at my bidding.

In fact I have been both mentally and physically incapacitated for writing, a circumstance brought about from the excitement of travel, and the dark, undefinable phantasm of uncertainty that seemed to hang over the prospects and character of my future destiny. I was afloat on life's wide waste of waters, driven from my moorings by the storms of adverse fortune. But am not disposed to repine or grumble at the world or its treatment of me, I believe both it and the people in it are better than they generally get credit for, and there are many lots far harder than mine. Instead of repining I should perhaps be thankful that my path through this sin stained world of deceit, selfishness and ingratitude has perhaps had its proportionate share of sunshine, smiles and flowers.

However, my wanderings are over for the present, and like Noah's dove I have found a resting place for the sole of my foot, if not an olive branch of peace. I can once more sing "Home, sweet home," with the spirit and the understanding, which is not all desolate either. My household gods are unbroken, and the altar and fire and hearth-stone are still dear as the memory of other days, and uncontaminated by the ruthless footfall of the chivalrous invader. "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die," but the duties of life are greater than life.

Your readers may have thought that "Ashley" had hung his harp upon the willow, and refused to sing the songs that he once loved to hear, in a strange land, but such is not the case, he has only unstrung for a time in order to tune it to higher strains of sweeter, softer melody. My association with the readers of the Whig are not so easily broken, though distance has lent enchantment to the charm of our acquaintance, and we are friends who never met and never parted, and fate or fortune may never bridge the deep dark gulf that divides us. I have talked to them through your journal with the freedom and confidence of a friend to friend, and they may have listened to my artless story of every day life with attention and interest. Many a bright eye and beaming face have traced the page where was written as with a diamond's point "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," and if the fair face of beauty gleamed with a more radiant glow, and the deep sea of innocence and love that sparkles in a bright, blue eye caught a more heavenly glow, and shot a more thrilling glance athwart the dark, dreary pathway of the wanderer, I am more than repaid for the many weary lines I have traced with aching brow and throbbing pulse, the price which "the slave of the lamp" must ever pay for the thankless task of talking to the million.

I have come home from my wanderings o'er sea and land, in the solitary grove and the city full, a wiser, and I trust a better man. I have stood on the mountain top whose azure brow gleamed with the flaming wrath of heaven's avenging king, and with the thunder talked as friend to friend, and purposed in my heart to take another step. I have laid my hands upon the ocean's mane, and played familiar with his hoary locks, and heard, with steady nerve, his earthquake voice in trumpet tones of sevenfold thunder, proclaim the eternal dominion of Neptune, and lash the sounding shore with his giant arms. And then, poor weak mortal, I have turned aside in all the pride of conscious strength, to give the world assurance of a man, and trembled like an aspen leaf before the frail tribute of a sigh which beauty deigns to give, and was weak as helpless infancy in the presence of a frail flower of Paradise unconsciously armed with Cupid's full quiver, and pouring showers of arrowy glances from the magazine of beauty.

England's greatest bard never wrote a truer line than this—"Alas, the love of woman, it is known to be a lovely and a fearful thing." We talk of woman's rights with nervous patriotism and moving eloquence, but woman, as she now is, has all the rights and all the power of the most absolute tyrant. She can call proud man to her feet at a nod, and rule the world with a smile, or if frown if necessary. She is the power behind the throne that is greater than the throne itself. Though a tyrant, yet we adore and worship her, and we are proud of her yoke though she rules us with a rod of iron, and shields herself from our attacks behind an entrenchment of steel hoops.

I have thrown the reins of thought upon the neck of fancy, and allowed my imagination to revel and run wild where angels bashful looked and seraphs feared to tread. It is well occasionally to unbend the mind from the task of severer toil, and give it loose rein and full scope to send before the wind, run with the tide, or breast the raging storm just as it may be in the humor. I have done so in the present instance, and I hope your readers will follow me through the wild goose chase with some patience and interest. Fancy is sometimes better than fact, and "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." My next, if I should ever write it, shall have something more substantial. Facts shall triumph over fancy, and trade, travel and commerce, with the sayings and doings of this great metropoli's shall flourish in gay and brilliant profusion.

ASHLEY.

ST. LOUIS, June 1.

IMPORTANT FROM UTAH.—The Leavenworth correspondent of the *Republican* learns from a man who left Camp Scott on the 8th of May that the troops would be out of beef by the 16th, and the rations would last till the 1st of June.

No dispatches had been received in the camp from Gov. Cumming, and nothing had been heard from Capt. Marcy. He was expected to reach Camp Scott about the 1st of June.

Col. Hoffman's command was snow bound at Labonte creek, eighty miles beyond Fort Laramie.

The most advanced trains (Russell's, Major's and Waddle's) were met near the South Platte. The trains were getting along finely until they reached the Big Blue river, when the heavy rains caused serious obstructions.

A Mormon named Williams, living near Leavenworth, received a letter dated from Salt Lake City, on May 4th, which represents everything as quiet in the valley.

Governor Cumming was in the city at that date. The people had abandoned the idea of fighting, and had gone to work on their farms.

The Independence correspondent of the *Republican*, writing on the 4th of June, says that the Salt Lake mail of April 18th had arrived, bringing news that an express had reached Camp Scott from Gov. Cumming, stating that he had been well received at Salt Lake City, and Brigham Young was willing to transfer all his authority, and had enjoined his followers to recognize Mr. Cumming as their future governor, and to aid him in the discharge of his duty.

WASHINGTON, June 6.

AFFAIRS IN NEW ORLEANS.

We are advised by private despatches received in this city, that Judge Theodore Hunt, and his brother, Randall Hunt, and several others, had been notified to leave the city, or remain at their peril. It is expected that five or six of the leading "Thugs" would be executed.

NEW ORLEANS, (via New York) June 6.

On Saturday evening, the Vigilance Committee arrested Mr. Lumsden, of the Picayune, who was, however, subsequently released.

The recorders have appointed eight hundred police in opposition to the Vigilants.

Lafayette square was still in possession of the mob. Every approach is fortified and guarded with cannon loaded with grape. The people in the streets are greatly excited.

NEW ORLEANS, June 7.

This morning the Mayor was impeached by the Councils. The President of the Board of Aldermen was appointed Mayor *pro tem.*

Messrs. Turner and Maxry, reporters, were arrested by the city special police, as dangerous characters.

The Vigilants were attacked by a mob on Saturday night, and four of the former were killed and twelve wounded, by the accidental discharge of a cannon.

It is rumored that the Sheriff has taken possession of the ballot-boxes. If this is true, it will prevent an election.

NEW ORLEANS, June 8.

The city is now quiet, and the Mayor has suspended any further arrests; and all persons who have been arrested have been discharged from custody.

The majority for Mr. Stith, the newly elected Mayor, is 290.

LATER.

The city is now quiet, and the Vigilants have disbanded. The authorities have issued warrants for the arrest of the leaders.

ST. LOUIS, June 5.

KANSAS NEWS.—A despatch from Leavenworth, dated the 3d inst., says that a tremendous storm visited the city on Wednesday morning, flooding the cellars and inundating a portion of the town, and doing much damage. The Missouri river was full to its banks and rising.

Gen. Calhoun and family arrived this morning. Col. Andrews' column was at Fort Kearney on the 28th.

A Leavenworth despatch, dated the 6th inst., says that the details of the affray at Lawrence between Gen. Jim Lane and Mr. Jenkins are received. Both Gen. Lane and Mr. Jenkins were living on a claim which both contested. The former enclosed an acre of land on which was a well, which was used by both parties in common. Gen. Lane recently locked the well, fenced it up, and forbade Mr. Jenkins access to it. Mr. Jenkins declared he would have water at all hazard, when Gen. Lane threatened to shoot him if he made a forcible entry on his premises. On Thursday afternoon, Mr. Jenkins, accompanied by four of his friends well armed, cut down Gen. Lane's fence and proceeded towards the well, when Gen. Lane warned them not to advance or he would shoot. Disregarding this threat, Mr. Jenkins and his party advanced, when Gen. Lane fired, killing Mr. Jenkins instantly. One of the Jenkins party immediately returned the fire, shooting Lane in the leg, inflicting a wound which confines him to his bed.—Gen. Lane had been arrested, and was to undergo his examination to-day. Much excitement exists in consequence of the affair. Mr. Jenkins was held in high estimation, and his death is deeply deplored. A man named Wm. Wells is in custody at Lawrence, charged with participating in the outrage in Lynn County.

ST. LOUIS, June 7.

FROM UTAH AND KANSAS.—The Leavenworth correspondent of the Democrat furnishes details of Utah news. They contain nothing of importance, except that Col. Hoffman's command had advanced only forty miles from the 1st to the 14th of May, and would not reach Camp Scott before the 10th or 15th of June. Nothing is added relative to the cutting off of Captain Marcy's train. Andrews' column was at Fort Kearney on the 28th. The express from Fort Laramie met Colonel Monroe at Big Blue, and Colonel May at Clear Creek.

An affray took place at Lawrence yesterday, between Gen. Lane and a Mr. Jenkins, a prominent citizen of that place, which resulted in the death of the latter. The animosity between the parties grew out of a disputed land claim.

The mails from Utah to the 16th May, brings confirmation of the entry of Cummings into Salt Lake City, but no other news.

### WHERE THE FAULT LIES.

The Petersburg *Intelligencer* observes that it is not improbable that, in any diplomatic interchanges that may result from recent occurrences in the Gulf, it will come out that our own Government is mainly responsible for the present excitement. It seems to have been generally forgotten that the concentration of a British Squadron in the Gulf, for the purpose of capturing slavers, is due to a gratuitous and ill judged suggestion of our Secretary of State, Mr. Cass. Bearing this fact in mind, the New York *Courier* supposes that the British authorities will reply to any demand we may make, by saying: "We have in no manner changed our instructions to our commanders of vessels employed in suppressing the slave trade. Those instructions were made out several years ago, and the Government of the United States duly apprised of their nature. On the coast of Africa, where there is little American Commerce, they have not led to any evil consequences; *and when the Administration of* Mr. BUCHANAN, *some months since*, REQUESTED *of the British Government to change the cruising of its squadron for the suppression of the slave trade, from the coast of Africa to the coast of Cuba, we very cheerfully complied with its request.* It appears that instructions which *both Governments* deemed judicious for the coast of Africa, where there was scarcely any American Commerce, have proved to be troublesome on the coast of Cuba, in the midst of your large Commerce in that quarter. Her Majesty's Government regrets that any such difficulties should have arisen from the change of the cruising ground of its squadron *at the request of the American Government*; and they will promptly give such instructions to their naval commanders in the Gulf of Mexico, as will effectually guard against similar complaints in future."

COTTON BLOOMS.—The South Alabamian of Greenville, Butler county, Ala., reports:

We think we may claim for Butler county the precedence in the way of early cotton blooms. We have had two well developed ones placed on our table, one plucked on Monday morning, 31st May, and the other on Thursday, 3d June. We venture to claim these as the first cotton blooms of the season.

The same paper reports a mess of "roasting ears."

The Selma (Ala.) Sentinel reports:

On Wednesday, the 2d day of June, M. Williams, who overseers for our esteemed townsman, Col. S. R. Blake, placed in our office the first cotton bloom we have seen this season. Mr. Williams informed us that his cotton is blooming out finely, but the stalk is rather small for the season.

DESERVED A BETTER FATE.—A letter from Key West states that the ship Cheseldon, Capt. Bartlett, which the British Guard did not examine a few days ago, with a cargo of 1,000 hogsheads sugar, bound for New York, went ashore on Double-headed Shot Keys, on Sunday night, 30th May. The mate and a boat's crew came across for assistance, when five wreckers put out for the scene of disaster. The schooner Libbie Shepard returned with 20 hogsheads sugar and part of the material, and reported the ship a total loss.

PETERSBURG, (Va.,) June 10.—Boylin, the kidnapper, was tried before the Circuit Court to-day, Judge Nash presiding, and sentenced to the penitentiary for forty years, eight on each indictment. He was defended by able counsel. Simpkins is to be tried to-morrow.

DISTRESSING AFFAIR.—Nicholas Ten Broeck, a rich and estimable bachelor citizen of Greenport, New York, while in his pig pen, a few days ago, was shot and killed by his nephew, who had been out shooting crows, and carelessly fired his revolver at a knot-hole in the pen. His property is left to his sister's family, of whom this unfortunate nephew is one.

A Washington despatch says—

The Vice-President has ordered the refectory attached to the Senate to be closed, on account of the obvious injury to the progress of legislation from it, besides the fact that it creates personal difficulties.

That is to say, Senators take too many drinks at this refectory; they get too "tight" to attend to business; and too riotous when thus inspired to live at peace with their brother Senators.—*Fay. Ob.*

SPOILING THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—The following statement is no jest, but a positive fact:

A young man, in business in Liverpool, led his blushing bride to the altar in the old church of that town; and when the question was asked, "Will thou love and cherish, &c., he answered as is customary, and added, "When she needed, he'd hang her." The girl immediately stepped from her man, and asked if it was too late to retract. On being told it was not, she turned upon her heel, and quietly walked out of the church, saying that "A man who could say what he had said, at such a moment, in jest, was most likely to put his threats into execution,' and bade him choose another mate.—*Manchester Paper.*

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.—Mr. Toombs in his Galphin speech declared that the denouncers of that alleged swindle were "miserable *slanderers and cowards.*" All the Democracy are and have been its denouncers. Mr. Toombs has joined the Democracy.—*Fay. Ob.*


SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS.—When Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will cure coughs, colds, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest the fell destroyer Consumption, it does more than most Physicians can do. A single trial will satisfy the incredulous.


STATE STOCKS.—North Carolina Bonds are quoted in New York at 96. Virginia 93½. Tennessee 90½. Missouri 84.

BELL CREVASSE, LA.—The Planter's Banner, speaking of the damage done by the crevasse, besides its stopping a costly railroad for many weeks, says: "That it has put over forty plantations under water, and destroyed cane enough to make twenty-three thousand hogsheads of sugar.