THE GORRILLA.

In Dickens' All the Year Round, we find the following description of this animal, which is said to be most closely allied, in structure, to the human form of any of the brute creation:

"The gorilla is of the average height of man, five feet six inches; his brain case is low and narrow, and as the fore part of the skull is high, and there is a very prominent ridge above the eyes, the top of the head is perfectly flat, and the brow, with its thick integument, forms a 'scowling penthouse over the eyes.' Couple with this a despised colored skin, much wrinkled, a prominent jaw with the canine teeth (in the males) of huge size, a receding chin, and we have an exaggeration of the lowest and most forbidding type of human physiognomy. The neck is short; the head pokes forward. The relative proportions of the body and limbs are nearer those of man, yet they are more ungainly aspect than in any of the brute kind. Long shapeless arms, thick and muscular, with scarce any diminution of size deserving the name of wrist, (for at the smallest they are fourteen inches round, while a strong man's wrist is not above eight) a wide, thick hand, the palm long, and the fingers short, swollen and gouty looking; capacious chest; broad shoulders; legs also thick and shapeless, destitute of calf, and very unmuscular, yet ending in a handle-like foot, with a thumb to it of huge dimensions and portentous power to grasp.' No wonder the lion shuns before this monster, and even the elephant is baffled by his malicious cunning, activity and strength. The teeth indicate a vegetable diet, but the repast is sometimes varied with eggs; or a brood of young birds. The chief reason of his enmity to the elephant appears to be, not that it ever intentionally injured him, but merely that it shares his taste for certain favorite fruits. And when, from his watch-tower in the upper branches of a tree, he perceives the elephant helping himself to these delicacies, he steals along the bough, and, striking its sensitive proboscis a violent blow with the club with which he is almost always armed, drives off the startled giant; trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain.

"Towards the negroes, the gorilla seems to cherish an implacable hatred; he attacks them quite unprovoked. If a party of blacks approach unconsciously within range of a tree haunted by one of these wood-demons—swinging rapidly down to the lower branches, he clutches with his thumbed foot, at the nearest of them; his green eyes flash with rage, his hair stands on end, and the skin above the eyes, drawn rapidly up and down, gives him a 'devilish scowl.' Sometimes, during their excursions in quest of ivory, in those gloomy forests, the natives will first discover the proximity of a gorilla by the mysterious disappearance of one of their companions. The brute, angling for him with its horrible foot, dropping from a tree while his strong arms grasp it firmly, stretches down his huge hind hand, seizes the hapless wretch by the throat, draws him up into the boughs, and, as soon as his struggles have ceased, drops him down, a strangled corpse.

"A tree is the gorilla's sleeping place by night, his pleasant abode by day, and his castle of defence. From that cognie of advantage he waits his foe, should the latter be hardy, or foolhardy enough to pursue. No full grown gorilla has ever been taken alive. A bold negro, the leader of an elephant hunting expedition, was offered a hundred dollars for a live gorilla. 'If you gave me the weight of yonder hill in gold, I could not do it,' he said.

"Nevertheless, he has his good qualities—in a domestic point of view; he is an amiable and exemplary husband and father, watching over his young family with affectionate solicitude, and exerting in their defence his utmost strength and ferocity. The mothers show that devotion to their young at times of danger, which is the most universal of instincts.

"The gorilla constructs himself a snug hammock out of the long, tough, slender stems of parasitic plants, and lines it with the broad dried fronds of palms, or with long grass—a sort of bed surely not to be despised—swung in the leafy branches of a tree. By day he sits on a bough leaning his back against the trunk, owing to which habit, elderly gorillas become rather bald in those regions.

Annexation of Maine to Canada.—The Montreal Pilot wants to acquire the State of Maine, and says:

Portland will still have to be our Atlantic terminus for the season; and we now feel more than ever the effects of that stupidity which, in setting the boundaries between Canada and the United States, was the means of depriving us of what should have been ours—the thoroughfare of the seaboard. Every now and then Cousin Jonathan is fond of twitting us about our annexation proclivities, and the certainty that one day Canada will become part and parcel of the United States! There are many wonders, no doubt, looming in the distance; but we do not think this is likely to be one of them. If Canada could, however, by annexation, purchase, or in any other way, acquire possession of the State of Maine—which of right ought to have been hers—it would confirm largely and would add materially to our prosperity and our wealth.

Mount Vesuvius.—At 2 A. M., on the morning of the 31 inst., (says a correspondent writing from Vesuvius,) the crater, in the direction of Pompeii, formed a fissure, so that it is now impossible to ascertain its actual depth. Flames of various colors proceeded from it; the whole crater trembles, and the fissures which were made in it are now a bed of fire. Towards the Hermitage another opening has been made with two separate "chimneys," one of which throws out fire stones and the other pumice and ashes. The mouth from which the circular flame issued is now much enlarged. At the foot of the mountain, in the direction of Resina, a small crater was also formed, from which are ejected red-hot stones, weighing a pound each. A road has been built below it; a crater lashes towards it, whence issued red-hot lava, which runs forward so violently that, if it took a straight-forward direction, it must arrive soon in Resina or Portici. It branches off, however, in three different directions.

A PLEASANT LOT OF REPTILES.

A group of living serpents brought from North Carolina were secured for scientific purposes, and have been handed over to Professor Foote, of the Medical College, for safekeeping. They consist of two rattlesnakes, two hall snakes, one spreading adder, one black racer, and one joint snake. They are all very fine specimens. Professor Foote intends to test the newly discovered remedies for the bite of venomous serpents, of which accounts have been published. As those serpents, nearly all eat and drink freely, they may be expected to live many years, and attain the maximum size of their species. The hall snake and racer are over five feet and a half in length.

The first named are beautiful reptiles—if anything so generally repugnant to the descendants of Mother Eve may be classed as beautiful. They are called "hall snakes," the vulgar name, because of the peculiar noise they make. Their eyes are bright, skin of a buff color, with black spots and rings, and under the magnetic touch of Professor Christy are as gentle as kittens; indeed, they seem to delight in having him wrap them around his arms. They may be considered ornaments to the North State.

Not so with the black racer, which designs to repose in the same cage with the hall snakes only through compulsion.—With his head elevated, and neck magnificently curved, you behold the king of American Snakes. He receives the fondlings of Professor Christy with disdain, darts forth his black arrowy tongue, and shakes his tail as a warrior of old would his spear—a warning to mankind not to presume too much on friendship.

The joint snake is the wonder of the collection. It is now shedding its skin and is torpid, so much so as to admit of being handled at pleasure. We felt of its body, and it appeared cold and hard as a polished stick of wood. It lives chiefly in holes in the ground when at home, and is called a "joint snake" because of the structure of its tail, by means of the joints of which it can throw itself several feet.

The horrid looking rattlesnakes and the spreading adder occupy separate apartments in the same box, which is covered with glass—a thin partition between life and death. There are holes through the partitions to admit of a circulation of air, and through one of these we found that the adder had succeeded in drawing about a foot of his body into the apartment of his neighbor, the largest rattlesnake, but was unable to get either forward or back. Fortunately the apartments are too close to admit of a combat.—*Cincinnati Gaz.*

Test of Abolitionism.—All is not gold that shines, and the loudest mouthed philanthropists and reformers sometimes cave in when put to a severe practical test like the following:

"I had a brother-in-law," said Moses Perkins "who was one of the ravenest, maddest, reddest-hottest abolitionists you ever saw, I liked the pesky critter well enough, and should have been glad to see him cum to spend the day, fetchin sister to see me and my wife, if he hadn't 'low-ed his tongue to run on so 'bout niggers and slavery, and the equality of races, and the duty of overthrowing the constitution of the United States and a lot of other things, some of which made me mad, and the best part of 'em right sick. I puzzled my brains a good deal to think how I could make him shut up his noisy head 'bout abolitionism.

"Well, one time, when brother-in-law came over to stay, an idea struck me. I hired a negro to help me at haying time. He was the biggest, strongest, grassiest nigger you ever seed. Black! he was blacker than a stack of cats, and just as shiny as a new beaver hat. I spoke to him.

"'Jack, says I, 'when you hear the breakfast bell ring, don't you say a word, but come right into the parlor, and set down among the folks and eat your breakfast.' The nigger's eyes stuck out of his head about a feet.

"'You're joking,' massa, scz he.

"'Jokin', scz I, I'm a-fact as a deacon.'

"'But,' scz he, 'I shan't have time to wash myself and change my shirt.'

"'So much the better,' scz I.

"Well breakfast come, and so did Jake, and he set down 'long side my brother in law. He staid, but he didn't say a word. There wasn't no mistake about it. Shut your eyes and you'd know it—for he was loud, I tell you. There was a first rate chance to talk abolitionism, but brother-in-law never opened his head. "Jake, scz I, 'you be on hand at dinnertime, and he was. He had been working in the meadow all the forenoon—it was as hot hickory and lillin' pitch—and—but I leave the rest to your imagination.

"Well, in the afternoon brother-in-law come up to me, madder than a short tailed bull in hornet time.'

"'Moss,' said he, 'I want to speak to you.'

"'Sing it out,' scz I.

"'I have but a few words to say,' scz he, 'but if that ere confounded nigger comes to the table again while I'm stoppin' here, I'll clear out.'

"Jake ate his supper that night in the kitchen, but from that day to this I never heard my brother in law open his head about abolitionism. When the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed I thought he'd let out some; but he didn't for he know'd that Jake was still working on the farm."

Death from Camphene.—According to a record of deaths, injuries, and conflagrations, resulting from the use of camphene and other burning fluids, kept by Mr. E. Merriam, of Brooklyn, since July 22, 1850, it appears that since that date the deaths from this cause have amounted to three hundred and seventy, and four hundred and seventy seven persons injured, many of whom were not expected to survive the injuries they received. The losses by fire from these fluids is estimated at upwards of one million of dollars. Mr. Merriam says that when the weather becomes hot, next summer, the danger in the use of burning fluids will increase. In the short term of the six days with a the present year he has recorded the death of nine persons by camphene and burning fluids.

All the democratic candidates to fill the vacancy in the Petersburg, Va., Congressional District denounce the present, as one of the most corrupt and profligate administrations that ever existed.—*Raleigh Register.*

Liberia.—The following is a letter from the Rev. John Seys to the Rev. R. R. Gurley, Corresponding Secretary of the American Colonization Society:

MONROVIA, June 1, 1859.

The liberated Africans are doing well. Not a death has occurred since my arrival. Those who were retained in this country have been mostly apportioned out to different families, all reliable persons some in Monrovia, and some living on farms up the St. Paul's River, and so far as I know they are well taken care of and are improving.

It is my opinion that the prospects of this country, in some prominent points of view, were never greater than they are now. Agriculture is becoming the general theme and pursuit. Even professional men are having their long neglected lands up the various rivers cultivated, cottages erected and with their families spend a portion of the hottest season in these pleasant rural districts. Farmers are doing well, especially those who cultivate the sugar cane; and you may form an idea of the productiveness of the soil and its adaptation to that plant when you learn that a farmer lately realized, from canes produced from one acre, twenty-five hundred weight of sugar and three hundred gallons of molasses.

A Living Head on a Dead Body.—The Newburgh *Index* gives the following curious but melancholy particulars of a respectable farmer in that neighborhood who was once a resident in this city:

Mr. Archibald Campbell, a respectable farmer in the township of Camden, East, while engaged in finishing a new dwelling on his premises, the scaffold gave way, and he was precipitated head foremost to the ground and dislocated his neck but very fortunately and mysteriously did not kill him. When his head was brought to its proper position, the vetebra of his neck returned to their place with a dull but distinct snap. The whole body is paralysed and dead from the neck downwards. He is not capable of moving a muscle or experiencing the slightest pain. Fortunately the nerves supplying the muscles used in respiration were not paralysed, and he can breathe and live. Had the injury of the spinal cord been a little higher, he would have died immediately. The senses of sight, hearing, smelling, &c., are normal and his intellect unimpaired. Mr. Campbell has been for a number of years the victim of a series of misfortunes. But the last misfortune is more intolerable than any of its predecessors. There he lies a strange and remarkable specimen of a living head on a dead body, with a full consciousness of his unenviable position. When last heard from however, there were some indications of a return of sensation, and the power of motion, and it is just possible that he might partially recover.

Singular Tradition.—Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were of fair complexion, and that, after them, he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap therein and wash. One immediately obeyed, and came from the water purer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become slightly muddy, and when he had bathed he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap in till the water became black with mud, and he came out with its own color.—Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and the two having felt the weight chose the heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened the first was found to contain spades, hoes and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; this third gave to the white man, pens, ink, and paper—the engine of the mind—the mutual, mental improvement—the social link of human—the foundation of the white man's superiority.

STEAM FIRE ENGINE.

We copy the following account of a steam fire engine, made in Charleston by Cameron & Co., of that city.

"This engine, which is entirely the result of the mechanical knowledge and skill at the command of this shop, combines the boiler, steam engine and fire engine within the compass of 12 feet by 4, and will weigh about 7,000 lbs. It will throw, under a pressure of 50 lbs. steam, 7,000 gallons of water per minute, the plunger making a stroke every second. The engines (both steam and fire) are double, and connect by a straight piston rod, with the steam piston at one end and the pump plunger at the other. This arrangement speaks the master mind. It is as happy a combination of mechanical knowledge as is often met. The steam pistons are 11 inches in diameter and the plunger 7 inches; the stroke of power is 14 inches.

"The pump is double action, and each revolution of the engine throws four times the capacity of the pipe. For the present the engines will be fitted with three streams on each side. It is calculated that only twelve minutes will be consumed in getting up steam, as the boiler is furnished with 141 tubes, and the fire bars present an area of twelve square feet."

A Sharp Trick.—A free negro boy, from Frederick City, lately found himself in Mount Airy, Carroll county, Md., a long distance from his home, without money to get back. By putting on a suspicious air he imposed on a gentleman, who took him for a runaway, and after questioning him, receiving unsatisfactory answers, concluded to take the cars, escort the lad home and pocket the reward he had pictured in his imagination. On arriving at the end of the journey, however, he found that the boy was free and had been practising upon his credulity. He was much crestfallen at the discovery and left as quick as possible.—*Balt. Amer.*

CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

SALISBURY, N. C.

TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23, 1859.

CROSS MARK.—Please look out for the cross mark. It is given to remind you of the expiration of your year, in order that you may renew your subscription, if you desire to do so.

Invited Again.

The Citizens of Salisbury, male and female, are invited to attend at the room of the Young Men's Christian Association, on Saturday night, the 27th of Aug., to hear an Essay by a young man of your own town. Subject: "The Pleasures of Intellect and Persons." Come one, come all.

BY ORDER OF ASSOCIATION.

Gen. WALKUP's letter in reply to the "Banner," was received last week; but too late for that issue of our paper.

MOUNT VERNON SPEECH.

It will be seen by reference to another column, that Mr. Miller has engaged to repeat his celebrated lecture on the 19th Century in this place, on the 1st Sept. next. This lecture, which has been repeated before large audiences in different parts of the State, at Washington and other large cities we believe, is justly characterized as a very great production. We feel sure our citizens of the county will receive much pleasure in attending the delivery of this lecture; and as all the funds raised by this means are appropriated to the purchase and improvement of Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, they have another and noble motive for giving it their attention.

FINE FRUITS.—We are blessed with an abundance of fruit, this year, of almost all kinds, and much of it very superior in quality. Mr. ALFRED JOHNSON left about office, on Friday, some peaches and yellow plumbs, of extraordinary size and excellence. The peaches measured 9 and 9½ inches in circumference, and the plumbs from 5 to 6½. On Saturday, Mr. HENRY BARRINGER, (as good a whig as Johnson,) presented us with peaches which measured 10½ inches around, but not quite so fine in appearance and taste. Melons are also abundant. We will announce the receipt of democratic peaches, if any should be sent to us.

☞ We have an apple on our table which measures 12½ inches in circumference, the product of Mrs. WM. LOCK's garden.

Another.—Mr. Phillip Owens, has laid another large apple on our table—a "queen"—measuring 14 inches in circumference. He had a larger one still, which he was bringing to us, but it was intercepted. We've got our eye on that gentleman, and we would watch him a great deal closer if we were both *young* men. But who can beat the apple, that's the question.

Music.—We commence this week the publication of a series of articles on the subject of *music*, by Mr. W. H. NEAVE, the accomplished leader of the Salisbury Brass Band. These articles will be found interesting and instructive, and are designed to impart correct views on the nature and use of music as a science.

Personal.—We received a call on Saturday, from Mr. DAVIE, editor of the Iredell Express, and this (Monday) morning from FRANK I. WILSON, associate, of the Raleigh Standard. And we ought to have mentioned last week, a call from Mr. HOLTON, of the Charlotte Whig. WILSON is looking dreadful bad—used up—stewed—knocked into a cocked hat. He says he thinks political parties and politicians are very much like children—the better for a *little licking*, occasionally. It will take a year, we think, for Frank I. to get over his part of the "licking" he received in the late contest. DRAKE and HOLTON were looking as bright as new dollars.

Sad.—A son of Hon. K. RAYNER, aged about 12 years, accidently shot himself, a few days ago, near Raleigh, while loading his gun, causing instant death.

A Good Natured Man.—We are a good natured man, let who will deny it. In proof that we are, take this instance. When we think of the case of our friend and neighbor, HOLDEN, with the emphasis of expanded arms, we in low, sad, but dulcet tones, sing to ourself:

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Tho' the herd has fled from thee, thine home is still here."

[*Raleigh Register.*

"We made a flying visit to Kittrell's Springs on Tuesday last.—*Standard of August 13th.*

No doubt your visit was very "flying." The doings of the preceding Thursday put you in a *flying* mood. The next time you fly you will alight at the head waters of Salt River.—*Raleigh Register.*

The Democracy sprawled in the old North State.—*Ral. Register.*

You are as much "sprawled" as we are, Mr. Sprue, for it is nothing but *all fours* on each side.—*Ral. Standard.*

MONROE, N. C., Aug. 11th, 1859.

Editor of the Salisbury Watchman:

DEAR SIR: I notice an article in that filthy sheet, called the Salisbury Banner, edited by J. M. Newson, which is so totally false throughout and so filthy withal as to scarcely merit a reply from me, for I consider both Newson and the paper scarcely worth the notice of a decent free negro. No doubt the contagion I felt bound to give him on Tuesday, 2d August, was "much to the surprise and *mortification*" of himself. But his conclusion that my "intention was evidently to provoke a personal conflict" is so ridiculous, coming as it does, from one of the most pusillanimous of cowards, will create only a smile of derision and contempt, from any who know Newson, that I will not further allude to it, only to say that he gave evidence of his valor by the speed in which he squatted trembling in his seat when I ordered him to do so. But the richest part of the story was after the speaking was over when the puissant editor of the Salisbury Banner, sat in his eye, "arose and hurled back the abusive epithets Walkup had used, in his teeth" "and a demand being made for instant retraction," "Walkup said that his abuse was a reply to matter that had appeared in the Banner."—"*Walkup then said that if the editor would say that nothing in the Banner was meant to be personally offensive, but was used only in a political sense,* THEN HE WITHDREW ALL HE HAD UTTERED PERSONALLY OFFENSIVE." "Whereupon, *Walkup saying that he retracted,* it nothing personally offensive to him was meant, went off muttering something which was not distinctly heard, but which we have been informed were *threats of violence.*" This Newson knew, whilst he was penning that article, to be a pure fabrication and a *wilful lie of his own manufacture;* and not only he, but every one in the courthouse, of all parties, knows well that there is *not one word of truth in it.*

When he interrupted me I was denouncing him as a lying and contemptible puppy, for saying in his paper of the week before, that I published a lie when I stated I was not a candidate, for that I was then a candidate, &c., "Walkup lied," &c. I ordered him to take his seat, he still interrupted me and I remarked if he did not take his seat I would make him, for that I would not be interrupted in my remarks by such a miserable little puppy as he was, and turning around towards him, he squatted into his seat and I proceeded, stating that when his editorial first met my eye, I was tempted to take the law of my boot from the seat of his pants, whenever I met him; but that my better nature prevailed, and I would say of him, like Uncle Toby did of the fly that kept annoying him, after repeated efforts to drive it off. He at last caught it, and his first impulse was to crush it in his fingers, but his benevolent nature prevailed over his anger, and he took the fly to the window and turning it loose, said, "there, go your devil, this world is surely wide enough for both you and me;" and so I would say to Newson; but that he had better not vapour about me hereafter.

When Mr. Craige was about concluding his last reply, I was informed by a gentleman, Mr. Bain, that I had better be on my guard, for that Newson with his stick in hand, and his son with arms in his pocket, intended to attack me when Craige finished, to which I replied that I hoped my friends would not interfere at all, that I could manage both of them arms and all. And sure enough Newson began hurling back the denunciations I had made against him, and his son, (I suppose it was,) a very small specimen of the genus homo, appeared quite fidgety and spasmodically jerking himself about, as if hunting for his arms, bawled out, "He shall retract." To which I replied, "that if they bothered me I would kick them both down stairs," and then remarking for the benefit of the audience that I had made the remarks I had, in the beginning of my speech, in reply to the editorial in Newson's paper, in which he spoke of me *personally*, as lying, because I had said, I was not a candidate—that if he had spoken of me *politically*, I should not have objected, no matter how severe he had been; but that he had no right to speak of me personally. Newson then said, that he had only spoken of me politically, and that if I had noticed his last note, I would have seen that he spoken of me politically only and with courtesy. To which I replied, that I had not seen his last issue. That I did not read *his* paper. He then said, that he did not make that explanation, in consequence of any threats made by Gen. Walkup. To which I replied, that I did not care how they were made, so they were made. And there was nothing more said by either party. I made no threats at all nor did I "mutter" anything, but quietly walked off.

This is about the truth of the transaction as every gentleman present will recollect. I felt as cool and undisturbed as I do now. Newson made his explanation, but I made not one word of retraxit, and that every one knows, who is willing to tell the truth. I noticed him strutting along the streets, like a little fice, with his bristles up, and his tail curled so tight, as to almost lift his hind legs off the ground, but paid no more attention to him, than I would to a contemptible little fice. It was perhaps very well for him that he "acquired that government over his impetuous temper." It probably saved his worthless woman of some disagreeable trouble. I don't suppose any other person apprehended any danger from him, or his valiant son. I am sure neither one, nor both of them combined, did then, or could at any time, disturb my equanimity. And the "fury of the excited crowd of just and honorable men of all parties" (which manifested itself, only in the crazy imagination of the poor frightened and excited Editor of the Salisbury Banner, but to no one else,) exhibited itself on the day of the election, by lessening Craige's vote and increasing my own to the extent of 285 votes.

If there were only a few more such unprincipled and degraded editors, as Newson of the Banner, in this District, to degrade his own party, there would be no difficulty in carrying any election clogged with such a dead weight as his support. I think he would be much more effective as an editor, to follow the advice of one of his subscribers, and quit *praising* anything in his paper—but just give the *pictures*, such as houses, cows, jackasses and the like—it wouldn't be so troublesome to his sterile brain—be more congenial to his low breeding, and it would be much more entertaining to his subscribers.

Having such a contempt for its editor I never read his dirty sheet—

["Whether ghost or ghoul what is it?
I would go see what it was in."

Go poor pitiful fice—I shall not even *abuse* your pusillanimous cause into *notoriety*, by a rewriting.—unless you come in my way. But if you strut about the hereafter I will teach you some manners in the only school that such fools will be taught their lessons.

S. H. WALKUP.

For the Watchman.

BAD ACCIDENT.—J. Pickney, son of R. R. Knox of this county, a fine and promising lad of thirteen, was returning home (alone) from a Camp Meeting last Sabbath evening week, (the 7th inst.) When within less than a mile of home his horse took fright at a block-in which he was riding, ran away, throwing him on the hard ground, fracturing his skull. He lay seemingly insensible until Monday night about 12 o'clock, when he said to a by-stander, "more you at preaching to-day." He died Tuesday evening, 48 hours after the accident.

Aug. 16th, 1859.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

The full returns from the elections in Kentucky, Alabama, Tennessee and North Carolina, give the following as the correct list of Representatives to Congress from those States:

Democrats in Roman, Opposition in *Italic*.

SOUTH CAROLINA.	
1 Hon. Wm. S. H. Smith,	2 Wm. B. Bodine,
3 Hon. Thomas Bocke,	4 Robert Hanner,
5 Hon. W. Winsboro,	6 James H. Lamar,
4 Hon. L. O'B. Branch,	7 John V. Wright,
5 Hon. John A. Gilmer,	8 James M. Quitman,
6 Gen. J. H. Bryan,	9 Emerson Etheridge,
7 Hon. H. Craige,	10 William T. Avery,
8 Hon. E. E. Venable,	ARKANSAS.
ALABAMA.	1 H. C. Burnett,
1 James A. Stallworth,	2 S. O. Peyton,
2 James L. Pugh,	3 T. F. Bristow,
3 David Clopton,	4 W. C. Anderson,
4 Sydenham Moore,	5 John Young Brown,
5 George S. Houston,	6 Green Adams,
6 W. H. W. Cobb,	7 Robert Mallory,
7 J. L. M. Curry,	8 W. E. Simms,
TENNESSEE.	9 Lucius P. Thurston,
1 Thomas A. R. Nelson,	10 John W. Stephens,
2 Horace Maynard,	

STATES YET TO VOTE IN OCT. AND NOV.—The States yet to vote for members of Congress stood as follows in the last House of Representatives:

	Dem.	*Opposition.*
California,	2	0
Georgia,	6	2
Louisiana,	3	1
Minnesota,	2	0
Maryland,	3	3
Mississippi,	5	0
Oregon,	1	0
	22	6

THE RENEGADES.

The Latter Day Saints are getting it roundly from the Old Line Democrats. Old Liners attribute their disasters to the Latter Day Saints. We heard an Old Liner say the other day that when he thought of the Latter Day Saints, he could'nt help saying as Dean Swift said to the Pope, "I hope when your Holiness next weeds your garden, you will not throw the weeds into our enclosure."—*Ral. Register.*

The Danville Connection.—The last Salem Press contains the proceedings of a meeting of Germanton recently, to take measures for building the Dan River Coal Fields Road. It was resolved that Stokes will build so much of the Road as may be located in that county. And a committee consisting of Messrs. R. D. Gold in., Joel F. Hill, W. A. Lash, C. H. Matthews, and J. W. Chambers, was appointed to correspond with the friends of the enterprise. Their conferences, we suppose, have resulted in the following card, which we find in the Winston Sentinel of the 5th instant:

"A meeting will be held at the Blue Sulphur Springs near Leaksville, in Rockingham county, on Saturday the 13th of August; another at Madison, on Saturday the 13th of August; Another at Madison, on the 15th; Another at Walnut Cove, on the 16th, and another at Germanton, on the 17th of August,—all for the purpose of obtaining Stock to the Dan River & Coal Fields R. Road. Messrs. John H. Dillard and Thos. Settle have promised to attend said meetings, and perhaps others who are informed on the subject will be there. All who feel an interest in the work are invited to attend. It is expected to have the 5 per cent. of the amount of Stock subscribed, paid in at the time, that the Company may be organized as soon as possible."

DEMOCRATIC PHILOSOPHY.

Our Democratic friends have taken unto themselves a queer sort of philosophy. Although since the middle of May they have been terribly mauled in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky, they cry out, "it is not much of a licking after all." They really must have expected to be, ground into powder, and therefore rejoice that any thing like life has been left in their carcasses. Not much of a licking quoth'ee! It is said that when the flood was rising, one of the doomed, in the top of a tree and with the water up to his chin, hailed Noah and asked to be taken aboard the ark. Noah of course declined, and the unfortunate man cried out, "Go along with your drotted old ark, I don't think it will be much of a shower after all."—*Raleigh Register.*

One of the striking features of the late elections was the ardor and earnestness with which the Know Nothings contended for their Congressional candidates.—*Ral. Standard.*

You are entirely mistaken, Citizen.—Decidedly the most "*striking* feature of the late elections" were the hard licks given to the Democracy by the Whigs.—*Ral. Register.*

☞ Our friends of the Petersburg Intelligencer are pleased to call us the "Gerah of the Opposition in North Carolina." Our friends we know meant to compliment us, but we must tell them in all candor, that we have almost as little fancy for being *slung* out of this breathing world," as we have for being swung out of it.—*Raleigh Register.*

☞ Among the Patents issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending August 9, was one to Alex. Miller, of Newbern, N. C., for an improvement in Drivers for Mill-Stones.

Written for the Daily Progress.

Papers on Music.—No. 1.

BY W. H. NEAVE.

Musical Director of the Salisbury Brass Band, &c. &c.

My purpose is not to write a treatise on music as a science; Such an undertaking, however interesting and acceptable it might be to some, would be boring to the most; besides, it would furnish matter for volumes. My object is merely to touch briefly on three points, which will interest and influence the (musically) callous and uncultivated, and to enlighten the ardent admirers of, and amateurs, in this heavenly art, on matters which essentially and decidedly contribute to its cultivation, its study and practice; to its promotion and continuance in its greatest purity and excellence among the people.

I may indicate some of the topics I shall treat on in the papers, viz: Music—its position among the fine arts: its influence on communities, on families, on individuals; what constitutes the true musician. The diverse influence of Brass Bands; the indispensable qualifications of teachers of music, in its various departments; why and how music should be taught in colleges as well as in those for females; music in North Carolina, &c. &c. Being but little accustomed to literary composition, I may be diffuse and desultory in style, and profuse in the use of pleonasms. A sincere wish to advance this art must excuse faultiness of diction. As an exordium, I will transcribe an article on the universality, power and yet influences of music, which I wrote a year ago, for the Salisbury Banner, and which afterwards appeared in the Goldsboro' Tribune and Greensboro' Patriot.

"Let music soothe me last on Earth,
And greet me first in Heaven.

In all cities, towns and villages, while taste and refinement are fronted by incessant coarseness, intelligence is jostled by ignorance, and purity breathes the same air with foul vice, there is one pure and elevating influence under which all are enrolled, which all can enjoy and profit by—that is music. There is, however, in the genuine human heart, a yearning for more elevated sensations; and this yearning is more fully answered by sweet sounds than by anything else.—There is a satisfying touch in music which lifts our souls to heaven while it thrills our ears upon earth. It is, then, the *duty* of all who would refine their fellow beings, to study the means or combinations which, exerted upon all classes, will result in elevating the standard of popular taste, and inciting lower natures to higher aspirations. Let all, then, foster and encourage the culture of this divine art, which refines the feelings and habits, without the labor of convincing the reason.

While sculpture and painting more peculiarly address themselves to the taste and intellect of man, music appeals to the affections, and is thus more universal in its power. All love, feel, mourn and rejoice glad, and therefore will sympathise with that art which awakens these emotions. It is objected, that many who attain moderate excellence in the art, become dissolute in their habits; if it be true, too many, in mistaken kindness and impulsive but misdirected sympathy, in communities where excellence in the art is rare, force on the musician, who has soothed or gladdened their excesses, which oft repeated, frequently lead the unhappy artist into confirmed habits of dissipation; he then disgraces the man, not the art; he is no part of art; only a worshipper at her shrine, and the only temporary elevation he feels, is when he returns to, and communes with his mistress.

Obscene and ribald songs may partially disgrace the airs with which they are associated, but this is perversion; it is in the imagination, or *word music*, simply, as music in itself, presents nothing to the sense, that is either corrupt or base. The conception is from the *mind* to the music; not from *music* to the mind. Independent of the good enjoyment caused to those who only listen to, and *feel* music, there is a more particular and humanizing effect wrought on those who produce it. In the production of harmony in fine choirs and Bands, where each member sustains a part of a whole, where each is inspired by a common theme, and mingle their parts, vocal or instrumental, as if imbued for the time with one soul, it thus cements and purifies the ties of friendship and affection.

ALMOST A DUEL.

Old Rip Van Winkle has been waking up; and one at least of the editors in "the old North State," has shown an ambition to be up to the age in "sporting matters," if not in all the fashions of the day. It appears that the Raleigh *Register* intimated that the Fayetteville *Carolinian* was "non compos mentis." The Salisbury *Watchman* remarked that this intimation "served him right;" but inadvertantly spoke of the *editor* instead of the *paper*. This the *editor* construed to be *personal*; and full of wrath, traveled to Salisbury, taking with him an editorial friend from Newbern to demand satisfaction of the editor of the *Watchman*. With the customary ceremonies, the belligerent document was presented; but the editor of the *Watchman* being something of a philosopher looked upon the proceeding altogether unnecessary. He refused to apologize, to retract, or to fight, and after several notes had passed, intimated that he would send the challenge to a magistrate, and have the fighting men arrested, as he was tired of the annoyance. The challenger then posted the challenger in due form as a coward, and the challenger reposted the fighting party as violators of the law; and thus matters stood at the last accounts.

The warm weather, the close of the war in Europe, and the approach of the North Carolina election, have probably been the causes of this unusual heat in the editorial fraternity of North Carolina.

Phil Dollar Weekly News, of Aug. 11.

Non-Voting in Kentucky.—The Louisville Journal says:—From 20,000 to 25,000 voters have not been to the polls in Kentucky since 1856, when the aggregate vote was 141,939, against 120,000 in 1857, and 123,482 in last year's election. In 1856 the democrats polled 74,567 votes; in 1857 their vote was 66,590, and last year 68,234, while in the same year the highest opposition vote was 67,878, and the lowest 53,510.