

CHARLOTTE:

FRIDAY MORNING, June 1, 1855.

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FOR PRESIDENT,

HON. HENRY A. WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

FOR CONGRESS,

HON. BURTON CRAIG, OF ROWAN.

CHARLOTTE MARKET.

CHARLOTTE, May 31, 1855.

Cotton—coming in freely—market buoyant. A choice lot sold, on Tuesday, for 1 1/2 cents. Extremes ranging from 8 1/2 to 10 1/2 cents.

Flour—a limited supply, at from 89 1/2 to 91 1/2 per barrel.

Corn—\$1.10, and in active demand.

Meal—\$1.10, and wanted.

Bacon—hog round, 10c. Choice hams will readily bring 11 cents.

Lard—10 cents—meets a ready sale.

Beef—from 10 to 12 1/2 cents.

Lamb—\$2.50.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, May 29.

Cotton has declined 1/2 cent. Middling uplands 1 1/4 cents. Flour is unsettled. Ohio \$10.12 a \$10.37. Mixed corn \$1.05 a \$1.17.

Charleston Market.

CHARLESTON, May 30.

Sales of cotton to-day 460 bales, at 9 to 12 1/2 cents—bulk of sales at 10 1/2 to 11 1/2. Only 58 bales Poulain brand, a fancy article, at 12 1/2 cents.

The Virginia Election.

The Richmond Enquirer, of Tuesday, the 29th, has reported official majorities from 122 counties, giving Henry A. Wise, the anti-Know Nothing candidate for Governor, a majority of 10,647 votes over Flournoy, his opponent, and the Congressional districts are heard from, returning all the old members, with the exception of Lewis's district. The Enquirer thinks he is elected.

There were twenty counties still to hear from, which gave Pierce a majority of 348.

Hon. Henry A. Wise.

We place at the head of our columns this week the name of this gifted son of the Old Dominion, as the Candidate of the great democratic party for the Presidency in 1856.

His great and successful efforts in behalf of the Constitution, private rights and religious toleration, entitle him above all the statesmen of the Union to be our Standard Bearer. If it were usual for the candidates for the office of Chief Magistrate to canvass, his voice would be heard in the thickest of the fight, and his thrilling and impassioned eloquence would arouse such enthusiasm among the people as to sweep away every obstacle in every State in the confederacy.

Bold, defiant, straight-forward, entertaining no opinion that he is afraid to express in the open face of day, he spurns from his inmost soul the doctrine that would rob man of his franchise on account of the place of his birth, or would create any religious test as a qualification for office, and make him seek the dark and covert places where the owl and the bat concoit their schemes of plunder.

His lodge-room is the green earth, the Heavens his canopy, the bright orb of day his lamp and the world his audience. Gifted by nature with noble instincts, reared and educated among the fathers of the republic, he inhaled from infancy the purest principles of democracy, the warmest sympathy for the down-trodden sons of despotism, and his heart beats with christian fervor for those who desire to worship God according to the dictates of an enlightened conscience.

A statesman of broad experience, a true hearted Southerner, he would yield his mighty influence to calm internal strife, strengthen the bonds of the Union, elevate our national character, and make the stars and stripes respected abroad.

In the recent campaign his burning and convincing appeals aroused the slumbering energies of the invincible democracy of his own native State, and they reared a breast work against the stream of moral pestilence that the abolition foe had prepared to engulf the South. Virginia is the great heart of the democracy, and it will be an evil day for the country when the flag of the foe is seen to wave from its proud citadel. Then we may say farewell to those cherished principles which have made our country "The land of the free and the home of the brave," the last stronghold of Liberty upon earth, and the asylum of the oppressed of every clime.

Then may Know-Nothingism pluck the chaplet from the brow of the Goddess of Liberty, and proscription and bloody persecution rule star of the ascendant.

There is no statesman of the present century to whom we are more indebted for the maintenance and expositions of the conservative principles of our party than to the Hero Orator of Accomac. Long may his chivalrous deeds live green in the memory of his countrymen nerding their hearts in defence of freedom of opinion, freedom of action and freedom of the press—the great bulwarks of a free representative government.

The smoke and heat of the conflict has passed over, the day is ours, and Know-Nothingism will rapidly descend to the

"Vile dust from whence it sprung, Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Washington Affairs.

WASHINGTON, May 29.

The State Department has received information that Mr. Perry had announced to the Spanish Government the acceptance by the United States of the proposed settlement of the Black Warrior question.

The Queen of Spain has signed the Ecclesiastical bill.

Mr. Wise's friends are now firing one hundred guns in honor of his election.

"Sam."

It is our custom not to reply to anonymous writers, but we think there is good reason in this instance for a departure from it to notice an article signed "Sam," in the Whig of Tuesday last.

We are at a loss to discover the motive that prompted the publication of charges so utterly false and corrupt. It is known to all who read the Democrat, that the Editor is consistently opposed to the Know Nothings, that he has written and published as much against them as has appeared in any weekly in the State, and he is positive that nothing he has ever said in any conversation, whether jesting or in earnest, could lead any sensible, fair-minded man to suppose that he was applying for admission into the council. But, even if he did jocularly say that he was disposed to join the Know Nothings, is not the man, who by giving a direction and meaning to the remark, which he knows was not intended, guilty of perpetrating a willful falsehood?

He now calls upon the author to state when it was the Editor of the Democrat applied, and when it was "he was told that no such man as he was would be permitted to join it." Tell the time and place. You know, "Sam," your statement is a base falsehood, and you ought to have known that the Editor would be very likely to tell you so to your teeth. Alas! you are a Know Nothing and slander may be a part of your creed, for let him tell you that a certain book teaches, that he that swears will lie.

The Editor dislikes the necessity which compels him to soil his columns with such language, but he thinks the scamp who would unblushingly publish so gross a lie ought to be held up to the scorn of all honest men, whether Know Nothings, Whigs, or Democrats. It has come to a high pass when a journalist, in the discharge of his calling, is not permitted to give his views in a mild and respectful manner upon subjects of general concern, without some scoundrel telling a lie upon him and then expressing his willingness to swear to it. We are not to be intimidated by any such threat as that contained in "Sam's" article. If he does prove it, it will be by swearing to what he in substance knows to be a black and malicious falsehood.

While we will be courteous and respectful towards our opponents, we are ever ready to defend ourself from any shaft hurled by a midnight assassin, however insidiously directed or with whatever power sent. All we ask is, fair play and an open fight. We do not desire, indeed, we will not be drawn into a newspaper controversy. We have no dark, secret places to hide in, nor have we taken any oath to conceal the truth: our principles are proclaimed to the world; and the Editor when sought for can always be found.

Who is "Sam"? Justice demands that he will come out and show himself.

Mr. Stephens' Letter.

The letter of the Hon. A. H. Stephens, a leading Clay whig, of Georgia, will be found upon the first page of this week's issue. We commend its perusal to our readers with the full assurance that the views he takes of the Know-Nothing organization will meet the hearty concurrence from those who love their country more than the spoils of office. That a large number of those in the South who have entered the council are actuated by patriotic motives none can question; hence we take it for granted that they would like to read what opinion an able and well-informed statesman entertains of its operations upon the genius of our institutions. It is a calm and dignified document, and at the same time a most pungent and scathing exposure of the tendency of this secret political society. If the Know-Nothing principles are so much better than those of the great Whig and Democratic parties, is it not a little strange that scarcely a statesman of large experience in national politics have given it their countenance?—How is it that while their cry is, that it is a combination of good men of all parties to put down old worn-out political hacks, that in nearly every instance, in this State, they are the very men who are now the recognized candidates of the order? In the Wilmington District, David Reid, is the Know-Nothing candidate, who is well known to all as an anxious office-seeker for years, that his own party has never recognized his qualifications, though he has most pertinaciously pushed himself forward; and no longer than last winter he was at Raleigh begging for a Judgeship, without any prospect of success. Mr. Shepard, in the Raleigh District, has also been a restless spirit; but his claims have been ignored, by his party time and again. In this District, the Know-Nothings are as yet without a candidate in the field. Are they also looking out for a broke-down Democrat? If one such can be found, for our part, they are welcome to him.

So far as we can learn, there is not a single distinguished gentleman in this State, of either party that has fully indorsed the movement. How can such an Order last long? Will it be many years before those who are members will be marked and become as odious as the members of the old Hartford Convention? And may not that be the reason why they have adopted the precaution of secrecy, to prevent the consequences that must attend the belonging to such an order? If this be not so, why this secrecy? these midnight meetings? Read Stephens' letter and that will explain all.

MECKLENBURG FLOUR.—A gentleman of this place, just returned from Charlotte, laid on our table yesterday a specimen of Mecklenburg Flour, in the shape of some biscuits made therefrom, under the superintendence of the excellent lady of our worthy friend Sadler, 'mine host' of 'Sadler's Hotel,' in Charlotte. They prove two things:—that good Mecklenburg Flour is equal to the best in the world, and that they know exactly how to use it as it should be used at Sadler's Hotel, a place where the traveller feels at home and comfortable. Mr. Sadler was our first friend in this State, and we have always since felt a pride and pleasure in knowing him still to be such, and in reciprocating that feeling towards him and his. Wilmington Journal 32d ult.

A terrible storm passed over a portion of Fairfield District, S. C. some few days since and several persons were killed by lightning.

For the Western Democrat.

Mr. Editor: It is not often that I trouble you with communications which, I know, can at best only claim a secondary consideration in point of merit, or solicit a place, among the columns of your paper, for matter to the subject of which I have not the vanity to presume myself capable of doing the most ordinary justice. But, when we see among us, and around us, factions and combinations which carry with them the elements of destruction to our Constitutions, and inevitable ruin to our time-honored institutions, such a request may be reasonably asked, and as reasonably granted, when our widow's mite is cast into the scale of Human Rights and Religious Tolerance.

It is, to the man who honors the land that gave him birth, who respects the government under which his fortunes have been cast, who cherishes the history of his country, and reveres the patriotism that achieved for us the independence we now enjoy, no matter of indifference to stand by in silence, with our hands folded, and quietly see the noble institutions of our revolutionary fathers, won at the cost of so much blood and treasure, prostrated to the venal and degraded purposes of self-aggrandizement, and the elevation of one political faction above another. For what purposes but these, is it that an organization has been formed, and a ruthless, tyrannical and unchristian crusade commenced against the innocent and unoffending foreign population of our country, who have no sin to answer for, save that of being born in another land—no crime for which to atone, other than that of exercising as citizens the privileges guaranteed to them by the liberality of our Constitution. Against Catholicism, too, has been raised throughout the land, a hue and cry, as ungenerous and disgraceful in its origin as mischievous in its consequences. I am, Mr. Editor, no admirer of the Catholic Church, its officials, nor the doctrines which they inculcate, but were it a Pagan institution, were its members buried in the grossest darkness of heathen idolatry, I would as soon extend to them the protection of our laws, as to the church or people of any other state or nation. Invest Congress with the power to direct the minds of men; and to crush by legislative tyranny that freedom of opinion the natural and inalienable right of every rational creature, in matters between his conscience and his God, and what becomes of our humane and our charitable laws of religious toleration? A fanaticism and a bigotry, unparalleled except by the blind superstition that swept over fairer portions of Europe, at an age when ignorance and corruption held undisputed sway over the minds of men, has been sprung with all the baneful consequences of an unjust and tyrannical proscription upon the American people, at a period when we might have hoped for more auspicious events in the history of our country. A proscription and an intolerance, the consequences of which, we have but to turn to the examples furnished us by the histories of Spain, France, Germany and England, the orthodox mother of American puritanism. In monarchical and despotic governments, religious intolerance from motives of policy is thought by some to possess, perhaps, some shadow of plausibility, when exerted against cabals and factions, organized for purposes of treason and revolution. Under such forms of government, as experience in some instances has shown, it is also thought essential to the well-being and peace of the nation that the religion of the Crown should be the established religion of the State. But in a country like ours, where the supremacy of no religious sect is acknowledged, no church, no creed, is or can be recognized under the present Constitution, as possessing the only virtues and the only means by which the souls of men are to be saved, but where freedom of thought and liberty of speech are left free and untrammelled from the peculiarities of any forms and ceremonies, save the dictates of men's own consciences and the revelations of the divine scriptures, where can be the necessity of waging war against a church the members of which, from the earliest times of our history down to the present, have ever been among the most loyal supporters of the Constitution, and the unflinching advocates of Republican institutions.

For arguments to stay the progress of Catholicism in America, and to excite the prejudices of the people against this unoffending class of citizens, let their enemies point with exultation to the bloody altars of Protestant immolation, to the valley of Piedmont, the desolation of chivalrous Spain, the ruined splendors of classic Italy, the carnage of fire and sword that swept like a blighting curse over the fruitful fields of Germany and the Low Countries; while the bloody axe of religious persecution gleamed from chalky heights of England, as if in response to the horrid shrieks that were enacted beneath the sunny skies of benighted France. These, Mr. Editor, may be regarded as so many reasons why, in this country, everything like political intolerance and political discrimination in religion, should be met at once with the stern protest of the American people, and denounced as foreign to our Constitution, destructive of our liberties, and at open variance with the genius of our institutions. These, too, are the warning voices that speak to us from the graves of murdered saints, against the dangers of religious intolerance, and not, as many suppose, the evidences of a criminality in the ancestry of a church which it is the mission of the American Government to punish in the offspring. That rule of the Levitical law, which made the children under to the third and fourth generations responsible for the iniquities of the fathers, was intended for another people, upon whose unfortunate heads the curse of an offended Deity still continues to abide.

There is, indeed, an inconsistency embodied in the principles and platform of this new political organization, which to men of ordinary minds it appears impossible to reconcile; the prevention of persecution by one sect over another, (their own fear,) is, as history can fully attest, the inevitable consequence in every instance of political proscription and religious intolerance. The very means that are used for purpose of purification and regeneration are, in themselves, the identical persecutions against which the unfortunate victims

in their turn, from considerations of personal security and religious freedom, are called upon to protest. The golden principles that they laud so much and the platform upon which they plant themselves, have no efficacy, no virtue whatever to quiet for one moment the agitations which for so many years have threatened the disruption of our government and the severance of the Union— dangers far more probable, and from which a far greater degree of human suffering and political distress is to be apprehended, than from any coalition of Catholic or foreign influence.

Who, it has been asked, are the members of this organization? From what origin does it claim to have sprung? What combination of circumstances have forced into existence such an association, and what are the ends to be accomplished? These and the like questions, have on all occasions been met with the stereotypical answer, "We know-nothing." If such be the fact then that the members are unknown, the organization without a legitimate origin, and the objects of the Order incapable of revelation, we may presume it to be "nullus filius," the bastard offspring of a bastard parentage, made up of the refuse of all other parties combined. Among the elements of whose composition may be found abolitionism, freesoilism, fusionism, higerlawism, exclusionism, secessionism, fillibusterism, and last but not least, the wonderful "ism" of the miraculous order of "sonatje." Such together with a whole host of disappointed politicians, hungry office seekers, sore-shin merchants, defunct editors, crazy lawyers, quack doctors, bigoted clergymen, bedlamite mechanics and squirming, pondering cod-fish foreigners as outsiders, complete the category of the sacred materials of which this patriotic organization, the eggs of American Liberties, are composed. These are the "Americans to rule America."

From among these and these alone, by a decree of the Supreme Order, are you citizens of old Mecklenburg to choose your executives, your legislators and your judiciary for both Federal and State Governments. For these are you to repudiate the constitutions of your fathers as inadequate to the ends of government, incompatible with the propagation of republicanism, and unfaithful to the obligations which bind the State to respect and protect the rights of its citizens. And for these are you called upon to forget and to decry the hallowed institutions of your revolutionary sires, institutions venerable for their antiquity, and sacred from the associations that connect them with the deeds of men, who purchased with their lives and sealed them with the blood of a patriotism, unparalleled in the annals of the world. With all the complacency peculiar only to the audacity of this remarkable association, do they step forward wolf-like in sheep's clothing, and ask you to proscribe from office, a man whose only crimes are an undying opposition to their order, fidelity to his pledges, and devotion to his country. Fearing to meet him face to face, and dreading as well they may, the cold irony and burning sarcasm with which they are already too familiar, they are in order to defeat his election, and to revenge their own spleen, driven to the miserable extremity of sacrificing all claims to political decency, by indulging in a low, mean, contemptible species of scurrility, (an awkward attempt at ridicule) against the merits of a man, who has only at heart, the good of his country, and the perpetuity of her institutions. Such are the concomitants of an organization, instituted avowedly for the purpose of upholding the honor of the American flag, and protecting the rights of native born citizens. Principles which carry with them as none will deny, a coloring of plausibility, but which when analyzed, when followed into the ghostly chambers of their midnight conventionalities, tells with terrible effect upon their real objects. Follow them to their altars, raised to the God of Anarchy, and see with what sanctimonious devotion, they cast into the sacrificial flame, the first great duties of the citizen that binds him to his native soil. See with what religious patriotism they profane the memories of their fathers, and piece by piece, with a heathenish devotion, offer up the ruined constitution of their country to the lust of an insatiable fanaticism. Behold the trembling victims, receiving the honors of the order, with hands uplifted to Heaven in token of their sincerity, bartering away the freedom of their franchises, the birth-right of an illustrious ancestry, and solemnly pledging their own dear liberties, in perpetual servitude to the myrmidons of political corruption.

Messrs. Editors, I have too much confidence in the good sense of the republicans of the mother land of American Freedom, to believe that they will allow themselves to be duped by the intrigues and honeyed words of these redeeming politicians, but that they can, and will stand up like men, who know their rights and dare maintain them, who know the worth of merit, and are determined to prove their appreciation of it, by giving to the Hon. Burton Craige, that majority which his fidelity, his ability, and his patriotism has so justly entitled him. ASCANIUS.

MORE FILLIBUSTERING.—Another fillibustering expedition is on the tapis. This time Peru is to be the favored country. According to the reports in circulation, the friends of General Echiquie, lately overthrown by Don Domingo Elias and General Castilla, are organizing an expedition to restore their fallen chieftain to the presidency of that republic. It will be recollected that Gen. E. was beaten by the aid of seventy Americans, disappointed Amazon gold hunters, in the army of General Castilla, and the adherents of Echiquie argue that if seventy Yankees put Castilla in power, a hundred or more could restore Echiquie. Peru has been in a disturbed condition since the last revolution, and is probably ripe for another. An expedition could be easily formed here just now. The failure of the other fillibustering schemes has left abundant floating material in this country, which could be made available by a leader with plenty of funds; and it is said that the Echiquie party have a large supply on hand, and any amount in prospective, in the shape of land and other spoil. Gen. Echiquie arrived here about two months ago, and put up at the St. Nicholas Hotel.—New York Herald.

FIRE.—A fire broke out in Petersburg, Va., on Bollingbrook street, on the night of the 17th ult., and consumed two store houses, involving a loss of about \$150,000.

One Week Later from Europe.—Arrival of the America.

HALIFAX, May 24.—The steamer America has arrived with Liverpool dates to Saturday, May 12. The week's news is very meagre. There has been no event of importance before Sebastopol. Affairs are much in the same position, although some trivial successes with the allies have been reported.

The tone of public sentiment appears to have resolved itself into the conviction that the war must be a protracted one, without hope of assistance from Austria.

Several extensive failures at Liverpool were spoken of privately just prior to the departure of the America. No names had transpired.

Accounts from Vienna, are indicative of Austria's friendly disposition towards Russia, and it is believed she will ultimately join her. The same is also said of Prussia.

It is announced in some quarters that England and France are about to tender Poland and Hungary their protection. This is certain, if Austria and Prussia side with Russia.

Affairs in Asia were quiet, and without much interest.

Spain continues in a very unsettled condition. Nothing new from Sweden or Denmark.

The general intelligence indicates greater difficulty in Europe than perhaps ever known.

Napoleon, it is said, has determined to go to the Crimea as soon as practicable.

There is great excitement prevailing throughout England and France regarding the war. No hopes are now entertained of peace, and both governments have determined to prosecute the war with renewed energy.

It has been determined to raise an army of half a million men, necessary and fight to the last.

Russian accounts from the Crimea are favorable to their cause. An immense number of troops, numbering over 200,000, are in and around Sebastopol, with constant recruits pouring in. The defenses at Sebastopol are greatly increased in strength. There have been several sorties, in which a good many were killed on both sides, but no regular battle. The Russians are said to be in high spirits. Bombardment by the allies had almost entirely ceased. They are awaiting reinforcements and additional supplies of war munitions.

A good deal of sickness prevails in the French and English camps, and many are dying. All accounts are, upon the whole, unfavorable to the allies, and they have no hope of peace.

THE TOMB OF NICHOLAS.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives the following particulars of the burial place of the Czars of Russia:

The most interesting church is St. Petersburg is that dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, otherwise called the "Fortress Church," as it stands within the citadel of the city. Its slender spire, precisely resembling that of the Admiralty, rises far above all others, to the height of 340 feet, and its gilded surface shines dazzlingly in the sun. It is said that 12,000 ducats have already been expended in the gilding of this spire. But within the Fortress Church rest the remains of all the Czars since Peter the Great. No European monarch rest so unostentatiously, and no others are buried within the walls of the fortress. To each Emperor there is erected merely a sarcophagus, with frequently his initial letters engraved upon it. Each of these sarcophagi is covered with a pall of cloth of gold, embroidered with the double-headed eagle. Upon the Grand Duke Constantine's tomb lie the keys of some Polish fortresses, while Alexander's bears a small military medal with his portrait. Each tomb is surrounded by a neat iron railing, and the part of the nave devoted to the tombs is again separated from the body of the church. As I visited the church during Lent, the cloth of gold was concealed in every case by a faded black covering. Beginning with Peter the Great, I passed by all the Czars in chronological order. Here lay the great Catharine, and, sleeping quietly by her side, her husband, Peter III. to whom she in her lifetime refused this place.

Around one of the sarcophagi I saw a dense crowd and approaching it, I found it that of Nicholas. The cloth was new, and no dust had settled upon the emine border. His initial letter was embroidered in amaranth, and a candle burns day and night upon the tomb. The little relic that was placed upon his breast while he lay in state in the Palace, lies upon the middle of the sarcophagus. It is surrounded by a wealth of immortals. Every one who approached the spot seemed touched with real sorrow, and all spoke in whispers around the grave of the great man. As I stood there watching the crowd, the gates were suddenly thrown open, and an old General in full uniform entered and approached the tomb. Taking off his helmet he held it before his face, and kneeling, seemed for a few moments to be engaged in earnest prayer. The helmet shook in his hand as with emotion.— Finally rising, he kissed the relic that had lain upon his master's breast, and then crossing the aisle kissed Alexander's tomb in the same way. He had served under both Emperors, and this, his daily tribute to their memories, was most touching. He is the commander of the fortress of St. Petersburg, and one of the last acts in the public life of Nicholas, was to thank him for his public services. The czar sent him the imperial portrait enriched with diamonds.

Upon the walls and around the pillars of the Fortress Church hang trophies taken from the Turks, Persians and French. In this way the Russians have decorated all their churches, and hardly a nation but is represented in St. Petersburg or Moscow. The English, I believe, are the only exception, but who can tell how long they may continue so? Above three hundred Persian suns and Turkish crescents here bow before the cross of the Christians.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LOCUST.—The following information concerning the habits of the fourteen year locust, given by a writer in the Boston Advertiser, will be found interesting at the present time.

The locust's favorite resort is that of a copse of young and rather thin oak wood, where the soil is rather soft and light. They are first discovered in the ground near the surface, in the form of a large white grub or worm, and a quarter of an inch in diameter. Where or in what mode they pass through the chrysalis state, and become fully in-knew; but they are soon found in vast numbers, and in a full chorus of sonorous voices, among the branches of the small trees. They have a distinctly marked W found on the back. In this stage of their lives they do not seem to feed. On opening one, the body appears to be a more hollow shell, without any feeding or digesting organs. They continue in this state, I believe, about six weeks or two months.

Shortly before their disappearance, many of the small twigs of the young oaks appear to be girdled and partially cut off, and hang suspended from the extremity of the branches. The leaves turn red, as when touched by frost in autumn. On examination these twigs appear to be sawed about two thirds off and girdled, so that the circulation of sap being cut off, it soon dies, and probably falls to the ground during the ensuing winter by the action of wind, rain and snow.

The general belief is, that by a curious and remarkable instinct, the insect is led to deposit its eggs in some secure mode upon these small twigs, and then thus partially to sever them from the parent stock, so that by their fall the eggs shall be borne gently and safely to the ground, into whose bosom they are in some form received and cherished, to reappear in the form of the full grown locust, after the lapse of seventeen years. I am not aware that this fact of the deposit of eggs upon the falling twig has been verified by actual observation; it is one of the points which require careful examination.

Singular Woman—Wife of Aaron Burr. In Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution there is a picture of a house on Manhattan Island, that was erected one hundred and fifteen years ago, and which was at one time the head quarters of General Washington. It is situated near the High Bridge, over the Harlem river, and though really within the limits of New York city, it is surrounded by forest and dells, giving it a rural and wild aspect. The grounds are beautifully improved, the gardens laid out with taste, and everything around the establishment bears the marks of refinement and wealth. On this historical spot lives a venerable woman, whose history has been varied as the changes in her country's progress has been rapid. Madame Jumel is a native of Providence, Rhode Island. Her maiden name was Miss Bowan. She came to New York about the year 1798, and in 1803 was married to M. Jumel, a native of France, but then a refugee from the bloody massacre of St. Domingo. They did not live long together, from incompatibility of temper or some other cause.— He soon afterwards died, leaving her three millions of francs in France. She frequently visited Paris, always living in a style commensurate with her husband's pretensions and wealth. She moved in the highest circles both in France and in this country, of that day, and received the court and homage of the most distinguished men of the time. She subsequently married Aaron Burr, somewhere about the year 1816, but they, too, soon separated.— After his death, she continued to live in seclusion at her stately residence on this island, with the exception of occasional visits to Paris. She was there soon after Louis Napoleon became Emperor, and was at the Tuileries on the occasion of a grand ball, when the Emperor recognised her as the widow of his old friend (which one tradition does not state.) Her residence is described as an earthly paradise, minus the angels.

Everything that art can achieve, or taste desire, or money procure, may be found there. Costly paintings, (and among them a genuine Rubens,) articles of vertu, presents from noble and distinguished persons, autographs and every thing that is considered fine, costly and curious may be seen there in lavish profusion.

Madame Jumel lives the life of a recluse. She knows nothing of and will have nothing to do with her neighbors around Fort Washington, with a very few exceptions. Even the boys have a judicious fear of her, and trouble neither her orchards nor her flower gardens, nor anything that she has. Every evening a gun is fired off on her premises to warn intruders. Very few persons ever solicit permission to view her grounds, and only a favored minority of these ever have their petition granted.

This old lady, now seventy-eight years of age, has one penchant, and that is for gathering around her refugees from Europe. She is always taking care of a flock of them, and to make them useful, whenever a good musician comes along she gets him the instrument with which he is most familiar, and in this way she keeps up a very pleasant band of music, which entertains her by their repeated performances.

Madame Jumel, from having mingled so much in the best kind of society, has all the courtly graces and blandness of manner, which distinguished the dames d'honneur of the last century. To society and the world generally she bows herself very haughtily, forbidding anything like approaches to familiarity. She is as much of a despot in her own dominions as any monarch who sways a sceptre. She likes her mode of living, has wealth enough, has seen the world, outlived the desires of life, and will consequently probably never again emerge from the quiet enclosure of her elegant residence. She has a beautiful niece living in Bordeaux, who is married, and to whom her property will most likely descend.

Paraguay Tea. There was lately procured by Lieut. Page, of the United States ship Water Witch, which is now engaged in exploring the sources of the river Platte, in South America, for distribution, the celebrated mate, or Paraguay tea. The leaves of this plant are used, by infusion, in Paraguay, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic, Chili, Peru, and Ecuador, by all classes of persons, and at all hours of the day. The Creoles drink the infusion in a pot called mate, from the spot of which the tea is drunk, with or without a little burnt sugar, cinnamon, or lemon juice. They drink it at every meal, and seldom eat before they have taken some of it. The more wealthy and refined portion of the population partake of the infusion from a mate, or teapot, formed of silver or other materials, by means of a tin or silver pipe, called the bombilla, perforated with holes at one end, to prevent swallowing the pulverized herb which floats on the surface. The quantity of leaves used by a person who is fond of it is an ounce. It is customary, in good society, to supply each of the party with a mate and pipe, with the infusion as near as possible to a boiling temperature, which those who are habituated to its use can swallow without inconvenience, but often the whole household and their visitors are supplied by handing the mate from one to another, filling it up with hot water as fast as it becomes exhausted. If the water is suffered to remain long on the leaves, the decoction becomes of an inky blackness. The taste of the leaves, when green, somewhat resembles that of mallows, or the inferior kinds of green tea from China. The people of South America attribute innumerable virtues to this tree; but most of the qualities ascribed to it are doubtful. It is certainly aperient and diuretic, and, like opium, produces some singular and contrary effects. It is said to give sleep to the restless and spirits to the torpid; and, like that drug, when a habit is once contracted of using it, it is difficult to leave it off, its effects on the constitution being similar to that produced by an immoderate use of spirituous liquors. The tree is highly ornamental, and doubtless would flourish in any soil and situation where the magoola grandiflora would thrive.— Hence its introduction into the middle and southern sections of the Union is well worthy of the attention of all who have the proper convenience for cultivating it.—Washington Union.

DANVILLE RAIL ROAD.—The cars now run on this road to Marsfield, distant 24 miles from Danville; and the Richmond mail is received daily before sunset. We learn that enough iron has been purchased to complete the road to Danville, and it is expected that it will progress at the rate of from four to six miles per month, until it reaches its termination. If this calculation is correct we may expect to see the cars on the opposite side of the Dan, some time next Fall. Danville Register.

Hon. Jas. C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy, returned to Washington much improved in health.