The North Carolina Whig.

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

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HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:

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Poetry.

From the Southern Ladies' Book for June.

HENRY CLAY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

With voice and mien of stern control
He stood among the great and proud,
And words of fire burst from his soul
Like lightnings from the tempest cloud;
His high and deathless themes were crowned
With glory of genius born,
And gloom and ruin darkly frowned
Where fell his bolts of wrath and scorn.

But he is gone, the free, the bold,
The champion of his country's right;
His burning eye dim and cold,
And mute his voice of conscious might.
Oh, no, not mute—his stirring call
Can startle tyrants on their thrones,
And on the hearts of nations fall
More awful than his living tones.

The impulse that his spirit gave
To human thought's wild, stormy sea,
Will heave and thrill through every wave
Of that great deep eternally;
And the all circling atmosphere,
With which resident his breath of flame,
Will sound, with cadence deep and clear,
In storm and calm, his voice and name.

His words that like a bugle blast
First rang along the Grecian shore,
And o'er the hoary Andes passed,
Will still ring on for evermore.
Great Liberty will catch the sounds,
And start to newer and brighter life,
And summon from Earth's utmost bounds
Her children to the glorious strife.

Unnumbered pilgrims o'er the wave
In the far ages yet to be,
Will come to kneel beside his grave,
And hail him prophet of the free.
'Tis holier ground, that lowly bed
In which his mouldering form is laid,
Than fields where Liberty has bled
Beside her broken battle-blade.

Who now, in danger's fearful hour,
When all around is wild and dark,
Shall guard with voice, and arm of power,
Our freedom's consecrated ark?
With stricken hearts, Oh God, to Thee,
Beneath whose feet the stars are dust,
We bow and ask that Thou will be
Through every ill our stay and trust.

Miscellaneous.

ZEOLA,
OR,
THE INDIAN LOVERS.

BY FAUST.

One hundred years ago, the deep shadows of the untrimmed forests overspread the broad valleys and wild hills of the great West. The sound of the squatter's axe had not then wakened the echoes of those remote solitudes, nor the smoke of the pioneer's cabin curled above the tall branches of the forest oak, and the solemn hemlock of the primeval forest. The ploughshare had not then turned up the fertile soil, nor the cattle grazed upon the tender grass of that region now so populous and cultivated. The red stag there shook his branching antlers, and bounded fearlessly through the open glades of the wood, or led the dappled doe or fawn, at rosy dawn, or mellow eventide, to drink the waters of the little brook, or the pellucid surface of the lake. The shaggy bear prowled in the briery thicket, or fed on the acorns that shook from the oak. The tawny panther ranged unmolested in the rocky fastnesses of the hills, or lay in the leafy covert for its prey.

The Indian hunter was then lord of the land. The Pawnee and the warlike Creek held the region from the head waters of the Ohio, to the dark rolling Mississippi; and the smoke of the wigwam ascended by many a quiet stream and wood. The hunter's rifle echoed among the hills and trees, and his arrow whistled in the glade; the war-dance and the battle-song resounded in every valley, and the sharp canoe, urged by the flashing paddle, skimmed every stream and lake.

It was in the balmy month of June, that a small party of Creek warriors wandered from their hunting ground to that of the Pawnee's; and were surprised by a war-party of the latter, headed by their fierce chief, Pancha. The Creeks, with the exception of their chief, War Eagle, were all slain. The victors carried their prisoner in triumph to their village—which was situated on the banks of a small river.

The savage inhabitants derided and buffeted the hapless prisoners, as he was conveyed through the village; but the stout heart of War Eagle moved onwards with a firm and erect gait, disturbed neither by the blows nor menaces that were directed against him. The captive, bound tight with hide thongs, was thrust in a cabin, and two warriors appointed to watch over him, by day, and by night.

Zeola, the daughter of the Pawnee chief, as it chanced, was skilful in the art of healing. This maiden was chosen to be the physician of the captive chief, to cure the wound that he had received in battle. No one could look upon her light and well made form, and upon her sweet countenance, without a feeling of admiration, if not of love; and no sooner did the captive chief look upon her beautiful face, and hear her voice, than he was completely fascinated with her charms.

Nor did the Indian damsel herself look upon the noble captive with less favorable emotions.

"How is the sweet daughter of the Pawnee, called?" inquired the captive, as the maiden proceeded to bathe his bruised limbs.

A deep blush suffused the maiden's cheek, as she replied—

"I am called Zeola, and am the daughter of the chief."

"Zeola," said War Eagle, "fairer than the lily of the valley that is kissed by the dewy lips of morn, wilt thou return the love that burns in the breast of the stranger warrior, though he lies like a wounded panther at thy feet?"

"The captive warrior," returned the maiden, "has a bold heart, and is more stately than the warriors of the Pawnees, but Zeola must not give her heart to an enemy."

* * *

As the shades of evening began to settle on the deep wood that drooped around, the captive still listened for the returning footsteps of the maiden. She came up to him silently, and said in a low voice—

"Would the fettered chieftain desire me to loose the cords from his hands, and let him breathe once more the free air of the woods?"

"Yes, gentle maiden, free me from these hateful thongs that cut into my flesh, and I will fly like the wild deer to my own people, and bear thee, Zeola, to my home, and thou shalt be the queen of my heart."

"Zeola cannot refuse to save the life of the brave warrior, nor can she refuse to go along with him, and cast her lot with his people."

And then the maiden departed with a promise to come soon and free him. He had begun to think she was going to prove false, when he felt a knife at his bonds which soon caused them to fall from him.

"Hist," said a low voice, "it is I, Zeola, creep stealthily backward and follow me."

They had advanced but a little space in the forest, when a loud shout in the direction of the village reached their ears, and immediately after a confused hum of angry voices followed—announcing that their flight had been discovered, and the village alarmed.

Zeola turned to her lover with a look of agony in her face, and clasped her hands. But such was not his demeanor. His eye kindled, and he had drawn himself up to send back a shout of defiance, when the beseeching look of the maiden deterred him—and bending his head to avoid the branches, he dashed forward again with redoubled velocity, preceded by his companion.

Over stream and marsh, through tangled brakes and open glades they held their rapid way—the girl threading the forest as if she held a clue in her hands, and striking her course as truly as if directed by a compass, towards the country of the Creeks.

But however swiftly the fugitives advanced, their pursuers followed as rapidly as hounds in their path. At first indeed, the enemy did not appear to gain ground, although their shouts could be heard ringing far and wide, through the huge forest but gradually the uproar concentrated round one spot, as if the trail had been discovered; and immediately after, a savage yell, as if from a hundred throats, came through the leafy arcade.

"Farewell," said the maiden, "my strength is failing me; fly while you can, and leave Zeola to her fate."

The Indian looked reproachfully in her face, folded his arms across his breast, and stood still.

"Oh fly!" she said, clasping her hands. "The chief, my father, will save my life, and we may meet in happier times."

"War Eagle," was his calm reply, "never deserted his dogs—if Zeola stops, he stops."

Seeing him resolute, she again sprang forward in flight, and for awhile her excited spirit gave almost the speed of the deer to her footsteps.

Her lover was continually at her side: where the way was difficult, assisting her, and sometimes even carrying her. But all their efforts proved insufficient. The shouts of the pursuers drew nigher and nigher, and at length the foremost was visible afar off through the forest, just as the overtasked energies of Zeola gave way, causing her to fall in the ground.

She again besought her lover to leave her to her fate.

He made no answer, but lifting her light form in his arms, looked around.

A rugged and broken ascent lay immediately before him, leading as he remembered, to a lofty precipice, that beetled over a dark and inaccessible dell. His resolution was at once taken.

Following the single narrow path which led to the summit, he struggled on with unwearied energy, and at last succeeded in gaining the flat rock on the top.

Had he been armed, he might have defended the place against hundreds, but he bore no weapons; so sitting his mistress down he stood over her awaiting the appearance of his pursuers.

Their dusky forms were soon seen through the forest. They espied the fugitives, and with a loud shout rushed up the ascent. A dozen arrows were fitted to their bows, and aimed at the Creek warrior, when Zeola suddenly waved her hand to those below.

"Father," she cried, "spare him, or we die together. The cliff is high, and a single step carries me to the edge of it."

The arrows were pointed downward, and all eyes were turned on the old chief in front.

A quiver, for an instant, might be seen on his face, as if he was endeavoring to conceal emotions he couldn't suppress; and then came his voice, clear and full in the deep silence—

"Shoot but spare the girl. Our wives call for vengeance on the Creek."

The arrows were again drawn to the head with a yell of anticipative triumph.

War Eagle seeing he could not escape, determined in baffling his foes of their intended triumph. No mortal foot had ever penetrated the dell below—seizing therefore, his mistress in his arms, he cast a look of proud defiance on his pursuers, and at the next instant, just as the old chief had drawn his arrow to its head, he vanished with his burden from the height.

Down in that gloomy dell, where the sun never penetrates, may be seen a spot near the foot of the cliff, covered with wild flowers. Tradition points it out as the grave of the *Indian Lovers.*—*Star Spangled Banner.*

From the Rochester Democrat.

Remarkable Physical Phenomenon.

A SLEEPING GIANT—A RIP VAN WINKLE.

Our attention was called yesterday to a most extraordinary phenomenon. A full grown man, six feet and two inches tall, 27 years of age, has slept for nearly five years, with only occasional and brief intervals of wakefulness. The name of this man, subject to so remarkable a suspension of the ordinary faculties of the race, is Cornelius Broomer. He is the son of a farmer living in the town of Clarkson, in this county, in whose family only this single and singular instance of prolonged somnolency has ever occurred. The subject of this notice fell into this long sleep on the 19th of June, 1847, and since that time has been awake at different periods, from a few hours to four months at a time. It is remarked that when he comes out of this catalepsy, he appears to have no knowledge of the lapse of time, or of circumstances taking place while he sleeps. The fit comes upon him instantly, without so far, as is known, any warning. His eyes close, his jaws are set, his muscles contract, and his whole frame is rigid, so that if standing, he continues in that attitude partly bent over; and it is not easy to pull him down.

Various experiments have been tried to restore him to consciousness, without effect. A seton has been inserted in the back of his neck, without producing any apparent effect, and on one occasion cayenne pepper, moistened with spirits of turpentine, was put into his mouth, and no visible emotion was caused by the caustic dose. Physicians have seen and wondered, theorized, and experimented in vain. The man sleeps on, lives, eats, retains perfect health, with a pulse at 80, and without variation. When asleep, he may be placed upon his feet, and he will stand for days together, as he has been known to do for three days and nights in succession. In order to feed him, it is necessary to pry open his firmly set jaws: and in that manner, but little food is introduced into his stomach. He is not, however, much emaciated, keeps his natural color, and appears entirely without disease, excepting that which produces his strange sleep. When he awakes, he comes out of his trance suddenly, his rigid muscles relax at once, he asks for meat or drink, and falls to eating voraciously. If asked why he sleeps so much, he appears to regard it as an imposition, just as any active man would receive an intimation that he was considered sluggish.

The last time he was awake was about five or six weeks since. He was left nearly alone at home: and on coming out of sleep, he got up and went to the lake shore where his brothers were; going into a grocery he called for liquor, and asked the company to drink with him. On such occasions he is not violent or angry; appears strong and in full possession of his mental faculties. A slight indication that he is not entirely unaware of what is transpiring about him, was given recently, by his asking his father if he intended to allow him to be taken to New York? Several parties had been endeavoring to get permission to exhibit him, and he appeared to have become aware of it by some means; perhaps by hearing conversation about him. This was the only instance of the kind, we believe. The fact that his eye-lids are in a constant tremor, favors the idea of his semi-consciousness.

This man is now in charge of Mr. Gardner Davis, of Brockport, who intends to exhibit him to the public, so that a thing so wonderful may be seen by all the world.—A brother of the remarkable somnambulist accompanies him—a healthy, strong man, six feet and two inches tall. Many of our Physicians have visited the man, at the place where he is lodged—Mr. Dampsey's Commercial Hotel, Front street. Efforts have been made to awaken him recently, so that the Faculty who are deeply interested in the matter, may see him in his wakeful mood. It is a little singular that whiskey will have the desired effect, if it is possible to get enough down his throat. But he resists the introduction of the liquor, and it is very difficult to get it down in any quantity.

USE OF FLOWERS.

A gentleman in Fayette county, in sending for some flower seeds, remarks in this wise:

"I am sending you the first dollar that ever went from our town for flower seeds, and I am the only one who would venture to do so. I have been endeavoring to create a taste for flowers among our citizens, and have succeeded a little; but if some of our farming friends here were to know I had spent a dollar for flower seeds, they would think it an act of madness. Had some of them been in being on the morn of creation and admitted to counsel with Deity, they would surely have recommended the creation of nothing but corn and hogs. For this reason I request you to make for me a selection of the finest, as I wish to convince them yet that God created the beautiful as food for the soul, and the useful for the body, though to the intellectual mind the beautiful and useful are always combined."

☞ The human voice has been heard across the Straits of Gibraltar, a distance of more than 10 miles. This only happens in peculiar states of the weather. The sound of a military band has been heard at a distance of 70 miles, on a clear frosty morning.

Why was the first day of Adams' life the longest ever known? Because it had no *Eve.*

From the Asheville Spectator.

GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C.,
April 18th 1853.

DEAR SIR: Your kind favor of the 14th of March has just reached me! Marvel not at this; I have constantly been on the road for six weeks. I am desirous of knowing, by observation of my own eyes, the actual condition of things in each county in the State. The task is severe, and the expense great; but I deem such a course important, because it is necessary in order to know how to make judicious recommendations, &c., &c. The East I must visit in the spring and winter; and I have just returned from a tour which ended at Currituck. I did not have my letters forwarded for fear of losing them; and as I had written a rather long letter to the Chairman of Superintendents of [illegible] in answer to one from him, and requested him to publish it, I supposed the public would be made aware of my course, &c., &c. I fear it did not reach its destination. I intended not to be absent more than six weeks, at one time and letters of advice, &c., would not be too late if delayed that time.

I regret exceedingly, that I was not able to let you know that I could not be present at the interesting ceremony to which you invited me; I regret still more the fact, that I was not present.

I fully appreciate your suggestions, they are exactly in accordance with my own views. There are but two things needing to start our common schools on a more successful career, viz: Teachers, and public interest in the schools: but the public will never have their feelings properly interested in the cause until the Country is filled with active and zealous working friends of General Education. There are well-wishers enough to the system to give it success, if they would just but lay their shoulders to the wheel; if they would push as well as wish, the wagon would move. Will they do it, without seeing themselves more directly interested?

If however, we had teachers enough and of the right kind, they could exert sufficient force without the assistance of others; diffusing themselves through every neighborhood, their own success in life depending on the cause of education among the masses, they would see every body, talk to every body, and in time, infuse the right spirit into nine-tenths of the people. But here arises another great question; how and where are we to procure such a corps of Teachers; we cannot manufacture them all at once—we have no machinery suited to such good work. We must, however, make the best use of appliances at hand; we must be patient, persevering, hopeful, and watchful.

The Colleges, Male and Female, and the public schools are acting and reacting on each other; the Common Schools even when they are most imperfectly taught have shed light on intellects that otherwise would have groped their way in darkness, and these intellects thus awakened, have found means of access to higher and nobler fountains, and then thrown on their own resources, to the school, to reflect there a broader and brighter light. The Common Schools are annually sending forth an increased number of these to our Colleges and Academies; and each one who has thus ascended by the help of the District schools, gaining there his first ideas, making, by teaching them, the means of getting to higher schools, and finding in them, after his education is completed, ready employment, and the immediate means of good support, exerts, as a mere example, a powerful influence, among those born in his condition in favor of the cause of Education.

And as Colleges are multiplied, they stimulate in return the Common schools, they must not look for support not merely to the few rich, but make themselves acceptable and accessible to the masses of the people, while their Professors and friends are compelled to exert themselves to diffuse a spirit of education.

The multiplication and rivalry of Colleges will also have a tendency to explode the idea of monopoly and aristocracy often associated with such institutions; they will not, cannot be patronized exclusively, by any one class, while the charge of Collegians will no longer be preferred, as indicating a character unconnected with the sympathy and the general interests of the community. In these Colleges will be represented all races of our white population, all religions, all interests and every social rank; and that one which lays its foundation deepest in the Common Heart, and builds upon the Common schools, considering them as its natural feeders and fostering them in return will endure the longest, and attain to the largest growth. A revolution is now going on in this respect. It is not now fashionable for Colleges to look down with contempt, on the Common schools; on the contrary all are beginning to court their influences and to assist in enlarging the sphere of their usefulness.

As the official head of our system of Common schools, I take a deep interest in the success of our Colleges; I feel that our relations are intimate and our interests complicated together in many ways. The District School system is the great University of the State; it is intended for the benefit of all, ought to be patronized by all classes, and is no more of a charity than the University, at Chapel Hill. It is founded on precisely the same principle; it is based upon the same important consideration, that whatever is done at the joint expense of all, according to the ability of each, is cheapest to each, and most likely to be a benefit to all. If there were no Colleges it would cost a gentleman a fortune to educate his son, as he can now be educated at Chapel Hill, he would have to employ six or eight Professors at salaries of from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars per annum, to pay for chemical and philosophical apparatus from $5,000 to $10,000, and to give his son the benefit of such Libraries as they have in the Colleges, from five to fifteen thousand dollars more would be expended for books. And after all this cost, the son would be deprived of the very considerable benefit derived from association, from the Literary Societies, and from that feeling of emulation generally excited in large schools. In view of these considerations, the State, at the common cost of all, has provided a University, has erected buildings, purchased books and apparatus, and established a fund, the interest of which pays part of the current expenses. After the appropriation of the State, the cost of graduating at our noble University is diminished more than a hundred fold. The University is thus a great charity in the noblest and truest sense of the word; and in the same sense, and no other, are Common Schools a charity.

Being a minister of the German reformed Church, you make allusion to a race numerous in your immediate section, and in mine. As you know, I am surrounded by Germans; and you would be surprised at the practicable and sensible view which many of your old neighbors take of the Common School system. Many of them, as you intimate, not having had the benefit of an education, they are wedded to no system; and being now desirous of having their children instructed, and casting about for the most economical mode, you may hear them complaining of the lightness of the school taxes.

They know that it is ten times cheaper to pay a tax of five dollars, to keep at school five children all the year, than to pay a subscription of fifty or more dollars for the same purpose, board, &c., and in arriving at this conclusion, simple as it is, are far in advance of their more lettered neighbors.

The people, however, could understand this matter better than Magistrates and Legislators suppose; and I was pleased the other day, when I heard an intelligent gentleman in Currituck (the Clerk of the County Court) say he could take the stump as an advocate of taxation sufficient to keep the schools open all the year, and defeat any man in the county who opposed the principle. Could as much be done in Cherokee? I believe it could be done in the remote extremes, and everywhere else, if the right men were to take hold of it. Demagogues are a terror only to those who mistrust the popular interests.

But I am wandering from my subject: your letter, coming from one interested in popular education, a quondam neighbor, and now a laborer in a most inviting field, has caused me to go more into details of matters connected with our Common Schools than is strictly consistent with the character of the letter which you have doubtless been long expecting from me.

It is my intention to spend the summer and part of the fall in the West; and, if spared, I shall visit Catawba College, and will give you due notice of the time. I desire to make an address there; and if there should not be as large a crowd as you had at the laying of the corner-stone, I hope it will be in my power to do some good.

As I stated, I wish to know from personal observation, the actual condition of things in each county, and as I pass, I would be glad to make a plain talk to all classes of people. These, however, are but a small part of my duties; indeed the field is wide and the laborers are not many.

But I am happy to say the good cause is advancing, and when the generation now being educated at our Common Schools comes on the stage of action, a revolution will at once be effected, and the progress forward be greatly accelerated. The want of light has confused and discouraged us; men will not work in the dark when they are utterly ignorant of the effect of every blow they strike. We have had, as yet, not one single report from our Common Schools; the curtain has never been lifted. Had there been but an officer to make merely an annual report of progress and do nothing else, we would have been far in advance of our present position. Still, we are on the advance, and this I can abundantly show. I sincerely hope that your College will succeed, based as it is on principles connected with the welfare of our Common Schools; thus I trust that the beautiful Indian name of your region will be perpetuated in an institution devoted to Christianity and the arts of peace and civilization.

Wishing you health and personal success, I am with much respect,

Yours, C. H. WILEY.

To REV. J. H. CRAWFORD.

SPEED ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

A party of gentlemen connected with the Hudson River Railroad passed over twenty-three miles of that road last week in twenty-one minutes! or at the rate of nearly sixty-six miles an hour! And the purpose is said to be seriously entertained of running through from New York city to Albany in two hours, after taking out of the road some of the bad curves, which ought never to have been made in such a road. The road is almost without grades, and flag men are stationed all along the road to examine the track, and give suitable warning of approaching danger. The Hudson River Company it is said, are about to introduce upon their cars a contrivance for excluding dust and noise, those two great nuisances in railroad travelling.

A QUADRUPED CHICKEN.

The Germantown Telegraph publishes the following extract from a letter of a gentleman of Columbia to a citizen of Germantown:

"One of my Shanghai hens has a few chicks, hatched a few days ago, and one of them, which toddles about and eats heartily, and seems to thrive, has *four legs*. For the first day, 'Quadly,' (as we call him, from quadruped,) did not know which pair to go upon. The hind pair made him rear up, and the front pair made him kick up. But, after balancing the thing in his mind the over night, he settled down the next morning upon his all fours boldly, and persists in that mode of locomotion.

SWEARING.—Do not accustom yourself to swearing. There are words enough in the English language sufficiently expressive of all our passions.

Why is a horse half-way through a gate like a half-penny? Because there is a head at one side, and a tail at the other.

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF

This minister, who figures very largely in the recent diplomacy of Russia with Turkey, is thus described in a sketch which appears in the New York *Tribune* of the 22d instant. It should be taken, we suppose, with the allowance at least that it is not written by an admirer:

"The Menschikoff family does not date from the early times of the Russian aristocracy, but is comparatively recent. It was founded by a journeyman pastry cook, who cried his wares through the streets of Moscow until he cried himself into the regard of Peter the Great, who made him one of his special favorites. This, however, did not prevent his being sent to Siberia by Peter II., grandson of that monarch, who, though he had Menschikoff for his tutor, yielded to the Dolgorouki family so far as to banish him, instead of marrying his daughter as he desired. Of this ex-pastry cook the late most demonstrative envoy to Constantinople is the fourth direct descendant. He belongs in the very front rank of the public men of Russia, along with Nesselrod, Tchernicheff, Bludoff, Kisseloff, Strogonoff, Orloff, Seniawin, and a very few others. He is one of those admitted to almost daily intercourse and intimacy with the Emperor. Of them all he is perhaps the most ambitious, and certainly the most conceited.

"Like most of his countrymen, Menschikoff has always been devoured by the desire to see his name figure in some grand affair, and to gain what is called a European reputation—a glory which until now has been denied him. With a moral bitterness he has seen men like the late favorite Benkendorff, Orloff, and others, making a noise in the world, though in his arrogance he has despised them as ignoramuses and nullities. His own mental organization is, however, not of a high order. For twenty years nearly he has been Governor General of Finland and Minister of the Marine, though in all his life was never a sailor, and for a long time held steam vessels in holy horrow, owing to which there are comparatively very few of them in the Russian navy at this day.

"On the other hand, he does not lack a certain sort of superficial capacity. In his youth he studied for a while at the University of Leipsic, and has since kept up a varnish of information by that kind of general reading which give the airs of knowing everything without bestowing a profound or exact acquaintance with anything. Thus, in the *salons* of St. Petersburgh, he has acquired the reputation of immense and many sided abilities, which would render him successful in whatever he might undertake. This fame has not been diminished by a bitter and sarcastic humor, which loves to riot at the cost of others, and has long rendered him the first wit and author of *bon mots* at the court. For these reasons he is more feared than liked; a sentiment penetrating even into the bosom of the imperial family, which has admitted him in a considerable measure into its intimacy, but has never regarded him as a favorite.

"There are in the court of St. Petersburgh two leading political parties, the Russian and the German. The former cherishes the idea of predominance in Europe, but particularly desires immediate extension in the Orient, with the absorption of Turkey, and, in case of need, even of Austria. The German party is more pacific in regard to the Eastern question. Its scheme is to aggrandize the influence of Russia in the West, in the affairs of Germany for instance—a policy steadily pursued for these many years, and especially manifest in the events of 1848 and '49. The leader of this latter party is naturally Count Nesselrode, supported chiefly by Baron Brunow, the Russian Ambassador at London, M. de Meyendorff, Ambassador to Vienna, and a few other Germans, both soldiers and civilians. Under the influence of Nesselrode, most of the diplomatic agents of the empire are either Germans or other foreigners. Thus, Mr. Bodisco, at Washington, is something like a Wallachain, and a Protestant in religion. So it is with others.

"Prince Menschikoff belongs to the Russian party. Though a disciple of Voltaire, as far as religious ideas are concerned, he holds to the influence of the Greek Church as the principal lever of Russian action in the Orient. In fact, this is his hobby.—Thus, after the campaign of 1829, ending with the treaty of Adrianople, our hero—who had held the position of chief of the staff under the late Prince Peter Wolkonsky, and had distinguished himself the year before at the capture of Warna, where he was very severely wounded—quitted the service because, in his opinion, the treaty did not sufficiently secure the rights of the Greek Oriental Church.

"The ambition of Menschikoff has always aimed as high as that of a Russian noble is allowed to aim. He has sought to acquire a controlling influence over the mind of the Czar, and to hold the first place in his councils. But the monarch has never allowed himself to be entrapped. The truth is, he has rather outlived the obsequious yet arrogant seductions of the ambitious courtier. In default of the first object of his desires, the Prince has, however, in latter years, succeeded in gaining a considerable influence over the heir to the throne.

"When, after the disasters which the Russian troops continually experienced in Circassia, under the mixed command of Rosen, Grabbe, Sass, and other German Generals, the Emperor resolved to send there some Russian, with an eminent and imposing name, and with the full powers of an *alter ego*, Menschikoff strained every nerve to get the place, bringing into play all degrees of influence and all kinds of agencies, with the aid of both men and women, (he is a great favorite with the latter.) It was even said that he threw himself on his knees at the feet of the Czar to implore the favor. But it was not granted, and afterwards Count Worentzow, since raised to the rank of Prince, carried off the honor.

"In this way the jealous courtier grew to be some seventy years of age without the desired opportunity of adding a historic lustre to his name. In the affairs of Germany in 1849, the German party had had its way, and it seemed opportune now to give the Russian party a chance in the Oriental question. Of that party and its discontent Menschikoff was the organ and the trumpeter at St. Petersburgh. He not only gave out in private that the moment had come to fall on Turkey, but there was another reason why something should be done to gratify him. He had lately been obliged to yield the post of naval minister to the Grand Duke Constantine, the second son of the Emperor, and the special ornament of his family, who had been educated a sailor. In these simple facts may be found the principal reasons why Menschikoff was sent to Constantinople. Whatever be the final issue of the affair, his vanity has at least had a momentary gratification. He has made a noise in Europe, he has occupied the attention of the political world, his name has become known beyond the boundaries of the empire.

"But if—as now seems more than probable—this mission, after being begun with so much fuss and pomp, should all end in smoke, we may be certain that the Emperor will, for a little while, be furious and mortified—nay, we may suppose that he was so when the news of the turn which events had taken arrived at St. Petersburg. But when the first burst of vexation has passed, nobody will be more pleased than himself at Menschikoff's discomfiture. He will feel no regret at the downfall suffered by a man so much boasted of in the social circles of the capitol, on his first trial in important practical affairs. He will be the first to apply to the disappointed and ridiculed ambassador a familiar proverb of the Russians, whose meaning is, 'he has fallen back among the blockheads again.'"

From the Staunton (Va.) Messenger.

STERLING SENTIMENTS.

OUR DESTINY—WHAT IS IT?—A strange infatuation seems to have seized upon the minds of the people of this country in regard to its "manifest destiny." The opinion has obtained among the mass, and spread itself through the various ramifications of society, that it is the "destiny" of this country to free all the nations of the earth. The voice of reason, of experience, and of history is unheeded, and passion and fanaticism go brawling over the land.

Well, we are a great people, no doubt about it. With the germ of a population in 1776 of three millions of souls, spread over a comparatively small territory, we have grown to be a great nation of twenty-six millions of people, occupying a territory almost boundless in extent. And this, too, in the short space of seventy-seven years!—Was there ever before, in the history of the world, growth so rapid? History tells us of none, and tradition stands confounded. It has sprung up as if by magic. The fabled Aladdin's lamp never produced such wonders. Like a huge colossus, it rises in majestic proportions before the eyes of all nations and kindreds and tongues, and bids thousands bids them come and partake of freedom's hospitable banquet.

But great as it unquestionably is, free as we all acknowledge it to be, is there no danger? Is there no fear that by recklessness we may plunge our country and its free institutions into utter and irretrievable ruin? We think there is. Does not the voice of history speak upon this subject? And what does it say? In deep mournful accents it speaks from the tomb of the past, "Beware, beware; thus far canst thou go, but no farther." Like causes produce like effects; and all history abound with the fact that no nation has been able to maintain its freedom and integrity that has extended its dominion over so many diverse interests as some of our reckless politicians desire to see embraced in the limits of this Union. Extending now from the St. Croix upon the north to the Rio Grande upon the south, from the pine-clad shores of the great Atlantic upon the east to the golden-skirted banks of the majestic Pacific upon the west, it embraces every variety of soil and climate, every production that can administer to the taste or happiness of man, and every element that can go to make up a powerful and independent nation; yet before this "wide domain" has become half peopled, before one-tenth of its vast territory has been subdued and rendered subservient to use, we have among us those who, never satisfied with what they have, fly to that they know not of—restless spirits that would rather "rule in hell than serve in heaven"—prating all the while about our "manifest destiny," as if they—vain men!—wielded the destinies of this great country. Filibusters, or Fillibusters, seem now to have the reins in the councils of our country, and, unless curbed in their mad career by the uprising of the great conservative element of the land, our ship of state must be stranded upon the shoals or cast into the whirlpool of recklessness.

It is not enough that we are free and happy; it is not enough that we yet have room for expansion for a thousand years of peace; it is not enough that we have a home for the oppressed and downtrodden of all nations who may desire to come and live among us; these things are all as nothing; our "manifest destiny" leads us to desire more, and more we must have, despite of reason, judgment, every thing. Cuba must be annexed, Mexico must swing into the rear, and Canada and the lands of old King Kamehameha must surrender to the strides of "King Progress." Our trade demands it. Our trade! Oh, what a time we will have when all the world and the "rest of mankind" shall become democratic, and safely housed under Uncle Sam's ægis, and our trade is unfettered! But seriously, have we not enough to do at home? Have we half developed the vast resources of this favored land? Have we educated our children, provided for our poor, and removed the stumbling-blocks from the paths of our fellow-beings, over which thousands of our kindred have stumbled into an untimely grave and a probable hell? Have we bound our country together in the strong embraces of iron? Have we fostered commerce and manufactures, and made our country in fact what it is claimed to be, the greatest country in the world? We opine not. But Cuba is in our way; Mexico is in our way;