The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 8. CHARLOTTE, N. C., SEPTEMBER 26, 1854. NUMBER 33.

HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,
EDITORS.

T. J. HOLTON, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North-Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (15 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court dockets and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

All letters on business must be directed to the Editors. Letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

Payments can be made to either.

Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.

What I Live For.

BY G. L. BOSTWICK.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task of God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not chiefly by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance;
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Miscellaneous.

Rich and Poor—A Mother's Story.

Oh! mine was but a pictured faith,
And mine a broken vow,
Else he I loved, and who loved me,
Were here beside me now. W. W.

"Come hither, Hanne, my poor, proud child."

There was a world of music in mother's deep, mournful voice, and I crossed the room in the winter twilight, and threw myself on a low stool at her feet. The coal fire was smouldering in the grate. The carpet, with its dark, rich colors, looked warm and comfortable in the dim light, but outside the winds howled hurrying by, and the unquiet feet of the wild November rain paced round the old house like a sentinel. I had been a long time loved by one good and noble, and more than worthy. He was like some poet-artist's conception of morning, with his calm, high brow, his clear blue eyes, and golden tresses. There was an expression of bold, fearless truth in his handsome features, and a look of loving tenderness about his pleasant mouth. He was all sunshine, and he had shone his way into my heart. I loved him, though I had hardly acknowledged it to myself. He was poor, and I—I had but my proud old name, and the ruined mansion and wasted patrimony of the race of Stuarts.

Another lover came, and this one was noble. The gold lay yellow and deep and shining in his iron coffers, and the broad lands that called him master were green and fair. If Morgan Phillips was radiant with the beauty of morning, this other one, this Hunt Hennesly, was the personification of some stormy night, not wet with rain of tears, but black, dark and terrible with heavy tempest-clouds, with now and then a star flashing through them, like the gleam of a giant's burnished armor. I *loved* Morgan Phillips, but Hunt Hennesly's wilder nature possessed a strange charm for my adventurous imagination. With him, I could realize every dream of my so dreaming youth—I could cross the Eastern desert, bivouac among Bedouins, stand among the ruins of Jerusalem, and weep over the fallen grandeur of Greece and Rome—with him I could float down the castled Rhine, look on the stormy Hebrides, and follow the track of the old Norsemen across the Northern sea. With Morgan Phillips what should I share?

"Love," answered tremblingly the low voice in my heart, and I saw a vision of a peaceful home, where my presence would make sunshine. I twined the roses over those cottage walls, and rocked the blue-eyed children, bright with the golden hair of my lover husband; but the easy tea-table, with its fresh biscuit and clotted cream, brought visions of washing dishes and scouring knives; the blue-eyed little ones of my rocking, however fast the cradle jogged, would cry, and my errant fancy turned with a sigh of relief to the other picture—the lullaby which the peaceful Mediterranean was singing to those ever quiet children—the summer isles upon her breast. Unconsciously I said aloud:

"It shall be Hunt Hennesly;" and then my mother called me to her side.

I thought, as I sat down at her feet, how beautiful she had been in years past, how beautiful she still was, with her great, sorrowful black eyes. She looked steadfastly at me for a moment, and then said, half sorrowfully:

"My child, have you promised to be Morgan Phillips' wife?"

"No, mamma, I am young yet."

"Yes, very young; but if you have not promised you have let him see for these many months that you loved him—that his presence at your side was welcome. Now, Hanne, if you did not mean to wed him, was this right?"

I blushed, and was silent, and she continued:

"I know, dear, that Hunt Hennesly loves you, also, and I will not counsel you. Your own heart will be your safest guide, if you will only follow it; only, Hanne Stuart, my child, do not let ambition, power, luxury, anything, tempt you to marry without love. The retribution will be terrible, terrible," and my mother drew her shawl about her and shuddered; albeit the room was warm. Her voice seemed husky when she said:

"I will tell you, my poor girl, a story of my own youth. I had not thought to confess your father's faults or mine, and God knows which were heaviest; but you need the lesson, and you shall have it. I was motherless. I have seen a picture of the beautiful being who died that I might live, but she passed from earth ere she had clasped me to her breast. I was my father's idol, but at fifteen he died and left me poor. He had been wealthy, but after my mother's death he had trusted his fortune to a faithless steward, and I was left scarcely enough to want.

"My child, have you promised to be Morgan Phillips' wife?"

"No, mamma, I am young yet."

"Yes, very young; but if you have not promised you have let him see for these many months that you loved him—that his presence at your side was welcome. Now, Hanne, if you did not mean to wed him, was this right?"

I blushed, and was silent, and she continued:

"I know, dear, that Hunt Hennesly loves you, also, and I will not counsel you. Your own heart will be your safest guide, if you will only follow it; only, Hanne Stuart, my child, do not let ambition, power, luxury, anything, tempt you to marry without love. The retribution will be terrible, terrible," and my mother drew her shawl about her and shuddered; albeit the room was warm. Her voice seemed husky when she said:

"I will tell you, my poor girl, a story of my own youth. I had not thought to confess your father's faults or mine, and God knows which were heaviest; but you need the lesson, and you shall have it. I was motherless. I have seen a picture of the beautiful being who died that I might live, but she passed from earth ere she had clasped me to her breast. I was my father's idol, but at fifteen he died and left me poor. He had been wealthy, but after my mother's death he had trusted his fortune to a faithless steward, and I was left scarcely enough to want.

"I was very beautiful the world said, and I knew it well. The face that met my gaze, as I stood before my mirror, was brightly, dazzlingly lovely. I had been educated in convent retirement, and my heart was fresh and pure. *I loved!* Hanne, you have never known such a passion. It was worship—it was idolatry—it was the life of my life. And he I loved was poor. Allan Graeme was fatherless like myself, but I was an inmate of his mother's cottage—Very tenderly they cherished the orphan committed to their care. I knew that Allan loved me. I read it in every act; in the appealing tenderness with which his blue eyes would rest upon my face, in the care with which he anticipated my wishes, and the very intonations of his voice as he addressed me.

"But another suitor came. Allan Graeme had never asked my love, and I had never promised in so many words to be his bride; but for many months he had believed me all his own, and yet, when your father first visited the cottage, his eyes caught my face, with a kind of questioning sadness. Time passed on, and seven weeks more beheld me Percy Stuart's betrothed. Looking back, I cannot see by what circumstance this change was brought about. I worshipped Allan Graeme as madly as ever. His smile was the sunshine of my existence. Your father loved me, at least he idolized my beauty, and he was a noble, glorious man. Still his presence had no power to quicken a single pulse, awaken a single heart-thrill. But he was rich and nobly born. I coveted the proud rank his love could give me—the stately mansion, and the old name. It was a long struggle between love and ambition, but at length I laid my hand on his. Scorn me, hate me, Hanne, I deserve it. I sinned wilfully. I knew I did not love him—that heart and soul were long ago yielded up in passionate adoration to another—and yet I became his bride.

"Allan never reproached me, but the stony, hopeless sorrow in his blue eyes was more bitter than the most terrible words—His mother was as kind as ever, but I could see the hot tears fall upon the bridal garments she was making. And I, oh Hanne, I shudder, looking back through all these years, at the bare thought of my silent agony. I believe I was more beautiful than ever. My eyes were wildly bright, and my cheeks flushed like wine a hundred years old, mantling over a silver goblet. My bridegroom liked the impassive coldness of my manners. I do not think he ever dreamed that I did not love him, and my stateliness accorded well with the lofty pride of himself and all his haughty race.

"I married him. The ceremony was over, and he had turned to kiss his wife for the first time, when a shriek rang through the church, a piercing, terrible shriek. Then there was a heavy fall, and Allan, my Allan, was borne senseless through the crowd. My husband might have suspected, when he saw my anguish, that he was more than the brother I had called him, but he said nothing. He even acceded to my wild prayer that our bridal journey might be postponed until he was better, and permitted me to be a constant watcher at his bedside. He had not long to wait. My beloved had broken a blood-vessel in his fall, and the fourth day he died. I held his hand as he faded silently away.

"'Katrine,' he said, looking mournfully into my eyes, 'Katrine, it is very sweet to die thus, with you beside me. I am dying for your love. I shall be happy, dearest, for an angel whispers, you will be mine in Heaven. You have never said you loved me, but I know it. I know that my dying love is more to you than all this bright living world, and I am going where no shadow falls. Kiss me, Katrine, and then sing me one of our dear old songs.'

"I had kissed him many times before as a sister might; the free, innocent kisses of childhood, but now—now, I kissed him with the wild, passionate kisses of womanhood's deathless love; and then drawing his head to my bosom, I sang. It was a ballad we had sung many times together, when the stars were climbing up into the quiet sky, and I sang it now, to the soul which was so soon to climb above the stars, above the sky, even to the foot-stool of the great white throne. He looked at me with floods of light swelling into his large blue eyes. Every moment his face grew more and more beautiful, till I was frightened at its unutterable glory. I ceased, and his low voice whispered—'Katrine—Heaven!'

"The lids closed over those earnest eyes, peacefully as a child lies down to dream; the golden head grew cold upon my bosom. I was alone with my dead!"

My mother paused, and clasped me wildly to her heart, then releasing me, she continued:

"Hanne, I know in those early days your father loved me, as *he could love*. Not with the worship of the dead, but he was proud of me, and strove to make me happy. He suffered much. The wife, whose head rested on his bosom, slept in her dreams upon another heart, mixed in with grave-mould. When he clasped his arms about her, ever between their folding and her slender waist were those cold arms of the dead. I pitied him, but my very soul was sick unto death; I could not feign a love my heart could never feel. It was two years, Hanne, before you were born. He had learned, of late, to seek his happiness other where. I did not trouble myself to inquire the nature of his pursuits, for I was grateful to be left alone. When you were put into my arms I rained tears of blessing over you, thanking God that my heart could love still.

"As I lay in silence, with shut eyes, holding you on my heart, I heard him say:

"'Perhaps this child will win her love to me. God grant we may be happier!'

"It was a vain hope, Hanne, I was colder to him than ever. We both loved you. I would hold you in my arms hour after hour, raving madly of the dead who should have been your father. One night, as I held you thus, my husband entered.

"'Katrine,' he said, 'I shall die to-night, die by my own hand. I have lost my all at the gaming-table, whither your coldness has driven me. I am sorry for your sake, for the sake of our innocent child, but oh, you deserve little else; oh, woman! who could sell yourself for station, when your very being was another's!'

"I knew his reproaches were just, and I sat still, in my defiant silence, holding you to my heart. For five minutes he stood, silently looking on us. Then he spoke again, with softened tone:

"'Katrine, forgive me. Perhaps you did not know your own heart until it was too late. Let not our last parting be in anger. I have done you many wrongs, but I have suffered terribly. God will judge me, and He is merciful. Katrine, kiss me once before I die. Once, let me hold you to my heart. You are my wife. Your hatred cannot be so remorseless as to refuse me this, my last request!'

"Hanne, I know not what demon ruled me, but I sprang up from my seat, I held you aloft in my arms, and cried:

"'Go! do not touch me! I loathe you, I hate you! But for you, my darling would not have died. Before your coming, I was happy. Go! You *cannot* suffer as I have suffered, ever since your hateful lips called me wife!'

"Then, holding you still, I sank down upon the floor, weak, helpless, in a passion of sobbing. I can remember nothing distinctly, but I have a faint, indistinct memory of a kiss of fire upon my forehead—of seeing your baby face covered with passionate caresses, and of being roused from the darkness of my long faint by the sharp report of a pistol. Your father was dead. Hanne, do not quite hate me. I have loved you, suffered for you, lived in your life. If my crime was great, the punishment of my lifelong remorse is terrible!"

I clasped her bowed figure in my arms, and pressed my lips again and again to her flushed brow; shuddering the while at the thought that terrible as had been her fate, even so might have been mine, but for the story and its warning. Oh, how much dearer my heart acknowledged her in the utter hopelessness of her fearful sorrow than she had ever been in what I had supposed the cold perfectness of character.

—

There was a quick ring at the door. My mother gathered about her the heavy folds of her shawl, and, turning on me the appealing glance of her tearful eyes, passed from the room, even as Hunt Hennesly entered. He knelt at my feet; he whispered pleadingly of the future his care should make so bright and involuntarily I shuddered, as I drew my hand from his clasp.

"Mr. Hennesly," I said, in a low, earnest tone, "I have heard that to-night which has made the distinctions of this world seem of little moment in contrast with a calm, true love, which shall last for eternity. I do not so love you. I cannot be your wife!"

My words left him no room for hope, and he went out silently into the storm. I never looked upon his face again. Before the evening was over, Morgan Phillips also sought my presence, and his errand was to say farewell. Sitting beside me, with my hand in his, he murmured:

"Hanne, my beloved, I dare not ask you to be mine, but I will not stay and see you given to another. I leave you to your brighter destiny."

There wasn't much pride left in my heart then, and I bowed my head upon his shoulder, and said, in a whisper so low that only ears of love could catch the sound:

"Morgan, stay; for my sake, stay!"

Oh, what an expression of beautiful light and eagerness, of morning sunshine broke over his face then. But the rest is *my* secret. I am Mrs. Morgan Phillips now. I hear of Hunt Hennesly sometimes, standing among the proudest and noblest of the land, but his name brings with it no regrets.—Dearer than the brightest skies of far-off Italy are blue eyes that meet my own so lovingly; sweeter than the whole world's homage the tones which murmur, as I stand among my idols—"my wife, my beloved!"
—*True Flag.*

HAS WOMAN NO CONSCIENCE.—Has lovely woman no conscience? Or is it that she never goes wrong in money matters? At all events, let the strange cause be what it may, you never see the Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledging "conscience money" from a woman.—*Punch.*

TRIAL BY JURY.

Among the resolutions being passed by the various New York county Conventions, in choosing delegates to the State Convention shortly to assemble to nominate Whig candidates, we find one apparently common to them all—a resolution instructing their delegates to vote against the nomination of any one not pledged to labor to have the fugitive slave law so amended as to secure for the slave the right of trial by jury. Now, as stated, this is unadulterated clap-trap—nothing more. Nothing is more common throughout the whole South than the application of slaves to courts for their freedom. The law of every slaveholding State provides forms in which they, or any one for them who imagines that they are illegally held in slavery, may obtain a fair trial of the question of title to them; and it further makes it the duty of the court to provide them, *in forma pauperis*, with thoroughly competent counsel, and to supply, at the expense of the State, the means necessary for the due defence of their rights, by causing to be paid out of the public (State) treasury the law expenses of (on their part) such cases. The very ablest counsel practising before the Southern courts are always assigned them, and it is a remarkable fact that it is rare, indeed, that a slave so applies for his freedom without obtaining it. If he can show the least possible flaw in the title by which he is held in slavery, he is always victorious before a jury of slaveholders, as strange as it may seem to those at the North who get their ideas of the Southern people from abolition accounts of them.

So, it will be perceived that the fugitive invariably has the right to a trial of the question of the sufficiency of the title under which he is claimed before a jury. What those resolution makers aim at, however, is an entirely different thing. That is, to have the law so amended as that he shall have accorded to him (the slave) the right to be tried by a jury not belonging in the vicinage wherein his offence against the law was committed; for running off, to deprive his legal owner of his services, is an offence against the laws of every slaveholding state. It will be remembered that the common law, and, indeed every statute in force in England and this country, providing a jury trial, stipulates that it shall take place among those in whose midst the alleged offence transpired.

They (the resolution makers) therefore propose to interpolate a new principle in the common law and upon the statute books, violative of the long established custom on which the trial by jury hinges. They seek, not to obtain justice and to vindicate the majesty of the law, but to decide such questions according to the prejudices of the community in which the runaway may be arrested.

It is hard enough for the South to bear with the state of public opinion at the North, which, under pretence of administering the laws of the land, deliberately violates them whenever a slavery question goes to a northern jury, without having them so altered as in all cases surely to deprive the South of her rights, guaranteed in the bond of union between the two great divisions of our country. While the prospect that they may be able to succeed in consummating any such new fangled legislation is really further off at this moment than ever before, struggling thus for it serves to irritate the South, and to warn them that they must regard all in the North who directly or indirectly countenance abolitionism as dire enemies, who are anxious to wage war to the death against everything southern. So surely as there is truth in the adage that it is the last feather that breaks the camel's back, so surely are those who would profit themselves by playing on the passions and prejudices of the northern masses for their own immediate advantage laboring to make all the South not long hence, look upon the North as far more bitter enemies to them than England or Mexico has ever been.—*Washington Star.*

A GALLANT COMBATANT.

The Constantinople correspondent of the London Times gives the following account of the last struggle of Lieutenant Burke, who fell at Giurgevo:

"Mr. Burke's body was found after the action in which he lost his life with no less than 33 wounds upon it. The Russians had taken his sword belt, but his sword was found hidden in some long grass close to the corpse. The ring finger of both hands was cut off. He was seen by the sapper, who went with him, fighting desperately to the last, though surrounded by a horde of Russians. When he first leapt on shore from the boat six soldiers charged him. Two he shot with his revolver, one he cut down with his sword, and the rest turned and fled.

While he was encouraging the Turks, who were in the stream, to row quietly to the land, and forming them in line as they landed, conspicuous as he was in full uniform and by his white cap cover, a number of riflemen advanced from behind a ditch, and took deliberate aim at him. Poor Burke charged them with headlong gallantry. As he got near he was struck by a ball, which broke his jaw-bone, but he rushed on, shot three men dead at close quarters with his revolver, and cleft two men through helmet and all into the brain.

He was then surrounded, and while engaged in cutting his way with heroic courage through the ranks of the enemy, a sabre cut from behind, given by a dragoon as he went by, nearly severed his head from his body, and he fell dead, covered with bayonet wounds, sabre gashes, and marked with lance thrusts and bullet holes. The saper who was with him stood by Mr. Burke to the last, but could not save him. He is now only recovering from his wounds and the effect of his exertions."

A lecturer on chemistry mentioned that a certain quantity of calorie (heat) was found in snow, an Irishman among the audience gravely asked how many snow-balls it would take to boil a tea-kettle?

NO.

No!—That is a very short word. It has a very short meaning sometimes. It often blasts fond anticipations; it may change the whole tenor of a life. In matrimonial matters it would be better that it should be oftener said than it is, for many of that sex sometimes say no when they mean yes, and should use the shorter word when they do not.

One Sunday evening, not many nights ago, the Rev. Mr. Thompson performed a marriage ceremony at the Tabernacle—both parties said yes at the proper time, and the reverend gentleman said amen.

"I want you to perform the same thing for me," said a well dressed, youngish man to Mr. Thompson.

"When?"

"Now—right off—to-night."

"Can't you put it off a little? It will make it rather late."

"No—the lady says now or never, and I am very anxious. Will you go?"

"Yes; where is it?"

"Close by—only a few steps west of the Park. We are all ready, and will not detain you but a few minutes on your way home."

Mr. T. went to the place, which was a respectable boarding house, and everything evinced decorum. The lady—young and pretty, neatly dressed, and altogether a desirable partner for the gentleman—was presented, and a short prayer, as usual upon such occasions, offered, and then hands joined.

"You, with a full sense of the obligations you assume, do promise, here in the presence of God and these witnesses, that you will take this woman, whose right hand you clasp in yours, to be your lawful wedded wife, and as such you will love and cherish her forever."

"I do."

"And you, Miss, on your part, will you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?"

"NO!"

We have heard in times past, when showers were fashionable, some pretty heavy claps of thunder; but none that ever rattled about the tympanum of that bridegroom was quite so loud as that stunning little monosyllable.

"No, I never will!" said she most emphatically, and walked away proudly to her seat, leaving her almost-husband looking and probably feeling just the least trifle in the world foolish.

Mr. Thompson remonstrated—not to induce her to change that no for yes, but trifling with him in a solemn duty of his calling, and asked for an explanation.

"I meant no disrespect to you, sir, or to trifle with your duty, or the solemn obligation you were called upon to ratify; but I had no other way to vindicate my character. I came to the city a poor sewing girl. I worked for this man. He made proposals of marriage to me, but from other circumstances I doubted his sincerity, and left his employment and went back to the country for a while. When I returned, I found the door of my former boarding-house closed against me, and this lady, whom I had esteemed as a kind friend, cold and quite indisposed to renew my acquaintance, and I insisted upon knowing the reason. I learned that this man had blackened my character, denied his proposals of marriage, and said I was—no matter what. I said to the lady, 'let me come back and I will prove my innocence. Will you believe what I say if he will now marry me?'

"'Yes, I certainly will, and so will all who know you.'

"I renewed the acquaintance—he renewed his proposals—I accepted, and said 'yes, get the minister at once.' He slandered me—I deceived him. I proved my words true, and his false. It was the only way a poor, helpless girl had to avenge herself upon a man who had proved himself unworthy to be her husband. It was only, at the right time, to say one word—one little word. I have said it. I hope it will be a lesson to men, an example to other girls, and that in many other and different circumstances they will learn to say no."

"If I was angry, for a single moment," said Mr. Thompson, "I carried none of it over the threshold. "It was a severe lesson, but well applied. I went home pondering upon the value of that word—No."—*New York Tribune.*

A NEW DODGE.—A New York Sunday paper says: "We heard of a dodge to raise the wind the other day that does credit to the sharpers whose wits got it up. There are three gentlemen engaged in this new enterprise, and we are told that they have collected some thousands of dollars during the past two weeks. Their plan of operation is: Two of them, dressed as laborers, visit a grocery store, buy a pound of some cheap article, take it off to a corner and weigh it with a standard scales which they carry with them. If it falls short of the full and correct weight, (which it does in nine cases out of ten,) they kick up a grand breeze with the grocer, threaten prosecution, and finally, through the intervention of a *gentleman* (the other partner) who steps in just at the nick of time, the trouble is compromised by the payment of an X or a V by the grocer to settle the matter. In one instance $30 was paid to hush up one of these cases, the article, bought was sugar, and the pound only weighed thirteen ounce."

SARATOGA.—A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Saratoga, is responsible for the following:

"There has been aristocracy here of all grades and shades, from the genuine 'simon pure,' down to the 'mushroom' and 'codfish;' and I looked in one evening and saw the valet de chamber of a gentleman at one hotel, waltzing with one of the haughtiest beauties, who was denominated 'belle' at the other. He may have been quite as good as his master; but I doubt whether the young lady would have smiled so graciously on him, or permitted his moustache to come so near her cheek, if she had known that he had spent part of the evening brushing coats and blacking boots."

SURRENDER OF BOMERSUND.

The following picture of the surrender of Bomersund we clip from the Paris correspondence of the New York Herald. It will be read with interest. The conduct of the French soldiers is highly applauded. "The French," says an eye witness of the battle, "are certainly soldiers in heart and soul.—They have not only a genius for war, but delight in it. They not only accept it as a necessity, but a natural vocation; all the details of it seem a habit, the hardships and dangers a pleasure. Their movements, too, are essentially military and picturesque as well. It was really a splendid sight to see the manner in which, with a seeming hardihood, yet real precaution, they made their advances, facing the fire opened on them, yet exposing themselves little to it, dashing at all the dangerous points, and aptly availing themselves of all shelter.

But to the extract:

"It must have been, in truth, an interesting sight—the surrender. The fortifications, completely bestrewed with eighty-four pound shot, broken shells, grape and canister, intermixed with enormous sheets of iron, that had been dislodged from the roof, and the granite walls broken in a thousand places. In the interior which was a large square and parade ground, the total ruin, and heaps of broken granite and brick work, bespoke the terrible vigor of the siege.

The commanders-in-chief, Hilliers, Napier, with Admiral Chads, the senior captains, the colonels of the French regiments, &c., with a brilliant staff on horseback, were drawn up outside. The army lined the way for 800 yards, and stood with loaded guns and fixed bayonets, between which the prisoners passed two by two, the drums and fifes of the marines striking up national airs, which were taken up by each regiment in the rear. The Russians looked despirited and careworn. At intervals a few drunken shouts escaped from the fort, from some wretches who, seeing the surrender, had rushed to the spirit casks. Those poor devils were the last that could be got out, and on hearing the music they commenced their national pastime, and ludicrously danced a polka through the whole line. General Bodisco, the Russian Governor, eighty years of age, stated that his chance of holding out longer had become quite hopeless, a ten-inch gun, turned from their own mortar battery against them, being well handled; he observed also that the battery from the heights was brought to play upon him, and that the French were gradually advancing and securing their position.

To the second tower there was no roadway; it was approached only by clambering over the rocks. It mounted 20 guns. The breach made in it by Capt. Ramsay's battery at 800 yards across an inlet was terrific. The whole west side had literally fallen away, and eight men could have entered abreast. This breach was effected in nine hours. The Royal marines, in the dead of the night, after the truce, marched through a ravine and brought away 118 prisoners, under a heavy fire of canister and rockets."

COPY OF A HANDBILL LATELY DISTRIBUTED IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.—"Roger Giles, surgeon, parish clerk, and schoolmaster, reforms ladies and gentlemen that he draws teeth without waiting a moment—blisters on the lowest terms, and lyshes at a penny a piece, Sells Godfather's Cordel, cuts corns, and undertakes to keep any bodies nails by the year, or so on. Yung ladees and gentlemen tort their grammer langwage in the neatest manner—also grate care taken of their morals and spellin. Also sarme singing and teaching the Hoi Boy, Cow Tillions and other dances tort at home and abroad. Perfumery in all its branches. Sells all sorts of stashonery wares, blacking balls, red herrings and coles, scrubben brushes, treele, mouse traps and all other sorts of swee meats—likewise taters, savsages and other garden stuff—also frute, nuts, ballns, hoyl, tinware, and other eatables. Tumber saws, corn sarws, and all hard wares. He also performs floo-bottomy in a curious manner. Fathermore in particular, he has laid in a large sortment of tripe, china, dogs meat lolly pops, and other peckles, such as hoysters, &c. Old rags bought and sold here, and not any were helse—and new laid eggs every day, by my Roger Giles, P. S. I teeches jaggerdy, and all them outlandish things. N. B. A hawl on Wensday."

SHAVING.—The New York Times has the following funny story of an American in Paris who could speak no French, who was in the habit of shaving himself, and invariably barked his skin with the razor:

"One day, before commencing to scarify himself, he remembered that he had no more courtplaster, and so rang the bell for the servant. Of course he was obliged to communicate his desires by pantomime. The servant was far from comprehending with that readiness which characterizes professional pantomimists and the principal performers in a ballet. However, it was evident to him that the gentleman wanted something that would stick, and soon returned with a supply of wafers and postage stamps, of various colors and values. There was no help for it; so the American, after having shaved and cut himself in three places, applied a wafer to his chin, a ten sou stamp to his cheek, and a sixteen sou one to his Adam's apple. Thus sealed and prepaid, he sallied forth into the street, and was the object of much laughter and good-humored comment."

JAPAN.—The "Journal of Commerce" is showing the vast advantages American commerce is destined to derive from intercourse with the Japanese. Exports from that country, we are told, at present consists of copper, camphor, lacquered wood and papier mache work, china, silk stuffs, rice, saki, soy; and they import sugar, elephants' tusks, tin, lead, iron, cloths chintzes, clocks, watches, spectacles, and looking glasses.

From the Washington Sentinel.

INTERESTING STATISTICS OF CUBA—ITS RESOURCES.

Don Jose Maria de la Torre has recently published a work on Cuba, which is full of statistical information in regard to that island, some of which we have thought fit to compile, and now present to our readers.

The present population of Cuba is estimated at 1,050,000, though the opinion is expressed that it reaches 1,500,000; 501,988 are whites; 170,047 free colored, and the remaining 380,425 are slaves. The transient white population not included in the above estimate, is 40,940. The entire white population is 542,928, the black population 507,072. The nationalities of the inhabitants are as follows: Natives of Spain 90,000, of the Canary islands 25,000, of France 3,000, of England 1,000, and of North America and other countries 3,000; leaving more than 400,000, as natives of the Island.

The area of Cuba, including its appendages, 3,973 square leagues, giving 254 inhabitants to the square league, or 29 to the square mile. The population is compounded of the Caucasian, African, American and Mongolian races.

Negroes from Africa were first introduced into Cuba in 1524. It is said that millions of negroes have been introduced into Cuba whose numbers were diminished by the rigorous treatment of their European masters. The African nations that furnish slaves to Cuba are the Mandingoes, the Gangas, the Minas, the Lucumies, the Cavabalies, the Congoes, and the Macuses. Since 1847, the Yucatecos, or natives of Yucatan, have been introduced into the Island. Colonists from China have also been recently introduced. The number is set down at 6,000. They are introduced by contract as apprentices for a term of years, and are employed like the Africans as field laborers.

"Half the world (says De Bow's Review) are frightened at mere names. The present English operative system in which white men, women and children are worked as hard as our stout negroes, and that, too, for a bare subsistence, is considered by enlightened Europeans, and by some Americans, as perfectly humane, philanthropic and Christian-like; but the very same amount of labor performed by our well-fed and clothed slaves, under the name of *slavery*, is considered by these same enlightened Europeans and Americans as monstrous, cruel, infamous! So much for a mere name. In Cuba it is considered quite infamous to use African slaves; but to make a poor Chinaman do the same amount of work under a tropical sun, for a mere pittance, and under the name of *freedom*, is considered quite reasonable, honorable, humane, and Christian-like! One of the grand results of the civilization of the nineteenth century is, that it is quite honorable to enslave the white man, in fact, under the name of *freedom*; and the very height of humanity and Christianity to turn the negro race loose upon the world, to roam among the whites in idleness and vagabondage.

The military force of the Island is at this time considerable, if we may credit the representations of this new work on Cuba, whose estimates seem to have received the sanction of the captain-general.

The army comprises sixteen regiments of infantry, of 1,000 men each; two companies of picked men, 125 in number; two regiments of lancers, of four squadron each, embracing 602 men and 500 horses; and four light squadrons of 150 men and 125 horses, each. There is also a regiment of foot, with eight batteries of artillery, a brigade of five batteries, and a company of sappers and miners. There is moreover, 1 regiment of militia infantry, one of disciplined militia cavalry, and eight rural squadrons of two companies each. According to this official statement, there is in Cuba a land force of 24,438 troops, which has been recently swelled to 30,000 by the arrival from Spain of 6,500 Spanish soldiers.

The naval force consists of one frigate of 44 guns, seven brigantines carrying 104 guns, eleven steam vessels with fifty-four guns, 4 schooners with 11 guns, 2 gunboats with 6 guns and 2 transports; in all 25 vessels and 219 guns, manned by 3,000 men. Two war-steamers are also being built in Spain for Cuba.

M. Torre does not give the revenues and expenditures of Cuba since 1851. For that year he states that the revenues of the Island amounted to $13,821,456, and the expenditures to $11,969,750. The casual reader, who should suppose from this statement that the people of Cuba were taxed only $13,821,456 in 1851, and that there was an excess of revenue over expenditure during that year of $1,851,706 would fall into a grievous error. The amount mentioned as the revenues of the island is the amount of revenue which the treasury of Spain receives from the island, and the sum of $11,969,750, mentioned in the cost of the internal administration of the island which the inhabitants have to pay over and above the revenues furnished Spain. Thus the actual taxation in the island, for the year 1851, amounted to $25,821,456!

There are 321 miles of railroad in the Island connecting some of the most important places. The magnetic telegraph is also in operation in several parts of Cuba.

There are at present 1,560 sugar plantations, 1,218 coffee plantations, 5,127 cattle farms, 13 chocolate plantations, 224 cotton plantations, 31,430 fruit and vegetable farms, 7,979 tobacco plantations, 2,284 honey and wax farms.

The exports of Cuba in 1851, amounted to $31,311,983, and the entire imports to $32,311,130, which, no doubt, would be quadrupled by its annexation to the United States.

A HINT TO THE MARRIED.—"I have heard," says Mr. Henry, "of a married couple, who, though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed, 'never to be both angry together;' and he adds that an industrious and peaceable father was in the habit of giving this advice to his children when they were married:

"'Peaceable are speak first' (either with water or wine, is our proverb) 'in Cathay will and want.'"