The North Carolina Whig.

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

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HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,
EDITORS.

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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.

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☞ 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.

Acrostic.

There is a tie that binds the Union in a strong
unyielding chain
Holds the "stars and stripes" together as they
dance along the main.
Embraces in its iron-arms both the North and
South as one;
Makes the glory and the safety of our nation's rising sun.
Old prejudices weakens, for it binds in one, I ween,
Bright wreaths of orange blossoms and the northern evergreen.
It bears the lover to his love, the bridegroom to his bride;
Lends resistless force to navies, as they stem the wind and tide.
Earth's dim old distant deserts where its magic influence goes,
All tuneful with its echoes, bud and blossom like the rose.
Now the church of Christ arises, where arose alone of late,
Dying cries of murdered victims, at the idol's temple gate;
Gird him not with wreaths of victory, whose eagle flag unfurl'd
In the smoke and din of battle, has conquer'd half a world:
Render higher honor to thee who hast blessed the human race,
And compare his victories with thine who has conquer'd time and space.
Read of old herculean labors, what were they compared to time
Driving iron arms of labor in the earth and in the mine?
Raise the shout of labor honor'd, let it float upon the breeze,
And echo from the mountains, to the island of the seas;
Iron bands like fetters binding, thou art flinging like a zone,
Leading captive old opinions, to a progress all thine own:
Roll on the car of progress, and where the starry axles gleam,
Onward! about earth's millions, to the conquering power of steam;
Again that shout is taken up, as it echoes far away,
Down on the world in Union, earth's old millennium day.

IKE AXLE.

Miscellaneous.

Episode in the Youth of Gen. Washington.

On the 22d of February, 1850, tens of thousands of American citizens, from every part of the Union, might be seen crowding into Richmond, the capital of Virginia, one of the oldest and most English in habit and feeling among the American States. The spectacle which they assembled to witness was the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a monument about to be erected to the memory of Washington. The President, Gen. Taylor, (himself a native of Virginia,) was present at the ceremony, and the day will long be remembered in the annals of the State.

So familiar to the whole world is the history of the illustrious man in whose honor this festival was held, that it would be superfluous to dilate upon it; but an episode of his early life, which was the turning point of his whole career, may not, perhaps, be so generally known to our readers. We must, therefore, beg of them to travel back with us in thought to the winter of 1646.

It was a bright, clear morning, when two young men might have been seen stolling together in the neighborhood of Bridge Creek, in Virginia.

The youngest of the two was scarcely more than fifteen years of age, but his tall and manly, frame his expressive countenance, lofty brow, and almost puritan simplicity of aspect, indicated a character far in advance of his years. His companion, who appeared to have numbered six or seven years more than himself, wore, with a certain easy grace, the uniform of an English major. It was easy to recognize in him one of those young noblemen of the eighteenth century, fitted to shine in the saloon, or to win laurels on the battle field.

The latter was, in fact, the representative of one of the noblest families of Great Britain. The former was the son of a small landed proprietor in the State of Virginia, which was then, in common with the other States of the Union, under the dominion of the English crown.

"Why should you hesitate?" asked the elder of the two, addressing himself in an animated tone to his young companion; "your family is of American origin, as are all of those which fill a superior station in our colonies—"

"Yes, but for more than a century my ancestors have lived and died in this country, and we have become thorough Americans."

"While subjects of Great Britain, you must still be English. You surely cannot dream of throwing yourself into the hands of that foolish faction which dreams of an independence that must ever be impossible."

"Impossible! The future is long, and America is great."

"But she can yet hardly be deemed civilized; range yourself on the side of civilization. You know well that the mother country opens wide her arms to welcome those among her colonists who offer her their services. The sea is the element for you. Lord Rodney is my friend, and he will gladly do all he can to serve you; and before many years are over, you will revisit your native shores as an admiral. Come, now, you must go home and tell your mother that you have made your decision, and to-morrow you will embark with me for England."

"Farewell," replied the young colonist; "to-morrow I shall meet you on board your ship, either to accompany you to England, or else—to bid you adieu."

"You will accompany me, I am sure. Farewell till to-morrow."

The Englishmen, with a firm step, and disengaged air, took the path which led to the shore.

The American, with a thoughtful countenance, turned back toward the town. When he reached the modest and peaceful-looking dwelling in which he and his mother dwelt together, he paused for a moment at the threshold; then summoning all his courage, he turned the handle of the door and entered.

The young American lady (for she was still young) was seated alone and clad in the deepest mourning. Her countenance was calm, but sad; a Bible lay open on the table before her, and by its side lay some scattered papers and a miniature portrait.

The young man recognized the portrait of his father; he stood still for a moment pale and silent; and then, throwing his arms around his mother's neck, while the tears started to his eyes he exclaimed—"This is the anniversary of the day—"

"Yes, George, it was this day, five years ago, that your father died in my arms. When he felt his end approaching, he told me to call you to his bedside, and when he had blessed us both, he said to me—'I leave you a *child*—make him a *man*.' I have just been reading his instructions over again," continued she, "and the views he expressed with regard to you, and I have been asking myself whether we have each fulfilled our duties as he would have wished."

"Oh, my mother, *you*, at all events, have fulfilled your duties nobly and devotedly. As to myself, I long to choose some career which may enable me to show myself worthy of such a father. If this were not an inopportune moment, I would now consult you on the subject of my choice."

"There could not be a more fitting moment, my son, in which to discuss the matter. Sit down and let us talk it over. The spirit of your father, which I doubt not watches over us from above, will help to point out to us the path which you should tread here below."

George seated himself by his mother's side. They reviewed together the diverse professions which were open to the youth of the American continent, and after some hesitation, the young man expressed a desire to enter the English navy.

At these words his mother started and colored deeply; and, as if by an involuntary movement, covered her husband's portrait, which still lay on the table. She then rose from her seat, and said, in a grave, but earnest tone—

"The *English* navy! Have you reflected well, George, upon this matter?"

"I have quite decided on it, my dear mother, if I can obtain your consent."

"It is not my mind you need, it is that of your father, my son. Let us go together to his grave."

She then cast a hasty glance over the papers which lay upon the table, selected two among their number, which she placed in her bosom, and locked up the rest in a casket together with the portrait.

The widowed mother and her son then proceeded together in silence to the grave; they there knelt side by side and prayed. The widow was the first to rise; she drew the papers from her bosom, and handed one of the two to the young man, saying, as she did so—

"Read this, George, and remember it is your father who speaks."

The paper contained a series of reflections, full of grandeur and yet of simplicity, on the origin, the history, and the destinies of America. They closed with these words:

"America must become a New World in the full acceptation of the word; and, to effect this, she must detach herself from the Old World—Independent and a Republic. All her future destinies lie in these two words, which I commend to my son's meditations. It is from a new nation alone that a great republic can be formed."

These words seemed to quicken thoughts and feelings into life, which had hitherto lain dormant in the young man's breast.

"My father was right," he exclaimed, with patriotic pride.

His mother smiled in the midst of her grief, and a faint glow tinged her pale cheek. She handed to her son the second letter she had brought; it contained these words:

"I have only one counsel to give my child with regard to his profession: let him choose one which is in accordance with his tastes and talent. Let him follow it honorably and with a loyal heart; but let him beware of entering the service of England, that he may remain free to combat one day against her power."

"Well, George," asked his mother, when he had finished perusing this letter, "do you now wish to enter the English navy?"

"No, no, my mother," exclaimed the young man, laying his hand upon his father's tomb; "I vow by these sacred ashes, never to fight beneath the British flag."

The widow embraced her son, and charged him to preserve his father's letters to the latest day of his existence.

Next day, as the English nobleman was about to embark, his young friend joined him on the shore.

"Well, you are coming with me?" said the former, with that frank kindness for which he was distinguished.

"No—I remain here," replied the young American, "but we shall one day meet again."

And they did meet again, in 1781, under the walls of Yorktown—the one in command of the whole English army, the other at the head of the American troops. They met at that critical moment which wrested from Great Britain her overgrown trans Atlantic colonies, and established on a firm basis the independence of the United States.

The elder of the two was Lord Cornwallis—the younger was George Washington.

Having renounced all thought of entering the English navy, Washington resumed those mathematical studies which had hitherto been his chief delight, and turned his attention more especially to farming and agriculture.

When hostilities commenced with the mother country, he quitted the plough for the sword, and was placed at the age of nineteen, at the head of the Virginia militia. He rose rapidly from one step to another, until he was appointed general of the whole American army, and became the leader of the celebrated eight years' war. His unalterable firmness and calm good sense, carried him through all the complicated difficulties he had to encounter from undisciplined soldiers, and a nation still in the infancy of civilization.

On the 20th of January, 1783, the treaty of Versailles proclaimed, in the face of the whole world, the Independence of the United States of America. Then was Washington received in triumph everywhere; and the victorious general, feeling that his warlike career was terminated, bid farewell to his army, and laying down his sword, returned once more to cultivate his favorite estate of Mount Vernon, on the river Potomac.

His mother, now advanced in the vale of years, stood awaiting her noble hearted son when he returned to his home, and folded to her heart the liberator whom she had given to America, and whom America now restored to her, laden with glory and with honor.

George Washington again resumed the spade and the plough, and triumphed over nature in the wild and uncultivated plains of the New World, even as he had triumphed over the enemy in the battle-field.

He organized the great company of Cincinnatus, which brought a vast extent of land under cultivation, and multiplied the riches of the United States. Many of the officers and soldiers who had served under him in former days enrolled themselves under his orders in this new campaign.

We need not dwell on his political life, which was marked by the same straightforward singleminddedness and good sense that distinguished every other step of his career. After having been, on two different occasions, unanimously elected President of the Republic, he, in 1797, refused the office, and retired definitely into private life.

On the 5th of December, 1799, Washington—then in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and still enjoying that full vigor both of body and mind which had been his portion through life, was engaged in superintending some improvement which he was carrying on in a distant part of the grounds of Mount Vernon. A heavy shower of rain came on, and having remained for some time in his wet clothes, he complained in the evening of a slight sore throat. An inflamation of the trachea rapidly ensued, and in nine days he was a dying man. His last thoughts were devoted to his country's welfare, and then calmly, as if he were only about to retire to rest after a day of toil, he embraced his wife and bid farewell to those around him, and having commended his soul to God, he quietly breathed his last.

The two letters which had been committed to him by his widowed mother, fifty years before, as they stood together by his father's tomb, were found, after his death, folded carefully, like a talisman, nearest to his heart.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—It is an old saying, "that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip," and truly it was verified this morning in the case of our friend, Richard Mason, Esq Mr. Mason was solicited to suffer his name to be used before the convention of the City Council, at their meeting on Saturday last, in connection with the Directorship upon the part of the city in the Northern Central Railroad Company. He consented to serve, and was accordingly elected by the convention: but unfortunately the initial C. was placed in the centre of his name. So Richard C. Mason, and not plain Richard, was chosen. Richard C. Mason is the name of his venerable father. The old gentleman, in looking at the morning papers was [illegible] to see the name of his son heralded to the world, but knowing that he had always been one of our most respectable and public spirited citizens, took it for granted that it was a compliment upon the part of his fellow-citizens, the members of the council, for a long and well spent life. He accordingly proceeded to the Mayors office and received his commission, and while we write is now in session with his brother directors at the Calven Station. But the best of the joke is yet to be told. "Young Dick," taking it for granted that all was right, proceeded to the Hall for his commission, but was informed that it was Richard C. Mason who was elected, and that the said Richard C. had already obtained his commission, Further deponent sayeth not. *Balt. Patriot.*

LIBERTY.—The 'Razor Strop Man' says: 'When I first got acquainted with strong drink, it promised to do a great many things for me. It promised me liberty, and I got liberty. I had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my boots; the water had liberty to go in at the toes and go out at the heels, my knees had the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows had the liberty to come out of my coat. I had the liberty to lift the crown of my hat and scratch my head without taking my hat off. Not only liberty I got, but I got music. When I walked along on a windy day, the crown of

My hat would go flipperty flap,
And the wind whistled 'how do' you do."

To prevent fish from smelling in the summer—cut their noses off!

THE POSTMASTER GENERAL'S REPORT.

The following is an abstract of the report of the Postmaster General, which we find in the Washington Union, and appears to embrace the leading items of interest:

"There are 23,548 post offices in the United States; the annual compensation of 257 of which amount to $1,000, and upwards. During the last year, 1,842 offices were established and 614 discontinued.—Number of postmasters appointed during the same time, 8,618. Removals, 1,977. Number of mail routes, 6,697. Number of mail contractors, 5,167. Total annual transportation of mails, [illegible] 325 miles, at a cost of $4,640,6[illegible] [illegible] 21,307,003 miles by modes not specified, at 5 cents per mile; 20,[illegible]530 miles by boach, at 6 cents per mile; 15,434,389 miles by railroad, at 12 cents 4 mills per mile; 5,795,383 miles by steamboat, at 8 cents 4 mills per mile. Increase in the transportation during the past year.

The expenditures of the department during the past year were $8,577,424.12, and the revenue $6,955,596.22. To the former must be added $133,483.33, balances due foreign offices, which would leave the total deficiency for the year 1854 at $1,755,521.23. The deficiency for the year 1853 was $2,117,078[illegible]—leaving a difference in favor of 1854 of $351,756. The increase in the revenue of 1854, compared with the revenue of 1853, is $970,399.48, or about 19 per cent.

The Postmaster General alludes at considerable length to the difficulties between the department and railroad companies relative to the rates of compensation for carrying the mails. The companies, he says, allege that the government should not ask or expect them to perform for it any service at a less rate than that paid to individuals for similar services. This principle, he contends, he has always been willing to recognise in the adjustment of prices. What is now required, he believes, is, that the railroad companies should be paid according to the bulk of the mails, the speed with which they are conveyed, and the accommodations required. The sums paid by express companies are no fair criterion; for, as they are unrivalled by competition, they can pay any price demanded of them and assess it upon their customers. England, France, Germany, and Canada, pay less to railroads for mail service than is paid by the United States. Complaint is made of the insufficient accommodations, as a general rule, for route-agents. Allusion is made to the habit of irresponsible parties obtaining, by gross misrepresentation, mail contracts, and subsequently throwing them up because of a failure on their part to sell the same at a profit. A remedy for the fraud is suggested.

Owing to causes not within the control of the department, the expenses of the current year will greatly exceed those of the past year. They are estimated at $9,841,921.33. This increase will be owing to the additional compensation of postmasters, and the enhanced prices demanded by contractors at the last lettings.

A uniform plan of registration is warmly recommended as an additional protection for the safe delivery of letters of value. The want of such a safeguard has long been felt; and as the cost of its maintenance will fall directly upon those who will cheerfully bear the expense, we see no good reason why it should not be incorporated into our postal system as one of its principal features.

During the three years commencing July 1, 1851, $5,507,022 3 postage stamps and stamped envelopes have been issued by the department, of which $5,092,301 were sold.

For the last year the cost of the service on the various United States mail steamship lines, and across the Isthmus, was as follows: Collins line, twenty-six round trips, $858,000; New York ad Bremen, eleven round trips, $183,333.33; New York and Havre, eleven round trip, $137,500; Astoria and Panama, via San Francisco, twenty-four round trips, $358,250; New York and New Orleans to Aspinwal, 2-9,000; Charleston and Havana, $36,000; New Orleans to Vera Cruz, twenty-fou round trips, $37,000; Aspinwall to Panama, $119,727. Total, $2,023,010.29.

The service performed by the several lines of ocean mail steam-ships is treated at large. The Postmaster General is of the opinion that the compensation now received is too large, and that the present system is calculated to drive off private competition. He also states that the Nicaragua company [illegible] New York and California for the sum of $600,000 per annum, which he thinks is the highest rate of pay which ought to be demanded. The cost this year for a semi-monthly mail, by the Isthmus route, is $757,978.03.

No progress has been made since the last report in the pending negotiations with Great Britain relative to the admission of France into the arrangement as contemplated by the provision in the 12th article of our postal convention. No postal convention has as yet been effected with France; but one is about being made with Mexico.

Arrangments have been made with the Australia lines of monthly packets to convey mails regularly between New York and Australia. The rates on the outgoing matter have been fixed at five per cent. a letter, two cents each for newspapers, and one cent an ounce for all pamphlets and magazines. These rates embrace both the United States inland and sea postage.

The fines and reductions during the past year amount to $110,486. The amount for the previous year was $37,920.

A STRIKE.—I ain't a going to be called a printer's devil any longer, no more I ain't, exclaimed our imp the other day in a terrible pucker.

'Well, what shall we call you?'

'Call me typographical spirit of evil, if you please—that's all.'

Why is a chicken's neck like the French Emperor? Because it is a body part.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

This is a long document and a rather dry one. We give an abstract.

The actual receipts of the Treasury for the year ending the 30th June, 1854, exceeded the estimate $1,893,326,28. The actual receipts for the year amount to $73,549,705,20, to which, adding the balance in the Treasury on the 1st July, 1853, $21,942,892,56, and the total sum for the service of the fiscal year is $95,492,597,76; out of this sum there was expended $75,354,630 26, including $24,036,380 66 for redemption of the Public Debt.

The receipts of the Treasury are not only sufficient for all the wants of Government, but admit a reduction in the rate of taxation.

The Secretary represents the condition of the National Exchequer to be in a very prosperous condition.

The Secretary urges a Repeal of the Fishing Bounties.

Mr. Guthrie thinks the large amount of small silver coin, issued the last year, has kept the currency sound,—but believes that the full benefits of such a coinage, are not realized, so long as large issues of small bank notes are encouraged.

A vigorous prosecution of the coast survey is urged. Also increased facilities for the Light House Board.

Facilities for saving life from shipwreck, on the Long Island and New Jersey coast, engage the attention of the Department.

Experiments for throwing mortars more effectually are making.

But Congress must make additional appropriations to carry out the objects in view.

The present steamboat act is referred to as being inefficient, and its revision is recommended.

The losses of steam vessels from January, 1st 1854 to June the same year, the Report states was ten by collision, seventeen by fire, five from ice, twenty-three from snags, and states nineteen of them were lost from inattention and negligence, thirty-one from accident, one from being unseaworthy, and only two from unavoidable causes.

The Secretary says these and the recent losses upon the ocean, properly raises the question whether the law should provide greater security in the construction of steam passenger vessels, or leave them as now to the ship-owners.

The receipts of the first quarter ending 30th of September, 1854, amount to $21,521,302 85, and the expenditures for the same period are $16,169,330 62. The estimated receipts of three remaining quarters amount to 42,176,590 59. It is estimated that the balance in the Treasury on the 1st of July next will be $19,762,000. It is contemplated to apply $12,000,000 towards the redemption of the public debt next year. The estimated balance in the Treasury on 1st July, 1856, is $21,302,000. From the tables furnished with the report it appears that the sum of $20,093,422 73 of the public debt was redeemed between the 1st of July, 1853, and the 1st of July, 1854, and that the interest and premium paid on the amount redeemed was $3,315,545 23; and the principal, interest and premium on that part of the public debt redeemed between the 1st of July, 1854, and 20th November, 1854, was $2,604,203 51.

The tonnage engaged in the foreign and coasting trade for the last year increased 395,892 20-59 tons. The Secretary again calls the attention of Congress to a reduction of the Tariff. A more uniform rate of duty is recommended in the articles now paying duty from 20 to 40 per ct., and [illegible] rates placed at either 20 or 25 per ct. The present higher and lower rates to remain unchanged, except in such cases where the free list is increased. The Secretary estimates the amount of coin in the country at $241,000,000, of which $60,000,000 are in the banks, and $26,000,000 in the Treasury of the United States. The bank circulation is estimated at $204,000,000.

On the present crisis, the Secretary remarks:

"The disorder now felt in money matters grows out of the failure of banks, and the curtailment of the circulation and discounts of others—which in the last six months must have reached forty or fifty millions; and in part out of the effects produced by the large imports, and in part out of the want of confidence between lender and borrower. It cannot be attributed to the shipment of gold and silver, which is nothing but a consequence growing out of these causes."

The prevalent idea that the specie shipments affect the money market the Secretary considers [illegible]

THE FIVE DAUGHTERS.—A Gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to some useful and respectful occupation in life. These daughters married one after another, with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor; the second, a Mr. Little; the third, a Mr. Short; the fourth, a Mr. Brown; and the fifth, a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter, her sisters, with their husbands, were present. After the ceremonies of the wedding were over the old gentleman said to the guests, "I have taken great pains to educate my five daughters, that they might act well their part in life, and from their advantage and improvements, I fondly hoped that they would do honor to the family; and now I find that all my pains, cares, and expectations have turned out nothing but a *Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg.*"

Within twenty years about one hundred churches, numbering twelve thousand converts, have been planted along the coast of Africa. Many schools have also been established, which are now in successful operation, and hundreds of nations have received and are now receiving a Christian education.

There is said to be a man in Worcester who has lived so long upon corn bread that his voice has become *husky*, his hair has turned to silk like that which grows on the grain, and his toes are covered with corns.

"I LEAVE THIS GREAT COUNTRY PROSPEROUS AND HAPPY."

So wrote General Jackson in 1836, and the ink with which he wrote had scarcely dried on the pages of his Message when a most furious storm of revulsion and distress went howling through the country, sweeping everything that stood in the way of its dreadful career. Nothing like it had ever been known before. The millionaires of yesterday became the paupers to-day. The land groaned in its whole length and breadth with bankruptcy and its concomitants. As to commercial honor it was not to be found. The cry was, save himself who can—the Devil take the hindmost. Debts of millions were rubbed out in the bankrupt courts with assets amounting to a farthing, and the whole Union presented the scene of a general jail delivery. It could not be said of that awful commercial storm that its course was not indicated by "signs and portents" most unmistakable by every man of common sense. General Jackson's war upon the United States Bank, his tyrannical seizure of the public monies, and his lavish distribution of them amongst his party throughout the country, was watched with painful anxiety by such men as Clay, Webster and Calhoun, who in solemn tones warned the Administration, with prophetic eye, of those disasters which did come to pass at an early day. As it was in 1836, so have we now, under a Democratic Administration, a Democratic Congress with a Democratic control in almost every State Legislature, "signs and portents" of a storm yet more terrible in its disastrous influences, than was its predecessor of '36. This we have seen and asserted for more than twelve months past, and he is blind in one eye, without being able to see out of the other, who has an intelligent doubt upon the subject. We have derived nothing from the history of the past. In ten years the Earthquake of '36 which swallowed up so many fortunes and blighted so many hearts was forgotten. The Tariff of '46, with its Free Trade motto playing at its masthead, was launched. Speculations began again to be entered into to an enormous extent, the expense of living, with its usual concomitants of splendid equipages, costly wines, magnificent jewelry and stately edifices was again all the rage. Undeterred by the past, we imported again from the Old World double as much as the value of our exports would pay for, and every thing went frolicking, rolling along. Some few had doubts that things were going too fast and believed that we should have another commercial revulsion; but the great masses, called them croakers and old fogies, and told them to stand aside lest they should be run over in this fast age. Fortunately, however, for the country, but by no wisdom or foresight on our Administration, gold was accidentally found to an immense amount in California and Australia, and there is no earthly doubt that but for these timely supplies, the revulsion in commercial matters would have occured ere this. But even with these prodigious supplies the evil day cannot be put off much longer.

What a wonderful spectacle do we perceive. Our great commercial port receives millions of the precious metal, which is hardly landed on her wharves before it is shipped off to pay debts incurred in Europe. The consequences of all this is inevitable. The Banks deprived of all the paper, and not discount even their [illegible] rapidly as possible must, of course, contract lists. This is a fact so notoriously and palpably present at this moment that no one can pretend to deny it. The distress of hard times is now upon us to an extent which will be awfully disclosed before many days. Already there are rumors and reports as to the ability of such and such Banks to hold out in maintaining specie payments, and already we hear it suggested in the newspapers that the Governor of our State should call the Legislature in extra session to meet the crisis which must come. And yet, all this business, in spite of the warning of 1836, has been brought upon us by Democratic rulers and Democratic measures.

Petersburg Intelligencer.

SURGICAL OPERATION ON THE CHEST.—*Displacing the Heart in a Living Body.*—On the 3d of the present month, Mr. Alphonzo Bickford, of Palmyra, Me., had his chest tapped, and the almost incredible amount of nine pints of fluid, in all its characteristics resembling pus, taken therefrom. The Portland Advertiser says:

The operation was performed by Dr. J. C. Manson, of Pittsfield, advised and assisted by Dr. Benson, of Newport. The man was situated in the left side of the chest, and, consequently the heart was very much displaced; so much so, that it could be distinctly felt beating two inches upon the right of the sternum or medium line of the body. It, however, gradually receded during the operation, and after the entire evacuation, was found beating in nearly its natural position. The patient immediately began to mend, and is at present doing well. His case has, for some time past, been considered hopeless, but there is now a prospect of his recovery.

A CURIOUS SURPRISE.—*A Seven Years' Sleep.*—A letter from San Francisco relates a curious incident that occurred there recently. Her Britannic Majesty's exploring ship Plover arrived at San Francisco a short time since, from the Polar Sea, where she had been ice-bound since 1847.

When she left San Francisco, some years ago, it was a mere trading station, resorted to by a few vessels in pursuit of hides, and the town or place contained only a few adobe-houses. The captain therefore, sailed into the bay without a pilot, and approached the city in the evening. He was much amazed at the numerous lights he saw.—When he awoke from his dream of seven years, the next morning, he [illegible] a noble city occupying the site of the ancient San Francisco. He had known nothing of the Mexican war and cession of California to the United States, and the many other great events that had taken place during the time he had been located up in the frozen regions of the North.

BOYS WANTED.

What are we to do for boys? When we were a boy, there were lots of boys, but they have gradually grown scarce until now there is hardly a boy left. As we walk through the streets we read in the shop windows—"Boys wanted." When we pick up a newspaper, the first advertisement that strikes the eye is "A Boy Wanted." In a word, everybody wants a boy.

Now, in view of this great scarcity of boys, what are we to do for a substitute to light our fires, sweep our office, and run our errands?

The other day, a little fellow about fourteen years of age, (begging his pardon, we took him for a boy,) applied to us for a situation.

"What can you do?" we inquired.

"A little of almost every thing," was the reply.

"Are you quick at your errands?"

"Well, sir, I don't much like to go errands."

"Can you sweep and dust well?"

"Why, sir, young men don't sweep any now-a-days. The women folks have monopolized that branch of the business. It isn't—"

He was going on to say sweeping isn't genteel, but he hesitated to state his conviction.

"How will you make yourself useful?"

"Why, I'll sit in your office, and answer questions when you are out."

"And how much do you ask for this service?"

"In the neighborhood, sir, of three dollars."

"In the neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you mean by 'neighborhood?'"

"Simply three dollars, sir—a trifle more or less."

"And you can neither sweep nor run errands."

"Oh, (a little vexed,) I could, but—"

"But what?"

"It ain't exactly the thing."

"Yet at your age we—"

"*Dearest sir,*" picking up his hat and moving for the door, "you don's take me for a boy, do you?"

Amazed, but not astonished, we asked ourselves the question—"What are we to do for boys?"

If some enterprising Yanke would undertake to get up a lot of boys, he could make a large fortune in a short time, for never within our recollection, have boys been in such demand.—*Philadelphia City Item.*

KNOW NOTHINGISM IN CONGRESS.—The Know Nothings have already made a demonstration in the House of Representatives. A resolution, by Mr. Sollers of Md., calling for information as to the late conference of Ministers at Ostend led to a discussion of the merits of Ministers in which several members remarked that they would never, so help their God, intrust the foreign interests and affairs of this country to the hands of any man who is not native born.

Said Mr. Sollers: Mr. Soule is unexceptionable so far as charges [illegible] but he was raised in a country which we were instructed to believe imbibed his notion of civil government and liberty in Paris, reeling with the fallacious doctrines and social views of Rousseau. He might live here until he reached the days of Methuselah, and tutored as he is, he could never comprehend the representative Government of the United States; and I never knew a foreigner that did, and although I know it is the first word—the word "Democracy"—that is whispered into the ears of foreigners when they land upon our shores, yet it is to the Irish a *stumbling block*, and to the Dutch *foolishness.*

MAGNANIMOUS.—In the debate on the bill to increase the salaries of the Governor and other State officers, a fact was disclosed which shows up the littleness of Locofocoism. It was stated by Mr. Caldwell, a Whig member from Guilford, that the committee on this question of raising salaries "*is the only one having a Whig chairman.*"

Now, we regretted to see the bill to raise the salaries laid on the table; but after seeing this fact, our regrets vanish. A party in power which thus sneakingly endeavors to throw upon the minority the responsibility of a measure the popularity of which is questionable, deserves neither aid nor respect from the minority. Let the responsibility rest upon the majority, to whom it belongs. The Whigs were quite willing to [illegible] their way, but not to take the measure on their shoulders exclusively.

Another fact was stated by Mr. Caldwell, viz: that the expenses of the Literary Board have swelled from a few hundred dollars, under Whig administrations, to something like $1700 a year. These consist mainly, we believe, of a per diem compensation of $3 a day each to the Governor and the three other members of that Board.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

AN ORGANIZED BAND OF ROBBERS.

A gentleman from the West, by the way of Montgomery, Ala., informs us that on Monday night last, himself and other passengers were robbed at the Montgomery House of large sums of money and valuable papers, notwithstanding the usual precautions were observed. Our informant believes that chloroform was applied to himself and others, while asleep, which enabled the robbers to carry out their schemes successfully. Even the small change was abstracted from the pockets of the children in company.

Of course this notice is not intended to reflect upon the proprietors of the House above mentioned, for we doubt not that they would avail themselves of every facility to discover the perpetrators of the robbery.

That Columbia is visited at this time by some of the same class, we have had sufficient proof, and at the same time, feel confident that our municipal officers will exert themselves to detect and bring to punishment any that may be overtaken in the practice of that peculiar art.

Columbia [illegible].