The North Carolina Whig.

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

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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Poetry.

FOUND DEAD.

There is a certain indescribible pathos in the following lines which will remind the reader of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," though there is nothing in common between the two poems, save a touching sadness, and a breathing of the "human." "Found dead" is from the pen of Mr. Albert Leighton:

Found dead—dead and alone;
There was nobody near, nobody near,
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone,
No mother, no brother, no sister near,
Nor a friendly voice to soothe or cheer;
Not a watching eye or a pitying tear,
Found dead—dead and alone,
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,
Which wretched God-worn he begged for bread,
Tired of life and longing to lie
Peacefully down with the silent dead,
Hunger and cold, and sports and pain,
Had wasted his form and scared his brain,
Till at last at last on a bed of frozen ground,
With a pillow of stone was the outcast found.

Found dead—dead and alone,
On a pillow of stone, in a roofless street—
Nobody heard his last faint moan,
Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat.
No mourner lingered with tears or sighs,
But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,
And the chill winds pass'd with a wailing sound,
O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet not alone;
There was somebody near, somebody near,
To claim the wanderer as his own,
And find a home for the houseless here.
One when every human door
Is closed to children secured and poor,
Who opens the heavenly portal wide;
Ah, God was near when the outcast died.

Miscellaneous.

From the South Carolinian.

THE BROTHERS.

BY J. W. ERVIN.

It was in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four, that a heterogeneous party of us were seated before the fire-place in the bar-room of a newly erected hotel in San Francisco. The night was cold and drizzly, and those who were assembled there, seemed rather disposed to remain and enjoy a comfortable fire, than to venture out into the streets, ill lighted as they were, and covered with adhesive mud.

I had landed only a few hours before from the "Golden Gate," and every thing around had for me the charms of novelty, I was the only passenger who had put up at Hauptman's Hotel, and in looking around, I found not a single face that I had seen before.

The group around me was such as one could expect to encounter no were else but in that wonderful city, where the *Sacra auri fames* had gathered together representatives from every class and nation. Mammon has more worshippers than Jehovah, and El Dorado more pilgrims than Mecca. Housed under the same roof with myself, was a Bourbon prince, Italian beggars, Hungarian refugees, Austrian and Swedish miners, oblique-eyed and long-queued subjects of the Celestial Empire, and citizens from every state of Christendom. But the greater portion were my own countrymen, who had been lured thither by the thirst for gold.—As for myself, I will confess, that having just received my diploma at a medical college, I was only desirous of entering upon my profession, and discharging my duties to society, with an indifference as to the profits, which many would have deemed egregious folly.

To myself all around me seemed seized with a strange monomania, and to think, and talk, and dream of nothing but the glittering dust. I had never before seen so many monomaniacs together. There were but two of the group who did not seem infected by the disease; but they, too, had their monomania. One was a German botanist, who sat apart arranging the specimens which he had gathered in a recent exploration, and the other was a Vermonter, all of whose family, but a daughter, had perished a few months previously, by a steamboat explosion on the North river. I have met but few men of as affectionate a disposition, and as strong in his attachments as he seemed to be. After the loss of his family, his chief desire seemed to be to rejoin an only brother in the land of gold, whom he had not seen for a score of years. I soon ascertained that he, like myself, was a stranger in San Francisco, and that the discussions of the gold-seekers fell as idly upon his ear as upon my own. He sat apart from the noisy group, and my attention was attracted to him by his quiet and reserved demeanor, and the inquiring and wakeful, or—as others might have thought—furtive glances, which he cast around from face to face. His face was covered by a thick, coarse beard, slightly sprinkled with grey, and from his appearance, I judged him to be somewhat less than fifty years of age. Glad to find some one whose thoughts were not entirely absorbed in dreams of gold, I leaned my chin against the wall by his side, and entered into conversation with him.

He was one of the very few men with whom I have met, in whom age has not dulled or destroyed the affections of childhood. He had an only brother, some ten years his junior, who had wandered away from his mountain home in his eighteenth year, from whom he had not directly heard until within the last few months. To meet this brother once more, to renew with him the affectionate intercourse of childhood, and to spend the evening of life near by his side, had become with him a passion as strong as the thirst for gold in those who were around us. I ventured to hint to him—in a delicate manner, of course—the possibility of finding a brother's feelings strangely changed, by a lapse of twenty years, and a long residence in a land where avarice seemed to swallow up all other feelings.

My companion smiled and shook his head incredulously.

"I fear you have never been blessed with a brother," replied he, "or you would know that there is one affection which never grows old. In fact, it is one that strengthens with our years, and becomes the more endearing as we gain a bitter experience of the utter selfishness and heartlessness of mankind.—I have traveled thousands of miles to find the luxury of hearing a brother's voice, and I promise myself that our meeting to-morrow will repay me a thousand fold for the fatigues and privations of my journey, and the pain it cost me to tear myself away from the home of my childhood. But I see," continued he, pulling out his watch, "it is nine o'clock, and I must retire—I wish you a good-night."

As my companion withdrew, I could not avoid contrasting him, in my own mind, with others around me, in whom the greed of gold had swallowed up all other thoughts and aspirations, and the old saw, that "All is not gold that glitters," was uppermost in my mind.

"Another robbery at the Globe Hotel!" cried a new comer, entering and taking his stand before the blazing fire, with the air of a man "born to the manor." "Andy Tilton's room was entered to-day, and robbed of ten thousand dollars in gold dust.—It's a sad loss to Andy, for he's as poor as a church mouse, and has a mother and two sisters to support. Give me a hot whiskey punch, waiter. I say, landlord! I'm off for San Jose by daylight, and I have five thousand dollars in gold dust you must take care of for me until I return. I don't want to meet with poor Andy's luck."

"Better get some broker to keep it in his vault for you, Mr. Hargrove," replied the landlord, "the lock of my safe is broken and is undergoing repairs."

"Blood and thunder! couldn't you find some safe place for it, for a couple of days?" earnestly demanded Hargrove.

"I cannot, sir, without sending it to some broker or banker," replied "mine host," Happerscoldt.

"Well, is old Lanny here?" asked Hargrove of the book-keeper, who was busy behind his desk. "He can take care of it for me."

"He left for the mines this morning, sir," returned the book-keeper, without raising his eyes from the ledger.

"Well, landlord, I'll sleep with it under my head to-night," returned Hargrove, "and if I can do no better, I'll get you to have it deposited in some safe place for me to-morrow. I'll leave by the morning boat. Good-night to you all."

Thus saying, Hargrove, who was a tall, powerful man, with a bold brow, and a remarkably open and frank countenance, took a candle from the bar, and whistling as he went, strode from the apartment. I could hear his cheerful and pleasant voice above stairs, in tones of joy and surprise, as he seemed to encounter, unexpectedly, some old acquaintance.

There was a momentary silence in the room, after the exodus of Hargrove, soon, however, broken by the miners, who were loud in their expressions of indignation at the inefficiency of the police, and the frequency and facility with which robberies were committed. The utmost contempt was expressed at the manner in which justice was administered by courts of law, to which notoriously guilty criminals were dragged in vain. But one sentiment was expressed by the miners; which was, that nothing but the prompt administration of justice at the hands of the populace, could diminish or remedy the evil.

"There is one other way, gentlemen, by which losses so frequently occurring might be avoided," interposed Happerscoldt.—"You miners are the most thoughtless and imprudent of all men. You all heard how publicly Hargrove spoke about having gold dust with him to-night. If a man advertises the hiding-place of his money, you can't be surprised that thieves will be on the alert to find it."

"You don't say you have thieves and robbers in your house, I hope?" asked a miner, rising from his seat, and taking up his leather portmanteau. "If you do, it's no place for me, I assure you."

The speaker was a small, thin, sinewy man, with a long scar on his left cheek, which extended to the corner of his mouth giving him a most sinistrous expression of countenance. He was an ill favored man, and Happerscoldt regarded him for a moment in silence, before he replied:

"I cannot answer for any traveller, sir, who chooses to make my house his stopping place. I can only recommend caution and prudence to all, who with large sums about them are stopping among strangers.

I retired to my room, leaving the motley group in the bar-room discussing the merits of Judge Lynch, in comparison with the legal administration of justice.

I had been so worn out by my long and weary voyage, that I was soon in a deep slumber, and did not awake until a late hour on the following morning.

I had just risen from breakfast and was standing at the desk of the book-keeper, in the bar-room, lighting a cigar, preparatory to taking a stroll through the city, when my heavily bearded companion of the night before, the same who had come to seek out his brother in California, passed through the room with a brisk step, bearing a weighty leather portmanteau under his arm.

"What man is that?" asked Happerscoldt of his book-keeper, eyeing the stranger suspiciously as he passed through.

"I don't know," replied the book-keeper carelessly. "He's an overland passenger, who put up here with his daughter late yesterday."

"What name did he register?" asked Happerscoldt.

"Simon Carlton, I believe. Yes, sir, that's the name," said the book-keeper, as he opened the register.

"Follow him instantly, then, Mr. Wells," said his employer. "He is carrying off a portmanteau, with the initials, J. R. H., painted on the end. I'm afraid he has committed a mistake—or something worse."

"It may be Hargrove's," answered Wells, "but, [illegible] I will know it, for Hargrove's portmanteau had the straps pieced with undressed fawn skin."

"Follow him quickly, if you please, sir," said Happerscoldt, "and insist on his returning, unless he can give a clear account of himself."

Carlton—if such was the individual's name—had halted on the side-walk, in front of the hotel, seemingly making some inquiries of a stranger, who was pointing out to him various localities. From the window, which opened on the street, I could observe everything that passed.

"Is that your portmanteau, sir?" asked Wells, approaching Carlton, just as the stranger with whom he had been conversing walked away.

"No, it belongs to an old acquaintance, who has left it in my care, to be deposited in some place of safety until he returns.—But may I ask," continued Carlton, reddening somewhat, "what interest or concern is it to yourself?"

"You are a stranger here, sir, and we cannot let Mr. Hargrove's property leave the hotel without satisfying ourselves it is carried away by his order. You will oblige me by stepping into the bar-room—or," continued Wells, observing that Carlton hesitated—"we must call in an officer."

The pallor and excitement of Carlton impressed me painfully. His florid cheek became deadly pale, and his heavily bearded lips quivered so, that he could scarcely articulate. I could discover that he was, at least, as much alarmed as mortified and indignant. Slowly and hesitatingly he turned, accompanied by the book-keeper, entered the bar-room, and gulping down a glass of water, sank into a chair.

The landlord was a kind-hearted man, loath to wound the feelings of the stranger, yet evidently doubting the fact of his having honestly obtained possession of the portmanteau, in which the gold dust of Hargrove was kept. Carlton's story was a simple and unvarnished statement—but he was a stranger and it needed confirmation.

He stated that when he was about to retire to bed, Hargrove obtained admission to his room to relight his candle, which had been accidentally extinguished, and that he at once recognized him as an old acquaintance and fellow-townsman, who had emigrated to California about three years before; and that Hargrove imparted to him his intention of leaving for San Jose by the daylight boat, and requested him to take charge of the treasure contained in the portmanteau, and deposit it for security in the vaults of some banker, where it might remain until his return. According to his statement, Hargrove brought the portmanteau into his room, and after a few minutes' conversation, bade him good-night and retired to sleep.

"Did Hargrove leave by the boat this morning, Wells?" asked Happerscoldt, turning to his book-keeper.

"I did not see him pass out, sir," replied Wells, "and I am sure he did not breakfast with the other passengers who were leaving. Since I think of it, I am sure he could not have gone, for here is his trunk, which he would not have failed to call for."

"Where can he be then?" asked Happerscoldt.

"Better send to his room, sir," answered Wells, "for he has not passed out at all today, so far as I am aware."

"Have the kindness to go to his room at once, Mr. Wells," returned Happerscoldt, "and if he is in, this affair can cause no further trouble to any one. Hargrove is a clever fellow, and happen what may, we have the fruits of his hard toils secure, and he will find it safe when he returns."

"He certainly will!" gasped Carlton, all unnerved by the circumstances in which he stood.

"By the way, sir," said Happerscoldt, "it strikes me we can easily manage this troublesome and doubtful affair. My only object is to secure the property of my boarder, without running the risk of annoying or injuring one who may be able to put his conduct in the fairest light. Suppose you go with me to some responsible banking house, and deposit Hargrove's property, to be delivered only to himself or his order."

"Certainly, sir, with all my heart," cried Carlton eagerly, as he rose from his seat.—"Let us do so without delay, for I am anxious to seek out a brother whom I have not seen for twenty years. Let us go."

"It's all right, perhaps," muttered Happerscoldt to himself, as he took up his hat. "If the money is secure, it will not matter so much if a thief escapes. Why! what's the matter, Wells!" cried he aloud, as the book-keeper re-entered the room. "Why are you so pale and ghastly, man?"

"He is murdered in his bed, sir!" replied Wells, almost speechless with horror.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.—Sir Walter Scott wrote: "The race of mankind would perish did we cease to help each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistance wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals; and no one who has it in his power to grant can refuse without incurring guilt."

TREES AND THEIR USES.

The value of the forest tree is beginning to be appreciated not only in a physical but economical point of view, and each new treatise serving to show the necessity which exists for preserving and cultivating trees, is to be welcomed as a contribution to the public weal. An article on this subject in the July number of the North American Review is calculated to disseminate much wholesome truth bearing on the subject.—Already the rapid destruction of the forest has been in a measure arrested, partly in consideration of the prospective wants of the railroad and shipbuilder, and the process of restoration has been commenced, by replanting many acres with young trees.—After speaking of trees [illegible] ornament and the many classical [illegible] which they seem to shed the oil of [illegible] which gave [illegible] number of negroes.—[illegible] trees where Gray lies buried—to "Milton's mulberry" and the "Avon willows,"—the reviewer speaks of trees as productive property, as follows:

"It can be demonstrated that the best use for the larger part of the cleared land of New England would be to plant forests upon it. There is except in the rich gardens close around the cities, no land so profitable, no land which pays so good an interest on its cost, as wood land. In some parts of Massachusetts a man who owns a hundred acres of pasture is little better than a bankrupt, while he who owns a hundred acres of forest is independently rich. The first must pay taxes on what does not pay for its culture, while the second can cut off enough to meet the annual interest, yet have more at the end than at the beginning. We once heard an eccentric genius maintain that his woodland about fifty acres in all, though he had bought it, and paid for it a good round sum, some thirty years before, had in reality never cost him a cent; "for," said he, "I have cut off wood enough to pay not only the original outlay, but to meet all the worth of the money at compound interest, and to cover all charges, and now I have more wood than I found there at the beginning." It was a rational logic enough.

"We are confident that, at the present prices of timber and fuel, the profits of woodland to our New England farmers are at least three times as great as the profits of the land which they cultivate with so much labor. The experiment of planting locusts on Long Island has proved that lands, before considered valueless, may become the most precious possession of their owners.—Thousands of acres now lying waste might, with a very small outlay, be made to yield very great returns. The length of time that must pass before the profit of these artificial forests can be tested, undoubtedly deters many from planting them. Very few men like to make an investment of which the returns begin to come only after twenty or thirty years. But every man knows that whatever raises the value of his land is as sure profit as that which actually puts cash into his pocket. There seems to be less promise in an acre of young locusts than in an acre of thriving turnips; but in twenty years the value of all the annual turnips will not begin to reach the value of the trees. The longer the planter is willing to wait, the greater will be his ratio of grain."

It is recommended that on every farm of respectable size there should be a season for the annual planting of trees. Unlike other crops, they enrich rather than impoverish the soil. Moreover, trees preserve the snow (the "poor man's manure,") and by breaking the wind, secure a more even covering of snow to the ground. The sudden alterations of freshet and drought are also prevented.

"The French government, which has done more than any other in the culture of forests, rather favors this theory, and encourages the separation of kinds, where large returns are expected. In the Department of Landes it has chiefly replanted *pine*; on the slopes of the Pyrenees the *box* is the favorite variety; while in Brittany and Normandy the *linden* abounds.

"In Scotland the *larch* has been most extensively cultivated, and more than ten thousand acres, with more than fourteen million of trees, were planted in less than a century by the single family of Athol. This example has been copied in other parts of Europe, and one is often surprised to find in secluded places, like the region of the Tegernsee in Southern Bavaria, beautiful artificial forests of larches. In Greece, the prepossession seems to have been for plane-trees, and on the hills of Laconia a recent traveller, M. About, has remarked the wanton and wasteful destruction of these noble monuments of the Turkish dominion."

The writer says: "If the rate of disappearance goes on for the next half century as it has for the last, the child is now living who will see the soil of New England everywhere as bare as the soil of Attica, and its noble rivers shrunken in summer, like Acheloüs and Cephissus, to shallow brooks."

INTERESTING GUNPOWDER EXPERIMENT—The following is from the Druggists' Circular, published in New York:

In his seventh lecture, at the Smithsonian Institute, Dr. Reid described the failure of an intending incendiary to do a great act of mischief, by the very means he adopted to make his success more certain. Thus, to insure an explosion of gunpowder in a certain case, the fellow had covered it with a quantity of spirits of turpentine, but, on igniting it, only the turpentine burnt, and the powder continued as before. The philosophy of this, the lecturer showed by a striking experiment, wherein, again and again, turpentine poured on a quantity of gunpowder was ignited and burned out, and the powder remained unburnt. This was explained on the principle of the candle, that the gunpowder acts as a wick to the turpentine, and will not itself ignite so long as any of the turpentine remains to burn. A piece of common cotton cloth, such as ladies' dresses are made of, was then burnt; and then a piece of similar texture, which had been dipped in a solution of sal-ammoniac, was exposed to the action of fire, but would not burn. A similar piece steeped in a solution of silicate of potash, was also shown to be quite incombustible.—*Scientific American.*

WHY DO NOT NEGROES MAKE THEIR HOMES AMONG THE ABOLITIONISTS?—The following extract, which we take from an article in the Cincinnati Enquirer, contains an idea worth looking after:

"There is a remarkable and very suggestive fact in regard to the negro emigration into this State. It is this: Of the twenty-five thousand free negroes in the State, the vast majority reside in counties where there are very few Abolitionists, and which have been chiefly settled by emigrants from the Southern States. These negroes appear to have a great dread of the Abolition counties; they give them a wide berth. Thus, for example, Ashtabula has a negro population of forty-three, Geauga seven, Trumbull sixty-five. The other counties on the lake shore have a [illegible] number of negroes.—These counties are settled almost exclusively by New England emigrants. On the other hand, Ross county, a Virginia settlement, has one thousand nine hundred and six negroes; Gallia has one thousand one hundred and ninety-eight, and Hamilton county has over four thousand.

"In these counties the negro is regarded as inferior, socially and politically, and the Abolitionist has but a slight hold. What is the cause of this striking discrepancy?—Is it that the negro feels and knows his inferiority, and naturally attaches himself to he population which is disposed to regard as an inferior? or is it that the whites in the lake shore counties are Abolitionists from an ignorance of the real character of the negro? Certainly there is no better mode of curing a neighborhood of Abolitionism than by inflicting on them a colony of free negroes. The only way in which Giddings can be defeated will be by a few more such philanthropic efforts as those of Colonel Mendenhall, in settling a few hundred North Carolina or Kentucky negroes in Ashtabula. If our Southern friends will send us their surplus negro population, let them provide that they may be located among their kind and generous friends in the Western Reserve. Such earnest philanthropy as they profess ought not to be "wasted on the desert."

AN ELOPEMENT.—*A Pair of Deceivers.*—We have withheld until we could satisfy ourselves of the facts, a notice of a young married woman, of this city. The other party to the transaction could hardly be said to reside here, as he had a family in Wilmington, N. C., though at work here for about ten months at his trade. We hope he may be "spotted" everywhere he goes, for the "wrong and injury" he has inflicted upon Mr. William Myrick is aggravated to somewhat beyond the average villainy of such cases.

The circumstances are about these: Mr. Myrick married this woman about three years ago, she being his second wife. Her name was Mary ——, and her father is a worthy well-to-do citizen of Tallapoosa county, living a few miles north of Franklin.—Up to the time of her leaving, we are assured there was never apparently a more harmonious union; her husband keeping a boarding house on Commerce street, and she assisting him and acting chiefly as cashier.

Mrs. Myrick left home on the 6th of last month, with the avowed purpose of visiting her friends in Tallapoosa county. She was accompanied by her husband to the railroad; and he had no suspicion of her having eloped for several days. On the 7th June—the day after Mrs. M.'s departure—one Green Savage, a sprightly, good looking, plausible young man, working at the Sash and Blind Factory of Lipscomb & Morton, took a through ticket for Wilmington, N. C. He had been boarding with Mr. Myrick for several months, and several of the boarders *now* remember that there was an unusual intimacy between him and Mrs. M. At any rate, circumstances have since made it certain that the two have gone off on a concerted plot. Mrs. Myrick, it is supposed, took off about $200 belonging to her husband.

Savage is a man of about 140 pounds' weight, 26 or 28 years old, with black whiskers and below the medium height. He is thought to have really had a wife in Wilmington, but it is rumored that she lately eloped with another man.

Mrs. Myrick is about 23 years old, is rather over the usual size, very plump, with light brown hair, fair skin, and rather defective teeth.

They most probably got in company at Atlanta, Ga., by her waiting there a day for him. It is supposed that they have gone to North Carolina.

Montgomery Mail, 1st inst.

COTTON FROM ALGERIA.—A few weeks since, Mr. Hugh Fleming, of the Manchester Commercial Association, received from the Director of the Imperial Jardin d'Essais at Algiers, (through Messrs. Boult, English and Brandon, of Liverpool,) several samples of cotton grown in that country, requesting the opinion of the association as to its value.—It was also stated in a letter accompanying the samples that any quantity of land suitable for the cultivation of cotton may be had in Algeria, on highly favorable terms, the French Government being desirous of attracting thither English colonists and capital. One of the samples is a fair quality of Sea Island cotton, and has been valued at 12½d. per lb.; another variety is similar in quality to Pernambuco cotton, and is valued at 10½ per lb. Two other samples were valued at 7½d. each.

NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—A letter from a Southern member of the late Presbyterian General Assembly, at Cleveland, expresses a belief that there will be no Convention of Southern Ministers at Washington City, as invited by the protesting Southern members of the General Assembly, but that the great body of the Southern New School Presbyterians will join the Old School organization, while a few other ministers and churches may retain their connection with the New School body as at present. How far this opinion is justified by facts, past and present, and by the intentions of the parties concerned, we have no means of knowing.

CASE OF LIEUTENANT MAFFITT.

It is gratifying to be assured that this officer—one of the best in the service—will be restored to his rank. Here is a testimonial of his merit:

Naval Court No. 1 was crowded with spectators to hear the evidence of Commodores Aulick and McCauley, two of the most distinguished officers, in the case of Lieut. Maffitt. The questions were few but comprehensive, and the answers were to the point. Commodore Aulick thought that Lieut. Maffitt was fit to serve, not only as First Lieutenant of a ship, but in any capacity on board a man-of-war. Commodore McCauley considered him an officer of great intelligence, and would take him as the First Lieutenant of his ship if he were going into action with an enemy. It must be recollected that Lieut. M. was struck from the active service list and the line of promotion because he had been for the last fifteen years detailed on coast survey service, with only eight prior sea service. Commodore McCauley thought this service well calculated to "improve," not to degrade an officer. It was a better school than a man-of-war. The latter was most of the time at sea, where there was but little duty and less responsibility. In the coast survey service there was a constant practice of seamanship among shoals and rocks, and a heavy responsibility. At sea they had nothing but the weather to watch. The Judge Advocate asked if about going into a battle would he risk his reputation on Lieut. Maffitt as the first officer of his ship? The Commodore answered promptly that he would. What a commentary this on the Retiring Board! A number of depositions, and among them Ex-Secretary Dobbin's, was read in behalf of the claimant.

STUPENDOUS HOAX.—A certain individual of this city (no matter who) being of the opinion that the fourth of July was likely to prove void of any excitement or public interest, and wishing to change such an aspect of affairs, circulated through the city a poster, stating that Prof. Culex would perform the wonderful feat of walking on the water! the performance to take place on the Potomac river, in front of the canal locks, at 10 o'clock a. m. Sight free to all, &c. Long before the appointed time, hundreds of people of all ages and of both sexes could be seen wending their way towards the river, and at the hour of 10, it is estimated that there were between 2,000 and 3,000 persons present to witness the *wonderful performance*, besides which every window and hill that commanded a view of the river was occupied. Prof. Culex was in everybody's mind—he seemed to be the sole subject of interest. As the time appointed passed, and 11 o'clock drew near, and still no Prof. *Culex* was to be seen, the people became impatient; about this time it was whispered around that *Culex* was the Latin word for *Muscquito*, when the truth flashed upon their minds that they had been "*sold*." They seemed to take it, however, in good humor, and although some faces wore an air of disappointment, still the majority enjoyed the joke, and heartily laughed over the circumstance.—*Cumberland Journal.*

A TEXAS ANECDOTE.—Kendall, of the N. O. Picayune, relates the following incident which occurred at a late democratic Convention in Texas, the actors being members of that body:—

A lot of the members, during a recess in the regular business of the convention, had adjourned to a neighboring grocery, Britton among the number, and were taking a general drink all round. Some were calling for gin toddies, others for brandy straights—some for this decoction, and others for that—when into the doggery stalked a tall, lank sallow-complexioned member from close upon the Arkansas line, dressed in a hickory bark coat, copperas colored trowsers, and drab imitation beaver hat.

"Come straight up to the trough, stranger, and smile," said Britton.

"Don't mind if I do about this time," retorted the gentleman in hickory bark.

"What shall it be?" continued the member from Corpus Christi.

"Well, I believe I'll take *a parcel of whiskey*: I was brought up mostly on that, and it agrees with me," retorted the stranger.

"Sweetenin' in it?" continued the wag.

"Straight," retorted the other.

"Do the gentleman up a parcel of whiskey, large size," was the order given to the bar-keeper, and the next moment the laugh was general. There is fun yet in Texas, despite the drouth, and will be so long as Britton remains in the State.

ARRIVAL OF AN ICE-BOUND STEAMER.—The St. Louis Republican notices the arrival at that city of the Government steamer D. H. Morton, returned from a ten months' trip to Fort Pierre, on the Upper Missouri. The steamer left St. Louis on the 10th September, 1856, and on the 30th December was frozen up at Yankton village, twelve hundred and fifty miles above St. Louis.—There the crew had quite an arctic region experience, the cold being terrible and the storm so severe that it was only by means of many ropes fastened to the shore that the cabin was enabled to resist the arctic tornadoes. The snow drifted level with the guards of the boat clear across the river, and the men had to stand in snow waist deep to chop down trees for fuel. Once a party of the crew was lost in the snow, and would have perished had it not been for the services of a friendly Indian. This is almost as bad as a voyage to the arctic regions.

A young medical man, Dr. Salle, practicing at Chalons, performed lately the operation of tracheotomy—opening the wind pipe—on a child that had croup and malignant sore throat. Blood escaped into the wind pipe from the wound, and in order to save the child's life, the doctor immediately applied his mouth and sucked the blood out. Next day alarming symptoms declared themselves in the region of the lungs, his respiration became difficult, and in the short space of forty-eight hours from the time of the operation Dr. Salle breathed his last.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

NEW YORK, July 11.

The steamer Anglo-Saxon has arrived at Quebec, with advices from Liverpool to the 1st instant.

The America's advices reached Liverpool on the 28th, and the Vanderbilt's on the 30th.

The sales of cotton for the three days reached 19,000 bales; of which speculators took 2,000 and exporters 3,000 bales. The market closed firm and quiet. Breadstuffs dull. Consols 92¾ for account.

The mutiny in India has been confirmed, and reinforcements are to be sent from England.

The ballot question has been defeated in the English House of Commons.

Two serious railroad accidents have occurred in England, killing twelve persons and wounding one hundred.

France has sent more troops to China.

The Niagara has commenced taking on board the telegraph cable.

STILL LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF STEAMER AMERICA.

HALIFAX, July 15.

The steamer America has arrived at this port, with advices from Liverpool to the 4th instant.

The sales of cotton for the week, ending on the 4th amounted to 68,000 bales, of which speculators took 7,500 and exporters 6,000 bales. The market generally was unchanged, although some descriptions have slightly advanced. The sales on Saturday were 6,000 bales—the market closing quiet. Breadstuffs quiet. Consoles 92¾.

ADDITIONAL BY THE AMERICA.

Fair uplands is quoted at 8 5-16d.; middling 8. The stock of cotton on hand amounts to 667,000 bales, of which 495,000 are American. Manchester advices are favorable.

Money is active. Bullion in the Bank of England had increased £200,000.

Advices from Havre to the 30th state that cotton was steady, with sales for the week at 6,500 bales. The latest quotations were for Orleans tres ordinaire 114.

The revolutionary movements still continue in Naples. The insurgents had liberated three hundred prisoners. Many new arrests had been made, and an insurgent steamer has been captured.

TWO WEEKS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

NEW YORK, July 13.

The steamer Star of the West from Aspinwall, with dates to the 4th, and California dates to the 10th ult., has arrived. She brings 1,500,000 in gold.

The United States steamer Roanoke and the sloop of war Cyane were passed off Aspinwall, the latter bound to Boston, with 50 of Walker's soldiers, and the former with 250 of the deluded party, bound to New York, two-thirds of whom were sick.

There is nothing important from California. The crops in the Southern parts of the State were suffering severely from drought.

General Lane had been elected delegate to Congress from Oregon by a largely reduced majority.

Advices from Peru states that General Vranco still held Arequiba, but he was surrounded by the Government troops, and would soon yield.

Nicaragua is in an unsettled condition.—Hiyas refuses to act in concert with the allied Generals, and a collision was expected shortly between the Leon party, who favor Walker, and the Chamoristas.

The California markets were generally dull. Breadstuffs were depressed. The crops promised to be about an average one. Money was inactive. Mining operations were active, and the yield increasing largely.

It was believed that the attempt of the Peruvian Consul to confiscate the cargoes of guano sold under General Vranco's contracts would be unsuccessful.

A passenger in the steamer Thames from Greytown reports that two vessels from California were cruising off Punta Arenas with 600 men, and supplies of arms and ammunition for Walker.

A FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.—The Paris Constitutionnel, alluding to Lord Napier's speech in New York, says all this extraordinary friendship proceeds "not from moral, but from commercial interests. England cannot do without American products. A serious quarrel with the United States would ruin British commerce for a time. The bonds of friendship that are being celebrated are no chains of flowers, but simple twists of cotton which supply the Manchester market." Well, the friendships which arise from interests is likely to be binding as long as those interests last, and between England and the United States they are every year growing more extended and necessary. It is more effectual for preserving peace between the two nations than a friendship purely sentimental, for it is not so capricious, and will be more conciliatory in its character when so much depends upon it.

FURS FROM THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.—The furs of Hudson's Bay Territory will speedily find their way to Chicago, if the statement in the Chicago Free Press be correct. It says: "A grant of land has been made by Congress, and the Minnesota and Pacific Railroad Company have been authorized to construct a railroad to Pembina which will no doubt be pushed forward with all possible speed. When this is accomplished the question of the trade of the Hudson's Bay territory will be forever settled. Chicago, the key of the great Northwest, will be the depot for the furs of that region, while we shall supply them with all goods, by railroad, which they have now to drag over seven or eight hundred miles of prairie."

If you want to gain a woman's affections, don't appeal to her head but to her feelings. One squeeze of the hand, or press of the lips is worth a dozen speeches. Calico is an institution of touch, not of logic.