The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 6. CHARLOTTE, N. C., AUGUST 18, 1857. NUMBER 25.

THOMAS J. HOLTON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be sufficient to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; 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 Editor.

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

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.

TO TIME—"THE OLD TRAVELLER"

BY WILLIAM H. TINSON.

Stay awhile thee, old Traveller
While we say thy delight
To settle rain, far and wide,
By the wantonness of night.
Is not a leaf that falleth
Below the restless wings,
Is not the slowest, in the rapid flight
To a thousand brighter things.

You passest o'er the battle field,
Where the dead lie stiff and stark
Have naught to heed save the valiant's scream,
Or the forged steel's angry bark.
Is than that caused the grain to spring
From the blood enriched clay,
Or the waving corn-tops seem to dance
To the rustic's merry lay.

You hast strewn the lordly palace
In ruin after the ground,
Or the dismal screech of the owl is heard
Where the harp was wont to sound,
Or the silt same spot than reversest
With the dwellings of the poor,
And a thousand happy hearts enjoy
What one usurped before.

Go true, thy progress hast
Full many a heart-o'ne low,
Go for the brave and beautiful
Thou hast caused our tears to flow.
Yet always near the touch of death,
Nor thou, nor we can stay,
But the breath of thy departing wings
Bears all our tears away.

Miscellaneous.

HOW TO SAVE $50 A YEAR.

"Really my dear, I don't see it."

The above reply I made to my wife, who had been endeavoring to show me for the last fifteen minutes, how I could save fifty dollars a year.

"Why, my love, it is simply this. You pay eight hundred a year for the house we now live in, the house I wish you to occupy only seven hundred and fifty, consequently you would be a gainer of fifty dollars, and that amount would buy you a nice great coat, and I don't know how many pairs of boots."

"But my love," I replied, you know we have a lease of this place, we might not let it and, again, there's the expense of moving, therefore, I think we had better stay where we are."

"You goose," said my wife running up and kissing me, "we should be sure of letting it."

After much persuasion I reluctantly gave my consent to the hiring of a new house.—A neat little ticket was pasted up on the front side of our residence, telling the world that our house was to be let, and that they were to inquire within.

We had no end of applications. People with thin boots, people with thick boots, and people with double boots and worn out gloves, called to view our "delightful residence," so that at the end of two weeks our carpet was completely ruined.

One gentleman among the number of would-be tenants of our domicile, called one day, just as we were sitting down to dinner; in an evil hour, I invited him to join us; he accepted readily.

After that he called regularly every day, generally at meal time, to inquire about trivial things; whether the coal cellar was all right, if hot and cold water was laid on in the bathroom, if the stairs creaked and such like, finishing up by partaking dinner or supper with us, as the case might be.

"He's sure to take the house," my wife said.

"Not he, the rascal!" I replied. "I'll kick him out the next time he makes his appearance here."

My wife objected to this summary mode of proceeding; so we indulged in a pretty little domestic quarrel.

The next day the fellow called to know if all the doors would shut, and if all of them had keys.

I replied by planting my foot on that part of his anatomy where the back changes its name. He then brought an action for assault and battery. I lost the case and had to pay a heavy fine, with costs.

Three days before our departure we were in a nice muddle. All the carpets had been taken up. Bedsteads had been taken down, so we were obliged to sleep upon the floor. China, glass, and crockery had been packed away, along with the knives and forks.—Kitchen utensils were stowed away in wash tubs. Our looking glasses were carefully bound up with pieces of old carpet. The comb and brush were stuffed into the tub that contained the saucepans, so that I was compelled to borrow the servant's. Even my own wearing apparel was made away with, and I was left with an old boot and shoe; as for a clean shirt that was an impossibility.

We had no regular meal time, things were topsy turvey generally, so that I—much to the indignation of my wife—took my dinner down town.

Returning home one evening, after dining with some friends, I found my wife seated on a roll of oil cloth, and in tears.

"What's the matter, my love?" I inquired.

"Go way. Go back to your dissolute companions!" was the answer.

Seeing that a nice little storm was brewing, and wishing to avoid it, I said:

"Come, there's a dear, don't be foolish," encircling her waist with my arms, as I spoke.

"Ugh! How you smell of smoke," said my wife, with a fresh burst of tears, and recoiling from me.

I saw it was no use of trying to effect a calm, so I sat myself down on the edge of a piano, and patiently waited the result. I had not long to wait.

"It's no use telling me."

"Telling you what, my dear?" I meekly asked.

My wife paid no attention to my question, but continued her remarks, sobbing the while in a very hysterical manner. "If you don't love me say so, and let me go home to my father's; I'm su—"

"Clara!" (Clara is my wife's Christian name) "Clara," I said, interrupting her, and with some dignity, "I am ashamed of you; what is the meaning of this nonsense?"

"There, there! oh yes! of course its nonsense, I shall not be allowed to speak, shortly. Why did you marry me then, if I am foolish?"

"Clara!"

"Do be quiet, sir, and let me have a chance to vindicate myself from your base assertions."

I spoke not a word.

"I think it's very—very mean of you to make me work my fingers to the bone, while you go out and have your dinners, and—and your wine and all that." Here my wife began to sob convulsively. "I don't believe you have the least spark of feeling left.—Any—any other man would have come home and helped me park these—these horrid things. What made you want to move? I dare say you will want me to wash the clothes and get up your shirts soon, but I won't do it, there! What are you sitting down there for like a mummy; why don't you speak?"

"My dear, to morrow morning, when you are yourself again, I will talk with you, not before." So saying, I went to bed, or rather to the mattress on the floor.

My wife kept up the fire some little time, but finding I made no reply, came to my side and sobbed herself to sleep.

I merely mention the above little episode to show one of the many things I had to endure in endeavoring to save fifty dollars a year.

The day for removal came at last—"Thank goodness!" I ejaculated, thinking our troubles were over now. "Poor, weak, silly deluded creature!"

I need not tell how many things were broken, how many things lost, nor how exorbitant the carmen were, nor how the Hibernian gentlemen we called in to assist put the washtub containing the kitchen utensils right in the centre of our best mirror, breaking it all to atoms.

Suffice it, that all our things—barring those that were lost and broken—were in our new house, and that our old house remained unlet.

"How glad I am it is all over," said my wife.

"Amen," responded I.

"I am sure this house is worth all the trouble we have undergone."

I felt sadly inclined to be ironical, but I would not dash my wife's spirits, so I refrained.

We felt hungry, so we extemporized a meal out of some scraps of bread, cheese and a ham bone, carving it with the only available instrument, viz: my best razor.

"I quite enjoy this," said my wife.

"So do I," I was about to say, but I only got as far as "So," when we were startled at hearing a scream, emanating from our son Tommy, who was roaming about looking at and admiring everything in the new house.

"Goodness gracious! what's the matter now?" and I bolted from the room, followed by my wife.

Our new landlord, obliging soul, had undertaken to have the house repainted entirely, but had not had sufficient time to finish the job before we took possession, so that, among other agreeable incidents, the basement was occupied by a number of young fellows in painting garments and paper caps, who whistled (I hate whistling) while they plied their brushes, and used language which was so far from being choice and refined, that I had really to blush occasionally when my wife was within hearing.

Master Tommy got in trouble, too, on his account. He was making a scientific exploration in the lower regions of the house, with a laudable intention of pursuing the search of knowledge under difficulties, for Tom is a child of exceedingly inquiring turn of mind. In the course of his peregrinations, he contrived to upset a pot of paint, off a step ladder, and received the greater part of the contents upon his unlucky head, from which it ran down in copious streams, presenting a singular though hardly agreeable contrast of color, and totally ruining his jacket.

We washed his hair with turpentine and pumice stone, his face till the skin was nearly rubbed off his nose. After which he was subjected to a vigorous course of hot water and soap, but for all we could do that blessed child for a week afterward, emitted an odor closely resembling the inside of a painter's shop, while remains of the paint were still left, making his countenance look something like a zebra, or a Royal Bengal tiger.

We managed to erect a bed-stead and I imagined we should be enabled to pass a comfortable night. What blissful ignorance!

I had just fallen into a comfortable doze, when I was awoke by my wife digging her elbow into my side.

"What's the matter now? Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

"Hush, there are thieves in the house.—listen."

I listened and sure enough there was a mysterious noise, as if somebody was ascending the kitchen stairs with great rapidity.

I jumped out of bed, put on a pair—no matter—lit a lamp, armed myself with my revolver, and sallied down the stairs followed by my wife.

We looked all over the house, and found nothing but a strange cat in the coal seller. We went to bed again.

I thought I had not been asleep more than half an hour, but in reality I had been wooing the drowsy god five or six hours, when I was awoke by the window of the room we were sleeping in, being raised, and a man softly entered the room.

"Hallo! my fine fellow; I've caught you, have I?" and I levelled my revolver at him.

"For mercy's sake, don't shoot!" said the man.

"What are you doing here?"

Matters were soon explained; he was only the man engaged in painting the outside of our new house, and by means of a ladder obtained access to our room, not to rob or garrot us, but merely to get his paint pot, that he had left there the evening before.—He apologized for disturbing us not knowing that there was any one in the apartment.—The new house had no gas in it, but the landlord had put it in, to the detriment of ceilings in some of the rooms, and floors in others. This, however, was already accomplished; the pipes were laid, the metre set, and the floors and ceilings repaired, the whole being finished the day before we moved in so that there were several large spots of newly spread plastering on the ceiling of the parlor.

I had just completed the task of driving some picture nails in the walls of this room, from which to suspend our family portrait, when a scream of horror from my wife, and a rattling sound, caused me to turn suddenly, which movement tipped the ladder over, letting me down in rather a hurried and undignified manner, producing an extensive and painful abrasion on my left knee.

As soon as I recovered my senses from the effect of this unexpected shock, I perceived that the jarring caused by driving in the nails, had shaken down the fresh plastering on my wife's head, and worse yet, upon our new Brussels carpet purchased expressly for our new house.

Notwithstanding that we gathered it up, as quietly as possible, our carpet was completely ruined; for the beautiful figures, large wreathes of red roses, with green leaves intertwined—became a very dingy yellow color, wherever the lime contained in the plaster had touched.

My wife happened to be looking up at the time, and some small particles of the lime had fallen into her eyes, resulting in much redness and a little inflammation, and, I regret to say great ill humor for the rest of the day.

At last everything was put to rights in our new house. But is we—n't a comfortable new house. The doors wouldn't shut, or when shut wouldn't open. The kitchen range wouldn't burn, or when it felt inclined to burn wouldn't bake. There was a scarcity of water. There was a superabundance of cockroaches. There was this thing, and the other thing, so that in fact, my wife disliked the new house.

My wife grew melancholy.

"Supposing, my dear," I said to her one evening, "as our old house is not yet let, we move back again."

She jumped up from her seat, kissed me, and told me I was her "good, kind, dear old Tommy." She always calls me "her Tommy" when I please her.

We moved back again to our old home.

I had to pay a quarter's rent for the new house: was at the expense of twice moving; had two carpets completely destroyed; lost, I don't know how many things, had my son's clothes ruined; ditto my wife's temper, and—and—that's the way I saved fifty dollars a year.

THE PATCH ON MARCY'S BREECHES.—Harper's Weekly relates the following anecdotes of Mr. Marcy:

While he was Governor of this State, he was visiting Newburgh on some public occasion, and with a party of gentlemen, whigs and democrats, was at the Orange Hotel. Good humor was prevailing, and one story suggested another. The Governor always enjoyed a story, and could tell one with excellent effect. A whig lawyer was present and the Governor, recognizing him, said:

"Ah, yes, I'll tell you a good story of Spooner: The other day he came up to Albany, on his way to the whig convention at Utica, and so he took it in his way to call on me to get a pardon for a convict at Sing Sing. I heard the case, examined the documents, and being satisfied that all was right, agreed to grant the request. Spooner handed me the paper to endorse, and I wrote—'Let pardon be granted. W. L. Marcy;' when Spooner called out, 'Hold, hold, Governor! that's the wrong paper!' And sure enough, it was a *whig speech that he was going to make at Utica*, abusing me the worst possible way. But I had granted pardon in advance, and I suppose he committed the offence afterward."

The story was received with great applause, and Spooner being looked to for a response, instantly went on with the following, which, for an extempore story, certainly is capital:

"Yes, gentlemen—yes, I did. And when the Convention was over we went to Niagara Falls, and as we were dragging on by stage over miserable corduroy roads banging our heads against the top of the coach, and then coming down as if we were to go through the bottom, the stage came to a dead halt; the driver dismounted, opened the door, and requested us all to descend. We did so, supposing that some accident had occurred. When we were all out, standing on the ends of the logs of which the road was made, the driver took off his hat and said, 'Gentlemen we always stop here out of respect for the Governor; this is the identical spot *were Marcy tore his pantaloons!*'"

BOSTON, August 7.—The Chemical Oil and Turpentine Factory, on Northampton-street, Roxbury was burnt to-day. Loss estimated at $70,000.

GEN. JACKSON'S GOLD BOX.

The Special Committee of both branches of the Common Council, having in charge the awarding of the gold box left by Gen. Jackson to the patriot who should be adjudged most worthy to receive it, held a private meeting yesterday, and decided to award it to Lieut. Major Garrett Dyckman, of the First Regiment of New York Volunteers.

The following is the clause in General Andrew Jackson's will, in which he speaks of the gold box:

The gold snuff box presented to me by the corporation of the city of New York; the large silver vase presented to me by the ladies of Charleston, S. C., my native State, with the large gold medal representing the unfurling of the American banner, presented to me by the citizens of South Carolina when it was refused to be accepted by the United States Senate, I leave in trust to my son, A. Jackson, Jr., with directions that should our happy country not be blessed with peace, an event not always to be expected, he will at the close of the war or end of the conflict, present each of the said articles of inestimable value to that patriot residing in the city or State from which they were presented, who shall be adjudged by his countrymen or the ladies to have been the most valiant in defence of his country and our country's rights.

The following are the claims upon which the award to Major Dyckman is based:

First. For having, from the landing at the Island of Lobos to the final surrender of the city of Mexico, the best disciplined company in the regiment—the men being always under thorough command and control.

Second. For leading his company on the first Sunday after the landing at Vera Cruz as skirmishers on the sand plains near its walls, and taking position on the Orizaba Road, holding that position while under fire from nearly all the batteries of the city (within hearing of the enemy) until after dark, when ordered to retire behind a sand hill.

Third. For his having taken, on the succeeding evening, possession of the Orizaba Road, and judiciously posting pickets, thus preventing all communication from that road to the city during that night.

Fourth. For having taken a position with his company of seventy-eight men in ambush, and within a half a mile of six hundred of the enemy, to prevent their entrance to the city, (the enemy, as before recited could be distinctly heard giving orders,) and for performing constantly in his company scouting duty around the walls and roads of the city during the same time.

Fifth. For engaging and sustaining a charge from six hundred lancers, holding the position until relieved by Col. Ward B. Burnett at Nueva Ranche.

Sixth. For gallant service, equal to any other man or officer, at Cerro Gordo.

Seventh. For leading his company in a charge at Cherubusco, and remaining in advance of his command under the sharpest fire of musketry experienced during the war, where he fell severely wounded, thus setting an example of bravery for his men to emulate.

Eighth. For devoting his time and attention to the discipline, comfort and interest of his men.

Ninth. In never saying to his men "go" when there was a chance for a brush with the enemy, but always saying "come," as he would never permit either officer or private of his command to be in advance of him in action, or any other duty where he was in command.

Tenth. For receiving the endorsement of his brother officers, both senior and junior, of his conduct as a brave soldier and officer and a gentleman, by electing him from the position of junior captain to that of major.

New York News, 8th.

Some nine years since, a letter was received in New Orleans, directed to "the biggest fool in New Orleans." The postmaster was absent, and on his return, one of the younger clerks in the office informed him of the receipt of the letter.

"And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who was the biggest fool in New Orleans, and so *I opened the letter myself.*"

"And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Why," replied the clerk, "nothing but the words '*thou art the man.*'"

POOR ENCOURAGEMENT FOR ROGUES.—Texas used to be considered a paradise for rogues, but the following paragraph from the Indianolian of the 15th ult. indicates that "times aint now as fifty used to was:"

"Rumors constant reach us from the upper country that the Vigilance Committee are raking the country fore and aft, and swinging every horse thief and murderer they can find. A gentleman who came down the road a few days since, stated that he saw a dozen bodies suspended to one tree, and on another five. A great many of the desperadoes have passed through this town on their way to New Orleans—not considering it healthy for them to remain any longer. If the committee continues, the country will soon get rid of all the scoundrels that have so long infested our borders."

AN OLD FAMILY.—John Bannister, the comedian, was presented to an old lady proud of ancient and noble blood. The lady asked a wit of the day, who was present, "Who are the Bannisters? Are they of a good family?" "Yes," said the wit, "very good indeed; they are closely connected with the *Stairs*." "Oh," said the lady, "a very ancient family of Ayrshire dates back to 1450; I am delighted to see your friends."

The Literary Echo publishes the notice of the marriage of a couple, respectively eighty-three and eighty-two years old, and says: "We have often met with the expression, 'a green old age,' but have never seen so striking an example of such a state as this must have been."

MORE RETURNING MORMONS.

Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

LEAVENWORTH, (Kansas,) July 26, 1857.

An emigrant train from Utah, consisting of fifteen large wagons and one hundred persons, has just arrived here. They left Great Salt Lake upwards of sixty days ago, and were compelled to travel slowly from the heavy loads brought by their teams.—The train is composed entirely of families; and its members propose to seek homes for themselves in Kansas. They left Utah on account of the tyranny and injustice of the Brigham Young oligarchy. They were all professors of the Mormon faith, but they have seen quite as much as they wish of its practical workings.

I conversed with several intelligent persons in the train, including some natives of Massachusetts. They found it impossible for men of moderate means to prosper in Utah. In addition to the heavy taxes imposed on them, they were all compelled to devote the labors of every tenth day to the church. One of them stated that he had not spent a week in Salt Lake before he was compelled to pay tithes.

There was a grand stampede from Utah at the time of their departure. Nearly a thousand people were just leaving the Territory. Four hundred of them started for Oregon in a single train, and several other trains left for the States. It was with great difficulty and some peril that they were able to make their escape. Violent threats were made to them, but their numbers were so large that no concerted measures of violence were adopted to restrain them. My informant states that there were thousands more who would be glad to leave, but dared not make the attempt. Members of the church who have taken a certain degree called the "endowment" virtually forfeit their lives by endeavoring to leave. There is a determination, they say, that none who have taken that degree shall reach the States alive.

They estimate the population of the Territory at forty thousand, and that of Salt Lake city at seven thousand. There are many people now restrained by fear who will gladly embrace the opportunity offered by the advent of the "Gentile" Governor and the troops to make their escape from the thraldom of the church. But there are thousands more who are so fanatically devoted to Brigham Young, and have so much faith in his divine mission, that they are ready to lay down their lives for him.—These new comers confirm the previous reports that the Mormons are under thorough military discipline, and have been for a long time preparing for a conflict with our troops. They have about thirty cannon at Salt Lake city, and in some other localities are well armed and ammunitioned.

With the institution of polygamy these returning emigrants are so thoroughly disgusted that they have no language strong enough to express their abhorrence. They estimate the relative proportion of the sexes, through the Territory, as about three wives to every husband.

When they left there were many complaints of a worm at the roots of the wheat, which was destroying the prospects of a crop. They fear that the suffering, almost actual starvation, which existed among many of the poor people last winter may be repeated next season, from the failure of the great staple, wheat. They hold the agricultural resources of Utah in very high estimation, but feel convinced that with its present population they will never be developed.—With general irrigation (which is practicable, and is necessitated by the lack of rain) they believe Utah may be made one of the most prolific portions of the continent.

After disposing of a valuable collection of buffalo and beaver furs which they brought through the emigrants propose to end their wanderings by seeking homes in Southern Kansas, under more just and genial institutions than those they have left behind. The men seem worn and jaded by their long journey; but the women and children look in excellent condition and spirits.

A GREAT JUMP.—On Sunday morning last, a traveller on board the express train, passing by Orskany, desired to stop, but the train kept on at the rate of 45 miles an hour. He, however, with carpet bag in hand, made a jump from the last car of the train, and struck the ground, of course, some little distance from the point at which he left the cars. One foot struck the ground first, and so heavily did he come down, that the heel of his boot was torn off. His second foot struck twelve feet distant from his first track, and the boot heel was also ripped from his other boot. The man continued his rapid movements—being thrown into all sorts of positions—for some distance beyond. He finally "brought up," no less than *seventy-four feet* from the spot where he left the rushing train. On picking himself up, he was asked if he had been hurt, when he answered that he did not know; and immediately picking up his watch and a number of his buttons, which had been scattered by the continued shock, and seizing his carpet bag, he started off.

POWER OF THE SUN.—A distinguished chemist, in a recent lecture, while showing that all species of moving power have their origin in the rays of the sun, stated that while the iron tubular railroad bridge over the Menai straits in England, four hundred feet long, bent up half an inch under the heaviest pressure of a train, it will bend up an inch and a half from its usual horizontal line when the sun shines upon it for some hours. He stated that the Bunker Hill monument is higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day; the little sun beams enter the pores of the stones like so many wedges lifting it up.

SILK FROM A NEW SOURCE.—It is seriously asserted in the Triestic Zeitung that M. Cavezzi, of Lodi, has succeeded in procuring silk from mulberry leaves. The silk-worm is henceforth to remain undisturbed in what Gibbon calls its "golden tomb;" and that may prove sober fact which Walker wrote as a flirt of fancy—"that without the worm in Persian silk we shine."

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER INDIAN.

NEW YORK, August 19.

The steamer Indian has arrived, with advices from Liverpool to the 29th ult.

Cotton was firm and unchanged, with sales for the three days of 26,000 bales, of which speculators took 5,000. Richardson & Spence's circular quotes an advance of 1-16—middling uplands 8¼ to 8 5-16d.—Consols declined ⅛—90½ to 91. Money unchanged.

The news from India is unfavorable. The mutiny in the Bengal army is increasing.

The British have destroyed the Chinese fleet.

ADDITIONAL BY THE INDIAN AT QUEBEC.

LIVERPOOL, July 29.

The mutiny in the Bengal army is increasing. The insurgents still hold out at Delhi. Several sorties have been repulsed. The British are waiting reinforcements.

The Chinese fleet has been destroyed, after two severe engagements.

The Niagara and Susquehanna went to Cork with the cable on the 29th.

Consols on account 91 a 91⅛—decline caused by adverse news from India. Money in active demand. The Bank daily losing its specie. Rice quiet.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER CANADA.

AUGUSTA, August 12.

The British mail steamship Canada, Captain ——, has arrived at Halifax, on her way to Boston, with the Liverpool mails of the 1st inst.

The sales of cotton for the week ending the 1st inst., were 62,000 bales, of which speculators took 9,000 and exporters 4,500. The market at closing showed advancing tendency, and this was most marked in middling.

The Anglo-Saxon's advices reached Liverpool before the Canada sailed, and caused an advance of ⅛d on Mobiles, and placing the quotations—Orleans fair 8¼d; Orleans middling 8⅞d; Uplands fair 8¼d; Uplands middling 8¼d; Mobile fair 8¼d; Mobile middling 8⅛d. Stock at Liverpool 400,000 bales; American cotton 403,500 bales.—The sales on Saturday, 1st inst., were 5,000 bales, closing quiet.

At Havre, Tres Ordinaire is quoted 118.

Accounts from Manchester are favorable.

Breadstuffs generally are quiet, and wheat is declining.

The weather has been favorable for the harvest.

Consols closed, on Saturday, 1st inst., at 90⅞.

All the vessels employed with the submarine cable at Cork left for Valentia on the 1st. The trials at working out the cable were successful.

Mr. Ten Broeck's American horses, Prior and Prioress, were beaten in the Goodwood race.

The India mails do not confirm the reported capture of Delhi, but rumors are prevalent, with general credit, of a discovery of conspiracy for a general revolt.

All the Europeans at Calcutta had been armed.

THE SPANISH EXPEDITION TO FLORIDA.—Senor M. M. Lerdo de Tejada, Corresponding Member of the American Institute, has written two valuable historical works relative to Mexico. In one of these is a brief account of the Expedition which sailed from Vera Cruz in 1559 for the conquest of the Seminoles in Florida:

In 1559, in consequence of orders to Viceroy Valasco, from the Spanish Monarch, Don Felipe II, who was desirous of extending his dominion in America, by acquiring the Floridas, notwithstanding the severe reverses suffered by two former expeditions there, one of them under the command of the unfortunate Ponce de Leon—a new expedition was got up at Vera Cruz, consisting of thirteen vessels, two having a thousand men on board, under the command of Don Tristan de Acuna. The sailing of this fleet being deemed a solemn occasion, the greatest part of the population of Vera Cruz, filled with enthusiasm at the prospect of certain triumph, was present at the embarkation. All this enthusiasm, however, only tended to illustrate (estrellar-e) the valor of the Florida Indians. Velasco, fearing always the defeat, sent reinforcements under Capt. Biedma and Aregal Villafana, who had to return, after heavy losses of men. Some time after that, having notice that some Frenchmen intended to found a colony there, the Viceroy sent notice to the Naval Commander, Melandez de Valder, to go and prevent them from settling there.

In 1568, the Visitor, Valderrama, came to Vera Cruz. He was sent out because he was very partial to the Spaniards and much opposed to the Indians—and he doubled the tribute of two Reales a year, which they had formerly paid. He was renowned as the vexer of Indians. Four years after him came, with a like character, the licentiates Carvillo and Munor, who acquired such melancholy fame by their cruelty. The latter met a violent death on his return to the Court of Spain, after having given an account of his mission to Felipe II, the son, who accused him with the greatest and most laconic bitterness.

DISPENSING WITH GRAND JURIES.—A proposition to do away with grand juries, so far at least as London is concerned, is now before Parliament, and receives the support of government. A motion intended to defeat the bill was rejected by a large majority. An able lawyer, Sir F. Thesiger, defended the bill, and referred to the repeated representations of grand juries themselves to the effect that they were not only unnecessary, but absolutely an obstruction to justice. In many of our cities petit juries too often shield criminals and rowdies from deserved punishment.

From the New York Times.

ANOTHER ACT OF THE BURDELL TRAGEDY.

The public were quite startled yesterday by the announcement that Mrs. Cunningham, *alias* Burdell, had been re-arrested. On this occasion she was not charged with murder, but with feigning the birth of a child under the following circumstances:—For some time Mrs. Cunningham has given out to the world that early in August she expects to be delivered of a child—the fruit of her union with the late Dr. Harvey Burdell. To attend her in that interesting situation, she applied to Dr. Uhl, and, after several visits, the Doctor, entertaining suspicions as to her really being *enciente*, confided his doubts to the District Attorney.—An ingenious plan was then devised for the detection of the crime, if any were contemplated. Dr. Uhl returned to Mrs. Cunningham, and pretending to be in her confidence, drew from her the admission that the projected birth was a humbug. He, moreover, was offered by her $1,000 if he would find a newly-born infant to "assist" at the *accouchement*. This, under the direction of District Attorney Hall, was effectually done. On Monday last, Mrs. Cunningham received from a house in Elm street the child of a poor woman in Bellevue Hospital; the "confinement" takes place the same evening according to rule; an "*accoucheur*" (Dr. Catlin) and a "mid-wife" are in attendance; the cries of Mrs. C. forced from her by the "pains of labor," are heard even by the neighbors; and while, with a mother's love, she is fondling the "newly-born" infant—enter Police officers, who change somewhat the *denouement* of this curious drama. Mrs. Cunningham, Dr. Catlin the "accoucheur," and the "mid-wife" have all been arrested on the charge of feloniously pretending that Mrs. C. had given birth to a child who would be entitled to inherit the property of the late Harvey Burdell. It is proper to add that Mrs. Cunningham persisted yesterday in declaring that the child was her own.

BEWARE OF BRANDY.

We warn the good people of this city, who occasionally take a little "for the stomach's sake," to beware how they drink brandy, or we should rather say the red liquid which is handed out to them at tavern counters under that name. It is a well known fact that there is scarcely a bar-room in the city, however extensive, elegant or pretentious, that contains a drop of the genuine article. Indeed, very little of it comes into the country from France, and what does come commands an almost fabulous price—a price so great, at any rate, as to exclude it almost entirely from the retail trade. Indeed, even with the best will to sell a good article, the tavern keeper cannot surely get it. The article which he buys under custom house lock, and which unquestionably has come from France, is nothing more than a portion of the millions of gallons of "pure spirit," i. e. *alcohol*, which has been exported from this country to receive in France its coloring and its flavor from the essential "oil of Cognac," and then to be imported back. This is no illusion, but a fact of daily practice, and it would be safe to conclude, that any glass which you may take up at any bar in town, is nothing but pure spirit, flavored with a few drops of the poisonous oil alluded to. The same may be said of the stuff that is furnished you in demijohns from the wholesale grocers and liquor dealers, for family use, at the rate of five, six, and seven dollars a gallon. Through the failure of the grape in France, and the immense consumption of the article of brandy in this country, not one-twentieth part of the demand made upon France can be supplied; and as the major part of this demand is for high priced brandy, it will at once be seen what perilous stuff, even the most fastidious and careful drinkers are obliged to swallow. The only safe course is, therefore, to abstain from calling for brandy altogether. There is but little good in it, even when it is best, and it has been saddled upon us as a national drink, in place of the comparatively harmless beverages chosen by other nations, by a school of red-faced old cocks, who with the profundity, if not the sobriety of oracles, yoked our necks years ago, with the notion that a little brandy was "the best thing in the world for the stomach," especially after eating oysters; a double fallacy, as has long ago been proved. We, therefore, advise that brandy be permitted to go out of fashion—at least while it is out of the country.—*Porter's Spirit of the Times.*

A FISH IN A HUMAN SKULL.—Two sons of Mr. John H. Iscett, of Greensburg, Pa., were in the habit of setting "night lines" in the Alleghany river, in order to become possessed of the finny tribe. One morning a very mysterious looking thing was observed from the shore as being attached to one of the lines out some distance. On drawing in the line a fish was fast on the hook, with its head protruding from the orifice of a human skull, which rests upon the vertebral column, its body being in the skull and too large to allow its escape therefrom. The theory is that the fish became domiciled in the skull sometime since, grew until it became imprisoned therein beyond its power to escape unaided. The skull is sound and has yet four teeth in it, the remainder having dropped out. Its shape indicates that it possibly belonged to a negro and was that of a female.

HOW IT IT WAS DONE.—The United States Government recently was looking for a site on Long Island for building fortifications. The price asked for the eligible spot ($120,000) was consented to by Gen. Totten, the chief engineer. Some speculators, hearing what was going on, gave $100,000 for the land, then went to Washington and persuaded the General Government to give $20,000. It is a curious fact that the Government generally pays the biggest price demanded for any thing it wishes to buy, no matter how much its economical scruples were shocked at first at a lower price asked.

Phil. Ledger.