

found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flag on last night," thought he, "has added my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the ill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolation overcame all his conjugal fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches, or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonian jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politician. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow, pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp voice penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"a tory! a tory! a tory! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a stern austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them." Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "where's Nicholas Vedder?" There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all a-

bout him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?" "Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony-Point—others say that he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bammel, the schoolmaster?" "He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these and changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony-Point—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's my yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this crucial moment a fresh comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man; his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it: some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the heads throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout oleary farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urethians that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he employed to work on the

farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or of joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

#### NEW ORLEANS A DOOMED CITY.

A very intelligent writer in the Memphis Daily Enquirer, devotes a column of that paper to the consideration of the late Crevasse and the ultimate fate of New Orleans. He very properly says that the beds of all rivers which flow through a level country, like the territorial flow of the Mississippi valley, are gradually, but certainly filling up. This is the case, for instance, with the Po in Italy, of which the embankments at Ferrara, are so high that the surface of the river is above the tops of the houses. The beds of the Po, Adige, &c., are filling up by the annual deposits of detritus brought down from the Alps. All these rivers are confined within their channels by artificial embankments, like the levee on the shores of the Mississippi. Men are talking every day of running these levees up to the mouth of the Ohio, and St. Louis. It is perhaps among possibilities to do so but what will be the consequence? Manifestly that the bed of the Mississippi will fill up and elevate its waters until by successive elevation of the embankments its bed would be on a level with the adjacent country.

At New Orleans, since the embanking system commenced, the bed of the river has been elevated some 30 or 40 feet. This is proved by the depth of water which passed through Suvee crevasse, the roar of which could be heard some seven or eight miles. In this crevasse the water was about 30 feet deep. Here then we have the startling fact revealed to us, that the coasts on the lower Mississippi are at this time from six to nine months of the year, far below the level of the vast deluge of waters which half a continent pours out incessantly, and rolls along in silent majesty to be swallowed up and lost in the abyss of the ocean.

It may not be uninteresting here, to inquire what will be the ultimate fate of New Orleans. This can, we think, be easily foretold. Obviously, the city is a doomed one, for if the bed of the river has been already elevated 30 feet since the levee first began to protect it, a very ready calculation may be made of the time required to raise it 30 feet higher. And if at its present elevation the city has been one half submerged, to what extent may we anticipate any subsequent breach, when the waters shall sweep with tenfold fury through a channel twice the depth, for to this it must come at last, however far removed the time.

In fact, the days of the increase of New Orleans are already numbered. The child is now born who will when he visits that city, find only a few hundred instead of thousands of houses now there. A great commercial depot there must be somewhere below Baton Rouge, but it must be on higher ground, where business can be transacted at a less appalling sacrifice of human life.

There is indeed, but one excuse even now for continuing to make New Orleans this depot, and it is, that there is no other. That city is founded before Fulton brought steam into vogue for the Western waters. It was placed there because it was accessible to shipping from the Gulf, where steam tow boats were not—and when it required all the patience and nautical skill, favored by wind, tide, setting poles and spring cables of the most experienced navigators to reach the port. This excuse for planting a great emporium in the very jaws of death no longer exists, or exists only in the logic of the purse. It is a question of dollars and cents against human life and human suffering; a question of bricks and mortar already up in a slaughter-house for human victims, against bricks and mortar to be put up in some locality where health shall find a safer habitation.

"Nowhere."—The Pittsburg Chronicle says, "Nowhere is the place where the banks lead money to poor men who need it, instead of the rich who do not."

#### Latest Foreign News.

By the arrival of the Europe at Halifax, on the 24th ult., we have seven days later news from Europe. We present a summary of all that is important.

**Russia and Turkey.**—The English papers contain many speculations and reports concerning the pending decision of the Emperor of Russia in regard to the appeal made to him respecting the extradition of the Hungarian refugees. Nothing definite, however, can be arrived at concerning the issue, until the resolution of the Emperor and his imperial council shall be made known. The Emperor's reply was expected to reach the Turkish capital about the 10th or 12th of October.

The London and Paris cabinets, from the representations of their ministers at Constantinople, have dispatched a large fleet of steamers to the Bosphorus and the harbor of the Golden Horn. Between the entrance of the Black sea and the Propontis, in the sea of Marmora, twelve ships of the line are at anchor, fully equipped and plentifully provisioned.

An armed body of 100,000 troops are assembled around the Turkish capital, and are reviewed daily from daybreak until dark.

A letter, dated Constantinople the 25th ultimo, states that, before entering Turkey official assurances were given Kossuth that he and his fellow-refugees would be welcomed and allowed to proceed to any part of the world they might desire.

A considerable number of the patriots have been put on board an American corvette and a French steamer, destined, it is said for Greece.

An eloquent letter from Kossuth to Lord Palmerston is published in the English journals.

By the news from Widdin, it appears that Amillah had been sent to urge the refugees to embrace the Islamic faith, and had been unsuccessful. Kossuth, Guryon, Zomoriski, and others, swore that no power should induce them to apostatize. Bem had no scruples.

The most unwelcome feature in the news from Turkey is that those Pashalies in Europe which are partly Greek and partly Turkish, are in a state of ferment in consequence of the threatened rupture between Russia and Turkey.

Under the influence of Russian emissaries, members of the Greek church, these Pashalies have betrayed serious intention of taking advantage of the present opportunity to get up a revolt.

Great activity prevails in sending couriers to and from the principal parts of Europe, but the firmness in the public funds allays any apprehension of serious results.

A Paris correspondent of the London Times says that a note has been addressed by the English government to its ambassador at St. Petersburg on the subject of Turkish affairs, couched in firm and moderate terms, and contains nothing calculated to wound the sensibilities of Nicholas, but announces its determination to support the Porte against any exigencies that would compromise the dignity of an independent sovereign. Lord Palmerston likewise sent the proper instructions to Sir Stratford Canning, and placed the Mediterranean fleet at his disposal.

France has imputed England in this respect, and a perfect unanimity exists between the two powers.

The statement that Gorgey had been shot is contradicted. The news from other parts of Europe is not important.

**Cotton has again advanced.**—On the 13th instant the market at Liverpool was much excited, and spinners and speculators were purchasing largely. The cotton market was also extremely animated at Havre.

The grain market was firm, and the London money market was easy.

#### IN FOR IT—HOW TO GET OUT OF IT.

Once on a time there was a gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle.

It was a very fine elephant, and very cheap at the price the gentleman paid for his chance. But the gentleman had no place to put it in. Nobody would take it off his hands.

He couldn't afford to feed it.

He was afraid of the law if he turned it loose into the streets.

He was too humane to let it starve.

He was afraid to shoot it.

In short, he was in a perplexity very natural to a gentleman with moderate means, a small house, common feelings of humanity—and an elephant.

France has won her elephant at Rome.

She has brought back her Pope.

She is at her wit's end what to do with him.

She can't abet the Pope and the Cardinals, because she interfered in the cause of liberty.

She can't abet the Republicans, because she interfered in the cause of the Pope and the Cardinals.

She can't act with Austria, because Austria is absolutist.

She can't act against Austria, because France is conservative and peaceful.

She can't continue her army in Rome, because it is not treated with respect.

She can't withdraw her army from Rome, because that would be to stultify herself.

She can't go forward, because she insisted on the Roman people going backward.

She can't go backward, because the French people insist on her going forward.

She can't choose the wrong, because the public opinion forces her to the right.

She can't choose the right, because her own dishonesty has forced her to the wrong.

In one word, she is on the horns of a dilemma, and the more she twists, the more sharply she feels the points on which she is impaled, like a cockchafer in a cabinet, for the inspection of the curious in the lighter and more whirring species of political etymology.

Poor France—will nobody take her precious bargain off her hands? Rome is her bottle-inn. She bought it dear enough, but can't get rid of it "at any price"—Punch.

**The Press!**—Give me, said Sheridan in one of his speeches, but the freedom of the Press, and you may have corrupt Kings, Ministers and Statesmen, yet will the liberties of the people be secured.

Those who conduct a newspaper, should not abuse this power, nor forget the respect due to all, as men and citizens. He should grant to them, in whatever capacity; all that he himself would require, and nothing more can be demanded.

What singularly diverse effects "the Spoils" have upon the two parties. A Locofoco will go his death for the party that gives offices and honors to himself or his friends. Whigs, on the contrary, who get office, at once become lukewarm. It is only those who get little or nothing who maintain their integrity.—*Pay. Obs.*

#### General Intelligence.

**A Tragedy.**—We learn, says the Danville Register, that a man named Bowen, residing in the neighborhood of Berger's Store in this county, was killed a few days ago in an attempt to resist with fire arms the officers of the law who had been directed to take him in custody for the commission of a high misdemeanor.

It appears that on Monday last Bowen attempted to kill his wife, by shooting at her with a rifle, through a window at the residence of his father-in-law, and bidding defiance to the laws of the land, swore that he should not be taken alive. Representation of the fact being made to the Circuit Superior Court now sitting for this county, his honor Judge Taliaferro issued orders for the immediate arrest of the outlaw; and the sheriff summoned several persons to assist him in executing the Judge's order, who armed themselves for the encounter which was anticipated with the desperado. Accordingly, on arriving at Bowen's house, he confronted them in the yard with his rifle and revolvers, the former of which after a short party with them, he leveled at one of the party, who dropped from his horse at the instant and thereby saved himself, as the ball aimed for him rarely grazed the top of the horse's head. Bowen then advanced on the crowd with a revolver, when finding they must either run or fight for their lives, a volley of pistols and musketry were discharged at him which brought him to the ground a dead man.

**The Round Islanders.**—The last remnant of the Round Island expedition was, at its own request, removed on the 11th inst, by passed midshipman Dyer, and landed at Pascagoula. Forty of them immediately left for New Orleans, and the rest, some twenty-five in number, for Mobile. It has been a matter of speculation for some time what country the Round Islanders were to conquer. Mr. Griffith H. Williams, sergeant major of the late regiment on Round Island, informs the editor of the *St. Louis Union* that their ultimate destination was the Island of Cuba. The men were to have been shipped to the Island of Lopez to be drilled and armed.

The expedition had been in contemplation for many years, and the funds for its support had been accumulated by annual donations from the planters of Cuba, and were deposited in New York, subject to the order of General Lopez, the general manager of the expedition. Its object was the establishment of a Republican Government in Cuba. For the present the expedition has been abandoned, but Colonels White and Biscoe, the leaders, entertained no doubt as to its ultimate success.

**Personal Rencontre.**—On Monday night between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, P. M. or about that time, Messrs. Barringer and Caldwell met under Sadler's portico in this place, when a rencontre took place between them. Four pistol shots passed from Major Caldwell, we learn, which were wasted off by Mr. Barringer, with the exception of one, who entered and came out of the fleshy part of his left leg below the knee, doing only slight injury. Mr. Barringer did not draw his pistol before they were engaged. We only make such a statement as rumor seems generally to sustain, not being present ourselves, nor desirous now of advancing any comment.

Major Caldwell gave himself up to the authorities, and has given bail for his appearance at the present term of the County Court.—*Charlotte Hornet's Nest.*

**The National Common School Convention.** recently held at Philadelphia, adjourned sine die last Friday. Several topics were referred to able committees to be reported upon at the next annual meeting in that city, the 4th Wednesday in August, 1850. Fourteen States, besides Canada, were represented by about 200 delegates. A resolution was passed by acclamation, acknowledging the highly important service rendered by the Hon. Horace Mann, both at his post in Massachusetts, and as President of the Convention.

Prof. Henry, of Washington, was first vice President. The speakers all gave great credit to the employment of female teachers, complaining of the compensation allowed them, and a resolution by Bishop Potter, urging these claims, was adopted.

**Sulphur Springs, Buncombe County.**—During the late season, the number of Boarders at this fashionable place of resort has been, Adults 647, Children 55, Servants 153, Horses 375. Of the Adults, 541 were from South Carolina, 57 from North Carolina, 32 from Georgia, 10 from Alabama, &c.

When we get the Plank Road, and Central Rail Road, to Salisbury, and the Turnpike thence to Asheville, there will be need of a few more Hotels in that far off region. We know many who would like to go to our own mountains instead of the Virginia Springs, Saratoga, &c., if it were not for the difficulty of the route.

**The Eureka.**—The bark Eureka, which sailed from Cleveland, Ohio, bound for San Francisco, but proved too large for the locks of the Welland Canal, was cut away so as to pass through, and she accomplished her voyage down the St. Lawrence in safety. On Thursday the 18th, she cleared at the Montreal Custom House, with her valuable cargo and thirty-eight passengers. This is the first American merchant vessel that ever sailed below Montreal, and she was allowed to do so by special authority from England.

**American Tract Society.**—The receipts of this Society in September were \$25,218. Since the 1st of April the receipts have been \$126,145, and for the same period the issues were 18,734, 164 pages, including, we presume, volumes as well as tracts. An auxiliary tract society has been established in Oregon, and has applied for \$1500 worth of tracts, remitting at the same time \$100 for publications. The mission at the Sandwich Islands requests an appropriation of \$2000. A colporteur sailed in the ship Mechanics Own for California.

**Lime.**—An excellent quality of Lime is furnished at a Kilo 12 miles from Asheville, Buncombe county, at only nine cents a bushel. The limestone lies on and just beneath the surface of the ground. What a fine opportunity for the farmers of the good old State of Buncombe to enrich their lands.

**Mammoth Cheese.**—There is a Mammoth Cheese exhibiting at the Agricultural Fair in New York, made from one day's milk of 600 Cows, by A. E. Austin, Ashabula county, Ohio. It weighs 2,000 pounds, and cost \$250, at the rate of seventeen cents per pound, and is undoubtedly the largest in the world.

In speaking of General Taylor's proclamation forbidding the invasion of Cuba from the United States, the European Times says:

"We are glad to find that President Taylor is not disposed to sanction a mighty act of spoliation, to be committed by a band of mercenary and unprincipled adventurers. Throughout the whole of these doings, it is carefully kept out of view that a specific treaty exists, to which France, Spain, England and the United States are parties, by which the dependency of Cuba to the mother country of Spain is especially guaranteed."

**Pennsylvania Election.**—The official vote in Pennsylvania for Canal Commissioner is as follows: Gimble, (Dem.) 146,771; Fuller, (Whig) 134,265; Cleaver, (Native) 3,693. Majority for John A. Gimble (Dem.) over Fuller, (Whig) 12,506. There were 85,000 less votes polled than there were at the Presidential election; the falling off in the Democrat vote was 25,895, and the Whig vote 41,848. The Democrats will have a majority of 20 on joint ballot in the Legislature—1 in the Senate and 19 in the House.

**Manumission of Slaves.**—The New York Colonization Society having succeeded in securing the fund proposed last winter, (\$6000) for the passage to Liberia of the Ross slaves, have offered to the American Colonization Society to defray the expense of the passage of another lot of slaves, one hundred and fifty in number, lately emancipated in Darien, Georgia. The estimated sum, in addition to what the late owner of the slaves, Major Wood, appropriated, is about \$3000, or twenty dollars for each one of them.

**Senator Benton** addressed an immense mass meeting at St. Louis, last Friday evening, on the subject of his instructions from the Legislature. He refused to answer questions respectfully put, in relation to his future action in Congress on the subject of slavery. Another large meeting, held in the rounds, passed resolutions strongly condemnatory of Mr. Benton. Much disorder prevailed, and the police were called in, there being quite a disturbance.

**The Colonization Society.**—The American Colonization Society has been applied for to a passage to Liberia, on the next vessel, for sixty slaves; now residing near Murfreesboro', North Carolina, who enjoy, by the will of their late owner, the privilege of emigrating to Liberia, if the Society can pay their expenses. It will require \$3000 to do this, and the Secretary of the Society has issued an earnest appeal for contributions to that amount. He desires to secure it within thirty days.

**A Long Canal.**—The American Railroad Journal states that the Wabash and Erie Canal, when finished to the Ohio River, will be three hundred and seventy-five miles in length, in Indiana, and including the eastern end of it, which lies in the State of Ohio, will be four hundred and fifty-nine miles in length from Toledo to Evansville, the longest canal in the United States. It is nearly one hundred miles longer than the great New York and Erie canal.

**Poetry and Prose.**—All of our readers have heard of Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Conn., one of the first female Poets of our country. We observe that she has received two premiums from the Hartford County Agricultural Society—not for the best Poems, but for the best pairs of Silk and Linen Stockings, of her own knitting! Her daughter also received a premium for the best Bead Bag, of her own handy-work.

**Tunnel through the Blue Ridge.**—The contract for this great work (4260 feet in length) was awarded by the Board of Public Works on Saturday last to Messrs. John Rutter & Co., of the State of New York, they being the lowest bidder for the same. Those gentlemen produced the most ample testimonials of the energy, skill, faithfulness and punctuality with which they have executed other important Tunnels in the United States.—*Rich. Eng.*

**Next Congress.**—The house will be so tied up by factions that it cannot proceed very rapidly in business. It is not difficult, in advance, to estimate the whole amount of important business that will be done. It is safe to say that no act tending to strengthen or weaken any party system can become a law. There will probably be a concurrence, of all parties in a liberal system of harbor improvements the promotion of internal navigation.

**The Indigo Plant in South Carolina.**—The South Carolinian, noticing a statement that the Indigo Plant, a native of that State, is no longer raised, says this is a great mistake, the supply increasing rather than diminishing. More attention, probably, is given to its cultivation now than for some years past. In every inland town in the State, and in every country store, there can be found a regular supply of South Carolina Indigo.

**Slaves in Different Countries.**—The following is said to be a correct estimate of the Slaves in the following countries; to wit:

United States,	3,095,000
Spanish Colonies,	900,000
South American Republics,	1,400,000
Brazil,	3,250,000
Dutch Colonies,	85,000
African Settlements,	30,000
Total number of slaves,	7,500,000.

**Good Pickings for the Lawyers.**—The Asheville Messenger mentions that on the Docket of Buncombe Superior Court, at its late Term, there were 197 Civil, and over 60 State Cases. Judge Ellis succeeded up to 11 o'clock on Saturday night, in disposing of about 90 of the former, and nearly all of the latter, including one case of manslaughter, one of rape and two of grand larceny, all of which met with appropriate sentences.

**Rome.**—A letter from Rome, of the 21st ult., states that the Papal manifesto and amnesty were posted up a second time in Rome on that day, and that they were defiled with mud, and in several places with blood. The Cardinals dared not show themselves in the streets, notwithstanding the presence of the French troops.

**Canada.**—The Copper Protest.—The friends of British connection have got up a protest as a set-off to the annexation memorial. It has six hundred signatures. A few of the signers are respectable names. The rest are unknown, or dependent on the Government.

**Increase of Steamships.**—There are now under construction at New York, and fast advancing towards completion, twelve steam vessels of whose combined tonnage is 18,800 tons. Of these, five are steamers of 3000 tons each.