ODDS AND ENDS.

A Plausible Remedy.—A gentlemen in Alabama, in exerting himself one day, felt a sudden pain and fearing his machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation, who made some pretensions to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro, having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who on arriving, inquired of the negro what medicine he had given his master. Bob promptly responded—"rosin and slum, sir?" "What did you give them for?" continued the doctor. "Why," replied Bob, "de slum to draw the parts togedder, and de rosin to sodder um." The patient eventually recovered.

The English People.—The following is from R. G. Scott, of Richmond, Va., our consul to Rio Janeiro. He is on his way to Rio, via Liverpool:

England is, indeed, a nation of mourning. Many of her best officers—men highly distinguished and honored at home—have fallen in the bloody strife. On visiting the churches, one will perceive more than half the congregation clad in black. There is however, a general feeling of deep approbation of the war among all classes, and a cheerful readiness to submit to any privation for its energetic prosecution.

The more I see of the English people—the real people—the better I am pleased with them. From my means of observing them, I am sure there is with the masses, and especially with the middle classes, the very kindest sympathy for those whom they soon fond to call their cousins across the water. In all public places, in their railway carriages, in all my intercourse with the people and their officials, I assure you I have seen and met with nothing but the greatest kindness, civility and politeness. Stranger as I am, and seeking no notoriety here of any sort, I have moved along for nearly two months a mere observer of things around me, and have seen none of that rudeness of which some of my countrymen complain. Every one seems to have wished to oblige us, and make our stay and travel agreeable. But farewell; I am yours, very truly and cordially,

R. G. S.

Deciding a Duel.—The eccentric H. H. Brackenridge, one of the Judges of the superior Court of Pennsylvania, when a young man, was challenged to fight a duel with an English officer, whom he answered as follows:

"I have two objections to this duel matter, the one is, lest I should hurt you; the other is lest you should hurt me. I don't see any good it would be to put a ball through your body. I can make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed upon the flesh of men. Why, then, shoot down a human creature, of whom I could make no use? A buffalo would make better meat, for though your flesh might be delicate and tender, yet it wants the firmness and consistency which take and retain salt. At any rate, it would not do for a long sea voyage. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or opossum; people are not in the habit of barbacueing any thing human now.—And as to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than a two year old colt! So much for you. As to myself, I do not like to stand in the way of anything that is hurtfull. I am under the impression that you might hit me. This being the case I think it most advisable to stay in the distance. If you mean to try your pistol, take some object, a tree or a barndoor about my dimensions. If you hit that send me word, and I will acknowledge that if I had been in the same place you might also have hit me."

Spirit of the Times.

The Boston Herald, in the absence of more important employment, has been figuring in chronology. Here is the result of its first effort, given after an investigation of Second Chronicles, 20th, 21st, and 22d verses:

Jehoram's reign began when he
Was thirty-two years old:
He reigned but eight, then died, as we
In Chronicles are told.

His youngest son named Ahaziah,
Then forty-two, succeeded:
Being two years older than his sire,
A fact which few have heeded.

Worth Knowing—The application of towels, wrung out in hot water, to the forehead and temples, is a speedy and efficacious remedy for headache arising from neuralgic affections.

Spirit of Prayer.—It is distressing to hear long desultory and cold prayers. They evince that the sacrifice is from a dead heart, and that the lips are not touched with a live coal from the altar of God. When prayers are short, specific and warm, we have evidence that a revival has begun. It has begun where it should be, in the hearts of Christians. Each worshipper comes to the meeting with an errand to the throne of grace; and he pleads it earnestly, being full of faith and the Holy Ghost. If he pray aloud, he supplicates for the thing he came for, and he entreats for it with filial, fervent and importunate desire, and then he stops. O Christian! do you feel for dying sinners? Do you feel for the cause of Christ? Then pray; wrestle in prayer; besiege the throne of grace; take no denial; say with Jacob, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." What an example we have in Moses, in Abraham, in Hannah, in Elijah, in all the Old Testament saints; and especially in Jesus.

WEEDS.—If every farmer will look over his land he will find that the list of really troublesome weeds is quite small, although there are thousands of species of different plants, which might all become weeds. Why are they not all so? Simply because they have *no seed in the soil*. In some parts of the world our weeds are entirely unknown. Why?—they have not the seed. Now if other countries have not our weeds, should we have them, if we were only to rid ourselves of the seed? If only one fortieth of our plants had been suffered to get in and drop their seed, and become troublesome weeds, why should we keep out thirty-nine fortieths, and let the other fraction overrun us? In China and in some parts of Flanders, the fields are entirely free from weeds—the result of long continued, cleanly cultivation. If the French are not troubled with our red-root why should we not feel the same exemption? If the English are unacquainted with our cess, why cannot we enjoy the same privilege?

If a single county in Pennsylvania has never raised a plant of the Canada thistle, why may not all the counties in the Union become equally free? They may if they will only remember the aphorism, that 'the price of freedom is eternal vigilance.'—*Country Gentleman.*

Praising God by Steam.—The bellows of the great organ in Tremont Temple, Boston, is soon to be worked by steam. So we Yankees are going to be relieved of the work of praising God. We have not even to turn a crank to grind out our praise, but invoke the aid of steam power. What would Fulton say could he look into the Temple, and see that the veritable steam which propelled his boat up the north river is employed to drive an organ in praise of God! The time is not far distant when we shall have miniature organs attached to tea-kettles, and boil tea to the tune of Yankee Doodle.—*Waterbury Democrat.*

AMERICANS AS LINGUISTS.—In an interesting article in the Electic Review, on American travellers in Europe, a writer speaks in the following complimentary terms of the particular faculty of our countrymen for acquiring languages:

"The Americans have peculiar aptitude for foreign travel. They are excellent linguists. It is even said that they learn French more easily, and speak it better than any foreigners in France. Their knowledge of Spanish and German surpasses ours; and numerous distinguished foreigners, not British, have long been naturalized among them—the Benezetes, the Galatins, the Agassiz, the Audubons, the Girards, and the Sillimans, the family of our author. The check-work of which all nations consist, more or less—and of which ours is a famous example, as Defoe shows in his "True Briton"—is more visible and more audibly social check work in the United States than elsewhere. Whilst the great substratum is our 'Britto-Romo-Saxo-Dano-Norman English,' there will be found superadded whole districts of pure German and French, and Spanish, with strong Dutch and Swedish traditions. American translations of eminent foreign books of jurisprudence and philosophy ought to be better known in England."

Inkermann, or the city of Caverns, stands on the great bay of Akhar, and was built by the Russians about the year 1790. The bay was called Sebastopol by the Russians during the reign of Catharine II, whence the name of the strong fort besieged by the Allies. The great harbor of Inkermann, said to resemble that of Malta, is one of the finest in the world. It has a depth of from twenty-one to seventy feet, in which the largest vessels can ride at a cable's length from the shore. The old town of Inkermann stood on the north of the harbor, but there are scarcely any vestiges of it remaining. The country surrounding Inkermann is the wonder of travellers. Here is truly a city of caverns, for the white rocks that overlook the bay of Akbar (white rocks) are full of excavations of a most extraordinary character. They consist of chambers, with Gothic windows, cut out of the solid stone. Near the harbor the rocks are hewn into chapels, monasteries and sepulchres. They are considered by some authorities to have been the retreats of christians in the early ages. There are several Grecian antiquities in the neighborhood of the ruined town, which travellers have endeavored to perpetuate and antiquaries to restore, but the Russians have made sad havoc of these splendid remains.

"AN INCIDENT—NOT IN THE BILLS.—As Mr. G. V. Brooke, in recently performing the character of Richard the Third, at the Liverpool Amphitheatre, fell upon the stage at the close of the fifth act, struck down by the sword of Richmond, the moment of breathless silence which followed was suddenly broken by a voice from the gallery, shouting in tones of encouraging suggestion to Mr. Milliers, who played the part of conqueror: "Now's your time, old chap; off with his boots!"

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

On Wednesday, at four o'clock, P. M., Wm. Wheeler, "the celebrated Western Walker," commenced the task of walking one hundred and one consecutive hours, and, inasmuch as it was alledged that a similar feat was not fairly accomplished, particular pains were taken by those interested that there might be no humbug in the present instance. The first night was passed very comfortably, and during the next night and day he evinced no signs of fatigue. On Friday he appeared to feel the effects of a lack of rest, and his limbs commenced swelling. He was watched closely that night, and at times his mind wandered, and he was unconscious of anything going on near him. The next day, (Saturday,) he recovered his wonted vigor, and, with the encouragement of his friends near by, seemed quite fresh. His limbs, too, which bore evidence of his endurance, improved in appearance, and the approach of last night was met with much confidence by himself and others.

He continued to walk, but with much difficulty. His constitution required all the stimulus that consistent with his safety could be given. He became delirious, and had to be guarded to prevent him leaving the plank, and if possible, the room. On Sunday morning the swelling commenced again, and the day passed tediously.—Large crowds visited him, which did much to cheer him on. In the evening the audience became literally packed, and at one time it was seriously proposed clearing the room for the purpose of giving the pedestrian air. At 9 o'clock and 9 minutes, it was announced by Dr. Rowell, his physician, that his time was up. He left the plank, and walked through the crowd with perfect composure. Three cheers were given for him, which were duly acknowledged.

This proved that he was perfectly sensible, and which, under the circumstances, was looked upon as a strange occurrence. A carriage being in waiting, he entered it, and immediately fell into a sound slumber. On arriving at the destination of the vehicle, he awoke, and, after partaking of such nourishment as was provided for him, retired to bed. The only food or drink allowed him during the time of this extraordinary performance was beef tea, (very strong,) raw eggs, brandy and wine. This is the greatest feat of the kind on record.—*San Francisco paper.*

THE ECHO.

A little boy, whose name was George, as yet knew nothing of the echo. On one occasion, when left alone in the meadow, he cried out loudly, O! O! when he was directly answered from the hill close by, O! O! Surprised to hear a voice without seeing any person, he cried out loudly, "Who are you?" The voice replied, "Who are you?" He then screamed out, "You are a silly fellow," and "silly fellow" was answered from the hill.

This only made George more angry, and he went on calling the person, whom he thought he heard, nicknames, which were all repeated exactly as he uttered them. He then went to look for the boy, in order to strike him, but he could find no one.

So he ran home and told his mother an impudent fellow had hid himself behind the trees on the hill, and called him nicknames. Having explained to his mother what had taken place, she said to him:

"George, my boy, you have deceived yourself. You have heard nothing but the echo of your own words; if you had called out a civil word towards the hill, a civil word would have been given back in return."

"So it is," said the mother, "in life, with boys and girls, men and women. A good word generally produces a good word, or as the wise man said, 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.'—If we smile on the world the world will smile upon us; if we give frowns, we shall have frowns in return. If we are uncivil or unkind towards others, we cannot expect anything better from them in payment.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Very Convenient.—Many of the new houses in New York are so high and narrow, four houses on three lots, that an arrangement similar to dumb waiters has been introduced for hoisting people to the upper stories.

Sublime and Beautiful.—A western editor, in speaking of a concert singer, says her voice is delicious—pure as the moonlight, and as tender as a three-shilling shirt.

The following is about the sum total of the statement of the broken Lewis County Bank:—

Capital	$100,000
Profits	11,[illegible]
Circulation	125,[illegible]
Total liabilities	$[illegible],972
RESOURCES.	
Specie	$[illegible]-2
Desks and old stools	100
Debts—good	none
Do. doubtful	none
Do. bad	225,[illegible]

Journal of Commerce.

Carrots for Horses.—The English stable keepers are beginning to find that these vegetables form a cheap and nutritious food to mix with grain for their horses. It is better to give a working horse a peck of carrots and four quarts of oats or corn meal a day, than to give him six quarts of meal.

Aunt Kezy was dividing a mince pie among the boys; when Jim who had wickedly pulled the cat's tail, asked for his share, the dame replied, "No, Jim, you are a wicked boy, and the Bible says there is no *piece* for the wicked."

Mc Cracken has two reasons for not going to the theatre; when there is poor acting he don't want to go, and when there is good acting the house is so crowded that the only part of his person that can get a glimpse of the stage is his nose—the very part that can't tell Hamlet from a bass viol. His reasons are good.

Unlucky Numbers—Some people, in very high quarters, it is said, have an objection to thirteen at dinner. Dr. Kichener happened to be one of the company of that number, at Dr. Henderson's, and on its being remarked and pronounced unlucky, he said, "I admit that it is unlucky in one case." "What is that?" "When there is only dinner enough for twelve."

A Favorite.—One young lady in Albany, N. Y., received 480 calls on New Year's Day, not counting four military companies, one fire company, a host of poor relatives, and a call to bed by her mamma at 12 o' clock at night.

An Exchange says our Junior partner returned a pair of pants to his tailor last week, because they were too small in the legs. But you told me to make them tight as your skin,' said the tailor. 'True', quoted colleague, 'for I can sit down in my skin, but I'll be split if I can in those pants!' The tailor caved in.

It seems paradoxical, but nevertheless true, that the latest intelligence always consists of the earliest news.

Many persons are now anxiously examining the maps to find the 'seat of war.' Fubbs says he found it last summer without a map. The discovery was made by sitting down upon a yelow wasps' nest in a hay field.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Argus.

MESSRS. EDITOR:—Being present at an examination of one of the Common Schools of Moore county a few days ago, I am proud to state that the students conducted themselves admirably well. After the close of the examination Sylvanus Barnett, Esq., addressed the audience in a speech of an hour and a half in length, on the cause of Common Schools; after which Mr. H. B. Stutts being called upon arose and, in a few brief, but very appropriate remarks complimented the great and glorious cause of Education. I can truly say it is nothing gives me more pleasure than to see the cause of Education taken up in the counties of Moore and Cumberland. A SPECTATOR.

For the Argus.

MOUNT VERNON.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—My object in writing to you is to make the inquiry, what is to be done with the money which has been contributed for the purchase of Mount Vernon? When the announcement was made that the proprietor declined to part with the estate in the mode contemplated by the ladies of the United States, I expected that we would be as publicly told what was next to be done. But I have looked in vain for the information. If any directions have been given they have escaped my notice. My wife was appointed a "*presiding Lady*" for one of the counties in North Carolina, and she immediately after her appointment, proceeded, (with my approbation,) to call on all the ladies within her reach, and also to engage the assistance of other ladies in the county, and various subscription papers were circulated, and, like the hens, which, "some laid eggs and some laid none," these papers met with various success. Some got money and some got none. Every body thought that the only thing which remained to be done was to get the amount required, which we understood was $300,000, that is $200,000 for the property and $100,000 to be judiciously expended on the estate after it was secured.

Unfortunately the ladies in this part of the country have a great preponderance of the dove in their constitutions, and little or none of the serpent. That is, they are confiding, artless, and innocent. So when it was suggested to them that they might now have a chance of showing their patriotism and their veneration for the name of Washington by only paying a dollar, they never stopped to enquire about the title, or practicability of the enterprise, but they went to work with that earnestness for which they are every where remarkable, and which very few persons know exactly how to resist. It was supposed by some that the preliminary arrangements would have been made before the collection commenced.

You ask me why I did not inquire into this before, so as to put them on their guard? Sir, I have already intimated to you that I am a married man, and I have been for some time. I therefore have learned long since not to meddle with matters with which the ladies are exclusively interested. I know the consequences.

"The prudent man forseeth," &c., I only mean to say that I have uniformly found that when a man interferes with or makes impertinent inquiries about the ladies' concerns he is very apt to do more harm than good. The ladies will not listen to you until they get themselves tangled, and then—but I am getting off the subject.

Now I have been appealed to by a deputation of the fairest and most eloquent of this fair and eloquent order for counsel and comfort in their dilemma. And the trying question, "What shall we do with all this money?" has been gravely propounded to me. What do you think I said in answer to this unanswerable interrogatory? I'll tell you what I said, and see if you do not agree with me. I said to the lovely querists "What do *you* think ought to be done with it?" You understand there were many ladies present. It seemed as if the floodgates of musical eloquence had been suddenly opened. "Let's build a church," "Let's give it to the poor," "Let's give it to the Missionary Society," "Let's send it to the Seaman's friend," "Oh yes," "Oh no," "It aint enough," "It is a greatest plenty," "It will only cost," "I'll tell you what" "It ought to be applied to some national object." "Let's build a little monument on Capital Square." "Oh yes, a little bit of a one," "That is it." "But we haven't the right." It is our own money," "Oh no it aint our money." "I'll be switched," "Oh Miss Sarah," "Why Julia," "Come, Mrs. Jones, don't." In the midst of the noise and confusion I retired, and came to the conclusion to ask your advice, which if you will give, you will greatly assist and relieve an ardent admirer of the female sex and the husband of

A PRESIDING LADY.

North Carolina Argus.

FAYETTEVILLE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1855.

"The will of the people is the source, and the happiness of the people the end, of all legitimate government upon earth."

☞ We respectfully call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Johnson, Arey, & Co., to be found in another column, and bespeak for them a full house.

NEWS.—Under the head, "General News of the Week," will be found a general summary of news from all quarters. We intend to pay particular attention to this head; and after the perfection of some arrangements we intend making, we will stand second to no paper in the State in this department.

January 15th, 1855.

MR. CAMERON, SIR:—I want you to discontinue your paper to me, after my subscription year is out, for I cannot get them; the Post Masters are very careless some where. Yours Respectfully,

We publish the above, just as it came to us, except the signature, &c., for the benefit of all whom it may concern; though we must say, all the benefit we receive from it, is not much. We would further remark, that letters similar to the above are far too common, as doubtless every publisher in town could testify. It is really provoking that publishers should lose subscribers through the inattention of post masters.

In another column will be found the communication from our partisan, "[illegible]." As the case of his fair clients embraces very nice points, we crave some time for consideration and deliberation before giving an opinion.

The Raleigh Standard is down upon the Know Nothings for being in league with the abolitionists to undermine slavery; while Greely of the Trybune is down on them equally as bad for leaguing with the slaveholders of the South to defeat the Abolitionists. Both of these papers cannot be correct.

The Standard also accuses the Whigs and Know Nothings of being about one and the same party; yet, if we believe our exchanges, the Know Nothings are making clean sweeps where Democracy used to be most triumphant. How is this, if there are no Democrats in the Know Nothing ranks?

In another column will be found the annual publication of the Board of Common Schools of Cumberland county. We are glad to learn that there is a gradual improvement in the working of the system, and that the teachers, as a class, are increasing in respectability and efficiency.

We acknowledge the receipt of a pamphlet copy of a Report of the Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum of North Carolina, to the Board of Commissioners, November, 1854. Printed by W. W. Holden, State Printer, Raleigh.

The Bill to incorporate the Chatham Railroad Company provides a capital of $800,000. The road to be built from the Coal Fields on Deep River, to some point on the N. C. Road west of Raleigh. The Company is to be formed when $300,000 are subscribed, and $5 a share paid.

The last Raleigh Spirit of the Age relates a tale of duplicity and rascality which is well calculated to make man blush for his species. It seems that on September 13, 1848, a Doctor A. B Vaughan married Miss Jane R., second daughter of Dr. W. W. Gray, of [illegible]. Last Summer Dr. Vaughan went to Washington City, where he lived in fine style, driving the most fashionable turnout in that fashionable metropolis. He formed an acquaintance with a lovely young [illegible] October they were married. His first wife and family, whom he deserted and slandered, are now living in Raleigh; and he is in the jail of Delaware county, N. Y., awaiting his trial on the charge of bigamy.

Comment is unnecessary. Any one can conjecture how both his victims must feel.

The Fredericksburg News speaks highly of a reply, in the December number of Putnam's Magazine, to a miserable attack upon the South in the September number, from the pen of Parke Goodwin, Esq. The author of the able vindication of the South is Beverly R. Vellford, Jr., Esq., a young lawyer of fine promise, who has recently removed from Fredericksburg to Richmond.

We have read the reply spoken of above, and can say that it is a very well written article, and ought to silence abolitionists.

Once for all, however, we take leave to express the opinion, that the so-called Know-Nothing or American party, is one of the dullest foes which Democracy ever had to encounter.—*Raleigh Standard.*

So, it's out at last, brother Holden; you oppose Know Nothings, because *they* oppose the Democrats, and not because you have the most minute particle of sympathy for foreigners, *except to get their votes for your party.*

Hon. Pierre Soule, has resigned his office as Minister to Spain, and Hon. John C. Breckenridge, of Ky., is appointed in his place. It is a great pity this had not taken place long ago.

SWISS BELL RINGERS.

We have been to see the Bell Ringers; and very good music they make; and a set of right gentlemanly fellows they are. Mr. Brewis is one of the best ballad singers we have heard in a long time. The Ringers had a large, and very respectable audience in Fayetteville; the fairer portion of creation especially, showing to great advantage; and seldom have we seen such an array of lovely faces so closely packed together.

Independent of the singing and bell ringing, the audience were highly amused, if not delighted, by the performance of Sig. Pittini on an instrument which is composed of a small wheel barrow load of light-wood, something less than a wagon load of straw, and which is called a name that might break a four horse waggon to carry the types it would take to print it, and the jaws of a Dutchman to pronounce it. If any of our readers can give it its proper sound, it is more than we can do. Here it is:—Trondue amphilipin di trasimomento. On this instrument of wood and straw the above named gentleman performs with two sticks in such a way as to make passably good music, and to put to the blush an army of wood peckers drumming after worms among the dead trees in a forest.

Talking about music, we have some notion of getting out a patent for an insention which we claim as our own; however, if any one else proves a prior right to it, we will cheerfully give it up. But to show that we are actuated by a liberal spirit, we will make public our invention, even before we secure a patent right, in the hope that some of our musical friends may suggest some improvement in the same. Here it is:—Take, say 30 specimens of the genus swine, from the very smallest infantile pig, up through all the gradations to the largest bacon hog. Arange them all in a row in a large box, with their tails sticking out through auger holes. Fix a pair of pincers to each tail, in such a manner as that by the touch of a key, fixed something like that of a piano, the pincers will close on the caudle appendage of the instrument. Now having everything thus arranged, let the performer touch the keys to suit the music he may want to play, and we think a perfect flood of vocal melody might be produced:—a very blending together of the mechanical and vocal. Of course it is understood the little pigs will make the treble, and the larger ones the bass notes. Will some one who has more hogs and corn to feed them than we have, construct such an instrument, give it a fair trial, and send us a history of the experiment.

NORTH CAROLINA IMPROVEMENTS.

The spirit with which the State of North Carolina has entered upon the business of internal improvements has been the subject of frequent remark. Every day develops some new advantages to be derived, and the steady old State is moving onward with a vigor and an earnestness that must soon produce great results.

We noticed not long ago a report of the eminent State Engineer, Walter Gwynn, esq., upon a survey made by him of what is called the Atlantic Railroad, from Goldsborough to Beaufort, a distance of about ninety-six miles. Beaufort will be a port of great importance if the trade of the back country be once thrown into it, and that this is likely to be the result can scarcely be doubted.

The above is from that excellent paper, the Daily South Carolinian, and shows what some of our neighbors think of us and our improvements.

As our contemporary observes, every day develops some new advantages; and we hope the steady old State will *keep* moving onward with the degree of vigor and earnestness alluded to above.

No one who has never lived in, or at least traveled through, Western North Carolina can form the least idea of the rich and beautiful region that is at present comparatively shut out from market. With a mild and genial climate in Winter, the region alluded to is blessed with a clear and bracing atmosphere in Summer, and altogether is one of the healthiest and most pleasant places on top of the globe. And to this that her soil is fertile, that a great part of it is literally filled with the most valuable minerals, and that it can be purchased very cheap, and it will at once be seen that there are very few spots in the world possessing so many natural advantages as the western portion of our State.

[illegible] and the [illegible] of produce carried on them to the seaboard will astonish every one who has never seen the noble mountains and beautiful and fruitful valleys of the West. The Summer tourist also will have a chance to spend his money and his time in visiting the beauties of his own beautiful State, instead of going among the abolitionists of Saratoga, Niagara, &c., where families cannot take their servants with them, without running a great risk of losing them.

In a moral point of view the improvements of North Carolina ought to be completed as soon as possible.—Go to what region of the country you will, wherever the facilities for getting produce to market are bad, and you will find the people indolent and improvident to a certain degree. This is not the fault of the people, but the circumstances in which they are placed. What inducement has a man to raise produce, when the whole sum received for it will not pay for wagoning it to market? None. The man in this case feels disheartened, and barely raises enough to keep soul and body together. He sells little or nothing, and has no money either to pay for the education of his children, or to purchase books and periodicals for the improvement of his own mind. Thus we almost invariably find communities that are deprived of easy access to market, not only lacking the physical comforts of life, but also in a very backward state of mental cultivation.

Now man is so constituted that he must have either healthy and useful employment or unhealthy and pernicious excitement. If he cannot be profitably employed the chances are that he will fall into all the bad habits naturally engendered by a life of idleness.

Place a good market within reach of the same man—let him see that he can accumulate money by the proper cultivation of his land, and see how quickly his very nature will change. He will become an energetic and a useful citizen, and will soon get money enough to surround himself with comforts and give his children the benefit of an education, thus preparing them to become much more useful citizens than children brought up in ignorance could be.

But there is another point of view in which a thorough system of improvements would benefit the most [illegible] a [illegible] which [illegible] seldom omitted by writers and speakers on the subject. We have frequently heard temperance lecturers proclaim that in almost every ravine and mountain gorge of Western North Carolina you will find a still house and an apple mill, placed there for the purpose of turning the healthy grains and fruits of the earth into a maddening and killing beverage. The fact they will tell you; but if they know the cause they keep it from the public. The cause is this:—the people in those regions where still houses abound have scarcely any other way of converting the produce of their farms and the fruits of their beautiful orchards into a marketable commodity than by distilling them into whiskey and brandy. That is the only way in which they will bear hauling to market. We are thoroughly acquainted with the mountain region of North Carolina, and know we are giving the circumstances of the case in their true light. Run improvements through those sections alluded to, so that the people can get remunerating prices for their fruits and grains in the natural and healthy state in which a kind Providence gives those products to man, and our word for it our temperance lecturers will soon quit holding up the mountain region of our State to their eastern brethren, as a land abounding in still houses and apple mills; while we of the east will get from the up-country good fruit instead of fiery brandy, and good and sound grain and flour instead of mean corn whiskey.

In this age of "progressive Democracy," when young America is trying to get in the same fix that Alexander was when he grieved because he had no more worlds to conquer, it is refreshing to see that there are some papers whose editors are bold enough to file their protest against such spirit. We make no apology therefore for copying into our columns the following extracts, which are not only conservative and healthy in their tone, but very well written.

The first is from the "Family Visitor," published at Madison, Ga.:

THE GALLIPAGOS ISLANDS, &C.

This country, in the opinion of some people, must be a most needy one. Notwithstanding our immense extent of territory at present, it is now proposed, probably by those who hope to make a speculation there, by, to purchase the Gallipagos Islands, Col. Kinney's colonization scheme in Central America and a small rock in the Mediterranean. No one, who keeps probability in view, will pretend to say what are to be the ultimate boundaries of this country. We shall certainly need New Zeland shortly as a station, "a coal depot," for our ships. Our land is *so poor* and we have so little territory unoccupied that it is supposed we ought to purchase the Gallipagos for the *guano* on them. We would like to know under what clause of the Constitution this government is to become a trader in manure! For our part, if anybody wants the trifling stuff, we are in favor of letting them buy it as a private business. Wonder if Uncle Sam intends to manure all his land. Again it seems that the faster our steamships move, the more difficult it is to reach China without having a coal-shed in the Sandwich Islands. It will be a very pretty item of expense for the nation when it is established by precedent, that the Government is to buy every island in the Pacific, which may happen to lie on the route selected by each new ship company. And we do hope that if Col. Kinney does settle in Central America with his comrades, it will be distinctly understood on all hands, that this country is not going to expend thousands of dollars to get him out of a scrape, which he is doing his best to get into. We have had enough of such fellows as Capt. Gibson, and we only wish that the Dutch had the whole tribe in close confinement in the East Indies. If the money which we annually spend in helping that class of adventurers out of their troubles, in knocking down Greytown and bandying words about a set of Hayti "niggers," was expended in improving our "home place," in giving work to our mechanics and bread to the poor, but willing laborer, we should soon hear the last of these schemes and rows and the *et ceteras*. We are in danger of breaking in two now,

from our great extension, and when we take in all the countries whose people have not sense enough to govern themselves, the simple state of the case will be, that *our* people will not have sense enough to govern themselves. We are doing our very best, now for a long time, to bring about such a state of things that nothing short of despotism will be able to govern us. He who should say that two and two make five, would not be more crazy than are those persons who seem to think that the simple act of annexation will give the annexed people the capacity of self-government.—What a glorious idea it would be to annex France, when "this uncle's nephew" receives his walking papers from that people! Not a whit more absurd than some other propositions which are seriously considered. In fact we ought rather to annex Frenchmen than Spaniards, since the former have much the greater quantity of sense; and we vastly prefer Spaniards to South sea Islanders whose principal characteristics are *taboos* and a sort of slush which they eat with a wallop of the fore finger and a smack of the lips. We suggest the purchase of Spitsbergen, which will give us an undoubted right to a monopoly of the Aurora Borealis!

The other from the N. Orleans Crescent, as follows:

ANNEXATION.

"If Uncle Sam is not now able to give us all a farm—as both the song and census assure us he is—the day is not far distant when he will be. Our limits are already found to be circumscribed and some new outlets for enterprise and an ever unsatisfied emigration are found imperative. The nation demands more territory. It is not content with what it has nor particular what it gets, so long as it gets more. The desire grew to a necessity and we annexed Florida, Louisiana, then Texas and California and New Mexico and the Mesilla Valley. These lands are not yet half populated—indeed not half known, but the leech's cry is heard demanding more saying we must have the whole continent and its appendages.

"We are trying to get Cuba—almost ready to fight for it. We are negotiating for Russian America, Samana and the Sandwich Islands. We are reported to have bought the Gallipagos Islands from Ecuador, secured ports in Japan and offered liberally for more of Mexico. Both hands are full, and all our pockets at a freshet fullness. It is not enough.

This is a peculiar disposition and a peculiar state of affairs. Rome and Spain had a similar creed but it produced their political death, because continued addition to the length of a stick weakens rather than strengthens its integrity.—Our territorial lust is inherited from Great Britain "whose morning drum beat circles the earth." Where and whither it will lead us time can only tell. It is the national destiny, or seems to be so and some yet living may see the day when no other flag than our own shall wave over North America or be at home in the Gulf of New Mexico.

Hon. Henry A. Wise is canvassing Virginia as a candidate for the Governorship of that State. His toast used to be—"The Union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union." He is now as decided a Democrat as he was then a Whig; and he is a very decided character—no half way ground in him. He is pitching into the Whigs, and giving the Know Nothings a complete pounding. But the funniest thing about it is, that he has no opponent in the field, and he is fighting imaginary foes. For our own part we would not be the least surprised if on the eve of the election, or perhaps on the very day, some fellow should be put upon the track, about whom "nobody Knows Nothin'," who would carry the State. It is an interesting canvass, and we will keep our eyes on it.

The Queen of England, on behalf of her nation, claims a continuing right in the ships Assistance, Resolute, Investigator, Pioneer, and Intrepid, which have been left in the Arctic seas by their late crews. These are the ships we believe, that approached the [illegible] of Sir John Franklin; and as nothing certain can be heard of either the man or the ships, we think her Britanic Majesty need entertain very little fear of any one meddling with her property in them.

GENERAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The House of Representatives of Illinois has passed a bill by a vote of 51 to 21, repealing all the license laws of that State.

The Philadelphia Dollar newspaper, says: A curious and very amusing scene took place last Wednesday in Third street. A flock of sheep was driven down along the railroad from Chestnut street, and when nearly opposite the Girard Bank the bell-wether started off at a tangent, and entered the gateway north of that building. Of course the whole flock followed the lead, and pretty soon the yard was entered at the rear by the entire flock. This novel run upon the bank, caused much merriment among the crowds awaiting their turn at the bank counter, and also to the claimants of interest who were besieging the City Treasurer's department.

ARTESIAN FOUNTAINS.—The Fond du Lac (Wisc.) Freeman, says:—Mr. John Dobins, of this city, who is engaged in boring Fountains, has succeeded at a depth of 60 feet, in striking one of the greatest fountains that we have heard of. It is on the premises of Mr. John B. Chaud, near the village of Taycheedah. It pours a stream sufficient to fill fifteen pails in one minute. It ran a full stream at the height of 8 feet above the surface. It pours an uninterrupted stream with great force from two 2 inch pipes, filling both to their utmost capacity. The whole cost of the fountain will not exceed $25.

SLAVEHOLDERS IN THE U. S.—According to the census, there are 847,446 holders of slaves in the United States. Among them are two who hold over a thousand each; nine who hold 750, fifty-six who hold 700; and one hundred and eighty-seven who hold 260.

Admiral Sterling of the English Fleet, has made a treaty with the Japanese, by which two of the ports of that country are opened to the trade of Great Britain.

ONE WAY OF PROVING HIS CASE.—In the County Court sitting at New Haven, Connecticut, Jesse W. Rose, being on trial for assault with intent to murder, was defended on the ground of insanity; and while Judge Blackman, the counsel for the prisoner, was examining a witness to prove the defence, Rose suddenly raised his arm, and, with a back-handed blow, knocked his own lawyer over. Such a practical demonstration of mental imbecility was conclusive upon the Court and the State's attorney, who immediately withdrew the case, and Rose was remanded to jail to be taken care of as an insane man.

A motion was made last week in the Massachusetts House of Representatives to amend the constitution of that state, so as to allow no person the privilege of voting who cannot read and write.

In relation to the Southern Commercial Convention, lately in session in New Orleans, we take the following from the Daily South Carolinian:

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 11, 1855.

The Convention to-day discussed the Pacific Railroad. Albert Pike offered similar resolutions to those advocated by him at Charleston last April.

Various resolutions in favor of Government aid to the construction of a railroad across the peninsula of Florida, and asking liberal appropriations from the States bordering on the Atlantic and the Gulf; in favor of a material modification of the tariff, recommending Southern members to vote for the repeal of all duties on Railroad iron, and in favor of a navy yard at Memphis, were referred.

The convention then adjourned.

Mayor Wood, of New York, is said to be working rigorously. The police are daily removing scores of beggars from the streets by his orders, and he keeps the liquor shops closed on Sunday.