

North Carolina Argus.

VOL. I—NO. 19.

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1859.

NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY
FENTON & DARLEY.

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"The Unrivalled Healing Salve."
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DEALER IN
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All of which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms. Please call and examine before making your purchases.
S. S. ARNOLD,
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DRY GOODS, HARDWARE AND GROCERY STORE,
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DRY GOODS,
Embracing CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DELAINES, CALICOES, SILKS, &c., &c.
Also, a fresh supply of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
And a large and well-selected stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS.
All of which I will dispose of for CASH, or on time to punctual customers.
44

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THE SUBSCRIBER ANNOUNCES THAT HE IS prepared to
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at short notice, and in the BEST STYLE, CHEAP and DURABLE, FINE AND TASTY. Call at
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HAWKS'S
HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.
THE SECOND VOLUME IS NOW PUBLISHED.
It embraces the period of the Proprietary Government, from 1663 to 1720.
It forms a handsome octavo volume of 501 pages. The subscription price was half a cent a page; but the price of this volume is less, say \$2.75 in cloth binding, \$3 in library sheep, and \$3.25 in half calf. IT WILL BE SOLD ONLY FOR CASH.
Owing to the difficulty of securing Agents in many parts of the State, we will forward it by mail or otherwise free of postage, on receipt of the price; or both volumes for \$4 cloth, \$4.50 sheep, or \$5 half calf. A liberal discount made to Agents, or others, who buy to sell again.
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Fayetteville, Nov. 3, 1858.—

To the Public.

WE ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE ALL kinds of work in our line at the shortest notice. BRICK LAYING, PLASTERING AND PUTTING UP BRICK PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PLASTERING, including all kinds of CORNICHE, CIRCLE and CENTRE PIECES, done in style. Our work shall equal the best and latest done in this country. We earnestly solicit you that have such work to do to give us a call. We will make our prices to suit the times. All orders from a distance promptly attended to. Address FREEMAN & CONRAD,
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GOOD NEWS FOR LADIES!

ANY LADY THAT WILL SEND HER ADDRESS to Mrs. E. GREAGER, Baltimore city, Md., with three three-cent postage stamps enclosed, will receive by return mail information of importance to her. Mrs. Womans, know thyself, and be happy.
10-22

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

A GOOD UNION SONG.

The following song is sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." It is a good Union song. Let it be sung by old and young. Fathers, teach your sons to sing it! Mothers, teach your daughters to sing it! and sing it yourselves! It breathes the true sentiment. We commend the second verse, especially the latter part of it, to those miserable fanatics, North and South, who are making themselves ridiculous by prating about "disunion," and hanging out their miserable and sickening "Banners" to turn the stomachs of all who look upon their pale, cadaverous, consumption-giving contents.

God bless the good Old Thirteen States,
God bless the young ones, too,
Who care for musty birth-day dates?
God bless them—old and new.
The old ones first our freedom gained,
In bloody fights of yore,
The young ones have their rights maintained,
As the old ones did before.
Of South, or North, or East, or West,
With sisters all they be,
The mother nursed them at her breast,
And that was Liberty.
And may the wretch whose hand shall strive
To cut their vital thread,
Be scorned while in this world alive,
And scorned when he is dead!

Now, fill the bowl with Nature's wine,
Let's drink "God save the King,"
The only King by right divine,
The Sovereign People King;
For they're the only King I own,
All others I despise,
But God that reigns on Heaven's throne,
The King that never dies.
Oh! may that sceptre wide extend
O'er every land and sea,
Without beginning, without end,
And conquer to set free,
Till freedom's banner stands alone,
And hedges in the sky,
And no other Lord shall own,
But he who rules on high.

AN ADDRESS,

BY ALLEN JORDAN, Esq.,
OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY,
Before the Trustees, Students and Teachers
of Science Hill Academy, in Randolph
County, at the Semi-Examination, Dec.
24, 1858:

How much to be wondered at is the human mind! How mysterious its operations! How astonishing its results! The body, however beautiful, is of earth, earthy; its sphere of action is limited and circumscribed. It has speed of feet, but no wings with which to fly; it may reach the summit of the loftiest mountain, but it can rise no higher. But what can circumscribe or limit that ethereal essence, the human mind? On the wings of the morning it flies to meet the sun at its rising, follows it in its course through the heavens, and watches it to the moment in which, with its last ray, it bids the world farewell; and when night throws its mantle over all things, it follows each star along its path of light, numbers the myriad host, and chases the comet in its eccentric flight. Turning to earth, it penetrates her darkest abodes, walks among her hidden fires, plunges into the depths of ocean, and makes companions of the monsters of the deep; standing on the present, it looks back upon the past, and contemplates the future. It holds converse with men of other days; it sits by the side of kings upon their thrones; beholds Achilles in his wrath, and Troy in her flames; attends Eneas in his flight to Italy, and with the twin brothers lays the first stone of the walls of imperial Rome. It holds converse with Socrates and Plato, and is familiar with the academic groves, and with the philosophers of antiquity; it is in the assembly of the people with Demosthenes, or in the Senate chamber with Cicero; it listens to the Pindaric strains or hears the tuneful Marston; it follows the course of Empires and States; marks alike the causes of their greatness, and of their decay and downfall. Loaded with the past, it goes to work for the present and future; it conceives, it plans, it executes—chains cannot restrain it or dungeons confine it. Education exerts a negative agency in prompting human happiness by removing superstition, one of its greatest enemies. By expanding the mind to more enlarged conceptions of the order and beauty of the universe, it makes a real addition to the sum of human enjoyments.

Our capacities are, at best, extremely limited; it has been permitted to us, however, to explore the threshold of the labyrinth of nature. Our discoveries present us, at every step, with ends wisely and beneficently planned, and means adapted with the most admirable simplicity and economy to the production of their ends. No human investigation has ever advanced so far as to point out aught of error in the arrangement of the system of things around us. Everything, whose purpose we can understand, bears the impress of wisdom.

How elevating to the mind of man to rise from the contemplation of this visible order, to a Being on whom we can rely with the utmost surety, as having arranged everything, not only in our small planet, but in the whole immensity of creation, with the same admirable wisdom and economy which our limited faculties enable us to trace in the small part which falls under our immediate inspection. Yet, to the vulgar mind, is denied this ennobling feeling. The cause of education is worthy the interest manifested in its advancement. All individual happiness, and national prosperity result either mediately or immediately from the successful employment of intellect in ameliorating the condition of the human family. What momentous consequences have resulted from the energetic, self-confident and pervading intelligence of Christopher Columbus? How forcibly is the proportion illustrated by contrasting the new world, as discovered by him, with the western hemisphere as inhabited by ourselves. Here was this same mighty continent, with its vast variety and fecundity of soil, irrigated with the same majestic rivers, irradiated by the same genial sun, and canopied by the same bright heavens. Here, too, was man, not the tenant of a day, but the possessor

by immemorial descent of this more than princely heritage, though unblest with the richer inheritance, intellectual cultivation.

And what was the aspect of the country? The habitation of man was scarcely less rude than the lair of the beast, his occupation as ignoble, his ferocity more indomitable.

Broad as the land, ancient as the hills, and fruitless as the desert, stood the primeval forest. All things bore the original impress of nature; and from mountain to mountain echoed nought but the roar of the cataract, and the yell of the savage. Whence came the change? Who felled the forest, built up cities, organized society, and established empire in the bosom of the wilderness? 'Twas the emigrant from other climes, where reason asserting her supremacy had acquired science and originated arts. 'Twas educated man.

The infancy of mind, like the infancy of body, is in a state of dependence and weakness. It is the germ of an intellect, a spiritual entity, susceptible of boundless development, but destined by the law of its existence to toil through a slow, laborious, and endless progression. To give it the first gentle impulse, to lead it onward by gradual advances, apportioning the effort to its augmenting strength, until it shall be capable of independent action, is the business of education. But alas! how little is the importance of early education appreciated.

During the tender years of childhood how many golden opportunities to instill a principle, to develop a precious innate idea, to check a wayward propensity, to mould a character, pass unimproved. Too often does the parental instructor withhold his plastic hand till the mind has lost its pliant quality, its susceptibility to impression, and has received an indelible stamp from accidental association, or malign influence. As a social, political, and moral agent, man can be qualified for the duties of his station only by a judicious cultivation of his mind and heart, whilst the former is curious to know, and the latter quick to feel. One of the most interesting features in the general aspect of human affairs is the aggregation of individuals into small communities, not government, but neighborhood, cemented not by enjoyment in common of corporate franchises, but by proximity of residence, sameness of occupation, a similarity of taste, exercising a very decided influence, either salutary or deleterious over the destiny of their constituent members; their importance is, nevertheless, but partially appreciated.

Their dominion commences where that of the law necessarily ceases. The latter cannot, without degenerating into despotism, descend into the minute and delicate relations of society—cannot take cognizance of numerous small delinquencies, which, though highly prejudicial to the general welfare, are too diversified in their features and too intimately connected with freedom of action to be fit subjects of legislation.

There is a very wide range of subjects, within which human conduct must be left to the control of other influences, than those of municipal law; and these seldom spring from a sense of duty, a sense of propriety, or other internal promptings. To supply this defect in the frame work of society, the Divine Architect implanted in the heart of man a feeling that prompts him to court the esteem, and conform to the settled opinions and usages of those with whom he associates.

Thus was laid broad and deep in human nature the foundation of an extra legal supremacy, whose decrees are denominated expressions of public opinion—a moral power, to which every individual, however humble or exalted, must yield implicit obedience. Thus it is, men most powerfully act upon each other, and the influence may be for good or evil. As intelligence or ignorance, virtue or vice shall predominate, so will individuals find encouragement to cultivate or neglect their intellectual capacities and moral qualities. Between intelligence and virtue, there exists a most happy congeniality—handmaids and helpmates; they act in unison, each changing the power of the other, and together conferring the richest blessing on all with whom they dwell.

How important, then, in a merely social point of view, is education, how essential to the elevating power of this moral machinery. In an educated community, where some degree of intelligence is a necessary passport to respectability, you will find generous sentiments, pure morality, and fervid patriotism. There may man fix his abode, and complacently surveying his social and domestic relations, exclaim, in the thrilling language of the poet, "there is no place like home."

Universal mental cultivation, the promotion of the general well-being of society by the cultivation of the heart and intellect is impliedly required of Americans, from the nature and structure of our Government.—It was not reared by the gold of the conquered, or the bones of the subject. It rose into being all glorious, the creation of freeminds, enlightened by the reason and experience of centuries. Being the opposite of despotism, it does not chain down the powers of mind or shroud away its existence. Nor does it, like Sparta, unchain the mind only to stimulate its mortal character, for the rainbow of peace is the circling arch of our national fabric. Founded in morals and intellect, it appeals to their intellectual cultivation as the means of its prosperity and perpetuity. It says to the mind, be free—free to bloom in full vigor—free to be noble—free to rise and soar with the strength and majesty of the eagle. And it attaches a meaning to freedom of mind—that mind is free which is not bound to the will of party—which is not a slave to passion or desire; that mind is free which can love and rejoice over the prosperity of the Union; that mind is free which does not allow the still current of the soul's affections to be chilled

by impure passion or feeling, but increases its onward flow in majesty and strength; that mind is free which thinks and acts as becomes the "noblest work" of Deity; that mind is free which enjoys a full and chaste development of all its powers, passions and emotions; which knows and observes its relations; which can concentrate its thoughts on a single point; which, when it looks abroad upon nature's works, beholds the reflected power and wisdom of a God; or which, as it gazes upon the azure sky, the verdant forest, the beautiful river, the sparkling lake, the storm rolling ocean, feels inexpressible delight and reverence. Such is the meaning which our Government attaches to the phrase, "freedom of the human mind."

What in the nature of things can be clearer? Does it not require of this people a generous cultivation of mind? Consistency, then, with the objects of our Government, requires that the great pervading desire of society should be its elevation by its universal cultivation. Such a desire is opposed to the selfish system—is the protecting angel of patriotism. It combines the excellencies of intellect and pure ambition. It lifts the mind from low and grovelling objects to the contemplation of those which are purer and higher, delighting in the good, the exalted. It is concentrated in whatever is noble in morals, in whatever is sublime and unanswerable in truth. Now, mind is the moving and guiding principle of all human action; mind teaches the nature of the delicate and momentous relations which unite society, preserves their beauty and uniformity, develops their power and usefulness. This dwells with the mass of mankind.

We would, then, that society may be educated, have the rays of knowledge penetrate and expand this mind. We would have the genius of learning courted and wooed from her mountain residence, that literature and science might come down, and walk, radiant with truth and loveliness, through every grade of the community. We would have the bright light struck out from the mind of the man, and its illuminations reach the utmost boundaries of the land—as extensive as the canopy of the sky. So speaks the voice of humanity, even as the voice of an angel. What is meant by universal mental cultivation? It is not the expansion of any single mental power or susceptibility. There should be no radiance of intellect unmelting by the radiance of moral feelings—no strength of passion or sentiment influenced by other of the mind's faculties. There must be a mental balance, which is the great secret of all education. From the want of such balance, ignorance, with her offspring, superstition and prejudice, has ever weighed down the intellectual scale, and destroyed the noblest results of mental effort. That system should be discarded which develops only the powers of intellect.

Variety, the high thought, the virtuous sentiment, the beautiful and sublime emotion, the chaste passion in happy union, raise communities to power and happiness. Look abroad over the material world.—Is there sameness? Is there the exclusive development of any single feature? Is the earth's surface one barren, limitless plain? Or its soil of one kind? Or its deep mines all gold, or silver, or iron? Or do we behold a world of water of inconceivable sublimity? No! There is the mountain bold and rugged, bleak or crowned with magnificent foliage to awaken the emotions and to give wings to the imagination; the valley of varied soil suited to the production of the comforts of life; the vein of gold, of silver, of iron, each and all, in happy effect, increasing the embellishments and the blessings of society. And there are the rivers, the lakes, and the worlds of water. What is there useful or harmonious, or ornamental, or elevating, or grand unseen in this, the Deity's maternal creation? Now, observe the mental world.—There is reason, producing the solid and beneficial, assisting her vigor and research, and robing her in loveliness and brightness. The affections, diffusing through, and throwing over all, a glow of love, beauty and peace; thus preserving the necessary relations; and showing their glorious influences when developed and joined in union in this Deity's mental creation. Should you take from the material world one of its parts, you would destroy its harmony and uniformity. A similar result would follow should you take from the mental world one of its parts.

Let there, then, be no single mental development, since it destroys the other powers and their relations, but let there be a full growth of all, to their greatest, their proud, estableness. Let the systems of the past be forgotten, and in contemplation of the future, let us resolve that no one passion or desire of mind shall erect its tyrant throne on the prostration of other nobler powers. For the mind, fully cultivated, is a museum of knowledge, lives forever "serene in youthful beauty."

Now let me address the young student. You have been watched over by those that felt a parental care for you, that unparalleled care that is always found in the bosom of parents. There is still continuous solicitude, and no trouble nor expense is spared in giving you all the instructions and accomplishments which enable you to act your part in life as a man of polished sense and confirmed virtue. You have then already contracted a great debt of gratitude to them; you can pay it by no other method but by the improving of the opportunities which their goodness has afforded you.

If your own endeavors are deficient, it is in vain that you have tutors, books, and all the external apparatus of literary pursuits. You must love learning if you would possess it. In order to love its delights, you must feel its advantages. You must apply yourself to it, however irksome at first, closely, and constantly, and for a considerable time. If you have resolution enough to do this,

you cannot but love learning, for the mind always loves that to which it has long been steadily and voluntarily attached. Habits are formed which render what was at first disagreeable not only pleasant but necessary.

Pleasant, indeed, are all the paths which lead to polite and elegant literature. Yours, then, is surely a lot particularly happy. Your education is of such a sort that its principle scope is to prepare to receive a refined pleasure during your life. Elegance, or delicacy of taste, is one of the first objects of classical discipline; and it is this fine quality which opens a new world to the scholar's view. Elegance of taste has connection with many virtues, and all of them virtues of the most amiable kind. It tends to render you at once good and agreeable. You must, therefore, be an enemy to your own enjoyment if you enter on the discipline which leads to the attainment of classical and liberal education with reluctance. Value duly the opportunities you enjoy, and which are denied to thousands of your fellow-creatures. Without exemplary diligence you will make but a contemptible proficiency. You may, indeed, pass through the forms of schools and universities, but you will bring nothing away from them of real value.

The proper sort and degree of diligence you cannot possess, but by the efforts of your own resolution. Your instructor may, indeed, confine you within the walls of a school a certain number of hours. He may place his eyes before you, and compel you to fix your eyes on them, but no authority can chain down your mind. Your thoughts will escape from every external restraint, and amidst the most serious lectures, may be ranging in the wild pursuits of trifles and vice. Rules, restraints, commands and punishments may, indeed, assist in strengthening your resolution; but without your own voluntary choice, your diligence will not often conduce to your pleasure and advantage.

Though this truth is obvious, yet it seems to be secret to those parents who expect to find their sons' improvement increase in proportion to number of tutors and external assistance which their opulence has enabled them to provide. These assistances, indeed, are sometimes afforded chiefly that a young heir to a title or estate may indulge himself in idleness and nominal pleasures.

The lesson is construed to him, and the exercises written for him by the private tutor, while the hapless youth is engaged in some ruinous pleasure which, at the same time, prevents him from learning anything desirable, and leads to the formation of destructive habits, which can seldom be removed. Then you must labor, and you must labor in the proper way, so as to cause those that survive you, when they shall pass along by the place where the earth is marked by your grave, to say, one to another, "There lies a great man."

THE LAND OF CONTRASTS.—In Australia the north is the hot wind, and the south the cool; the westerly the most unhealthy, and the east the most salubrious, it is summer with the colonists when it is winter at home, and the barometer is considered to rise before bad weather, and fall before good; the swans are black, and the eagles are white; the mole lays eggs and has a duck's bill; the kangaroo has five claws on his fore paws, and three talons on his hind legs like a bird, and yet hops on its tail. There is a bird which has a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue; a fish, one half belonging to the genus tern and the other that of squalus. The eel is found in the rivers and the perch in the sea; the valleys are cold and the mountain tops warm; the nettle is a lofty tree, and the poplar a dwarfish shrub; the pears are of wood, with the stalks at the broad end; the cherry grows with the stone outside; the fields are fenced with mahogany; the humblest house is fitted up with cedar, and the myrtle plants are burnt for fuel; the trees are without fruit; the flowers without scent, and the birds without song.

MR. DOUGLASS WILL GO BEFORE THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.—The *Chicago Times*, the home organ of Mr. Douglas, and which always speaks by authority, says:

Mr. Douglas will not ask a nomination at the hands of the Charleston Convention. If in that body his friends should present his name, and he be nominated, he will not feel at liberty to decline it; if his friends should not present his name, then the nominee of the Convention will receive his support. The use of his name by any men or body of men, as a candidate for the Presidency or any other office, independent of and hostile to the nomination of the Democratic party, is altogether unauthorized by Mr. Douglas, will never receive his sanction, and wholly repugnant to his wishes and desires. We say this much with a full knowledge of its truth, and knowing that we express in this particular his own sentiments.

A DEAD MAN ON HIS TRAVELS.—A friend writing from Paris, Texas, informs us that J. W. White passed through that place early in the month of December last, going westward. Our correspondent, on his way to Texas, passed the grave where White was supposed to have been buried, and read his name upon the slab which marked the spot.—*Nashville Union*.

OLD FOGIES.—At a celebration of the Charleston Typographical Society, the following was among the toasts:
"Old Fogies"—People who stick up MS. notices and advertisements at cross roads, and on the off sides of barn doors."

Professor Backe, and ex-Senator Badger of this State, have been re-elected by the United States Senate, Regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

"PLEASURE TRIP" OF THE YACHT WANDERER.—From the charts, log-books, and papers found on board of the yacht Wanderer, we glean the following particulars relative to her late voyage.

Leaving New York on the 18th of June, she reached Charleston on the 25th, and there remained ten days, entertaining a good many visitors, and taking on board a great variety of articles, which may, or may not, properly belong to the regular outfit of a vessel clearing for Trinidad, and any other ports in the West Indies. Among these supplies are noticed a goodly quantity of wines and cigars, twelve thousand gallons of water, and 30 six quart pails, 20 five quart pails, and fifty one-pint tin cups, which articles of tin-ware were doubtless intended to hold bait, for fishing, and had no connection with the "Woolen spoon." On clearing from Charleston, the yacht's company consisted of twelve persons as "crew," besides several persons called "traveling companions of Captain Corrie," and yet who appear to have received certain sums of money from him.

Leaving Charleston on the 14th of July, the yacht made the run to Port Spain, Island of Trinidad, under unfavorable circumstances, in eighteen days. During the five days of her stay at that port, she received a good many visitors, and among them the Governor of the Island, the Governor's sister and daughter, and a number of ladies—and a part of the list appear to have been entertained at dinner.

Further supplies were taken on board, including 1200 gallons of water (the thirsty souls!) On leaving this port the heading of her log stands from Trinidad, Port Spain, towards St. Helena, but without going anywhere near St. Helena, her course was directly towards Congo River, which, after a run of fifty-one days she enters on the 10th of September. It appears from the entries in the log, that during the ten days passed in Congo River, the yacht received on board "all the white inhabitants of the place"—that there were many dinner parties given—that the officers of the English frigate Medusa made "a visit of courtesy," and dined on board, and that "Capt. Corrie and his friends dined on board the Medusa." More water was likewise taken on board.

On September 26, the Wanderer "got under way and proceeded to sea, gave the yacht Margrette a trial, and passed her like the wind." The log farther states that on October 4th arrived at Benguela, (lower down on the coast) after 8 days hard beating against the wind and current. Here all record in the log-book ceases, and but for other memoranda she could not be traced with certainty any further. From these, however, it appears that she left the coast between Congo River and Benguela, on the 16th or 17th October, and thence her course is as direct as possible (position each day being accurately determined) to Brunswick, in Georgia. At meridian, November 27th, the yacht was within fifty miles of Cumberland Head, and must have taken the pilot on board in the morning of the 28th, making the run home in about 40 days. From a memorandum of "List of Cargo, 10 to the Tally," it would appear that the number of Africans taking on board was 439. As about 315 are known to have been landed, some 75 to 85 must have died on the passage.—*Savannah Republican*.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE.—The annual meeting of the New York Historical Society was held at that city on Friday evening (7th). The most interesting feature of the occasion, says the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, was the presentation by Rev. Dr. Hawks of North Carolina, on the part of the ladies, of a portrait of the lamented Arctic navigator, Elisha Kent Kane, to the Society. Dr. Hawks' speech was of course what might be expected from the learned historian, and was listened to with marked attention throughout. He paid a fitting tribute to the noble virtues of the honored dead; referred to the resolute determination, self-reliance and fixedness of purpose, qualities through the possession of which he was enabled to surmount obstacles and overcome difficulties that would have appalled less daring spirits. Kane was one of the great men of the age. But he has passed away, and the source from whence came the conquest of death was his untiring devotion to the cause of humanity. No one can read the history of the dreary months passed in the Polar sea—literally out of the world—without according to the master spirit of the expedition attributes which mark him as a shining light among his fellow men. In recalling the many virtues of his character, the beauty and excellence of which were revealed to him through an acquaintance of years with Dr. Kane, the Reverend speaker gave utterance to many passages of touching eloquence and pathos. 'Twas a noble tribute to departed worth, from a noble man.

A CURIOUS CASE.—A correspondent of the *Clinton Courier*, in Westmoreland, relates a very singular case: "Mrs. B., some two years since, was thrown from her horse, and sustained an injury to her hip, which, from that day to this, has baffled the skill of the physicians in this vicinity; gradually her limb shortened, so that standing upright her toes touched the floor, and by the aid of crutches it was barely possible for her to take a dozen steps, perhaps, each day. From pain she severely only at intervals, she came to be at last in constant agony; and at night it was only by her husband placing his feet around her foot, and pushing the limb towards the foot of the bed, that she could obtain rest. About three weeks since, as her husband was relieving her in this manner, as was his wont, the limb suddenly gave way. Mrs. B. uttered a fearful cry of pain, and the bone slipped into its socket! For two years she had been suffering from a hip out of joint. The lady soon regained the use of her limb, and is now almost as well as ever."

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald* says, that "Senator Jones has received anonymous letters from New York, warning him not to interfere or injure a hair of Judge Douglas's head, unless he wants to be assassinated."