

North Carolina Argus.

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WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1859.

NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
FENTON & BARLEY.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Single copies, Two Dollars per year, invariably in advance.
To Clubs of Ten and upwards, it will be furnished at One Dollar and a half per copy.
No subscription received for less than six months.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
EIGHT CENTS per Square for the first, and FORTY CENTS per Square for each subsequent insertion, except for
Three months, when the charge will be \$1.00
And for six months, \$1.50
A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
Announcements of county candidates \$5 each.
Obituary notices free when not exceeding ten lines; all above ten lines at advertisement rates.
Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding five lines in length, will be inserted for \$5 a year; if exceeding five lines will be charged the same as other advertisements.
Advertisers must state the number of times they wish their advertisements inserted; otherwise they will be continued till forbidden, and charged accordingly.
Ten lines or less (Brevier) make a Square.

WORLEY'S
Unrivaled Healing Salve!
THIS IS NO HUMBUG, SPRINGING UP AT THE North, and placing its merits and destiny in the editorial columns of the press, where it is doomed to be "puffed" back into merited oblivion. It is presented to the public as the achievement of years of unqualified labor in the investigation and proper combination of its constituent elements, and as being, if nothing more, ALL THAT IT PROFFERS. And in presenting it for popular adoption and patronage the undersigned yields to the frequent and repeated persuasions of friends and scores of once prostrate invalids, who have happily and thoroughly tested its virtues. If deemed expedient or required, ample and indisputable testimony of the almost miraculous cures it has effected could be produced; but this would be superfluous if it were once introduced into a family. IT HAS EFFECTED A SPEEDY AND PERMANENT CURE OF SORE LEG OR TWENTY YEARS STANDING. IT HAS CURED CANCER IN ITS FIRST STAGE, AND FOR BURNS, BRUISES, CUTS, WHITLWS, OLD SORES, ULCERS, AND INFLAMED BREAST. It is before the world as
"The Unrivaled Healing Salve."
If applied by directions, as given on the box, and a cure is not effected, the money will be refunded.
Sold wholesale and retail by
J. C. CARAWAY, Agent,
Wadesboro', N. C.
Also, by SMITH & LINDSEY, Druggists and Apothecaries, Wadesboro' 10-4f

S. S. ARNOLD,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Groceries, Crockery, Saddles, Paints, Oils, &c.
AT THE OLD STAND.
I HAVE NOW RECEIVED THE MOST OF MY late purchases of Fall and Winter Goods, comprising a much larger assortment than usual, consisting in part of the following articles, viz:
Black and Fancy Silks, Brown and Red Sugars, Cashmeres, Bro. Java and Leg. Coffee, Merinos, Adis. and Super Candles, Poplins, Kermans and Spem Oils, Delaines, Train and Lined Oils, DeBelges, Castor and Cod Liver Oils, White Lead and Zinc, Paris Green in Oil, Chromo Green in Oil, Coach Varnish, Window Glass, all sizes, Putty in Cans, Concentrated Lye, Kerosene Lamps, Guns and Pistols, Carpenters' Tools, Smiths' Tools, Nails, 3d to 40d, Well Wocals, Hoops and Hoop Skirts, Well Sockets, &c.
All of which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms. Please call and examine before making your purchases. S. S. ARNOLD. 4-4f

A. E. BENNETT'S
DRY GOODS, HARDWARE AND GROCERY STORE,
WADESBORO', N. C.
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED MY FALL AND WINTER Stock of
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. 8-4f
Will You Please Take Notice.
THE SUBSCRIBER ANNOUNCES THAT HE IS prepared to
REPAIR BUGGIES AND COACHES
at short notice, and in the BEST STYLE, CHEAP and DURABLE, FINE and TASTY. Call at
P. S. No. 1.—Self-confident without arrogance, prompts him to assert, that it is regarded as **BLACK SMITHING** he fears no superior, much less an equal, on the sunny side of Mason & Dixon's line. Give me a call.
P. S. No. 2.—**PAINTING**, unparalleled South for beauty, LEXINGTON, HARRIS and MARY. E. F.
All branches of the business promptly attended to. [1-4f] E. FREEMAN.

HAWK'S
HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.
THE SECOND VOLUME IS NOW PUBLISHED.
It embraces the period of the Proprietary Government, from 1663 to 1729.
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.
E. J. HALE & SON,
Fayetteville, Nov. 8, 1858—5

To the Public.
WE ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE ALL kinds of work in our line at the shortest notice. BRICKLAYING, MAKING AND BURNING BRICK, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PLASTERING, including all kinds of CORNICES, CIRCLES and CENTRE PIECES, done in style. Our work shall equal the best and latest done in the country. We earnestly solicit you that have any 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, 1-4f Wadesboro', N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.
THE VILLAGE COURTSHIP.
Tapping at the window,
Peeping o'er the blind,
'Tis really most surprising,
If never learns to mind;
'Twas only yester evening,
As in the dark we sat,
My mother asked me sharply:
"Pray, Miss, who is that?"
Who's that, indeed! you're certain
How much she made me start;
Men seem to lose their wisdom
When e'er they lose their heart.
Yes! there he is—I see him!
The lamp his shadow throws—
Across the curtained window—
He's stopping on his toes!
He'll never think of tapping
Or making any din,
A knock, though even the slightest,
Is worse than looking in;
Tap, tap, would any think it?
He never learns to mind,
The strictly most surprising
He thinks my mother's blind.
'Tis plain I must go to him;
It's of no use to cough;
I'll open the door just softly—
If but to send him off.
'Tis well if from the door step
He be not hastily hurried;
Oh! man! there he's so true!
He'll open the door just softly—
If but to send him off.
Oh! man! but you're so true!
And that we madden find.

USELESS THINGS.
[FROM THE FRENCH.]
"The diligence for Paris!" shouted a waiter, opening a door of the eating room of the Grand Pelican, at Colmar.
A middle-aged traveler, who was breakfasting in the room, rose hurriedly on hearing this announcement, and ran to the entrance of the hotel, where the ponderous vehicle had stopped. At the same moment a young man leaned his head out the coach door. They recognized each other, and exclaimed joyfully: "My father!" "Camille!"
With these cries the door sprang open; the new-comer leaped over the step and fell into the arms of the older voyager, who pressed him eagerly to his heart.
Son and father met again for the first time after an interval of eight years, which the former had spent in London with a maternal uncle. The decease of this relative, whose heir he was, permitted him, when he had reached the age of manhood, to return to the paternal mansion, from which he had been absent since his childhood.
After first questions had been interchanged, Mr. Berton proposed to Camille that they should start immediately for the country, where he was living, near Ribeaucourt; the latter, anxious to visit once more the house where he was born, assented; the chaise was prepared, and both continued their journey.

There is always in first interviews after a long absence, a certain embarrassment which interrupts converse with unaccountable silence. Unaccustomed to one another, we mutually study, observe each other and endeavor to discover the changes that time has produced in ideas as in persons; we seek the past in the present with a kind of uneasy hesitation. Mr. Berton was eager to know thoroughly the young man who had now returned in place of the child from whom he had parted. Like the physician examining a patient, he interrogated him minutely, noted every impression and analyzed his smallest words.
Continuing his study the while, he allowed himself to be carried away by the current of conversation, and spoke to his son of his own peculiar tastes and employments since his departure.
The proprietor of Ribeaucourt could neither be called a savant nor an artist, but, though incapable himself of producing, he appreciated the production of others; a mirror which destitute of the creative power, reflected creation! no intellectual spark was unperceived by him, no emotions mysterious. He interested himself in all discoveries, joined in all enterprises, encouraged all efforts. For him to live was not only to preserve the mind God has given us but to increase and ennoble it by contact with other minds. Thanks to the leisure a rich estate permitted him, he was to employ his activity without feeling limited by necessity. Not being compelled to any especial course, he had pursued them all as one among his followers, sustained their courage by his rewards and sympathies. Alas! had seen him heading each enterprise undertaken for the advantage of letters, sciences or of arts, and the museums of Strasburg had been enriched by his gifts. He was now employed in forming expensive treasuries in the sides of a hill, where had been discovered several vestiges of antique pottery. He pointed out to his son, in passing, the Roman mound, and told him how, to obtain it, he had given in exchange an acre of his best meadow land.
Camille looked astonished.
"You consider me very unwise, do you not?" asked Mr. Berton, who was noticing him.
"Oh! no my father," said the young man, "I am surprised at the bargain."
"Wherefore?"
"Because it appears to me that utility should be considered in all things, and that this hill cannot be worth an acre of meadow land."
"I see you are unacquainted with antiquity."
"True, I have never understood what old earthen ware proves, and what interest can be found in extinct races."
Mr. Berton eyed his son without replying. Eager to study him well, he dared not startle his confidence by debate. Some moments of silence ensued, which were suddenly interrupted by an impulsive exclamation from Camille. He perceived, afar off among the trees, the manor whose turret he recognized.
"Ah! yes, that is my observatory," said his father smiling; "not only am I an anti-

quary, my son; I have made myself an astronomer."
"You, my father!"
"Our turret is transformed into a study, and a telescope is set there, which enables me to examine the stars."
"Is it possible you delight in occupying your mind with things beyond your reach, that you cannot change, and that are useless to you!"
"It employs time," said Mr. B— endeavoring to shun a serious discussion. "Moreover, you will notice many other changes. The old barnyard has been metamorphosed into an aviary, and the orchard into a botanical garden."
"These changes must needs have cost much."
"And I reap nothing from them."
"Then you yourself condemn them."
"I do not deny it, but here we are; let us step out."
The groom hastened to take the reins, and our two travelers left him to drive the chaise to the coach-house, while they entered the manor. Camille found the vestibule encumbered with old armor, geological specimens, and herbal specimens, relative to the Alsatian treatise on flowers.
"You seek a hook for your cloak!" said Mr. Berton, who observed him glance around with a kind of disappointment; "that would be truly more useful than my curiosities, however, let us pass to the saloon."
The saloon was ornamented on the base of the pillars with the carvings with rare designs or medallions. The proprietor was anxious to excite his son's admiration of several frames, but the latter pleaded his ignorance.
"Indeed, all that has no great importance," said Mr. Berton good humoredly; "we are overgrown children when curiosity amuses, but I notice with pleasure that you view life practically."
"It is owing to my uncle Barker," observed Camille with a rather theatrical modesty; "he frequently complained of time and treasures expended for the frivolous wonders of art, and sought vainly what profit humanity could draw from sooty paper or painted linen."
They were interrupted by the entrance of a servant who announced dinner and handed to Mr. B. a new book received through the post; it was the work, impatiently expected, of a favorite poet.
"Come," said he, "I intend delaying your dinner for verses! Uncle Barker would never have pardoned it."
"I am afraid not!" replied Camille smiling; "for it was habitual to him to ask him to what purpose poems could be put."
Father and son commenced their meal, the conversation continuing on the same subject. Camille developed freely the opinions he owed to his uncle Barker, who had taught him to be sincere; but this candor arose with the old economist, less from adoration of the true, than from love of the useful. He respected the honest course not on account of its being honest, but because he knew it to be the shortest. In his opinion the lie was a false calculation, vice a bad investment, passion an exaggerated expense! In all things, utility remained the supreme law. From that cause, there was a strange hardness even in the worthy actions of the old man; his virtues appeared only properly solved problems. Camille had adopted his uncle's doctrine with the readiness that youth accepts what seems unanswerable. Reducing everything by degrees to the perempory question: Of what use is it? his reasoning—which he took for reason—had reduced social duties to mathematical propositions. Careful as he said of the mental alienation called poetry, he acted in life as did that Jew who erased a painting of Titian's, in order to have an unspotted canvas which might be good for something. Mr. Berton heard his son give his opinion without either evincing discontent or impatience. He alleged several objections which the young man refuted seriously; he appeared influenced by his (the young man's) reasons and did not separate from him before declaring that they would resume the conversation another time.

Henceforward Mr. Berton continually introduced the same subject, yielding more and more, as a man whose persuasion gains. Camille, now become his father's teacher, became self-exalted in this singular character and increased in eloquence as he felt himself triumphing. Finally compelled to be absent on a visit to some relatives in the neighborhood, he left Mr. Berton apparently converted.
His absence lasted eight days; this had given sufficient time for the bursting of the buds and the flowering of the fields. On his return, spring was unfolding everywhere its youthful grace. One saw the swallows skim through the liquid air with joyous cries; peasants' songs, arising from their places of work, responded to those of the shepherds wandering in the fallow grounds and the refreshing breezes which caused the corn to wave its golden summit, shed over all the paths odors of fir, cowslip and violet. Notwithstanding a systematic insensibility to all poetry, Camille could not completely resist the influences of this awakening of creation. Without noticing it, he allowed himself to be completely charmed by the light, songs, and perfumes! An involuntary emotion conquered him, and he arrived at the manor wrapped in a species of bewilderment.
He met his father in the middle of a flower garden which served as a courtyard. Mr. Berton was surrounded by workmen employed in digging up the flowers and cutting down the hedges. Two lilacs, that shaded the windows of the level ground with their balmy tints, had just been gathered for making faggots.
The youth could not restrain a cry of surprise.
"Ah, there you see," said Mr. Berton, perceiving him, "you have just arrived in time: come and enjoy your triumph."

"My triumph!" repeated Camille, who did not understand.
"Do you not observe that I have become your disciple," said the proprietor of Ribeaucourt. "Much reflection has been spent on what you said, my dear son, and I agree that your uncle Barker and self were right. We must cut off from life useless things. Flowers and hedges are in a garden what poems are in a library. As you said, of what use can be a poem? * * * unless it be to light a fire. So will my lilacs. But come, come, you will see other changes. I have profited by your absence, and hope to give you satisfaction."
While speaking, Mr. Berton familiarly passed his arm in that of Camille, and conducted him to the manor. The vestibule was void of the curiosities which had hitherto filled it, and in their place were canes, spitoons and pegs. All the designs and paintings had been also removed from the saloon, and the walls completely whitewashed. Plain rectangular furniture took the place of seats a la Louis XIII., gothic trunks and sideboards. Mr. Berton cast a happy look at his son.
"Well," said he, "you will not this time accuse me of sacrificing to the frivolous wonders of art; our saloon boasts no longer four walls whose utility can be contested. We will now have a place entirely suitable for hanging up our grain, 'hooking' our guns, or depositing our wooden shoes." Camille desired to risk a few objections, but his father silenced him by recalling the excommunication pronounced against sooty paper and painted canvas which had never been of any profit to humanity.
The changes, besides, were not confined to the saloon, the entire house had suffered the same transformations. Whatever was designed only to please, had been pitilessly sacrificed. All had henceforth a positive daily use; the agreeable made way entirely for the necessary!
Mr. Berton who showed this new organization with a certain pride, informed Camille that nothing would remain as formerly. His flower garden was to be transformed into a barnyard, and his botanical garden into a park. The new destination that should be given to his observatory was not yet agreed upon; he wavered between a wind mill and a dove-house. Camille, stupefied by the magnitude of the reforms, but subdued by the motive that he had himself professed, abstained from applause, though unable to blame. Wishing at length to get out of the difficulty by speaking of other things, he inquired whether no letters had arrived for him from England.
"I believe some presented," said his father, "but as you have in England no affairs of note, I ordered them to be refused."
"What," replied Camille, "I was expecting news from one of my best friends, who had promised to send me accounts of the Ireland question!"
"Bah!" replied Mr. Berton, with indifference; "what pleasure can you find in occupying your mind with things beyond your reach? Is not Ireland far from you, what the stars were for me? Its revolutions bring you nothing, and you can change nothing in them."
"My sympathies are interested!" opposed the young man.
"Will they serve you or serve Ireland?" asked Mr. Berton calmly; "do you imagine that your fore-gone influences her destiny, that your wishes assist her?"
"I did not say they would."
"Postage then is useful to no one. Such a confession is condemning it yourself."
Camille bit his lips; he was conquered by his own arms, and felt so much the more irritated at this vigorous application of his doctrines appeared chastisement. He prepared to joke, however, and without attacking principles, commenced criticizing in detail projected as well as accomplished changes, but Mr. Berton had foreseen everything and had a reply always ready. Camille finally, for want of objection, pretended that the flower garden could not serve its new destination, and that a farm yard should be paved. His father clapped his forehead.
"Oh! you are right," cried he, "I possess exactly what would suit, slabs six feet in length."
"Where?" asked the young man.
"In the small cemetery of the chapel, there are tombstones of our family which are worth nothing."
"And is it your intention to use them for pavements?" exclaimed Camille.
"Why not? would you preserve old stones and interest yourself in extinct races?"
"Ah! this is too much!" exclaimed Camille; "you do not speak serious my father, you do not believe that instincts, tastes and sentiments ought to be subjected to the gross arithmetic of interest: you do not desire the human soul to be a book where arithmetical calculations alone should be inscribed. I understand you now; this is a lesson."
"Rather an example," said Mr. Berton, taking his son's hand. "I wanted to show you to what the doctrines of uncle Barker lead, and what poverty the habit of regarding utility alone occasions. Never forget the sacred word you heard repeated in your infancy: *Man lives not by bread alone*—that is by what is necessary to his material life! He has greater need of all that nourishes the soul; science, arts, poetry! What are called 'useless things' are precisely those which give value to useful things, these preserve life, those make it beloved."
"Without them, the moral world would resemble a country destitute of verdure, flowers and birds. One of the peculiar differences which distinguish from the brute, is precisely this need of that which is above the material. This is one proof that we can aspire to nobler things, that we do tend towards the infinite, that there does exist in us that which seeks its gratification beyond the visible world, in the supreme enjoyments of the ideal."

WANT OF REVERENCE FOR LAW.—That spirit which is exhibiting itself in all parts of the Confederacy, and which is evidently fearfully on the increase, disregarding the Constitution and Laws of the country, is one of the most alarming symptoms, not only of the degeneracy of the times, but of approaching danger to the permanency and safety of the system of government that has been inaugurated by the United States, separately or united. As long as this disregard of law could be located with a desperate faction of fanatics in the free States, and the South could hold up the Constitution and statutes passed under it as unshaken pledges of her fidelity to the compact of union, she yielded by a point that rendered her position impregnable. But when she, too, wearied with the slow progress of truth, and apparently alarmed and chagrined at the rapid strides of error, attempted to retaliate by imitating to some extent that very disregard for law that she had so reviled and denounced in the Northern fanatic, she parted with much of her moral, which necessarily includes material, strength.
The South, being in the minority in the Union, will find her greatest security in the exactness of the strictest performance of all the obligations of the Constitution—of the most righteous observance of the laws passed in pursuance thereof; and that she may do this with the utmost efficiency, she should be able to make an accusation with a clear conscience, and not be herself one of the "adulterers."
These observations have been elicited by occurrences in the North familiar to every one, and by many, we are sorry to say, in the South; particularly of recent date. We have seen an Executive roundly taken to task, denounced and abused, for endeavoring to carry out his sworn duty to "see that the laws be faithfully executed." We have seen an eminent Judge of the Supreme Court—one of our own cherished and trusted fellow-citizens—trifled and stigmatized as a Jeffrey and a tyrant, and even an ill conceived threat of the vengeance of a mob hurled at him, for daring to expound the law as he found it upon the statute-book. We have seen a band of reckless and irresponsible adventurers, whose designs were open and above board to invade and plunder a feeble neighboring Republic, dethrone its Government, murder its people, and devastate its soil, sheltered, protected, and upheld by a large part of a respectable community, including a portion of the press, in utter disregard of the plain letter and spirit of the law. We have just read an account where the Governor of Alabama had delivered up to the proper officers, upon requisition of the Governor of Pennsylvania, a man accused of some crime or offence in that State and had led to ours. But the citizens of the place rose up in arms and took the accused party out of the hands of the officers of the law; and, not satisfied with that, forced the said officers to leave the country. And while we write we see that a whole jury had been burnt in effigy in Kentucky for some verdict that did not happen to meet with the sympathy of the mob. These are but a few of the numerous examples that might be adduced of that reckless disregard of law that is spreading with alarming rapidity in the South. Why, but the other day, a most respectable journal in the city of Mobile enunciated the dangerous heresy that a judge should interpret and expound the law in obedience to the principles of a party! Whether does all this tend? Where will it end?
We do not speak of a want of reverence for law as affecting our relations particularly to the Union; but as affecting our system of government itself generally. We hold that no government can permanently exist without a strict observance of law. In our system there is no excuse for its non-observance, as it is the work of our own hands. If unjust we can either repeal it, or, if force upon us by an unscrupulous majority contrary to the fundamental agreement, we can dissolve the compact. Until we do this our greatest security will be found in a strict obedience to law. Every intelligent mind that will run his memory back over the history of the world will recognize the fact that when a nation or people become thoroughly imbued with a disrespect for and disregard of law, they are on the highway to confusion, distraction, revolution, anarchy; to escape from which a despotism is almost the certain refuge. Let the Southern people hearken to it that they violate not a precept the observance of which is their greatest safety.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Confederation.*

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The Hon. Geo. P. Marsh in a recent lecture in New York on the English language, said that the English words found in use by good writers hardly fell short of 100,000. Even if a man was able on extraordinary occasions to bring into use half of that number, he generally contented himself with far fewer. Each individual used in his daily life a repository of words to some extent peculiar to himself. Few scholars used as many as 10,000 English words, ordinary people not more than 3,000. In all Shakspeare there were not more than 15,000 words, in all Milton 8,000. Of the Egyptian hieroglyphics there were but 800, and it was said that the vocabulary of the Italian opera was scarcely greater.

A JESSEY PRODUCT.—Mr. Smith Sutton, of Kingwood, in Hunterdon county, sold a turkey in New York, last week, for the nice little sum of one hundred dollars. It weighed, when dressed, forty pounds. We should like to hear of a larger one trotted out in any section of country.—*Flemington Republican.*

AMERICANS MURDERED IN MEXICO.—The Brownsville Flag publishes two accounts of the affair in which the two Glens, father and son, (of this State) were murdered near Saltillo, Mexico, about the 1st of November last. The first statement is taken from a letter from an American citizen, residing at Saltillo, and is as follows:
"While Mr. James Glenn and his family were on their way to Texas from the city of Zacatecas, Mexico, they were overtaken about two leagues from the Hacienda of San Juan de Baqueria, by a representative in the Congress of Zacatecas, a lawyer, by the name of Gomez de Cardenas, who claimed from Mr. Glenn a horse that the latter had bought in San Luis Potosi, and which was promptly given up by Mr. Glenn to avoid all difficulties. That the said Gomez de Cardenas then left Mr. Glenn and went back to Saltillo, from whence he returned with a party of soldiers who no sooner overtook Mr. Glenn and his party than they began firing upon them, which resulted in the death of Mr. Glenn and his eldest son Andrew, a youth of nineteen. That a young son of sixteen, barely escaping with his life, sought safety among the hills, and did not return to his family for several hours. That the widow and children of Mr. Glenn were inhumanly treated by the soldiers, who despoiled them of \$5,000 in gold, which they had about their persons. That Mrs. Glenn herself received several wounds about her person, and finally, that her children—two little girls and the son—remained at the scene of death for near twenty-four hours, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, until relieved by an American doctor of the Fabrica Ilibertaria in that vicinity. The writer concludes by saying that Mr. Glenn was a man of high respectability, doing a mercantile business in the city of Mexico, and at the time of his death was on his way to Texas to settle his son on a farm in this State.
The other statement is as follows:
"By the last mail from Monterey we have received a printed copy of the proceedings in the investigation referred to above, from which it appears that Gomez de Cardenas did not order the Glens to be killed; that he (Gomez) served on Mr. Glenn an order of the Court of Saltillo to appear before said court to answer said complaint of said Gomez for the delivery of a horse belonging to him in the possession of Mr. Glenn, who promised to comply with the citation, and appear before the court at Saltillo. That said Glenn having failed to fulfil his promise, and having taken another route in a different direction from Saltillo, Gomez again sallied out—this time with a party of soldiers—and having overtaken Mr. Glenn, served on him a second citation; that thereupon Mr. Glenn threatened to shoot Gomez with his rifle, who retreated about seventy yards. That the soldiers still followed the Glenn party, at which one of the young Glens became infuriated, and fired a pistol shot at them, which was returned by the soldiery with a volley of musket balls, killing Mr. Glenn and his eldest son. Gomez alleges not to be concerned in the shooting, which order was given by the sergeant of the guard, upon being fired at by young Glenn."

THE CAMELS IN TEXAS.—We visited Parson's wharf on Tuesday to witness a feat of strength performed by one of Mrs. Watson's camels, of which there were near a dozen on the wharf, of all sizes and ages. The camel loaded was one of the largest. Upon the word of command being given the camel lay down, ready to receive his load, which consisted of five bales of hay, weighing in the aggregate over 1,400 lbs., which was firmly bound in the pannier placed upon the animal's hump. Upon the utterance of command by the native keeper the high animal rose, without any apparent extra effort, to his feet, and walked off in a stately manner along the wharf and through the city. We were informed that the same camel had had 1,600 lbs. placed upon him, with which enormous weight he easily rose. The animals are all exceedingly tractable, and seem to possess much affection for any one who treats them kindly; as an example of which Mrs. Watson informed us that one, which she had petted, would always kiss her when she went within kissing distance, which fact we really thought proved the animal to possess an excellent taste, as well as an affectionate disposition. In their native country, the average load of a full grown camel is some 800 lbs., with which they perform long journeys over deserts, with but little food or water. We doubt not that with the abundant forage found in all parts of Texas, and a full supply of water generally, the camel will improve in strength and general appearance, and be able to transport larger loads, at a more rapid pace, than in his native country.—*Galeston News.*

Dr. Beck of Dantzic has just made a curious discovery. He has found an antidote or rather a counter-poison for ardent spirits. It is a mineral paste which he incloses in an olive, and which, at once absorbed, destroys not only the rising effect, but likewise the disastrous consequences of drunkenness. He tried several experiments upon a Pole, an irreclaimable drunkard. The individual, named Rad will, swallowed three bottles of brandy in succession, and after each bottle ate an olive prepared by the doctor. He experienced neither the effect of drunkenness nor the slightest sickness.

During the past year there have been issued from the United States Stamp Agency in Philadelphia 38,107,300 one cent stamps, 286,626,400 three cent stamps, 414,440 five cent stamps, 3,714,250 ten cent stamps, and 1,411,790 twelve cent stamps. The total issued for 1858, was 180,974,158. In 1857 the number of stamps issued was 169,494,340. Increase in 1858, 1,779,818.

We never injure our own character so much as when we attack that of others.