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North Carolina Argus.

VOL. I—NO. 37. WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1859. NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY
FENTON & DARLEY.

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.

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ONE SQUARE, TEN LINES OR LESS BREVIER.

One insertion	75c.
Three insertions	$1 50
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Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding five lines brevier in length, will be inserted for $5 a year; if exceeding five lines will be charged the same as other advertisements.

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KERRISON & LEIDING,
—IMPORTERS—
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,
Wholesale and Retail,
BASEL STREET, ONE DOOR FROM KING,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
E. L. K——. [32-1y] HERMANN L——.

ASHE & HARGRAVE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in partnership in the county of Anson, except on the Criminal Docket in the County Court, (J. R. Hargrave being County Solicitor.)
They will attend to the collection of all claims entrusted to them in Anson and the surrounding counties.
T. S. Ashe attends the Courts of Richmond, Montgomery, Stanly, Cabarrus, Union and Anson.
J. R. Hargrave those of Montgomery, Stanly and Anson.
☞ Office at Wadesboro'.
THOMAS S. ASHE. | J. R. HARGRAVE.
19-tf

ELVANS & THOMPSON,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Dealers in Coach, Cabinet and Upholstery Hardware, Bar Iron and Steel.
☞ *A Complete Assortment of HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, SHAFTS, &c., &c.* 12-tf

R. P. SIMMONS,
Watch and Clock Repairer,
ANSONVILLE, N. C.
Jewelry, &c., neatly and substantially repaired, and all work warranted twelve months.
27 tf

ARGIA DABBS,
Repairer of Clocks.
ALL PERSONS HAVING CLOCKS THAT ARE out of order and need repairs, can have them put into good running order, and warranted to keep time, by calling upon me. My work has been tested throughout Anson and Union, as will be certified by citizens whose clocks I have put in order. [30-6m

ROBINSON'S MANIPULATED
GUANO.
THIS UNEQUALED FERTILIZER, COMPOSED of one-half best *PERUVIAN GUANO*, one-half fine *GROUND BONE* and the best *PHOSPHATIC GUANO*, is in condition for immediate use, being prepared by new and improved machinery, by which means the most perfect combination is effected, reducing all to a uniform fine powder; and for application by DRILL or otherwise, it is in the most perfect order. And I have no hesitation in saying, that for ALL CROPS it is equal to any fertilizer ever offered to the farming community. The Quality will be kept Perfectly Uniform in all cases, and WARRANTED to contain 8 per cent. of AMMONIA and 45 to 50 per cent. of BONE PHOSPHATE OF LIME. It is put up in good bags, weighing about 150 lbs. each. Purchasers will please notice that the name, "F. ROBINSON," is branded on each bag—none other is genuine.
My long experience in the trade, and the general satisfaction heretofore given by all Guanos sold by me, will, I hope, be a guarantee that the article now offered will be as represented. I will also keep constantly on hand the best PERUVIAN, MEXICAN and other GUANOS, which I will sell as low as any house in the city. **WM. ROBINSON,**
Nos. 4 & 6 Hollingsworth street,
(Near Pratt st. Wharf,)
Baltimore.

ROBINSON'S MANIPULATED GUANO,
Is also sold in lots to suit by the following Agents:
J. C. NEVETT, Alexandria, Va.
GARRISON & MAIGNE, Norfolk, Va.
E. H. SKINKER & CO., Richmond, Va.
THOS. BRANCH & SONS, Petersburg, Va.
T. C. & B. G. WORTH, Wilmington, N. C.
25-37

DENTISTRY.
B. B. HORTON, *DENTIST*, WADESBORO', N. C., will operate on TEETH at the following LOW rates, for persons who call at my office to have the work done, or pay cash: Gold Plugs, $1.50; Teeth on Pivot, $4; Teeth on Gold Plate, $8 each up to six—all above that $6 each; a Full Upper Set on Suction, $75; Lower Teeth, the same. All other operations equally low. When I have to credit my old charges will be made. I can refer those who wish it to some of the most respectable citizens for whom I have plugged teeth eighteen years ago; the same plugs are still in and doing well. For others I have put in teeth on pivot and gold plate, some full sets on suction, which they have worn for several years, and are still wearing, all doing well; and many other operations, which have been done for about eighteen years, all doing well. But as I warrant all my operations, and have the advantage of upwards of eighteen years' practice, I have no doubt but I can give satisfaction to all who are disposed to patronise and give me a fair trial, which is all I ask.
N. B.—Having engaged in the Photographic Art, some have been induced to believe I had quit the practice of Dentistry. Now this is a false impression. I have not made enough to justify my retiring from the business. On the contrary, I am better prepared now than ever to operate on teeth, and am still in the field, ready at all times to attend to all calls from this or any of the adjoining counties, and respectfully ask a continuance of that patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed. So come along and have your mouth put in laughing order, and then get one of my superb Ambrotypes.
So you who have beauty to HORTON should take it,
And you who have none should go let him make it.
10-35

TO HIRE.
SMITH & LINDSEY INFORM THE PUBLIC that their boy ARCHIE can be HIRED to do any kind of work in **Brick** or **Rock Masonry**, from this time forth. 17-tf

BLANK DEEDS—FOR SALE AT THE ARGUS OFFICE.

Close up Your Accounts by Cash or Note.
THE SUBSCRIBER WILL BE THANKFUL TO receive, and will diligently attend to the SETTLEMENT OF ANY BOOKS, NOTES, OR OPEN ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS AND OTHERS; also, the WRITING OR POSTING OF BOOKS. And when so directed by the Plaintiffs, will hand their claims to an Officer, and see that they are collected, (provided they can be,) and the money paid over forthwith.
21-tf S. W. NEAL.

Notice.
HAVING A LARGE NUMBER OF OPEN ACcounts on our Books, (and our time being mostly employed in selling Goods and keeping up Stock,) we have placed them in the hands of S. W. Neal, Esq., to be closed up by Cash or Note.
☞ We are constantly receiving NEW SUPPLIES OF THE VARIOUS GOODS IN OUR LINE OF BUSINESS, and hope to merit an increase of patronage during the present year. SMITH & LINDSEY,
21 tf Druggists.

Notice.
THE NOTES AND ACCOUNTS OF L. C. CARTER are now in my hands for settlement, with instructions to hand them to an officer, if not paid in a short time. S. W. NEAL.
Wadesboro', Jan. 25, 1859-20 tf.

THE CUBA QUESTION YET UNSETTLED,
AND
UNCLE SAM INSOLVENT.
BUT THE QUESTION IN WHICH THE CITIzens of Anson and the adjoining country should be more directly concerned, and upon which rests a considerable item of domestic economy, is where they can obtain the best
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Harness, Saddles, Bridles,
AND LEATHER,
AT THE LOWEST PRICE.
To decide properly and satisfactorily this question they must EXAMINE and COMPARE.
By calling at High Mount Tannery, four miles west of Wadesboro', they will find a large stock of LEATHER of all kinds; BOOTS, SHOES, HARNESS and SADDLES, neatly and substantially put up, which will and shall be SOLD AS LOW AS THEY CAN BE AFFORDED IN THE STATE, OR GIVEN IN EXCHANGE FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE, FOR WHICH A LIBERAL PRICE WILL BE ALLOWED.
Call and examine, as I am determined to sell.
☞ *REPAIRING* done with neatness and dispatch. J. C. CARAWAY.

50,000 lbs. Raw Hides Wanted,
For which I will pay the highest market prices
March 10, 1859-26-1y J. C. C.

E. Hutchinson,
CABINET MAKER,
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE PUBLIC that he continues to manufacture all articles in his line of business. Furniture of every description made to order. In addition to the above he manufactures TIN and WIRE SAFES, and is prepared to do all kinds of INSIDE CARPENTER WORK—such as Blinds, Doors, Sash, Shelving, or any other work pertaining to the interior of a dwelling house.
☞ COFFINS made to order, at the shortest notice. He wishes it to be understood that he can and will furnish Coffins of pine, poplar, walnut or mahogany at from two to four hours' notice, depending upon the quality—the finest not exceeding *four hours*—such are his facilities for manufacturing them. The fact is, he can make plain Pine Coffins much cheaper and quicker, and better, than any carpenter, it being a legitimate branch of his business. 21-tf

VALUABLE PROPERTY
FOR SALE
THAT VALUABLE PROPERTY IN THE TOWN of Wadesboro', known as the
ANSON HOTEL,
together with the OUT-BUILDINGS and FURNITURE, including everything necessary to carry on the business, is now offered for sale.
The House is large and commodious, the location central, the Furniture good and in good order, the Stables, Lots, &c., &c., "O. K.;" in short, as those acquainted with the property well know, a better opportunity for safe and profitable investment is rarely to be found.
☞ If not sold in a short time, the property will be rented on reasonable terms.
☞ In our absence S. W. Neal, Esq., will show the premises.
19-tf STREATER & HUTCHINSON.

BARGAINS IN BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS SEVERAL FINE NEW BUGGIES and TWO FINE FAMILY CARRIAGES for sale—together with some SECOND HAND WORK that he is anxious to sell. BARGAINS MAY BE HAD! This work is none of that sorry kind which floods this country. [30-tf] J. P. SMITH.

TAKE NOTICE.
ON AND AFTER THE FIRST DAY OF APRIL next, our terms for the sale of LUMBER will be,
For good lumber 80c. cash, or $1 credit, per 100;
Refuse lumber 50c. cash, or 60c. credit;
Rough Edge lumber 33⅓c. cash, or 40c. credit.
THOMAS GULLEDGE.
28-tf CALVIN LILLY.

KEROSENE LAMPS AND OIL.
AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF THESE NON-EXPLOSIVE, ECONOMICAL, AND UNSURPASSED LAMPS. One of these lamps will give a light equal to four candles, and consumes about one cent's worth of oil in three hours. For economy and brilliancy of light they cannot be equalled. For sale by [3-tf] SMITH & LINDSEY.

REMOVAL.
WE HAVE REMOVED FROM OUR OLD stand opposite the Brick Store to the corner house lately occupied by S. W. Neal, opposite the COURT-HOUSE, where we will be happy to see all our friends and customers.
17-tf SMITH & LINDSEY.

"HARD TIMES NO MORE."
ANY PERSON (LADY OR GENTLEMAN) IN the United States, possessing a small capital of $2 to $7 can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day *can be realized*. For particulars, address (with stamp,)
W. B. ACTON & CO.,
26-38 41 North Sixth st., Philadelphia.

On Consignment,
100 BARRELS CHOICE MUSCOVADO MOLASSES;
50 HHDS. SWEET CUBA MOLASSES.
Just received and for sale at Charleston prices by
Cheraw, April 18 DANIEL A. HORN.

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

[For the Argus.

STANZAS.

TO ONE WHO REPROACHED ME FOR CLINGING SO CLOSELY TO MY "OLD FRIENDS," AND EVINCING SO LITTLE DESIRE TO FORM NEW ATTACHMENTS.

Oh! chide me not for loving them,
The *old* friends and the true;
One smile of theirs is worth to me
A world of friendship *new*.

They've laughed with me in joyous hours,
Ere sorrow caused a tear;
They've whispered me, when I've been sad,
Sweet words of "bonnie" cheer.

In every changing scene of life,
In sorrow and in mirth;
They've been the same, those changeless ones,
Those loving ones of earth.

New friends may do for sunny days;
When winds and waves are still,
But when the winter-time of grief
Comes o'er us, drear and chill—

We pine for kindly sympathy
From hearts that know us well;
We would not to a *stranger-friend*
Our thoughts of sadness te'l.

Not much care I for friendship new,
I've ever found it chill;
The hearts I *trust* alone can win
From mine an answering thrill.

Then chide me not for loving them,
The old friends and the tried;
Believe me, they are dearer far
Than all the world beside. SUNBEAM.

Washington, May 1, 1859.

THE OLD POMESCHICK'S STORY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE, FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

One of my friends was hunting about a hundred wersts from Moscow, September, 1855. His amusement had carried him too far for him to think of returning home that evening. He was near a small house which belonged to an aged man of noble birth, who had lived there for seven and fifty years. This old man had taken possession of the house in his twentieth year; but nobody knew how he had purchased it, nor from whence he had come, nor who he was. He had never once quitted it—not even to go to Moscow—since the day he entered upon possession. The first ten years he lived there he had made no acquaintances, seen nobody, and never spoke except to ask for what was absolutely necessary to him. He had never married, although his estate, containing two thousand deciatinas of land and five hundred serfs, brought him in five thousand silver roubles a year. Although this old man was said to be very inhospitable, my friend did not hesitate to ask permission to spend the night in his house. A place at the stove no Russian peasant ever refuses to the stranger. The old man invited him in, and my friend found seated at the table with his host a near neighbor of my friend. Conversation was consequently easy, for they were no longer strangers. The old man was a well preserved person, of five and seventy years old. His eye was bright, but rather uneasy looking. His health was robust, and his noble white hair and white beard in no wise diminished his appearance of vigor. He wore the true Russian costume: boots, which came above his knees; black velvet pantaloons, with large folds; gray frock coat and cap, trimmed with a trakan. The conversation turned on subjects of cotemporary interest. They talked freely, and this very freedom seemed a pleasure to men who had been doomed to silence for three and thirty years. The Czar Nicholas had died on the 18th February previous, and the Czar Alexander II had begun his reign by words and acts which opened a future career to Russia. Russians had ceased to hope. The old man—unlike most persons of his age who are always regretting the past—seemed glad to have witnessed a change of reign, and to breathe like a free man. He seemed like a man long buried in a dungeon and set at liberty; he enjoyed light and air and liberty.

"But how did it happen that a man of your birth should have quitted St. Petersburg in your eighteenth year, and bury yourself in this obscure neighborhood for fifty-seven years?" asked my friend, encouraged by the tone of the old man's conversation to put so indiscreet a question.

"I will tell you," replied the host; "I was then, as you say, eighteen years old. I had been for two years an ensign in Pauloski's regiment. The regiment was quartered in the large building opposite the summer garden, and on the other side of the *Campus Martius*. The Czar Paul had been on the throne three years. He lived in the Red Palace, which was just completed. One night leave of absence was refused me for some slight breach of discipline, I do not now remember which, and I was forced to abandon a gay party of my comrades who went out on a frolic. They being gone, I was almost the only officer of my grade left in the barracks. I went to bed early and soon fell asleep. I was awakened from my sound slumbers by a voice [I felt its breath on my face] whispering into my ear: 'Dmitri Alexandrovitch, wake up!' I opened my eyes, and I saw a man standing by my bedside, who seeing me awake repeated his invitation to me. 'What do you want? said I.' 'Get up and follow me.' 'Follow you? where?' 'I cannot tell you. Know it is the Emperor's order.' A cold chill ran through me. The Emperor's order! what could he want with me, a poor ensign, of good family it is true, but too far removed from the throne for it to be possible my name should ever have reached his ear. I remembered the terrible Russian proverb which arose in the reign of Ivan the Terrible, 'Near the Czar, close to Death.' Nevertheless I could not hesitate. I jumped up and began to dress. Then I closely examined the man who had come to wake me. Hid as he was in his furs, I thought I recognized an old Turkish slave, who rose from being a barber to be the Czar's favorite. This scrutiny, however, did not last long; for it would perhaps have been dangerous had it been too long. I am ready at last, said I, buckling my sword around my waist to be ready for any contingency. My uneasiness increased when I saw my guide go down a small stair case leading into the cellars of the immense barracks, instead of carrying me out by the main door. He lighted the way by a small blind lantern. After several windings he went to a door whose very existence was unknown to me before. We had not met a soul in the whole building; it seemed as if the great barracks were deserted, and yet I knew it contained several thousand men. I thought, indeed, once or twice, I saw a shadow gliding in the obscurity; but these faint shadows disappeared, or rather vanished in the darkness.

"When, after walking for some time, we came to a closed door, my guide rapped in a certain way. The door instantly opened. When we entered it, I saw a man close it and follow us; it was he who opened it so suddenly, and he was evidently waiting for us. The passage where we were was evidently a subterranean vault, some seven or eight feet wide; the humidity of the ground sweated through the bricks which lined it inside. About five hundred paces further on, there was an iron grated gate, which my guide unlocked and fastened after he had let us in. On we went. I then began to remember that I had heard there was a subterranean passage between the Red Palace and the barracks of Paulowski's grenadiers. I suppose that we were on our way to the palace. We reached another door, and rapped as he had rapped before; it opened as the other had done, and when we went through I saw a man sitting behind it. Now we walked up a staircase. It opened into the rooms on the ground floor, but the atmosphere showed that we were in a house carefully and comfortably warmed. This house soon assumed the proportions of a palace. Then all my doubts fled. I was led to the Emperor—the Emperor had sent for me, for me an humble ensign in his guard. I remembered that young ensign he met in the street, and made get up behind his carriage, and raised successively, and in less than fifteen minutes, lieutenant, captain, major, colonel and general. But I dared not hope he sent for me with any such intention. We now reached another door still; a sentinel paced before it. My guide laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, 'Take care, you will be in the Emperor's presence in a minute.' He whispered to the sentinel; the latter stood on one side. My guide, I will not say unlocked the door, but opened it by touching a secret spring, or something of that sort, so at least it seemed to me. The noise we made in entering the room made a small man, dressed in the Prussian style with boots which came half way up his thighs, a coat which hung down to his spurs, wearing a gigantic three-cornered hat, although he was in his bed-chamber, and in full dress, although 12 o'clock at night; I say the noise we made caused this man to turn around. I recognized the Emperor. It was not difficult, for I saw him every day of my life. I remembered that, at our review that morning, he had looked at me, and had called my captain to him, and had, keeping his eye fixed on me the while, asked him a good many questions in a whisper, and then had given some orders to one of his staff; and all these recollections increased my uneasiness. 'Sire,' said my guide, 'here is the young ensign to whom you desired to speak.' The Emperor came up to me, and as he was very low of stature, he stood on tiptoe to look at me. He doubtless saw that I was the same person he had selected that morning, for he nodded his head approvingly, and turning on his heel, said, abruptly, to my guide, 'You may go.' My guide bowed and went out, and left me alone with the Emperor. I do declare to you, I had rather have been left alone with a lion in his cage than with that man in his chamber.

"The Emperor did not seem to pay the least attention to me at first. He walked rapidly up and down the room, stopping occasionally before a window with a moveable pane in it, which he would open to breathe the cold night air. When he had inhaled it, he would run to a table where his snuff box was lying and take a pinch. This was the window of his bed chamber, where he was afterwards killed. I have heard it has never been opened since his death. I had time to examine everything in the room, each piece of furniture, every chair. Near one of the windows was a writing desk, and on it a paper which was open. At last the Emperor seemed to perceive that I was in the room; He came up to me. His face seemed to be furious; nevertheless it was merely agitated by the contractions of his nerves. He stood just in front and said: 'Dust, dust, do you know you are nothing but dust, dust of the earth, and that I am lord over all and master of everything?' He never spoke to any body, not even to ladies, except in this way; he called every body and treated every body as if they were indeed nothing but dust and earth and ashes. I do not know how I managed to reply: 'Aye, sire, you are the elect of Heven, the great arbiter of men's destiny.' 'Ah, ha!' said he, as he turned his back on me, and walked up and down the room again, and opened the moveable pane of glass, and took another pinch of snuff, and came up to me a second time: 'You know,' said he, 'that when I command I must be obeyed without refusal, observations, or commentary?' 'As we obey God, I know that, sire,' I answered. He stared at me full in the face. There was such a strange expression in his eyes I could not return his glance. I looked another way. He seemed satisfied with the influence he exerted on me. He attributed to respect that which was nothing but disgust. He went to his writing desk, took the open paper, read it again, folded it, placed it in an envelope, sealed the envelope—not with the imperial seal but with a ring on his finger. Then he came to me. 'Recollect', said he, 'that I have selected you from among a thousand to execute my orders, because I believe that you will faithfully execute them.' 'I shall never forget the obedience in all things I owe to the Emperor.' 'Take this letter, carry it to the Governor of the fortress, go with him wherever he pleases to carry you, observe what he does and come back here and tell me.' 'I have seen it.' I took the letter and bowed. 'I have seen it, remember I have seen it.' 'Aye, sire.' 'Begone with ye!' He himself opened the door by which I entered; my guide was waiting there for me. The Emperor closed the door, saying: 'Dust, dust, dust, remember!'

"I stood dumb, staggered with what I had seen and heard, until my guide said to me, 'Come on!' We walked on, but by a different path from that I had come by. A sleigh waited for us in the court-yard, into which he and I got. The fortress gate opened on Fontanka bridge. The sleigh moved rapidly. We crossed the Campus Martius, and crossed the Neva on the ice. The night was as dark as pitch, and the wind blew in a violent and lugubrious manner. We were soon at the fortress gate. My guide gave the soldier the password, and in it we entered. The sleigh was before the Governor's house. The password was given, we entered the Governor's house as we had entered the fortress. The Governor was in bed, asleep. He instantly rose when he heard the potent phrase, 'It is the Emperor's order!' He came to meet us, concealing his uneasiness with a smile. With a man like Paul there was no more security for goalers than for captives, for executioners than for victims. He looked at us as much as to say, 'What do you want?' My guide pointed to me to show that I was the principal. He looked at me more attentively; nevertheless, he hesitated about speaking to me. My youth probably surprised him. To end his evident anxiety, I gave him the Emperor's order without saying a word. He took it to the candle, looked at the seal, saw it bore the impress of the Emperor's private signet ring, the sign of secret orders. He bowed, made an almost imperceptible sign of the cross, and opened it. He read the order once, looked at me, read it a second time, and said to me, 'You are to see it?' 'Yes, I am to see it.' 'What are you to see?' 'You know.' 'But do you know?' 'I do not.' He remained pensive a moment, and then he said: 'Didn't you come in a sleigh?' 'Yes.' 'How many persons can your sleigh hold?' 'Three.' 'Does this gentleman come with us?' He pointed to my guide. I hesitated, for I did not know what reply to make. 'No,' replied my guide, 'I am to wait.' 'Where?' 'Here.' 'What are you going to wait for?' 'Until it is over.' 'Very Well.' 'Prepare a second sleigh,' said he, speaking to an attendant; 'select four strong soldiers; let one of them take a lever, the other a hammer, and the two others, hatchets.' The attendant so addressed instantly left the room. Then the Governor turned to me saying, 'Come along and you'll see.' He led the way. I followed him. A turnkey walked behind us. We went on until he got opposite the Exchange, as well as I could suspect, judging from the distances I could remember. The Governor pointed to a door. The turnkey opened it, went in, lighted a lantern and showed us the way. We went down ten steps, and found a double file of dungeons, each on one side; but we did not stop here. We went down ten more steps, but we did not stop here. Then we went down five other steps, twenty five steps in all. Here we stopped. The doors were all numbered. The Governor halted before a door marked 'No. 11.' He made a sign to the turnkey. It seemed as if in this house of graves the quick lost power of speech as well as the dead. It was a [illegible] degrees below zero out of doors. In the depths where we were, this cold was increased by the humidity which penetrated to the very bones. The marrow in my bones were frozen, and yet I wiped the thick beads of perspiration pouring from off my forehead.

"The turkey opened the door. We went down six steep, slippery steps, and entered a dungeon some eight feet square. I thought I could discover by the glimmering lantern a human form moving at the bottom of the dungeon. The Governor remained on the last step, for the floor of the dungeon was covered with a humid slime several inches deep. I heard a low and strange murmur, and I looked to see whence it came; I discovered a loop hole a foot long by four inches wide. The wind came through this aperture and made a current with the opened door. I saw now what was the noise I heard: It was the ripples of the Neva beating against the walls of the fortress, for the dungeon was below the level of the river. 'Get up and dress,' said the Governor. I wondered to whom he gave this order, so I told the turnkey to light up the dungeon. The turnkey directed his lantern's rays towards the bottom of the dungeon. I then saw an old man rise from the floor. His hair and his beard were very long, and as white as the driven snow. He doubtless had been incarcerated in this dungeon habited in the clothes he wore when arrested; but he had laid there so long his clothes had rotted away, piece by piece, and he had nothing on him but a tattered fur coat. Through the rents in this garment, I could see his naked, shivering, bony body. Perhaps (it was far from being improbable) that body had once been covered with splendid clothes; perhaps the ribbons and stars of the noblest Orders had glittered on that famine-worn breast. Now he was nothing but a living skeleton, which had lost all rank, all dignity, even its name being nothing now but 'Number eleven.' He rose, wrapped his ragged coat around him without uttering a single complaint; his body was bent double, vanquished by the dungeon, by humidity and cold, and time and darkness and solitude and, perhaps, hunger; but his eye was haughty—almost menacing. 'Very well,' said the Governor, 'come along.' The Governor led the way. The prisoner gave a last glance at his dungeon, at his stone seat, his water jug and his rotten straw. He sighed. Surely he could not (it is impossible!) have regretted any thing there? He followed the Governor, passing in front of me as he went out. I shall never forget the glance he gave me as he went out. I shall never forget the reproaches he conveyed in that silent glance! 'So young, he seemed to say, 'and already the slave of tyranny?' I turned my eyes away; that look had entered my heart as if it had been a poignard. I moved so that he should not touch me as he walked out from the dungeon in which he had so long been confined. How long had he been in there? Perhaps he himself knew not! It must have been many a day since he ceased to count the revolution of the days and nights in the darkness of his dungeon. I followed him. The turnkey locked the dungeon carefully and joined us.

"We found two sleighs at the door of the Governor's house. He made the prisoner get into the sleigh I had come in, and then he and I got in; he sat by the side of the prisoner, I sat on the front seat. The four soldiers got into the other sleigh. Where were we going? I knew not. What were we going to do? I had not the remotest idea. We moved off from the Governor's house. I have said I sat on the front seat; the old man's legs were consequently between mine. I felt them shivering. The Governor was rapped in furs; I was wrapped in my thick military cloak, and even then both of us were cold. The old man was almost stark naked, but the Governor did not offer him even a blanket to cover him. I thought for a moment of taking off my cloak and giving to him; the Governor read my thought and said: 'It is not worth while.' So I kept on my cloak. We drove towards the River Neva. When we reached the middle of the river, our sleighs moved towards Cronstadt. The wind (it was blowing a gale) blew from the Baltic, the hail cut our faces; it was one of those terrible drifting snow storms such as are never seen except in the Gulf of Finland. Accustomed as we were to the darkness, we could not see ten paces from us. When we had rounded the neck of land on the river the drifting snow storm burst upon us in all its violence. You cannot conceive what a terrible thing is this tarnado of wind and hail and snow in these wide marshes, where there is not a tree to break its violence. On we went, through a moving atmosphere, but which was so filled with snow-flakes, it seemed ready at every moment to become solid and suffocate us between walls of snow. Our horses snorted and neighed and refused to move. Our drivers could not make them budge a single step except by applying the lash most mercilessly. They ran out of the road and came near upsetting us against the river banks a thousand times. I knew it did sometimes happen even in broad daylight that sleighs and horses, with everybody in them, fell into the 'air-holes' of the river, which never freeze over, and disappeared forever. I thought we might express one of these air holes and disappear in their unfathomable abyss. Good Heavens! What a night I spent! And the old man's legs trembled more and more. How he must have suffered with the cold! At last we stopped. We were some three or four miles below Saint Petersburg. The Governor got out of the sleigh and went towards the one which held the four soldiers; all of them had leaped from the sleigh. They held the instruments they were ordered to bring with them. The Governor said to them: 'Make a hole in the ice.' I could not repress an involuntary scream of terror. I began now to comprehend the hellish tragedy. 'Ah!' said the old man in a tone which seemed like the sneer of a skeleton, 'The Emperor remembers me, eh? I thought she had forgotten me.' What Emperor? He meant? Anne, or Elizabeth, or Catherine? He evidently believed one of them still reigned. He was in rapt ecstacy the name of him who could send him to death! What was the darkness of this night compared to that which reigned in his soul? The four soldiers set to work. They break the ice with their hammers, cut it with their hatchets, pried it up with their levers. Suddenly they all leaped back, the ice was completely broken, water rose, crept out of the aperture and told the Governor to the old man. The order was given, the old man had gotten out before the Governor spoke, and was kneeling in silent prayer. The Governor whispered to the four soldiers, he evidently gave them an order, and they he returned to the sleigh and took a seat by me. I had not quitted the sleigh. The old man was rose from his knees. 'I am ready,' said he. The four soldiers leaped on him. I turned my eyes away, but it I did not see I heard. I heard a body fall into the gulf of water. I involuntarily took a step. The old man had disappeared. I forgot where I was, I ran to the place to give orders and I screamed to the drivers, 'Drive home! drive home!' 'No, no,' said the Governor. The sleigh had started. This exclamation made the driver stop. 'We are not through yet,' said the Governor to me in French. 'What else is to be done?' I asked. 'We must wait.' 'We waited half an hour. 'The hole is frozen over, your Excellency,' said one of the soldiers. 'Are you sure of it?' asked the Governor. The soldier struck the hole with his lever; it was evident it was covered with solid ice. 'Drive home!' said the Governor. The horses bounded away at full speed. In fifteen minutes we were in the fortress. My guide took the Governor's place in the sleigh, saying to the driver as he got in, 'Go to the Red Palace!'

"Five minutes afterwards I was in the Emperor's chamber. He was standing in the middle of the floor, and in the same full dress he wore when I first saw him. He came up to me. 'Well,' said he. 'I have seen it,' replied I. 'You have seen it? you have seen it? you have seen it? you have seen it?' said he. 'Look at me, sire,' I replied, 'and you will not doubt my word.' I stood before a mirror, in which I could see myself. But I was so pale, so haggard, so care-worn, I could scarcely recognize myself. The Emperor looked at me, and, without saying a word, he took from his writing desk a second paper like the first he had taken. He gave it to me, saying: 'Here I give you an estate between Toritza and Pereschiffe; there are five hundred serfs on it. Leave this city tonight, and never again, so long as you live, do you ever set your foot in St. Petersburg. If you ever open your lips about what you have seen—beware! You know how I punish! Come, be off with you!'

"I quit St. Petersburg that night. I have never visited it since; and this is the first time I ever have told any human being what I tell you now."

"HOME TO THE REASON."—This is the title of an electioneering document, which the Democracy are now circulating among the people, and which first appeared in the Democratic Review. It is designed to meet the charge of extravagance brought against the Administration and the Democratic party by the Opposition, and is a tremendous Roorback from beginning to end. As evidence of its Roorback character, read the following, which is next to the last sentence in the pamphlet:

"We have proved that the onus of whatever extravagance has characterized the expenditures of the Government for the past four years, rests upon those who now assail the Democracy."

Now who has been President "for the past four years?" Have we had any other but *Democratic* Presidents during that time? What party has had a majority—an overwhelming majority—in the Senate of the United States during "the past four years?" Is it not the *Democratic* party? And what party, with the single exception of one Congress, has had a majority in the House of Representatives? Is it not the *Democratic* party?

What folly, then, what absurdity, what gross disregard of truth, to say that "onus of whatever extravagance has characterized the expenditures of this Government for the past four years, rests upon those who assail the Democracy"—that is, upon the Opposition party of the country, who have been out of power, and who have had no opportunity, if they had been so disposed, to be extravagant? We repeat the assertion that the Democratic electioneering document in question, is full of the most stupendous and unblushing *Roorbacks*, and we are sure the people are too intelligent to be misled by them for a moment. The Democratic party, the *economical* party, when the Richmond Enquirer said some time ago, that the debt of the Government, under the Buchanan Administration, had "*run up from 0 to nearly one hundred millions of dollars*." No, they are anything but economical; and "we call upon the country not to be deluded by their affectation of a virtue which they do not possess, but to hold them to a just accountability for their reckless disregard of public interest."—*Richmond Whig.*

☞ Dr. Abbot, the collector of the valuable gallery of the Egyptian antiquities, died near Cairo, Egypt, in March last. He had spent $107,000 in the pursuit of relics.

☞ A well known politician of Mississippi, in a recent speech before the sovereigns, said: "Your woolen goods are nearly all cotton, your silk hats are nearly three-thirds cotton."