

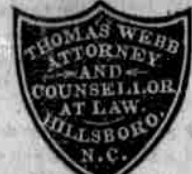
Hillsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXXVI.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1856.

No. 1822.



WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Claims collected. Penalties and Bounty Lands obtained.

\$10,000

worth of Land Warrants wanted, at the highest cash prices paid for them. Office in the Court House, June 22th. 93-6mp

DR. ROSCOE HOOKER, A. M.,
(A graduate of the University of North Carolina, and of the Medical Department of the University of New York.)

HAVING located permanently in Hillsborough, and being determined to devote his whole time and energies to his profession, respectfully offers his services to the public.

N. B. Dr. H. has been successfully prosecuting his profession for several years past.

Having purchased the property formerly owned by the late Dr. James S. Smith, opposite Nichols's Hotel, he has found there when not professionally engaged.

June 12th, 1855. 91-1

DR. W. C. ROBERTS,

A GRADUATE of Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, being located at
PARISHVILLE, ORANGE CO.,
offers his professional services, in all its branches, to that community, and will attend promptly to all calls.

July 23, 1855. 92-7

Brown & De Rosset,
NEW YORK.

De Fossset & Brown,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

May 29. 89-6mp

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,

Commission and Forwarding Merchants,
BROWN'S BUILDING, WATER STREET,
Wilmington, N. C.

Equal Advances made on Assignments.

March 9, 1855. 78-13p

Henry P. Russell. Jos. B. Russell.

RUSSELL & BROTHER,

General Commission Merchants,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Refer to Thos. H. Wright, Esq., Pres't B.C. Cape Fear.
E. P. Hall, Esq., Pres't Br. Bank of the State.
O. G. Parsley, Esq., Pres't Commercial Bank.

WE have ample Wharf and Store Room, situated in the most central part of the town, and are prepared to make **LUMBER** and **ADVANCES** on Flour, Cotton, Naval Stores, or other Produce consigned to us for sale here, or shipment to our friends North. March 2. 77-1y

J. & D. MacRae & Co.,
COMMISSION & FLOUR MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

LIBERAL advances made on consignments of Flour, and prompt attention given to filling Orders for Groceries, &c.

March, 1855. 78-14pd

W. P. Moore, John A. Stanley, J. W. Jones.

MOORE, STANLY & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GIVE personal attention to the sales or shipment of **COUNTRY PRODUCE**, and fill Orders promptly, when accompanied by a judicious or satisfactory reference.

REFER TO
O. G. Parsley, Pres't Commercial Bank, Wilmington.
E. P. Hall, Pres't Br. Bank of the State.
Charles Slover, Pres't Merchants' Bank of Newbern.

March 9th, 1855. 78-15

Lumber for Sale
At the Raleigh Planing Mills.

200,000 feet dressed Flooring.
100,000 " " Weatherboarding.
50,000 " " Ceiling.
100,000 " " Thick Boards.

THIS lumber is of the very best leaf pine, brought to us in exact blocks, and will be delivered on board the carrier at charge. Those wishing to purchase will, on application by letter or otherwise, be furnished with a card of prices, and all necessary information as to freight, &c.

T. D. HOGG & CO.
Raleigh, March 22, 1855. 6m-10f

JUST RECEIVED,
A LOT of Three Penny Nails; and one barrel of BURNING FLUID—(not Camphene.)—Also SUMMER MANTILLAS, of various kinds.

For sale by **J. C. TURKENTINE & SON,**
May 21. 89-

JUST RECEIVED,
500 LBS. Pure Lead, 625 lbs. White Zinc Paint, 10 gals. Sweet Oil, 2 lbs. Tanners' Oil, 3 gals. Japan Varnish, 14 lbs. Paris Green, 3 lbs. French Paint Drier, Dry White and Red Lead, 32 lbs. French Zinc or Parisian White, &c. &c.

LONG & CAIN,
June 22, 1855. 93-

FINAL NOTICE.
ALL persons indebted to the late firm of Long & Webb will please call and pay their notes and accounts, as the business must be wound up.

O. F. LONG,
JAMES WEBB,
May 22. 88-

Valuable Negroes for Sale.
THE subscriber has been commissioned to sell a young woman and female child two years old. The woman is an excellent washer and ironer, and useful in household business generally. A good bargain will be offered if early application is made.

Two good Pintons
are also offered for sale, one of which has been very little used, and at all defects, and perfect in tone. The other has been more used, but equal in tone. A good bargain will be offered in either. Apply soon, to the subscriber at Chapel Hill, or at this office.

H. L. OWEN,
November 26. 18-2w

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership of Nelson & Paul has expired by limitation, and they now offer their Stock of Goods at Cost for Cash, and invite all that are desiring any to call and examine them, as they have a good assortment of almost all kinds of Dry Goods. They also request all that are in debt to the firm, by note or account, to pay the same, as the business must be settled.

**WILLIAM NELSON,
WILLIAM PAUL.**

August 21, 1855. 63-

**JOSEPH R. BLOSSOM,
Commission & Forwarding Merchant,**
WILMINGTON, N. C.,
Will give his personal attention to business entrusted to his care, and shippers may rely on having prompt returns.

Liberal advances made on consignments of all kinds of Country Produce for sale in this market, or for shipment to other parts.
Consignments of Flour solicited.
March, 1855. 791-

Family Groceries, &c.

JUST received at the old stand, and for sale at low prices, by James Webb,
6,100 pounds of Brown, Clarified, Coffee, Crushed, Leaf and Powdered SUGARS, of the best kind.
5,512 pounds of Rio, Jaguar and Java COFFEE.
Superior Green and Black TEAS.
Sperm, Adamantine and Tallow CANDLES.

1,400 pounds of Sole Leather; and also a lot of home made stout Upper Leather.

20 kegs of Nails; Powder, Shot, Lead; Soap, Snuff, Iron Pins, Ovens, Spiders and Lids.

Buckets, Tubs, Churns, Crockery.

850 pairs of Boots and Shoes.

BOOTS for Children, Boys and Men, both fine and Coarse.

SHOES for Ladies, Children, Boys, Girls, Men, and Servants.
Also, Philadelphia shop made Shoes, for Ladies, Misses, and Children.
Trunks, both low priced and good quality.
Ladies' Bonnet Boxes; also Hand Trunks and Valises, Carpet Bags, Satchels, &c. &c.

300 Hats and Caps.

Gen's finest Mole-skin Hats.
Also Hats and Caps of various material and shape, for Men, Boys, Children, Infants, and Servants, including Fur, Felt, Wool, &c. &c.

16 Guns, Single and Double barrel, both low priced and very fine.

Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Game Bags, on hand and for sale by
JAMES WEBB.
October 1. 7-

The Alpha Woolen Mill,

Orange Co., 7 Miles East of Hillsborough.

IS now in successful operation. The subscribers with confidence invite customers with their Wool for which Cash will be paid at market prices; or their wool will be manufactured to suit them at extremely low prices. Having a large supply of Cloth already made, it might suit customers to exchange at once. Every inducement will be extended, and they hope to merit and receive the encouragement of an intelligent community.

**JOHN C. SHIELDS,
WM. NELSON,**
June 9th, 1854. 40-

Clarendon Iron Works,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

A. H. VANBOKKELEN, Proprietor.

THE subscriber having purchased the entire interest in the "CLARENDON IRON WORKS," solicits orders for
Steam Engines, of any power or style,
Saw Mills of every variety,
Mining Machinery and Pumps,
Grist and Saw Mills, complete,
Pulver, Turbine, and other Water-wheels,
Rice-field Pumps and Engines,
Leaven's Corn and Cob Crusher,
Hoe, Thrasher,
Shingle Machine,
Shufing Hangers and Pulleys,
Cotton Gins and Gearing,
Iron Castings of all kinds and patterns,
Brass ditto ditto ditto,
Locomotive and Tubular Boilers,
Flux and plain Cylinder Boilers,
Blacksmith work of all kinds,
Iron Doors for Houses and Jails.

THE ESTABLISHMENT
Having been re-organized for the express purpose of insuring punctuality in the execution of all orders, the public may rest satisfied that any work which may be ordered will be promptly delivered according to promise, and of such workmanship as cannot fail to give satisfaction.

THE MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT
Being in charge of a man of talent and experience, I have no hesitation in saying that the work hereafter turned out, shall compare favorably in every respect with that of the most celebrated in the States, and at prices which will make it the interest of all that want to send me their orders.

REPAIR WORK
Always done without delay; and having a large force for that purpose, it will prove advantageous to any person needing such to give me the preference, without regard to the expense of sending some from a distance.

Orders will be addressed to "Clarendon Iron Works," Wilmington, N. C.

A. H. VANBOKKELEN,
October 15. 10-

JAS. C. SMITH, MILES CASTIN,

WARRANTY
JAMES C. SMITH & CO.
Factors and Commission Merchants,
No. 2, South Water Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Particulars attention given to the sale of FLOUR, and other Country Produce.

October 23. 10-1y

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of JAMES WALPKIB, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment; and those having claims against the estate will present them, properly authenticated, within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

**JOHN LOCKHART, Ex'rs.
BEDFORD VAUGHN,**
October 15. 9-

Strayed or Stolen,

FROM the subscriber, being near Chapel Hill, a small mouse colored Mule, 15 or 20 years old. For the delivery, or for any information concerning the said mule, simple reward will be given.

W. M. J. R. MURDOCK,
October 9, 1855. 8-3w



BUREL ECONOMY.

“May your rich soil,
Euberrant, nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land.”

Agricultural Division of the Patent Office.

INDIAN CORN.

Mr. W. F. M. Arny, an intelligent agriculturist at Bloomington, McLean county, Illinois, has communicated to the Patent Office the result of some very ample tests made by him of certain varieties of corn. It appears from this communication and from the accompanying specimens that the “Wyandot Prolific Corn,” of which we have recently made mention, does not, in that locality at least, realize the hopes heretofore entertained of it, but indicates a tendency to degenerate into the common gourd-seed corn. The writer expresses the opinion, however, that it will do very well in a more southern latitude. The soil upon which these tests were made is very fertile, requiring no artificial nutriment or stimulus.

The same writer, several years ago, procured in Tennessee seeds of the “Tennessee flour corn,” which he cultivated with great success in Western Virginia for a time and then took with him to his present home, and has propagated it extensively in that region with equal success. He thinks that it is as applicable also to Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and the southern part of Wisconsin. He plants in the first week of May and harvests in the first week of November, making the hills four feet apart and having three stalks in each hill. His estimated yield of dried shelled corn is one hundred bushels to the acre, sixty pounds to the bushel. This corn, it is added, is not only prolific, but will also bring a few cents per bushel more than the yellow, because of the purity and whiteness of the bread made from its meal, and also because it is one of the varieties from which starch is made with great facility.

CASHMERE GOATS.

R. Peters, Esq., of Atlanta, in a private letter, thus alludes to the hardness and fragility of this valuable stock:
“I am better pleased every day with my Cashmere Goats. They are now living and growing fat on the seed of rag weed,—a plant which no other animal will eat.”

We are also indebted to Mr. Peters for several samples of wool from some of his half-blood kids (raised from the common Goat and a Cashmere Buck).—These samples, which may be seen at our office, are really of astonishing fineness and length of fibre; and when we consider the undoubted value of this wool for manufacturing purposes—the hardy character of the Goat's exemption from nearly all diseases—its dog-defying character—and its superiority in almost every respect over the sheep, so far as vigor and stamina are concerned—we are constrained to repeat, with increased confidence, our declaration of last month, that the Cashmere Goat is far the most important and valuable addition that has been made to our domestic animals, within the past century.

In concurrence with this opinion, we are pleased to mention the name of that profound scholar and zealous naturalist, Rev. Dr. Bechman, of Charleston, whose allusion to their value will be found near the close of his very article on Southern Grasses, in the present number.

We also learn that Dr. James B. Davis, of South Carolina, passed through this city recently, with fifteen three quarter bred (ashmere ewe kids, seven months old, and one pure bred two year old Cashmere Buck; having sold the lot (16) to a gentleman of Gallatin, Tenn. for the handsome sum of Four Thousand Dollars—the kids rated at \$200 each, and the Buck at \$1000.

Augusta Cultivator.

BRINE A POISON.

M. Reynal, of the Veterinary School, Ayr, France, has communicated to the Imperial Academy of Medicine the results of investigations upon the poisonous properties acquired by brine, after a considerable length of time, in which pork or other meats had been salted or pickled. The poisonous properties, he states, are acquired in two or three months after the preparation of the brine, and its use then, mixed with food for any length of time, even although in small quantities, may produce death. A simple solution of salt in water, after the same length of time, does not produce the same effect. The poison acts as a local irritant, exciting violent intestinal congestion and inflammation. It likewise increases the secretion of the skin and kidneys, and exerts a direct effect upon the nervous system, giving rise to trembling, loss of sensation, convulsions, &c. Experiments were tried with it in the Veterinary School, upon horses, dogs, and pigs. As brine is sometimes used a second time for pickling and for other purposes, these facts should be remembered.

No brine should be used a second time without being boiled; still we cannot but think that M. Reynal has carried the matter a little too far. Will some of our professors of medicine make the experiments, in order to test the correctness or incorrectness of M. Reynal's conclusions. *Scientific American.*

ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG.

Seldom have I seen any advice for the young that gave me so much satisfaction as

the following. I cannot tell my young readers who wrote it, but as it is good, I hope they will read it carefully and try to remember all it says to them:

There is something you must not do if you wish to be true scholars. You must not spend your leisure hours in idle conduct. You must not waste the long and fruitful evening in noisy, vulgar plays in the streets, with the pfoane, the dissolute, the reckless, calling to strangers and annoying peaceable citizens.

You must not be ashamed to be polite. A coarse, gross, rude address never expresses a delicate, thoughtful, well regulated mind. You must not be afraid to do right. Boys are often tempted to show their courage by ridiculing merit. They sometimes think it mean to be afraid of offending their parents or their teacher, or God himself. Remember that the true spirit consists in following the dictates of a nobler nature; and he is the real coward who can be shamed out of his principles.

Never make light of a serious subject, nor trifle with the misfortunes of a fellow creature. Never take pleasure in inflicting pain. You must not find your best pleasures away from your own homes. I am always afraid of a boy who begins to be uneasy at home. When the presence of your parents and sisters puts a restraint upon you, and you feel shy of them, be sure that all is not right.

An uncorrected and unperverted child is nowhere so happy as at home. Never suffer yourself to lose, never allow any body to taint in your bosom, the fond and kindly affections that grow up and shed their odors around the family fireside.

You must not imagine that you and your teacher have different interests. He labors for you, he lives for you. His interest is for your welfare. His honor is in your progress, his happiness is in your highest good. If you could disturb his plans and hinder his success, you would triumph in your own defeat.

You must not tempt others to do wrong. It is enough to lose advantages for one's self; to fail of the great ends of education. To be the occasion of misleading and injuring another—to set about corrupting an innocent mind—to lure a guileless, confiding child from the path of purity—to estrange an affectionate nature from the love of truth and the sacred endearments of home, is a deep, deep guilt, and a malignant influence.

All of you let me say, be punctual. If a scholar is late, the whole school is disturbed; his own progress is interrupted; the order of the day is interfered with; and what is worst of all, a habit of punctuality is not formed—a habit essential to the success and happiness of life.

“A little too late,” is a fit motto to be inscribed upon the tombstones of half of the unfortunates in the business of this world, and of more than half who fail of the happiness of the future.

Take pains to comply exactly with the regulations of the school. Confide in the teacher, respect the opinions he has deliberately formed; suffer him to rule within the sphere of his duty. Be not in haste to advance. Cultivate carefully the ground you go over; be sure you obtain distinct, clear ideas, and dwell upon a thing until you master it. Then, and not till then, you may safely advance.

Don't whisper. One thoughtless boy, one careless girl, by this one mischievous habit, disturbs the whole school. Learn to study without buzzing; to think without moving the lips. It is easy after a little practice. Indeed, to be able to be still is almost a virtue, it is so necessary to order. Certainly it is one of the graces. *Ferrater.*

The Gold Coin, or the Little Street Beggar.

A Story of “Happy New Year.”

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

The following story is a jewel. We ask for it a careful perusal from all our young friends: It was the morning of a new year that had just set in, bright, golden and beautiful. The sun glistered like jewelled raiment in the cloudless sun. The chiming of the silvery sounds of the bells struck joyfully upon the listener in every street. The air was cold—though not piercing—bracing, though not biting—just cold enough, in truth, to diffuse life and elasticity into every one that moved.

There was a little girl—a child of poverty—on that new year's morning, walking the streets with the gray crowd that swept past her. Her little feet had grown so numb, encased only in thin shoes, and those badly worn, that she could but with difficulty move one before the other. Her cheeks shone at every step she took, and her lips looked truly purple. Alas! poor Elsie Gray! She was a little beggar.

Just like the old year was the new year to her. Just like last year's wants and last year's sufferings were the wants and sufferings of this! The change of the year brought no change in her condition with it. She was poor, her mother was a widow and an invalid, and the child was a poor beggar.

In the old and cheerless room gleamed no bright fires of anniversary. No eregreen, no wreaths, no flowers, save a few old weathered ones, decked her time stained walls. There was no sound of merry voices within the door, to say to the Widow Gray—
“A happy new year to you, Mrs. Gray.”

Heaven seemed to have walked her and her abode out from the happiness that was all the world's on that festive day of the year. It had provided, to all appearances, no congratulations, no laughter, no gifts, no flowers for them. Why? Were they out-casts? Had they outraged their claims on the wide world's charities? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the sunlight of the living creature's around them? No! A shame take the world that it must be so answered for them. Mrs. Gray was poor!

Little Elsie stopped at times and breathed her hot breath upon her blue and benumbed fingers, and stamped her tiny feet in their case-menis with all the force left in them; and then

big tears stood trembling in her large blue eyes for a moment, and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks as if they would freeze to them. She had left her mother in bed, sick, exhausted and famishing! What wonder that she cried, even though those hot tears only dripped on the cold pavement. They might as well fall there as elsewhere; the many human hearts that passed her were full as icy and hardened.

She would have turned back to go home, but she thought again of her poor mother, and went on, though where to go she knew not. She was to become a street beggar. Where would street beggars go? What streets are laid out and named and numbered for THEM? Surely, if not home, then where should they go? I was this thought that brought those crystal tears, that started those deep and irrepressible sobs that checked her utterance.

A young boy—a bright looking little fellow—chanced to pass her, as she walked and wept and sobbed. He caught the glitter of those tears in the sunshine, and the sight smote his angel heart. He knew not what want and suffering were. He had never known them himself—never heard of them—knew not even what a real beggar was. He stopped suddenly before Elsie, and asked her the cause of those tears. She could make no reply—her heart was too full.

“Has any one hurt you?” asked the feeling little fellow.

She shook her head negatively.

“Have you lost your way?” he persisted.

“No,” answered the child quite audibly.

“What is the matter, then?” he asked.

“Mother is poor and sick, and I am cold and hungry. We have nothing to eat. Our room is quite cold, there is no wood for us. Oh! you do not know all.”

“But tell!” replied the manly boy. “Where do you live?”

“Will you go with me?” asked Elsie, her face brightening.

“Yes—let me go with you,” said he; “show me the way.”

Through street, lane and alley she guided him. They reached the door of the hovel. The cold breaths of the wind whistled in at the cracks and crevices and key holes before them, as if inviting them in. They entered. A sick woman feebly raised her head from the pillow, and gave her sweet smile. “Elsie, have you come?” she faintly said—

“Yes, mother,” answered the child, and I have brought this boy with me. I do not know who he is but he said he wanted to come and see where we live. Did I do wrong to bring him, mother?”

“No, my child,” said the mother, “if he knows how to pity you from his little heart; but he cannot pity me yet—he is not old enough.”

The bright faced, sunny hearted boy gazed in astonishment upon the mother and child. The scene was new to him. He wondered if this was what they called poverty. His eyes looked sad upon the wailing mother, but they glimmered with wonder, when they turned towards Elsie. Suddenly they filled with tears. The want, the woe, the bareness, the desolation, were all too much for him. He shuddered at the cold unceasing floor. He gazed mournfully into the empty fireplace. His eyes wandered woefully over the naked walls, looking so unwelcoming and cheerless. Putting his hand into his pocket he grasped the coin that his mother had that very morning given him, and drew it forth.

“You may have that,” said he, holding it out to the child.

“Oh, you are too good—you are too generous, I fear!” broke in the mother, as if she ought not to take it from him.

“Mother will give me another if I want it,” said he. “It will do you a great deal of good, and I don't need it. Take it—it—you shall take it!” and he was instantly gone.

It was a gold coin of the value of five dollars. Mother and child wept together. Then they talked of the good boy whose heart had opened for them on the new year's day. Then they let their faces run and grow wild and revel as they gazed at the gleaming piece. There was bread and fuel and clothing and every comfort in its depth. They continued to gaze upon it. Now they saw within its ruins pictures of delight and joy; visions of long rooms all walled and decorated with evergreens and flowers; visions of smiling faces and happy children; sights of merry voices, and the chiming music bells, the accent of innocent tongues and the laugh of glad-one hearts.

“Ah! what a philosopher's stone was that coin! How it turned everything first into gold and then into happiness! How it spread them a laden table, and crowded it with merry guests—and those guests, too, all satisfied and happy! O, what bright rays shone forth from that trifling coin of gold! Could it have been so bright in the child's or man's dark pocket? No; else it had before then burned its very way through and lent its radiance to others. Could it have shone with such vision in the rich man's hand? No; else his avarice would have vanished at once, and his heart have flowed with generosity! No, no—it was only to such as the widow and her child that it wore such a shine and emitted such brilliant rays and revealed such sweet and welcome visions! Only such as they.

That night returned the angel boy to the bleak house, then filled with happiness and lighted with joy; but he was not alone—his mother was with him. Blessed boy! He passed the whole of New Year's day in making others happy. And how much happier was he himself? How his little heart warmed and glowed to see the child uncover the basket he had brought with him, and take out one by one the gifts which were stowed there! And how overjoyed was he to see his mother offer the sick woman work and a new home, and to see the sick woman glow suddenly strong and almost well under the influence of kind old us. He wondered if her happiness could possibly be as deep as his own—his New Year was as bright to them as it was to him. He knew not how any one could be happier than he was at that moment.

Years have rolled away into the silent past. That little girl—Elsie Gray—is a lady. Not a

lady only in name, but one in very deed, in heart, in conduct. She dwells in a suburban cottage, and her husband is truly devoted to her. The husband is no other than the generous boy who, on New Year's festival, acceded her so tenderly in the street and went home with her. Her poor mother sleeps quietly in the churchyard; yet she lived to know that God had provided for her child. She died resigned and happy. Are there coins, either of gold or silver, that must be locked away from sight at the beginning of the New Year?

REBUKING A SWEAVER WITH INEQUITY.—A general officer, who was in early life addicted to profane oaths, dated his reformation from the memorable check he received from a Scotch clergyman. When he was lieutenant, and settled at New Castle, he got involved in a brawl with some of the lowest class in the public streets, and the altercation was carried on by both parties with abundance of impious language. The clergyman, passing by was shocked with the profanity, and stepping into the crowd with his cane uplifted, thus addressed one of the leaders of the rabble.

“O John! John! what is this I hear? you only a poor collier boy, and swearing like any lord in the land! O John! have you no fear of what will become of you? It may do very well for this gallant gentleman (pointing to the lieutenant) to bang and swear as he pleases; but you—you, John, it is not for you, or the like of you, to take in vain the name of Him in whom you live and have your being!”

Then turning to the lieutenant: “You'll excuse the poor man, sir; for he is an ignorant body, and knows no better.”

The young officer shrunk away in confusion, unable to make any reply. Next day he waited on the minister, and thanked him sincerely for his well timed reproof, and was ever after an example of correctness of language.

OH! FOR THE NORTH POLE AGAIN.

Scarcely have Dr. Kane and his men dropped their bear-skins and got comfortably warm, before another exploration of the forbidding regions of the North is earnestly talked of. The facts and observations of Dr. Kane in reference to the great open sea beyond the ice region, meagre as they necessarily are, have excited great interest among scientific men.

What has heretofore been suggested by a few is