HUMOROUS.

Queer Sermon by a Hoosier Minister.

The Brandon Mississippi *Register*, reports the following curious sermon, preached at the town of Waterproofs, not far from Brandon:

"I may say to you, my breethering, that I am not an edecated man, an' I am not one of them as bleeves that edecation is necessary fur a gospel minister, fur I bleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated, an', although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indiany, whar I live, thar's no man gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits. Thar may be some here to day, my breethren, as don't know what persuasion I am uv.—Well, I may say to you, my breethren, that I'm a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptist, but I'd ruther hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to day, my breething, dress up in fine close; you mout think I was proud; but I am not proud, my brerthring, and although I've been a preecher uv the Gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm captain of the flat-boat that lies at yure landing, I'm not proud, my breethering.

"I'm not a gwine ter tell you *edzackly* whar my text may be found; sufice it to say, it's in the leds of the Bible, an you'll find it, somewhar 'tween the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and search the Scripters as I have sarched the Scripters, you'll not only find *my* tex thar, but a great a many other texes as will do you good to read, in my tejm when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus:

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings: spirits of just men made perfeck."

My tex, breethring leads me to speak uv sperits. Now thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as sum folks call ghosts, and then thar's the sperits uv turpentime, and then tha's the sperits as sum folks call liquor—an I've got as good an artekel of them kind uv sper it on my flat boat, as ever was fetched down the Mississippi River. But thar's a great many uther kind of sperits. The tex sez: "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex, it is FIRE. That's the kind of sperits as is meant in the tex, my breethring. Now thar's a great many kind of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you lite your segar or pipe with, and then thar's cam fire, fire before yure body, and fire and fall back, and many other kinds of fire, for the tex sez: "He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv ffre as is ment in the tex, breethring—its HELL FIRE! an that's the kind of fire, as great many uv you'll come to ef you don't do better nor what you hav bin doin'—for "He played on a hap uv a *thousand* strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

"Now, the different sorts up fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions uv Christians in the world. In the fust place, we have Piscopalians; and they are a high sailin', and a high falutin set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up, and up and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down and down, and down and down, and is a fillin' himself on the karkiss uv a dead hoss, by the side up the road—and "He played on a harp up a *thousand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

"And then thar's the Methedist, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methedist bleeves in gwine from one degree uv grace to anuther, and finally on to perfecushun, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim', and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know, he falls, and down he cums kerlummux, and that's like the Methedis, for they is allers fallin' from grace-ah!—And—"He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

"And then, my brethring, thar's the Baptist-ah! and they hev bin likened unto a possum on a 'simmon tree, and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake but that possum clings there still-ah!—And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the limb, and he clings, and clings furever, for—"He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck. Amen."

How Darkey Jake was cured of Butting.

Some years since I was employed as ware house clerk in a large shipping house in New Orleans, and while in that capacity the following funny scene occurred:

One day a vessel came in, consigned to the house, having on board a lot of cheese from New York.—During the voyage some of them had become damaged by bilge water, (the ship having proved leaky,) consequently the owners refused to received them; they were therefore, sent to the consignees of the ship, to be stowed until the case could be adjusted. I discovered a few days afterwards, that as to perfume, they were decidedly too fragrant to remain in the warehouse in the middle of June, and reported the same to my employers, from whom I received orders to have them overhauled, and send all that were passable to Beard and Calhoun's auction mart, to be disposed of for the benefit of the underwriters, and the rest to the swamp. I got a gang of black boys to work on them and when they stirred 'em up, "Be the bones of Moll Kelly's quart pot! but the smell was illegant entirely." I kept a respectable distance, believe me, for *strong* niggers and *strong* cheese, on a hot June day, just bangs all common essences, including certain "varmint" we read about.

Presently the boys turned out an immense fellow, about three foot six inches "across the stump," from which the box had rotted off; in the centre a space about ten inches was very much decayed, and appeared and appeared to be about the consistency of mush, of a bluish tint, which was caused by the bilged water. The boys had just set it up on its edge on a bale of gunnybags, when I noticed over the way a big darkey (then on sale) from Charleston, South Carolina, who was notorious for his butting propensities, having given most of the niggers in that vicinity a taste of his quality in that line. I had seen him and another fellow, the night previous, practising; they would stand, one on each side of a hydrant some ten yards distant, and run at each other with their heads lowered, and clapping their hands on the hydrant, they would butt like veteran rams. A thought struck me that I might cure him of his bragging and butting, and have some sport also, so I told the boys to keep dark, and I called "Old Jake" over.

"They tell me you are a great fellow for butting, Jake."

"I is some, Massa, dat a fac—I done butt de wool 'tirely orf ob old Pete's head last night, and Massa Nichols was gwine to gib me goss! I kin jiss bark de head orf any nigger in dese parts, myself—I kin!"

"Well, Jake, I've got a little job in that line for you when you haven't anything else to do."

"I'se on han' for all dem kin' ob jobs, myself—I is."

"Well, you see that large cheese back there."

"I does dat! I does myself."

"Now If you can butt a dent in it, you shall have it."

"Golly, Massa! you foolin dis nigger?"

"No, I'm not Jake—just try me."

"Wot? you gib me de hull ob dat cheese 'f I butt a dent in um?"

"Yes."

"De Lor! I'll bust 'em wide open, I will mysef.—Jess stand back dar, you Orleans niggers, and clear de track for Old Souf Carolina, case I'se a coming, myself—I is!"

And old Jake started back some fifty feet and went at it at a good quick run, and the next instant I neard a dull, heavy sound, a kind of *squish*, and old Jake's head disappeared from sight, with the top just visible on the other side as he rose from his new fashioned necklace, the soft rotten cheese oozing down all round him as it settled down, so that just his eyes were visible. From the centre of it Jake's voice was scarely audible and half smothered, as he vainly tried to remove the immense cheese.

"O-o-o-o! er de Lor! Mass—took um orf!—O-o-o-o! bress de Lor! Lif um up! Gor-a-mighty! I——.

Meanwhile I was nearly dead myself, having laid back on a cotton bale holding myself together to keep from bursting, while the boys stood round Old Jake, paying him off.

"De Lor! how de nigger's bref smell! You doesn't clean your teeth, Old Jake!"

"I say, you did not make more dan four times dat han, did you, old hoss?"

"Well you *is* a nasty nigger, dats a fac!"

"Well, you is de *biggest kine* of Welsh Rabbit—you is!"

"Whar you git your har greese?" And thus the boys run Old Jake—now half smothered—until I took compassion on him, and told them to take it off.—Jake didn't stay to claim his prize, but put out growling.

"Gor-a-mighty! I done got sole dat time! I'se a case of yellow feber—I is, myself!"

Old Jake was never known to do any more butting in that vicinity after that.

The true Lady.

We once knew a "young lady," who lived in fine style. Her parlors were elegantly furnished, and her dress was always of the latest fashion. She had her piano and her teacher, and she played Italian music charmingly. In all the exquisite graces of life she was faultless. She had a rich vein of sentiment, too, and could talk philosophy, or discuss the standard authors, at pleasure. Of course she read novels; in fact, a large portion of the day was devoted to that very fashionable class of polite literature. She was also somewhat industrious, for she would occasionally work embroidery. With an abundance of curls, that floated over her neck in beautiful profusion, a fine form, hands white and delicate, large powers of conversation in the usual drawing-room style, she was followed by the young men of taste. Yet, somehow, *she never got married*. The "beaux" fluttered around her like flies over a pot of honey, but they were very careful not to be caught as those other insects are apt to do. Their attentions were never so particular as to require some "friendly of the family" to demand what were their intentions. This was no fault of the young lady. She was in the market as plainly as though she had inscribed it on her forehead. "A HUSBAND WANTED; *for particulars inquire within*." But the husband never, to our knowledge came; and we believe she is at this day a disconsolate old maid.

What was the trouble? Step with us in the kitchen. That fat woman, with a red face, is the servant of the house. She does the cooking, the washing, chamber-work. From early dawn until late at night, she is a slave. Well, that woman is our charming young lady's mother! She never sees her daughter's "callers." If by accident she should drop into the parlor while visiters were present, she would hasten out again with embassed manner, looking as though she had committed an offence, while her own child's face would be suffused with blushes.

Now take a walk with us. In that work shop do you see that hard-working mechanic? The wrinkles are hardening upon his face, and the gray hairs are thinly-sprinkled over his head. He looks anxious, and as though his heart strings tugged some deep sorrow and mortification. He is the *father* of our beautiful "young lady," and his hard earnings, for many years, have been absorbed in the expensive luxuries that her admirable taste has craved. He, too, is excluded from the society of his daughter. She moves in a circle above her parents, and in short, *is ashamed of them*. They live in the kitchen—she in the parlor. They drudge—she reaps the fruit. She has no pulsation of gratitude for all this. She dispises them, and, in fashionable gatherings, is the first to curl her pretty lips at "low mechanics," provided she can do it safely?

Is she a true lady? No; ten thousand times No! We object not to her accomplishments—to her taste in dress—to her manners. We look upon and admire such just as we do a superb statute of Venus. As a work of art it is beautiful; but, nevertheless it is insensate marble having no soul being of no use in practical life, and good for nothing but to *look at*.

The beauty of the mind is the true beauty; and the affectionate daughter who nestles herself lovingly into the hearts of her parents—who makes her mother her companion and *confident*—who not only works with that mother, but takes the heavest burden upon herself—she is the *true lady*. She may never have struck a note on the piano, yet her house is melodious with harmony, such as angels sing. Her exterior may be humble, but her interior life is clothed in the vestiments of immortal beauty.

There are many "young ladies" whose whole character is on the surface. Dress, manners, accomplishments, all are external. They have no depth of thought, no moral strength, no heart. They are "outsiders." When the scorching fires of adversity burn beneath the surface, there is no protecting wall upreared within. The whole becomes but a heap of ashes, though it may retain outward resemblance of humanity.

The true lady cultivates the higher nature. She is religious, but not fanatical—courteous, but not fawning. Reposing serenely upon the arm of her heavenly Father, and associating with unseen angelic spirits, she meets the storm with calmness, and accepts it as a disciplinary mercy. Her sympathy ever pulsates to the cry of suffering, and her hand is ever open to relieve. She is beautiful at home, beautiful at the bedside of the sick, beautiful through life, beautiful at the hour of her departure into the world of spirits, and transcentantly and eternally beautiful in heaven.

That is the *true lady*.

BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE.—Dr. Thomas, of Monticello, (Ind.) reports a case of rattlesnake bite. Mr. J. H.S., age 38, who stands six feet in his stockings—who, by the way, was very fond of brandy—had just been bitten on the inside of his left heel by a large rattlesnake, both fangs having been well inserted in the muscles. In thirty-six hours he was sound and well, I gave him, in the short time alluded to, one quart of brandy and one and a half of whiskey, all without intoxication. He wanted more, and I refused to supply his wants. The next day Mr. H., his next neighbor, was passing along and saw him with his pants rolled up to his knees, barefooted, and wading around in some weeds and grass with his feet. H. asked if he had lost any thing? "No, sir." "What are you doing, then?" I,m hunting a snake. There ain't any liquor only what Dr. Thomas has, and he won't let me have any unless I am snake bit; so I'm hunting one."

TO MAKE YEAST.—Take one handful of hops, one apple, one potato sliced, boil in two quarts of water; while hot strain off and stir in wheat flour until it is thick as paste—coarse flour is best. Grate one large potato, place them in a gallon jar, pour in the butter, when sufficiently cool, add a little yeast; in twelve hours it will be fit for use.

E.G.W.

AGRICULTURAL.

Charcoal as a Fertilizer.

There is too much reason to suppose that mankind are making some great mistakes. Death and disease, wide spread, furnish the evidence. We are not respectful enough to Omnipotence. We do not pay sufficient regard to the Divine arrangements. Our forests, for instance, are considered the great enemy of civilization and settlement, the pest that the pioneer has for years to contend with, and accordingly they are dismissed with as little ceremony as possible. A sounder theology would teach us that God does not make blunders of that sort.

So important a feature as our forests, must have an important agency in the worlds affairs. Among the diversified uses to which they may be applied, there is one which has by no means received the attention it deserves. I refer to charcoal as a fertilizer. I have used it with benificent results upon nearly all kinds of crops. Last winter I mixed it with my barn-yard manure at regular intervals, and where I applied it to my corn crop the result is very marked indeed. A great number of persons have seen the corn, and without exception, so far as I know, pronounce it the best they have seen. It was pretty well hoed and cultivated.—Portions of the field not so manured as far interior.

Two or three years ago, I applied charcoal dust from a coal pit bottom to young apple trees, mixing a bushel of the dust with the top soil and filling the hole with the mixture. The trees so managed have outstripped all others in the orchard; the foliage is a dark green, and the trees look every way much better than others that had as good treatment in all respects except charcoal.

I have no doubt that the free us of charcoal would correct many of the numerous maladies to which animals and vegetables are now subject. I delieve it the great medcine of the soil. Powerful in itself, it is an important auxiliary, if not entirely indispensible, to other fertilizers. Beyond any available substance it is effectual to "FIX" those gaseous materials that poison the air, but are the life of plants.

It is greatly to be deprecated, that Americans, without half cultivating their cleared land, are desperately bent upon sweeping off the timber from the remainder. I would say to all who have timber that can be spared for the purpose, convert it into charcoal. If called upon to tell how we are to get our fertilizers in future, I would answer through the agency of charcoal. Let every "SINK of iniquity" be strewed with it.

H. T. H.

Faom the Rural New Yorker.

Smut in Wheat--Effects of Blue Stone.

EDITORS SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.—I have been a close reader of your valuable paper ever since I have been a citizen of the State and expect to be so as long as I can raise that dollar in exchange for the paper, and I have read or heard a good deal said about the smut; and my experience is that wheat that is sown the same year it is raised will always have more or less smut in it, unless it is soaked in blue stone. I am clearly of the opinion that it is the faulty grains that produce smut. There is now and then a head that is not matured. Let that wheat remain until it is two years old and the immature, or faulty grains, so dry up that they will not germinate; but sow it the same year it is harvested and these faulty or immature seed will germinate, but are not well enough matured to produce its kind. It is true, there is something like a grain, but not filled out. I much prefer it to remain until it is two years old for seed than soaking in blue stone; for it is the blue stone that kill the germinating properties of the immature grain and is so severe as to kill all that is not well matured. It must have its proportionable effect on the well matured grain.

It is true, I am a young farmer and have had but few years experience; but I never have seen a good stand of wheat after the seed was soaked in blue stone. My object in writing this is to give a helping hand to my brother farmers, if possible, as I have been much assisted by you and your contributor.

Yours truly, R. E. H.

TO PRESERVE SMOKED MEAT.—How often are we disappointed in our hopes of having sweet hams during the summer!—After carefully curing and smoking, and smoking, and them sewing them up in cotton bags, we find that either the fly has commenced a family in our hams, or that the choiceparts round the bone are tainted, and the whole spoiled. Now this can be easily avoided by packing them in pulverized charcoal. No matter how hot the weather, norhow thick the flies, hams will keep quite as sweet as when they were packed for years. The preservative quality of charcoal will keep them till the charcoal itself will decay. Butter, too, put into a clean crock, and surrounded by pulverized charcoal will not become rancid.

The most effectual way to remove midew from linen is to rub soap on the spots, then chalf and bleach the garment in the hot sun.

From the Southern Cultivator.

Vine Culture in the South---Native Wine.

EDITORS SOUTHERN CUHTIVATOR:—The success in cultivating grapes and making wine in Ohio is so well known that the question often arises; "Can we not raise wine in Georgia?" Certainly we can, and GOOD too. But we have committed the same error, as the first vine dressers in the Ohio; we have in vain tried to raise which were not suited to our climate. This evil is now remedied.

Suffer me to give you and your readers a short description of a small vineyard in my vicinity. As to the quality of the wine, I will leave it to yourselves to judge, from the accompanying sample:

Some 12 or 14 years ago, Capt. Dyson planted a vineyard of about half an acre on his plantation in Moore co., Ga. About half of it was planted with the here so called "Warrenton" grape, a variety whose origin and history has not yet been satisfactorily explained. At any rate, however, it is well adapted to our climate. The soil is a good loam, though not rich, and one corner of the vineyard, which is rather rocky, always produces the best flavored grapes. The vines are planted 10 feet apart each way, but had for many years been badly neglected, until A. Leary, Esq., a few years ago bought the place. This gentleman, though not familiar with the culture of grapes, commenced pruning the stocks, and making wine. His success has been perfectly satisfactory. For the last two years, the produce from about a quarter of an acre of this grape has been two hundred gallons annually. This year, the prospect is still more promising; though from the fact that the vineyard had been so much neglected, it is now almost imposible to dress the vines in a proper way. The stocks, however, look very healthy and are loaded with fruit.

The process of making the wine is very plain, and not differing from the method applied in Ohio; the ripe berries are picked from the stems, washed up and allowed to stand for about 24 hours, after which the juice is drawn off, and the pummice pressed in a common cider press. The juice is very abundant, leaving but a small quantity of pummice, and after being filled into a cask so as to leave space for fermentation, is left to itself for about 10 days, when the fermenting process is ceasing. Some sugar is then added, the cask filled up. and the bung closed tight. After some months, the wine is drawn off in another cask, where it is to remain until wanted.

The wine resembles the Madeira, high flavored and mild; and being the pure grape-juice, it is highly preferable to the imported Madeira and Sherry wines, always adulterated with brandy and other deleterious stuff. While such drugged wines are constantly sold at from $3 to $4 per gallon. Mr. Leary has sold his pure wine at the very low price of $1 50 per gallon.

Other grapes may, after a fair trial, be found valuable here, and I am now trying several kinds; but I am doubtful whether we will find a better or more profitable grape for this latitude than the "Warrenton."

Mr. Leary deserves great credit for his perseverence and skill in producing this wine. He intends to enlarge his vineyard considerably, finding it by far the most profitable and the surest crop he possibly can raise, requiring, comparatively, but little lubor.

I will leave it to all tillers of the soil to make their own cyphering, and they will see for themselves what difference of profits there is between wine and cotton. It is to be hoped that other persons would take this hint, and thus begin a new epoch in Southern fruit-culture.

ROBERT NELSON.

Macon, Ga., May, 1855.

REMARKS.—Accompanying the above communication, friend Nelson sent us a couple of bottles of Mr. Leary's wine. It is equal, if not superior to the best Madeira of commerce, both in body and aroma, tho' it leaves behind it none of the unpleasant effects of the adulterated wines we import at high prices from abroad. We are very thankful to Mr. Nelson for the foregoing clear and practical article, and hope it will not be lost upon our enterprising reader.—EDS.

Corn and Pork.

A writer in the Ohio Report for 1852, makes a calculation as to the cost of pork fed on corn.

An experiment by S. B. Andrew gives 1050 lbs. of gross increase from 100 bushels of corn. One hundred thrifty hogs were weighed and put into a pen. They were fed for 100 days as much corn as they would eat. The average consumption was 100 bushels every six days. The average gross increase per hog for the 100 days was 175 lbs.; or at the rate of 1 3-4 lbs. per day. According to this, a bushel of corn will produce 16 1-3 lbs. Throwing off 1-5 to corn, at the nett weight, gives 8 2-5 lbs. of pork, as the product of one bushel of corn. If 8 2-5 lbs. of pork are made by one bushel, or 56 lbs. of corn, 1 lb. of pork is the product of 6 1-4 lbs. of corn.

From an experiment made by Samuel Linn of this county, with 58 hogs, as reported in the Patent Office Report for 1849, 6 1-4 lbs. of corn produced 1 lb. of pork.

Assuming that it requires 6 2-3 lbs. of corn to make 1 lb. of pork, the cost of its production will be seen from the following table. The labor of feeding and taking care of the hogs is not included in the estimate.

When corn costs 12 1-2c. per bushel, pork costs 1 1-2c. per lb.; at 17c. per bush-2c, per lb.; at 25c. per bushel, 3c. per lb.; at 33c. per bushel, 4c. per lb.; at 42c. per bushel, 5c. per lb.

The following table shows what the farmer realizes for his corn, when sold in the form of pork.

When pork sells at 3c. per lb. it makes the price of corn 25c. per bushel; at 4c. per lb., 33c. a bushel; at 5c. per lb., 42c. per bushel, 4c. per lb.; at 42c. per bushel, at 6c. per lb., 50c. per bushel.

Official Report of Gen. Harney.

The [Washington] "Star" of this evening contains a copy of Gen. HARNEY's official report of his battle with and rout of the Sioux Indians. It is dated "Headquarters Sioux Expedition, camp on Bluewater Creek, Nebraska Territory, September 5, 1855," and is as follows:

COLONEL: I have the honor to report, for the information of the General-in-Chief, that, on my arrival at Ash Hollow on the evening of the 2d instant, I ascertained that a large portion of the Brule band of the Sioux nation, under "Little Thunder," was encamped on Bluewater Creek, (Mee-na-to-wak-pah.) about six miles northwest of Ash Hollow and four from the left bank of the North Platte.

Having no doubt, from the information I had received from the people of the country I had previously met on the road and from the guides accompanying me, of the real character and hostile intentions of the party in question, I at once commenced preparation for attacking it. I ordered Lieut. Col. P. St. George Cooke, second dragoons, with companies E and K of the same regiment, light company G fourth artillery, and company E tenth infantry, all mounted, to move at three o'clock A. M. on the 3d instant, and secure a position which would cut off the retreat of the Indians to the Sand Buttes, the reputed stronghold of the Brules. This movement was executed in a most faultless and successfull manner—not having, apparently, attracted the notice or excited the suspicion of the enemy up to the very moment of the encounter.

At 4 1-2 o'clock A. M. I left my camp with companies A, E, H, I, and K, sixth infantry, under the immediate command of Major A. Cady, of that regiment, and proceeded towards the principal village of the Brules, with a view of attacking it openly, in concert with the surprise contemplated through the cavalry; but, before reaching it, the lodges were struck, and their occupants commenced a rapid retreat up the valley of the Bluewater, precisely in the direction from whence I expected the mounted troops.—They halted short of these, however, and a parley ensued between their chief and myself, in which I stated the causes of the dissatisfaction which the Government felt towards the Brules, and closed the interview by telling him that his people had depredated upon and insulted our citizens whilst moving quietly through our country; that they had massacred our troops under most aggravated circumstances, and that now the day of retribution had come; that I did not wish to harm him personally, as he professed to be a friend of the whites; but that he must either deliver up the young men, whom he acknowledged he could not control, or the must suffer the consequences of their past misconduct and take the chances of a battle. Not being able, of course, however willing he might have been, to deliver up all the butchers of our people, Little Thunder returned to his band to warn them of my decision and to prepare them for the contest that must follow.

Immediately after his disappearance from my view I ordered the infantry to advance, the leading company (Capt. Todd's) as skirmishers, supported by company H, sixth infantry, (under Lieut. McCleary;) the remaining companies of the sixth being held in hand for ulterior movements. The skirmishers under Capt. Todd opened their fire, crowned the bluffs on the right bank of the stream (where the Indians had taken up their last position) in a very spirited and gallant manner, driving the savages therefrom into the snare laid for them by the cavalry, which last troops burst upon them so suddenly and so unexpectedly as to cause them to cross instead of ascending the vally of the Bluewater, and seek an escape by the only avenue now open to them, through the bluffs of the left bank of that stream. But, although they availed themselves of this outlet for escape from complete capture, they did not do so without serious molestation; for the infantry not only took them in flank with their long range rifles, but the cavalry made a most spirited charge upon their opposite or left flank and rear, pursuing them for five or six miles over a very rugged country, killing a large number of them, and completely dispersing the whole party. This brilliant charge of the cavalry was supported as far as practicable by the whole body of the infantry, who were eager from the first for a fray with the butchers of their comrades of Lieut. Grattan's party.

The result of this affair were eighty-six killed, five wounded, about seventy women and children captured, fifty mules and ponies taken, besides an indefinite number killed and disabled. The amount of provisions and camp equipage must have comprised nearly all the enemy possessed; for teams have been constantly engaged in bringing into camp every thing of any value to the troops, and much has been destroyed on the ground.

The casualties of the command amount to four killed, four severely wounded, four slightly wounded, and one missing, supposed to be killed or captured by the enemy. I enclose herewith a list of the above, and also field returns exhibiting the strength of the troops engaged in the combat.

With regard to the officers and troops of my command, I have never seen a finer military spirit displayed generally; and, if there has been any material difference in the services they have rendered, it must be measured chiefly by the opportunities they had for distinction. Lieut. Colonel Cooke and Major Cady, the commanders of the mounted and foot forces respectively, carried out my instructions to them with signal alacrity, zeal, and intelligence. The company commanders, whose position either in the engagement or the pursuit brought them in closest contact with the enemy, were Capt. Todd, of the sixth infantry, Captain Steele and Lieut. Robinson, of the second dragoons, and Capt. Heth, tenth infantry, Capt. Howe and his company G, fourth artilery, participated largely in the earlier part of the engagement, but, for reasons stated in his commanding officer's report, he took no active part in the pursuit. Brevet Major Woods, Captain Wharton, and Lieut Patterson, of the sixth infantry, with their companies, rendered effective service as reserves and supports, taking an active share in the combat when circumstances would permit. Col. Cooke notices the conduct of Lieuts. Buford and Wright, regimental quartermaster and adjutant of the second dragoons, in a flattering manner. Lieuts. Drum, Hudson, and Mendenhall, fourth artilery, Lieuts. Hight and Livfingston, second dragoons, and Lieut. Dudly, tenth infantry, gave efficient aid to their company commanders.

I should do injustice to Mr. Joseph Tesson, one of my guides, were I to omit a mention of his eminently valuable services in conducting the column of cavalry to its position in the rear of the Indian villages. To his skill as a guide and his knowledge of the character and habits of the enemy I ascribe much of the successes gained in the engagement. Mr. Carrey also, chief of the guides, rendered good service in transmitting my orders.

The members of my personal staff rendered me most efficient service in the field. Major O. F. Winship, Asst. Adjutant General and chief of the staff, and Lieut. Polk, second infantry, my aid-de-camp, in conveying my orders to different portions of the command, discharged their duties with coolness, zeal, and energy. Asst. Surgeon Ridgely, of the medical staff, was indefatigable in his attention to the suffering wounded, both of our own troops and of the enemy. Lieut. Warren, topographical engineer, was most actively engaged, previous to and during the combat reconnoitering the country and the enemy, and has subsequently made a sketch of the former, which I enclose herewith.

Capt. Van Vliet, Assistant Quartermaster, was charged with the protection of the train a service for which his experience on the plains rendered him eminently qualified. Lieut. Balch, of the ordinance, was also left in charge of the stores of his department.

I enclose herewith several papers found in the baggage of the Indians, some of which are curiosities, and others may serve to show their disposition towards the whites. They were mostly taken, as their dates and marks will indicate, on the occasion of the massacre and plunder of the mail party in November last. There are also in the possession of officers and others, in camp, the scalps of two white females, and remnants of the clothing, &c. carried off by the Indians in the Grattan massacre, all of which in my judgement sufficiently characterize the people I have had to deal with.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WH. S. HARNEY,
Brevet Brig. General, &c.

Lieut. Col. L. THOMAS, Asst. Adjt. General,
Headquarters of the Army, New York.

List of the Killed and Wounded.

Killed.—Alex. Lyall, private, company K, 2d dragoons; Charles McDonald, do.; Robert Fitzpatrick, private, company G, 4th artillery; Thomas Carroll, do.

Wounded.—Thos. Heally, sergeant, company E, 3d dragoons, in several places; Geo. Fink, corporal; company K, 2d dragoons, severely; Wm. Walsh, private, do., severely; C. E. Rutherford, do., severely, Theopholite Morff, do., slightly; Francis Larken, do. slightly; Jas. Kennedy, do., slightly.

Missing.—Marshall Ryder, private, company K, 2d dragoons, without doubt killed.

THE DIFFICULTY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND DENMARK.—We have given but little attention to this subject; but it is exciting much notice, and some uneasiness, not only in the countries directly interested, but in Europe generally.

The following is believed to be an accurate statement of the cause of difficulty:—

What are the Sound Dues?—As these dues may possibly give rise to a serious dispute between the United States and Denmark, it will be interesting to know what they are. The "Sound" is a narrow strait lying between the Island of Zetland, belonging to the Danes, and the Swedish coast, and gives entrance to the Baltic sea. The fortress or Castle commands the passage, and extracts a payment from all vessels entering the Baltic; the ships of Denmark herself have to pay, as well as foreign tonnage. The origin of this exaction is, that in ancient times Denmark undertook to build and sustain certain light-houses along the coast for which the Hansetown agreed to pay toll.

Eugland, France, Holland and Sweden pay a duty of one per cent. on every cargo entering the Baltic. Other countries, including the United States, pay one and a quarter per cent; even Danish ships are taxed to this rate. In the year 1826, a treaty recognizing this duty was concluded between the United States and Denmark. This treaty, however, according to one of its stipulations, may be dissolved by either of the parties, provided they give one year's notice of their intention.

During the Presidency of John Tyler, our Government determined to put a forcible end to the imposition. Mr. Upsher, then Secretary of State, fitted out a fleet of merchantmen and vessels of war, under Commodore Stewart, which he designed should force its way into the Baltic, and thus at once rid the United States of the Sound duties. Mr Upsher's sudden death, however, by the explosion of a cannon, just as the fleet was ready to start, delayed the expedition, and it was finally abandoned. Other attempts were made to abolish this tax. While Denmark was at war with Schleswic-Holstien, Mr Flenniken, the United States Minister, offered on the part of his government to pay Denmark $250,000 for a ten years' suspension of the dues; his death prevented the proposal coming to a head. Finally, on the 12th of April last, the United States notified the Danish Government of their intention to cease paying the Sound dutes, and the stipulation of the treaty will accordingly expire next spring. Should no amicable arrangement of the question be arrived at in the meanwhile, we may then expect to see our vessels passing the Sound under warlike convoy. A serious conflict will then most probably arise.

The Danes are much alarmed upon this subject, and fear the United States will seize upon their West India possessions, the Islands of St. Thomas and St Croix. They are believed to be soliciting the good offices of the French government.

This little speck may grow into a very threatening cloud; for there are serious difficulties in the way of a reconciliation. Should Denmark give way, and relinquish this Sound tribute from the United States, she will have to relinquish also the similar tribute from all other nations, and it is said that the fund from this source, two or three millions of dollars a year, forms a very material portion of her entire revenue.

On the other hand, the United States government has taken a stand from which it cannot well recede.

Then comes, further to complicate the matter, a belief that Denmark will be sustained by other European powers, particularly by France, especially if by any means the present war with Russia should be terminated before the 12th of April next, and France be thus left at liberty to enter into a quarrel with the United States, to which many believe her nothing loth.

Should a war result from it, as many seem to fear, it will be like one of those law suits which we see and hear of so often, where the costs of suit amount to a hundred or a thousand fold more than the whole sum in dispute.—*Fayettville Observer.*

From the Raleigh Register.

The following note from Gen. Singeltary to Mr. Rayner, of Sept. 8th, has been handed to us by Mr. R. for publication, in pursuance of a wish expressed by Mr. S. to that effect. Inasmuch as Mr. S. refers in this note to his previous letter to Mr. R of Sept. 2nd, and as the last can not be so well understood separated from the first, we publish both together, so that the reader may have at one view a connected account of Mr. S's. entire statement.

RALEIGH, Sept. 2, 1855.

HON. K. RAYNER—DEAR SIR: The statement made to me by Mr. Barringer was in a casual conversation, with which I did not charge my memory, and I am not able to recall it fully. It agreed substantially with the statement he now makes. I understood him, as intending to convey the idea, that it was a suspicious circumstance in connection with the charge against the President, or his party, of a of a bargain for the Catholic vote; and I remarked that I did not think it amounted to any proof of such a thing. Upon which he replied promptly that he did not mean to make any such charge—but merely mentioned it, and it might pass for what it was worth. I think he also disclaimed any belief in the charge that had been made.

This is the substance of what was said.

Very respectfully,
G. E. B. SINGELTARY.

RALEIGH, Sept. 8, 1855.

HON. K. RAYNER—DEAR SIR: My note to you of Sept. 2nd, was written directly on the receipt of your letter of enquiry, and without much time for reflection. I have since succeeded in recalling more distinctly the conversation between Mr. B. and myself. My former statement is correct, as far as it goes. I am not mistaken about the impression made on my mind as to the object of Mr. B., and remember that I replied with some feeling to the insinuation which I thought was intended. But I now also recollect that Mr. B. went on to say I had misconceived his purpose, which was to show the great interest taken in our affairs by the Catholic Church or Clergy abroad.

This explanation had escaped my memory, probably from the fact that it did not seem likely to alter the effect of the statement on those disposed to entertain, it, unaccompanied by the further explanation of the means by which the Nuncio obtained his information. I desire to make this correction in justice to all parties.

Very respectfully,
G. E. B. SINGELTARY.

IRISH REMITANCES FROM AMERICA.—If the emigration drain from Ireland to the United States is being gradually diminished, as no doubt it is, the influx into Ireland of American money, earned by Irish bands, is steadily on the increase. Just take a few figures in illustration of this statement. The number who left Ireland for all parts of the United States, British America, and Australia in the year 1854 did not exceed 150,209. Of these 111,095 emigrated to the United States, 22,909 to British America, and 16,202 to Australia. In 1853 the amount of money sent home for payment of passages, as well as for various other purposes, was £1,430,000; but in 1854 that amount, vast and wonderful as it was, was far exceeded, it having reached £1,720,000 or nearly £300,000 over what it was the previous year. In the history of the world there is nothing like the amazing proof of the strength and attachment which has ever distinguished and adorned the calumniated Irish race.—*Cork (Ireland) Examiner.*