THE NORTH-CAROLINA STAR.

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NORTH CAROLINA—"Powerful in intellectual, moral and physical resources, the land of our sires and home of our affections."

VOL. XLII. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1851. NO. 25

TERMS.—If paid strictly in advance, $2 per annum; $2 50 if paid within six months; and $3 at the end of the year.

ADVERTISING.—1 Square (16 lines) first insertion, $1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Planter.

THE BIRD GUANO.

On this point our best authority is Dr. Hamilton, late of Peru, who remarks as follows:

"The guanos were still to be seen in vast numbers on the Moro of Africa, during my first residence there in 1826, but not in such abundance as they were a few years prior to that period; for, during the war for independence, Africa was several times attacked both by sea and land, when the cannonading had the effect of scaring them from their haunts on the Moro. Since 1826, Africa has been frequented by foreigners, some of whom fired at and otherwise annoyed the birds, which have now all but totally abandoned that part of the Peruvian coast. The guanos have hitherto existed on the coast of Peru in numbers which would appear incredible, except to those persons who have seen them. The greatest mass of guanos I ever saw was in 1846, at the China Isles, which are only barren rocks in the Pacific ocean, off Pisco, and about one hundred miles south from Callao. I saw the birds through a glass from on board a vessel under easy sail, when the rock appeared to be a living mass; for the guanos seemed to be contending among themselves for a resting place. They live on fish and are expert fishers, for which they are beautifully formed by nature. Their bill is three or four inches long according to the age or size of the bird, and it is about one inch broad at the extremity, much curved, and altogether well adapted for hooking up food, which rarely escapes. The quantity of guano manure accumulated on the Peruvian coast must be very great, and may be estimated thus:

Allowing the average number of these birds to be one million, which I consider is much within bounds, and that each bird has one ounce of droppings per day, we shall have not less than above thirty tons; and deducting one-half of the above supposed quantity for evaporation and other casualties, there will still be above fifteen tons of this valuable substance produced every day. From what has been observed as to the habits and numbers of the guano, their frequenting promontories, declivities, and insulated rock, it follows that their soil in certain localities must have accumulated to such an extent, as might induce those persons who may not have considered the subject, to expect that the guano is to be had in unlimited quantity, but for obvious reasons that must be a fallacious expectation."

MECHANICAL IMPROVEMENT OF SOILS.

There are two modes of improving soils.—I have spoken of the composition of soils.—You see how they vary, and what differences there are in qualities of soils, and what it is that constitutes equality of soils, and what the relation between these and the chemical composition of soils. But how are soils to be improved? There are two methods, the mechanical and the chemical. Of the mechanical method I shall now speak, and of the chemical in my last lecture. Among the various mechanical methods of improvement there are three principal kinds. The first is deep ploughing; that, in almost all cases, is found to be important and profitable. In all countries where I have been, in all parts of Europe which I have visited, experience has shown that the soil generally is not ploughed to a great depth; three, four, or five inches is almost the maximum depth of exhaustion. It is very often the case that persons exhaust land until they can raise no more crops, and are then compelled to leave. The person who succeeds, seeing the system of tillage that has been practised, instead of adopting the former system of shallow ploughing, goes down deeper and turns up a new soil altogether. Very likely in this new soil are found accumulated the materials which the other soil once contained. The manure that has been put on and accumulated below is turned up, and, the new comer gets, perhaps, not only a virgin soil, but much of the money that the old farmer has buried there. This is no hypothetical case. If it were, I would not state it for speculation and hypothesis are good for nothing. In the neighborhood of Edinburgh there are farmers of the greatest skill and who make a great deal of money; and, as a general rule, you may judge of the skill of a farmer by the number of sovereigns that he has pocketed at the end of the year; it is a very good test. One of these farmers, after hearing one of my lectures, in explanation of this simple principle, told me that, though he lived so near Edinburgh, the thing had never occurred to him before, nor had he heard of it; and he immediately went to work to carry out the principle, and by ploughing down, he had brought to the surface a fresh soil, and was then growing luxuriant crops where he had the land entirely exhausted.—Therefore it is quite true that, in the under or subsoil, there accumulate many substances which have drained through from the upper soil, which make it fully as rich as the upper soil once was, and that the farmer takes the cheapest steps to reclaim poor land, exhausted by severe cropping, who ploughs deep.

This must be sufficient to show the value of the subsoil, when turned up and mixed with the upper. I need not dwell on this, but I have this remark to make. It happens sometimes that various substances accumulate beneath, which are injurious to the plant, and in order that they may not injure the upper soil, it is not always advisable to bring up.—There are districts, in my country, where the subsoil is a white clay, which is so barren that if brought up it might destroy the upper soil, and therefore it is carefully avoided. This is the case in many parts of the world. It is quite proper not to do so; but not an unfrequent resort with us as a means of deepening the soil, where the subsoil is impervious or noxious, is to cut it through, so that the water sinks below the level of the soil, the rain falls, filling up all the pores in the soil to a certain point, which, with the fresh air, effects chemical action on these substances, changes them chemically, and gives them either a nourishing quality or modifies the subsoil so that, when brought up, it will not be injurious or noxious to plants.

This is the object of subsoil ploughing, this is common in England; after draining in stiff clay soils. But the practice is also adopted where the land has been long drained. In Scotland, the farmers plough from seven to twenty inches deep, and experience has shown that lands thus treated not only retain everything, put on them in the form of manure, but are capable of growing crops for a longer time, without exhaustion, than if they did not plough so deep.—*Johnston's Lectures.*

THINNING FRUIT.

The New England Farmer observes in relation to thinning fruit:

"One peach grower informed us that he had taken off two-thirds of his peaches and as they increased in size and appeared too thick on the trees he was sorry he had not taken off one half of the other third. One man complained to his neighbor that a certain variety of peach that his friend had advised him to cultivate was poor bearer. "Stop your complaint," was the reply, "until you sell your fruit." He raised on one tree three dozen of peaches sold them at two dollars per dozen and was satisfied.

This, it is true, was an extreme case, but the evils of overwhelming, contrasted with the benefits of thinning, can only be understood by actual trial. The cultivator may be aware that, by reducing the number one hundred specimens may fill his basket where two hundred were required from an overloaded tree, but until he actually tastes and compares the two products he cannot appreciate the incomparably superior quality of the former.

Many are deterred from thinning their fruit by the slow and tedious nature of the opperation; but a very expeditious way more particularly applicable to the peach is to shorten in the shoot—cutting off one half or two thirds of all one season's growth. Where trees have been neglected for several years and are beginning to extend their branches into long bare arms the shortening back should extend to larger portions of the branch until the tree is brought into a compact shape. We have on former occasions, more particularly pointed out the nature of this mode of treatment but we wish now to urge the necessity of this timely performance. The earlier in winter it is attended to, the less will be the liability of its own omission. We have found it to succeed quite as well even if performed by mid autumn and when felt till spring.

HOW TO MAKE YOUNG TREES BEAR.

Whoever plants trees with his own hand, or causes them to be planted, is commonly anxious to partake of their fruit as early as possible. He watches the first flower-bud, and if the young fruit drops from the bough, experiences great disappointed. To such of our readers as have felt this emotion, it must be a gratification to know how they may force their young trees into bearing so as early to test their fruit. Whoever would have his trees bear at an early age must cut off about one third of the new growth from the extremity of a few branches about the middle of July. This will force the formation of blossom-buds near the end of the branches during the latter part of the season, for the fruit the next year. On small trees this process should be applied to but few of the limbs, otherwise the trees will produce fruit which is imperfect, or of inferior quality, and may be injured. In this way, we have obtained fruit in the third year from the sitting of the bud or graft.

NAPOLEON AT MOSCOW.

We subjoin from Headley's work—"Napoleon and his Marshals"—a brilliant account of the burning of Moscow, which is well spoken of in the American Whig Review as superior even to Croly's picture in "Salathiel," of the conflagration of Rome. Headley's descriptive powers have rarely, if ever, been surpassed.

"At length, Moscow, with its domes and towers and palaces, appeared in sight, and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry, but as he passed through the streets he was struck with the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadron as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize, for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life.—Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."

"The bright moon rose over the mighty city—tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants.—The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep to Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments, nor the parks and gardens and oriental magnificence that everywhere surrounded him kept him wakeful; but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarce a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and, when he broke open the buildings, he found parlours, and bed-rooms and chambers, all furnished and in order;—but no occupants. The sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city when the cry of "fire!" reached the ears of Mortier: and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced—the burning of Moscow.

"Mortier as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders and was putting forth every exertion when at day-light Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction.—The Marshal simply pointed to some iron covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

"In the morning Mortier, by great exertions was enabled to subdue the fire. The next night, Sept. 15, at midnight the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin, saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "fire! fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side, from the shut dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air, and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds and wild tempests, that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and cracking in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks, in an incessant shower, went driving towards the Kremlin.—The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow.—Mortier, crushed with responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with smoke, and his hair and eye brows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, a day of tempest and flame, and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped from fatigue.—The manly form and stalwart arm that so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal, lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempests, and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame waving to and fro in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane and shifted from quarter to quarter as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire, and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames, and the crash of the falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the stratled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene and Berthier, rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee, but he still hung to that haughty palace as if it were his empire.

"But at length the shout, "the Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended to the street with his staff; and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blockaded every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only entered still farther into the danger.—As Napoleon cast his eyes around the open space, girded and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire he pressed on, and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety in the imperial palace of Petrowsky nearly three miles distant. Mortier relieved of his anxiety for the emperor redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flame, smoke, and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to a fro, and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins carrying down with them red hot roofs of iron, he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. These brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle, without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, and palaces, and churches. The continuous roar of the flames was more terible than the roar of the artillery, and before this new foe, in the midst of the elements, the awe struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by the hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions from the blowing up of stores of oil, tar and spirits, shook the very foundation of the city and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky.—Huge sheets of canvas on fire, came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowed with red hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their basis were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches before unseen were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels and streamed in an incessant throng in the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong the weak, while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it, and flee for their lives. Oh! it was a scene of fear and wo, inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and close packed city of houses and churches and palaces wrapped from limit to limit in flames which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now towered above the waves and now disappeared in their maddening flow as they broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air, as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, and then began merging into view—standing amid the scene of desolation and terror like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements. Napoleon stood and gazed on this scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards:

"It was the spectacle of the sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth, and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean below. Oh! it was the most naked, the most sublime and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."

INCIDENTS OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

From a publication of the reminiscences of an English officer in the Peninsular war we extract the following:

Nothing in the olden time, not even in the most chivalrous period of the middle ages, could equal the exalted politeness with which the adverse outposts in the Peninsular carried on their hostilities. Instances of reciprocal courtesy, such as invitations to dinner, interchange of provisions, and abstaining from all useless annoyances, were of daily occurrence. Sometimes the appasent contradiction of enemies being on such terms was fiercely ludicrous. Witness the ghastly message sent by a French officer of high rank to one of our most distinguished commanders of cavalry, begging him (with his compliments) to give orders that our dragoons should have their sabers sharpened more keenly, as several of the wounded in the French hospitals suffered severely from the jagged end of the weapon with which, in hand-to-hand encounters, the British soldier dealt his crushing blow. Need I add the message was received and acted upon in the spirit in which it was sent? As for cooks, valuable as such officials are in a campaign, they were continually being sent back and exchanged, with the utmost readiness and good will. A cook, like a surgeon, was never obliged to hurry himself or discompose his chemical arrangements, as whether a prisoner or at large, whichever side gained the day, he was equally certain of consideration and good treatment.

A singular coincidence as regarded these amicable hostilities came under the notice of some officers belonging to one of our hussar regiments, with whom I am well acquainted, and who will vouch for the facts as they are related in the following curious instance of the wild, retributive justice of war:

My friends, a captain and subaltern, were on outpost duty, as usual, in the immediate vicinity of a French picket, and from the nature of the ground and the earlier arrival of the British force, were enabled to command the only spring at which water was attainable for many miles, in that parched and arid country. As they sat round their fire, a single French serjeant was seen making his way on foot, up the hill, towards them, and waving his hand with gestures evidently deprecating hostilities. He was allowed to approach, and asking for the officer in command, he presented "Monsieur le capteine's" compliments, and begged that his men might be allowed to water their horses at the spring without molestation. This request was instantly and graciously acceded to; nor was there any dereliction of duty in so doing, as the post my friend occupied was merely one of observation, and his orders were, upon no account, to annoy or hazard a rencounter with the enemy. No sooner had a courteous affirmative to his message been delivered to the French officer, than he mounted his horse, galloped up to the little camp of English cavalry, and threw himself in the midst of them. With all the volubility of his nation, he thanked them for their politeness in the name of himself, his men, his horses, and his Emperor! gave them his address in Paris, swore eternal brotherhood, and remained to partake of their simple campaigning fare. Ere he left, after making himself most agreeable, and singing them "chansons" without end, in a most melodious voice, he again thanked them warmly for their kindness and hospitality, informing them that as he was under order to retire upon the head-quarters of his corps the following the day, he should leave some white bread, coffee, and brandy at his present post, for the use of his English friends: hoped they might some day meet without holding "le *sabre-re* a la main," and took quite an affectionate leave of his entertainers. Curiously enough, that very night, whilst my friends were discussing their visitor, and voting him energetically a right good fellow, they received orders to drive in the enemy's outpost at daybreak the following morning. Those who had passed the cup from lip to lip in jovial companionship but twelve hours ago, were now to be opposed hand-to-hand in mortal combat. The French out-post was brilliantly carried after a sharp and decisive skirmish, and my friends, on occupying the ground previously held by the enemy, found the French captain's body lying stark and stiff, actually within three paces of the small package of luxuries which, according to promise, had been left for the use of his entertainers of the previous evening.

He was a capital swordsman, and more than one of our huzzars had fallen to his deadly thrusts, when Sergeat Green, the smartest non-commissioned officer belonging to my friend's troop, shot him dead through the heart, without a rest, at fifteen paces, remarking first that the French officer appeared to be "troublesome," and secondly, that it was "pretty fair practice for a holster-pistol." Poor fellow! they dug his grave then and there, and with a soldier's tear and a soldier's prayer, they laid him in his slowly resting-place, and my friend, with a feeling of respect what did him honor, found time ere he pursued his march, to mark the spot of the gallant Frenchman's last bivouac, by cutting a white cross in the bark of a fine old tree, which overshadowed the scene of an enemy's death and a warrior's burial.

Time slipped on, and the distinguished regiment to which my friend belonged had ever the luck, where blows were going, to be in the thick of them. Exactly one year after the skirmish I have mentioned, on that very day twelvemonth it was his lot, as major of the regiment, to reconnoitre the identical spot of ground which had witnessed the gallantry and death of the French officer, previous to an operation in which cavalry were destined to bear an important part. Singularly enough, he was accompanied only by Sergeant Green; and readily did they recognize the scene of their bivouac and triumph of the previous year. There were the marks of the campfire round which the French dragoons assembled, there stood the fine old tree under which their officer was buried; and Sergeant Green dismounted to clear away the moss and bark from the edges of the white cross, which still remained to mark the spot where his chivalrous foe lay. He was in the act of removing with the point of his sword the trifling irregularities which had overgrown that emblem of peace and good will, when a shot from a French "tirailleur," covered by some bushes at a hundred and fifty yards distance, crashed through his brain, and, springing into the air, Sergeant Green fell on his face a dead man.

Within three hours, his comrades buried him in the very grave he had himself assisted to dig but a year before. They laid him by the French officer who had fallen by his hand. They mourned him for twenty-four hours, and then a corporal became a serjeant, and a private a corporal, "vice Sergeant Green, killed in action:" and he was forgotten.

So was it in all probability with him whose grave he shared. A comrade lost is soon replaced. Stirring scenes and constant danger cannot fail to blunt the natural sorrow of a soldier's breast. Promotion fills the void, and our fallen friend is as though he had never been. And now there they lie, side by side, the chivalrous Gaul and the sturdy Saxon, rotting in a land whose very existence need hardly have affected the destiny of either of them. What had they to do with Spain—children of merry England and sunny France—that they should shed their hearts' blood to enrich her soil? Promotion they sought and glory; for these they were content to wade through blood and slaughter; they panted and prayed for war. Verily, this is war; and they have their reward.

FROM VALPARAISO.

DESTRUCTION OF VALPARAISO BY AN EARTHQUAKE.—The Valparaiso Neighbor, of the 9th of April, gives the following account of an awful earthquake at that place:

This dreadful visitant has come with unwonted violence. On the 2d instant, at forty-one minutes after six o'clock in the morning, the most powerful shock was experienced. A slighter one had preceded it a few minutes. A greater number, some of them quite alarming, have occurred since.

The shock, which was felt at forty-one minutes after six, continued, as we estimate is duration, about fifty-five seconds. It spread terror throughout the entire city, but its force was greater in the Almendral than in the Port or on the hills. This is ordinarily the case, owing to the sandy nature of the soil in the former section.

A number of houses were thrown down, though they were generally old ones. There are hardly any dwellings or walls that have not suffered injury. Some are greatly defaced and strained within and without. The custom house has been disfigured in its ornaments and cornices, but its walls are said to be firm. The Matriz church has suffered comparatively little. The Merced has been cracked and defaced considerably. Calle de la Victoria presents a ruinous appearance, the injury done is more apparent there than in any other section. Tents have been erected in the Plaza and on the hills, and, among these latter, robbers have been prowling, as if to augment the distress of the houseless. Some have remained all the night in the streets.

The loss of life has been far less than might have been expected from the force and duration of the shock. In the Calle de Chacabuco a boy fifteen years old was crushed, we are told, by a falling wall. A woman also killed by the falling of her house. Other cases have been reported, but they are now contradicted. There have been several instances of fractured limbs.

From the interior we hear of equal and even greater devastation. Casa Blanca has in great part been thrown down. Renca, a village north of Santiago, is reported as being in ruins. Santiago, itself has suffered about in the same degree that Valparaiso has. The old government house has been more shattered than ever; the present palace has been injured; the Church of the Compania has been closed because of its dangerous condition; the bridge has sustained damage. One female lost her life by a falling tile, and another was wounded in the same way. In Curacavi the church and one of the posadas was thrown down.—Quillota has suffered less than the places named already.

As to the entire amount of damage caused within the past week exactness cannot be readily come at. We should judge that the earthquake had done injury at least to the amount of a million dollars in this city; and that the ruin, owing to the exposed state of dwellings, had produced half as much more.

News received from Maule afford the gratifying information that the earthquake of the 2d inst., was felt there only slightly.

By the steamer Chile we learn that it was not unusually strong at Copiapo.

No injury was caused by it in Coquimbo.

On Saturday, in Valparaiso, unusual phenomena of lightening and thunder was witnessed. This was also the case in Santiago.

The shocks still occur; about three during every 24 hours, and diminished in strength.

The haciendas about Santiago have suffered greatly in the demolition of buildings, fences, &c.

REMARKABLE CASE OF LONGEVITY.—Mr. William Piggford, a native of this County, died a few days ago, aged 87 years, after living with his wife 65 years, whom he has left a widow to mourn her loss.

He is one of six Brothers and Sisters, whose average age is 80. He has left an only daughter, now 63 years old; and what is a little more remarkable, not one of them ever took a dose of medicine from a physician, were ever bled or blistered, until they attained the age of 60; but have lived temperately and used but little animal food. It might be well to remark that within 10 miles of Sills Creek, on which this family was raised, there has never occurred a case of Pulmonary disease or consumption; and persons who have been threatened with the diseases and moved into the neighborhood, have invariably been restored.

Wil. Com.

NEWSPAPERS.—Judge Longstreet says "small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price.—Every parent whose son is off from him at school should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had, and those who had not, access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last, in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain—they had command of more facts. A newspaper is a history of current events, as well as a serious and interesting miscellany, and which youth will peruse with delight when they will read nothing else.

REVOLUTION IN CHILI.

From the Valparaiso Neighbor, of the 25th of April, we find the following account of a terrible riot and loss of life at Santiago:

On Sunday morning, at 3 A. M., the battalion Valdivia, called out by one Colonel Urriola, broke into open mutiny, and marched at once on the armory and barracks of the engineers. These were carried with some loss of life. Attack was then made on the barracks of the artillery. Here the force of the skirmish appears to have centered. The alarm was sounded; the militia gathered in numbers and in haste.

The President, the Ministers of the interior, of treasury and of justice, as well as the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court were soon gathered at the palace. President Bulness assumed the directions of the National Guard which had assembled to check the sedition.—The mutineers had raised a quasi barricade on the Canada in front of the hospital. Col. Garcia was placed in command of the troops of the line, made up of the battalion Chacabuco and the faithful of Valdivia. By vigorous movements the skirmish was now soon brought to a termination. And before midday the capital was quiet again.

The Santiago paper, la Tribune, states that the number of the killed is between sixteen and twenty; and of the wounded upwards of 50.

Col. Urriola, the leader of the insurgents, was killed; and Col. Garcia was wounded; several other officers on both sides lost their lives or were badly wounded.

The decree was forthwith published by the President, declaring the provinces of Santiago and Valparaiso in a State of Siege for forty-two days, in other words, until the first of June. At that time Congress is to assemble, and the elections for President occur in that month. Of the State of Siege public notice is given in the papers of this city by the Intendente, who say: "Inhabitants of Valparaiso! order and respect for law, and in nothing shall you be made aware that you are under any unusual style of government."

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.—We find in the last Abingdon Virginian the following account of one of the most remarkable escapes probably on record. It was almost miraculous:

The children of Mr. George Hickan, a citizen of Scott county, were playing together in a field, and near the mouth of a fathomless sink hole. In their gambols, one of them, a boy about eight or ten years of age pushed his little brother, about four years old, head long over the edge and down into the deep dark pit below. It was some time after the child was missed, before any certain information could be drawn from the others as to what had become of him, and it was only by threats of severe punishment, that finally overcame their fear and extorted from the boy who did the deed, a confession of what had happened. An effort was made immediately to ascertain the situation of the little fellow, and afford him releif if he was not beyond its power. Ropes were tied together with a stone attached to one end, and an attempt was made to fathom the depth beneath; but more than sixty feet of rope were employed in vain; no bottom could be reached. A lighted candle was then let down, but its light gave no hopeful indication, except that the pit was free from *choke damp* or impure air, as far down as the candle descended. Night came on and all further efforts had to be for the time abandoned. On the next day further trials were made of the depth of the pit, but with no better success. In despair the frantic parents were about to give up all hopes of recovery or relieving their little innocent, and preparations were being made to close up the mouth of the pit, to prevent a like occurrence in the future, when it was suggested and agreed upon, that another and final effort should be made by letting some individual down by ropes to examine the nature of the abyss and ascertain if there was any encouragement for farther efforts to be found below. A brother of the lost child undertook the fearful task.

Cords were fastened around his waist and limbs, and one to his wrist, by which he might indicate to those above his wishes either to descend or to be drawn up. He was swung off and slowly lowered, until having gone to the depth of about fifty feet, he looked below him, and there shone through the thick darkness two glistening eyes intently looking upward. In another moment he was standing on a shelf or angle in the shaft with the child clasped to his bosom. He fastened the little fellow securely to his own body, and bidding him take the rope firmly in his hands, the signal was given to draw up. The child hung convulsively to the rope, and in a few minutes, they rose within view of the hundred anxious spectators, who had assembled to witness the result, and when the first glimpse of the little fellow alive caught their eager gaze screams and shouts of joy from the excited multitude filled the air, and big tears of sympathy started from the eyes of every beholder. After the first paroxysms of delight had subsided, the child was examined to see if it had sustained any injury, and extraordinary to tell, with the exception of a little bruise on the back of its head, it was perfectly sound and unhurt. The only complaint it made was that it was hungry, being nearly 27 hours under the ground. To inquiries made of it, it replied that it saw a light, and heard it thunder.—From the nature of the pit, it appeared that the little fellow had fallen a perpendicular distance of 40 feet, upon a slope or bend in the shaft, and from that place had slided down 20 feet farther to the spot where he was found, leaning against a sort of pillar or wall, and gazing upward. How he escaped instant destruction is beyond all account.

A DIGNITARY ON HIS OWN HOOK.—The London correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer narrates the following incident attending the inauguration of the Great Fair:

Conspicuous among the *corps diplomatique*, and in immediate proximity to the very throne of Royalty, was a person in the costume of a *Mandarin*, who had assumed that position as of right, and whom the public and the officials of the Exhibitions believed to be the "*Chinese Ambassador*."

This dignitary made the acquaintance on the spot, and upon his own introduction, of the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesea, the archbishop of Canterbury, and many other of the highest persons in the realm; and was regarded with extreme respect by the Assembly, until it was remarked, that when he joined the "procession," which accompanied the Queen, in making the circuit of the Exhibition, his diplomatic brethren seemed rather to give the Chinaman the "cold shoulder" and at length a little inquiry and reflection awakened a remembrance of the fact that there is *no such a person* as a "Chinese Ambassador" in London; and the discovery of a most superb imposture was at length completed by the circumstance, that a gentleman connected with the *Morning Post* (newspaper) recognised in his *soi disant* Excellency no less or, other a person than the distinguished "*Mandarin*" who exhibits himself daily in the *Chinese Junk*, at the small charge of one shilling," and of whose actual rank and dignity in the Celestial Empire, a malicious rumor alleges, our only positive knowledge, to be such as we may deduce from the fact that his Excellency first visited this country in the capacity of a *ship's cook!* This discovery, however, was not made until the ceremonial of "opening the Exhibition" was concluded, and the Mandarin retired in peace, having succeeded most brilliantly in his undertaking, and receiving from the not yet undeluded crowd outside the building, the warmest demonstrations of respect and welcome, as he passed through their ranks on his way to the "official residence in the *Thames-Basin*."

JOHN VAN BUREN.

The N. Y. Evening Post publishes a speech recently delivered by John Van Buren before the Democratic State Convention of Vermont, held at Burlington on the 20th ult. The speaker reviews the ground over which the free soilers have passed since the fall of 1848, and the position which they now occupy. He narrates what Free Soil has achieved since that period, and wherein it has failed. Among its failures, he mentions the organization into territories of New Mexico and Utah, without a positive prohibition of slavery. Should slavery ever be extended there, he proposed two methods for its extinction; one to abolish it by law, and the other, should slave States be formed in those territories and apply to Congress for admission, to meet them "with a stern and unyielding resistance." He then proceeds to argue the constitutionality of the fugitive slave law. He assails Mr. Fillmore, declaring that he has "thrown himself into the arms of those who are prostituting the government to the extension of slavery, and set the seal of his approbation to a law which, in his (Van Buren's) opinion, no civilized government on earth, except our own, would now enact." Another charge against Mr. Fillmore is, that "he has called to the head of his administration the most distinguished apostate from the cause of freedom." The following extract may be of interest to Southern Democrats:

"The sections of the Democratic party with us (in New York,) as I have stated, have re-united. The first fruits of that union are then election of seventeen democrats to Congress, instead of two, and whilst I have no authority to speak their sentiments upon any subject, I think I may safely affirm that sixteen of them would to morrow vote for a repeal of the Fugitive Slave act. (Cheers.) We have lost, it is true, a democratic senator in place of Mr. Dickinson, whose term expired, and who declined a re-nomination; perhaps there may be no harm in my saying, that it does not add to the poignancy of our sorrow that Mr. Dickinson should have been the senator whose term expired. (Laughter.)

"It does not become me to say what the united democracy of New York will hereafter do.—I have no commission to speak for them, nor sufficient opportunity of ascertaining their views in the changed aspect of the slavery question, to be able to indicate their probable course; but I do not believe they will ever endorse the system of measures upon this subject styled a compromise, or approve of the Fugitive Slave act.—(Cheers.) When the proper time arrives they will speak for themselves. As for myself, I am free to say that I look with detestation upon the practice of buying and selling live bodies, in the year 1851. (Cheers.) Within the limits of the constitution, hostility to human slavery is the prominent sentiment of my heart. It is as natural to me as the air I breathe, and will perish only with my life. (Tremendous cheering.)"

Mr. Van Buren was earnest in his declaration that he did not desire to interfere with slavery in the States in which its exists.

The Convention thus addressed by Mr. Van Buren was called for the nomination of state officers, which fact, and Van Buren's speech, are said to have drawn together "an unexpectedly large gathering of the Vermont Democracy." Among other resolutions was one denying the existence of any power in Congress over slavery in the States; another declaring that "the Wilmot Proviso is the only safe way to prevent slavery extension"; another "against any more slave States"; another adopts Rantoul's resolutions on the Fugitive Slave Law, another repudiates the Compromise as a test of Democracy. Among the speakers upon the resolutions was a Mr. Stanbury, editor of the Burlington Courier, who the Post says, "was listened to with peculiar interest, as he had been in association with the whig party until, 1848, and until it ceased to be fashionable in that party to defend the interests of human freedom. Mr. Stanabury stated, among other things, that whatever might be the errors of individual democrats, the principles upon which that party is based, he had become satisfied, were the principles of human progress, and whoever warred upon those principles, warred upon the true interests of civilization and humanity. He henceforth pledged whatever ability or faith or influence he possessed to the support and establishment of sound democratic principles, and renounced forever the whig platform and all its hollow purposes."

Such is Vermont and Van Buren Democracy. Alas, what a falling off since the palmy Presidency of the "Northern man with Southern principles"!—*Richmond republican*

DESTRUCTION OF A PIRATE SETTLEMENT.—*Great Slaughter.*—The Spaniards have carried into effect their threatened chastisement of the Sultan and people of Suloo, but attended with a great sacrifice of human life, without compassing any ultimate object. The expedition sailed from Zamboanga on the 19th Feb., and on the 20th the expedition sighted Suloo. A general order having been issued, announcing the plan of attack, the disembarkation of the troops commenced early on Feb. 28th. The shores, forts and houses are described as crowded with natives eager to begin the fray, and three of them were so impetuous as to rush on the first column of troops; two of them were shot, while the third threw himself upon a seargeant, whom he slew with a lance.

Save this incident the troops marched on regardless of the fire of the enemy; their advance in regular order, notwithstanding the harrowing influence of the guns, astonished the Sultan and people of Suloo. In the meantime the three steamers