

THE NORTH-CAROLINA STAR.

WILLIAM C. DOUB, Editor.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

A TRILLING SKETCH.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

"The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please; but in mine for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivalist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they anxiously said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion or soon.

Pouring a brimming breaker, they held it with a tempting smile towards Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing explanation of what a low terrible!

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass to arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait: I will tell you, I see." She added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling liquid—"a sight that beggars all description, and yet listen—I will point it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in sublimity around—a river runs through and bright flowers grow to the water's edge.

There was a hush in that princely parlour, broken only by the soft murmur of a melody from some man's voice. The bride stood yet, with quivering lips and tearful eyes, and the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass with its troubled red waves came slowly towards the range of her vision.

ed her movement, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble on which it had been prepared. Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Nor former as the everlasting hills that taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glancing eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when an hour after he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forego the social glass.

A WHACK AT MISERS.

In a chapter on life assurance, which appears in Blackwood's Magazine for July, the writer is somewhat severe on the wealthy men of our day, who are but too scrupulous in their observance of the maxims of "Poor Richard." He says:

"Those who desire to be absolutely rich may if their lives are spared long enough attain that object by sordid and perpetual pinching and rigorous abstinence from the enjoyments, hospitalities and charities of existence. It is not difficult to accumulate gold if a man has courage to be an Elwes, indeed, cases are almost daily cited of apparent paupers, amongst whose rags and gallinaria in the corner of some foul cellar extraordinary hoards are discovered. No one, however, who is a creature still would addict himself to the kind of metallic accumulation; it is noticeable that the practice is chiefly confined to dried-up bachelors, who have either no relatives to succeed them, or who hate their relatives cordially. Poor wretches! If ere they had given up the ghost in their ill-ventured couch, and be deposited in the paltry shells which have been bespoken from a motive of posthumous economy, they could obtain a vision of the serene or lively countenance of those who shall walk at their funeral and divide their gains; if they could be prospectively present at the banquet which is to follow the ceremony, and witness the enormous consumption of liquor quaffed, not in honor of their memories, but by way of congratulation to the neglected heir—if they could hear, by anticipation, the remarks of the popular guests, the recalled anecdotes of their meanness, and the commentaries on their cruel selfishness—they might possibly, before their life has left the clay, ask themselves seriously for what end, and in this world or the next, they have consented to lead the life of muck-worms, and insure the contempt of their race. Part of all creatures upon earth, none is so deplorable as the miser. It is not impossible that the prodigal may have a friend, for there is usually a little about him some touch of humanity—some one unbroken chord of sympathy. He has no sympathy. Even the nurse who is hired to attend him in his last hours, loathes the ghastly occupation, and longs for the moment of her release—for although the death-lamp is already gathering on his brow the thoughts of the departing sinner are still upon his gold, and at the mere jingle of a key he starts from his torpor, in a paroxysm of terror, lest a superstitious attempt is being made upon the sanctity of his strong box. Dreads there are many in that box; but where are the deeds that should have comforted the dying man? What blessings has he purchased for himself through his long useless life? There are no prayers of the orphan or widow for him, not a solitary voice has ever breathed his name to heaven as a benefactor. One poor penny given away in the spirit of true charity, would now be worth more to him than all the gold that the world contains; but notwithstanding that he was a church-going man, and familiar from his infancy with those awful texts in which the worship of mammon is denounced, and the punishment of Dives told, he has never yet been able to divorce himself from his solitary hoard of lust, or to part with one atom of his self. And so, from a miserable life, detested and despised, he passes into a dear eternity, and those whom he has neglected or misused, make merry with the hands of the miser."

WIRT AS TANNY.

The following extract is from a well-written sketch of the life of Wirt, published in a New-York journal:

For a long time Mr. Wirt's chief opponent at the Baltimore bar, was Mr. Tanny, the present Chief Justice of the United States. Mr. Tanny removed from Baltimore to Frederick, on the death of Mr. Pinckney, and here Mr. Wirt and himself were the great forensic rivals. No two men of the same profession could be more different in their intellectual endowments than were these gentlemen. They were as unlike in these regards as they were in their personal appearance. Mr. Tanny was thin. He stooped, and his voice was weak, and such was the precarious condition of his health, that he had to station himself immediately before and near the jury, to make himself heard by them. Mr. Wirt always placed himself in front of the trial table, opposite the jury, in oratorical position. Mr. Tanny's manner of speaking was slow and firm—never using the rhetorical ornament, but pressing into the heart of the case with powerful arguments, like a great leader, with unbroken phalanx, into the heart of a besieged city. His style was plain, unadorned, and so forcible and direct, that it might be called palpable. With his snuff-box—for the Chief Justice then, too, used snuff—compressed in his closed hand, he reasoned for hours, without the least "suspense" at wit, or eloquence. And yet, at times, he was truly eloquent, from his deep and sublimated earnestness. In a question of law, in the case of a youth who had shot at his teacher, I remember, though then a youthful student, that a crowded auditory were sufficed in tears. It was the fervor of his own feelings, speaking directly, that made him eloquent. He did not appear to know that he was eloquent himself. It was an inspiration which came to him, if it came at all, unbidden, and which would no more answer to his call, than Glendower's.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING CASES EVER WITNESSED AT THE BALTIMORE BAR, WAS A TRIAL IN A MANDAMUS CASE, IN WHICH THE RIGHT TO CHURCH WAS CONTENDED.

Mr. Duncan had been established in the ministry at Baltimore by a number of Scotch Presbyterians, in an obscure edifice. His talents drew such a congregation, that it soon became necessary to build a large one. It was done; and in the progress of events, the pastor preached a more liberal doctrine than he had at first inculcated. His early supporters remained not only unchanged in their faith, but they resolved to have it preached to them by one with whom they could entirely agree upon religious matters. The majority of the congregation agreed with Mr. Duncan. A deep schism arose in the divided flock, which was eventually, by a writ of mandamus, carried before a legal tribunal. Mr. Tanny was counsel for the old school side, and Mr. Wirt for the defendants. The court-room, during the trial, was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the monumental city. It was such a display of eloquence, and a full appreciation of it, as seldom witnessed. Mr. Wirt was always happy in making a quotation; and concluding this case, he made one of his happiest. After alluding to the old school members, who, as it has been said, were Scotchmen, and after dwelling upon the tragedy of Macbeth, the scenes of which are laid in Scotland, he described their preacher as being in the condition of Macbeth's guest, and said, after a stern rebuke to them, that though they should succeed in their cause, which he felt confident they would not, they would feel like the guilty Thane:

With horse his faculties so weak; but been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking-off.

FROM THE PASTORAL DUTY, BY A QUANDARY.

Certain Democratic journals of the '38 stripe are very evidently assuming the ground that the President is in no way or degree implicated in Secretary Davis' Philadelphia speech about the Pacific Railroad. These journals are catching at every thing, however flimsy, with which to stave off a quarrel between themselves and their quarrelsome darling chief. The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald has in the last few days administered to them a very agreeable and acceptable exhibition in the shape of a grave statement to the effect that the President is not to be considered as all committed to that great project, or to the doctrine which it involves. Moreover, that some of the members of the Cabinet are fully opposed to it upon Constitutional principles. Now, in the first place, we are surprised to see the author of a nameless correspondent of a paper, which is perhaps as respectably touched with the tenets of the Abolitionists as the room in the White House is with the dew of heaven, seized upon with such avidity by the *Sticks*, (as we take the liberty of denominating the *ninety-eighters*), and appealed to for the purpose of making the position of the President suitable to their wishes. How is it that the New York Herald has, at all times, become an oracle with these submitted interpreters of the compact? Has that journal ever through its editorials, or its correspondence, or in any other way, manifested the smallest concern about the superabundances of the Southern Kingdom, who are warring against the Pacific Railroad? Then, why go to its columns? Why take the blows, random-posting communications of a Washington letter-writer as proof that Gen. Pierce does not favor the work in question, or the opinions of two of his constitutional advisers? But let us look at this matter in another point of view. Either the statement of the Herald, so much relied on, is true, or it is erroneous. If it be, as we have very little doubt it is, of the latter character, then there is an end of it. But, suppose it to be true. What then? Why, we should have this state of the case—that upon a great, important and, we might add, a question, affecting deeply the interest of the whole Confederacy, and embracing in its scope a doctrine that has for upwards of fifty years been flooding the press, the halls of Congress, and the whole land with discussions—the President and his Cabinet are at variance.—If this be so, what is to be done with the Pacific project. Secretary Davis has publicly and responsibly avowed himself to be in favor of it, as a Government measure.—Secretary Guthrie has done the same thing—whilst, on the other hand, neither the President, or any of his other advisers, has publicly and responsibly declared himself to be opposed to it. The words of the two Secretaries above named, have gone forth into the country with all the prestige of their high authority. They certainly may be fairly construed by the people as bearing the Executive approval, and highly respected, if unopposed by the dissenters of the Cabinet, if there be any. In the meantime, every day strengthens the belief that there is no serious dissent in the case, but that Davis and Guthrie when they delivered their Philadelphia speeches could not have considered themselves as with any dissent from the President. It would have been a strange thing for them, under the circumstances, to have gratuitously taken the opportunity of declaring, in the terms they did, their advocacy of the Pacific Railroad, which they must have known would be, as it will be, a topic of general and vehement political controversy. Their peculiar relations with the President perfectly justify the inference which has been extensively drawn, that he concurred with them, at the time, in what they said—and if, now, he disagrees with them, as stated by the Herald's correspondent, it is no evidence that he did so at first. But, without admitting the fact of the alleged disagreement, we see not how the case is bettered by it. It would certainly exhibit a difference and division amongst the members of the present Cabinet. Two of them are publicly, positively and formally committed to the Pacific Road. They must, of course, advise, in council, to the same effect. If their avowed opinions and their public position should be overruled by the President and his colleagues, their predicament would be such as to shake the confidence of the people in their fitness for their stations, inasmuch as it would exhibit a discordance exceedingly embarrassing and detrimental to the national interests. The people want the Road. The "general welfare" requires it. Messrs. Davis and Guthrie respond heartily to the almost universal desire. But the strict constructionists, who are in the last minority, and upon it, that the work is a most dangerous one to our rights and liberties, and in proof of this they appeal to the doctrine of '38! We think that we can venture to assure our State Rights friends that the Administration will treat this project in a way to satisfy the majority of the Democracy. We do not believe that the President will disregard the opinions and wishes of nearly the entire North and West, to ill the groundless and visionary apprehensions of some dozens of Southern politicians. We do not believe that he will officially repudiate the sentiments and counsels of such men as Secretaries Davis and Guthrie—and finally, we place kind reliance upon any man who declares, as those of the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, about the President and the Pacific Railroad.

A MODEL COTTON CROP.

On Thursday morning last, we had the pleasure in company with several gentlemen, of riding over the cotton crop of our friend A. P. Lacoste, Esq. Mr. Lacoste's farm is situated about three miles from Town, and consists altogether of pine land. He works eleven hands, and has in cotton one hundred and sixty-five acres; one hundred of which was manured with guano, and the balance with stable & barnyard manure. The guano was applied at the rate of 200 lbs. per acre, with the exception of about half an acre, on which it was applied at the rate of 300 lbs. per acre. Of the one hundred and thirty-five acres, one hundred and thirty are fresh land, and the balance old and made work. Mr. Lacoste plants no corn, having more than enough last year for two year's consumption on his plantation. The 105 acres are divided into a number of fields or cuts, by fences and ditches.

In sowing over the crop, each of the company were requested to estimate the quantity of seed sown, and to note it down. This was done, and afterwards these notes were compared and the following was the result: Total average estimated product of the 105 acres, 161,300 lbs., or 277 1/2 lbs. per acre. Among the gentlemen present was one of the most successful cotton planters in this section of country, and his was the highest estimate made, it being at the rate of 1200 lbs. for 135 acres, and 600 lbs. for 30 acres.

This is a large estimate for pine land, and had Mr. Lacoste planted his cotton five feet apart, and applied 300 lbs. of guano to the acre, with a favorable fall, his yield must have largely exceeded it. As it is, if the fall is favorable we have little doubt but the result will come up to the estimate.

The great value of guano as a manure for cotton, is remarkably demonstrated in Mr. Lacoste's crop. The sixty-five acres which were manured from the stable, though nearly as tall and as well filled as the guanoed cotton can be distinguished from the latter as far as the eye can distinguish the rows. It is deficient in the size of the bolls, but more particularly in the thriving, healthy green look, which characterizes the guanoed cotton. But the half acre to which the guano was applied at the rate of 300 lbs. per acre, more decidedly demonstrates the value of that article as a manure. This cotton was nearly a third larger, the bolls also larger and more numerous, and the general appearance of the weed far superior to the other, cotton adjoining. We observed many places in the guanoed cotton where the slightest difference in the distribution of that article could be distinctly seen. Indeed, so thoroughly testified by Mr. Lacoste become, of the value of guano in the production of cotton, that he has already purchased 25 tons to apply to his next crop.

Mr. Lacoste has been planting for several years, but for the last three he has personally attended to his plantation, dispensing with the services of an overseer, and he has in a remarkable manner demonstrated the effects of industry and perseverance. A former owner of his plantation, who cultivated it for several years, dubbed it, as he thought it very justly, "sorrow," for which its present owner has substituted, as we think with much propriety, the much more pleasing and expressive appellation "Perseverance." Until the present season, no renovating application had been made to the soil, except the manure collected on the premises; and with this alone the farm had been made highly productive. Here we would draw an inference from the consultation of those who are lamenting over their unproductive "sorrow." That inference is, that the like industry and perseverance would in a like manner suit their unproductive "sorrow" into productive joy. Cannot all be induced to follow an example which will insure such beneficial results? It is no wild flight of fancy, that leads us to this conclusion; that the product of cotton might be doubled in this section of country, without appropriating another acre to its cultivation, or without diminishing in the least the other products of the soil.—*Cherokee Gazette.*

THE NEW JERSEY CITY BENEFICENT NORTHERN NEGROES.

Nineteen out of twenty of the blacks in the lowest and most respectable of the same number of sheep, and being left to pursue their own inclinations, they spend their days in idleness and their nights in vice, depending on charity or theft for the necessities of life. We have travelled hundreds of miles through the South, and testify to the fact that the slaves live better and more comfortable and happy, in every respect, than our worthless negroes. Will there and there an honorable exception, the negroes of the North were to become mechanics, or even respectable laborers, they will always be found doing the lowest and most degrading drudgery, and they are to be found in a great measure, which prepares them for the poor house, the penitentiary and the prison. They are destitute of good breeding and learning and all ambition to be honest and virtuous. We know that the selfishness and impudence of the negro would be consulted, if he were taken from this State of freedom (!) and sent to the South, and we doubt whether it would be less moral to seize every mother's son on 'em and sell them into slavery (appropriating the proceeds to the payment of our State debt) than it is to let them remain here half-fed, half-clothed, uneducated, leading a life of misery and degradation. At all events, we are satisfied nothing must be done with them, and that before many years. They must be either cleared out, or the lives and property of one white citizen will be rendered unsafe. The evil is daily increasing, and we may as well meet it sooner as later. The longer we postpone action in regard to it, the more difficult will be to accomplish the desired end and red ourselves of the growing evil.

As to the Abolitionists, and "abolition philanthropy," the latter is a cheat and the former a set of miserable hypocrites. There is not an honest man among them! They are as great vobagnos as the negroes, and more unprincipled, because they have the intelligence to know what is right, but lack the desire or national love to have them sold into slavery, than the negroes. A thorough-going black-hearted abolitionist will give two dollars towards defraying the expenses of stealing a negro, and one towards purchasing his freedom. He will harbor a fugitive on his premises, and make him work until he has earned something worth having, and then inform the poor darkey that his master is after him, and he had better cut stick, leaving his funds in the hands of the "philanthropist." The true abolitionists are the descendants of the Tories of the Revolution, and are themselves always found on the side of their country's enemies. They are a treacherous, hypocritical, sycophantic and uncharitable set of fanatics, deserving only the contempt of their neighbors, and the pity and prosperity of their country. We do not in the least misrepresent their character. How unjust, is it not, then, to hold the entire North responsible for the ravages and buffoonery exhibited by a few fools who are too stupid to be for the mad house than they are to be kept?

SECURITY AGAINST POST-OFFICE ROBBERIES. In England a simple and efficient plan prevails which effectually prevents the robbery of letters containing money, while passing through the Post-Office. This is effected by means of the registration of such letters, which is explained by a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, who writes:—

One of the great conveniences of the English Post-Office consists in the safety with which the most valuable letters, containing either cash or jewelry, bank-notes or titles, or packages containing any other description of property which is desirable to be conveyed in the simplest possible manner. When a letter is presented to the Post-Office clerk for registration, it is first weighed, and the usual rate of postage, if it be not previously stamped, is charged upon it. The address of the letter is then copied upon a page of a common receipt book, in the following form: "Received of Mr. Anthony Thompson, on this 24th day of September, 1853, a letter addressed to FRANK ASHTON, Esq., Lord-street, Liverpool."

The letter thus registered is enclosed in a colored wrapper and addressed outside, to the Postmaster at Liverpool. Every letter is with which this letter is enclosed, is the Registered Letter, and if over an ounce in weight, is charged and marked: Postage 4d., Registration 6d.—10d.

The colored wrapper in which this letter is enclosed, is a blank form, which when filled up at the end of the journey stands thus: "Received of the Postmaster of Liverpool, on this 25th day of September, 1853, a letter addressed Frank Ashton, Esq., Lord-street, Liverpool."

This receipt is returned to the Postmaster who first received the letter, and is filed in his office. Thus for the trifling sum of sixpence, the most valuable documents or cash or any amount can be insured from loss or delay, because if either should occur, it would be at once detected, and the certainty of detection is the best guarantee for safety. Thousands of letters are registered annually in the English Post-Offices in this way, and the amount of property conveyed in this way is immense. One shilling was charged for registration a few years ago, but it has been found that the sixpenny rate is the most profitable, as it has more than doubled the number of registered letters passing through the Post-Office. A youth asked his father's sanction to his project of marriage. The old gentleman, requesting his son to pray with him, prayed that if the match was against the will of the Lord he would throw obstacles in the way, and make it impossible. The son interrupted, "Oh! I don't you do it; for I must have her any how!"

YOUNG AMERICA IN ITS GLORY.

Young America had "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" around the lecture board, in the city of New York, on the evening of the 26th instant, over the appointment of GEORGE N. SANDERS Consul at London. It was embraced as an appropriate occasion for Young America to show itself in all its glory. It was considered as a great triumph over Old Fogyism, as represented by Governor Marcy & Co., in their opposition to the appointment of Mr. Sanders, and a jolly time of it Young America appears to have had. The dinner was given by the newly appointed Consul at the Astor House, and was done up in real Astor House style. So the New York papers say. After undergoing all the agonies of suspense, and having to battle against the most formidable opposition, the representative of the Young Democracy came out triumphant, and, on the strength of it, gave this sumptuous dinner. Let the Premier, and all the rest of Old Fogydom, hide their diminished heads, carried the day.

"After the cloth had been removed," Mr. Stagg—inasmuch as there had been so much doubt hanging over this appointment—in proposing the health of Mr. Sanders, suggested that it would be well for him "to pass the documents around for the inspection of the company." There was no mistake on this point, for the official document had been duly forwarded, signed by Mr. Sanders's obedient servant, Wm. L. Marcy. All being right on this subject, "the health of Mr. Sanders was drunk with three rounds of cheers, and the heartiest applause." Gov. Cobb, Minister expectant to France, was present, and being toasted as "the late Speaker of the House of Representatives," embraced the opportunity to put some hard questions to Consul Sanders, and give him some Old Fogy advice. He spoke as follows:

Governor Cobb replied, acknowledging the honor done him, and saying that it gave him great pleasure to meet on this occasion not only prominent members of the Democratic party, but many of those who had been designated as the younger, or progressive members of the Whig party. For himself he said he was classed among the old fogies, and he liked to know whether the same freedom which their host had often practiced, to catch him a little as to what the country might expect from him in his discharge of diplomatic duties abroad. He rose rather to elicit information, than to express opinions, for that might be rather a delicate task. For his own part, he believed in the binding force of treaties, and thought that the laws of national morality and good faith could not be essentially different from those which ought to govern and guide the conduct of individuals. He wanted to know what Mr. Sanders thought of that, and also of international law. He would like to know what the international code was; what made it; who changed it, and what authority they had for doing either. He would like to know whether international law was exclusively in the keeping of the despots of Europe—whether they were at liberty to alter its provisions, in instant need, or to abolish nations, which alone existed by the very right of their own authority on the face of the earth, the will of the people, might not also have some claim to a voice in its modification, and also in the enforcement of its provisions. He said he rejoiced in the appointment of Mr. Sanders, because he didn't doubt that he was sound on all these subjects. He had great respect for Young America, whose extreme opinions he did not doubt would be tempered by the frosts of age. But while we were congratulating Mr. Sanders on his appointment, we ought not to forget the distinguished Chief Magistrate from whom it was received. He begged, therefore, in concluding, to propose the health of "The President of the United States."

Other distinguished personages were present, of whose sayings and doings at this Young America jubilee we shall not undertake to give an account. After several songs were sung, the company separated in the most jovial humor over this triumph of Young America in the appointment of Mr. George N. Sanders, Consul at London.—*Richmond Whig.*

The New-York Herald gives renewed currency to the report of a Spanish and Mexican alliance or protractor. The ground upon which it is based is that it is the only mode of warding off war with the United States, which the Mexicans seem to consider as likely to break out at any moment. It shows with what seriousness the matter has been discussed and considered in all its bearings. The Herald gives translations of articles published on the subject by the Government or the Universal, which declares itself in favor of the league.

REPLY OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL TO MR. EVERETT.—An official correspondence is published in the English papers, between Lord John Russell and Minister Crampton, respecting the proposition for a tri-partite treaty, in order to guarantee to Spain the continued possession of the island of Cuba. The answer of Mr. Everett to the late Secretary of State, to this extraordinary proposition on the part of England and France, forms the chief theme of Lord John's comments. Mr. E. it will be recollected, declared that "the United States would not see without indifference the island of Cuba fall into the possession of any other European government than Spain." By way of response, Lord John, while admitting the right of this country to reject the proposal, pointedly observes that "Great Britain must at once resume her entire liberty, and upon any occasion that may call for it, be free to act, either singly, or in conjunction with other powers, as to her may seem fit."

MEMBERS OF THE ADMINISTRATION.—The Louisville Journal some up the measures adopted by Gen. Pierce's Administration as follows:— Its first measure was to send out the advertisement of a New York stationer upon the official letter envelopes, its second was to give orders that the said advertisement should be discontinued, its third was to put forth a circular prescribing what kind of coats and breeches the U. S. diplomatic officers should wear at foreign courts, and its fourth was to send out a general order directing how the officers of the navy should—of their heads. These are the administration's first four measures. We wonder what the next four will be.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND ITS SUPPORTERS.

The New York Journal of Commerce, which, though professing neutral in politics, warmly supported General Pierce for the Presidency, does not appear well satisfied with his administration. In an elaborate editorial article it says:—

"In electing General Pierce to the Presidency, it was supposed that compromise and influence had been given to the National sentiment which had so conspicuously triumphed over sectionalism. The country did not understand, in electing Gen. Pierce, that the union of factions, held together by the spoils, would constitute the Government; and that those who had been conspicuous in giving a controlling direction to public affairs at a great juncture, should occupy only a subordinate part in its machinery. In an adjournment, Gen. Pierce has gone counter to the public intention, and has committed a capital error. We express this opinion with deep sorrow. We have no personal disappointments of any description to avow. He has been liberal with equipments favorable to the National idea, and his bestowed power and command on its antagonists thus holding out an inducement for treachery and desertion of the Constitution, and holding out to the leaders of those who, feeling that they had committed a great error, were ready to return to their allegiance to the country by assenting to the supremacy of the class who throughout the contest had shown their patriotism and their ability to govern."

"The appointment of Mr. Sikes, recently made, intended as an exception to the general policy, is one of those mistakes which, under a sudden conviction of error, is often committed. The national feeling of the country, sickened at the display of mere sentiment in its favor, has arrived at the solemn judgment, that the President has come short of the duties which a great position imposed, and of the high distinction which its performance would unquestionably have conferred. In our columns of to-day may be found an able communication on this subject."

The article to which the Journal alludes concludes thus, "the duties being the writer's." "We have thus examined length the President's apology for his course, and we leave the subject, with the remark that if he is satisfied with his position, let him enjoy it. But it affords a lesson which will not easily be lost upon the Democracy. It will teach them the importance, not less than the honest duty, of standing by those who have been fully tried, and the folly of running after new names and new men. It will teach them, too, to look for something more than the candidate's certificate of his political principles and character, circulated under very auspicious circumstances on the eve of a convention, and none the less so that it protests that his name will not be before the convention."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ILLUMINATED. The New York Courier of Tuesday, 23rd:— Last evening, by way of experiment, the Crystal Palace was illuminated. The result a large portion of the glittering tentary, now a speculating company, were night capped and available. Daylight and night light each peculiar charms to beauty, and never was the contrast more striking than here. The exterior view, always in itself well worthy a visit, becomes under illumination at once splendid, shadowy and graceful as a vision of enchantment. The interior, losing something in its rich array, is predated with a slight romantic sense of lovefulness. The majestic dome becomes a "starry vault," and constellations thickly strewn irradiate the sides and above, shedding conspicuous charms upon the marble statuary, which seems in the softened purple to glow conscious and communicative with the soul. The effects of light in the picture gallery (whether the paintings are now mostly removed) will be very happy, both by day and night. Several valuable sculptures have been added within two or three days, and we learn with pleasure that Mr. Wickeslam (the manufacturer of the elegant and peculiar railings of woven wire, by which the Palace is set off without and within) is contemplating an appropriate enclosure for the Powers statuary, by which it will be set at a proper distance from the spectators.

MR. FOSTER.—Some years ago two aged men near Marshalltown traded, according to the Virginia parlance, swapped horses on this condition: That on that day week the one who thought he had the best of the bargain should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and, as it happened they met about halfway between their respective homes. "Where art thou going?" said one. "To thy home with the wheat," answered the other. "And whether art thou riding?" "Truly," replied the first, "I was taking the wheat to thy house." Each pleased with his bargain had thought the wheat due to his neighbor, and was going to pay it.

The Louisville Journal is very severe upon Minister August Belmont, the newly appointed minister to Holland. We know nothing of him—and never heard of him until last year, when his name was connected with some of our other unfavorable circumstances. It was said then, that he was using money very freely to affect our elections; and it is said now, that his appointment is the reward for the money so expended. We live in a great country and great desires exist here, and we can afford to overlook small matters!

"My son, take that jug and fetch me some beer."

"Give me some money, then, father."

LETTERS ON LAYERS.

A modern poet gives this axiom:— "Carved in the line of Beauty, Pleading in the line of Duty, Walk by the best and then will see The others all follow thee."

"The boy took the jug and set it on the table, and then he placed the jug before his father."

"Drink," said the son.

"How can I drink," said the father, "when there is no beer in the jug?"

"To drink in the jug," said the son, "when there is beer, my only care is the dust, but to drink beer out of a jug when there is no beer, that's a trick."

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