North Carolina Star.

VOLUME XLV. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1854. NUMBER 43.

North-Carolina Star.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

WILLIAM C. DOUB,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

If paid strictly in advance, two dollars per annum; two dollars and fifty cents, if paid within six months; and three dollars at the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding sixteen lines will be inserted one time for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Those of greater length will be charged proportionally. Court Orders and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Book and Job Printing done with neatness and despatch, and on accommodating terms.

☞ Letters to the Editor must be post paid

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Wm. Dallas Haywood, Intendant of Police.

COMMISSIONERS.

Eastern Ward.—Eldridge Smith,
" —Dr. W. H. McKee.
Middle Ward.—Seaton Gales,
" C. B. Root,
" Isaac Proctor.
Western Ward.—A. M. Gorman,
" S. W. Whiting.

J. J. Christophers, City Clerk,
C. B. Root, City Treasurer.
City Guard.—James M. Crawley,
Jackson Overby.
City Constables.—James H. Murray,
" Edward Harris.
E. M. Dudley, Weighmaster.
Jas. H. Murray Clerk of the Market.

COURTS.

The *Supreme Court* of North Carolina is held in this city semi-annually, on the second Monday in June, and the 20th day of December.

Judges.—Hon. Frederick Nash, Chief Justice,
R. M. Pearson, Associate Judge,
W. H. Battle, " "
Edmund B. Freeman, Clerk; Ham. C. Jones, Reporter; J. T. C. Wiatt, Marshall.

The *United States Circuit Court* for the District of North Carolina is held semi-annually in this city, on the 1st Monday in June and the last Monday in November.

Judge.—Hon. J. M. Wayne, of Georgia: Hon. Henry Potter, of Fayetteville, District Attorney, Robert P. Dick, Clerk, Wm. H. Haywood, Sr., Marshall, Wesley Jones.

The *Superior Court* for this County, is held on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September.

John C. Moore, Clerk.

Matt. W. Ransom, Attorney General and Solicitor of the fourth Judicial District.

The *Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions* is held on the third Monday in February, May, August and November. Jeff. Utley, Clerk.

Chairman of the County Court.—William Boylan.

County Solicitor.—Quentin Busbee.

Sheriff of Wake County.—William H. High.

Coroner.—Willis Scott.

Register.—H. Hutson.

BANKS.

Bank of the State of North Carolina, incorporated 1810. Charter expires in 1860. Capital $1,300,000, divided into 13,000 shares of which the Literary Board holds 3,027 and the University 1000.

Principal Bank at Raleigh.

George W. Mordecai, President.

Charles Dewey, Cashier.

J. H. Bryan, Jr., Teller and Notary Public.

W. R. Anderson, Discount Clerk and Notary Public.

Jordan Womble, Jr., Clerk.

This Bank has branches at Newbern, Tarboro, Fayetteville, Wilmington, Elizabeth City, Charlotte, Milton, Morganton and Windsor.

DIRECTORS.

On the part of the State: D. W. Courts, Public Treasurer, ex-officio, L. O'B. Branch and W. R. Poole.

On the part of the Stockholders: Wm. Boylan, Wm. Peace, J. H. Bryan, J. R. G. Rouzhac, Alfred Jones and B. F. Moore.

Offering and Renewal day—Tuesday.

Discount day—Wednesday.

Domestic Bills and Bills of Exchange discounted every day.

Business hours from 10 till 2 o'clock.

Raleigh Branch of the Bank of the Cape Fear.

William H. Jones, Cashier.

R. P. Finch, Teller and Notary Public.

Directors—Geo. W. Haywood, T. H. Seller, Seth Jones, George Little, Dr. Thos. D. Hogg, and C. W. D. Hutchings.

Offering day Monday, Discount day Tuesday.

RAIL ROADS.

Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company.

L. O'B. Branch, President.

W. W. Yass, Treasurer.

— —, Assistant Treasurer.

C. B. Allen, Depot Agent.

POST OFFICE.

William White, Sr., Post Master.

Office hours, on week days, from Sun-rise to 9 P. M.

THE TRAVELLER'S GUIDE

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS AT RALEIGH.

NORTHERN MAIL—(By Railroad.)

Through Mail closes daily	at 6½	a. m
Way Mail " "	at 9	p. m
Arrives daily	at 6½	p. m
The Cars leave the depot	at 6½	a. m

SOUTHERN MAIL—(By Two-horse Hack.)

Closes daily	at 6½	p. m.
Arrives daily	at 6	p. m.
The Hack leaves	at 7½	p. m.

WESTERN MAIL—(By Four-horse Coach.)

Closes daily	at 7	a. m
Arrives daily	at 11	p. m
The Coach leaves	at 8	a. m

GOLDSBORO' MAIL—(By Four-horse Coach.)

Closes daily, (except Sunday,)	at 7	a. m.
Arrives daily (except Monday,)	at 1	a. m.
The Coach leaves daily	at 7½	a. m.

TARBORO' MAIL—(By Two-horse Hack.)

Closes on Sunday, Tues. and Thur.,	at 9	p. m.
Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat.,	at 7	p. m.
Hack leaves on Mon. Wed. and Fri.,	at 5	a. m.

PITTSBORO' MAIL—(By Three-horse Hack.)

Closes on Tuesday and Saturday,	at 9	p. m
Arrives on Monday and Thursday,	at 7	p. m
Hack leaves on Sun. and Wed. about	7	a. m

THE TRAGEDY OF LIFE.—No one can walk our thoroughfares without being impressed with the truthful force of the remarks of the New York Mirror, which says there is more real tragedy to be seen in the streets than in its theatres. One of the most beautiful of the actors it had lately noticed presents the saddest spectacle. She is a woman of the rarest beauty, apparently not over twenty-five years of age, and one of the best dressed females to be seen. And yet there is an unmistakable look about her that stamps her at once as a fallen angel—fallen from the high heaven of innocence and love in which beauty was made to dwell, into that pitable *thing* unnameable in "mere polite." What a history, what a sacrifice here! What a weight of conscious degradation must weigh down the heart of that beautiful frail one, ere she drags her marketable charms along the City's mid thoroughfare, the synonyme of wanton eyes, the jest of libellous lips! Poor melancholy miserable girl—there is no joy in that simulated smile—no peace in that fair bosom. The priceless pearl of virtue is thrown into the gutter, and well may the Paris of Paradise weep at such a loss.—*Phila. Sun.*

AS EDITOR HOWARD.—Mr Prentice, editor of the Louisville Journal whole on a visit to Memphis, has been tendered a public dinner by his friends in that city. Mr. Prentice accepted the invitation, and Wednesday the 25th ult. was appointed for the entertainment to take place. Senator James C. Jones was the chairman of the committee who gave the invitation.

North-Carolina Star.

RALEIGH, N. C.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1854

ACCIDENT.—We understand that Mr. Kidlin Jones, of this county, was crushed between two cars on the Central Railroad, above Raleigh, on the afternoon of Thursday last. He is not expected to recover.

Rev. Dr. Deems, who for several years past, has been President of Greensboro' Female College in this State, has declined the Presidency of Centenary College, located at Jackson, La.

Canada, New Brunswick and the United States have confirmed the Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Great Britain, and it is the law of the land. All foreign coals, breadstuffs, salted meats and molasses now pass into New Brunswick free of duty.

A PREDICTION.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Express predicts, that within the next four months, collisions will take place at Greytown between the officers of the British Navy and the United States' Navy, which will bring on a war between the two nations. We have little faith in modern prophecies.

PRE-PAYMENT OF POSTAGE.—The Washington Star learns that some nine months ago the Post Office Department caused an examination to be made into the use of postage stamps, &c., from the result of which it was concluded that fifty-two per centum of the letters sent in the mails were at that time pre-paid. Very recently a second similar investigation shows that at this time quite sixty per centum of the letters so sent are pre-paid. This increase, the Star remarks, shows that our people are just coming to understand the advantages of pre-paying mail matter.

STATUARY FOR THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.—The editors of the Richmond Enquirer have received from Mr. Crawford, the American sculptor at Rome, a portfolio of photographic works of art among them a group of fifteen figures, ordered by Congress for the east front of the United States Capitol extension, viz: a superb female figure representing the Republic, with an eagle at her feet and the sun rising on the other side; on her right hand, figures representing national defence, (Washington drawing his sword) science, youthful education, mechanics and agriculture; on her left hand, figures representing an Indian resigned to his fate, and a squaw and child sitting near a grave, a young huntsman with a dog and game, and a hardy woodman felling a tree, symbolic of the gradual progress of the settlement of our great and extensive country.

IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN A GOOD CONDITION.—The following extract from the Richmond Enquirer, the leading democratic paper in Virginia answers the question:

"We believe the conviction is universal that the Democratic party of this state has not been in so efficient a condition since the great overthrow of 1840. The ranks of the enemy are largely recruited from a variety of sources, and, what is worse, our own strength is seriously impaired by a smothered spirit of dissaffection. This state of things has not escaped the observation of Whigs-tonors; and hence they manifest a confidence and a truculence which contrast strangely with their habitual despair and puerile disposition. There are Democrats, too, of sagacity who look forward to the next contrast with mistrust and apprehension."

A SERENATE RESCUE.—The local editor of the Petersburg Express, relates the experience of a Norfolk lady at the State Fair. She had entered one of the crowded omnibusses of Main street, in order to meet her friends at the Fair grounds; and as numbers were there anxious to get seats in the same vehicle, it was pretty close work:

A fashionably attired gentleman very *dirty* looking, took his seat by the side of the lady. He was dressed in the best black, with a most religious looking neckties. A handsome *talma* cloak hung gracefully over his shoulders, while his hands (of most noble blooded symmetry, encased in spotless and delicately echoed "kids") rested tranquilly on his lap. The ladies present could not help admiring the aristocratic model of those hands.

On drawing near the Chinese entrance to the Fair grounds, our fair informant felt something stirring her dress near her pocket. It surely ought not be the hands of her genteel neighbor, for they were tranquil in his lap. Again she felt something fingering near her neck where her watch was fascinatingly lodged. She put down her hand, and grasped the warm fingers of an unknown hand belonging evidently to the genteel personage by her side. The idea of a *three or four handed man* so terrified the lady that she shrieked and swooned—right off! With a bold swing of his "Talma," the aristocratic *kids* disappeared, and their owner, amid the confusion, said he'd run and get some water to restore the lady. He did so, but we presume he went very far to fetch it, for he has not been yet heard of in connexion with said "water."

When the lady found herself in speaking condition, she told the cause and perceived that her port-monnaie and pearl case were gone, and the marks of a pair of nippers on her watch chain.

The pair of neatly gloved hands were "sham," mere "decoy ducks;" while from beneath the facilitatingly constructed folds of the talma, the real flesh and bone were wandering insidiously in search of the fair lady's valuables.

It is stated that a bar of iron, of almost any size, may be instantly rendered whitehot, by the simple application of a piece of common roll brimstone. A knowledge of this fact will be useful when some piece of iron work is required to be severed, but which, as is sometimes the case, is so constructed and situated that no other chisel or cutting tool can be brought to apply. Holes may be instantly perforated through barrer plates of heated iron, by the application of pointed pieces of brimstone. There is also a method of sawing or cutting hardened steel, by means of a circular piece of common or thin iron plate, or sheet iron, adjusted to a lathe, or otherwise put into violent rotary motion; this will readily cut off a pile, cutting to 1 or tempered steel spring, without drawing or reducing the temper.

ANOTHER SLAVER CAPTURED.—A letter from Havana states that the Spanish steamer Neptune brought into the harbor of Havana, on the 20th ult., the American schooner Pearlem, as a prize. The Pearlem was taken in a small creek, near Sabin Honda, where she had a few days before landed her living cargo, who were, however, seized by the authorities soon after the disembarkation.

REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

One of the most curious and attractive objects exhibited at the late Fair in Richmond, was an antique punch bowl, cracked throughout its whole width, but carefully cemented so as to stand, as in former days "upon its own bottom." A paper attached to the bowl, stated that it was the property of a lady in Hearico, to whose family it had appertained for two generations. During the Revolutionary war—the paper states—at the time when Cornwallis was concentrating his forces upon Virginia, a party of British soldiers stopped at the house of the lady in question. Her husband was absent, either upon private business, or in the army, and she was forced to receive the troopers, who paid their respects to the contents of the cellar, and held a high carouse. Their last act was to command their hostess to brew them a bowl of punch, which she did very unwillingly—her patriotic impulses rendering it a hateful task. The trooper then forced her upon her knees, held the bowl to her lips, and ordered her to drink to the success of the royal arms. The heroic lady instead of obeying, drank "success to Washington!"

This is the substance of what the paper stated, and we have not the remotest reason to doubt the facts, the name of the lady being given, though it has escaped our recollection. We should like to record it, and to publish the history of the whole affair. We trust that some of our readers will be able to furnish it. As a story, only, and devoid as action, should not be lost from memory, and the young people of to-day cannot have before them a nobler examplar of the grand age of the Revolution than this. Virginia women have always been "strong for the right," and have done what they considered their duty under all circumstances—but it is seldom that we find anything so heroic as this. Especially are such actions few and far between, in our own prosaic generation, when life seems to be stripped of its glory and romance, and the age prides itself upon its devotion to the "main chance." When we find these old historical landmarks of the past, it becomes every one who cherishes respect for the elder time and its noble characters, to give them due honor. They speak with clearer voices than any history page, and in their presence, we live over the past again, with all its shocks and tumults, its sufferings and trials, its agonies and rejoicings. It rises before us again with absolute reality—not as a sort of *speculative* era, more or less mythical and fabulous. We were glad to see at the late Exhibition, more than one memento of the Revolutionary period.—*Pet. Express.*

ACQUISITION OF CUBA.

The New York Herald of Tuesday says—Our private advices enable us to state with certainty the result of the ministerial and ambassadorial conference recently held at Ostend, and the object of which was, it appears, to determine upon a line of policy by which our difficulties with Spain would be adjusted, and that Government be induced to make reparation for past outrages and indignities upon our citizens and commerce, as well as security for the future.

The conference necessarily brought up for discussion the peculiar position in which the government of the United States is placed by the refusal of Spain to afford any suitable satisfaction for the Black Warrior and other outrages; or, indeed, to continue negotiations upon the subject. Matters have arrived at that crisis where nothing is left for the United States but either to abandon the whole question or to continue it in a manner which will afford an opportunity for further shuffling. Such being the opinion of Messrs. Buchanan, Mason and Soule, we are not surprised to learn that they agreed to recommend that the government of the United States should declare, in effect, that our safety demanded and our interests required we should purchase or take Cuba at once.

It is understood that Mr. McRae, our Consul at Paris who arrived here in the Arabia, was the bearer of the despatches conveying this recommendation of the American Ministers, and urging upon the President immediately to make the act valid, and take steps to carry it into effect. The matter is now being deliberated upon by the Cabinet at Washington, and the country will look with deep interest to the result.

Messrs. Buchanan, Mason and Soule have also expressed their conviction that France and England are favorable to the sale of Cuba to the United States—a marked change having recently taken place in the policy of those countries in this respect. The tone of the English and French press would lead to a supposition that this was the case; but this is rendered more important by the official character of the information now in possession of our government.

ABDUCTION.—It is impossible to read the journals of the day—the news items—without being struck with the enormous frequency, just at the present time, of crimes connected with abduction. The papers are literally crowded with the repulsive details of a thousand such cases, and each new one, seems to contend for the palm of superiority, by presenting some novel particular. We think that this evil should be corrected by the strong hand of the law. If things go much further, society will be a pen of wild beasts, where every husband, father and brother, will of necessity, be called upon to stand sentinel over the members of his household. The ease with which abductions are effected in this country is obvious, and nothing but a wholesome terror, will prevent the brutes, who are engaged in such affairs, from accomplishing their purpose. We think that this crime is coming to be regarded in its proper light—juries, in two or three late instances, have rendered justly severe verdicts; and no verdict can and will be too severe. If we are not mistaken, the opinion is slowly growing into a popular conviction, that the man who perpetrates a forcible outrage of this description, is guilty of crime, which the death punishment is not too much for. We need not dwell upon the subject—the dreadful results of such affairs are plain to everybody, and need no comment from us. For ourselves, we would have every wretch, who dares so to violate the laws of God and man, strung up as high as Haman.—*Pet. Express.*

WHY DON'T YOU ADVERTISE?—Read the following extract from a recent address before the mechanics of Louisville, and gainsay it if you can:

A man may sit in an obscure alley offering pearls at two pence apiece, and yet find no purchaser; but if the same man were known to have pearls for sale at reasonable prices, under the shade of a rock in the desert, caravans would be formed, and companies would go to buy his wares. So it is with a manufacturer. His wares may be ever so good, his prices ever so reasonable but unless he employs proper means of making them known to the public, he cannot expect appreciation.

Let us no longer sit, like the Turk in his bazaar, pipe in mouth, pronouncing "God is great," while our more active neighbour is reaping the reward of a less dignified but more remunerative, industry. It is better that, like the Israelite, we should stand in the door of our mart, and call to every passerby, announcing the virtue of our wares and the cheapness of their price. Hope liberal, honorable, the employment of such means to make it lucrative, can never be disreputable.—Remember the beautiful monitory aphorism of Thompson,

"Renown is not the child of *indolent* invention."

THE IRISH APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.—Late London papers report that Father Matthew arrived in that city from Cork, on his route to Nadeira, whither he was going for the benefit of his health. The accounts state that the Rev. gentleman, although much broken down by the painful disease under which he has so long suffered, looks not the cheerful spirits for which he was always remarkable. It is to be hoped that the sunny climate to which he goes may contribute to the restoration of his health.

BARNUM'S SPEECH ON HUMBUGS

Delivered at Stamford on the occasion of the Agricultural Fair.

It seems to be a most unfortunate circumstance that I should be selected to speak on Humbugs as looking on the ladies, whose profession it peculiarly is, I find it hard to express myself in their presence. Every thing is humbug: the whole State is humbug, except our Agricultural Society—that alone is not.

Humbug is generally defined "deceit or imposition." A burglar who breaks into your house, a forger who cheats you of your property, or a rascal, is not a humbug, a humbug is an imposter; but in my opinion the true meaning of humbug is management—tact—to take an old truth and put it in attractive form.

But no humbug is great without truth at the bottom. The woolly horse was a reality. He was really born with a woolly coat. I bought him in Cincinnati for $500 and sent him on to Connecticut, but for a long time I doubted what I should do with him, and feared that he would die on my hands. Just at this time, in 1849, Col. Fremont and his party were reported to have been lost among the Rocky Mountains; the public were greatly excited, but shortly news came that he was safe. Now came the chance for the woolly horse.

It was duly announced that after three days' religious rest on the borders of the River Gila, an animal never before seen by the inhabitants of the country was discovered by Col. Fremont's party, who partook in a singular degree of the nature of the buffalo, antelope and camel. This story was so far true, that I was myself the quartermaster who captured him, and I charged a quarter for the sight. The picture outside the exhibition depicted the animal as jumping over a lodge of rocks; now if the animal had really leaped, as shown in the picture, he must have passed over a space of five miles. To have believed that he could have survived such a leap, would have been the greatest humbug.

But Col. Benton, who understands as humbug but his own, arrested my scheme, and prosecuted me for obtaining money under false pretences, as the horse was not what it professed to be; but I think wrongly, as the people who saw it were satisfied, and they got the worth of their money.

Now, the scientific humbug should know the precise moment to act as I did, or the world would never have been blessed with sight of the woolly horse.

When the woolly horse arrived from Connecticut, he was put in a stable near Lovejoy's Hotel. One of the boarders who came to see him recognized him as an animal he had seen at Bridgeport.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "I have seen that animal before, "it is really an extraordinary humbug." He took upa friend from the same hotel, and after he had seen the animal, let him into the secret, and in succession thirty seven persons were carried up, all of whom took the humbug going in good humor except the last man.

I have not the vanity to call myself a real scientific humbug, I am only an humble member of the profession.

My ambition to be Prince of Humbugs I will resign, but I hope the public will take the will for the deed; I can assure them that if I had been able to give them all the humbugs I have thought of, they would have been amply satisfied.

Before I went to England with Tomb Thumb, I had a skeleton prepared from various bones. It was to have been made 18 feet high; it was to have been buried a year or so in Ohio, and then dug up by accident, so that the public might learn that there were giants of old. The price I was to pay the person who proposed to put the skeleton together was to have been $225.

But finding Tom Thumb more successful than I thought, I sent word not to proceed with the skeleton. My manager, who never thought as highly of the scheme as it deserved, sold the skeleton for $40 or $50.

Seven years afterward I received from the South an account of a gigantic skeleton that had been found. Accompanying it were the certificates of scientific and medical men as to the genuineness. The owner asked $20,000 or $1,000 a month; I wrote to him if he brought it on I would take it if I found it as represented, or would pay his expenses if not; I found it was my own old original humbug come back to me again; of course I refused it, and I never heard of it afterwards.

POLITICIANS IN THE PULPIT.—The New York papers of Saturday were filled with notices of sermons on political subjects to be preached on Sunday in different sections of the city, in view of the election to be held yesterday. The "Church Journal," (Episcopalian) commenting upon this extraordinary feature of the times, pertinently enquires,—

"What is the reason of all this? Has the old fashioned Gospel—which we have been accustomed to believe was the Everlasting Gospel—been so much exhausted and worn threadbare? Is no text fresh enough now for preachers and people except it be taken from the Gospel according to the Daily papers? Is it that the ministers are tired of the old topics of grace and salvation, and no longer believe that "Gospel" of which they pretend to be "preachers?" The point we mean to make, however, is, that in the country, where, as we had fondly hoped Church and State—Religion and Politics—were thoroughly and forever divided, popular Preachers are rapidly rising to be the leaders of political parties; and pulpits are found to be—as in times of old—the best recruiting drums to beat up voters for political partizans. And a corresponding change has taken place in Politics, too, as well as in religion—both of them raising and falling upon one Democratic pivot—vox populi. At the pulpit, therefore, has grown political, the stump has waxed pious, and if "Nebraska" rings out lustily from the meeting-house, it is only in sonorous unison with the "Higher Law," resounding from the Halls of Congress.

PROCESS OF MAKING SHOT.—The pig lead is carried to the top of the tower by windlass and chain, worked by steam; it is then put in a furnace, kept constantly burning night and day, and attended by two sets of men—one for the fire and two to pour the melted lead in tin strainers. After passing the strainers it falls a distance of 150 feet, the passage through the air giving the shot their shape or form. They fall into a large tub or basin of water. Here a man is engaged dipping them out with a ladle and throwing them on an inclined plane, down which they run to a drum, heated by steam and worked by machinery, so as to dry the shot; when dry they are passed into a revolving drum, which stops by action of machinery every five minutes, for polishing them; from the drum they are thrown into a hopper, and from this they pass over a series of inclined planes; where the defective shot are carried off, and then through sieves into drawers, where they are assorted by action of machinery or sieves; then into the large boxes; from which they are taken and put in sacks, weighed, and are ready for use.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.—Hon. Daniel S. Dickson, in speaking of the Pierce administration in the Broadway Tabernacle last week, said:

"I will not stop, said he, to discuss the merits of the administration now, for I have no time to devote to small matters. [Loud cheers and laughter.] The administration party of this State, (including sojourners generally, have sought some mode of preservation, [laughter] and finding all other means to fail, they take refuge in alcohol. [renewed laughter] knowing that to be one of the best preservatives of decaying substances known. [Laughter and cheers.] They seem to be, according to all accounts, in better spirits than they were, not because the spirits bear the Custom House Brand, for I believe they have taken the brand off from the casks and put it on the candidates; [renewed laughter;] and their candidate for Governor of the State, has placed himself upon this hang fire issue alone." [Continued laughter and cheers.]

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

The debasement of our silver coin authorized by congress, has in a great measure checked the enormous drain which seriously threatened to withdraw from this country, the last ounce of that precious metal. The remedy, however, working only as a partial cure, as there is still considerable disproportion between the supply that exists, and the amount required to meet the wants of trade, as a circulating medium, and the requirements of the various establishments that use it for manufacturing purposes. The large supply of gold, as compared with that of silver, furnished from the mines, during the past five years, produced the change in their relative value, which operated as the principal cause of the scarcity of silver, and it is likely this preponderance in the yield of the gold mines will continue for some time, there will still be reason to resort to extraordinary expedients in order to furnish a sufficiency of the white coin to meet the wants of commerce and trade.

But there are one or two other causes to be assigned for the scarcity of silver. We have an extensive trade growing up with China; and the fact that China does not recognize gold coin as money, discharges an outlet to our silver coin by no means insignificant. It is true, that the drain in this quarter, has always existed with us, as with all other nations; but of late, in consequence of a rapid increase of our intercourse and trade with the east empire, this drain has been wonderfully increased, while the opening of the commercial intercourse now opening between the respective governments, and yet still greater facilities for trading, that may be expected to result, we can easily perceive that the "celestial" merchants will prove powerful absorbents of the precious currency. The use of silver in the Arts, however, constitutes a more formidable enemy to the circulation of silver. The annual consumption by silversmiths, alone, for domestic purposes, constitutes an item, which, if it were presented in figures, would no doubt astonish many. These figures, we are not able at present to give, but no one, perhaps, has failed to observe that notwithstanding the many substitutes for silver, which the smiths, by the alloy of the different metals, have been enabled to work up into the most perfect counterfeits, the demand for the pure metal is still enormous. Hundreds of dollars being melted down every day by establishments doing comparatively a moderate business. As we progress in refinement, and acquire the luxurious habits which wealth induces, we of course may look for a proportionate progress in the use of silver, so that, here we must ever have an exhausting drain from our silver coin.

If the relative value of gold and silver is ever to be readjusted so as to give a sufficient circulating medium of the latter metal, and it may be assumed that such a currency is essential to the highest development of commercial prosperity.—it becomes necessary to turn our attention to the production of silver. And there are some reasons that can be advanced to show that the production of silver ought to prove equally as profitable, if not more so, than the production of gold. The working of silver, we have from unimpeachable authority, is generally more certain in its remunerative yield to regularly and skillfully applied labor, than is gold digging. The veins of silver are generally increase size and richness as we penetrate deeper into the earth, while on the contrary, with gold, the deposits are extremely irregular, and are as likely to be found on, or near the surface of the earth as at greater depths.

We feel confident in the belief that this continent is richer in the ores of silver than it is in gold, and that the day is not very distant when that fact will be made apparent. California itself will probably be found to contain as much silver as it does gold, though it may not be profitable to mine it until the price of labor which is a large item in silver mining, shall have reached a much lower figure than it is now at in that country.—*Bull. American.*

WRITERS OF FICTION.—A writer in the Philadelphia Ledger says, that there is a gradual falling off, from year to year, in the sales of the works of Scott, Bulwer and Dickens, those great masters of fictitious writing; that the works of those authors are exceedingly amusing, but that they do not supply the craving appetite for instruction, which is felt by the readers of the present day. What class of fiction writers do, in the Ledger man's opinion supply this desideratum? Why, the thousand and one Uncle Tom's Cabins, Lamplighters, Lamp post and Lamp snuffers, where with the world has been fobbed of hate, Old Mortality, Ivanhoe, the Curious, and Master Humphrey's Clock are gradually being supplanted by the ineffable *things* mentioned above. If such is the fact, no discredit attaches itself to the works of Scott, or Bulwer, or Dickens; but great discredit does attach to the reading public for their exceeding bad taste. It is undoubtedly true, as the writer in the Ledger avers, that Dickens, Bulwer, and Thackery are not earning so much just now by their pens as formerly; but the reason is, that the novelties of fictitious literature are not so much sought after by the English reading public since the outbreak of the Anglo-Russian war, which supplies ample food for mental excitement without drawing upon the creations of the novelist. As soon as the war is over, Dickens will quickly discharge his debts and be himself again.—*Boston Chronicle.*

MR. DOBBIN AND THE SENATORSHIP.—For a day or so past a rumor has obtained circulation here that Mr. Dobbin had recently withdrawn his name from any connection with the office of Senator, and we see by the Washington *Union* of yesterday a confirmation of this report. The *Union* hints upon *inquiry*, that the honorable Secretary has very recently written to his friends at home, desiring them not to present his name to the Legislature as a candidate for an election to the Senate.

"We have reason to know," continues the *Union*, "that the relations between the President and Mr. D. are not merely agreeable, but are of a warm and friendly and confiding character which causes the President to be deeply solicitous that he should remain in the cabinet. We believe it will be conceded by all that Mr. Dobbin has administered the department over which he presides with impartiality, ability and energy; that his suggestive mind, animated by a deep interest in the navy, has already presented for consideration reforms calculated to infuse a spirit in our gallant navy, and make it truly "a right arm of defence." North Carolina may well be proud of her son, and well may the President be happy to retain the benefit of his prudent counsels, his ardent friendship, and his untiring energy."

This declension of Mr. Dobbin, looks as tho' the *Metropolitan* was about half right when it announced as if by authority, that Reid and Clingman were to be the the Senators.

Wilmington Herald.

ARE-THEY AND IS-THERE.—Nehemiah had a careless habit, while talking, of tapping every thing near him with whatever he held in his hand. Nehemiah returning, hatchet in hand, from shopping, called upon neighbor Jones. In the course of conversation, he unluckily chipped a fine table of the farmer's.

"See there, you careless hatchet," exclaimed the farmer, "see what a large *dent* you have made in *my* furniture!"

"Yes," meekly answered Nehemiah, who was something of a wag, "but that was an *accident*."

"Very likely," cried the enraged farmer, burying his fist in the offender's phiz, and that's an *incident*."

LOUISIA EMIGRANTS.—Fifty school emigrants, consisting of slaves, from the estate of Moses Love and founder, of Virginia, passed through Washington city, by railroad, for Baltimore, a few days ago, intending to embark for Liberia, in the present soon to sail from that port, where twelve more of the same families, intend to join them. They were mulattoes—men, women, and children—and had a large amount of baggage.

A PLEASING INCIDENT.

Under this heading, the local reporter of the Philadelphia *Sun*, furnishes the following interesting sketch for Saturday's issue of that paper:

The scenes of wretchedness, misery and woe daily encountered by Reporters of the Press, are alike calculated to disgust us with our fellow creatures, as well as to make us imagine this world is composed of an uncharitable and unchristian set of beings. Too often do we see a poor boy, who has within him the necessary talent to assume a high position in life, recklessly hurled aside and passed by unnoticed by those who have ample means of rendering him assistance, and placing him on the high road to affluence. Many a man who now occupies a proud position in our midst as an ornament to society, and an honor to his country, is indebted to a timely help of kindness at the hands of a charitable being. On the other hand, how many are there who have been made criminals of the deepest hue, and now occupy a felon's cell through neglect of, or an unwillingness to listen to his first cry for assistance. That our city is blessed with benevolent institutions, whose managers do much to alleviate the condition of the distressed, we cheerfully admit; but what a vast amount of good might be effected, how much misery might be alleviated, and how many human creatures saved from the felon's doom, were *individuals* to give a little, but just a little, attention to the poor boys we daily see around us?

On Friday afternoon we noticed a scene at the Mayor's office, which made us feel that there were yet hearts imbued with tenderness and true Christian charity in our midst. Several gentlemen brought a little ragged, dirty-faced urchin to the Mayor's Office, and stated they had found him in the street in want, and desired the Mayor would make some disposition of him to save him from starving or dying from want and exposure. Our worthy Chief Magistrate promptly informed the gentlemen he would do all in his power to administer to his wants, and provide an asylum for him. Warmly thanking the Mayor, the gentlemen stated that they would take the boy with them and fix him up a little. A half hour or so elapsed when they returned, bringing with them not the dirty little urchin; but, through the means of a bath and a new suit of clothes, a bright eyed, rosy-cheeked, handsome little boy.

The little fellow's story is short, and as detailed in his unvarnished style, was deeply affecting. His name is William Wallace. He lost his parents some months since by the cholera; since then he has been supporting himself by selling papers, and his couch has frequently been on the cold, hard pavement, and his covering nothing but a coal box, he first lying down, and then pulling the box over him to keep him from sight.

With a joyful countenance and a light heart, the little fellow was consigned to the care of the Managers of the Union School and Children's Home, while his patrons went on their way happy men, conscious of having done just a little, but we hope enough to reclaim and make happy a fellow being. Who knows but what our little hero, like his namesake of old, may yet have his name resounded throughout the length and breadth of the land, and handed with honor to posterity.

Reader, if it be at any time in your power, "just do a little" in behalf of distressed humanity.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—There were no deaths from Yellow Fever in Charleston, on Tuesday last. The Charleston *Standard* says the Board have resolve to discontinue their daily reports—the disease having ceased as an epidemic in our midst. We would not, however, advise a return of sleeplessness for a few days, or until we have a sufficient frost to enable them to do so with perfect safety, although we think there is little danger to be apprehended from the few sporadic cases now amongst us.

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Journal* of Monday, in speaking of the yellow fever in that city, says: We have to note no remarkable change in the progress of the epidemic since our last issue. We heard of but one death on Saturday, and two interments. The weather continues cloudy and warm, with light easterly breezes.

There were no deaths from yellow fever at Augusta on Thursday. The Augusta *Chronicle & Sentinel* of yesterday says: We can only repeat that the abatement in the disease continues. We heard of two new cases yesterday and no death occurred. The prospect is more and more cheering every day; and every day the number of people and the business are increasing. The weather, too, was cooler yesterday than for several days, which cheered many with the hope of a frost in a few days, some indulged the hope that it would come this morning.

THE AMERICAN GENIUS.—Mr. W. B. Preston in his late Agricultural address, very justly characterized the American genius, as an inventive genius in all that goes to advance man's material progress; in agriculture, manufacture, and other industrial branches. This is a striking and characteristic fact, not sufficiently dwelt upon by those who have weighed the American system, and sounded its depth and meaning. In this country, there is found the highest and strongest development of the Anglo-Saxon genius, which is eminently practical, and aims always at exact and obvious results. The entry of European journals, say that the United States has produced no poets, no writers, no artists;—it is untrue, but if it were wholly true, we might still point proudly to the productions of the mechanical genius of the country, almost as lofty in our opinion, as any other whatsoever. Morse and Fulton have written their grand poetry in the waters and against the sky, and every man who has made steel and leather do what human hands were cramped at once, is a national benefactor. This is the genius of the country at present;—it is not the poet, or the artist, or the musician, that is highest in honor; it is the practical far seeking thinker, who puts his thought in wood and iron, forever. Those thinkers we have, and we are proud of them.—*Pet. Express.*

ANOTHER RAILROAD WAR.—A dispute has for some time existed between the city of Newark, (New Jersey,) and the Morris and Essix Railroad Company, and the corporate authorities ordered a portion of the track through the city to be taken up. This was done on Saturday morning last. This company obtained an injunction from the Court to retain the city, and also an order for relaying the track. Accordingly, about one o'clock on Sunday morning the work of re-laying commenced; but the citizens obstructed the workmen, rung the bells, assembled a mob, and eventually the company's workmen were arrested. Subsequently, however, the track was finished without opposition, and the trains passed over it as usual. The legal question involved will no doubt be settled by the proper tribunal without further hostile demonstration.

A LARGE OWL.—A friend on Little River in this county, informs us that Mr. A. B. Hall recently killed an Owl in that neighborhood which measured *four feet seven inches and a half* from tip to tip of wings. Our friend thinks that if the old hens could hear of this, they would have cause to clap their wings for joy, and old chanticler to make the welkin ring with his responsive notes.

Hillsb. Recorder.

THERE WE CAN'T STAND.—We can't stand the first-floor lodger coming home in the state of intoxication, and getting into our bed with his boots on.

We can't stand a waiter always telling us he's coming, and never doing it.

We can't stand a young lady with her hair done up in newspaper advertisements.

We can't stand an infuriated domestic reading us the manuscripts of his fourteenth tragedy.

We can't stand a baby dapping his dumpy little hand about our face, while the mother stands by, and remarks that the little dear is beginning to "take notice."

We can't stand a doctor telling us, in a friendly way, that our family were always noted for weak chests.

ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICA!

NEW-YORK, Nov. 9.—Demand for cotton good and prices stiffer.

Flour—Western Canal, 42; Ohio, 45s.

Corn—White and yellow, 43s.

Wheat—White, 12s. 6d.

Consols, 84 1-8. Rates of interest lowered.

Sebastopol was not yet taken, but the bombardment was going on.

Russia and Austria was at the point of actual war.

Mr. Soule was prohibited from entering Frances.

The Atlantic arrived out on the 25th; the Alps, on the 23rd.

The North Star, telegraphed at New York, signals the loss of the steamer Yankee Blade.

SAD ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTH SIDE RAIL ROAD.

PETERSBURG, THURSDAY, Nov. 9, 1 o'clock, P. M.

As the regular mail and passenger train from Petersburg was coming up to day en route for Lynchburg, the engine and train were thrown from the track when within about two miles of Rice's Station.

One fireman was instantly killed,

All the passengers are slightly injured.

The cars are a perfect wreck, being smashed to atoms.

Conductor W. N. Davis is very badly hurt.

DEATH OF MRS. HAMILTON.—Washington, Nov. 8—The