

Chicago, April 16, 1859.

The schooner Ozelle, Capt. Marvin, master, arrived at Racine, Wisconsin, yesterday morning, from Marquette, Lake Superior, having on board a young lady, Miss Sophia Richardson, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, who for the last three years has been living in solitude upon a desolate and uninhabited island in Lake Superior, near the British coast, and northwest from Isle Royal, upon which she was cast away in the spring of 1836.

I was in Racine when the schooner arrived, and Captain Marvin, who is an old and valued friend of mine, was kind enough to introduce me to this young lady, whose adventures have been so remarkable, and from whom I have obtained permission to make public the facts which follow. Miss Richardson is apparently about 22 years old. Her countenance, without being positively handsome, is pleasing in its expression; her air and manner are well bred; and, although when I saw her she was arrayed in garments that were anything but fashionable and elegant, and her hands were roughened and browned by exposure and toil, it was impossible not to perceive the was an educated and intelligent lady.

On the 15th of May, 1836, the bark Mary, Captain Edward, sailed from Cleveland, Ohio, bound for Green Bay, with a cargo of provisions, dry goods and hardware. The crew consisted of 8 men, including the captain and mate. The latter, Mr. George Richardson, was the cousin of the young lady above mentioned, and it was under his charge that she embarked with the intention of meeting at Green Bay her affianced husband, Daniel Ashwill, who had been living at Green Bay for a year, and to whom she was to be married on her arrival there. Miss Richardson was the daughter of a respectable and tolerably wealthy family, and she sailed with a stock of clothing amply sufficient for her requirements for a year or more.

This was a prudent and economical measure, when the scarcity and dearthness of her destined home is remembered, and as it afterwards proved, was the means of securing her from much suffering and privation. The cargo of the bark was made up of pork, flour, groceries, mining tools, and several bales of blankets, buffalo robes and heavy clothing. The commencement of the voyage was pleasant, and nothing occurred to destroy the anticipations of happiness indulged in by Miss Richardson, until the vessel had passed the Manitowline Islands, and was about to enter the Straits of Mackinac. They passed the Great Manitowline just at dark, and immediately afterwards were assailed by a terrific storm, surpassing in violence anything which Miss Richardson had before seen. During the morning of this day the Captain tapped a barrel of whisky which was in his cabin, of the contents of which he and the mate had copiously partaken. Contrary to their usual custom, they had retired to sleep immediately after supper, leaving the helm in charge of a sailor named "Dan." Miss Richardson is of the opinion that the whisky had circulated among the crew as well as the officers, and that they were all under its influence. At all events, the storm continued to increase in violence, and the vessel was driven from her course. When at length the captain and mate were aroused and brought on deck, the former announced that they had been driven through the Middle Channel, and were then nearly opposite Sault Ste. Marie. He took the helm, saying he would keep the bark beating about in Tequamou Bay until morning. Either he was mistaken in his calculations, or was unable to manage his vessel, for when morning broke, they discovered they were in the neighborhood of a large island, the name of which Miss Richardson has forgotten, but which the captain said was 150 miles from the Sault. (This was probably Michipicoten Island.) The storm appeared to increase in violence and the vessel began to feel its effects. Miss Richardson was in great alarm and dismay, which were not at all lessened when her cousin informed her that the bark was leaking badly, and that she was in imminent danger of sinking. She does not remember all that transpired after this, as she was in great distress both of mind and body; but after some hours had passed, she was summoned to the deck, and saw that the bark must soon strike upon what she was told was an island. The rudder of the vessel had become unshipped or broken, her rigging was torn to tatters, and the captain said their only hope was to wait until she struck, then to leap into the water and trust to the waves to wash them upon the shore. The yawl had been stove in by a heavy sea some time before. The vessel was about a mile from the land, while immediately in front of her arose a low line of broken and jagged rocks. The only life-preserver on board was given to Miss Richardson, who inflated it and tied it beneath her arms. The bark struck with immense force upon the rocks, and appeared to stick fast, either upon the sand or between the breakers. The captain and the crew leaped on board as she struck, and Miss Richardson and her cousin were about to follow, when a spar from the broken and shattered mast fell to the deck, striking the mate upon the head and instantly killing him. Miss Richardson's courage forsook her at this awful sight, and she sank insensible upon the deck.

From this point I give the narrative in her own words, copied from the notes which I took during our interview.

"How long I remained in this position I cannot say, but when I regained my senses, I saw that the storm was dying away, and the vessel was still sticking fast where she struck. At my side lay George, his face covered with blood, and his eyes staring wide in death. I almost fainted again at the sight, but with a strong effort I repressed my feelings and got upon my feet. The waves were yet rolling heavily, but as I looked upwards the clouds broke away, and the sun beamed down upon me. I knew that the water would become more tranquil as night approached, and I hoped that if the captain and crew had reached the shore, they would endeavor to rescue me. I went into the hold, and observed that the leak did not increase. The seams of the vessel were open, and her timbers were strained and broken, but she appeared to be so tightly jammed between the rocks that she could not sink. The wind blew strongly towards the shore, and I saw spars and barrels thrown upon the land by the waves, and then washed off again by the returning sea.

Hours passed by and I saw and heard nothing of the captain or the crew. I was alone with the dead. The thought became unbearable, and I resolved to leave the wreck and endeavor to reach the land. I brought up my trunks from the cabin, and lashed one to each end of the spar which had killed poor George. Then with infinite toil, which had now become comparatively calm. Summoning up all my resolution I lowered myself into the waves. The life-preserver supported me admirably, and I managed to reach the spar to which my trunks were tied. The wind carried me slowly towards the breakers. There were passages between the rocks, and fortunately I was floated through one of these and finally thrown upon the shore. I was terribly lacerated and exhausted, but managed to crawl up on the sand out of the reach of the waves, and then laid down with a full and grateful heart. After resting for perhaps half an hour, I untied my trunks, and rolled them upon the bank. The shore was covered with casks and boxes, and I succeeded in securing some of them. This fatigued me excessively, as I was then unused to labor, and was not so robust as I now am.

Night was approaching. My garments were wet, and I began to shiver with cold and hunger. I had eaten nothing except some biscuits, which I had devoured just before leaving the wreck. The loneliness and danger of my situation rushed upon me. I did not know what would become of me. I feared I should perish with cold and hunger. I knelt down upon the sand and tried to pray, but no words came to my lips. I arose again in utter wretchedness and walked towards the water. A dark bale of goods was tossing near the shore, and I saw that by venturing into the water a short distance I could save it. I made the attempt, and got the bale to land, but its weight prevented me from rolling it out of the waves. My scissors were around my neck, and I cut off the covering of the bale. It was composed of buffalo robes, and the sight inspired me with new hope. I cut the cords which bound it together, and carried the robes, one by one, on shore. Some of them were wet, but three were warm and dry. I opened my trunks, took off my wet apparel, and replaced it by dry clothing. Then, making a bed of two of my buffalo robes, I wrapped myself in the other, and prepared to pass my first night upon my desolate island. The terrors of my situation, my uncertain fate, and my grief for my poor cousin, for a while deprived me of sleep—but at length I fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake until the sun of the next morning shone into my face.

The wreck had disappeared. I suppose that during the night the wind had again arisen, and tossed the vessel to pieces upon the rocks. The wind still came towards the shore, and every few moments a wave would throw upon the sand fragments of the wreck, or portions of her cargo. I felt strong and refreshed, but very hungry, and I knew not of what I could make my breakfast. I began to renew my former labor of rolling the barrels and boxes out of the way of the returning waves. My hands were torn and bleeding, and my limbs soon ached with the unaccustomed fatigue but I persevered, as I could not bear to see so much property swallowed up by the waves. Among the boxes was one marked "sardines." I forced the lid off with a stone, and feasted my eyes upon my treasure. But, shut up in their little tin boxes, the fish were as useless to me as if they were in the bottom of the lake. My hunger increased, and I sat down upon my buffalo bed and gave way to tears. Suddenly, I remembered, that in one of my trunks, I had a newly invented chisel for copper cutting, which my father had sent as a present to Mr. Ashwill, who was engaged in the mines. I found it, broke open one of the boxes of sardines, and enjoyed a delicious and refreshing meal. My hunger satisfied, I again went to work, and spent all that day in saving such as I was able to handle.

The next day I occupied in collecting together the goods which I had saved. I found that I had eight barrels of pork, two kegs of lard, twelve barrels of flour, two of sugar, several boxes of candy, candles, raisins, and dried herrings, my box of sardines, another bale of buffalo robes, a box of dry goods, needles, pins, thread, yarn, &c.; a box of mining hatchets, a box of heavy clothing, and a bale of blankets.

On the third day I explored my island. I found it entirely uninhabited, so far as I could then judge, and I afterwards ascertained this to be true. The shore was sandy and barren. Half a mile from the lake there were short and scrubby trees, which grew larger and larger as you advanced. On this day, also, the waves threw

upon the shore the dead and bruised bodies of several of the sailors, among them that of my cousin. In his pocket I found a metal box filled with friction matches, which were afterwards of the greatest service to me. I dug a shallow grave in the sand and buried them as well as I could. It was a sad and awful duty, and left me very melancholy and depressed.

For several weeks I was certain that a vessel would arrive and rescue me. But when six weeks had passed, and I had seen no sign of any human being, I began to give way to the most poignant agony and fear. I was enabled finally to overcome this, and as Autumn approached, I had become in a measure, at least, reconciled to my fate.

I knew I had provisions sufficient for three or four years. I had already learned to catch fish, and to cook my pork and flour without the aid of dishes or stoves. With the fragments of the wreck, and some of my empty barrels and boxes, I made a low hut, which I covered with sand to the depth of a foot. One end of this was closed, the other was fitted with a door made from the lids of my two trunks; over my barrels and boxes of goods I stretched a sail, fastening it down by means of stakes. My buffalo robes into a dress, which I fancied would be impervious to the cold. My shoes, gloves, and hat were made of the same material. The forest supplied me with fuel, and I soon learned to chop it with considerable ease. During the early part of the first winter I suffered terribly, but I managed to live through it, and the next season I was injured to hardships.

In this manner I passed three long and lonely years. I kept a journal during this unhappy period, and this was my only recreation. My books, and even my bible, were left in the vessel. During these three years I saw but seven vessels. They either did not see or would not regard my signals; my anguish on these occasions was indeed indescribable. The thoughts of home, and of the friends who were now mourning me as among the dead, would rush upon me with overpowering force, and my misery seemed too heavy for me to bear.

At length, I know not on what day, but by my calculations on the 25th of February, my island was visited by six Menominee Indians. They had crossed from the British shore, partly in their canoes and partly on the ice. They were as much surprised to find me upon the island as I was delighted to see a human face again. We could not understand each other, but they made signs that I should go with them. I was in their power, but I was willing to go, as I conceived that by their means I might finally obtain my release and restoration. They returned with me to the British coast, which I think is not more than twenty or twenty-five miles from the island. They conducted me in a two days' journey, to a French trading post, where for the first time in three years, I found myself in the company of civilized men. I was received with kindness, and soon forwarded to Fort William. The commander of this fort entertained me hospitably, until the lake became open, when he despatched me to Marquette, from which point Capt. Marvin has conducted me hither. At the Sault I learned that Mr. Ashwill had returned to Cleveland, and I am now on my way thither.

Such, Mr. Editor, is this remarkable and interesting narrative. The journal kept by the young lady is well written, and no doubt would prove an attractive and saleable book if published. I intimated this to her, but her modesty appeared to dissent from that opinion. She came to Chicago in the same train with your correspondent, and leaves to-night for Cleveland, her kind friend Capt. Marvin having furnished her with the means of pursuing her journey. She will be received at her home as one risen from the dead.

A Wonderful Penman.
The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune writes as follows: "There is a writing master here, one Thaforet by name, who has such a command of his pen that he is able to copy a bank note in all its details, with such nicety as to defy the tellers of the bank themselves. A collector of curiosities called on M. Thaforet one day, and asked him for a five hundred franc bank note. 'Willingly,' replied the writing master, 'but I must tell you that I shall charge two thousand francs for it, and the original is always better than my copy.' And Louis Philippe's children had a writing-master named Sylvestre, who copied a thousand franc note so exactly that it was impossible to tell it from the genuine. He gave it to the Count d'Argout, who was then the Governor of the Bank of France. 'M. Sylvestre,' replied the Governor, when he held the note in his hand, 'accept this original note of a thousand francs for your copy, which we shall keep in our archives; but do not be surprised if we instantly place you and keep you for life under the surveillance of the police.' And the Count d'Argout did as he said. Sylvestre was forced to appeal to Louis Philippe before he could have this disagreeable measure annulled."

Four Panthers Killed.
A gentleman, living near Santa Rosa, discovered one evening, considerable number among his flock of sheep. Going among them to discover the cause, he found a couple of them with their throats cut and dying. Imagining this destruction to be the work of wild animals, he cut them open, and secreted a lot of strychnine in their bodies. The next morning he found the poison had done its work. Four panthers, measuring not less than eight feet from tip to tip, were discovered

within a few rods of where the sheep had been left.—Napa Reporter.

The Iredell Express.

EUGENE B. DRAKE & SON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. STATESVILLE, Friday, May 6, 1859.

FOR CONGRESS. GEN. J. M. LEACH, OF DAVIDSON COUNTY.

The Way the Money Goes.

The profligate Administration of Mr. Buchanan, Democratic President of the United States—for whom Hon. A. M. Scates voted and whom he upholds in policy and endorsement of any country, for corruption and wantonness with the Peoples' money. Take, for instance, the following example furnished by the records in Washington City, at the instance of a Committee of Congress, and being official is incontrovertible:

At Niagara 19 men are employed at an expense of \$12,000 to collect \$8,000—at Oswego 23 at \$18,000 to collect \$6,000—at Buffalo 20 men at \$17,000 to collect \$10,000—at Plattsburg 25 men at \$14,000 to collect \$18,000—at Burlington 33 men at \$16,000 to collect \$8,500—at Wiscasset 8 men at \$7,000 to collect \$130—at Portsmouth 21 men at \$11,000 to collect \$5,500—at Newburyport 13 men at \$16,200 to collect \$9,900—at Marblehead 9 men at \$2,200 to collect \$250—at N. Bedford 14 men at \$6,500 to collect \$4,800—at Perth-Amboy 13 men at \$4,500 to collect \$1,500—at Norfolk 23 men at \$19,000 to collect \$91,000—at Oronoke 7 men at \$2,000 to collect \$8,000—at Toledo 7 men at \$4,400 to collect \$567—at Detroit 10 men at \$37,000 to collect \$465—at San Francisco 124 men at \$42,000 to collect \$458,000—at Benicia 3 men at \$4,400 to collect \$2,300—at Stockton 1 man at \$3,100 to collect \$143—at Sacramento 1 man at \$3,500 to collect \$8—at Monterey 3 men at 7,050 to collect \$45—at San Pedro 6 men 4,200 to collect \$34.

So much, for the economy of a Democratic Administration! When it shall be recollected that the above are only a few items, to show the rottenness of Democratic rulers, and untrustworthiness of locofoco politicians generally, what would be the astonishment of the country, provided all the corruption of the Democratic Administrations since the memorable days of Martin Van Buren could be laid bare—even James Buchanan's gambling and mal. career? This is a cause sufficient for the People to rise with indignation, and rebuke through the ballot-box—that terror to evil-doers—rebuke we say the political charlatans that would once again ask at their hands a re-election to office, from President to Congressmen. We care not how fair a man's standing be, previous to him keeping bad company, his reputation must suffer when he is found with associates of bad repute, and his patriotism must fail in consequence.

Verily, if Mr. Scates has eloquence sufficient to gammon the people into a re-election he will deceive many. Like a dead-body lashed to his shoulders he must carry along with him the ponderous weight of James Buchanan, with all his sins of commission and omission—and they are countless, and great. Mr. Scates cannot detach himself from the President and his odious measures. In vain will he call, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"

Terrible Disaster.
On the night of the 23d of April the steamer St. Nicholas, from St. Louis to New Orleans, when near Island sixty in the Mississippi river, exploded a boiler, by which occurrence 42 persons were killed and missing. They were chiefly attaches of the boat.—Vessel and cargo a total loss.

California Papers.
We are indebted to a friend in San Francisco for a file of California newspapers, by Tehuantepec route. They are all well filled with mining operations for gold, murders and various other crimes, and little else. The confirmation by the United States Senate of Hon. J. W. Mandeville as Surveyor General of California, was a source of much rejoicing among the friends of that gentleman. We learn by a private letter that Broderick did everything within his power to defeat Mandeville, for which act of kindness he will be remembered by one section of the California democracy hereafter. The fact is Broderick never had any more right to be sent to Congress than a sheep-stealing dog, anyhow, and the earlier he and many others like unto him, are expelled from Congress, the better will it be for the country. The steam ferry-boat Contra Costa plying between San Francisco and Oakland, with one hundred passengers on board, collapsed her boilers on the 4th of April, while racing with another boat, killing six persons, and eighteen others scalded and wounded. The event had produced much excitement in the city.

Doings among the Chivalry.
South Carolina, we have heard say, is famed for the many noble deeds of some of her chivalrous sons, and her great men are not few and far between; but, according to the following account, she cherishes some rascals and vagabonds, as many, perhaps, as can be scoured up in other States making less pretension to all the "deceency." If South Carolina cherishes a supreme regard for States rights, it would seem apparent that no small number of her people pay no regard to individual rights. Brother Fink of the Lexington Flag, lets off in this way concerning that which came under his friend's observation, recently, while on a visit to Columbia:

Shameful Proceedings.
"We have learned through our Columbia exchanges, and also had it verbally from some good, honorable and reliable citizens, that Columbia on Sunday before the Sheriff's election was the theatre of the most demoralizing and shameful conduct ever enacted in a civilized enlightened community. The doors of drinking saloons were thrown open, men, weak men, dissipated and degraded men taken in, made drunk, and detained (some say locked up) until Monday and then carried to the polls and made vote

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in a state of inebriation, and consequently without the least knowledge of what they were doing. That's what you call justice and liberty is it? Shame upon such justice and liberty and those who practice it!"

Acquittal of Sicksles.
The telegraph has announced that Daniel E. Sicksles was, on the 20th April last, acquitted by the jury for killing Philip Barton Key, and was set at liberty forthwith. The following contains the details of the announcement, and what followed:

The District Attorney concluded his argument of the instructions to the jury, about thirty minutes past one in the afternoon. The counsel on both sides agreed to waive addresses to the jury.

The Judge then submitted instructions, and the jury retired. After an absence of an hour and fifteen minutes, they returned into court and rendered a verdict of "not guilty." This announcement was received with a most uncontrollable burst of applause, all efforts on the part of the officers of the court to suppress it being in vain.

A feeling of the most intense satisfaction rapidly spread over the city, and in a few minutes Pennsylvania Avenue was almost entirely depopulated.

Thousands rushed to Judiciary Square, and followed the carriage containing Mr. Sicksles from the court house to its stopping-point, which was next door to his own residence. Here an immense multitude greeted his arrival, and upon his alighting the air resounded with cheers.

Never before was there so universal excitement in Washington. A general feeling of satisfaction was manifested in all circles at a verdict so favorable to the defendant.

There will be a grand demonstration to-night, and a serenade of Mr. Sicksles's counsel.

We are glad that Sicksles was cleared—that part of it was proper and right; but to lionize him in his terrible misfortune, with life spared to him, is disgusting enough, and but proves the true character of the simpletons engaging in it. A deep solemnity upon the finale would be more consonant with common sense, than parade with trombone and bugle. Would such rowdiness as this console the broken-hearted Sicksles?

But it is whispered, loud enough to be generally heard all over the land, that, in a moral point of view, Sicksles has no better standing than his wife has, and that with equal justice she in turn might say several things.

We therefore want to see a re-acton in the public sentiment in favor of the woman, and not for the man to have all the sympathy—that was well enough while his head was in the noose of the halter, but now he being at liberty, sympathy belongs not more to one than the other.

College Examination.
The examination of young ladies receiving instruction at Concord College, Statesville, will take place on Thursday the 29th of May (instant) and will close the day following with a concert and graduating exercises. The public is invited to attend.

County Temperance Meeting.
We are requested to state that the Third Quarterly Meeting of the Iredell County Temperance Society, will take place at Bethesda Church, on the 11th day of May (instant) at 11 o'clock. A sermon is expected from Rev. W. B. Pressly and addresses from other gentlemen of ability. An interesting meeting is contemplated and the friends of Temperance and the public generally are invited to attend.

Tobacco Culture.
There was published in the Express last week, a short but pertinent communication upon the subject of Tobacco Culture in this portion of the State, written by a gentleman of sound experience and much observation, and therefore his views are worth much. We have besides been informed by gentlemen who have traveled through portions of Iredell, Rowan, Wilkes and other counties from the tobacco-growing regions of North Carolina and Virginia, that much of the soil in these counties is well adapted to tobacco culture as lands that produce the article in abundance, and of superior quality elsewhere—and they expressed their surprise that our farmers would not go in for tobacco crops.

We believe, however, that a few farmers in Iredell and Rowan will embark in the business of growing tobacco this year, and right sure we are that they will find their reward in it. Mr. J. H. Dalton of Iredell, we forgot earlier to remark, has cultivated tobacco extensively on his farm in the north part of Iredell for many years, and he informed us that it paid well—he has also an extensive manufactory and puts up an article of twist equal to the best Virginia brands, for which he finds good sale in southern markets.

Last summer we saw as fine leaf in Mr. Dalton's establishment, which was grown in Iredell, as we ever met with in the great tobacco markets of St. Louis and Baltimore, where we have examined immense quantities of tobacco from several States. The tobacco crop will withstand more vicissitudes than any other crop almost, is easily conveyed to market, and will always command a good price, according to grade. While we would not urge farmers to pay less attention to their cropping, we would suggest that their interests might be materially benefited by the cultivation of tobacco on some portion of their farms, and give it fair trial. They now have good Railroad facilities and accessible markets, and can choose the "best" country affords" without restriction to any particular port. The importance and value of tobacco cropping, can be estimated from the following statistics which we find in an exchange:

A Convention of Tobacco Growers.
A convention of the producers and buyers of tobacco will be held in Louisville, (Ky.) on the 15th instant. That is the day fixed for awarding premiums to the growers of the best tobacco in the auspices of the State Agricultural Society. The design of the Convention is to bring the producers and purchasers together, in order to an interchange of opinions. The agriculturists may learn what grades are best suited to the market and will meet the most ready sale.—The Louisville Journal, speaking of the great commercial importance of the staple, says that the value of raw tobacco exported from the United States to Great Britain was \$3,500,000 in 1855, and during the first half of the present century that country collected import duty on it to the enormous aggregate of over \$70 millions of dollars. The total value of our exports of tobacco in 1857 was \$3,092,772, and in 1858 amounted to \$12,409,882. During the first nine months of 1857 the import revenue derived by France from it was 25 millions dollars, four-fifths of which was exported from the United States. The Cypripedia says that tobacco, next to salt, is probably the article most consumed by men. In one form or another, but most generally in fume or smoke, there is no climate in which it is not consumed, and no nation that has not adopted it. To put down its use has equally baffled legislators and

moralists, and in the words of Pope on a higher subject, it may be said to be "debauched" by nature, by usage, and by education. The average consumption of male population per head over eighteen years of age, in some countries, seems almost fabulous. In the German States, included in the operation of Zollverein, it reaches from 91 to 124 pounds; in Holland, Belgium and Denmark it is 10 pounds. The average consumption of tobacco is deduced from the fact that in 1842 we exported 150,710 hogsheads, at an average cost of \$60 11, and in 1857 only 157,884 at an average value per hogshead \$132 40.

We are requested to state that the Rev. H. T. Hudson, of the N. C. Conference, will deliver the Address before the two Societies of Old High School, on the 24th of May, instant.

News Items.

A Violent Assumption on the Part of the "Spelling-Book."
The editor of the Winston Sentinel having heard for a few minutes the closing part of Mr. Scates's speech at Stokes, in the discussion which came off at Danbury between him and Gen. Leach, asserts that Mr. Scates "assumed and unmaintained" certain positions. Now, those who were present and heard Mr. Scates, say that he assumed and maintained no such positions, and that the "Spelling-Book" has filed up a specimen of Mr. Scates's argument different from the one he really made.

Why then has the Sentinel been "authorized" to make the assertion it has done? We suppose that the Sentinel had no idea that Mr. Scates would have the presumption to say over any other speech, than the old democratic speech, with certain little variations which had been fixed up to suit the present campaign in Virginia and North Carolina. The Sentinel having heard Mr. Scates go over this speech so often, and having no fears but what he had it well by heart, did not deem it necessary to listen to him at Danbury, but only stepped in to hear a little of the close; and, as Mr. Scates came down the last quarter stretch in the old style, the Sentinel presumed, of course, that he had kept the track from the beginning. The "Spelling-Book" must take better care, or Mr. Scates will soon fly the track all together.

The Sentinel closes by saying that Gen. Scates "litterally demolished" Gen. Leach. Of course the Sentinel knows, not having heard Mr. Scates's speech. But, as Mr. Scates has heretofore demolished every thing before him, and has "litterally demolished" old Buchanan, in his late speech on the tariff, the Sentinel could have no doubt but that he did effectually use the General. It is said that Mr. Scates has so fast that the "Spelling-Book" can't keep up with him, and, not understanding what is said, he naturally feels "warranted in asserting" that his speech is a snarl, "demolishing everything in its way."—Green Pat.

Meeting of Internal Improvement Board.
This board met in this city on the 26th instant. Present, His Excellency, Gov. Ellis, James Fulton and N. M. Long, Esqrs.

The Governor announced to the Board that he had, through his Private Secretary, effected the purchase of the Cape Fear and Deep River works, with their privileges, franchises, &c., agreeably to an act of the General Assembly, for \$365,000. The Board then appointed N. N. Nixon and James Cassidy, Esqrs., of New Hanover; Abner A. Bledsoe, Esq., of Wake, and H. A. London, Esq., of Chatham, a Board of Commissioners of said works.

On the proper certificate made by the Albemarle & Chesapeake Canal company, it was ordered by the Board that the sum of \$100,000, on the part of the State, be subscribed to the capital stock of said company, according to the provisions of an act of the General Assembly. The President of the Board, Gov. Ellis, was authorized to make the subscription and to notify the Public Treasurer of the same.

Owen R. Kenan, Esq., was appointed State proxy in the calling meeting of the stockholders of the Wilmington & Weldon R. R. Co. to be held on the 19th of May.

A resolution was passed by the Board urging upon the different R. R. Co.'s in which the State is interested, the necessity for the adoption of some method by which the transmission of through freights, with certainty and despatch, could be ensured, thus securing to the State the profits arising therefrom, and to our seaports the credit, as well as enhanced business, to be derived from the shipment, &c. of North Carolina products.

This object, it is thought, can be effected by a system of through freight trains, or by a greater unity of action among the Rail Road Co's aforesaid.

We will set forth the resolution in full in our next.

A meeting of the commissioners of the Cape Fear and Deep River works was held on the 27th, but did nothing of importance except to appoint, as Chief Engineer, Elwood Morris, Esq., of Pennsylvania. Mr. Morris is expected to be on the works at an early day. Henry A. London, Esq., former Secretary and Treasurer of the company, was appointed Secretary and Treasurer of the commission.

For the foregoing information, we are indebted to Graham Daves, Esq., Private Secretary to our Governor, who will please accept our thanks for the same.—Standard.

Gen. Leach.
It will be seen by reference to extracts in other columns of this paper, that Gen. Leach, of Davidson, was nominated by the Whig District Convention, lately held at Winston, N. C. We learn it is the intention of Gen. Leach, health and strength permitting, to canvass the district thoroughly. He will meet his opponent, Mr. Scates, at all points, and we predict that he

will do himself credit, and his political party a valuable service. He will represent the 6th District, we earnestly believe.

Let the Whigs recall to mind the days of other years,—the days of the great and true patriots, Clay and Webster, whose patriotic words and deeds never failed to stir the deep feelings of the patriotic heart—the days of Fillmore's administration, an administration so just and pure as to disarm his enemies and bring from them plaudits of approval from one end of the country to the other; and let them contrast with those men and times, and the principles they illustrated, the present race of men in high places, and the abuses they practice; and deliberately resolve to serve in one more campaign for the restoration of political morality and the triumph of right government. Earnestly and actively sustained by his political friends, the native