THE PROPHECY.

We subjoin a letter which the late lamented Major Jack Downing wrote to the Editor of the New York Daily Advertiser three years since We ask your readers to give it a perusal, and see whether the gallant *Major* is not entitled to a place, at least among the *minor* prophets.—*Commercial Herald.*

From the New York Gazette

TIMES PAST, & TIMES PRESENT.

"COME, LET US REASON TOGETHER."

☞ The reader will please bear in mind that the Public had been furnished with a "cabinet paper" showing the reasons and promises for abandoning the system we had, and adopting a "better currency" and thereupon the Major set forth his reasons as contained in the following, for letting "well alone." Time only shows which was correct

OFFICIAL PAPER.

Read to the Cabinet, and Majors, Auditors, and Under-Secretaries, and Sub-Postmasters, and the rest of the Government, on the 26th day of December, A D 1833, and printed for the use of all the citizens from Downingville to New Orleans, along the seacoast, and up the Mississippi and Missouri, and so down the Lakes, and across by the Erie canal to Albany, and along by the middle route over New Jersey Pennsylvany, & Maryland, to Washington—and away agin to all parts of creation, and every body!

General and Gentlemen of the cabinet, and the rest on you here present, compose the Government—I speak to you as a man standin right between you and the People, and what I am goin to say ain't calculated to make any on you change your opinion so much as to make you know mine—you have pretty much all of you had your turn, and now comes my turn—if any thing I say have sharp corners, and scrapes the skin a little, it is because I hain't had time to file the edges smooth. I'll give you my notions pretty much as you get bread from the bakers, and leave you to slice it or chunk it as best suits you; and every man can butter his own slice just to please his fancy—that ain't my business so much as it is his'n

We are met here, not only to fix on some plan to get the country out of trouble, but to see how it got into trouble—and I am goin to say a little on both pints. When a chimbly smokes at the wrong eend, with the wind at northeast, some folks may content themselves with openin windows and doors to let the smoke out; but my notion is that the safest plan is to see into the cause on't, and correct it, so that the chimbly will only smoke at the right eend, let the wind blow any way.

Now there is a few things we must look into a leetle, and then we will know more about 'em, and I am goin to examine—

What kind of a critter the Bank of the United States raly is;

Whether its natur is to do good or evil to the country, and then to wind up with.

Matters and things in general.

Twenty years ago the country was in trouble, and fill'd up with all kinds of bank paper—nigh upon as bad as old Continental—and a good deal was a leetle worse. If any body ain't old enuff to remember that time, and wants to see what kind of money I am on, let him go to the Treasury, and Mr Tiney can show him nigh a million and a half of dollars, not worth the cost of the paper and ink used every year in makin a report on't; but this is only a drop in a pail to what war'nt be there now of the same kind of stuff if it hadn't been for the Bank of the United States All our wise folks of that day said we must have a Bank of the U. States, and a good big one—one strong enuff to do the work well; & to clear out all this trash; and so this bank was made, and the first thing was there was a very little rale money in the country, the bank went and bo't a good jag on't in Europe, and went to work clearin away jest as we do our fields in the spring.

It was a pretty dirty job to do so, I tell you, and the bank didn't get through with it without scratching, and smutting its fingers pretty considerable; and that warn't worst on't for the bank. The Government made the bank agree to pay fifteen hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of doing this work, and made it agree to take care of the People's money in all parts of the country, and to pay it here and there whenever the Government told 'em, and to pay off all the pensions, and to do every t'ing in the money way, without chargin any thing for it to the Government: this was a pretty tuff bargain for the bank—for all it got return was, to have the keepin of the money, and when the Government didn't want it, the bank might lend it out. It took a good many years afore the bank got things to work smooth. It was like a whoppin big wagon that wanted a good many horses to drag it, and, as it had a valuable freight in it, wanted none but the best kind of horses—rale Conestogas—& it warnt every one who knew how to drive such a team. The owners of this wagon found that out, for some of the first that they got came plaguy nigh upsetting it. So to rights they got Squire Biddle. I suppose they thought that seein that the folks in Pennsylvany have the best and strongest horses, and the biggist wagons, they ought to know how to guide 'em. Well, they made a pretty good guess that time—for ever since they told the Squire to take the lines, they hain't lost a linch pin or broke a strap, and there warn't no complaints made agin him by the folks on the road; on the contrary, all the other wagons liked the Squire amazingly; *he was always ready to give 'em a lift when he found them in the mud, and whenever they got short of provender the Squire never refused to turn out some of his to keep their horses from suffering. Every thing was goin on better and better, and every body said, at home and abroad, there warn't such a team in all creation* Well, about four years ago, we begun to pick a quarrel with the squire, and it's been goin on every year pretty much after this fashion The first go off, some of our folks wanted the Squire to change some of the leadin horses—they said the breed warn't right—he ought put on the lead some Albany trotters—that they were the best horses on the lead he could have. The Squire didn't like to change—he said the horses he had knew the road as well as he did, and they would'nt bolt nor kick up; and when they came to up hill work the could depend on 'em.

Then agin your folks wanted the Squire to change harness—they said they had new *patent collars*—and a horse could pull as much agin with 'em as with the old fashioned collars. Well, the Squire didn't like that nor no more. So to rights they told the Squire he must give up the lines—well, that he wouldn't do, he said without orders from the owners of the team—they had appointed him, and as long as they kept him there, he would go along and do his duty, jest as he had done—and it warn't right to keep stoppin him every day on the road, and tryin to make him try new plans

And with this, all our folks made a regular battle on the Squire—some took away out of his wagon a part of the bags and boxes, and divided it round among the drivers of other wagons. Why war mixin in the scuffle too, and away they all cut'd off with it. Some undertook to cut the Squire's traces; they thought they was only leather and rope traces; but the Squire was too deep for 'em, for his traces was all chains kivered with leather, and so they spil't their jack knives. Some went on ahead and rolled stones in the road, and dug deep holes, and tried all they could to make the Squire upset, threw stones and mud at him and his horses; but the Squire kept on, his horses didn't flinch, and as they had dragged the big wagon over worse rodes, in their day, they went along without accident Well, now it turns out that all the wagons that drove off so with a part of the Squire's load are in trouble, for in the first piece of muddy road they all stuck fast, and there they are now—one wants the other to give him a pull and a lift; but they say they all want lifting—the Squire had just come up with 'em, and now they want him to hitch on to 'em and drag 'em all out together; but he says that's impossible; the most he can do is to take back the load they took from his wagon, and then, perhaps, they can git out of the mud; but it is more than his team can do, and he won't run the risk of breakin his harness or injurin his horses to drag 'em all out together. Well, now that's jest about the condition of things, and the longer they remain so the worse it will be—the longer the horses and wagons stand knee and hub deep in the mud, the less able they'll be to get out on't

And now I'll leave 'em there a spell, and we'll take a look into the natur of the bank, and what it raly is; for to hear some folks talk about it, one would think it was a most shocking monster, and that it was pretty much nothin else but Squire Biddle, when it was no more the Squire than that big wagon is, not a grain more. Look at this long list of names: well, these are the owners of the bank; here we see, in the first place, the nation owns one fifth, & the rest is scattered round, as you see here, among an everlastin batch of folks all about this country and some in furin countries; and I am glad to see so many of the first here, old widows and old men, and trustees of children, who hain't got no parents livin, and all our own people, they put their money in the stock of this bank for safe keepin—not to speculate—and jest so with the innocent foreigners, and the best on't is, they have paid our folks a pretty higa premium for every dollar on't Well, then these are the folks, then, that compose the bank Now what way do they want this bank managed?

The business of the bank is to loan money, and as you for all the world like any rich man whose business is to loan out his money—is it his interest to dabble in politics, or to let politicians dabble with him? Not an atom on't, I never knew one of your rale politicians who ever could pay his debts; and they ain't the kind of folks people like to deal with, any way, who have got money to loan—they know that talkin politics, and gettin things into snarls jest to answer party purposes, ain't the way to pay interest nor principal nather, and politicians in a bank are the worst people in the world for the owners of the bank, for the most on 'em hain't got money of their own to lend, but they are plaguy ready to loan other folks' money to brother politicians of the same party.

No, no; a man who has got his money loan'd out (and it's jist so with a bank,) wants to see every body busy and industrious, and increase their property, for then they will be able to pay interest and principal too: they don't like to see things all mixed up with politics, and people quarrelin and disputin, and when they do they git their money back in their pockets again as soon as they can, for they know that politics aint profitable business.

Then it comes to this, that if the bank is what I have said it is (and it's nothin else) it ain't such a monster as some folks try to make us think it is; and, instead of being a dangerous monster, I see, and I know every body else must see, who dont squint at it, but looks it straight in the face, that its natur is jest like the natur of any man who has got property in the country, & that is to have every thing go on in harmony, and with industry, and with honesty, and according to law—no gangles and rangles and talkin politics in porter houses and bar rooms, hurrain for this man, and puttin down that man—that kind of work dont clear up new lands nor plough up old ones: it don't keep the hammer goin and the wheels turnin, and don't pay interest nor principal nather.

But some on you say the bank has too much power, and that Squire Biddle might do a good deal of mischief if he would. Well, there is my old friend, Captain Elisha S Barker, of the steamboat President, runnin twixt New York and Providence—he's got about sich another monster—there's no tellin what a dangerous monopoly of power that critter's got in that are boat. I was lookin into it when I came on with him a spell ago, and he was showin me how to manage it. If he was to fasten down the rivers of them two mortal big copper kittles he has got in his boat and blow his bellusses a spell, he would smash every thing for more than 50 acres round. Does any body know why he don't do it?—he has been to a steamboat so long now as the bank's been goin, and han't scalded nobody—but he can do it in a minit if he chuses. Well, I'll tell you why he don't—*it ain't his interest*, and he don't own no more of the boat than Squire Biddle does of the bank; the owners of the boat employ him to manage it, because they know he understands his bisness. He knows if he didn't watch over their interest, they'd turn him out—and just so the owners of the bank would serve Squire Biddle. And that ain't all, Captain Bunker knows if he hurts any body with his boat he'd run a chance o' hurtin himself too—he knows, too, that it is the interest o' his owners not to have any accidents aboard *any boat*—for if they get scalded in one steamboat they keep clear of all on 'em—and tho' some folks think banks an't like steamboats, I can tell 'em that in the main thing they are exactly alike; for unless folks have got confidence in 'em and feel safe in 'em, they ain't worthownin—but when they all go on and meet no accidents they are pretty good property; and the largest and strongest, and cleanest and quietest, and best managed git the most business. Now I think that's enuf about dangerous monopolies for a spell.

Let us now see what the bank is about, and what we've been about.

Deacon Goodenou has been in that bank, as one of its directors, off and on, ever since it was a bank; and I have heard him say fifty times, (and he's a man to be depended on,) he never heard a word about politics in it, till about four years ago, and it all came from our sending, every year since that time, some rale politicians to help the other twenty directors to manage the bank; the first go off, the Deacon says, they thought best to keep quiet, and make no stir about it; for it was pretty much like findin skunks in the cellar—the best way to let 'em alone, if they'd keep there, and run the chance of their goin out, when they could find no eggs to suck—but when they undertook to come up chamber, and smell about in all the cubbords, it was time to snub 'em—and then came trouble, and that's jest about the way now; and the Deacon says, and he's about right, that politicians in a bank are just as bad as skunks in the cellar—and I am so certain of this, I won't make a trial on't.

Some on you say, the owners of this bank hain't got no right to recharter—they have had it long enuf—and it's new time to have a new shuffle and cut; well, that ain't my notion, and I'll tell you why—tho' this bank was chartered for twenty years, it had a good right to believe we would renew its charter, if it behaved well and did its duty—jest as a Congressman has a right to expect his constituents will send him to Congress again if he behaves well—and it's a good way to keep folks straight, and make 'em do their duty; but if we are to knock this bank down, and have a new shuffle and a new cut, then I say that them folks who make money out of a rise in stock in the new bank ought to pay the loss that all these old folks and young children will suffer by rocking down the old bank—to say nothin about the innocent foreigners who put their money in this bank, thinkin it was safe. And let me tell you another thing—the longer a bank stands, the older it gits, the better folks abroad and at home like it—people who have got money to lend don't like changes—and particularly Government changes. Would any on you like to lend money to South America? And do you think any of them Governments could make a bank that folks would have any confidence in? I don't think they could—jest because they keep choppin & changin every year.

Will any on you say that it aint a good thing for a country to make folks all about think it is a safe one to lend money to? Aint good credit worth nothin?

Well, how does any man in trade get credit, and make folks think him safe to trust? Will he break up his stand every year, and change his business, and try new plans? I say that ain't the way; and no man ever prospered after that fashion; but when he finds things go well with him, he hangs on, or else he hain't got no wit in him

Now, my notion is, that none on us alone can make folks all about creation think we are safe folks to trust. But all on us together can do so, and that is the reason a good big bank can manage this for us. Folks abroad know the bank, and the bank knows us; and so we can manage things throu' the bank better than we can alone

Some on you say it ain't right to pay interest to foreigners—that when we git money from foreigners they are draining us of interest. Well, they have got us in a drain, and water. Now I know we are in a drain, and this new country to clear up; and I know if an honest industrious man can git a few hundred dollars lent to him, he can go and buy a good many acres, and clear it up, and sell it to these very foreigners, who are all the while coming out here to settle among us, & they pay fifteen times more for it than the land first cost, and as our folks go on a-growin, and can well afford to pay interest, and find themselves in a few years with money to lend too. And as long as this business goes on, I for one, am willing to say to foreigners, as the Cape Cod fishermen say to the fish, when he gits on the hook, and is pullin him in—"So long as you hold on one end, I will 'tother" But folks abroad who have money to lend dont know our folks who go on new land; and a good many on old nother. But they know our bank, and our canals and railroads, and we sell 'em the stock, and make 'em pay good premiums too; and our folks can lend their money to our farmers. But if we go an and nock down this bank when its charter is out, and bring trouble on the country, foreigners will say, "Aha! there's trouble there!" Back they come with their stock, and git their money, and keep it; and all our prosperity is nocked in the head! We chartered this bank for twenty years, and so we do canal companies and railroad companies; but did we mean, when the time was up to nock 'em all up too, and say we don't want no bank, nor a canal, nor a railroad? It ain't common honesty to say so; and I won't shuffle and cut with you after that fashion; for make what I might by a new shuffle, I would be ashamed to look one of these innocent foreigners int he face to say nothing of this long list of widows and orphans, and trustees of estates, and old folks; many on 'em, when they bought the stock at a high premium, I suppose never thought about the charter, or how long it had to run, but trusted to the Government. And now if you can chizzle them out of their property, as you will by puttin down the bank, just to get a new shuffle and cut a new one, without turnin as red as a beet when you meet 'em, I for one say I can't, and I won't.

And now I'm most done If I have trod on any one's toes, it aint so much my fault as of hisen: for I read the strait line, and my on toes that stick out beyond the line; and that's too often the case with folks now-a day in office.

I've tell'd you now pretty much my notions; and I tell you for the last time you have made a mistake, and that's no disgrace to any man unless he tries to stick to it after he knows he has made it. If you don't know how to git the country out of the scrape you've got it in, the People will tell you pretty quick, or I ain't no hand at guessin. I have now done my duty—if the People won't do theirn it aint my fault. If they say my notions are right they'll act on 'em; if they say they are wrong, then things will go on as they now go, and I hope they won't git worse—but that I won't promise. If things come to the worst, I shall suffer as little as any on 'em, for I hain't got no wife and children to support (and I'm sorry for those who have, if things are to go on as they now go;) I can cut my fodder pretty much any where.

But I love my country, ev'ry acre on't, and it goes agin my grain to see any part on't suffer. And I know all this suffering comes from party politics—this same party politics that has driv all our wisest and best men out of office; and now to keep together, wants to git hold of the big wagon and all the money in it.

My dander is up, and I had best stop now, for the more I think on't, and the more I write about it, the more wrathy I git So no more at present, from your fellow citizen.

J. DOWNING, Major.
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

LAWRENCEVILLE RACES.

The races over this course commenced on Tuesday, April 4th, & continued five days.

FIRST DAY.

Sweepstakes of $300 each—$100 forfeit—for three years old, colts and fillies—mile heats—8 subscribers.

Mr. McCargo's (Dr. Lewis') b c by imported Luzborough dam by Virginian, 86 lbs.	3	1	1
Mr. Maclin's ch f by imported Luzborough, dam Jane Shore, 83 lbs.	2	3	2
Dr. Goodwyn's (Hartwell's) ch f by Eclipse, dam Multiflora, 83 lbs.	4	2	dis
Mr. Towne's b c by imported Fylde, dam Shylock, 86 lbs.	1	4	dis

Time—1st heat, 1m. 52s. 2d heat, 1m 57s: 3d heat, 2m. Won cleverly. This is the best time ever made over this course—the famous Sweepstakes race, $500 entrance, &c. won by Gohanna, beating at 3 heats, Lafayette, and others, mile heats, was won in 1m 53s; 1m 57s; 2m 3s. That Fylde colt had not recovered from the distemper, and Mr. Maclin's filly was in bad order.

SECOND DAY.

Sweepstakes of $100 each—half forfeit—for 3 year old colts and fillies—mile heats—6 subscribers.

Dr. Goodwyn's ch c by Sir Charles, dam by Washington, 86 lbs	1	1
Capt. Claiborne's ch f by imported Luzborough, dam by Shylock, 83 lbs.	4	2
Mr. Spurr's (Merrit's) b by imported Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie, 83 lbs.	2	3
Mr. Dugger's b f by Sir Charles, dam Polly Peacham, 93 lbs	3	4

Time—1st heat, 2m: 2d heat, 2m 2s. Course very heavy—both heats handsomely contested.

THIRD DAY.

Proprietor's Purse $200—2 mile heats.

Mr. Power's ch c Jumper, by Eclipse, dam by Alexander, 4 years old, 100 lbs.	1	1	
Capt Claiborne's b c by Tonson, dam by ——, 4 years old, 100 lbs.	2	2	
Mr. Maclin's ch Elastic, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Hal, 5 years old, 110 lbs.	3	dis.	
Wm. Wynn's ch f Sally Mayfield, by Eclipse, dam Catherine Warren, 4 years old 97 lbs.	4	dis.	
Mr. Goodwyn's ch c Oceola, by Sir Charles, dam by ——, 4 years old, 100 lbs.	5	dis.	
Mr. McCargo's b m Sally Eubanks, dam by Constitution, aged, 121 lbs.	6	dis.	
Dr Townes' ch c Meridian, by Eclipse, dam by Napoleon, 4 years old, 100 lbs		dis.	

Time—1st heat, 4m 8s: 2d heat, 4m 7s. Course very heavy. Sally Eubanks the favorite—she was in too high order. Sally Maycock threw her rider in the first mile of the second heat, ran round with the other horses, and came in third, but was declared distanced. Sally Eubanks was distanced the second heat by a mistake of her rider.

FOURTH DAY.

Jockey Club Purse, $400—3 mile heats.

Mr Spurr's (Merritt's) ch f Sophia, by Redgauntlet, dam Clara Fisher, 4 years old 97 lbs.	4	1	1
Mr. Maclin's ch c Tom Cringle, by Carolinian, dam by ——, 4 years old, 100 lbs	6	3	2
Wm Wynn's c f Martha Washington, by Sir Charles, dam Isabella, 4 years old, 97 lbs	1	2	d's
Mr Townes' ch f by Eclipse, dam by Sir Harry; 4 years old, 97 lbs	3	4	dis
Mr McCargo's ch c John Tyler, by Eclipse, dam Creeping Kate, 4 years old, 100 lbs	5	5	dis
Dr Goodwyn's b c Little Billy, by Iphicles, dam by ——, 4 years old, 100 lbs.	2	dr	

Course very heavy. Martha Washington appeared to be in bad order, though she was the favorite. Time—6m 35s each heat.

FIFTH DAY.

Sweepstakes of $100 each—half forfeit—for three years old colts and fillies, mile heats—7 subscribers.

Mr Dugger's ch c by Sir Charles, dam Maria West, 86 lbs	2	1
Capt Claiborne's ch c by Sir Charles, dam Fancy, 83 lbs	1	dis

Time—1st heat, 2m 2s: 2d heat, 2m. Course very heavy.

DISTRESSING FROM NEW ORLEANS.

(BY YESTERDAY'S EXPRESS MAIL.)

From the N. O True American, April 14.

Not a bale of Cotton, not a hogshead of Tobacco was shipped yesterday from this port!

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 11 *P. M.*

The failure still continue. On Wednesday *the largest cotton house in the Southern country went by the board for* FIFTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. It is said that they show assets for sixteen and a half millions. The other houses that have suspended are estimated at about twelve millions. Among them are ten of our first commercial establishments. The opinion among the knowing ones is, that *every body must yield to the unparalleled pressure and derangements.* We would fain hope for a better issue, but constituted as our trade has been, and conducted with the secrecy that has hitherto marked it, there is no telling how the revolution will eventuate. The Public are interested *most deeply* in the issue, are left in the dark. In other countries, the press is the organ to which they look for information respecting the state of commerce. Unfortunately in New Orleans the journals have hitherto done little more than reflect very imperfectly the prices of the main article of produce. From the facts in our possession, we are by no means prepared to speak encouragingly. The storm will have its way, and as yet the patches of blue sky that now and then break upon us are but the signs of increasing violence.

A CARD FROM GEN. JACKSON.

From the Nashville Banner, of April 10.

TO THE PUBLIC.

My attention having been drawn by a friend to certain comments, in the Nashville Republican and in the Whig and Banner, upon what purports to be "Extract from the Journal of the Select Committee of the House of Representatives to investigate the Executive Departments, &c. &c." among which is the testimony, in part, of Judge White, I beg leave to state to the Public that, in due time, when I receive the journal of the these proceedings, and as soon as the State of my health permits, I shall expose the injustice done to me by judge White, and those he has used to accuse his attempt to connect my name with dishonorable overtures in the political contest, which has resulted in the election of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency.

It is due to myself now to State that I never had, or held but one conversation with Mr Orville Bradley on the subject of the late election, and this was in my own carriage, on my way from the Hermitage to Washington in the fall of 1834, in company with Major A. J. Donelson and Mr Lewis Randolph. He fell in with us on the way on horseback. We were going to halt for the night at his father's. It was a hot day, and I invited him to take a seat in my carriage. He accepted the invitation about seven miles from his father's, and rode with us, my boy riding his horse. The conversation originated in a statement made by me, coming from that good old staunch republican, Governor, Blount, of a caucus of the members of the convention then sitting at Nashville, attempted to be gotten up by John Bell and others, with the view of nominating Judge White for the Presidency in opposition to any nomination which the great body of the Republican party might make at the convention proposed to be held at Baltimore. This project, Gov. Blount informed me, he opposed as the friend of Judge White, believing that it was designed to promote the views, of the Whigs and Nullifiers. No comment of mine upon this statement disclosed or conveyed any other sentiment than that of concurrence in the wisdom of the counsel which Governor Blount had given.

As I shall, however, notice this conversation more particular hereafter, it is only necessary for me to add here, and the statement made by Mr. Bradley, as appended to the testimony of Judge White, before the committee, of a proposition of mine to run Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency, and Judge White for the Vice Presidency, *is utterly false.* No such proposition was ever made by me to him, or to any one else; nor was there any pretext furnished in any part of that conversation, from the tissue of misrepresentation and false coloring which characterizes the whole of Mr. Bradley's narrative on this subject.

ANDREW JACKSON.

EDGEFIELD, S C. April 6.

We were visited last night by a storm of unusual violence. The destructiono f fences, the falling of chimneys, and other injuries, attests its influence in our village. But by far the greatest damage was sustained by the Episcopal Church That beautiful and tasty edifice, is almost entirely destroyed About half of the roof has fallen in, involving in the ruins the beautiful Chandelier, the Lamps, the Pulpit, &c. and so injuring the walls that we fear the entire building is lost. We are glad to add, that the Organ which has just been placed in the Church, is saved.

Advertiser.

Count Federico Confalonieri.—The Georgetown Metropolitan, of the 10th inst. says:—This distinguished gentleman arrived in Washington City, on Saturday morning last, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Albinola We are glad to know, that he has been shown every attention by the President, and such of our citizens who were aware of his arrival: Those who have enjoyed the high happiness of social intercourse during his brief stay, with this eminent and celebrated victim of Austrian hate, have had added to their former knowledge of his eminent services in the cause of freedom and general philanthrophy, and the dreadful price of persecution which he had to pay for the fortune of being great, and the ambition of being good—a personal acquaintance of touching and lasting interest, with the most ennobling and interesting qualities of human nature.

The Count leaves the city to-morrow morning for Norfolk, on his way to Charleston, with the hope,—in which the millions of America will participate—that the general air of the South, will tend to the renovation of his shattered constitution. May he be gratified! The jailor of Spielberg has signed the charter of his respect, and the illustrious stranger will pass through our land, honored and admired. Mr Albinola, too, his engaging companion, though yet young, has lived long enough, to pass thro' the ordeal of an Austrian dungeon, to the attachment of America.

MARBLE QUARRY.

☞ We have seen a specimen of a stone pronounced to be marble, and which admits of a very fine polish, found some miles South of Germanton, in the neighboring county of Stokes. We are informed that there is at the same place an almost inexhaustible supply of this stone The marble is clouded very handsomely, and we are told that preparations are in progress for an immediate operation in the Quarry. The owners have kindly promised to furnish us some information respecting their quarry which will be given with pleasure in some succeeding number.

Southern Telescope.

NEW STAGE LINE.

There is a project on foot, and we have been requested to take some notice thereof, for the establishment of a line of Stages, or Hacks, from this point, or from Salem, in stokes, to Fincastle, in Va. It is urged as an impetus for exertion in getting up the route, what is very true, that from this point to Fincastle, between the line running from here via Danville, to Lynchburg, and the Valley Line in Va., there is no such a thing as a public stage or conveyance of any kind; in fact, the people are utterly destitute of any beneficial result of any national legislation, and a few tardy horse mails furnish the only method of communication through the country. We are not prepared to say, whether such a route would be a desirable one in every respect yet, we believe that were the matter properly looked into, and the proper application made to the Post Office Department for its establishment, it could readily be gotten up. All that is necessary is, some active individual to lead in the matter.—*Ib.*

THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH

The Paris correspondent of the A Daily Advertiser, says:—Louis Phil is without exception, the richest man world. He receives annually, in rent, a sum of twelve million of francs derives a revenue of perhaps twenty lions more from the lands, forests, and er property of the crown. He is in ment of the private fortune of the O family, which should have been unit the national domain, as was the custom former monarchs, on their accession throne, but which he was allowed to by an act consented to by Lafayette, L and the victorious insurrectionists, wh le knew what they were about, on th of his taking the oath to observe the ter as King of the French.—The amou his private fortune cannot be less than millions of francs per annum. He pos es besides, an immense sum of money, timated by some at between one hun and fifty and two hundred millions of fr He pockets the million granted to the of Orleans, as presumptive heir to the thr and the private fortune he is supposed have given the Queen of the Belgians, he has none of the obligations with w the civil list of Charles X was burde The latter paid nearly six millions in sions, which Louis Philippe has tho proper to suppress altogether, he had sides a large military household, a ch hunting establishment, &c. which co least as much more, none of which are tained by the present king, whose reven are totally disencumbered and conseq ly fully adequate to the maintenance of family without any provision from t state.

AFFECTING INCIDENT AT ST. KILDA.

It is well known that the 'trade of ging' is carried on with most fearful adve ture, in many portions of the old wor On the rugged shores of Scotland, in t Shetland Isles, amid the Needle rocks the Isle of Wight, and at Carrick-a-Rede in Ireland, where 'the incessant wearing waves,' or some mighty convulsions of n ture, through successive ages, have cut immense fragments of rocks, the sea-bi had undisturbedly built their nests, u the egging business, induced the advent ers in their perilous feats of booty. Th usually swing themselves off by a rope, descend a craggin precipice of hundreds feet, sometimes bounding from crag to c with as much apparent ease as the sea-fo themselves. At St. Kilda, the westernm speck of an island in the Atlantic, the ro are made of hide or the hair of cow's sometimes two or three hundred feet length—and they have been looked upon so much value, as to become the marri portion of a St. Kilda girl. The fearful a venturers encountered by the St. Kilda are numerous and thrilling. In one case, father and two sons were out together, and having firmly attached their rope at th summit of a precipice, descended on their usual occupation. Having collected as ma ny birds and eggs as they could carry, th were all three ascending by the rope—th eldest of the sons first—his brother a fathom or two below him, and the father followin last. They had made considerable progres when the elder son looking upward, per ceived the strands of the rope grating a gainst a sharp edge of rock, and gradually giving way He immediately reported th alarming fact. 'Will it hold together til we can gain the summit?' asked the father. 'It will not hold another minute,' was th reply, 'our triple weight is loosing it rapidly!' 'Will it hold one?' said the father. 'It is as much as it can possibly do,' re plied the son, 'even that is but doubtful.' 'There is then a chance, at least, of one o us being saved:—draw your knife, and cu away below!' was the cool and intrepid or der of the parent. 'Exert yourself; you may yet escape, and live to comfort you mother!'—There was no time for discussion or further hesitation. The son loosed up once more, but the edge of rock was cut ting its way, and the rope had nearly sever ed. The knife was drawn—the rope wa divided—and his father and brother were launched into eternity!

The wonderful discoveries of Mr. Crosse and Professor FARRADAY, in England will create, it seems to us, an entire ne theory in science. The production of liv ing animalcules from stone, would seem t prove even the vitality of adamant,—th suggest the thought that even the poude ous and marble jaws of the tomb itself—th very portals of the charnel-house, opening into the shadowy palace of DEATH, ma teem with life, while he sits in state with mocking at the ruin of dull and moulderin mortality. Should this discovery be demon strated, the question of ROUSSEAU, "Y a-t-il une principe unique des choses?" will b definitely answered. If there be life i rocks, it is reasonable to suppose that it pre vails in earth and trees; and if the action o a voltaic battery can evoke insects from flint why should they not be produced from an other substance? We are still incredulous notwithstanding the high sanction of Faraday's name. What passes for animalcules may be merely *chrystals*,—the shooting of which when examined through a microscope, bear a strong resemblance to animated insects.—*Phil. Gaz.*

QUAINT TITLE.

It is stated that in the time of Cromwell a book was published with the following title—*'Eggs of Charity, layed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled by the water of Divine Love—Take ye and eat.*

MISSISSPPI.

The Governor of Missippi has called a extra session of the Legislature, to devise means to avert the impending ruin that threatens that State. We shall have the Kentucky Relief Laws re-enacted in all probability.