

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A TALE OF ROXBURG CASTLE.

Twenty years ago there lived in a town contiguous to Roxburg, two wealthy tradesmen and bankers, who had both attained the ripe age of half a century without having fallen victims to the natural tendency, which, when exaggerated, maddens men and makes fools of women. They had never loved, and consequently never married.

Such were the pair who for twenty years had harmoniously performed the duty of life together. Waldsmi had been in the habit of absenting himself for days together from the warehouse; and of late his neglect of business became so frequent and prolonged—so much so that his partner became uneasy, and resolved at the first opportunity to seek an explanation for such unusual conduct.

Waldsmi felt his face suffusing, but he only said: "Do you see anything the matter with my coat?" His partner scanned his ample allowances of superfine Saxony, and shook his head.

"Not a large hole on the left side?" "Another shake of the head." "Then you must be blind. Hark in mine ear—I am going to be married." As Waldsmi uttered this alarming announcement he hastily left the office, leaving Schlesinger in a state of stupid bewilderment.

"Married!" he ejaculated. "What an odd tool!" With this consolatory remark he was about to plunge into the mysteries of the ledger before him, when he was startled by a deep groan. It proceeded from his clerk Falch, whose head had fallen on to his desk.

"Are you ill?" was the graff inquiry. Falch raised his pale face, and, turning to his employer, stammered something unintelligible, and endeavored to resume his pen.

Schlesinger eyed him curiously for a few seconds; and as a strange light twinkled in his keen, dark eyes, said: "You heard what was said just now, did you? Very well. Do you know who the lady is that is to be my partner-in-law?" "I do," answered Falch, threatening to faint.

"Is she fair or dark, old or young?" "Young and fair—spotless as the lily and graceful as the swan!" exclaimed the young man, with enthusiasm.

"You know her, then?" was the measured inquiry. "I do—that is, I did once, I mean."

and paled so strangely that it was feared his hilarity would provoke a fit of apoplexy. Then he laughed so long and loudly, capered so extravagantly, and indulged in such a vast amount of shaking of hands, that some doubts were expressed as to his perfect sanity on that day. These were confirmed, even after making all due allowance for the festival, when it was observed that he drank deeply, and when thoroughly inebriated pronounced an extravagant eulogium on womankind in general, and the bride in particular.

In the morning Schlesinger outwardly resumed his habitual demeanor; but, as was afterwards too well remembered by several parties, he began to enter upon a very singular mode of behavior towards his clerk, Falch.

It will perhaps expedite as well as explain the story, if a few remarks are here bestowed on this young gentleman. He was good looking in appearance, and of a kind of German in disposition. He affected to be extremely sensitive—to have a penchant for romance and poetry, and to be vehemently devoted to the fair sex.

The blooming Christine had inflamed his imagination; but finding that the impetuous love he made to her was not reciprocated, he fell into a very melancholy state. So he thought; and to relieve his thick coming fancies, began—like a true German—to scribble a romance of blighted affection.

After Christine's marriage, he employed every spare hour he had upon his task. The precious manuscript was concealed in his desk. This Schlesinger soon discovered; and Falch, upon his arrival at the office in the morning, was frequently puzzled to account for the disorder of its usually neat arrangements.

In the day time he would feel quite embarrassed by finding Waldsmi's eyes fixed upon him with a very anxious stare; and he would ask him such extraordinary questions, that poor Falch began to think that some malign powers were arrayed against his peace of mind.

And so you say Madame Waldsmi is handsome? Schlesinger would remark to him. Falch never could reply distinctly to him, but always felt himself blushing to the temples.

"Would you like to marry such a lady?" "I would, by heaven!" shouted Falch, as he threw all the animation he could into his not inexpressive eyes.

Schlesinger's face darkened, and he said no more. The familiarities of German households frequently threw Madame Waldsmi in Falch's way; and the infatuation of the young man became quite alarming. If she spoke kindly to him, he straightway concluded that she had still a lingering spark of love for him, and immediately rushed into poetry.

in admirable style, and proposed marriage. The widow, it has been said, liked money; and as by the robbery of the jewels, her husband died much poorer than she had anticipated he would be, when he should quietly have betook himself to his last home, she took Schlesinger's proposal into serious consideration, and after the lapse of two days gave him a favorable reply.

At the expiration of her period of mourning, they were married, for two years they seemed to live happily enough together. The husband's wealth increased, and as Christine rolled in the lap of luxury, she was serene and contented. One day while roaming about the house, for lack of something better to do, she espied in an upper and long-ago disused chamber, a closet, which was locked. Curiosity is natural to these, and being a strong woman, she soon forced it open, and, despite the dust and rubbish, commenced what in housekeeping parlance is termed a good rummage.

Her exertions were rewarded by finding a bundle, which, she brought to light, and opened. It contained a coat and a pair of trousers, and a box, which she no sooner saw than she turned pale as death, and sunk half fainting to the floor. But Christine was not naturally timid, and she soon recovered. The box was identified as one belonging to her late husband, and she did not doubt, contained the missing jewels. The coat and trousers looked much like those worn by her present one, and as she turned them over a letter dropped out, which, on reading she membered was one which her first husband received on the morning of his assassination.

Without the remotest suspicion of Schlesinger, she replaced the bundle in the closet, and on his coming to dinner in the evening, related all the fearful particulars to him. The effect of her communication upon him was alarming; his eyes rolled in his head—cold drops of perspiration stood on his brow—his hair quivered—and his whole frame shook as if he had an ague.

At last he said: "Woman! what have you done?" "No harm, I hope. The recovery of the jewels is fortunate." "What! would you betray me?" he hoarsely exclaimed.

Christine looked at him amazed, and as she observed his haggard appearance, a thought, vivid as a flash of lightning, passed across her brain. The murderer of Waldsmi was before her; and with a shriek of horror, she fled. Schlesinger, armed with a knife, pursued and overtook her in the hall, where he severely wounded her in the arm, and would have dispatched her, had she not turned upon him like a tigress, and alarmed the house.

Her cries brought assistance immediately and they were separated; but Christine kept screaming out: "Seize him! he is the murderer of Waldsmi!" The servants stood aghast, and the wretched Schlesinger, after casting a glance of mingled ferocity and tenderness upon his wife, rushed up stairs, and locked himself in his chamber.

After the agitation had somewhat subsided, Christine sent a communication to the police agent; and, upon that functionary arriving and learning the astounding particulars, he judged it to be expedient that Schlesinger should be arrested; but that wicked man was by this time beyond the reach of human law. On bursting the door of his room, he was discovered quite dead. On his dressing table lay a paper, containing, in his own hand writing, the following confession: "I murdered Waldsmi. I did it for the love of Christine. I loved her on her bridal day. I love her now.—Falch is innocent."

Of course a judicial investigation immediately took place, and the innocence of the immured completely established.—He was released, and conducted to his native place in triumph. All his romance and affection for the exciting and singular he had left behind him in the dungeon of Marsburg; he resigned his Werner to the flames, and resolved to lead the life of a sober, industrious citizen. As for Christine, if Falch would have proposed, she would have had him; but that gentleman had not the slightest particle of a wish to marry the widow of a murderer; and Christine gave her hand to a young count, who, in three years, dissipated all her fortune, and abandoned her to subsist on a small annuity, which the Court of Prussia, commiserating her misfortunes, had granted to her.

never expect a bargain in a non-advertising establishment. So, too, with men.—They say the man who does not advertise his goods has nothing worth advertising or if he has and does not, he is a skinflint, and it is better to keep out of his clutches.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

The Baltimore American, in reply to the sneers of some Northern journals at movements to advance Southern commercial interests, says: "What is the North to do without that assailed, vituperated, agitated, convulsed South? Nay—what can it do without it? What is the basis of its commerce? What is the basis of its industry? What is the basis of its exchange? What is the basis of its manufactures? What feeds the looms of England and France? What builds and freights its ships? Hard as it may be for that region to acknowledge the fact, the only reply is: The South and its Labor!"

In 1850, The Labor of the South gave those elements, without which American commerce at the North could not exist a moment, in the following enormous quantities: Rice, 215,312,710 pounds. Tobacco, 199,752,646 pounds. Cotton, 2,270,000 bales. Cane Sugar, 247,581,000 pounds. Maple " 32,369,886 pounds. Molasses, 12,700,600 gallons.

All this vast production of national staples—the substantial basis of Northern manufactures and commerce—is the result of Southern labor, independently of immense quantities of provisions, hemp, flax, cattle, and various other articles grown in Middle and Western States, where the institution is maintained. Blot them out by a blow—and where is the North as well as the South? And shall not that South be justified heartily by all its parts, if, consistently with all its own interests, it can consolidate the trade of supply and production within that geographical boundary which abolitionism or its kindred tricks cannot penetrate?—The South must feel that as long as an agitator lives at the North, wicked enough to entertain his unconstitutional heresies, and powerful enough to find a press or a politician to herald them—there is no security for its property! It is admitted that this property and its labor are the foundation of national wealth. They are, moreover, not only the basis of national wealth, but among the strongest elements of national power. The emblem of the world's peace is no longer the Olive branch, but the Cotton Plant!"

THE BLACKS IN THE WEST INDIES.—In an article in the London Times, we find the following passage relating to the result of emancipation in the English West Indies. The picture drawn is indeed a distressing one, but its correctness is confirmed by accounts from various quarters:

"Our legislation has been dictated by the presumed necessities of the African slave. After the emancipation act, a large charge was assessed upon the colony in aid of civil and religious institutions for the benefit of the enfranchised negro, and it was hoped that these colored subjects of the British Crown would soon be assimilated to their fellow citizens. From all the information which reaches us, no less than from the visible probabilities of the case, we are constrained to believe that these hopes have been falsified. The negro has not acquired with his freedom any habits of industry or morality. His independence is little better than that of an uncaptured brute. Having accepted few of the restraints of civilization, he is amenable to few of its necessities; and the wants of his nature so easily satisfied, that at the current rate of wages he is called upon for nothing but fitful and desultory exertion. The blacks, therefore, instead of becoming intelligent husbandmen, have become vagrants and squatters, and it is now apprehended that with the failure of cultivation in the island, will come the failure of its resources for instructing or controlling its population. So imminent does this consummation appear that memorials have been signed by classes of colonial society hitherto standing aloof from politics, and not only the bench and the bar, but the bishop, clergy, and ministers of all denominations in the island without exception, have recorded their conviction that, in absence of timely relief, the religious and educational institutions of the island must be abandoned, and the masses of the population retrograde to barbarism."

Cure for Deafness, Dumbness, and Blindness.—An English physician has recently arrived in New Orleans, who professes to cure the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, by the use of prussic acid. The following paragraph is copied from the London Times, as evidence of his success in England:

"A number of scientific gentlemen assembled yesterday at the house of Doctor Turnbull, in Russell square, to witness the results produced by a process recently discovered by the Doctor, and applied for the cure of deafness and blindness.

Between twenty and thirty patients attended, many of whom, it was stated by their parents, had been born deaf and dumb. They were submitted to various tests, by which it was proved that their deafness had been cured by the application of Dr. Turnbull's remedies; and what appears most singular is, that whether the disease depended upon paralysis of the auditory nerve, rupture of the tympanum, or obstruction of the internal passages, relief had been immediately obtained, or complete cure effected without delay, pain or inconvenience. Several patients who represented that they could now see perfectly well."

Two interesting little girls, daughters of Dexter H. Perry, of Quinsigamond village, Worcester, aged respectively six and four years, were drowned in a millpond near the house on Thursday. The youngest girl had evidently fallen into the water, and the oldest had gone in to save her, having taken off her shoes and stockings and left them on the bank. The case was one of heart rendering interest. What added to its sadness was the fact that a large watchdog, who had been muzzled, came in perfectly dry, and had been drenched with water, having been trying to save the children but, unable to use his mouth, had failed.—Springfield Republican.

Mr. WEBSTER AND THE FARMER.—Some years since Mr. Webster started off from Marshfield on a trouting expedition to Sandwich, a neighboring town on Cape Cod. On approaching a fine stream he alighted from his wagon, and just then he met the owner of the farm, whose stream run through it. "Good morning," says Webster, "is there any trout here?" "Well," says the farmer, "some people fish here, but I don't know what they do get, 'I'll throw my line in," says Webster, "and see what is." Webster walked the banks of the stream trying his luck, and the old farmer followed him. Soon Webster remarked "You have some bog on your farm."

"Yes," says the farmer, "that ain't the worst of it." Fishing still further along Webster says, "You seem to have plenty of mosquitoes here." "Yes," he replied, "that ain't the worst of it." Webster still kept throwing his line into the deep pools, and then said, "You have plenty of briars here." "Yes," says the farmer, "and that ain't the worst of it." Mr. Webster getting somewhat discouraged in a hot August day, bitten by mosquitoes, scratched by briars, and not raising a single fish, dropped his rod and said, "he didn't believe there was any trout here." "And that ain't the worst of it," says the farmer. "Well," says Mr. Webster, "I would like to know what the worst of it is." "There never was any here!" says the farmer. Mr. Webster enjoyed the joke, and often told it to his particular friends.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.—The following are instances of liberality in works of improvement which may well engage the attention of our North Carolina readers:— The Missouri Legislature has passed three bills chartering rail road companies, giving aid to all, but to one, the North Missouri Railroad Company, State aid is given to the amount of two millions of dollars.

The Commissioners of Allegheny county, Penn., have subscribed the sum of \$750,000 to the Allegheny Valley Railroad. It is said they would have subscribed a round million, but \$250,000 were retained to push forward the Steubenville road.

Only think of it, a single county, giving to a single work, \$750,000! This, in a State which is in debt forty millions of dollars, already expended on similar works. What but the experience of unquestioned benefits could induce a people already so deeply in debt, and so heavily taxed to subscribe such a sum? They well know, that the new sum thus to be expended will greatly enrich them, and enable them the more easily to pay off the debt already existing.

Would that our people could see the effects every where produced in other States by liberal expenditures (extravagant and wasteful expenditures they were originally called), for internal improvements. If they could once see and appreciate the increased value of lands, of property of all kinds, the wealth and comfort which follow such works, they would demand that their Legislators like liberal policy, that they might enjoy a like prosperity.—Fay, Ob.

The Flour Remedy for Scalds.—It will be recollected that some of the papers have had a paragraph recommending the use of wheat flour in the case of scalds or burns. A gentleman at Dayton, Ohio, saw it, and the other day, as he writes the Empire, tested it to his satisfaction. He says:

"While at the supper table, a little child, which was seated in its mother's lap, suddenly grasped hold of a cupful of hot tea, severely scalding its left hand and arm. I immediately brought a pan of flour and plunged the arm in it, covering entirely the parts scalded with the flour. The effect was truly remarkable; the pain was gone instantly. I then bandaged the arm loosely, applying plenty of flour next to the skin, and on the following morning there was not the least sign that the arm had been scalded, neither did the child suffer the least pain after the application of the flour."

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There is no hidden meaning in anything he says, and it has given to the accomplished Secretary an opportunity to unfold, in a bold and masterly manner, the policy of the United States with regard to the interference of the European powers in affairs on this Continent. His despatch will convey to the statesmen of Europe the fixed determination of the American people to permit no foreign power to extend their dominions in this direction. Our limited space precludes the publication of this State paper entire, and we must content ourselves with such portions of it as we think will best convey to our readers the tone and spirit thereof.—South Carolina.

With regard to the acquisition of Cuba, Mr. Everett says: The President does not covet the acquisition of Cuba for the United States. At the same time he considers the condition of Cuba as mainly an American question. The proposed Convention proceeds on a different principle. It assumes that the United States has no other or greater interest in the question than France or England; whereas it is necessary only to cast one's eye on the map to see how remote are the relations of Europe and how intimate those of the United States with this Island."

The Island of Cuba lies at our doors; it commands the approach to Gulf of Mexico, washes the shores of five of our States; it bars the entrance to that great river which drains half the North American Continent, and with its tributaries, forms the largest system of internal water communication in the world; it keeps watch at the doorway of our intercourse with California by the Isthmus route. If an Island like Cuba belonging to the Spanish Crown guarded the entrance to the Thames or the Seine, and the United States should propose a Convention like this to France and England, these powers would assuredly feel that the disability assumed by ourselves was far less serious than that which we asked them to assume.

Mr. Everett goes on to speak of the proof the President has given of his sincerity in not desiring the acquisition of Cuba, and introduces the Crescent City Affair:

No embarrassment caused by the indiscretions of the Colonial Government of Cuba have moved him from the path of duty. In this respect the Captain-General of that Island, an officer apparently of upright and conciliatory character, but probably more used to military command than the management of civil affairs, has, in a punctilio, in reference to the Purser of a private steamship, who seems to have been entirely innocent of the matters laid to his charge, refused to allow passengers and the mails of the United States to be landed from a vessel having him on board. This certainly is a very extraordinary mode of animadverting upon a supposed abuse of the liberty of the press by the subject of a foreign Government in his native country.

The Captain-General is not permitted by his Government, 3,000 miles off, to hold any diplomatic intercourse with the United States. He is subject in no degree to the direction of the Spanish Minister at Washington; and the President had to choose between a resort to force to compel the abandonment of this gratuitous interruption of commercial intercourse, which would result in war,—and a delay of weeks and months necessary for a negotiation with Madrid, with all the chances of the most deplorable occurrences in the interval, and all for a trifle, that ought to have admitted of a settlement by an exchange of notes between Washington and the Havana. The President has, however, patiently submitted to these evils, and has continued faithfully to give to Cuba the advantages of those principles of the public law under which she has departed in this case from the comity nations. But the incidents to which I allude, and which are still in train, are among many others which point decisively to the expediency of some change in the relations of Cuba, and the President thinks that the influence of France and England with Spain would be well employed in inducing her so to modify the administration of the Government of Cuba as to afford the means of some prompt remedy for the evils of the kind alluded to, which have done much to increase the spirit of unlawful enterprise against that Island.

Mr. Everett next proceeds to show: That a convention, such as is proposed, would be a transitory arrangement, sure to be swept away by the irresistible tide of affairs in a new country, as the project rests upon principles, applicable, if at all, to Europe, where international relations are, in their basis of great antiquity, slowly modified for the most part in the progress of time and events, and not applicable to America, which but lately a waste, is filling up with intense rapidity and adjusting on natural principles, its territorial relations.

Then a graphic sketch of the history of the Continents of America and this Republic is given and Mr. Everett says: No person surveying these events with the eye of comprehensive statesmanship, can fail to trace in the main result the undoubted operation of the law of our political existence. The consequences are before the world; vast provinces, which had languished for three centuries, under

Gold.—The latest gold discoveries are on the Baraboo, Saute county, Wisconsin. Silver, too, is obtained there.