CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

SALISBURY, N. C.

TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 12, 1858.

TERMS—FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAPER SENT CASH.

MITCHELL'S FALLS.

We are indebted to Mr C. M. Lewis, [illegible], N. C., for a copy of the Lithographs of MITCHELL'S FALLS, [illegible] Black Mountain. It is a [illegible] a gorge of the mountains, [illegible] chief attraction is in the [illegible] a correct representation of the spot where Prof. MITCHELL lost his life.

THE REV. DR. BURN.—We mourn the early death of this accomplished man; for we have learned that the editor of the *Wilmington* [illegible]. Personally we know but little [illegible], but as an editor, he was certainly [illegible] to the profession. Spirited, [illegible] and racy, he rarely failed to write [illegible] pleasantly on any subject. As a [illegible], he has left behind no superior in North Carolina. From all we [illegible] we doubt not he had a big [illegible] and kept it in the right place. Peace to his ashes.

PROF. W. S. MARTIN, of Richmond, Va., has been elected to succeed the Rev. Dr. [illegible] as Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, in the University of N. C. He is highly recommended as an able and learned gentleman, and was elected with great unanimity.

The Atlantic Telegraph project is [illegible] with zeal, and every preparation [illegible] a new attempt to lay a wire. [illegible] it is believed will be [illegible] in good time the present year.

MRS. LOUTH, the Authoress, is dead. She was 60 years of age.

RAIN.—We have had very copious showers of rain, for some weeks past. Our streams are much swollen, and the public roads almost impassable. Temperature rather warm.

The small pox has disappeared from Wadesborough and its vicinity, as we learn from the Cheraw Herald.

CHOLERA.—It will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, that the popular Drug House of J. C. BAKER & Co., Philadelphia, have abolished the system of credits in the management of their business. Experienced and discerning business men all over the country are strongly inclined to the same determination, and we confidently expect the present financial troubles will result in a complete change in the present and former modes of business. TRUST is unpopular even in the country. Our shoemakers, blacksmiths, printers, doctors, carpenters, &c., &c., have hated him for many a long year, and they only need a few bold adventurers to encourage them to give him an open and palpable cut. Puffing goes on, on the contrary, is *toasted* on all sides, and is bound to become a universal favorite.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

We have received the December Number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (American Reprint). Its contents are "Our Indian Empire," "Personages in France," "What will he do with it?—Part VII," "The works and Genius of Michael Angelo," "Aloes, Part IV," "Rebecca," and "The Religions of India."

The New Volumes of "Blackwood" and the "Four British Reviews," commence in January 1858. This will be a good time for all persons wishing to become subscribers to these works to avail themselves of it.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

We have received the *January* number of this, the interesting Periodical. Now is the time to subscribe for it. Price $3 per annum. Address M. Farlane, Ferguson & Co., Richmond Va.

Nicaraguan Correspondence.—President Buchanan, on Thursday, responded to a resolution call of the Senate, enclosing the Nicaraguan correspondence. It says that Com. Paulding committed a great error in arresting Mr. Walker, it is quite evident he was actuated by patriotic motives, and desirous to promote the interests of the entire country. Nicaragua sustains no injury by the act; she alone has the right to complain, and it is evident that will never exercise that right.

A warm debate ensued. Messrs. Seward, Douglas and Pearce sustained the President, and Messrs. Davis, Crittenden, Brown, Pugh, Toombs and Douglas in opposition. The correspondence was referred to the committee on foreign affairs, Mr. Seward saying he received dispatches from Walker to that effect.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Lieut. Wm. S. West, Company B, of Colonel Walker's army, is, we learn, waiting for prisoners taken by Commodore Paulding. Lieut. West is a native of Raleigh, fought gallantly through the Mexican war in all its campaigns, Gen. Huntington, Col. Frank Anderson, and Capt. Clark, in their despatches, speak in the highest terms of Lieut. West.

A Short Story by Dickens.

Replies to the "Riddle."

ORIGINAL HISTORIETTE.

Historians, only things of weight,
Deeds of persons, of affairs of State,
Briefly, with truth and clearness, should relate:
Leaving shortness entirely aside.

[HORACE.]

THE FLIBUSTIERS;

OR THE PIRATES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

By Rev. Wm. Gilmore, A. M.

(CONCLUDED.)

At length the Flibustiers began to show signs of dissatisfaction with their leader, for giving them over to a whole month's inactivity, on account of the chastity of a woman. In short, Morgan—that very Morgan who had taken one fortress after another, as he would take his breakfast—was compelled to retreat from before the obstinacy of a woman. Panama was laid in ashes. The conqueror withdrew, with a great number of prisoners, who were ransomed with a large sum of money, as usual. Thus he returned to the mouth of the Chagres, where his ships awaited him, being already laden with an immense booty.

The booty was now to be divided. The appointed day was coming. All were yet horrified at the deepest disorder on the night preceding this day, when Morgan, with the principal Flibustiers of his nation, entered one of the ships, and sailed to Jamaica, lord of the treasure of a city into which the riches of the Old and the New World had been poured. This unexampled faithlessness produced an inexpressible rage among the remaining Flibustiers. The English portion determined to pursue the robber, in the hope of recovering the booty, or sharing it with him. The French, however, sailed with a fair wind to the island of Tortuga, from which point they ventured several other excursions. None, however was of much importance, until the year 1683, when a most important project was set on foot.

The originator of this project was VAN HORN a native of Ostend in West Flanders, but from his early youth in the service of France. He was of courage never suffered any of his men to show the least symptoms of fear or weakness. In the heat of battle he flew from one end of the ship to the other, keeping every one strictly under his eye, and if any one attempted to avoid the cannon balls, he at once cut him down as a coward. This decided and highly severe discipline, made him the terror of the cowardly, and the idol of the brave. With men of undoubted courage he freely divided the spoil, though the vessel in which he sailed was his own. But as he now became demanded a considerable force, he secured the co-operation, on the one hand, of GRAMMONT, GOLLEY, and JOSEPH, all Frenchmen—all criminals; and on the other hand, of LAURENT, a Hollander, much more renowned than all the rest. Twelve hundred adventurers were under his command, and thus prepared, they steered their course, with six vessels, towards VERA CRUZ.

The landing took place during the darkness and stillness of the night, three miles from the place. The palace of the governor, the fort, the barracks—every post that was at all capable of resistance—all were surprised at the first dawning of the day. Many of the citizens, with their families, fled for safety to the churches. But the doors were locked upon them, and the buildings surrounded with powder casks. A Flibustier with a burning match was stationed near, with strict orders to blow them up, at the least sign of a tumult.

In the mean time, the city was plundered at pleasure. The booty was put on board, and then the proposition was made to the citizens confined in the churches, to purchase their liberty and their life at the common price of ten millions of livres. The poor wretches who had been incarcerated for three successive days without food and drink, gladly acceded to this proposal, and the half of the promised money was paid over the same day. While the Flibustiers were waiting until the other half should be collected from the country, a large body of men suddenly appeared on the eminence, and on the sea was visible a fleet of seventeen ships, just arrived from Europe. The Flibustiers, without appearing to be at all startled at such a formidable force, withdrew, taking with them 500 slaves as a kind of hostage until the payment of the other five millions. The Flibustiers doubted not but that God and their sword gave them a just right to the wealth of others. When they demanded any contribution, they not unfrequently entered into a formal contract, and even had the presumption to demand interest where payment was too long delayed.

The retreat of Van Horn was as grand as it was daring. Proudly he sailed through the midst of the Spanish fleet, which ventured not a shot, but ever feared an attack and defeat at the hands of these desperadoes. And who knows what the Flibustiers might have done, had not their ships been too heavily laden with treasure, and had they been assured that the Spanish ships would have been wisely taking.

A year had already elapsed since their return from the Gulf of Mexico, when suddenly they resolved to plunder Peru. The probability that more treasures could be secured up, in an ocean comparatively new and untouched, than upon a sea where the frequency of their robberies had diminished the booty, increased their hopes. The English and the French happened to have the same design, at the same time, without any previous concert. Four thousand men entered upon this expedition. One party intended to go by land, and the other by water through the straits of Magellan. Had their wild and daring courage been concentrated under the command of one skilful leader, Peru would have been lost to Spain; but to such a subordination they had a decided aversion. They always formed small parties, sometimes of only 10 or 12 men, who collected themselves together, and dispersed wherever they felt so disposed. Among the Frenchmen most distinguished characters were GRIGNIER, LE CUYE, PICARD, and LE SAGE; and among the English, DAVID, SHARP, PITT, WILMER, and COOKE. When the Flibustiers reached the Pacific, they were not very well prepared for the execution of their design. Nevertheless, they attacked, conquered and sunk all the vessels they encountered. Suddenly, however, the Spaniards quitted the sea, and the Flibustiers, to avoid starvation, were compelled to land and regulate the states in which the enemy had ensconced himself. Very few cities along the coast escaped their depredations.

GRIGNIER, on his return from one of his successful expeditions, had to pass through a narrow defile, where he was suddenly stopped by several battalions that had intrenched themselves there. They offered to let him pass on condition that he would deliver to them the prisoners which he was carrying off.

"My prisoners!" replied GRIGNIER contemptuously, "Your swords must sever their heads,—my sword will open me a passage."

He cut his way through, and proceeded without interruption.

The panic was general. The approach, nay even the fear of an approach of the Flibustiers, was sufficient to disperse the people. Illuminated by extravagant luxury, enervated by unrestrained tyranny and debased by sensuality, the Spaniards were always defeated, though their numerical strength was far greater than that of their enemies. Besides, they were ignorant of the art of war, and scarcely knew the use of fire arms. Their resistance, therefore, was little more formidable than formerly that of the natives, whose sides they now trod upon. In addition to this, the idea they formed of the Flibustiers quite unmanned them. The monks had represented these pirates as monsters of hell, and their imagination had invested them with diabolical powers.

The only means left to the Spaniards of satisfying their burning hatred, was, to mutilate the dead bodies of their enemies. As soon as the Flibustiers had left a plundered city, the Spaniards dug up the dead bodies of such as had been killed, and treated them with all the indignity and abuse they would have spent upon them, had they been alive and in their power. So great was their aversion to the Flibustiers, that they cursed the very walls and the foundation of the cities in which they had occupied or destroyed. Every building yet remaining, was razed to the ground, and a severe anathema was pronounced upon him who undertook to rebuild it. The inhabitants turned their backs upon those cities, and fled forever from those places which only reminded them of their cowardice and disgrace, and their enemy's barbarities.

This impotent and childish madness was only calculated to render the enemy more desperate. Whatever city they now attacked, was set on fire at every corner, unless it was at once redeemed by a great sum of money. The prisoners, who had not the good fortune to be ransomed, were massacred without mercy. Gold, pearls, and diamonds were the only ransom which the pirates accepted. Silver was too heavy and cumbersome.

But eventually, as it usually the case with such characters, the Flibustiers themselves little enjoyed their spoils. Many died, either from the effects of an unaccustomed climate, or through licentiousness and debauchery. Others suffered shipwreck in the straits of Magellan, or at Cape Horn; and the greater part of those that attempted to return by land, fell into the snares which were every where laid for them. Hence, at the close of an expedition of four years, this company, found that they had profited little by their depredations, but had sacrificed the most valiant of their brethren.

Whilst the Flibustiers were overrunning and desolating the western coast of South America, GRAMMONT, another distinguished pirate, was roving about in a more northerly direction. He was a Parisian robber, who, as vel in Europe, not without repute, whom excessive passion for gambling, wine, and licentiousness,—the three vices so dangerous to human reason,—had compelled to seek his fortune among the pirates. Notwithstanding his strong passions, he possessed virtues that, under proper cultivation, might have raised him to respectable eminence. He was courteous, obliging, magnanimous, and sagacious; in short, he had been much in the society of the accomplished and refined. All these characteristics, together with a distinguished value, soon elevated him to a high position among the Flibustiers. Scarcely had the reported his preparations been spread abroad, when numbers of the most daring adventurers at once joined him. The governor of St. Domingo, who advised the French court to convert, if possible, these wandering adventurers into peaceable and industrious subjects, and cultivators of the soil, endeavored to hinder the expedition, and in the name of the king, interdicted it. Many of the adventurers hesitated, but GRAMMONT stepped into their midst, and thus addressed them:

"Ye cowardous men, how can Louis disconcert once an undertaking of which he is ignorant, and of which we, a few days ago, scarcely knew any thing?"

All raised a loud shout of applause, and GRAMMONT embarked in 1685, to attack Campeachy.

He landed without opposition. Some distance from the shore, however, he encountered 300 Spaniards, whom he attacked. He routed them and pursued them to the city, and entered at their very heels, through the gate. He directed the cannons which he found upon the ramparts against the citadel, but as they did very little execution, he was about to contrive a stratagem to effect his purpose, when he was informed that the place was deserted. In fact, all had fled but a single artillery officer, a man of honor and an Englishman, who preferred to risk his life, rather than be guilty of a cowardly retreat. GRAMMONT approached him with marked respect, returned him his sword, caused every thing to be restored that belonged to him, added some valuable presents, and gave him liberty to go where he pleased.

The conquerors of Campeachy spent two months in rummaging the surrounding country, and in gathering together every thing that the fugitives had endeavored to save. After the booty was safely brought on board a proposition was made to the governor to redeem the city with gold. He refused, and the city was at once set on fire, and the fortifications demolished. A great part of the booty consisted of valuable logwood. The festival of St. Louis* just happening, the French in their fanatical intoxication, burnt a million worth of logwood, in honor of that saint. After this display of human folly, they sailed back to St. Domingo.

The trifling advantages which the Flibustiers gained by their depredations on land, revived in them their former passion for piracy. They therefore pursued their old trade again for a time. But their operations were replete with hatred and danger.

Several enterprising private persons, under the protection of government, fitted out seven ships of the line, and a number of smaller vessels. This fleet was under the command of POINTIS, and, being well manned with land forces was destined to attack Carthagena, one of the richest cities in the New World. They anticipated great difficulties, but expected certain success, provided they could enlist the Flibustiers to aid them in carrying out their designs. The Flibustiers, to please DUCASSE, who was then governor of St. Domingo, and their chief, lent them their immediate assistance, and did more than was expected of them, when they came to an engagement. Having discovered a breach in the fortification, they stormed it at that point, and immediately their banner was planted upon the wall. The shout of victory helps to conquer. The cry of "victory" infused new courage into every heart, and new power into every arm. The proud city of Carthagena was conquered, and its fall was the work, mainly, of the Flibustiers.

Crimes and atrocities of every die succeeded the fall of this city. Gen. POINTIS, an unjust, evil and avaricious man, violated the capitulation in every point. True, through fear of the enemy, which was gathering in the interior, he allowed the inhabitants the half of their movable wealth; but scarcely had the city been surrendered, when every one began to pillage and plunder. The officers exhibited the greatest villainy on the occasion, for it was only after they had carried off the booty that the common soldiers were permitted to rummage and glean where the others had reaped. In the mean time, the good-hearted Flibustiers were entrusted with the guard of the city.

POINTIS asserted that the booty did not amount to more than seven or eight millions of livres. Others estimated it at thirty, and others at forty millions. Be that as it may, the Flibustiers, who, according to agreement, were to receive the fourth of the whole, received only forty thousand dollars as their share. They were, however, already under sail, when they made this insignificant offer to the Flibustiers, to whom they were indebted for the victory and the spoils. Imagine the rage of the Flibustiers at this base act. POINTIS was at this time on board the fleet, which was at a considerable distance from the other vessels. The Flibustiers, determined to pursue and board his vessel, and the contemptible POINTIS, would have fallen a victim to their just indignation and revenge, had not one of them suddenly turned the tide of feeling into another channel by exclaiming:

"Why bawl we this day, my brothers? What do we gain by this? He left us our share at Carthagena—there we must seek it."

This proposition was received with clamorous applause. Wild joy dispersed their gloomy dissatisfaction, and they at once turned back to the ill-fated city, which they took without resistance. The freebooters confined all the men in the principal temple, and then one of them made the following address:

"We know full well that, in your sight, we are villians, without religion, without truth and faith, and that we appear to you more like demons than men. Your anathemas against us sufficiently evince your aversion to us; and your refusal to capitulate with us, but rather with POINTIS, is evidence of your mistrust. Here we are now, armed and ready to be revenged. Your pale countenances betray your fear and guilt. You tremble at your merited punishment. Know ye, then, that all the abusive epithets you heap upon us, belong only to the contemptible general under whom we conquered you. The treacherous wretch, for whom we opened your gates, has made himself sole master of the prize which our valor secured. His treachery brings us back again to your city, contrary to our will. Our reasonableness shall prove our honesty. Furnish us at once with five millions of livres, and we give you our word and honor that we will forthwith retire. But if you refuse us this small reparation, we swear, (here all raised their swords)—we swear that we will spare none—not even the unborn infant! Curses on the head of POINTIS! and death to you, if you hesitate a moment!"

After this bold and menacing address, a priest ascended the pulpit, and exhorted the people in the most affecting and entreating manner, to submit to the necessity of delivering up all the gold and other treasures they had yet remaining. But the threats of the Flibustiers had more effect than all the eloquence of the priest. They brought all they had, but it was not enough. Houses, churches and graves were pillaged, but nothing was found. And now the instruments of torture were employed. Four of the principal citizens were seized as victims from whom was to be extorted a confession as to where the state treasure was concealed. All were examined separately and singly, and all asserted their innocence so frankly and sincerely, that avarice itself was disarmed by the confident tone of conscious honesty. In the mean time, several merchants were discharged, to make the impression upon the minds of the multitude that the four citizens were shot for their obstinacy. The last the desired effect. On the self-same evening, one million of livres was deposited at the feet of the freebooters. At last, when the Flibustiers saw that the poor people had really nothing more to give, they raised their siege and sailed off. An unlucky chance brought them into the midst of an English and Dutch fleet, allies of Spain. Many of the small vessels of the Flibustiers were taken or sunk, and the rest fled to St. Domingo. This was the last remarkable expedition in the history of the Flibustiers.

It may now be asked, what became of the Flibustiers at last? Whither have they been scattered? What dissolved their confederation? What destroyed their unexampled courage? Different reasons may be assigned. The war of the Prince of Orange caused a breach between the English and French. Both nations, aware that the Flibustiers were active, brave and energetic, and able to promote and accelerate the advancement of their colonies, devised all kinds of cunning measures to secure these adventurers and give them honorable and lucrative employment. They entrusted the most distinguished of them with the command of civil and military posts. They captivated them by means of beautiful women, splendid leases, good land, &c. Thus the intrepid Flibustiers, who had hitherto been accustomed to lay waste the Spanish possessions, were now often compelled to defend them. And, finally, how was it possible to replace so many extraordinary men in the room of those who were daily dying off? All these circumstances, with many others, caused the dissolution of this most extraordinary association. Without system,—without laws—without subordination—without mercy—they were the wonder of their age, and will be the wonder of posterity. They would have conquered and subjugated America, had conquest, and not plunder, been their aim.

Had often had not England, France and Holland, with fleets into the New World,—and had often were not their proud schemes frustrated through unoriginal climate, pinching want, or some other fatal discouragement? But, behold! A small band of adventurers, with scarcely any implements of war, rules half the world, and causes the other half to tremble! What the Flibustiers wanted in number was made up in energy, skill and daring. A boundless passion for freedom produced and nourished in them that wonderful spirit of enterprise, that powerful nerve, that remarkable superiority, which neither military tactics nor governmental influence—neither wages nor any other consideration, could inspire.

What was it then that impelled these remarkable people to such daring exploits? Not want—for they knew none!, not covetousness—for they spent in one day what was the fruit of a month's labor, toil and bloodshed; not honor—else they would not have waged their heroism with such cruel barbarities; not the hope of ease and rest—else why incur new dangers? Why rush into the very arms of death?

But let us endeavor to find the true cause for the extraordinary existence of the Flibustiers, that we may arrive at the source of those wonderful events. The Flibustiers had lived under those forms of government which were characterized by tyranny and oppression. The pen of freedom had been silenced for centuries by royal restraints. But when it was once wielded it operated with incredible power, and produced results that startled even philosophy. This furnished an opportunity for various combinations, and the enthusiasts of all nations availed themselves of it. The attractions of novelty, the desire of a change of residence, the hope of seeking a fortune, a thirst for renown, the admiration which so soon changes into emulation, the necessity of overcoming difficulties in which their influence involved them, astonishing examples;—in short, the passing fermentation which produces heaven, earth, sea, human &c., in men, who, to-day, clothe themselves in gold, and to-morrow in rags,—who, to-day, bathe in blood, and to-morrow revel in pleasures;—*all these* things combined to form the character of this extraordinary people, which, like a meteor's glare, dazzled the admiring world for a time, and then disappeared forever.

We are accustomed to look upon these pirates with aversion. And this aversion is just; for though they displayed integrity, disinterestedness and generosity among themselves, they daily violated the laws of humanity. Still, amid all their atrocities, we behold a heroism which we cannot but admire,—a heroism that is worthy of shining in the annals of a virtuous people.

On one occasion the Flibustiers had pledged themselves, for a sum of money, to accompany and protect a richly laden Spanish ship. One of them proposed the plundering of the vessel. When MORGANTAUN, their leader, heard this, he at once resigned, and desired to be put on shore.

"You wish to forsake me?" they all exclaimed. "Do you think that we approve of the perfidy of this wretch?"

The offender was at once seized and put on shore and the whole company swore on MORGANTAUN'S sword, to be faithful to their leader and to their trust. Such is one instance of their integrity.

Neither the past nor the future will be able to produce a parallel to this singular people—a phenomenon almost as worthy of admiration as the discovery of the New World. The only inheritance of every Flibustier was his sword and his courage. They were every one's enemy and every one's terror. Daily exposed to hardships and dangers, they looked upon every day as the last of their life. Whether their bodies formed a resting-place in the bosom of the earth or in the depths of the ocean, was a matter of indifference to them. Without parents, friends, wives, children or country—without any object of attachment which might restrain or regulate their conduct, or render life desirable, they boldly and blindly ventured upon the most desperate undertakings. Incapable of enduring ease or want, and too proud to perform ordinary labor, they became, of necessity, the scourge of both the Old and the New World.

DEATH OF THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

DIED: At his father's residence in this place, at 7 o'clock last evening, of typhoid fever, TALCOTT BURR, Junr., aged 38 years and 8 months.

Thus in the prime of life, in the midst of an active, useful and honorable career, and in the enjoyment of all that could make the present happy, and the future bright and smiling, another victim has been struck down by the shaft of the great destroyer. Alas! for human life, and human hopes!

Of what avail now the bitter tears of a heart-ou oil family, the sorrowing regret of a host of friends, the generous sympathy of even his enemies? Of what avail the sad remembrance of all that was bright and generous and noble in his character? Yet, let tears fall, and sorrow, and regret, and sympathy be full and flowing, and memory be fresh and grateful. For he was worthy of them all.

Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!

The sad faces which pervade our community in these busiest days of the year, and the soft and and gentle tones in which his name is now every where heard, and never heard without a sigh of regret and a heartfelt tribute to his worth, are unmistakeable evidences of how T. BURR, Jr., was known and loved by those among whom he lived.

Born, living and dying in North Carolina, his hopes, affections, and ambition, all centered here. Gifted with a strong and discriminating mind, which a good education and careful and extensive reading had highly improved and cultivated, he at first determined to devote himself to the practice of the law. But after pursuing it for a few years, and finding it unsuited to his tastes, he resolved to adopt the profession of a public journalist, to which so many men of our country have risen to eminence and usefulness.

About seven years ago he established the Wilmington *Herald*, which was published semi-weekly for about three years, and then was converted into a daily journal. Possessing eminent qualifications for his new vocation, and devoting himself to it with untiring zeal and energy, he soon made his name familiar to the State, and established for the *Herald*, an enviable character among the journals of the day. Of his peculiar characteristics as a writer, it is idle to speak; for the daily columns of his paper have made them familiar to its readers long ago.—What will be most remembered, was his ready wit and bright and sparkling humor, overlaying a deep vein of strong, impulsive feeling. Quick, vivid, and dashing, never missing its point, yet never striking to wound,—abounding in gay and pleasant fancies, and always warm and genial as the summer air,—it touched the commonest topic of every day life, and imbued it with a new and charming attractiveness.

Strong and unwavering in his political faith, he was without the bitterness of party hostility, and discussed men and principles with a candor and courtesy which won respect even when it did not carry conviction.

Ardent in his attachment to his native State, and devoted heart and soul to her honor and welfare, every scheme for the advancement of her interests, the improvement of her resources, and the elevation of her character, found in him a ready and powerful advocate. Repeated offers of honorable position and more lucrative employment called him to other States; but he rejected them all, that he might be cast among his own people, and that whatever he had of ability and usefulness might serve only North Carolina.

To the large circle of his friends his loss is indeed irreparable. They alone were familiar with his real worth, and estimated it at its true value. Of the purest integrity, unbiassed by any rigid partisanism, high and chivalric in his ideas of honor, true and faithful in all his attachments, and generous in every sentiment, there was nothing little or mean in his nature. Gentle and genial as a child, yet not wanting all the living firmness of a man, shrinkingly modest and distrustful of himself, he shunned display, and reserved all the rare wealth of his mind and heart for the nearer intercourse of his family and friends, of whose society he was the life and sunshine.

He was indeed a man to love, and to remember.—*Wil. Herald, Jan. 6.*

A PERTINENT SPEECH.

During the debate in the House of Representatives on Tuesday, the Walker question elicited the following pertinent remarks:

Mr. Lovejoy (Ill.) said that if the neutrality laws were changed, he would vote in favor of the measure. He protested against this attempt to elevate into honor, a buccaneer, murderer and pirate, who six years had been disturbing the peace of neighboring nations. As for the fact that Com. Paulding had authority to arrest, the President admits, who says Walker is a fugitive from justice, and escaped from jail. [Laughter.] And now they were asked to bow to the magnanimity of the criminal who had yielded to the officer. [Laughter.] Great magnanimity indeed, when a man can't help himself! [Laughter.]

That was done under the police arrangements every day. If they had to bow to every such man as hero they would soon exhaust their power of admiration. [Laughter.] If Com. Paulding had hung him to the yard-arm he would have honored him for it. This is the treatment which pirates ought to have dealt out to them. He entered his protest against clothing a man with heroism and making him a martyr, when he is simply a rascal. [Excessive laughter.]

Interest on the Debt of North Carolina.—A New York paper says, "the Treasurer of North Carolina has provided not only for the coupons due next month, but also for the interest due on the Deep River Internal Improvement bonds guaranteed by the State."

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*Legat IX., king of France, who was canonized by Pope Boniface VIII., in 1297.