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to our friends to reach customers.

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From Graham's Magazine for May. SOME OF THESE DAYS. BY WALTER GRIEVE.

I had a royal estate upon the Mississippi, about a hundred miles above Orleans, managed by a man who was both a treasure and a curiosity; for he was entirely competent, entirely devoted to my interest, and su-premely honest. He must have been purposely created to take charge of my business. I think he was convinced of the fact -was proud of it, and believed that Fate and Nature had constituted him special guardian to my helpless self. Then I had bank stock and wharf property in Orleans, which paid me a great income. Christian Corke's nephew—a merchant there—col-lected it and paid me half-yearly. I had nothing to do even in my own affairs. You have seen some people on whom every body waits, and whom the world will not let help themselves. Well, it seems I am one of that sort. Everybody waits on

My father and mother slept under their marble slab among the orange trees. Once I had a wee sister, long ago. Her little urn glistened under the orange trees, too. There was no one to control me, not even dear old Aunt Deborah, who was my only near relative and who kept my house, because the did not know what that boy George would do without some one to look after him. In her eyes I was human perfection, and she waited on me more than the rest.

My own master, an ample fortune, and nothing to do-what a trinity of qualities. I read everything, from romances to polemics-from bagetelles to science-from poetry to politics-rode, hunted, fished, oated, and knew society from Boston to Orleans. I felt very comfortable, and was perfectly satisfied with my world as it was. I had reached the mature age of six and twenty without committing matrimenyworse still, had never tendered heart and hand to any one, and what some will think the height of atrocity, had seen no one to whom I had ever felt inclined to make the proffer. Was not this behaving badly? Aunt Ded evidently thought so. True, she never openly expressed the opinion, but for some time she had "kept up a might hinting." As time passed, her hints grew stronger. One evening she unmasked her guns, and opened their battery upon me. "George, do you know you were twenty six last week?" said the old lady, looking

under her spees at me, as I lay on a couch in the back parlor, teasing Una and reading Juvenal. I have a vague idea of the fact, aunt

Deb. All the servants came for presents, and you had dinner enough for a regiment. That looked like a birthday, somewhat." "You are getting old fast, George."

"Yes, aunt Deb, at the rate of one year every twelve months. But that's about the average, auntie, is it not?" "George, it is time you were married."

said the old lady, with evident effect, laying

aside blank cartridges and shooting her

"Why, everybody gets married. Don't you intend ever to be married, and do like

"Well, I reckon so, aunt Deb, some of these days." "Some of these days, indeed! Why not

now, Georgel"

"Well, aunt Deb, if I was married,

would have to be married to somebody, I suppose, and I am sure I don't know any ne whom I want, and no one shows a great desire for me." Whereupon, my good aunt, with most

praiseworthy industry, passed in review belady-acquaintances-old and young-thin and fat-long and short-blonde and brunette-expatiating on their merita as she brought them forth, as a shopman would show and recommend his wares, indulging in that fine belief, universally entertained by old lady relatives, that her nephew George had only to designate a preference, and the favored fair one would at once recognise his right of election, and be but too happy to take charge of his keys. But I would not select one; but on the contrary declined them all. Aunt Deb looked quite sad. She would have been angry if the thing had been possible, but it was not so; knows on, 'ceptin you and Miss Deb. Mass bidding me a mournful "goodnight," she

betook herself to her room.
"Good-night, aunt Deb," I replied to her adieu. "Don't be uneasy, I'll get married,

just to please you, one of these days." "What should I get married for, I won der," soliloquized I, after auntie had gone. "Married! bah, twenty years hence will do for that, but not now, not now-some of these days-and trimming the light, I stretched myself again upon the lounge in the back parlor, and went on with Juvenal. After awhile the servants came in, lighted up the front parlor brilliantly, ornamented it with a profusion of white flowers, and went out without saying anything to me. By and by persons, most of whom were strangers to me, entered and ranged themselves about the lighted room. They had a sort of expectant look, and conversed in low tones-none of them came into my room, said anything to me, or in any way recognised the fact of my existence, though

they could not very well help seeing me. was rather surprised at this, but supposing it was one of aunt Deb's church arrangements, with which I never meddled, lay still, waiting to see what would turn

up. Presently a strange minister, whose long white hair floated freely over his still ruddy face and sacerdotal robes, took his stand at the end of the room, and almost at the same moment six couples entered. and approaching him, filed off to the right and left. This looked marvellously like a marriage was to take place. Several of the gentlemen were my own friends, but I did not know one of the ladies. It was high time that I should know what sort of capers were about to be cut, so unexpectedly to me, in my own house; so, laying down the Juvenal, I patted Una on the head to keep her quiet, and was about to advance towards my company, when I saw aunt Deb standing at the door of the room I was in, beckoning to me. As a matter of course I went to her, feeling sure that she understood and could tell me the how and why of this strange procedure.

Brownie is waiting for you, George,' said aunt Deb, in a low tone, as a young lady in brida! dress and veil stepped through

the door, and stood before me.

She was indeed lovely. Hair of that rich, lustrous brown, which is the most beautiful in the world-a clear semi-brunette, with a nut-brown tint mingling with the warm blood in her cheek-a large, full, dark blue eye-a little active figure, yet round and exquisite in proportion, and a mobility of feature, which telegraphed in the face every feeling as rapidly as it entered the heart. She was such a woman as I had never seen before, and cannot remember that I had ever imagined. Instinctively I extended my hand to her, and when hers met mine there was something in its clasp wholly new to me. It seemed to wrap around mine, and the two hands | marry." as it were to be absorbed by each other. Almost unconscious of what I was doing and controlled by some influence, I know not what, I placed her hand upon my arm, and, with my eyes fixed on her, we advanced to the minister and took our places be fore him. The solemn marriage ritual of the Episcopal church proceeded, made more solemn still by the deep pathos of the old bishop's voice, and I, George, pledged my faith to her, Brownie, under the solemn sanction of the church. I lifted her veil and pressed my lips to hers. I had kissed bright lips before, many a time, but never as now. There was a something there, I have often since striven in vain to know what, the memory of which will cling to me forever. It seemed as if a new soul was entering into my soul, and mingling with it, and thenceforward my being was to

us with his hand, he said quietly: "Not yet, George, not yet, You are hers, and she is yours; but you must love onger, before you can possess her."

I objected and argued in vain. To all I urged the bishop replied only with this strange, cold smile, while the bridal cortege closed round my wife, and slowly followed the bishop from the room, leaving me astounded and half stupified in the middle of the floor. Aunt Deb closed the procession. As she passed out of the door she stopped a moment, faced round to me and said, with a queer look on her face-"Some of these days, George, some of

The lights went out one by one, leaving me there. The night air grew chill and damp around me. Una whined piteously and rubbed herself tremulously against my knees, till she half roused me from my stupor, and I went up to my chamber, puzzled, pestered, and sadly out of humor. thought over the awkward position in which I was, as well as my confused faculties would permit, and finally went to sleep, with a distinct determination to find out it the morning whether I was really and le gally married to Brownie, and if I was, to have her back in spite of all the bishops in

"What's the matter now?" I exclaimed, half asleep, as I found myself roughly sha-

"Time you was gettin up, Mass George Bofe bells dun ring. Miss Deb, she dun bin waitin brekfas for you long time—she fore me the whole catalogue of her young say, plase cum," grunted Jim, a young ebony of a dozen years, whom the butler had taken to keep in the dining room,

"Is Miss Deb at table?" yawned I. 'Yes, sir, she is so, been dar ever so long; I reckon she dun sot down and got up

again a dozen times. You aint sick, nor nothin, is you, Mass George?" "Who else is at table with her, Jim?" "Der aint nobody else. Der aint nobody

else fur to be dar, ceptin you. Git up, Mass George. "Where are all those people who were

here last night?" "Well, dere warn't nobody here, as

Corke be cum up to the house arter sunset, but he never cum in. All dem peoplewell, I declare, you's dream agin, Mass George. Git up fo you git fast asleep.' Dreaming! Well may be I am, but I'll

soon see; and, making my toilet as rapidly as I could, I went down, determined to know upon what sort of pretence aunt Deb had ventured to entrap me into matrimony with a lady I did not know, and then to spirit her away as soon as I was married Before going to the breakfast room, I went to the front door and examined the turf of the lawn. There was no trace of wheels etther upon the grass or carriage-track, and when I went in, the old lady was sitting at the head of the table, looking, just as she always did, innocent, simple hearted, and as good as she could be.

"Aunt Deb." I asked at length, "what became of you when you left the parlor last night!"

with the determination of finding Brownie and the bright young thing leaned back if she was above ground, and of marrying her head and laughed, as if she was enjoy-

after reading my bible a little while." "Nobody here last night, after sunset, was there?"

very odd, but no doubt Jim was right. I strange dream. With an almost tangible with every line and lineament perfectly distinct, and the low rich tones, in which she repeated the marriage vow, were still sounding in my ear. It no doubt was a dream, but still was so far a reality that I felt that, then and tenceforth, I was wed- Wheeling pier. ded to that woman, and never would be to any other. That day my whole mind was taken up with the memory of my dream and of Brownie. As a matter of course, I scarcely spoke to any one. Aunt Ded no-ticed it, and supposed I was coming over her good advice. After supper she drew her rocker up to my couch, and endeavored to improve the occasion.

"Well, George, I hope you have been thinking over what we were talking about last night?" "What's that, aunt Deb?" I asked, rous-

ing myself with a start. "Why, you know I advised you to get married, and you said that you would think about it."

"I intend to get married, aunt Deb, by all means.'

"Do you, my dear George? I am so de-lighted! Which of those we were talking about do you intend to take?"

"Pshaw! aunt Deb, you don't suppose would marry any of those girls, do you? If you do, you are very much mistaken."
"Well, I can tell you, sir, they are almighty good girls. If they won't suit you I should like to know whom you intend to

"Why, Brownie, of course." "Brownie? Who is Brownie? Brownie

"Why, the lady that-I can't tell you the rest of her name just yet. Aunt Deb, all I can tell you is, that I shall be married

There was a poser—when? exactly the thing I would like to know, but I did not; no, all I could do was to repeat what the Aunt Deb of my dream said; "Some of biously, and asked me no more questions then. But, though she was the best old be different and dual. I was about to fold her in my arms, to take her as mine, as a part of myself, when a strange smile came across the old bishop's face, and separating aunt Deb wanted to know if she was hand the old lady a full length portrait, which threw her in ecstacies.

Things went on as usual for two or three Brownie had become to me a real being, my household friend, every-day companion, and pure divinity; somebody to sit with, ride with, talk to- I cared nothing for female society, and when, as was not unfrequently the case, I found myself among ladies, my strong tendency was toward drawing comparisons between them and Brownie, weighing them in the balance and finding them most lamentably wanting.

One bright afternoon in the early spring was sauntering along the street in Mobile, lazily smoking a cigar, and thinking about Brownie, when I was met by a party com ing up. Seeing people close to me I raised my eyes, and there to my astonishment and joy, stood Brownie herself before me. Al most beside myself with happiness, I sprung forward and clasped her in my arms. She threw hers around my neck, and our lins met with the same warm, chinging kiss, which made our bridal salute. was a living, sentient being. We had really been married. They had taken her from me, and I had been fool enough to let them do it, and let aunt Deb, the old sinner, make me think I had been dreaming. Well, I had her once more, and I'd like to see any body seperata us again.

"Oh, Brownie, dear Brownie," said I kissing her again and again, without thinking for a moment what the passers by

and unwound it, with the other hand lifted a good cabin on a grassy hill-side. There was a wild shriek, and I found myself hurled with violence to the ground.

Aunt Deb found me packing my trunk. "What is that for, Georgef" queried the of course, I was obliged to here every word "Going somewhere, ma'am," I replied,

ging and kissing the sofa instad of Brow-

"Going to see Brownie, George!"

I go?" and I went on packing my trunk vous, to night. I declare it is so funny; with the determination of finding Brownie and the bright young thing leaned back her if I did find her. It was a beautiful ing something hugely,

"Went straight to bed, honey-that is, spring day when I set out and began to steam up the Mississippi, spending a few days with this friend, and a few more with that, until at last I found myself on the "Nobody that I heard of, George."

I looked hard at the old lady. It was plain she was not deceiving me. It was ing to go to Pittsburg, strike across the must have been dreaming. But it was a country eastward and perhaps go to Cape clever." May or Saratoga, or wherever else chance reality I could see Brownie then before me, might lead me. As I stepped on the boat, in the dusk, I met an old college mate, and of some queer notion she had about somelighting a cigar from his, stood near the body, but never could get at the story. Tell gangway talking to him without entering me all about it, won't vou?" the cabin, until between ten and eleven

> "Clear the gangway there, gentlemenout with the mail bags. Hurrah with the about two or three o'clock she woke me baggage there, boys," shouted the mate. up, "Bettie," said she, "I'm married; and "We are two hours behind time, and they've taken me away from my husband, musn't hang here a second longer than we or him from me, and you don't know how can help. Push on now with your ladies, miserable I feel."
> sir, everybody's ashore but you; hate to "I knew she hurry you, but carry the mail and 'hind

As the ladies spoken to were hurried past, a low voice, which seemed very familiar to me, said.

"I hate to leave this boat, for I know he's "Pshaw, coz, you're foolish. You'd have seen him if he had been, and you say you man I ever saw; at least, I think so.'

will know him."

"Yes, I know he's here." I stepped forward to see who they were to me. But, oh, Bettie! I do love him so -at that second the plank was drawn up, dearly! Where is he?" the lashings thrown off, and the boat began to sheer from the wharf. At the same moment the ladies turned to look at the boat. The lamp fell full on their faces, and there

stood Brownie on the pier.
"Stop!" I exclaimed, "I go ashore here." "Too late, sir," sung out the mate, "couldn't stop now, sir, for the President

"It is very important that I should go ashore here. I'll pay any amount if you'll

"Couldn't, sir, if you'd give me all Virginny. 'Taint no sort of use to talk about it-hind time."

"Well, tell me who those last ladies were who went ashore."

"Can't tell, sir-came aboard since din ner, going east—eastern people, may be."
I cast my eyes mournfully towards the wharf, where Brownie was still standing, she would know him again if she was to these days." Aunt Deb looked at me du and waved my handkerchief towards her. She returned the signal. Just then, some one on the upper deck sang out, "Not yet, soul in the world, she still was remotely George, not yet, some of these days." I descended from Eve, and it was hard to turned round with a stamp to confront the know that a wedding was on the carpet old bishop, but 'twas only a deck hand in the next week, at odd times, she tried to as it was, the evil was not without its so get at Brownie's history, and asked where lace. This time I was not dreaming. she lived; whether her parents were living; Brownie was real. She was going east, so how long I had known her; when our are was I, and I knew that we must meet some rangement commenced; why I had never of these days, if not sooner. I hunted Phila- about it. told her more about it, and when I was to delphia and Cape May, New York and visit her. On all these subjects I had to Saratoga, Boston and Newport, but Brow-fight very shy, but made up for it when nie was not to be seen. I came at last to After cruising round, I was going from Washington to Philadelphia to join a party, when the train slowed as we get near the Relay House. Another train was movmonths. Though it was only a dream, ing slowly by. I was leaning my head listlessly against the car window, when from "Oh, there he is, look?" I turned my head carelessly, and there at the ear window, for one second, I saw Brownie looking at me, her eyes radiant and her cheeks in very sensible people." glowing. Another second, the engines let on their steam, rushed away in opposite dithe conductor at once; as a matter of course

> ble for him to stop the train. If he did, I could never catch the other. "Never mind, colonel," said he, consol ingly, "you'll have better luck next time, and light on your friend some of these days." "Hang some of these days. Where was

he was in the furthest car. It was impossi-

Which train was it? One was going south, the other west. I had noticed but the one, so I only knew that Brownie was going somewhere away from me. My 'hiladelphia party determined to go to the Virginia Springs, and a few days saw us half covered with dust, emptied from a stage coach at the White Sulphur. It was the height of the season, and the crowd tremendous. Estables were rare at any price, and money could command no bet ter lodging than a very small mattress upon the ball-room floor. As fairy feet were would say. "I have you now, my dear, moving over that floor until midnight and then some fifty fus were turned loose into "Not yet, George, not yet. Some of the one room, a single night's experience these days," and there stood that confound-satisfied me, and I went over to the old ed old bishop, with his strange smile and Sweep, where some one told me accommosilver tones. He put his hand on my arm dations were to be had. They gave me Brownie into a carriage, and, leaping in after her with an activity surprising in so bulky a man, drove off. But he was not ate a capital supper and dressed; by that able to elude use so, and, as the carriage time the band was audible in the ball room started, I made a desperate spring after it Everybody seemed going, and, as I had and caught the door with my right hand, nothing else to do, I went too. The ball room was crowded, especially near the door, I and it was difficult to get in. Once in, I gathered myself up and looked around. I ascertained that the centre of the room wa was not in Mobile but in the back parlor. occupied by a huge cotillion of half a doz Confound it, I had been dreaming again. en or more couple to a side, while the look When I sprang after Brownie, my foot came ers on stood around half a dozen deep. As down upon Una. Her yelp was the shriek a man will do in a strange place, I got a This gag to humbug the public is well hit a joke not worth carrying out. What ac-I had heard. Her struggles upset me. deal in the rear, and began to look over off by the following announcement: For aught I know I may have been hug- the crowd to see if I could see any familiar faces. Before me stood a very pretty girl, leaning on the arm of a fine handsome fellow, chatting away in high glee about some of the occurrences of the day. As a matter

"Where's your cousin?" he asked, pres-

ently.
"In her cabin," was the reply. "Certainly, aunt Deb, where else should will be in after a while. She's a little ner-

"What makes her nervous this evening, [does she expect a declaration?"

"I do not know that she does; but she has been saying, for the last two hours, that know there's no mistake about her being

"Very smart woman, indeed; unusually so-but tell me all about that. I've heard

"Well, I'll tell you. Last winter, someo'clock, when the boat stopped at the where about the first of December, we were down at Uncle Harry's, in Mississippi. Coz. and I used to sleep together. One night

> "I knew she had been dreaming, and supposed she was only half awake then; so I thought I'd talk to her, find out her dream, and laugh at her in the morning, for she always cared less about beaux than any girl I ever saw; so, said I,

"Well, that's a pity, coz. Was he hand-"Yes, Bettie, he was the handsomest

"Did you use to know him, coz?" "Never saw him before they married him

"He'il be back presently, I reckon. What was his name?'

"George." "George who? What was his other

name?" "I don't know"-and, sighing wearily she turned over and went to sleep again. "In the morning I jested her about it, but she took it very gravely. She said she had been married to George, and he had been separated from her. She loved him very dearly, and knew she would be his wife one of these days; but she wished she could be then. Well, every now and then she would talk to me about George; but, except being able to describe him very minutely, she can tell nothing of him; seems so confused she cannot get it straight in her own mind.

"That is rather odd. Does she think

"Certainly; and more than that, she say she knows when he is near her, and has seen him twice. In the spring, she insisted that he was on the boat with her, and after we got on the wharf declared that she saw and have her imagination stop there. So, shouting to one of his fellows. Well, bad him, and he knew her at once. About two weeks ago she said she saw him pass in the cars, and that he knew her again. Now she says he is here to night. She is very anxious to see him, but feels very nervous "What do you think of all this."

"I don't know what to think," said Miss not to be seen. I came at last to Bettie, gravely. "It any one else were to lusion to stop looking for her, and talk so, I should think they were crazy. some, for there I was fully posted, and gave trust to Providence to bring us together. But I know she is not crazy. I wish I knew what to think. What is your opinion of it?"

"Merely the effect of an over-excited im agination. In her dream she has recalled to her memory the face of some person she had seen, perhaps in childhood, and seeing the opposite car I heard some one exclaim, the persons you allude to for only a few seconds, she saw in them a real or imaginary resemblance to the face. Those cases of excited fancy are not uncommon, even

"Excited imagination-thunder!" mut tered I. "Brownie's here now;" and with rections, and I could see only a kerchief eager eye I scanned the crowd, moving fluttering from the window. I hunted up through it as well as I could, until I go eager eve I scanned the crowd, moving near the dining room door, through which most of the ladies entered the ball-room Presently I heard a voice. I knew it was her's at the first word. I looked under the arm of a huge man before me, at d there was Brownie, in all her glorious beauty, leaning on the arm of an old gentleman. My heart beat-every pulsation sounding through me like the clang of a sledge hammer. Presently her escort left her for a while, and lifting the huge man out of the way, I extended my band to her, and could say nothing but "Brownie!" Her face turned white as marble, and then the red blood rushed back to it. She only said "O George?" but her soft, small hand met mine with the same encircling, absorbing clasp. I looked round to see that no one was noticing us, drew her out of the door, and throwing over her head the first scarf I laid my hand on, we wandered through the long dining room into that glorious old portico which runs the whole length of the ailding. Among that old portice we walked that night until the hall was thin ned, and the last dancer left, and the band put up their instruments in their green bags, and went-nobody knew were; and when, at midnight, I bade her good night at her cabin door, she was my Brownie and I was

I am writing in the old back parlor, and at the table with me sit Brownie and aun Deb, while upon the carpet, all mixed up into one, are Una, and little Brownie and

A HIT AT BARNUM .- It was announced an immense gutta percha ball-hollow-in which to make the descent of Niagara Falls,

PROGRESS.-There is at present in operation near Boston a jumping locomotive which only touches the ground once in mile. It is perfectly round, the machinery in the centre, and is coated externally with India rubber. So soon as the patent has been secured, its proprietor supposes that thousands of them will be seen "bobbin" around" the world, so that to the man in the moon the earth will look like a big cheese covered with "skippers." Who denies that this is really a "fast age?"

girls hands "the palmy season of life

The Cotton Trade of the World. The Secretary of State has presented to

Congress some comprehensive and valuable tables, exhibiting the amount of the cotton trade of the world for the last five years, with the various tariff duties and custom house regulations. These statistics show the important part the United States perform in this trade. This country has export ed an average of more than a thousand million of pounds of cotton in each of the five years past, of which quantity more than seven hundred million pounds went to England, and nearly two hundred million pounds to France, from which this latter Government derived an annual revenue of nearly three millions of dollars. The amount of cotton exported in 1855 was—to Great Britain, 673, 498,259 lbs., free of duty; to France, 210, 113,809 lbs., duty of \$3.72 per 220 lbs., in national vessels, and \$6.48 in foreign vessels, duty paid \$2,939,300; to Spain, 33,071,795, duty 97 1-2 cts. per 102 lbs. in national vessels, and \$1.85 in foreign vessels, paid \$265.296; to Russia, 448,896, 18 3 4 data \$65.296; to Russia, 448,896, 18 3 4 duty for 36 lbs., paid \$47,018; to Hanse Towns, 30,809,991, duty paid, \$25,795; to Belgium, 12,219,553, free; to Austria, 9,-761,465, free; to Sardinia and Italy, 16,-087,064, different rates; to Mexico, 7,527, 079, duty \$1.50 on 101 lbs., paid \$103,-118; to Holland, 4,941,414, free; to Sweden and Norway, 8,428,437, different rates; to British North American Provinces, 883, 204, free; to Denmark, 209,186, free; to Cuba, 9,620, duty paid \$2,355; to Portugal, 144,006, duty paid, 19 cents; else-where, 270,822. Total amount exported in 1855, 1,003,424,601 pounds, which, at an average price of eight cents per pound. would produce the sum of \$80,273,968,08.

The annual average importation of cotton from all countries into England, the last five years, has been 838,335,984 pounds, of which amount, according to British authorities, 661,529,220 pounds, or more than three fourths, were from the United States. 715,525,296 pounds is the usual consumption in Great Britain, the rest is exported to the continent. About six-sevenths of the cotton received at Liverpool comes from the United Stases; four fifths are estimated to be imported for the factories of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The number of spindles in operation in England is estimated at more than twenty millions. The value of cotton supplied by the United States to Gr at Britain, in 1855, was \$57,-616,749, being about the average each year the last four. About one tenth of the cotton imported from the United States is re exported from England, while nearly one-half of that imported from British India is never used in her factories, but is sent away. These facts are significant of their relative value. American cotton is estimated as one hundred per cent. superi or to that of India. Cotton constitutes in value more than two-thirds of the domestic exports of the United States to France. her supplies of cotton from the Levant, and and shameless robbery of a P

were previous to the war, 495 cotton factoproducing annually 40,907,736 pounds of teeth of the British bear! The Mazzini, the

Before the breaking out of the late war, the manufacture of cotton in the Russian empire was progressing with extraordinary activity. The number of spindles exceed ed 350,000, producing annually upwards stimulates this branch of manufactures in that point for the teas and other merchandise of China. In former years this article was supplied almost exclusively by Great Britain, but the Chinese prefer the Russian manufacture, and hence the steady progress of that branch of industry. Thus annually ncreasing importations of the raw materi al and constant diminution in the quantity of cotton varus imported is accounted for. Were raw cotton admitted, as in England, free of duty, the United States would most but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as probably supply, in the direct trade, the ever. Of the ancient architecture of the whole quantity consumed in that empire. Holy City, not one stone is left upon ano-As it is, the commercial reforms in Russia, already announced officially and now in progress, comprehending, as they do, the The columns of the Persepolis are moulderestablishment of American houses at St. ing into the dust; but its cisterns and aque-Petersburg, must necessarily tend to that ducts remain to challenge our admiration. result .- South Carolinian.

The Evening Post's Washington correspondent has the following items:

"I have already mentioned, among Mr. Brooks' testimonials for his recent achieve his rays as when thousands of worshippers ment, the live-oak, silver topped cane pre- thronged its lofty colonnades. It may sented by Northern shipmasters doing but that London will share the fate of Babylon, siness in Charleston, which he is said naturally to prize above the others on account of the superiority it manifests to local pre-judice on the part of the donors.

"Let me mention another, which came gift of The Alleghanies of Yirginia.' This nor temple, but some vast reservoir. onsists of three well pronged hickory sticks, if the light of any name should still flash each marked with a card attached, on which are these words: 'For occasional use. Mr. Brooks, as I understand, is instructed A Hir at Barnum.—It was announced sometime since that Barnum was preparing one to Senator Wade, of Ohio. For some benevolence. This is the glory which outby the givers to present one of these canes reason, however, the consignee has not lives all other, and shines with undying complied, possibly regarding the request as lustre from generation to generation, imtion the injured Senators will take to obtain the property remains to be seen.

"Mr. Brooks still receives threatening letters at the rate of from ten to sixteen by each mail from the North. Some of these missives give him twenty four hours to pre- Swift-"The air of Ireland is very excellent

Mr. Jaycocks changed his boarding house, the other day, because his landlord would persist in bringing sausages home bureau to hang his boots on.

SENATORIAL PORTRAITS.—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Com-mercial contributes to the columns of that sheet the following pen and ink sketch of some of the more prominent of our present

Federal Senators; "I looked in on the Senate to day. Gen. Cass is a ponderous old fellow, with a massive head, which he covers with a rusty, old brown wig, and keeps opening and shut-ting his mouth and sucking his breath be-tween his teeth, as if he coustantly tasted something disagreeable. John M. Clayton is more enormous than Gen. Cass, and his face, though fat, is magnificent. He is the best looking man in the Senate, and laughs heartily at intervals from two to five minutes. His hair is as white as snow, and his big eyes glisten all the time with intelligence and humor. Seward is as stalwart in appearance as a pair of tongs. He does not weigh more than a bundred pounds. His hair is short and looks dead; his eyes are hidden behind a pair of gold spectacles. His face is thin, pale and wrinkled, but its lines are firm, and he appears to be what he is -- a man of restless intel-lecct. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, is the thickest at the waistband, though not uncomfortably heavy. His face is bright, and his hair, which he wears long and in a singular confusson, is white as newly washed lamb's wool. Hale's appearance indicates that he has been fed liberally on fat pork and butter milk. Pugh looks younger when among the old, bald, or white headed and big-bellied Senators than I ever before saw him. A majority of the Senators have naked patches on the top of their heads, and quite half of them are the opposite of slender. They chew tobocco very much as other folks, so far as I could discover, and immediately after adjournment several of them lit cigars, and leaning back appeared to feel comforta-

NAPOLITAN ABUSE OF THE ENGLISH.—The following is a specimen of the literature of Naples, as indicating the spirit of the gov-ernment towards the English. It is from 'Le Spie.' "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, exclaimed my little Maltese servant, shivering with fear. For these excommunicated Jacobins, said he, God has sent us the cholera, and for these English dogs, yet more excommunicated, who have given them a reception, we shall now surely die, if St. Paul does not save us; nor could a truer sentiment proceed from the lips of in-nocence. Most holy Paul, thou who from the asp and the viper didst tear the poison-ed tooth for the salvation of the children of Publius, wield thy sword to strike off the heads of those famished wolves. Avenge the shame of having lent thy name to altars raised to heresy-destroy the fox of Albion-rescue us from shipwreck. The irritable political ruffianism of a Minto-the insidious pharisaic eloquence of a Cobden Next to the United States to France. Next to the United States, France derives stone—vivified and animated by the sordid the third place is held by South America. and of as many others as have preceded or There are at present in Russia, or there shall follow him in the Judaising ministry, have pillaged the world, so as not to leave ries, employing 112,427 operatives, and the skin of man uninjured by the bloody varus and corresponding amounts of tex Proudhiani, the Kossuth, and all the refuse of the creation, will be always the rusty, distort ed instruments attached to the adulterated garter of the English shield, for the rapine of the rich spoils of the human race. Who does not know that our silks, our rags, our of 10,800,000 pounds of cotton yarns. The libidinous limbs of this prostituted, shameskin, are constantly designed to cover the barter trade with the Chinese at Kiachta less, stinking hag, and that we shall be Russia, as the article of cotton velvet con- arms, and assuage her with our blood, if ever condemned to satiate her with our stitutes the leading staple of exchange at the mercies of God do not save us?" &c. This work was written f rand paid for by a member of the Neapolitan government.

tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveler slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. .The gorgeous palace of the wisest monarchs, with the cedar, and ivory, and even the Temple of Jerusalem, ballowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; ther; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence to the present day. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The temple of the Sun, at Tadmor in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountains sparkle as freely in and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling brickwork; but the Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of that art should "Let me mention another, which came by Adams' Express, purporting to be the may believe that it will be neither palace through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who, in his day, sought the happiness of his fellowmen

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL -- The

Voltaire related to Mr. Sheridan the following anecdote of Swift: "Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant, said to pare for death. Some are anonymous, or signed 'An Old Member of the House;' others have the name attached in full."

Switt— The air of treating is very except and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, falling down on his knees, before her, "don't say so in England, for if you do they will certainly tax it."

parting to its work something of its own

More or It.-Senator Wilson, in a some one calls the time of squeezing the Slocum objected to his driving nails in the lodgings, Mr. S. remarked: "I shall give it speech at Worcester, said, that when he and I to them again, if God spares my life.