

TERMS. The South-Western is published weekly...

TORNEY AT LAW, No. 30 St. Charles street, New Orleans.

CHAS. V. JONTE, Second Justice of the Peace for the Parish of Orleans.

BENJAMIN & MICOU, Attorneys at Law, No. 49 Canal street, New Orleans.

C. ROSLIEUS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Custom-house street, New Orleans.

OSCAR ROUBIEU, Cotton Factors & Commission Merchants, No. 61 Carondelet street, New Orleans.

MOSES GREENWOOD, Commission and Forwarding Merchants, No. 23 Carondelet street, New Orleans.

PURVIS, GLADDEN & HEARD, Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants, No. 35 St. Charles street, New Orleans.

ARMSTRONG, HARRIS & CO., Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants, No. 35 St. Charles street, New Orleans.

GEO. W. SILLAW & CO., Commission Merchants, No. 24 Poydras street, New Orleans.

B. TOLEDANO & TAYLOR, Commission Merchants, Commercial Place, between Camp and St. Charles, New Orleans.

PETERS, WILLARD & CO., Wholesale and Retail Grocers, Corner of Old Levee and Bienville streets, New Orleans.

TAYLOR, HADDEN & CO., Have removed their clothing establishment to No. 66 Canal street.

DR. GUSTINE'S OFFICE, For the treatment of diseases of the Eye and operations of the Eye.

POOLEY, NICHOL & CO., Florida Yellow Pine Lumber Yard, Corner of Cedar and Julia streets.

C. FLINT & JONES, Wholesale and retail dealers in fashionable cabinet furniture.

B. BROWER & CO., House Furnishing Store, No. 17 Camp street.

New Orleans & Texas U. S. Mail Line. Every Sunday and Thursday.

EVERY SUNDAY AND THURSDAY, HOUSTONIA, Captain W. H. Talbot, MEXICO, John Lawless.

C. M. SIMPSON, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, 116 Canal street, New Orleans.

CONVERSE & CO., Grocers, Corner of Fulton and Canal streets, New Orleans.

House Furnishing Goods, Nos. 73 & 75 Camp street, New Orleans.

J. WEST, Practical Dentist, 112 St. Charles street, New Orleans.

J. WATERMAN & BROTHER, Hardware Merchants, Corner of Common and Magazine streets, New Orleans.

MAISON DE SANTE, Corner of Canal and Claiborne streets, New Orleans.

THOMAS L. WHITE, No. 105 Canal street, second door below the Mechanics and Traders' Bank.

WATER COLORS, Newman's, Rettes & Son's, Osborn's.

WINDOW GLASS, 500 lbs of double extra, No. 810 to 33x65.

LEEDS' FOUNDRY, CORNER OF DELORD & FOUTHER STREETS, NEW ORLEANS.

PHILA. SADDLERY WAREHOUSE, (Sign of the Golden Horse Head), No. 6 Magazine, near Canal street.

MAGIE & KNEASS, Dealers in Saddlery, Harness and Findings for saddlers, coach, trunk and shoemakers.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTORY OF Saddles, Bridles, Harness, &c., On Texas street, Shreveport.

FOREIGN WINE & LIQUORS, Dealer in Domestic Spirits, Nos. 54 and 56 Broome street.

THOMAS MONTRE, GENERAL COLLECTOR, No. 25 Camp street, New Orleans.

DAUGHTER'S STORY. "Do you remember, dear Aunt Ruth," I said, "that you once promised to tell me a story connected with that grand house and your own little cottage?"

"The calm, happy expression of Aunt Ruth's face, which I had never before seen disturbed, suddenly changed to one of intense sorrow, or rather, a quick thrill of pain seemed to follow my few words."

"You shall have your wish, my love," and then added in a low voice—"It is right that I should tell it."

"The latter part of her speech the venerable lady ruminating to herself and then addressed to me, then drawing her fine figure to its utmost height, and folding her thin white hands upon her lap, she commenced her narrative, which, however, I prefer putting into my own language, believing that Aunt Ruth's natural modesty prevented her from doing justice to the heroine of 'Aunt Ruth's Story.'"

"Walter is late this evening, Mildred, and yet I am almost certain that I saw him pass on the river an hour ago. I may have been mistaken, but I wish you would run down to the old summer-house and see if the boat is moored. We ought to have got through a good portion of business to-night."

"The speaker, a fine old man of some seventy winters, turned as he spoke toward a deep window, where a young and strikingly handsome woman sat reading her book upon her lap, and gazing with look of abstraction upon the twilight shadows as they deepened over the broad river, flowing at the bottom of a long terrace-walk in front of the house. Her father's voice suddenly recalled her dreamy thoughts, and rising hastily, she said—"

"Yes, dear father, I shall enjoy a stroll to-night, and if the trout has not yet arrived, I can watch for him a little longer from the summer-house. We do not know what may have detained Walter," she added, tenderly raising the old man's hand to her lips, "he knows your love of punctuality, and I am certain he would not willingly keep you in suspense."

"Mildred Vernon was the only child of a widowed parent. A beauty and an heiress, she was, as might be supposed, not without a goodly string of admirers, of these her father's choice and her own affection fell upon a relative of her own, whom her father had brought up to his own calling—that of an East India merchant. Acustomed from boyhood to regard her cousin with affectionate admiration, Walter Vernon deemed it an easy task, at Mr. Vernon's affectionate suggestion, to yield up a free heart to her keeping, and he agreed gratefully to the proposals made to him by his uncle, which ended in his being, at two years of age, promised to her to her father's immense fortune."

"Mildred, however, whose ignorance of Mr. Vernon's previous influence with her cousin led her to believe that the declaration of his love was as earnest and independent of extraneous circumstances as her own affection, their engagement was very different, and for some time the happiness of her young life seemed without a cloud."

"Situating in a remote corner of the grounds which surrounded Mr. Vernon's mansion, was a low, thatched hut, covered with monthly roses and honey-suckle up to its lowly eaves, and surrounded by a galaxy of blossoms. This snug and roomy dwelling had for years been the abode of Roger Lee, Mr. Vernon's gardener. Here, too, his only child Alice was born, and here, some years after, the strong man and his young daughter went together over the lifeless form of a beloved wife and mother, and sympathy which had always existed between Mr. Vernon and his faithful servant seemed more firmly cemented by the melancholy sameness of their motherless childhood. The little Alice, an object of interest to the worthy merchant, born in the autumn of the same year which made him a widowed father, Mr. Vernon looked upon her more in the light of a pretty playfellow to his own beautiful child, which kindly feeling was displayed in the liberality with which he provided an education for Alice Lee, better suited to her extreme loveliness and natural elegance of mind, than to her mere conventional position."

"Half an hour before the conversation between Mr. Vernon and his daughter, which we have already related, Alice Lee, who had been seen gazing anxiously on the broad river and the distant prospect, pushed back the sash of a window-paneled casement until it rested upon a ledge of roses and green leaves, she bent over the low window-sill, and her golden curls clustered round her forehead. Suddenly she started up, as the gentle sound of oars met her ear, and raising a face glowing with love and hope, Alice passed quickly from the cottage parlor into the box-drover walk which led to the river."

"Sweet Alice, am I not punctual?" exclaimed a clear, melancholy voice, which, in a young man, elegantly dressed in the fashionable costume of the day, was actually on the broad oaken steps, which led from the river, and stood beside the gardener's daughter."

"Yes, dear Walter, very punctual, and yet I thought you long, and have been waiting so anxiously for the sound of the oars. But you look sad and anxious, Walter. What has troubled you?"

"The young man's brow grew darker, and with passionate earnestness upon the sweet upturned face which rested against his shoulder, and then exclaimed—"

"Dear one, would you still desire to hear the cause of my sorrow, if you know that such knowledge must make you a partaker of it? Can you love her best, my Alice?"

"Oh, Walter!" murmured Alice reproachfully, as she hid her tearful face on his bosom. "Dear, dear Walter, can you not yet trust my love?"

"I do trust your love, my own sweet Alice, and this only adds to my self-reproach, because, Alice," and the speaker bent his head lower over the drooping form, which clung to him so fondly—"it will soon be a sin for me to love each other at all, for, unconscious as I still am of the nature of my own sin."

"Alice Lee raised her head, and gazing for a moment into her lover's face, as if to read there a contradiction to the words he had spoken, sprang from the still circling arm which had supported her, and as pale as the white roses which clustered round the arbor where they had been seated, she appeared to wait in stupid silence for an explanation."

"Another moment, and the rustic of a lady's dress dressed the bewildered girl to turn's eyes from the stern look of sorrow which was so plainly portrayed in her companion's face, to exclaim in an expression equally fearful of the beautiful features of the intruder. Like some fair statue on whose incense the intensity of hopeless despair was traced by a master chisel, stood Mildred Vernon. Her large dark eyes were fixed upon the young pair

before her with an expression of agony which seemed to overpower their sorrow in sympathy with hers. The quick perception of Alice seemed at once to understand the mystery, and gliding from the seat where she had crouched in her sudden grief, she took the passive hand which hung by Mildred's side, and raising it to her lips, exclaimed wildly—"

"Forgive him, dearest lady, only forgive Walter—he will love you. Oh! he does love you already, as you deserve. See, he is weeping! He does not love me now, that is past, dear lady and you will forgive him, and be his wife!"

"Pale and lifeless, the unhappy speaker sank at the feet of her rival, who appeared suddenly recalled to her usual self-possession. In a calm voice, she bade Walter carry the fainting Alice to an adjoining summer-house, where she watched with intense solicitude for the first sign of recovery. Then beckoning her cousin to her side, she placed Alice Lee's hand in his, and without tracing Alice's look into his face, said slowly:—"You must tell Alice, Walter, that you are not going to marry your cousin, that you may love her without sin, and sin, that you may love me myself! You may not like to see my father to-night, to-morrow, I will prepare him for an interview. There, now see this poor girl to her home."

"Passing rapidly on to her house, Mildred Vernon sought in the solitude of her own chamber, upon her bedded knees, that consolation which her crushed heart so sorely needed, and she arose at length, strengthened and confirmed in the generous self-sacrifice her noble, impulsive nature had at once suggested. She went, indeed, to her room, but the resolution which she had formed, that in the end it would prove a wholesome medicine, which in time might bring back some degree of peace to her troubled spirits."

"Your engagement with Walter at an end! What on earth do you mean, child? I always gave you credit for knowing your own mind a little better than the most of women. Give your reason for this behavior, Mildred!"

"Mildred was silent for a moment, as if struggling with some inward emotion, the signs of which were painfully visible on her features, as, with a sudden effort, she said firmly:—"Even as, my aunt, I am losing what I prize so dearly, your good opinion, my dear father, I can assign no other reason than the one already given—namely, that our marriage, if persisted in, would be a source of misery to both of us. Pray believe that this is not grounded upon mere caprice, deep searching into my own heart, and a clear knowledge of Walter's feelings, have alone led me to decide thus. Only let me ask this favor, dearest father," and the beautiful girl clasped the old man tenderly round her neck, and bent fondly over him, "that you will not alter your pecuniary arrangements with Walter in consequence of this change in my views, and that you will be as much your own as you have been had he married your only daughter."

"And what becomes of my daughter? If she is satisfied to be a portionless beauty for her cousin's sake, might not her future husband reasonably regard this preference of a once favored lover with something nearly akin to jealousy?"

"Dear father, do not pain by speaking thus. In giving up Walter, I give up all thoughts of a marriage. My dear mother, is it not so? Nay, I am glad to promise not to visit the sin of my fickleness, as you term it, upon Walter, so make me happy now by ratifying that promise."

"Mildred's soft clear voice fell perceptibly, in spite of her efforts to appear calm, and when Mr. Vernon raised his head, and looking up into her face, he saw that she had been weeping."

"Come, my Mildred, no tears. We will say no more to this matter, my sweet child, and as to this other matter, I shall be content, nearly as you would have it, if only my Mildred must be mistress of this old house, that cannot be Walter's, now."

"Mr. Vernon kept his word, and when a year after the events just related, his nephew followed him to the grave, he returned to find himself master of the princely fortune he believed to have forfeited by his inconstancy. Some months later, Walter led his gentle Alice to a handsome home in the city, where his happiness would have been complete but for the painful knowledge that this happiness was built upon the blighted hopes of her to whom he owed all his prosperity."

"In accordance with his father's wish and the provisions of his will, Mildred Vernon still kept up her establishment at Battersea, living in a quiet usefulness and benevolence until all traces of her sorrow seemed to have been chased away. Mildred had sedulously avoided meeting her cousin after the death of her father, and she had not seen Alice since the fatal scene which opened her eyes to her lover's real feeling toward herself. The sudden news of the entire failure of one of Walter's business speculations at length roused her to more active efforts. Determined, at any sacrifice, to secure the comforts of her beloved estate to Mildred, she went, in some measure, resigned, from her embarrassments, to the generous idea was no sooner conceived than executed, and a second time in his life, Walter found himself saved from comparative ruin by the woman he had so cruelly wronged."

"Years passed on, the mortgage upon the old mansion was at length closed and it passed into the hands of a stranger, while its once wealthy mistress retired to the cottage of old Roger Lee, which with a large portion of garden, she had managed to retain, and here, with one faithful attendant, her days flowed by as peacefully as when she was surrounded by luxuries of fortune."

"Not until Alice sorrowed over the lifeless form of her husband, did Mildred conquer her feelings sufficiently to visit her. She did then forget and conquer them. It was to her earnest sympathy and active diligence, that the widow of Walter Vernon, and her daughter Mildred, were indebted for a more comfortable maintenance than the embarrassed state of the merchant's affairs would allow. Mildred lived to see this orphaned namesake the wife of a rich and worthy citizen, and to find her own reward in the peace of a good conscience, and the affection and reverence of the grand-children of her early and only love—Walter Vernon."

"Such was Aunt Ruth's story of her own cheerless life, for my readers will have long since guessed that she was the beautiful and generous Mildred Vernon of my tale. It is a tale, however, that is not a fiction. Romantic as is the love-devotion of our heroine, and unnatural as is the facility with which the father yielded to her wishes, there are many who will be able to strip the narrative of its tinge of disfigure, and detect in it an episode of real life."

Traces of Travel to Texas. We copy the following article from the Philadelphia Presbyterian, to which it was communicated by Mr. Walker, who lately visited this place.

Messrs. Editors.—I recollect having read, some years ago, an essay, I believe by Lord Bacon, upon the desiderata, or the things to be done, in science, but however much has been accomplished since his day, how immensely have the desiderata increased! Every new discovery but reveals our ignorance, and opens up a thousand new fields for investigation. But the great difficulty is, to know what has been done, and mankind, in general, are ignorant of this as of what remains to be done. These remarks are suggested by the position in which I now find myself. I am unwilling to repeat what others have said before me, and what is generally known, but the physical history of the United States is so fragmentary a state, that I know not where to find it, and must write it as a venture."

It was my misfortune to visit the south when the greater part of the trees and shrubs were stripped of their foliage, and many of the plants peculiar to the climate must have escaped my notice. I had made a catalogue which resembles so much what I have since found in a geographical work, that I see no need of publishing it. There is, however, one tree, the true monarch of the forest, which is about the first time, and for the first time, that I bid defiance to the frosts of winter, and ever spreads its magnificent green dome to the heavens. The live oak (Quercus virens) is the noblest of all trees. I know not what is its appearance in its native forests, but some of those standards, planted by the early French settlers on the Mississippi bottoms, are exquisitely beautiful in their symmetry, and stretch their massive limbs over an area that would contain ten thousand men. Though the timber, in general, is much heavier than can be found on the Atlantic coast from New Jersey to Georgia, yet I saw none equal to that of the north-western region of Pennsylvania. The trees of every description seemed young, no fallen timber lay on the bottoms, and there is no depth of vegetable matter from decayed leaves. The impression formed upon me was, that the soil now bears its first race of vegetable life, since it emerged from beneath the waters."

The high land between the Sabine and Red River is a mixture of ockey clay and sand, and varies from deep red to a light yellow. This is from three to eight feet deep. On the surface, and intermixed with the clay, are great quantities of siliceous wood in fragments and massive trees, the only stones found are clay concretion, of the species termed Limonite. In fracture they are often extremely beautiful, exhibiting concentric square lines of various colors, others having the appearance of nuts, with a nodule of clay for a kernel, or the form of a shell, with a red pigment for an oyster. Beneath this clay there is about forty feet of white sand, interspersed with veins of tertiary clay, some of which would probably be well adapted for fire-brick. In this stratum, I am told that those digging wells frequently come upon logs of wood, undergoing decay, and some of the logs are sawed up, at a depth of about sixty feet, below which the diggers, in the instance from which I made my observations, came upon a spring of salt water, which suspended their operations. From observation of several bluffs, I suppose this description is applicable to a large region of country."

I have deposited specimens of these minerals in the museum of the Polytechnic college of Philadelphia, and professor Thomas is inclined to believe that the siliceous wood is of the same kind and age as that found in the mining country, Kentucky, and Saline, Arkansas. The granite he considers identical with that found in the diluvial clay near Natchez, Mississippi, Mayville, Kentucky, and Glendale, Ohio. The whole country seems once to have been an immense fresh water lake, but so far as I know, no attempt has been made to define its boundaries, or to ascertain the process by which it has been drained, but for its identification the above marks are given."

The streams or bayous, which are all branches of Red River, flow in valleys which have been denuded of a portion of the old denuded surface, and the water, which is now confined to a narrow bed, is now a shallow as it approaches the higher land. The materials of the new soil are a mixture of the argillaceous clay of the pine land, with a variety of matter brought from the higher regions of the country. The whole having been suspended in water, there are few pebbles to be found, but in a sand deposit I was able to collect a few, among which professor Thomas found sand, agates, Jasper, and quartz."

The water of Red River possesses a strong flavour of magnesia, and from large straggle of impure chloride of sodium being found from its evaporation, it is found in a stoneware boiler which I saw, must also contain a large amount of common salt. To ascertain the proportions of the ingredients in water is, however, a work of great labor and nicety, and I feel gratified in being able to give the following analysis by professor Thomas. The water was taken from the river at low water, at high water it would have contained a large quantity of oxide of iron in suspension. "The water," he reports, "was most carefully tested with the following results: acids, carbonic, sulphuric, hydro-chloric. Bases, lime, soda, and magnesia, with a small quantity of oxide of iron, though not rendered evident by the most delicate tests." A weak mixture of clay and sand, steeped in this water, forms the thick and fertile soil of the river bottoms. In 1832 Capt. R. B. Marey explored Red River to its sources, and he informs us that it flows for a hundred miles over a gypsum formation, from which it takes up the sulphate of lime, which gives the disagreeable taste to the water."

I have several times expressed my opinion that the region of Louisiana is of recent origin, and have given some reasons. I am, however, unwilling to claim for it a less antiquity than for the Mississippi bottom, and I find that Sir Charles Lyell, (principles p. 275.) from calculations founded on the quantity of solid matter annually brought down by the river, and the extent of the deposit, arrives at the conclusion that the whole must have been the work of upwards of a hundred thousand years. If this be the age of the recent deposit, how immeasurably must we stretch back for the time in which the great body of the country was deposited, and which is as certainly diluvial origin as the river bottoms! But these calculations are met by others made by Andrew Brown, esq., of Natchez, who certainly had a better opportunity for making accurate experiments, and who reduces the period to fourteen centuries, and he also reduces the quantity of matter brought down by the river, and the extent of the deposit, to a small fraction of what I have supposed. (Annals of Disasters, for 1854, p. 306.) I suspect, however, that there are still some very essential elements of calculation omitted, and the lowest would astonish a Red River pilot. He will show you banks of thirty and forty feet extending for a mile across, now overgrown with trees where he had navigated his flat-boat twenty years ago, and all along the banks you find trees, projecting horizontally down to the water's edge, and below it, almost as fresh as the day they fell. That the river rose no distant day forty feet above the present high water mark, can be seen upon the bluffs, and

if, as I have no reason to doubt, though I had no opportunity of examining it, wood not perfectly decomposed can be found in the older formation, such remote periods must contradict all that we know of the destructibility of such materials. The theories of science are in general entitled to respect, but the computations of Sir Charles Lyell are so little based upon experiment, that I do not think it is a promising instance of empirical impudence. The hypothesis supposes that every drop of water carries a certain amount of matter, and deposits it in a certain place, as a steamboat does a barrel of molasses, but the action of water is very different. It rolls its masses before it, casts the heavier down, takes up others, deposits and re-deposits in eternal circles. Mr. Brown argues that when the valley of the Mississippi was an unculivated waste, the waters could not have had the same proportion of sedimentary matter, in suspension that they now have, but it is evident that the waters have once flowed in a broader channel, and denuded the present valley, and in that state they would carry a mass before them infinitely greater. The process of denudation has given place to that of deposition in the valley, and till the nature of the current, the pristine situation of the alluvion, and the deposited mass, be more completely examined, any computation of time, so far from entailing scientific respect, is a unworthy of consideration as the vagaries of Miller in another province."

MISSISSIPPI, OUCHITA AND RED RIVER RAILROAD.—A meeting of the directors of this road was held at Camden, Ark., on the 7th ult. The Camden Herald, in a notice of the proceedings, says:—"The action had by the board at this meeting has had a tendency to raise their confidence of the public in this enterprise. The directors have retrenched expenses as far as possible, and made arrangements that will keep the contractors at work during the present year. We now have some fourteen or fifteen miles ready for the iron, with the exception of crosses—over one thousand feet of trestlework completed, and twenty-five miles cleared and partially graded, making in all forty miles that is to be completed by the first of September next."

One of the most important matters which came before the directors was a proposition from the Texas railroad company to construct their road with ours at right angles in Benton county. They propose an amalgamation of the two companies in such a way as to give us the benefit of their magnificent fund donation in the construction of our road to the Texas line. They invite a committee of conference from our company to meet a like committee of theirs at a convenient point either in Arkansas or Texas, to settle the details of the arrangement. Col. Dockery, Capt. Tighman, Judge Fort, LaFayette, and Mr. Hooks, of Hempstead, were appointed a committee on the part of our road, and the meeting of the two committees will probably take place at Boston, in Texas, in the course of a few weeks. If this desirable arrangement is consummated, the whole of our road to the Texas line will be put under contract immediately. This connection will give to our road an importance it never possessed before, and will be the means of securing the capital necessary for its immediate construction. The directory made an additional call of 10 per cent. due the 1st March next."

FEMALE BLAVERY.—The New York Evening Post gives the following account of a remarkable display of female bravery:—"A family named Lamont, residing in the vicinity of Rhinebeck, during the past winter employed an Irishman, who came to their house one day for assistance, to attend to the general out-door business of the house. The family thought he was a honest and industrious man, until a few days ago, when he went to Mrs. Lamont, and desired some money, saying he was going away. Mrs. Lamont, not having the change with her, told him to go to the village and see her husband, to whom she accordingly did so, and obtained the money he wanted. The next morning when Mr. Lamont got up to make the fire, he found the windows and doors all open, and all the knives and forks, chairs, &c., lying around the dining room."

He immediately called his wife, who, as soon as possible, came down, and on going into the room where the money was, she found him in bed. She then began to look about for her things, and found almost all her silk dresses missing, together with her gold rings and chain, and a number of other very valuable articles. Suspicion immediately rested upon the Irishman, who was arrested, and upon his being brought before a justice, confessed his guilt, and was sent to prison for twenty days. In the room where he found the ring and chain, and in a place called the hollow, near the house, were found all the silk dresses, which he had taken to the village to sell, but finding no one to buy them, hid them in that place."

Two or three days after the occurrence, and while Mrs. Lamont was in the house all alone, she thought she heard footsteps in the parlor, and on going up into the room she perceived a tall, rawboned Irishman in the room, and just about to enter her bed-room, with a big thick stick, about three feet long. She demanded what business he had in her house, when he informed her that it was his house, and that if she did not get out of it he would soon make her, that she had sent one of his countrymen to jail, and he was going to have revenge."

Finding she could not get him out, she went into an adjoining room, where her husband had a loaded musket, and cocking it, went into the parlor, and bringing the musket up level with his head, told him to depart, and that if he did not she would blow his brains out. The fellow, not liking the looks of the instrument, began to run off, and as he went she followed with the musket up to the door, for a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, when she was met by some men, who took him into custody."

The cost of wood to railways has become an item of enormous expense. The Hudson river company paid, for the single article of wood for its locomotives, during the last year, over \$25,000. Of course, it will soon become a much greater annual charge, and the invention of some practical relief from this killing expense, will be hailed as a great boon. Recently an engine built to run upon the Taunton branch and New Bedford roads, and using anthracite coal, was entirely successful, and the same kind of locomotives have been used and found to perform well upon the Little Sebeyville road. On the Baltimore and Ohio, one of the best runners in the country, coke is used for the passenger engine. It is found to be economical, and there is an economy of thirty-eight per cent. in carrying locomotives on the fuel alone. The English locomotives do not burn a cord of wood. They work, and well too, on coke. We cannot conceive why American locomotives cannot do the same."

Col. Benton recently introduced into the house a bill imposing stamp duties on bank notes and paper currency and denominations. The object of the bill is to drive small notes from circulation, and create a demand for "mint drops."