First Evening Edition.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, 2 O'CLOCK.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—Nov. 1.

6,000 Indiana State 5s	79¼	50 Pennsylvania Coal Co	97
500 Virginia 6s	94¾	100 do	96½
5,000 do	93 94	100 do	96
20,000 Missouri 6s	84½	25 do	93 90
10,000 do	86 86½	50 Erie Railroad	69¾
1,000 Erie 2d mort. bds	85	40 do	43 43¼
1,000 do	85 85¼	50 do	43
10,000 Ill. Cen. RR. Bds	75 75½	100 do	43 43½
5,000 do	75 75½	100 do	43 43¼
15,000 do	75 75½	400 do	43 43½
20,000 do	75	50 do	43
5,000 do	75 75½	500 do	43 43½
2,000 New-York Cen. 7s	101¼	400 do	43½
2,000 Terre Haute & Alton 2d mtge. bonds	71½	150 do	43 43½
2,000 do	72	100 do	43 43
9 City Bank	114	50 Reading Railroad	84
10 Corn Ex. Bank	100½	50 do	84
5 U. S. Trust Co	195	200 do	84
5 do	194	300 do	84
100 Canton Company	21½	350 do	83 84½
250 do	60 22	100 Michigan Cen. R. R.	91
100 do	21½	50 do	82
16 Tuxedo Railroad	101	155 do	91 91½
165 do	101	50 do	91½
100 Nicaragua Transit Co	15½	500 do	90 91½
200 do	16	100 do	90 91½
100 do	15½	40 Mich S. & N. In. R. R	90
100 do	15½	50 do	90
100 do	15½	125 do	90 91½
600 do	15	100 Ill. Central R. R.	92
100 do	15	100 do	92½
100 do	15	415 Clev. & Pitts. R. R.	55
100 Cumberland Col Co	24½	25 Gal. & Chicago R. R.	1 37
300 do	24	25 do	11¾
200 do	24¼	150 Clev. & Tol. R. R.	68½
500 do	24	500 do	66½
400 do	24	50 Chic. & Rock Is. R. R.	89¼
200 do	24½	100 do	89
300 do	24	200 do	89
400 do	24	20 N. H. & Hartford R. R.	145
200 do	24½		

We are compelled to omit the Rev. T. B. McCormick's letter alluded to on the fourth page of this sheet. We shall print it to-morrow afternoon.

FIRES.

FIRE IN GOLD STREET.

At 2 o'clock on Thursday morning a fire broke out in the liquor-store of J. Gaffney, No. 99 Gold street, but the flames were extinguished before the premises sustained material damage.

ALLEGED MURDER IN PROVIDENCE—ARREST ON SUSPICION.—During the passage of the steamboat Metropolis to this city from Providence, R. I., last night, the captain received information that one Patrick Kelly, alias Duffy, a passenger, had murdered his sister or sister-in-law, in Providence, and was then fleeing from justice. The captain accordingly kept his eye on the suspected individual, and when the boat arrived at her dock, caused his arrest by Officer Miller of the First ward police. The prisoner was taken before Justice Connolly, and committed to the Tombs until information shall be received from Providence respecting the matter. A telegraphic dispatch has been forwarded, to which an answer may soon be expected.

ADULTERATED AND COUNTERFEIT CANADIAN FLOUR.—Some weeks ago *The Montreal Gazette* contained the following statement, made by a farmer:

"There is a least half a bushel of plaster of Paris in every barrel of Upper Canada flour from the —— mills, and that inspected by Mr. —— as second quality. Mr. ——, a baker in ——, a fortnight ago returned twelve barrels out of twenty to some Montreal merchant, that contained so much plaster he could not make use of them."

A miller, commenting on this in *The Toronto Globe*, tells a story of fraud which we hope cannot be told of any flour dealer south of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. He says:

"It is, or at least ought to be, generally known that there are numerous dealers in flour and mill offal in Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Coburg, Toronto, and Hamilton, whose business it is to buy up the empty barrels of such mills as are considered the manufacturers of the best quality of flour. Into these barrels, with the original mill-brand upon them, is packed flour of the most inferior quality they can purchase; and it is quite possible that these same dealers, owing to the high price of flour, may have been tempted to adulterate the flour. The wharfingers of the port of Toronto could, I doubt not, testify to the truth of what I state, as large quantities of what is known as inferior farmer's flour is bought and packed up in storehouses, and no doubt elsewhere throughout the city. I have even known the best quality of flour made at —— mills taken out of the barrel and replaced with flour little better than good shorts. This I have known done in Toronto; and there are still men in Toronto who practice and make a living by such a course, and I have no doubt the same thing is practiced in all the other places named."

HURRICANE AT DOYLESTOWN, PA.—On Sunday last our town was visited by one of the highest winds known in this vicinity for some time. It arose just after sunrise, and by 9 o'clock had become so fierce that old fences twisted and tin roofs rattled considerably. In a short time the great Agricultural exhibition building began to weave circles in the air and rock to and fro like a huge vessel on the water. At ten o'clock the wind had so increased as to stave in the north side of the west wing, one hundred feet long, and down it came with a crash that was heard to some distance in the country. In a short time the east wing, one hundred feet long, and extending eastward toward the town, began to show signs of giving up the ship: it reeled and rocked and rocked and reeled in the air like something crazy, and at last it fell with a tremendous crash—a cloud of dust and smoke rising in triumph over the ruins. The center wings on the north and south sides soon tottered and fell in with tremendous crashes, and the whole building, two hundred and fifty feet long by fifty feet wide, and its two wings, each fifty feet square, lay in one confused and indescribable mass of ruins. The sight was a grand one, and was witnessed by hundreds of our citizens. The news flew with the rapidity of the wind, and during the afternoon the spot where the famous building reared its head in triumph was visited almost by thousands who came in from the surrounding country. The building began to give way to the hurricane before 10 o'clock, and in less than three-quarters of an hour there was a wreck of matter and a crash of worlds that astonished the beholders. The cost of the building was about twenty-eight thousand dollars, and comes with crushing force on the mechanics and others who were employed about it and furnished materials for its construction. [Doylestown Democrat.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT PERRYSBURG, OHIO.—A fire broke out last night in this town, which lies on the river, opposite Maumee city, and destroyed Averill & Lindsey's planing-mill, and the "Dean warehouse," in which was stored a large quantity of grain, agricultural implements, and other valuable property. Very little was saved. The fire originated in the mill, no doubt the work of an incendiary. The warehouse was owned by John Slade of New-York, and was insured to the extent of its value. Averill & Lindsey had an insurance of $3,000 on the mill and machinery in the Western Farmers' Mutual of New-Lisbon, Ohio; loss about $1,400. Peck & Averill, the owners of the corn, of which there were 3,000 bushels, were insured for $3,000 in the Ætna. The corn had been on hand since last June, waiting for an advance of price. The goods in store, comprising hides, rags, plows, salt, &c., were owned by Brown & Hunt, and others. Loss $1,000; no insurance. There was also burnt about 25,000 feet of lumber, the property of Mr. Lindsey.

Arrived.

Ship James L. Bogart, Conway, Liverpool 37 da., mdse. and 94 pass. to Bogart & Kneeland. Sept. 29, off Holyhead, lost foretopmast and foretopsail (seaman) native of Massachusetts; Oct. 23, took a pilot from boat Edwin Forrest, off Georges Shoals; Oct. 25, Adam Scott, died.

Bark Adjuster, Hutchinson, Rio Janeiro 20 da., coffee to order, vessel to Funche & Meincke. No date, lat. 7 50 S, lon. 34 20, spoke bark Judue, Thompson, 12 da. fm. Rio Janeiro for New-Orleans; same time exchanged signals with bark Mary Sawyer, 16 da. fm. Rio Janeiro for New-York; same day passed bark J. C. Nickels, 14 da. fm. do. for New-York, also bng Frances Ellen, Boucker 13 da. fm. Rio Janeiro for New-Orleans. Sld. in co. with Eliz Gen. Pinckney.

Ship Cynthia, Bartlett, Boston, ballast, to L. H. Simpson & Sons. Came to this port to load for Australia.

Bark E. A. Cochran, (of Searsport) Cochrane, Palermo 39 da. sumac, &c., to Draper & Devlin. Oct. 20 lat. 37, lon. 66, spoke ship Theresa, of Richmond, from Leghorn for Philadelphia; 26th lat. 40, lon. 69, spoke brig G. L. Knight, Griffin, fm. Boston for Wilmington.

Brig Talbott, (Br.) Pitt, Bahia, Oct. 13, coffee to Howland & Aspinwall. Oct. 29, lat. 39 27, lon. 65 30, spoke bark Wm. Tell, fm. Penang for Salem, 2 pass.

Brig Excel, Tallman, Savannah 7 da., cotton to Stringer, Clemens & Co.

Schr. Fanny Hazard, Gelnes, Hartford.

Schr. Atlantic, Eldridge, Salem, mdse. to R. W. Ropes.

Schr. George Enos Fish, Boston.

Schr. S. Rogers, Worthington, Portland, Ct.

Schr. Alfred Hall, Coe, Portland, Ct.

Schr. John Wright, Dickinson, Portland, Ct.

Schr. Phebe Elizabeth, Johnson, Portland, Ct.

Schr. Celestial, Russell, Portland, Ct.

Schr. Joel Hall, Coe, Portland, Ct.

Schr. Ellen Duffield, Hilliard, Portland, Ct.

Schr. Hannah Shaw, Middleton, Portland, Ct.

Schr. Phebe Ann, Gibbs, Portland, Ct.

Schr. S. S. Buckingham, Hilliard, Portland, Ct.

Schr. Osprey, Ellis, North County, N. C., wheat to master.

Sloop Thos. Hall, Hall, Providence.

Steamship Mercury, Yates, Boston.

For The Tribune.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Old friend! though many a year has flown,
And we have somewhat wiser grown,
Since you and I first met—
The love, that in our bosoms grew
When life was young and fresh and new,
Is blooming brightly yet.

Time brings a philosophic mind;
Time takes more than he leaves behind;
Time is a thief of joys;
Time turns our golden locks to gray;
Time draws a bill which all must pay;
Time makes old men of boys.

Time, with his scythe and hour-glass, stands
To reap the harvest of our lands,
To shorten prosperous days;
Time eats the keenest steel to rust;
Time crumbles monuments to dust;
Time robs us of our praise.

Much fault is found with Father Time,
In books and speeches, prose and rhyme:
But *we* will not upbraid,
For he has left our hearts as young
As when, long since, we laughed and sung
In sunlight and in shade.

Who says that age makes friendship cold?
A true affection ne'er grows old,
But lasts like mountain pines,
Whose heads unfading verdure crowns,
Though Winter fills the sky with frowns,
Or Summer smiles and shines.

I wish that round our mutual souls,
While earth upon its axis rolls,
The vines of love, that run,
Might spread their tendrils and embrace
The cherished dear ones of our race—
So that, from sire to son,

Our large affection might survive
And be as brightly kept alive,
When we exist no more,
By those we leave to guard our fames,
And keep unstained our honest names,
As in the days of yore.

Old friend, 'tis something in these hours
Of work and hurry, when the flowers
Of feeling rarely bloom,
To feel that in our breasts there grows
A plant amid life's sands and snows
That may adorn our tomb!

FRANCISCO DE LA VEGA, THE MAN-FISH.

From Chambers's Journal.

The power of man to adapt himself to new and indeed unnatural modes of life, has long attracted the serious attention of the philosopher. Some have thought it possible for him to live in the water like a whale; and in support of this theory the extraordinary aquatic feats of the Greenlanders, and the inhabitants of the shores of the Mediterranean, the South Sea Islanders and the Chinese have been pointed to. Many men have been known to swim thirty miles a day; and the famous Neapolitan diver, commonly called Il Pesce, once performed the distance of fifty miles in twenty-four hours, on the coast of Calabria. At various periods strange reports have been spread relative to human beings who have been found living either in sea-caves or on the bosom of the mighty deep itself; and amid the numerous examples brought forward to prove this amphibious nature of man, probably none is more curious than the following. But let us premise that it is no offspring of the present writer's imagination. Whether the anecdote be in itself absolutely true, or an exaggerated account of a singular and somewhat startling occurrence, we cannot pretend to determine; but we can undertake to say that no doubt was entertained on the subject by cotemporary writers, and that it has been treated as an established fact by Tieck the German poet.

If you open the map of Spain, on the southern shore of the Bay of Biscay, between Asturias and Old Castile, you will find the town of Santander not far distant from Santillana, the birth-place of our old friend Gil Blas; and in close proximity to Santander you will see the name of Llerganes. This is a place of no particular interest, except what it derives from its connection with the following narrative. The surrounding scenery is mountainous, and the landscape stretches down through picturesque valleys to the sea. Here, two hundred years ago, lived a poor but honest couple named Francisco de la Vega and Maria his wife, together with their four sons, Thomas—who was already a priest—Joseph, Francisco and Juan.

Francisco, named after his father, was born in the year 1657, and soon began to evince a wonderful predilection for the water. Even in early youth he was constantly either bathing or angling in the river that flows through the district. The same year that ushered young Francisco into the world saw the last of his male progenitor, so that the task of maintaining her family mainly rested with Maria; and her son's indolence was the source of constant grief to the poor woman. In vain did she exert herself to send him to school; the good-for-nothing fellow was constantly seen during study-hours either swimming in or loitering about his favorite stream. At length poor Maria lost all patience with her child, and in a moment of frenzy she cursed him, bidding him betake himself altogether to the sea, and get his living there, as he was of no use on earth. Now, a mother's curse is a fearful thing anywhere; but among southern nations more especially there is a superstitious feeling attached to it which often drives the victim on to fulfill his own doom. But whatever influence his mother's words may subsequently have exercised on his fate, Francisco remained quietly at home until he had attained the age of fifteen, when he was sent to Bilbao to learn the handicraft of a carpenter. This town is not very far removed from Santander, and has always enjoyed a high reputation for the excellence of its sword and steel manufacture.

As might have been anticipated, the young apprentice showed no greater love of work at Bilbao than he had previously displayed under the maternal roof. He was constantly wasting his time in the river, neglecting his duties and consequently causing great dissatisfaction to his master. In this manner he continued to live for a couple of years, until one afternoon he went out with some companions to bathe. It was on midsummer day, A. D. 1674, say the chroniclers, when this event occurred. After enjoying the luxury of a somewhat prolonged bath, his companions came on shore and dressed themselves, and were rather surprised not to see Francisco among their number.

They waited a considerable time for their missing comrade, and at length returned to the town, leaving his clothes on the bank where he had deposited them. The unusual absence of his apprentice now began to alarm the honest mechanic, who caused inquiries to be instituted regarding him; but all that could be gathered was that he had been seen swimming down the river at a great distance from Bilbao; and as nothing further was heard of the unfortunate youth, the natural inference was that he had either become exhausted or had been seized with cramp, and so had fallen a victim to his passion for the water.

The carpenter took the earliest opportunity of informing poor Maria of the probable fate of her son; and the good folks her neighbors shook their heads and said that the mother's curse had been fulfilled. Maria de la Vega, in her affliction, now denied that she had ever made use of the dreadful words ascribed to her, and some of her friends corroborated this statement. Be this as it may, the honest woman gradually recovered from the shock she had sustained; and convinced of Francisco's death, people ceased to talk about it, and all recollection of the wayward boy was rapidly fading away.

Five years had elapsed, when a singular occurrence happened upon the opposite coast of Spain. One morning, in the year 1679, some fishermen from Cadiz were pursuing their usual avocations, and had already cast their nets, when they perceived a strange object in the distance. The figure moved, appeared on the surface, then dived under water, where it remained for a considerable period. In appearance, it strongly resembled a human being; and the boatmen pulled further out to sea, in order to take a more minute survey of their new acquaintance, and, if possible, to catch him; but, as he did not appear again, they returned to shore at their usual hour. Having mentioned their adventure overnight, they were accompanied next morning by several of their acquaintances, all anxious to have a look at this strange being. In this they were not disappointed, for it soon showed itself in the water—now approaching, now retreating—then plunging underneath, then reappearing; and after going through a variety of these gambols, as if in pastime, it finally vanished from view. When the fishermen again returned with this news, the public curiosity was raised to its highest pitch, and all sorts of means were devised in order to catch the monster. At length it was unanimously agreed that larger and stronger nets should be taken out and that other boats, stealing across the bay from the opposite side, should endeavor to drive the animal into them. Already the water ghost, as it was called, formed the main topic of conversation in the surrounding country, and the authorities were naturally anxious to solve, if possible, the mystery. On the third day it made its appearance again, and remained longer than usual on the surface. The fishermen now threw pieces of bread into the sea, which it rapidly caught hold of and devoured with apparent relish; for on flinging other slices overboard the monster gradually approached nearer and nearer, until it finally came so close to one boat as to get suddenly entangled and caught in the net.

The men, delighted at their success, now hauled their prize into the boat, when, to their great astonishment, they found the sea monster, whom their imaginations had pictured as half a fish, nothing more nor less than any ordinary human being, with nothing of the fish about him except some scales on the back-bone. They soon carried their captive on shore, where a curious crowd already awaited his arrival; and amid the tumult and clamor of the people, and their exclamations of astonishment, they conveyed him to a Franciscan convent. The monks, and some men of consequence in the place who had followed the crowd, now examined this singular being more closely. They addressed him, first of all, in the language of the country, then in Italian, French, and other dialects; but the wild man did not reply by a single sound; appeared not to comprehend in the slightest degree what was said to him; and altogether bore on his face the expression of perfect imbecility. A pious monk, now bethinking himself that he was possibly possessed of an evil spirit, set to work with the customary solemnities for driving out devils; but all the holy friar's efforts proved unavailing, and did not seem to produce the slightest impression on this stupid being. In this manner he continued to live for some days in the convent, fed and clothed by the benevolent Franciscans. He was perfectly harmless; allowed them to do whatever they pleased with him; but nothing he saw or heard caused in him the least apparent interest. Various men of rank visited the convent, in order to see him; but they could find no clue to his identity—where he came from, or what he had been.

After the first excitement about him had somewhat abated, he one day suddenly pronounced in a distinct tone of voice, the name of Llerganes. This word he repeated several times, but no one present knew what he desired to intimate by it, as the little town, obscurely situated in a remote district of the kingdom, was perfectly unknown to the good monks. Recollect that the country was Spain, and the century the seventeenth, and you will not be surprised at this want of geographical knowledge on the part of the holy brotherhood.

But it so chanced that a young workman in Cadiz, hearing every one talking about this strange being, and the unintelligible expression he had made use of, informed his companions that he himself came from a place named Llerganes, and that it was a small town in the north of Spain, not far from Santillana. This news produced a great effect; and the wise men now began to conjecture, that as their guest had used only one word, and this word the name of a village, the probability was that he was born there. They thereupon wrote to the secretary of the Inquisition, himself a native of Llerganes, giving him all the particulars of the affair. This gentleman immediately interested himself in the business; and as he happened to know something of the family of Maria de la Vega, and had heard of the mysterious disappearance of her son Francisco, he wrote to the widow and her children, to ask them whether, during the last five years, they had received any tidings of their missing relative. They replied in the negative, and that every one, both in Llerganes and at Bilbao, considered that he was drowned; for that, on the occasion of his last bathing in the river, after having been seen swimming down the stream, all trace of him had vanished, and his clothes alone remained on the shore.

The Secretary, Don Domingo, reported this intelligence to the monks of the convent at Cadiz, with whom he found the man-fish had now been staying for some considerable period. After the lapse of several months, a friar, also belonging to the Franciscan order, arrived one day at the convent. This friar, Juan Rozende by name, had just returned from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and soon made acquaintance with the apparent idiot, whom he took under his especial charge. He learned his history, and also what had occurred years ago at Bilbao; and as the good friar was about to undertake a journey on foot through the provinces of Spain, for the purpose of collecting alms for the Holy Places in Palestine, he took his dumb protégé with him, thinking it possible that he might turn out to be the lost youth of Llerganes.

In this manner the two companions traveled through the whole of Spain on foot; and it was only in the course of the following year (1680) that they arrived at Santander. The friar now went slightly out of his way in order to visit Llerganes. The road thither leads across a tolerably high mountain, on the other side of which, at the distance of about 1½ mile, lies the little town. As soon as they arrived on the summit of this mountain, whence the eye commands the range of the entire district below, the monk turned round to his attendant and said, "Hitherto I have conducted, you, my son; it is now your turn to conduct me."

The young man, without any hesitation, or stopping to look much around him, thereupon led his friend into the village, and went straight on to the house of the widow Maria de la Vega, his supposed mother. As soon as the poor woman saw him enter the cottage she ran toward him, clasped him in her arms, and cried, with tears in her eyes: "Ah, yes, yes! thou art indeed my son Francisco—that art he who was lost to me at Bilbao!"

His two brothers, one of whom was the ecclesiastic, happening to be at home, recognized him also at once with joyful emotion. They embraced him, questioned him, and endeavored by every possible means to get him to talk, or at least to give some tokens of sympathy; but this strange being remained not only dumb, but as cold and insensible as a block of marble. The wandering priest now left his charge to the care of his family, and soon quitted Llerganes; the general impression being that the youth had, through his long residence in the sea, lost his intellect, and with it all recollection of his early years.

It is very natural to suppose that the news of Francisco's return should produce a great sensation in the neighborhood. People of all ranks flocked to see this extraordinary personage; indeed, several grandees invited him to spend a few days at their castles, in order to observe him more minutely. Here he was closely examined, and many men of the highest character asserted that his back and some other parts of his body were covered with scales somewhat similar to those of a fish; while other individuals, who saw him a few years subsequently, treated this part of the story as a fable. As regards the rest of his person—he was six feet in hight, neither particularly thin nor stout; his figure was awkward; the hair of his head was of a reddish tinge, and quite short. He had no color in the face; and his nails were entirely destroyed, as if the salt water had corroded them. He could not endure shoes, and always went barefooted. If clothes were given him, he would wear them; if not, he would go with perfect indifference without them. And the same as regarded his food: whatever was placed before him he ate without evincing the slightest preference for one dish over another; and if his mother neglected to provide him with meat, he never asked for any. Occasionally he would utter a few words, but without any coherency, evidently meaning nothing by these sounds. He could find his way perfectly to places with which he had been previously acquainted; and his principal employment consisted in carrying letters about the neighborhood. Hence we may conclude, that although he never replied to any questions that were put to him, he fully understood the orders he received. He was even conscientious in the discharge of these commissions, and the sender could always rely upon his punctuality. Once he was dispatched with a letter from Llerganes to Santander. A broad sheet of water, traversed by a ferry-boat, interrupts the way between these two towns; and on the present occasion the ferry-boat was missing, whereupon he immediately, without reflection, walked into the water, and swam across to the opposite shore, arriving in Santander in a very wet condition; but on being questioned as to what had occurred, he gave no answer, and without saying a word delivered the letters correctly, and then returned to Llerganes.

His relations never thought of finding any steady employment for him again, as he appeared totally unfit for even the most ordinary pursuit. In this way, without speaking, and apparently without thinking, he continued for nine long years to live under his mother's roof. Both she and her friends had become quite accustomed to his odd ways, and he gradually sank into obscurity. Suddenly, however, he again disappeared from the village, and nothing was ever afterward heard of him. Some fishermen pretended to have seen a figure bearing a strong resemblance to him in the harbor of Asturias; but this news was never confirmed, and no trace of the missing Francisco was ever found. The probability is, that he again betook himself to the sea, notwithstanding that his youthful ardor for the water had long vanished, and that he had, ever since his capture at Cadiz, evinced the most perfect indifference toward everything around him. Tieck, who has carefully examined this strange history, thus concludes his account of it:

"That the captured man was the lost boy of Llerganes, there is every reason to believe, for he himself knew his birthplace again, he found his way there, his mother and brothers recognized him at first sight as their own lost Francisco. The idiot could scarcely have acted the *rôle* of an impostor for ten years, since no advantage accrued from it, nor was he in a position to derive the slightest benefit from the lie. His family could not be anxious to deceive any one in that quiet little town, more especially as the maintenance of the unfortunate was nothing but a burden to them. Moreover, beside his immediate relations, several men of eminence and the most undoubted respectability bore witness to the genuineness of this Francisco, so that we must class this incident with some of the most remarkable phenomena of nature, to explain which often baffles the ingenuity of the philosopher. It is greatly to be deplored that when fished out of the sea, this singular being should have been little better, mentally, than a block of stone. Had he retained his memory and regained the power of speech, it would have been highly instructive and interesting to have learned how he had supported himself in the water. Divers can certainly hold their breath for some time; but whether any human being possess the capacity and may be able to cultivate the capacity so far as to enable them to dispense with air for any considerable period, is not an easy matter to admit. How did he live in the sea? What did he eat? How did he manage to escape so long from the murderous monsters of the deep, so that he did not seem to have suffered in the slightest degree from any of them? Could he dispense with sleep, and if not, where did he sleep? In the ocean, or on shore? His intellect was not so much disordered as completely inactive and without power. If indeed this phlegmatic monster was in reality not the long-lost Francisco (as we are almost compelled to admit), then this man, whoever he might be, is still more remarkable than the so-called fish stories, of which even respectable writers relate such incredible stories.

Second Evening Edition.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, 3 O'CLOCK.

STATE OF THE MARKETS TO-DAY.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1—P. M.

ASHES—Pots and Pearls are quiet; sales of the former at $6 37½@$6 43¾; and the latter at $7 37½@$7 43¾.

COTTON is quiet pending the news by the steamer Baltic.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Western and State Flour are unchanged; the demand is less active for export; there is a fair demand for the better grades for the home trade and the East, but there is less doing for forward delivery.

The sales of Western Canal are 6,000 bbls. at $8 81½@$9 for mixed to extra Michigan, $9@$9 06 for State and Upper Lake, $9 06@$9 25 for Ohio, and $9 75@$11 for extra Genesseee. Canadian Flour is in fair demand and is steady at $9 06½@$10. Southern Flour is firm with a less active demand; sales of 350 bbls. at $9 37½@$9 75 for mixed to good standard brands Baltimore, "City Mills," Alexandria and "Howard street," and $9 81½@$10 87½ for favorite fancy and extra brands.

Rye Flour is quiet; sales of 30 bbls. at $6 37½@$7 50. Corn Meal is firm; sales of Jersey at $4 62½, and Baltimore at $4 81½. Buckwheat Flour is in demand at $2 10@$2 62½ per 100 lb.

GRAIN—Wheat is in fair request; Red is 2@3c. better. The arrivals are not large, the inquiry is good for milling; the sales are 40,000 bush. at $1 99@$2 10 for inferior to Prime Red Southern; $2 25 for choice White Canadian; $1 82@$1 90 for unsound Red Ohio, and $2 15@$2 25 for White Canadian.

RYE is steady, the demand fair; sales of 3,000 bush. at $1 18@$1 22. OATS sell readily at 45c.@46c. for State, and 48c.@49½c. for Chicago. CORN is quiet, but firm, with moderate arrivals; the sales are 20,000 bush. at 94½c.@96c. for Western Mixed; $1 00@$1 04 for White Southern.

WHISKEY.—The market at the close was firm, with an active inquiry at better prices; sales of 800 bbls. at 41½c@42½c. for Ohio, and 41½c.@42½c. for Prison.

PROVISIONS—Pork is firmer, with a more active demand; the sales are 1,200 bbls. at $22 50 for mess; $21@$21 25 for prime, and $21 for old prime mess. In Beef there has been no change; the sales are 200 bbls. at $9 50@$10 for country prime; $15 for Vermont mess; $16 50 for repacked Chicago, and $16 for extra State. Lard is unchanged; sales of 200 bbls. and tcs. at 11½@12c. Butter and Cheese are in fair inquiry at steady prices.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

NON-ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIC.

SANDY HOOK, Nov. 1—1:30 p. m.

There are as yet no signs of the steamship Baltic, now over twelve days out from Liverpool.

The weather is very foggy, and it is impossible to discover objects more than half a mile from the shore.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Nov. 1, 1855.

The Union of this morning publishes a call for the the National Democratic committee to meet in Washington on the 8th of January next.

The amount in the United States Treasury, subject to draft on the twenty-two millions, was twenty-two millions thirteen thousand dollars.

Secretaries Davis, Guthrie and McClelland, visit Baltimore to-day to attend the Agriculture fair.

THE VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD.

NORTHFIELD, Vt., Thursday, Nov. 1, 1855.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Vermont Central railroad was held here last evening. The pending suit between the Central and Canada roads, and other matters affecting the corporation, were considered and discussed. A committee of three was appointed to investigate the accounts and transactions of the past two years, and the choice of directors was postponed until such committee report. A committee was also appointed to apply to the Legislature for an act authorizing the consolidation of the various interests of the company.

LOSS OF THE BRIG R. T. LOPES.

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, Nov. 1, 1855.

The brig R. T. Lopes, Capt. Willrims, of and for Philadelphia, with a cargo of logwood and coffee from Port au Prince, was totally lost on the Hogsties, on the 5th ultimo. Two hundred bags of coffee and one hundred tuns of logwood were saved and taken to Nassau, N. P.

THE SOUTHERN MAIL.

BALTIMORE, Thursday, Nov 1, 1855.

New-Orleans papers of Thursday last came to hand this morning, but the latest mail is still due.

PHILADELPHIA STOCK MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, Nov. 1, 1855.

Stocks were heavy at our first board this morning at the following rates: Pennsylvania State 5s, 83½; Reading Railroad, 42½; Long Island Railroad, 12; Morris Canal, 13; Pennsylvania Railroad, 42¾.

Cleared this Forenoon.

Schooners—G. M. Smith, Wilmington, Dollner & Potter; J. K. Shaw, Shaw, Philadelpela, Jas. Hand; Mary Eliza, Cartwright, New-Haven, master; John Roe, Hammond, Baltimore, Lord & Quereau; Granite State, Bassett, Boston, S. W. Lewis; Mary, Robbins, Newbern, Davis & Holmes.

Barge—Minnesota, Adams, Philadelphia, W. H. Thompson.

Whalers.

Arr. at Beverly 29th bark Eben Dodge, Osborn, North Atlantic ocean, with 475 bbls. sp. oil.

Cld. at New-Bedford 29th, bark Alice Frazier, Newell, Pacific ocean.

Sld. from New-London 29th, brig Zoe, Rogers, for Desolation island.

Sld. from below Warren 29th, bark Smithfield, McCleave, Atlantic and Indian oceans.

MERIDIONAL LITERATURE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Oct. 29, 1855.

The Southern Literary Messenger is on its last legs. *The Washington Union* croaks out a lugubrious note of woe at the prospective decease of this "sole representative of the South in the literary world." If "Southern institutions (woolly heads) are so favorable to the intellectual, moral, social and political well-being of the people, how does it happen that the South has only a "sole representative" in the literary world, and that just expiring "for want of its breath?" It strikes me that that section called "the North," and known in the walks of southern chivalry as a land that produces wooden nutmegs and "Abolitionists," has more than one literary representative, through which the people breathe facts and opinions. Dr. Griswold has lately published his sixteenth edition of the "Poets and Poetry of America," and in that we see on what soil those that are known as poets were born.

There appears to be one hundred and thirty-three poets in the volume—one hundred and twenty-four being in the northern States and eleven at the South. Massachusetts—little Massachusetts—that "hot-bed of treason and abolitionism," produces forty-one; Virginia is honored with four. But statistics are dry, hard facts when talking about poets and poetry; though they are facts notwithstanding. It is to be hoped that Southern chivalry won't let *The Southern Literary Messenger* die, for if it does those living at the South who want a periodical to read will be under the painful necessity of getting one from "the North," and the innocent readers might stand a chance of getting contaminated by drinking in the "poison of fanaticism."

The South really ought to support *The Messenger* for its own credit, if for nothing else. The "chivalry" contend that everything desirable in living, breathing, intellectual man, grows with a purer and more healthy growth in "the home of the slave" than in "the land of the free." It may be so, but we ought to know the tree by its fruits; *anapaon ghad natural, allied aristocratic client.*

FROM MINNESOTA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ST. PAUL, Minnesota Territory, Oct. 23, 1855.

If you would give the Chicago and Galena Railroad company a little advice about the way in which the agent of their Minnesota Packet company comes aboard the cars, a little out from Galena, promising state-rooms to the passengers if they will buy tickets for the boat, *in advance* of their arrival at Dunleith, and tell the company that they ought not to allow it, you might benefit them, and I know you would oblige a great many passengers. The agent says, "Buy a ticket *now*," and you are sure of a state-room or berth," (they being the same on the river boats,) whereas, when they get to the boat, passengers find berths are given to only through passengers—enough people having laid over to secure all the berths. The agent misrepresents, and that's enough. Handbills are circulated, warning against those "wild stern-wheel boats," and inducing men to buy tickets before they have a chance to inquire whether there are other boats or not. Many people would take passage in the St. Louis line if they knew all the facts, for the company's boats are positively crowded to excess, so that the cabin floor don't don't give a chance for all to lay down even. Now, it aint the fact that men can't lay down nights, but that pains are taken to keep facts away from them, that provokes. The captain, like a philosopher, laughs the thing off, and they find it useless to get mad when he is so good-natured, but the wrangle with the clerk is serious before the captain comes aboard. This way of doing things is hurrying up a popular opinion that will put the Chicago and Fond du Lac railroad through to here quicker than any other appliance that could be used; and why the company will do it is a problem.

The Superior City frauds, in the late election which returned Rice to Congress, again make a good deal of talk; but that will probably be all. Four hundred men went over from Douglass county, on the lake, into this Territory (Douglass county being in Wisconsin) and voted the Rice ticket; and one of the council of the Territory elected in that neighborhood advertises himself in his business card as a resident in Wisconsin. But people don't stop to worry about these things; they've got enough else to do, as they think.

The land sales go on vigorously, and speculators are plenty; but in Minneapolis, just below St. Anthony's falls, the sales closed handsomely yesterday by actual settlers.

The old Carver claim is talked over somewhat here, and it is said that a Mr. Colby, a lawyer from New-York city, is up looking over the property in behalf of some of his friends and the old company. He will probably conclude that ejectment won't work, even if the claim is good, and nobody believes it is, yet a great many are doubtful. There is a great deal of wealth in this city. Money flows as freely as in the great eastern or western cities. Living is called extravagant by many just from the economical East; but men do turn their money over so quickly that they seem to be rich, and if not rich they know they will be.

The hotel accommodations are not good now. There are a dozen hotels, the American being the best one going on now, the Winslow just having closed. They are two-dollars-per-day houses, and the Winslow opens again soon. The rest are dollar houses—the Dwelling, Mansion, &c., good houses. The population is six thousand, and the town has grown up in six years.

The potatoes are capital and without any rot—ruling at thirty-five cents a bushel—monstrous beets and cabbages are in the gardens, but fruit-trees are not started much yet, though everything of the fruit kind will grow, it is thought, but peaches.

A great many people complain of colds, but the weather is raw, the wind east, and the air is filled with a light snow; the atmosphere is truly invigorating and the people generally look right hearty and brown.

THE LOST MAN AT THE WHITE HILLS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

GLEN HOUSE, Oct. 28, 1855.

There has been much excitement here, caused by the visit of Dr. Ball of Boston to the mountain. He rode from the station-house to the "Glen" on Wednesday, and on Thursday walked alone to Bald Ledge, returned to Meyre's shantee and exchanged a pair of thin gaiter boots for a stout, thick pair, and started for the summit. The ground and rocks were covered with snow, and the path nearly hidden. As he designed remaining all night in one of the houses on the summit, no great anxiety was felt on his account until about noon of the next day. Mr. Thompson then sent some of his men to the summit, but they found no one there, and could discover no tracks above the "Gulf of Mexico." Night prevented further search, but yesterday a large party ascended the mountain and found Dr. Ball on the slope of the hill south of the path and in sight of the "Glen"—alive, but with his feet and hands badly frozen. By leaning upon two men, he walked to where a horse could travel, was then held upon the horse until they reached a wagon on the Mt. Washington carriage road, and was immediately brought down to the Glen House. Dr. Wardwell of Gorham was in attendance last night, and reports that he will not lose his feet, and is recovering. He was plainly told of the danger and folly of making the ascent over the snow, and alone; but, having traversed the mountains of Europe and Asia, was not disposed to listen to any advice.

MARINE AFFAIRS.

FOR EUROPE.—The United States mail steamship Atlantic, Capt. West, sailed from this port yesterday for Liverpool. She carried out a large number of passengers and $620,000 in specie.

PIRACY AND MURDER ON BOARD A NEW-BEDFORD WHALER.—The following account of the seizure of the ship John of New-Bedford, and of the murder of the captain, first and second mates, and a number of the crew, is taken from *The Empire*, of Sydney, N. S. W., of July 11:

We are indebted to Captain Bowles of the schooner Black Dog, which arrived from the Islands July 8, for the following report of a daring and murderous piracy committed on board the John, of New-Bedford, by two South sea islanders. The particulars were supplied to Captain Bowles by one Francis John, a