INTERESTING FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

...s from Chile, Peru, Uruguay and Brazil—Exploration of the Amazon.

CHILE.

[From El Mercurio, September 14.]

The fortnight past has been marked by no prominent event calculated greatly to interest readers in foreign parts.

In matters of government, Congress has been prorogued by the President. Its ordinary sessions terminated with the month of August, and hence extra sittings were necessary for the consideration of projects in hand.

Congress during the last two weeks has been chiefly engaged upon affairs of a private nature. Only one bill of a public character has been discussed and passed in the Chamber of Deputies and returned to the Senate. The bill originating with the government for reducing the duty on silks, silver having been amended in the House of Deputies by the addition of ready made clothing, carriages and furniture, and so voted, was passed in the Senate without these amendments. The Deputies thereupon did not insist upon them, and thus the bill was sanctioned in its original form.

Several important measures are pending both in the Senate and in the Deputies.

The debate upon the estimates for the coming year has been closed, but the account of expenditures for 1853 has not yet appeared. The annual reports have been presented by the ministers. We have seen those of War and the Navy, of Finance and of Justice; and must say no argument can be drawn from them to show the activity of the administration, nor its zeal for the public interests.

The new registrations will take place in November next, and the elections of Congressmen and city officers will occur in March of the coming year. What the results of the elections will be cannot be easily foreseen. There is, however, no fear for public tranquillity. Whatever dissatisfaction may be felt with the present administration, it is not in this way it will be manifested.

Besides politics and the measures of government we may mention the appearance of the report of the engineer of the railroad, explaining the reasons which have led to the adoption of the new route between Valparaiso and Quillota, passing by the valley of Vina del Mar and Lamache, instead of Concon, as formerly. According to the report, there will be a saving of five hundred thousand dollars, and two years' time.

The industrial interests of the country are in a prosperous condition generally.

Great preparations are being made in Valparaiso and other cities for the celebration of the national festival on the 18th of September.

PERU.

The following summary of Peruvian events is taken from the Lima papers.

The *Heraldo* again makes excuses for the protracted revolution in the South, which it attributes to the nature of the country.

Since the date of our last advices no engagement has taken place between the government troops and General Castilla. The former are stationed between Chongos and Chupaca, and the latter between Izcuchaca and Morga, where, according to the same authority, they suffer from the climate and scarcity of supplies. On the 28th, some deserters from the revolutionary army joined the government forces. Castilla's army is said only to number 2,700 men, and General San Roman had not been able to join him with his division, which only numbers 860. Castilla is said to have applied to Belzu for assistance.

In Lima everything remains quiet, but at Arica, on the 9th, an attack was made on the town by Dr. Savala, with 250 or 300 men, who succeeded, after a hard fight, in defeating the small force of 75 soldiers left to guard the town, but on the 19th Gen. Guardia retook the city, and made 150 of the revolutionists prisoners.

Our private letters from this city say that everything was in the greatest confusion, and all business suspended.

All the ports, with the exception of Iquique, were in the hands of the government party. The whole force of the Presidency consists of 10,000, of whom 5,000 hold the central provinces, 1,500 are in the South, 2,500 in and about Lima, and 1,000 in the northern provinces.

It must be remembered that these accounts are taken from the government paper, and should be received with caution.

URUGUAY.

In this republic quiet continues to reign. A reform in the custom house, an arrangement of public lands, as well as the internal debt, seem all to be engaging the attention of the Oriental legislators. The Chamber of Representatives had voted the funeral honors, appropriate to his rank, to the late General Alvear, ex Minister at Washington.

BRAZIL.

Our dates from Brazil are to the 13th ult. The papers are quite destitute of all intelligence of interest. The following is

OUR RIO DE JANIERO CORRESPONDENCE.

RIO, Sept. 13, 1854.

An American Steamer Fired into by a British Man of War—The Coffee Market, &c.

The American schooner-rigged steamer Bay City, Capt. James H. Wardle, which arrived here from Pernambuco bound for San Francisco, was fired into by her British Majesty's corvette Bonita, commanded by Capt. Wilk, on the 29th of August between 1 and 5 o'clock P. M.

Captain Wardle has given me the following statement. He was signalled to lay to, which he immediately did. The Englishman, from his position, did not see this, and fired four blank shots and four balls. The first two balls fell short, the third fell forward, and the fourth passed between the main and mizen masts, over the heads of the men, and fell into the water. The commander of the Bonita then boarded the Bay City, and, after examining her papers, was satisfied that she was an American. I am informed that angry words passed between the two captains. A protest has been made against her Majesty's government, and forwarded to Washington.

The coffee market, from the 1st to the 11th and 12th of this month, has been active. During that time 45,000 bags have been sold. 4,000 bags, of quality for the United States, brought 4⅝150 a 4⅝300.

Freights to New Orleans have just been taken at 112½c.; to other parts of the States, 80c. a 90c.

F. H. S.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

We have received our files of papers from San Jose, Costa Rica, to the 30th ult., but they are destitute of news, and give no later intelligence from other Central American States.

EXPEDITION TO THE AMAZON.

[From the Panama Star.]

Mr. J. A. Talbot, who organized and headed the first party of Americans that visited the tributaries of the Amazon in search for gold, has kindly placed his journal at our disposal, from which we extract such portions as we think will be most interesting to our readers. We should be glad to publish the journal entire, but Mr. Talbot designs leaving on the next steamer, and, of course, takes his note book with him.

Mr. T. and twenty-one others left Callao on the 16th of January last, for Huanchaco, where they obtained mules, supplies, &c., and commenced their journey. Passing through Chacopas, Cascas, and Contemeza, they arrived at Caxamarca on the 2d of February. At this point they halted a few days, and were regarded by the inhabitants as travelling curiosities. Caxamarca is only a few hours' ride from Maranon. We copy from the journal:—

Feb. 6th.—This day has been an eventful one to our party. We obtained mules for Balsas, a town on the other side of the river. Ascending a mountain for two hours, and arriving on its summit, suddenly there burst upon our view the Maranon—its infant stream pressaging the mighty torrent which, after traversing the entire width of a continent, mingles its vast volume with the Atlantic. One simultaneous shout burst from the company. We felt like the crew of Columbus on discovering land: that a portion, at least, of our troubles were over; and in silence we pursued our journey, each indulging in reflections on the probable destiny of that mighty river, and the vast commercial importance it was ere long destined to assume. Descending the mountain, our way led through a beautiful valley, well watered and fertile, and thence winding down the mountain, to within a half mile of the river. Mr. Feiglestock, our interpreter, and myself, went forward to the river. Here we found, to our surprise, the soldiers on the opposite side prepared to dispute our passage, being protected by a stone wall; their red caps peering above the breastwork, and their muskets protruding through the chinks, gave it an air at once ludicrous and alarming. They waved us to go away; but upon our presenting our papers, and waving a white handkerchief, one of them swam over to us on a log, and took our papers over to the Governor.—shortly after they sent across two balsas, with an officer, who demanded as a condition of our passing the river, that we should deliver up our arms. Finding it impossible to help ourselves, we reluctantly gave up twenty-one pistols and ten guns, first discharging 138 shots. They stated it was but a precaution against surprise; and about a dozen of us passed over with our arms, and saw them deposited in a house, and a guard placed over them. Before night we all safely crossed the river with our luggage. The town contained about twenty-five houses and the river is guarded by some fifty soldiers. Without artillery, the position is almost impregnable.

7th.—This morning Mr. McKayance and myself started on a prospecting tour. We dug a small hole in a ravine, but found nothing; we then tried a pan of dirt from the Amazon, and to our surprise found four or five specks of gold, but very fine.

* * * * * * * * *

13th.—Here we are at last at Chacapoyas. We left Maldelina at eight o'clock A. M., and at once ascended the mountain range. The roads from Balsas here are excellent, considering the immense obstacles to be overcome in their construction, and the precipitous character of the mountain. We arrived here at four o'clock, and were assigned quarters in the second story of a large building in the plaza, by the Prefect.

14th.—The information we have received of the gold mines here, is quite cheering. The Bishop sends a guide with us, loans us money, and offers, through the guide, to show us the richest placers. The Indians are hostile, and provisions difficult to be obtained. * *

We pass over, for want of space, much that is interesting; but as it is only incidental, we omit everything up to the 25th of March, at which date the whole party started on balsas down the Amazon.

March 25th.—To-day has been the most eventful one of my life. It commenced raining last night, and continued till about eight this morning, when everything being ready, our mess, composed of two rafts, of thirty-seven logs, with mess No. 4 lashed on behind, started. We had two natives with us. We had not proceeded a league, when we encountered the most terrific rapids, running with incredible swiftness. Soon one raft commenced piling upon another unmanageably. The eddies whirled them round and round, immersing us up to the neck. With difficulty we pushed them off one another, losing some of our provisions in consequence. The river became smoother for about two miles, when we encountered another rapid, worse than that we had just passed. The rafts piled one upon another so high that the two Indians were washed overboard; and with great difficulty were saved. Nearly all the plantains, O'Connor's blankets and pistol, and McKay's blankets and shoes, the only pair he had, were washed overboard, together with all our pots, which we have to cook with. I saved myself, although up to the neck, by holding fast to a rope. One of the balsas was nearly perpendicular, and at every surge crashed upon the main balsas. Finding it impossible to get along with the rafts lashed together, I jumped on the smallest, and had it cut away. There was but one man on board, W. S. Tice. We had not gone far when we were sucked by a terrific eddy, up to our necks, and our steering oar was washed overboard. The balsas now became unmanageable, and we could only float at the mercy of the waves. Several times we were driven by the eddies among the bushes, and only saved ourselves from being knocked overboard by falling prostrate upon the logs. Even then our bodies were badly scratched by the bushes, and one large limb striking me in the side, nearly knocked my breath away. Notwithstanding all our efforts we could not make the shore. Our situation appeared horrible—exposed to float for hundreds of leagues without succor, and to crown all we saw my mess land on shore, unable to render us any assistance. Imagine our feelings—they cannot be described. Our only chance was for the one behind to overtake us. We passed several dangerous rapids, but we escaped with an occasional immersion. After proceeding six or eight leagues, messes No. 2 and 6 hove in sight behind, who seeing our condition, by rowing and paddling overtook us, and threw us a line. This was a providential deliverance, and we thanked God for it; for we had nothing to make a fire with and only jerked beef to eat. Nor do the other rafts fare much better—Lane of mess six, and Sidney Clark of mess three, being washed overboard; but, fortunately, they were enabled to get on board again; nearly everything in the shape of provisions, however, was lost. Stopping at a submerged island, we made fast to trees, and concluded to remain all night. In a short time the balance of the rafts succeeded in joining us. Towards evening a canoe was observed crossing the river, and fearing a surprise, all hands kept watch through the night. To crown all, it rained all the evening. A more disheartened set I never saw; and I for one, bitterly regretted the voyage.

26th.—It rained all night, and all this day it has poured. We contrived to make a fire in our wash-pan and cooked a little chocolate. About seven o'clock we all started again. The river is a great deal wider to-day and the mountains lower, and we get along better, having fewer and less formidable rapids to pass. Stopped for the night, landing in a swamp. Made a fire, examined pistols, provisions, clothing, &c., and found them wet and spoiling.

27th.—Left early to day, and after floating about a league, came to where the river was about half a mile wide. Just before reaching it, the river was very narrow, and we pitched into a perfect cauldron of a whirlpool. Round and round we circled, and finally came out on the right hand side of the river, losing nothing from my raft; but No. 4 ran upon a tree, and turned bottom upwards. The men jumped on No. 2, which was near at the time. Attempted to land in a small cove, but missing it we came into the bushes and trees, and one projecting far out into the water, the balsas came in contact with it, sweeping Mr. Feiglestock overboard. He, however, caught on a limb, but we were swept away, leaving him behind, up to his neck in the current, and unable to swim. He toiled hard, and after floating about half a mile, caught hold of the bushes and landed. We sent two Indians back to look for Mr. F., but after an hour one of them returned and stated that it was impossible to get him off. Anderson and Don Benico then went to his assistance, taking with them ropes and an axe. They found him, and with the aid of the Indian, succeeded in getting a rope around him and pulled him ashore. Pursuing our voyage, we at length landed for the night.

29th.—To day has been a melancholy one for us.—Leaving before sunrise, we floated along quietly for two leagues, when we encountered a terrific whirlpool, with rocks on every side. Round and round we were whirled, sinking sometimes both the balsas; but at last we emerged, all hands safe. Nos. 3 and 6 had passed 15 minutes before us, and they sunk so deep that Wm. T. Dennison, of Albany, New York, was thrown into the whirlpool and lost forever. Poor fellow! a kinder and more noble-hearted fellow I have never seen.

31st.—At last we are at the point of our destination—at last at Sontiago de Borja, the land of my dreams by night, and thoughts by day; the land to gain which, I have travelled thousands of miles, and encountered many perils. At last we are here.

We arrived at the mouth of the river this morning, entered it, and holding on by the bushes, toiled slowly up the stream, when we left the borders of Peru and crossed over into Ecuador. The Rio Borja at its mouth is a beautiful stream, not so muddy as the Maranon, quiet, and about a quarter of a mile wide. After landing, a party went on an exploring expedition, and soon found the remains of the old town—some posts driven into the ground, and a large number of pots scattered about; but trees had grown up amongst the ruins, and there were no signs of human life. The only thing we found fit to eat was some lemons.

April 1st to 28th.—This time was passed in building a fort, and prospecting for gold without success. Becoming satisfied that no gold was to be found on the Rio Borja, and already suffering from sickness and scarcity of provisions, the whole party left Santiago on their balsas, and arrived at Baracias on the 1st day of May. On their way down they encountered the Pongo de Mansaricha—the most dangerous rapids of the Amazon—through which they were hurried with great velocity, but fortunately without loss of life. Mr. Talbott thus describes the passage:—

28th.—Early this morning we left our landing, and immediately were plunged into the boiling waves. Whenever we would get into a whirlpool, we would let the balsa turn round and round, until it would come out. We had determined on the rafts to get into an eddy before coming to the second Pongo, and then prospect below, to see whether there was any more danger. Two of the balsas safely effected a landing, but ours missed it, and was at once drawn into the foaming rapids. I was at the stern of the balsa, with the steering oar in hand, immersed to the neck. Passing this we discovered to our horror that the river was compressed into a narrow channel, not a hundred yards wide, with solid walls on each side 500 feet high. Through this we darted with the swiftness of an arrow, our balsa entirely unmanageable, and every moment in danger of being dashed to pieces against the rocks, or drawn beneath the surface by the whirlpool. The roaring of the waters was almost deafening, and the angry, forming waves, as they dashed over us, seemed impatient to claim us as victims. But we passed through all in safety, probably the first white men who had ever attempted the perilous descent. The Pongo is about five miles long, and nothing I am sure but a balsa made of light logs could ever live through it. Soon we got into a low country, where the river widened, and numerous islands made their appearance. The scenery was beautiful, and birds of rare species and beautiful plumage, together with turkeys, pheasants, macaws, pigeons, parrots, and thousands of smaller birds, with occasionally wild hogs and monkeys, gave it an air of civilization. After floating until near night, we camped on a small island, and were soon visited by millions of mosquitos.

29th—Started early to-day, passing through the finest sugar country in the world, bordering on a river that will some day be ploughed by steamers. The river is quiet and deep, and in some places is one and a half mile in width.

30th.—The scenery gets more and more beautiful, the country higher and more picturesque. Towards evening we saw a canoe ahead, rowed by Indians. Discovering us they commenced making off as fast as possible, but Santas hailed them in the Indian tongue and they stopped. They had abundance of wild pork and plantains, for which we gave a pair of scissors, with which they were much delighted. They told us that the wild Indians had destroyed the towns of Simon, Bagnira, and another town, a month before, killing all the inhabitants; but we saw only three houses on the route.

A MINISTERIAL STRIKE.—On the 8th inst., at Urbana, Ohio, the bell of the Presbyterian Church rang the second time—the congregation sat waiting and watching but no minister came. After the lapse of about half an hour, a note was handed to one of the elders, who arose and read it to the congregation. It was from the minister, who said he would not preach for them any more till his salary was paid up. There's a clergyman of the right pluck. Why should a minister, any more than a shoemaker, mend souls without being paid for it?

Our Minnesota Correspondence.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA TERRITORY, Sept. 27, 1854.

The Climate and Atmosphere—The Soil—Tour Through the Country—Eureka City—St. Peter's, &c., &c.

You undoubtedly see a great many letters written at this point, giving glowing descriptions of the place and country through the Territory. Although there is considerable gas in most of these letters, yet, so far as my knowledge extends, this is a peculiarly happy country—hot as fire in the summer, and cold as ice can make it in the winter. Without change, as below in Illinois, Indiana, &c., it is probably as healthy a country as there is in the vast possessions of Uncle Samuel. The air is pure and bracing, and the invalid may remain in the night air without those enervating effects experienced further south. Cuba has long been the El Dorado for the sick, but she is fast losing character, and the attention of invalids is turning to other points.

Lake Superior has been recommended and is daily gaining ground. The atmosphere on the lake, I am told by persons acquainted with that region, differs scarcely any from that at St. Paul. I am acquainted with individuals who came here some few years ago with broken health, who have regained it, attributing it entirely to the atmosphere. I have never been in a State where I found as fine air as this here.

But I started out to tell you something of the Minnesota river country; from the fact of travelling most of the time in a canoe, I cannot give you more than a bird's eye description. The Minnesota or St. Peter's river has all along, (at least by those living in St. Paul and vicinity,) been considered the best portion of the territory for farming purposes. The Cannon river, however, is gaining ground daily, and the Minnesota must yield the palm to her. The Minnesota, however, has a fine country on her banks, running far back into the interior. She heads in the western portion of the Territory, bending within forty or fifty miles of the north line of Iowa, having a northeastern direction, and empties into the Mississippi river six miles above here, at Fort Snelling. If a person wants to see the country he should either walk over it or ride on horse; then he can be prepared to give a correct account of it.

In company with four others, I left St. Paul on the 6th inst., on foot, and arrived at Fort Ridgely, after several stoppings, with one companion, on the 14th. We found the number of soldiers to be about one hundred and fifty, nearly all on extra duty for building the fort. The fort, which is to be, is beautifully situated, three hundred miles by water from St. Paul, on a high point of land running off a short distance to the river on one side, and skirted on the other by a deep ravine. The reserve for the fort is understand some ten miles square, containing some of the choicest land. The fort buildings are going ahead rapidly, and some of them will undoubtedly be ready for the winter; but there is a great deal to be done, which will take some years to finish. The buildings for the soldiers are being built of stone, and the general design, so far as I could learn, is similar to that of Fort Snelling.

Failing to buy a canoe as we expected, we started off the next morning, after going through a dreadful night, lying under a wet canvass and fighting rats, which were disposed to carry away our hair; we came to Mr. Le Flamborse's place, four miles below, an Indian trader from Montreal, who has been in the Territory, he informed us, some twenty years. We did not find him at home, but after staying at his house two days he arrived from Traverse de Sioux, forty five miles below, on the river. We found him to be a gentleman in every respect. We seems to enjoy himself in his way of life. He purchased a canoe of him, and on the 17th started on the route to St. Paul. I had forgotten to say anything of the up trip, from the fact of crossing the great prairie, which lies between Henderson, a point Joseph R. Brown is building up, and the Fort. The country, however, from St. Paul up to Henderson, is not the choicest, on account of the great extent of prairie, which I should think far too great for the timber which skirts it. Occasionally we found a fine piece of country, but as a general thing, there is too much prairie. The country around Henderson is a good one. At this point the government teams cross the river, *en route* for the Fort. The distance to the Fort from this point, is forty-five miles by land, and about two hundred by water.

We expected, on leaving Le Flamborse's for St. Paul, to stop at Cottonwood, some thirty miles below; but the current being bad, and being drenched with rain, and without provisions, and no where to get any, we were obliged to stop, as we supposed, several miles from that point, to camp for the night. The country, so far as we could judge this first day, was rolling prairie on the north side and timber on the south side, with hardly any variation. Vegetation tolerably good, and better as we went on. Well, our camp is made, consisting of a few brush, bent together at the top, with wet reeds for beds. A huge fire made, we divide a poor, emaciated pigeon, which, with a few poor thorn apples, was all we had since breakfast, and turn in for sleep, Sioux Indians and prairie wolves breaking the monotony of the night.

We started quite early in the morning, and turning a bend near the camp, descried Cottonwood, which was one log house, nearly surrounded with Sioux wigwams. Here we eat as hearty a breakfast, perhaps, as ever two mortals did before. We felt grateful to our Indian friend, whom we left roasting a hen hawk for his and family's breakfast, we having devoured all the pork that was cooked, which was not a small mess either. The land around Cottonwood creek or river, is high and rolling, and will soon be taken for agricultural purposes. Leaving our Indian friends, we found a better current and good high banks, covered with a fine vegetation, increasing as we went on, till we landed in the famous city of Eureka, about 4 o'clock P. M.

Eureka city is composed of the materials which go to make a small sized house, a little higher grade than cabin, and the skeleton work of a would be saw mill. Alas! poor Eureka has been sorely troubled with divers quarrels about her title, so she lies idle and lifeless. The town site is a beautiful one; the banks are high and solid, and the view around is a fine one. Fine claims can be made on both sides of the river; some of them adjoining the town plat as good ones, perhaps, as there are in the Territory. Staying at Eureka city over night, we struck Mankato the next day about noon. Mankato is situated on the south bank, in a low, soakeu spot, and has a very dismal appearance. We should suppose there would be very little of the town left after a good freshet. There are, I suppose, some twelve or fifteen houses in all; among them quite a respectable public house, which is soon to be opened. The country around and up the Blue Earth river, I should judge by the vegetation near the river, was very good, though it undoubtedly has had too much gas. Its proximity to Iowa, which is forty or fifty miles, has given it an ideal character, which time may destroy. At this point we met a company of government surveyors; they will soon have finished surveying all the land along the settled portion of the Minnesota river; most of it will probably be put in market before eighteen months. We now go northeast till we arrive at St. Paul; as we go along the vegetation will gradually change from a rich corn soil to a good wheat soil; we find the banks getting low and the river full of snags, (as to them, we have had them all the way above us), the water shallow, although the river is up, till we arrive some three or four miles above St Peters, where we find a respectable channel. St. Peters is beautifully situated on a high bank of flat prairie, running back about three-quarters of a mile, then rolling, dotted here and there with skirts of timber. Marah Sackah, or Swan Lake, is seven miles off, where good claims can be made. The company who own this town are putting up a steam mill, and have men up the river getting out logs. St. Peters has a good many friends, and the influence which Governor Gorman, Dodé, &c., who are members of this company, will exert, may build up a rival town to Traverse de Sioux, which is just around a bend three miles below. Traverse de Sioux is on the same elevation as St. Peters and the country around the same. It is noted as the Sioux crossing, as is the French name. It has been for over twenty years a missionary station for the Sioux Indians, of whom there are several encampments around the place. A ride of some three hours, and we are at Le Seur, a beautifully situated town, of twelve or fifteen houses. The country around is good, and claims can be made from four to five miles back and around it. A large number of claims have been taken there this season. We think, with a little energy among the proprietors and property holders, Le Seur must become a point of some importance. Immediately opposite Le Seur is expected a colony of Germans will settle; they are expected soon. In our canoe again, we arrive at Henderson, our starting point for the fort; here we leave the canoe, and stay with a friend a short distance off, and on the 22d are again on our road to St. Paul; banks low and uninviting, as is the general feature all along the river; no current, and the river falling. Four o'clock P. M. we came on to the rapids, which are so grievous a sore to the people above. There are two rapids. We found the Black Hawk, a small steamboat, on the first, and the Second Infantry, destined for the fort, lying along the rocks on shore, waiting for the boat to get over. The second rapid is a little distance below. Neither of them are very fierce, yet a great obstacle to trade on the river. They are about forty six miles, by the river, from St. Paul. We stopped for the night in Chaska, a town of three houses and a warehouse, and next day, passing Shakopee, a neat, enterprising town, twenty-five miles from St. Paul by land, we arrived in this place, passing Fort Snelling and Mendota at the junction of the two rivers, considerably out about the knees, wanting to get somewhere to wash, and satisfied with our trip up and down the Minnesota.

Yours, WASHTADO.

Major Isaac D. Barnard.

The 19th of October the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, was appropriately chosen by the soldiers of Westchester, Pa., and the adjoining towns and counties, for re-interring the remains of Major Isaac D. Barnard, a soldier of the war of 1812. Major Barnard died in 1834, and was interred in the Friends' burial ground in Westchester, from whence his remains were conveyed to the new cemetery lately opened, and where a neat and appropriate monument to his memory has been raised by the citizens of Chester and Delaware counties. The ceremonies were witnessed by a large number of citizens of Philadelphia, and participated in by the Infantry regiment of the 1st Brigade, and the field, staff and commissioned officers of the Second and Third Brigades. At 8½ o'clock, a special train from Philadelphia, under the superintendence of Capt. Hunter, started for Westchester, where it arrived shortly after 10 o'clock.

The military were received by the Union Troop, of Chester and Delaware counties, the Independent Artillery, Capt. Parry, of Chester county, and National Guards, Capt. Irvin, and escorted through the principal streets of Westchester to the court house, and dismissed for an hour. At that place the remains of the lamented dead were deposited, having been taken from the Friends' burying ground, and put in a handsome walnut coffin, covered with black cloth.

At 12 o'clock the military again formed in the following order, under command of Lieut. Col. Weaver:—Washington Brass Band; United Rifles, Capt. Grant; City Fencibles, Capt. Brown; Independent Guards, Capt. Hill; Independent Grays, Capt. Braceland; National Guards, Capt. Lyle; Washington Blues, Capt. Beattes; Phœnixville Guards, Capt. Conway; National Guards, of Westchester; Independent Artillery; Brig. Gen. Small and other officers of the Second and Third Brigades, and Union Troop. The hearse bearing the corpse was then placed in the rear, with the Union Troop as the guard of honor, and a long train of citizens on foot and in carriages followed, under the direction of the Marshal, Captain Apple. The cortege reached the cemetry at 1½ o'clock, and its entrance into that place of the dead, and its movement to the tomb, was one of the most solemn and impressive sights ever witnessed. Upon the arrival of the bier containing the remains at the place of burial, a prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Kerener, of the Methodist church, which was followed by an eloquent address from Dr. William Darlington, of Westchester, in which he reviewed the career of the distinguished deceased, from the period when, forty years ago, he covered himself with honor by his gallant conduct in the service of his country in Canada, down to the time of his death in 1834, shortly after efforts had been made to secure his nomination for Governor of his State.

After the address, the National Guards fired the usual salute over the remains, and the whole cortege returned to Westchester, where the military were dismissed. Gen. Thomas Tomble, of Chester City, Gen. Small, Col. Conroy, and Major Eggleton, of Philadelphia, were the pall bearers.

The monument has a square base, with sides, each two feet square. It is of white marble, and on the shaft is executed a wreath, containing the name "Barnard." On the front is the inscription—

Major Isaac D. Barnard: Born March 22, 1791. Died February 18, 1834.

On the left side—

Major of the Fourth infantry, in the War of 1812. Distinguished for gallantry at Lyons Creek, Canada, October 19, 1814.

On the right—

Senator of Pennsylvania, 1820. Secretary of the Commonwealth, 1826. Senator of the United States, 1827.

On the rear—

This memorial, in honor of a patriot, a soldier, a statesman, was erected by his fellow citizens, October 19, 1854.

Greenland—Ante-Columbian Discoveries.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

I am not a little surprised at the ignorance manifested in regard to the origin of the name "Greenland," as the designation of that region of the north.

The why and wherefore of the matter is just this:—The land was discovered in or about the year 982, by Norwegians from Iceland, and was called Greenland,* because it was remarkably verdant, as compared with the dark lava strewn barrens of Iceland, and because a good name would probably induce people to settle there. So the next Scandinavian discoveries of importance were as significantly named, as "Markland," a woody country, (from Mörk, a thicket of trees,) and "Vinland," (Southern New England,) because of the abundance of wild grapes or vines there, and which are still a marked feature of the woods of Rhode Island.

These, and other equally appropriate names, were given by a people who detested man worship, and who never would have thought of calling Iceland "God loda's Land," or Greenland "Christ's Land," as our modern idolators do their "Victoria," "Davis' Straits," "Boothia Felix," "George IV's Gulf," and such absurd follies.

By the way, why is it that the important discoveries of the Northmen are so little recognized so long after the very last serious attempt to deny their authenticity? Why do so called learned men ignore even the names that mark the footsteps of the pioneers of that Scandinavian race whose blood, subsequently infused into Great Britain, has given to the present mis called Anglo-Saxon race that chivalrous daring, that inherent love of personal independence, which have made them dominant over all the earth? Suppose Columbus did spend the winter of 1477 in Iceland, (see his own confession in his letters) where the relation of the tales of the discovery and long settlement of Greenland, and the subsequent adventures of Eric, Thorfinn, Gudrida, and others in Vinland (now Rhode Island and Massachusetts) were the common occupation of the people during their long winter evenings, and were even written down in their sagas; suppose the great discoverer did sail in pursuance of more certainties than learned—certainties known long before by the geographer Adam, of Bremen, who heard them at the court of Svayn Ehrithison, King of Denmark, and nephew of Canute of England, 1047 to 1076; suppose Columbus did persist in going on against the threats of a rebellious crew, because he was thus certain; suppose that, finally discovering land, and finding it torrid instead of temperate, palms and bananas instead of grapes and cranberries, swarthy full sized men, very like Malays, instead of the nearly white dwarf Esquimaux, (Skraelling)—suppose, with these remarkable variations from the Northmen's story, added to an undue length of the voyage, he did go back to Spain under the belief that he had discovered India, saying nothing of having (as he thought) sailed past the land he went in search of, so as still on some other voyage to reap the glory of that discovery; suppose all these things are true, must we be so very tender of the Catholic reputation of Christopher Columbus as to ignore facts altogether—to persist in teaching our children that he was the original discoverer of half the world, when, in fact, he had been ante-dated five hundred years by the very men who now rule the land, and practically deny his claim by naming the entire region after an adventurer who came years subsequent to his great achievement.

I would not on any account do injustice to the memory of Columbus; but it is high time that truth took the place of error, and that learned men were relieved from such exhibitions of ignorance as the etymology of the name "Greenland" has drawn forth, when that country was for four hundred years a flourishing colony, having a cathedral, a dozen churches, several monasteries, and a succession of seventeen bishops, regularly appointed—was by some unknown cause depopulated, subsequently re explored, and the coast found to be strewn with marks of settlement, foundations of houses, runic stones &c. It is high time that the old notion of looking to Greece, Rome and Southern Europe for the source of all discovery, as well as of all literature, should be exploded, and I trust the day will soon come when Americans and Englishmen will be as noted for a familiar acquaintance with the ethnography and history of their Teutonic ancestry as certain famous writers and speakers have been for the zeal with which they have licked out of doors their own mother tongue, in order to shine in the second-hand property of Demosthenes and Livy. Truly yours,

New York, Oct. 25, 1854. A SCANDINAVIAN.

*Icelandic, Grænn: Danish, Grøn; Swedish, Grön; German, Grün; Dutch Groen; Saxon, Grene.

City Intelligence.

BALLOON ASCENSION.—On Friday afternoon Monsieur Eugene Goddard made his third balloon ascension in America, from the Hippodrome. The ceremonies were about the same as the ascension of the same aeronaut last week. At three o'clock the balloon was allowed to go up about a hundred feet, attached to ropes, and after being suspended a while at this height, hauled down again to the ground. At four o'clock it took wings for the upper regions, carrying upwards a party of four gentlemen. It took a northwesterly direction, and when last seen, was hanging over the North river, about as high up as Fort Lee.

ANNUAL EXCURSION OF THE WHITEHALL GUARD.—The members of this old standing company, under the command of Captain M. McLaughlin, went on their annual excursion on Thursday, Oct. 26, to David Polock's grounds, Hoboken. This company mustered, rank and file, fifty eight members, and was accompanied by Kidd's Band. The following prizes were won by the crack shots of the company:—First prize, Patrick Smith; 2d, Thos Cody; 3d, P. Hughes; 4th, John Ros; 5th, R. Kellos; 6th, C. Lacost; 7th, S. S. Hagen; 8th, J. Vandike; 9th, P. Eaten; 10th, W. Boyd; 11th, P. Duffy; 12th, W. Roberts; 13th, Tim Holland; 14th, J. J. Murphy; 15th, S. Cowin; 16th, G. Brown; 17th, W. Farrel; 18th, M. Doran; 19th, John Powers; 20th, James Dammarell; 21st, P. Reagen; 22d, L. Martin; 23d, M. McLaughlin; 24th, John Cowin; 25th, W. Black.

THE NEW YORK CANALS AND FLOUR TRADE.—Canal navigation continues but a few weeks longer—six at the outside—yet the receipts of flour and wheat continue light, though increasing on the previous month. As compared with last year, during the season of canal navigation, the receipts of flour are over one million barrels short, and the falling off in wheat is equal to 600,000 barrels of flour. As an offset, however, to this, the receipts of corn show an increase over last year, of over five millions of bushels, and will probably continue increasing until the close of the season. No doubt, more wheat and flour will find its way to market via canal, during the remaining few weeks of navigation, than has reached tide water in double that length of time, thus far, this fall. If either or both of these articles are in the country, with wheat at $2 37½ per bushel, Genesee flour at $10 50, and western in proportion, they must find their way to tide water.—*Albany Argus, Oct. 25.*

Silver.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

I have spoken of Mexican soil as being highly metalliferous, and of the substratum as being, to a great extent, silver, either in solid metal or ores. I would not be understood as representing the whole of Mexico as being thus enriched, but only that uncommonly large portions of it, far exceeding that of any other country known to us, is thus mixed and underlaid with this metal. I proceed to examine this a little, and test it by undisputed authority.

Humboldt, about fifty years ago, testified that although mining in Mexico had hitherto been confined to a comparatively narrow circle, yet, since the conquest, the immense mass of silver which had been raised, and which was dug from a few central spots, in which the capital and activity of the first speculators found ample employment, amounted to the enormous sum of one billion seven hundred and sixty-seven millions nine hundred and fifty two thousand dollars, and yet, says Ward, in his standard work on Mexico and its mines, in 1827, "If we examine the spots we shall find that the three centuries of constant productiveness have not been sufficient to exhaust the principal mines, while by far the largest portion of the great veins remains unexplored." He names some dozen of those mines, and adds, of others—"That after being worked, some sixty, and some eighty years, they continued to be equally productive, and were finally suspended, only because the drainage power in some proved inadequate to discharge the water, and in others by the incursions of Indians." His conclusion is, that "there is so little reason to question the producing powers of the country, that were it necessary to adopt one of two extreme supposition there would rather be cause to fear a depreciation of the value of our present circulating medium, from the probability of two great an increase in the usual average increase, than to apprehend any great falling off in its amount."

But who is this Mr. Ward? I answer he was England's charge d'affairs in Mexico during the years 1825, 1826, and part of 1827, and was required by official command to endeavor to ascertain the exact amount of silver raised and exported, &c. He tells us that "in the execution of these orders he was obliged to examine the question of mining, (in as far as Mexico was concerned,) to the greatest possible extent." The result of his examinations, including the incidents of his travels, a description of the country, and its population, &c., through which he passed, he gave to the world in two royal octavo volumes of some 700 or 800 pages each, embellished with plates, particularly illustrative of the mining processes. I have no knowledge that the correctness of his statements, or any part of them, has ever been questioned. The work is considered everywhere as a production of great value and in all things wholly reliable.

I have thought best thus to introduce this witness, as I shall have occasion to use his testimony pretty freely, and often, perhaps, without quotation marks.

Humboldt was limited in his report to "a comparatively narrow circle," embracing the country near the capital. But the immense riches in silver in Northern Mexico were at that very time lying in undisturbed repose. Indeed, Mr. Ward says—"Capital will not be employed to any very great extent in the less accessible districts of the North, to which," he proceeds, "as I have already stated, I am induced to attach the highest importance."

But this northern region has been penetrated, and the results have shown that for quantity and quality there is no part of Mexico hitherto explored that exceeds it; indeed, it is an ascertained fact that the mines as you proceed north, even to our own border, (the Rio Grande,) abound in purer metal than has been found in either the central or southern districts.

It is to this Northern Mexico to which Mr. Ward attaches "the greatest importance," that I seek to turn the attention of our people.

In earlier times, Mexico, the capital, was the central attraction, and it was in this "narrow circle" that surrounds it, that the mines referred to by Humboldt were opened and worked. It was natural that the mining operations should be there—indeed necessary—because there were the means of subsistence, and there the mint, and there the great mart of exchanges. The remoteness from all these of Northern Mexico interposed a sufficient barrier of itself to any mining operations there; but when to these was superadded the immense cost of transporting the metal for registry and coinage, at the capital, the question of mining for silver in the north was not even entertained. And yet it was known then, as it has been demonstrated since, that in the north lay the masses of silver, as well on the surface as beneath it, and in greater purity than it was found anywhere else.

In the previous chapter I said, in substance, that such is the abundance of silver as to render, in some instance, mining intelligence and skill of any sort unnecessary, for that the most ignorant of men and the poorest stumble upon it as they traverse the country, and seeing the shining metal, have gone to work, singly and in pairs, amassing immense and overgrown fortunes; and now for the proof.

Zuniga, says our author, on his arrival at Catorce, was merely a muleteer, who visited the mountains with supplies from the newly dis overed district—meat and every other necessary being then paid for almost *a pese deplata* (by their weight in silver). Encouraged by the examples of sudden riches which he saw around him, he sold his mules, and purchased with their proceeds, (about two thousand dollars,) the two mines, from which he afterwards derived such enormous wealth. These mines were new, without a shaft, or any other requisite, but the ores were rich at the very surface. Rescatadores, ore purchasers, who flocked to Catorce, from the neighboring districts, bought his ores, paying for them in dollars, and in this way he was enabled to go on with his works. His wealth, says our author, became almost boundless. Most of those men, says Ward, who made fortunes at Catorce, were men like Zuniga, of little education and no resources.

Parodi Don Pedro Medelin, says our author, and twenty others, were all *barbaros* (barbarians.) One of these, Medelin, upon one occasion, spent $26,000 upon an entertainment given in honor of his god child, at Saltillo, whilst others thought nothing of losing two and three thousand dollars on a cock fight.

Buen Suceso was discovered, says our author, by an Indian, who swam across the