

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,  
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR  
RULES."



"DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE."  
Gen'l Harrison.

NEW SERIES.  
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## Terms of the Watchman.

Subscription, per year, Two Dollars—payable in advance. But if not paid in advance, Two Dollars and fifty cents will be charged. For each subsequent insertion, Court orders charged 50 per cent. higher than these rates. A liberal deduction to those who advertise by the year. Address to the Editors must be post paid.

## Newspapers.

The Boston "Weekly Symbol" thus sums up the duty of those who "take the paper"—After perusing carefully this admirable piece of advice, let the reader (if he is a "detachment") include in the "Good Lord" column of his daily applications, and thus tell over the course of his removal, until he has "paid the printer."

How to take the paper.—Be sure to pay in advance, and this you have the privilege of reading your own paper instead of the publisher's. If you change your residence, inform the publishers immediately, stating your name, the place you move from, and the place you move to.

How to stop a paper.—The only honest way to stop a paper when not wanted, is to pay into the hands of the postmaster whatever you owe for it, if it be only for one number; and see that the postmaster writes an order to have the same stopped. There is no use in sending the publishers letters or papers with the postage unpaid. If you fail to do this, do not complain if the publishers continue to send the paper.

Our Country.—We continue to send papers to subscribers after the time for which they first subscribed has expired, unless otherwise ordered. We never stop a paper until all arrears are paid up, unless at our option. It is useless, therefore, to order a paper stopped, unless you send the money owing for it.

Law of Newspapers.—1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions. 2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid. 3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers, the publishers are not responsible for the consequences which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, the paper is sent to the former address, they are responsible. 5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

## CAPTAIN POSITIVE.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

A French veteran with one arm, was seated before the door of his neat cottage, one pleasant evening in July. He was surrounded by several village lads, who with one voice intreated him to commence his promised story. The old man took his pipe from his mouth, wiped his lips with the back of his remaining hand, and began thus:

"In my time, boys, Frenchmen would have scorned to fight with Frenchmen in the streets as they do now. No, no: when we fought, it was for the honor of France, and against the foreign enemies. Well, my story begins on the 9th of November 1812, a short time after the battle of Wilmers. We were beating a retreat, not before the Russians, for they kept at a respectable distance from our cantonments, but before the biting cold of their detestable country, more terrible to us than Russians, Austrians and Bavarians put together. For the last few days our officers had been telling us that we were approaching Smolensk, where we should be certain to find food, fire, brandy and shoes; but in the meantime we were perishing in the ice, and perpetually harassed by a band of Cossack riders.

"We had marched for six hours, without pausing to draw breath, for we knew that repose was certain death. A bitter wind hurled the snow flakes against our faces and now and then we stumbled over the corpses of our comrades. No singing or talking then! Even the grumblers ceased to complain, and that was a bad sign. I walked behind my captain; he was a short man, strongly built, rugged and severe, but brave and true as his own sword blade. We called him Captain Positive; for once he said a thing, so it was—no appeal—he never changed his mind. He had been wounded at Wiazma, and his usually red face was now quite pale; while the pieces of an old white handkerchief which he had wrapped around his leg was soaked with blood. I saw him first move slowly and then stagger like a drunken man, and at last he fell down like a block.

"'Mortbleu! captain,' said I, bending over him, 'you can't lie there.'

"You see that I can, because I do, replied he, pointing to his limbs.

"Captain," said I, 'you mustn't die thus; and raising him in my arms, I managed to place him on his feet. He leaned on me and tried to walk; but in vain; he fell once more and dragged me with him.

"John," said he, 'tis all over. Just leave me here, and join your column as quick as you can: One word before you go:—at Yverpore, near Grenoble, lives a good woman, eighty-two years old, my—my mother. Go to her, see her and tell her that—that—tell her whatever you like, but give her this purse and this cross.—That's all!

"Is that all, Captain?"

"I said so. Good-bye; and make haste."

"Boys, I don't know how it was, but I felt two tears freezing on my cheeks."

"No, Captain," cried I, "I won't leave you; you shall come with me or I will stay with you."

"Captain, you might just as well forbid a woman talking."

"I'll punish you severely."

"You may place me under arrest then, but just now, you must let me do as I please."

"You're an insolent fellow."

"Very likely, captain, but you must come with me."

with snow, and then crept under a heap of dead comrades, leaving however my eyes at liberty. Soon the Cossacks reached us, and began striking with their lances right and left, while their horses trampled the bodies. Presently one of these rude beasts placed his hoof on my left arm and crushed it to pieces. Boys I did not say a word; I did not move save to thrust my right hand into my mouth to keep down the cry of torture; and in a few minutes the Cossacks disappeared.

"When the last of them had ridden off, I crept out and managed to disinter the captain. He showed few signs of life, nevertheless I contrived with my one hand to drag him towards a rock which offered a sort of shelter, and then lay down next to him and wrapped my capote around us. Night was closing in and the snow continued to fall. The last of the rear guard had long disappeared, and the only sounds that broke silence were the whistling of distant bullets and the nearer howling of wolves, which were devouring the dead bodies. God knows what things were passing in my bosom that night which, I felt assured would be my last on earth. But I remembered the prayer that my mother had taught me long ago when I was a child by her side; and kneeling down I said it fervently.

"Boys, it did me good; and always remember that sincere honest prayer will do you good. I felt wonderfully calm when I resumed my place by the side of the captain. But time passed on, and I was becoming quite numb, when I saw a party of French officers approaching. Before I had time to address them, the foremost—a low sized man, dressed in a full pelisse—stepped towards me saying, 'What are you doing here? Why did you stay behind your regiment?'

"For two good reasons," said I, pointing to the captain, and then to my bleeding arm.

"The man speaks the truth, sire, said one of his followers. 'I saw him marching behind the column carrying this officer on his back.'

"The Emperor—for, boys, it was he!—gave me one of those looks which only an Alpine eagle could give, and said, 'Tis well. You have done very well.' Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his inside green coat, and gave it to me. That moment I was no longer cold or hungry, and felt no more pain in my arm than if that ill-natured beast had never touched it.

"Devout," added the Emperor, addressing the gentleman who had spoken, 'cause this man and captain to be placed on the ammunition wagons. Adieu!' and waving his hand towards me, he passed on.

Here the veteran paused, and resumed his pipe.

"But tell us about the cross and what became of Captain Positive," cried several impatient voices.

"The captain still lives, and is now a retired general. But the best of it was, that soon as he recovered, he placed me under arrest for my breach of discipline."

"The circumstance reached Napoleon's ears; and after laughing heartily, he not only released me, but promoted me to be a sergeant. As to the decoration, here is the ribbon, boys; I wear that in my button hole, but the cross I carry next my heart! And unbuttoning his coat, the veteran showed his young friends the precious relic, enveloped in a little satin bag suspended around his neck.

ANECDOTES FOR YOUNG LADIES.

We remember somewhere to have read a story of a youth, who, hesitating in his choice between two young ladies, by both of whom he was beloved, he was brought to a decision by means of a rose. It happened one day, as all three were wandering in a garden, that one of the girls, in her haste to pluck a new born rose, wounded her finger with a thorn; it bled freely and applying the petals of a white rose to the wound, she said, smiling: "I am a second Venus, I have died the white rose red." At that moment they heard a scream and fearing the other young lady, who had loitered behind, had met with an accident, hastened back to assist her. The fair one's scream had been called forth by no worse an accident than had befallen her companion. She had angrily thrown away the offending flower, and made so pertinacious and fretful a lamentation over her wounded fingers, and the youth after a little reflection, resolved on a speedy union with the least handsome, but more amiable of the two young friends. Happy would it be for many a kind hearted woman did she know by what seeming trifles the affection of those whom she loves may be confirmed or alienated forever.

Colored Candidate.—Among the names of the Liberty party of New York, we observe that of S. R. Ward, the colored divine, who is a candidate for Secretary of State.

"A Few more Left."—During the first day of the agricultural fair at Rockwell, Md., Smith the 'Razor Strop Man,' sold \$204 worth of his razors, and on the second day \$90 worth more. Still, he has "a few more left."

Mr. Calhoun.—The rumor that Mr. Calhoun meditates resigning his seat in the Senate of the United States, is pronounced by the South Carolina papers to be without foundation.

## ADVERTISING.

The New York Tribune, in a labored article on a reform in trade, gives the following hints, in regard to the item of advertising:—

"We have remarked that extensive advertising is one of the means by which the reform in trade is to be accomplished.—The two classes, buyers and sellers, have a common interest in finding each other; that is to say, it is for the interest of him who can supply a certain want cheapest, to have every buyer aware of the fact; and it is for the interest of the buyer no less. An expenditure of fifty thousand dollars may not be too much, one of five thousand may be too little for that purpose. If, for example, somebody has discovered as we see it stated in a Southern paper, a substance,—or chemical compound which will dispense with the labor now required in washing clothes, or the half of it, at a very small cost, the owner of this patent may spend fifty thousand dollars a year in advertising it, and then not spend enough. There are inventions, within our knowledge, worth hundreds of thousands, if the patentees knew how and had the enterprise to bring them home to the knowledge of all interested, by these failings they will never realize twenty thousand. Whoever can supply this city cheaply, with almost any article which will meet a general want hitherto more expensively met, cannot advertise too much if he knows how to advertise at all. And yet many a dealer in our city pays a thousand dollars more for an eligibly located store than he need pay in a less frequented street, and does not pay a hundred dollars a year for advertising! He willingly pays a thousand dollars, merely to let some ten thousand people know that he has certain articles to sell, but grudges five hundred dollars to give the same knowledge to millions."

In reference to this subject the Boston Times says:

"If you want to obtain a situation; if you want to obtain help; if you want to hire or let a house; if you want to obtain boarders; if you want to recover anything lost or stolen; if you want to sell your goods, wares, and merchandise; finally, if you want to get business, and make money, advertise, advertise."

Will the business men of Wilmington take the hint? Many of them have already profited by advertising, yet there is a larger number who have not yet become reconciled to the advantages derived from advertising. Now is the time to commence. If a proper effort is made, the approaching season will be renowned for its activity in Wilmington, and we hold ourselves ready and willing to afford the public every facility in our power to accommodate them. The Journal has a more extensive circulation in this town and vicinity than any other paper, by at least three to one. Our terms are low, and the more patrons we can get the better enabled we shall be to accommodate the wants of the community.—*Wilmington Journal.*

Dreadful Tornado in Cape May.—The most destructive whirlwind that has occurred in New Jersey since the memorable tornado at New Brunswick, many years ago, appears to have swept over the upper part of Cape May County about 5 o'clock on Thursday morning last. A letter from Dennisville, some 7 miles from Delaware Bay, to the State Gazette, says it first struck a new two story house belonging to Willis Godfrey, which was torn from its foundations and dashed to pieces. Mrs. G. and two children miraculously escaped:

"A few rods further, it came in contact with a new story and a half house, in which were the wife of Jones Corson, lately married, and her sister, both in bed. Everything is swept clean where this house stood; it was entirely demolished. Mrs. Corson was found dead in the limbs of an old oak tree that was blown down some 40 yards from the site of the house. But little hopes are entertained of the recovery of her sister, who was terribly mutilated."

"From this point it passed onward, carrying fences, trees, &c., before it had a breadth of 40 yards, a quarter of a mile further, where it encountered a large two story house, in which were the widow of Daniel Young, her daughter and three others. The house met no better fate than those above mentioned, yet strange to say, the inmates received but slight injury."

"At the end of another quarter of a mile, it struck a large barn, and what it did not take off entirely, it scattered in every direction. From this point it upset some small buildings, and threw others off the blocks, until it reached Great Egg Harbor Bay, near Beesley's Point, no doubt making a magnificent water spout in its passage over the water. A part of a roof was found on the point of Peck's beach, four miles from the scene of disaster, and a hat six miles off. A scythe without a snath, was carried three-fourths of a mile."

Mr. Calhoun.—The rumor that Mr. Calhoun meditates resigning his seat in the Senate of the United States, is pronounced by the South Carolina papers to be without foundation.

The Position of Newbern.—The Newbernian of the 2nd instant, we are glad to see, has a spirited article on the subject of internal improvements. It lays it down as certain, whether the charter of the North Carolina Railroad, in its present shape, be accepted or not, that a central road, connecting the East and West, will be built. It argues somewhat against the practicability of a permanent and sufficient improvement of the Neuse, and in favor of a continuation of the Road direct to Newbern; and calls upon the citizens of that place to arouse themselves to action, and assist in pushing forward the enterprise. "Connect," (says the writer), the East with the West by a continuous route of Rail Road from Charlotte to Newbern, by way of Salisbury and Raleigh, and then open a ship channel, say from some point up on Adam's Creek to Beaufort, and Newbern would be made."

These are exactly our sentiments—what we have repeatedly, in our paper and elsewhere, urged in behalf of Newbern—a town, which is, in fact, more deeply interested in this enterprise—if she will avail herself of its advantages, as she may—than any other in the State. But what can she expect, if she will continue to shut her eyes, fold her arms, and sleep on in inglorious stupor? We call on the press there, we call on her enlightened citizens, some of whom, we know, understand, and feel the important interest she has at stake, to exert themselves until all the people shall see.—*Rail Star.*

It rejoices our hearts to see such manifestations of a waking spirit as this of the "Newbernian." O, if the large capital of the low country could be enlisted and united with the labor and energy of the West in a thorough scheme of State improvement, (of which the Central Road would be the very spinal marrow,) how soon would the people of North Carolina become "one and indivisible" in interest, and feeling, and hope, and prosperity. The Newbernian says, whether the present charter be accepted or not, that a central road, connecting the East and West, will be built. Do not deceive yourself, dear sir! We confess that failure in the present scheme will be destruction to our hopes. We fear there will ever hereafter be found too many adverse interests, in the East and the West, to permit a charter embodying so many elements of success.

No—this is the charter, and now is the time;—let us strike while the iron is hot.

*Greensboro' Patriot.*

From the New Orleans Delta.  
INTERESTING FLORIDA.  
FORT BROOKS (Tampa Bay) Fla., Sept. 21.

Dear Delta—On the 15th instant General Twigg embarked on board the steamer Colonel Clay, for Charlotte's Harbor, the scene of the depredations of the Indians—for the purpose of holding a "talk" with the principal chiefs of the Seminoles, as was alluded to in a previous letter.—The General was accompanied by Dr. Randall, Maj. McCall, Asst. Adj. General; Capt. Cassey Commissary Department and Lieut. Gibbon, with Capt. Rains company of 4th Artillery as a military guard and escort.

The steamer reached her destination on the 17th, and anchored near an old trading house on the east side of the Bay, a few miles from its mouth. Here the head chief, Billy Bow Legs, accompanied with the acting chief of the Miccosookies and several warriors, went on board the steamer, and held a "talk" with General Twigg.

The chief is described as being a fine looking warrior about forty years of age with an open intelligent expression of countenance, totally void of that wild look which so frequently characterizes the inhabitant of the forest. His figure is about the ordinary height, and well proportioned with a pleasing deportment and evincing much self-possession in his manners. His head was enveloped in a red shawl, surmounted with white feathers, encircled with a silver band, with crests of the same metal suspended from his neck to which was appended a large silver medal, with a likeness of President Van Buren on its face; his throat was thickly covered with strands of large blue beads, he also wore bracelets of silver over the sleeves of his decorated hunting shirt. A broad, showy bead belt passing over his breast, suspended a beautifully beaded rifle pouch under his left arm, and red leggings, with brass buttons, which were richly embroidered with beads where they covered the upper part of the moccasins, completed the costume of the king of the Seminoles.

The amount of the "talk" was that the Indian nation was totally opposed to a war with the whites and would exert themselves to continue on terms of peace; that the depredations committed by a party of five young men, who would be given up to the General as soon as they could be sent after to the Kissimee, where they were in custody, and the party could return; and as the whole country was covered with water, this could not be done sooner than in thirty days, but at the end of that time he (the head chief) pledged himself they should be delivered up to the General. He acknowledged the extent of the outrages for which he expressed

himself as very sorry but as they were committed by a small party of unauthorized persons, who were immediately taken into custody, and would be delivered up, he did not think the entire nation should be held responsible for their acts.

Thus terminated the conference, with manifestations of the best feelings on both sides the chief and his party returned to their homes, and the General and suit wending their way back to this place.

## PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

The following passage we extract from a speech of Josiah Quincy, Jr., at the late Whig Convention of Massachusetts. We regret, with the distinguished speaker, that it was not in the power of President Taylor to have mingled in person with the intelligent yeomanry of the Bay State. He is a man of the fashion and the temper to have won among them an instant, an electric popularity, that would have thrilled through their ranks from the Capes to Berkshire, and expelled all the lingering doubts and prejudices that have been so assiduously disseminated in a section where his rare virtues and noble qualities might well look for the most genial sympathy and the most just appreciation. If the people of Massachusetts could see General Taylor as Mr. Quincy saw him; converse with him; know, by personal experience, his gentleness, his kindness, his unassuming spirit, his modesty, his good sense, his good judgement—there would not be opposition enough left in the State to make a show of hands necessary to indicate the state of opinion. He would carry every thing by acclamation.—*Republic.*

"It was my good fortune (said Mr. Quincy) to be at Washington for three or four weeks, about the beginning of last March, and it was my exceeding good fortune to be under the roof with one who was at least called General Taylor. Sir, I cannot help regretting that his health prevented his having an opportunity of showing himself to the yeomanry and citizens of Massachusetts. I regret that they could not see President Taylor as he appears to all about him.

"We are very apt, gentlemen, to judge by what we have seen of the militia. I remember, sir, that I was once aid to his excellency Governor Lincoln, and we thought then that the military had more fuss than feathers, I believe.

"As regards General Taylor, he is exactly what his soldiers call him—Rough and Ready. He looks no more like one of those officers whom you will see, on an inspection day, riding about on horseback, with long plumes, than he does like a Methodist minister. I confess, sir, I could not help looking at him with astonishment as I saw him sitting upon his sofa, in his parlor, a quiet modest-looking man; and I could not help thinking to myself, is that the fellow that sat sideways on Old Whitey at the battle of Buena Vista?

"We are apt to look upon the title 'Rough and Ready' as one which was got up for the occasion. We are apt to imagine that a committee has been appointed to draught resolutions, and to present to the public such a name as will be taking. But that is not the case with a name like this. The highest glory of ancient knighthood was when the soldier was knighted by his sovereign on the field of battle. The highest title of a military man in a republic is when his soldiers give a name that shall signify at once their confidence in him and their appreciation of his modesty.

"He is called 'Rough and Ready' because in every rough situation he was ready; because he was found sleeping side by side with the common soldiery, with a tent or without a tent; because he was found in the forefront of the battle, marked only by his venerable and his simple appearance.

"Whigs of Massachusetts, you owe a great deal to Gen. Taylor. You have placed him in a situation of great responsibility. You have taken him from the position which he filled so nobly—that of a soldier among soldiers—and you have called him to preside over the destinies of this country. He is now attacked very much as he was before the battle of Buena Vista. Nobody says a word against him.—Every body acknowledge his virtues, his modesty, his judgment; but they are trying, if they possibly can, to get away as many as possible of his troops before he comes into action.—They are trying to pick off the officers; and upon what grounds do they pretend to pick them off?

"At one time we are told that General Taylor is afraid to maintain the dignity of his country; that he is really afraid. Because he thinks it wisest and best, as it was his duty to do, to prevent any armed interference with foreign countries by citizens of this country; because he will not submit to a failure of the proper diplomatical duties of the Cabinet—we are told that he is afraid on the one hand, and on the other that he is desirous of involving us in war.

"Fellow-citizens, it is our duty to stand by the man that we have put into that place. To be sure we are not going to cast our votes for him at this time, but we may assist him. The vote of Massachusetts has always been since the days of 1776, and I trust always will be of great weight in the United States of America. It is our duty to stand by the man whom we have placed in that elevated position. Whigs of Massachusetts, you are entrusted with a certain post in this warfare. You are entrusted with the defence of a citadel that has never surrendered, and it is your duty, as long as you have a leader like General Taylor, as long as he stands firm and true to the banner of Whig principles, to give your time and your talents to sustaining him, and, through him, to sustaining the great principles by which this commonwealth has risen, as it has, to so much glory and honor."

## THE ELECTION IN MARYLAND.

We adverted yesterday to the immense rejoicing in the Locofoco camp, on account of their victory in Maryland; a victory achieved without the addition of a single partisan to their own list, solely by the dereliction of the Whigs. We asked then, and we ask now, what does the party propose to do, provided it obtain an overwhelming majority in the House of Representatives? Does it intend to thwart every proposed measure, no matter how useful; to reject every scheme for the public good, no matter how plausible; to declare open war against every thing that may emanate from President Taylor, no matter how consistent even with its own previously expressed views upon the same subject? Does it mean to imitate the foreign organ, and expressing at the very outset, its determination to oppose the Administration (right or wrong) "to the bitter end," act in strict conformity to this declaration throughout? Does it mean to take no account of any thing good that the Administration may do? Is it bent only on putting it down, let its acts be what it may, and let the consequences to the country be what they may? Then we say, if this be so, never did any party in this country undertake a task so Herculean, so little likely to result in any benefit to the country, so certain to crush all those who are engaged in it. The people may be deceived for a while. They may mistake loud professions for real zeal in their cause. They may be led to think that he who talks the most of his country is the readiest to sacrifice himself upon her altar. But in the end, they always see things exactly as they are, and never fail to make the proper distinction between faction and patriotism.

It is very apparent that nothing which Gen. Taylor can do, will ever satisfy the party, which banded together for the purpose of securing the spoils, knows no other motive. He cannot rebuke the insolence of a Foreign Minister, an insolence which if it had been submitted to, would have called down the unqualified denunciation of the whole Locofoco press, without hearing a hue and cry such as the very press of the country which the Minister represents, would not have raised. He cannot take steps to carry into effect one of the plainest provisions of the law, that which prohibits the making war upon a friendly power, without receiving the unqualified censure of these pretended disciples of Jefferson—of the man, who upon a mere suspicion that Aaron Burr intended to invade the territory of a friendly power, ordered his arrest, and had him tried for his life. He cannot take steps to prevent a ship of war from being transferred to a despot, to be used against a feeble nation, with whom we have always preserved the most friendly relations without exciting a howl of rage from one end of the Continent to the other, through all the Democratic press. What will satisfy such people? Nothing! Nothing! But a return to power, and the re-possession of the spoils. If the Arch Angel Gabriel were President, he would not suit them, unless they were allowed the privilege of handling these.

If such be the disposition of the press, what are we to expect from a Congress composed of a majority of loco-focos?—Nothing of course but faction—unadulterated, unqualified faction. It is some satisfaction to know, that the intelligence of the people will soon sift the chaff from the wheat—will soon distinguish the true patriot, from the rabid factionist—will award to faction precisely the reward to which it is entitled, in the strictest spirit of impartial justice.

In the mean time upon the loco-foco majority, will devolve the responsibility of defeating or sustaining the Wilmot Proviso, as applied to California; and as there cannot be a doubt, judging from the Oregon case, of the manner in which this will be done, we congratulate the people of Maryland and North Carolina upon the vast wisdom by which their course in the late elections was directed.—*Rich. Whig.*

## THE INFAMOUS SHEET.

Just about this time, the New York Herald is a special favorite with the Locofoco prints. Whenever their own inventive faculties are at fault to concoct a charge against the Administration of peculiar baseness, they have resort to that kindred reservoir of all filth. "See," they exclaim, "what a Taylor paper says.—Here is one of your own organs, which charges that M. Poussin was dismissed because the Cabinet would not associate with Madame P. It also charges that Mr. Clayton created the difficulty, to enable his friends to make money by speculating in stocks. Of course, it must be true. A Taylor paper says so."

It is such witnesses as this, that the Locofocos now bring forward to sustain their libels against the Administration—an authority deemed infamous by all men, even in New York.

The fact is, that the Administration has never taken the slightest notice of this vile sheet, since its accession to power. It has never given it an advertisement, nor condescended in any wise to acknowledge its existence—much less recognise it as worthy of the least consideration of any honest or decent man.

For pursuing this course, we conceive that Gen. Taylor and every member of his Cabinet merit the warmest thanks of all good men of all parties.—*Rich. Whig.*

Soloque, the black Emperor of Hayti, has forwarded \$35,000 to London to purchase a crown. The Senate fixed his salary at \$150,000, but subsequently added \$50,000 for "pin money" for the Empress.

John L. Barrett, charged with being engaged in the dissemination of abolition documents at Spartanburg, (S. C.) has been admitted to bail in the sum of one thousand dollars. His case will be continued until next term.