HIGHLAND MESSENGER.

VOL. VI—NO. 32. ASHEVILLE, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1846. WHOLE NO. 293.

THOS. W. ATKIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER:

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or Three Dollars within the year.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square of ten lines or less, for the first insertion, and Twenty-five Cents for each continuance.—The number of insertions desired must be marked on the margin, or the advertisement will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly. Court Orders will be charged six dollars, invariably.

The charge for announcing the name of a candidate for office is $2 50 in advance, or $3 00 if payment be delayed.

Letters to the Editor must come free of postage.

POETRY.

Temperance Hymn.

BY S. SPOTTISW.

Tune—From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

From Galia's teeming wine-press,
From Holland's stream of Gin—
Where thousands, in their blindness,
Prepare the bait of sin;
From many a fiery river,
From many a poisonous rill,
God calls us to deliver
The victims of the still.

What though they sing of pleasure,
While each the goblet fills,
What though their bliss they measure
By quarts, and pints and gills:
In vain, with lavish kindness,
Heaven gives us richest bread,
Distillers, in their blindness,
Make poison in its stead.

Shall we by Temp'rance aided
In health and peace to live,
Shall we, to men degraded,
Refuse the boon to give?
The Fountain! Oh! the Fountain!
The balm of *health* proclaim,
Till men o'er sea and mountain
Shall haste to tell its fame!

Wait, wait, ye winds, the story,
And you ye waters roll,
Till Temperance, in its glory,
Shall spread from pole to pole;
Till health and peace, and blessing
Shall follow in its train;
And Christ, all hearts possessing,
"Gon over all" shall reign!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Mechanic Hero.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

I'll use the advantage of my wife,
And lay the summer's dust with show'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen.
Shakspeare.

Near Dilworth corner, at the time of the Revolution, there stood a quiet cottage, somewhat retired from the road under the shade of a stout chestnut tree. It was a quiet cottage, nestling away, a dear home in the wilderness, with sloping roof, walls of dark grey stone, and a casement hidden among vines and flowers.

On one side, amid the forest trees, was seen the rough outline of a blacksmith's shop. There was a small garden in front, with a browned gravelled walk, and beds of wild flowers.

Here, at the time of the revolution, there dwelt a stout blacksmith, his young wife and her babe. What cared he, working away there in that shadowy nook of the forest, for war? What feared he for the peril of the times, so long as his strong arm, ringing that hammer on the anvil, might gain bread for his wife and child?

Ah, he cared little for war, he took little note of the panic that shook the valley, when some few mornings before the battle of Brandywine, while shoeing the horse of a Tory Refugee, he overheard a plot for the surprise and capture of Washington. The American leader was to be lured into the toils of the Tories; his person once in the British camp, the English General might send the "*Traitor* Washington" home to be tried in London.

Now our blacksmith, working away there in that dim nook of the forest, without caring for battle or war, had still a sneaking kindness for this *Mister* Washington, whose name rung on the lips of all men. So one night bidding his young wife a hasty good bye, and kissing the babe that reposed on her bosom, smiling as it slept, he hurried away to the American Camp and told his story to Washington.

It was morning ere he came back. It was in the dimness of the autumnal morning, that the blacksmith was plodding his way along the forest road. Some few paces ahead there was an aged oak, standing out in the road—a grim old veteran of the forest, that had stood the shocks of three hundred years.—Right beyond the oak was the blacksmith's home.

With this thought warming his heart, he hurried on. He hurried on, thinking of the calm young face and mild blue eyes of that wife, who, the night before, had stood in the cottage door, waving him out of sight with a beckoned good bye—thinking of the baby, that lay smiling as it slept upon her bosom, he hurried on—he turned the bend of the wood, he looked upon his home.

Ah! what a sight was there!

Where, the night before, he had left a peaceful cottage, smiling under a green chestnut tree, in the light of the setting sun, now was only a heap of black and smoking embers, and a burnt and blasted tree.

This was his home!

And there stood the blacksmith, gazing upon that wreck of his hearth stone—there he stood, with folded arms and moody brow; but for a moment a smile broke over his face.

He saw it all. In the night his home had taken fire and had been burned to cinders. But his wife and his child had escaped. For that he thanked God.

With the toil of his stout arm plying there on the anvil, he would build a fairer home for his wife and child, fresh flowers should bloom over the walk, and more lovely vines trail along the casement.

While this resolve kindling over his face, the blacksmith stood there, with a cheerful light beaming from his large gray eyes, when—a hand was lain upon his shoulder. He turned and beheld the face of a neighbor.

It was a neighbor's face, but there was an awful agony stamping those plain features—there was an awful agony flashing from those dilated eyes—there was a dark and terrible mystery speaking from those thin lips, that moved and moved, but made no sound.

For a moment that former tried to speak the horror that convulsed his features.

At last, forcing the blacksmith along the brown gravelled walk, now strewn with cinders, he pointed to the smoking embers.—There, there—amid that heap of black and smoking ruins, the blacksmith beheld a dark mass of burnt flesh and blackened bones.

"*Your wife!*" shrieked the farmer, as his agony found words: "The British, they came in the night, they"—and then he spoke that outrage which the lip quivered to think on, which the heart grows polsied to tell—"Your wife," he shrieked, pointing to that hideous thing, amid the smoking ruins; "the British they murdered your wife; they flung her dead body in the flames—they dashed your child against the hearth stone!"

This was the farmer's story.

And there, as the light of the breaking day fell around the spot, there stood the husband, the father, gazing upon that mass of flesh and blackened bones—*all that was once his wife!*

Do you ask for the words that trembled from his white lips? Do you ask me for the fire that blazed in his eye?

I cannot tell you. But I can tell you that there was a vow going up to Heaven from that blacksmith's heart, that there was a clenched hand, upraised in the light of the breaking day!

Yes, yes, as the first gleam of the autumnal dawn broke around the spot, as the first long gleam of sunlight streamed over the peeled skull of that fair young wife—she was that last night—there was a vow going up to Heaven; the vow of a maddened heart and an anguished brain.

How was that vow kept? Go there to Brandywine, and where the carnage gathers thickest, where the fight is most bloody, there you may see a stout form striding on, lifting a huge hammer into light. Where that hammer falls it kills, where the hammer strikes it crushes! It is the blacksmith's form. And the war cry that he shouts? Is it a mad cry of vengeance—half howl, half hurrah? Is it but a fierce yell, breaking up from his heaving chest?

Ah no! Ah no!

It is the name of—Mary! It is the name of his young wife!

Oh, Mary—sweetest name of woman—name so soft, so rippling, so musical—name of the mother of Jesus, made holy by poetry and religion—how strangely did your syllables of music ring out from the blacksmith's lips, as he went murdering on!

"Mary!" he shouts, as he drags that red-coated trooper from his steed: "Mary!" he shrieks, as his hammer crushes down, laying that officer in the dust. Look! Another officer, with gallant face and form—another officer, glittering in tinsel, clasps that blacksmith by the knees, and begs mercy.

"I have a wife—mercy! I have a wife yonder in England—spare me?"

The blacksmith crazed as he is, trembles—there is a tear in his eye.

"I would spare you, but there is a form before me—the form of my dead wife. That form has gone before me all day. She calls on me to strike!"

And the hammer fell, and then rang out the strange war cry—"Mary!"

At last, when the battle was over, he was found by a wagoner, who had at least shouldered a cart whip in his country's service—he was found sitting by the road-side, his head sunken, his leg broken,—the life-blood flowing from his many wounds.

The wagoner would have carried him from the field, but the stout blacksmith refused.

"You see, neighbor," he said in that voice husky with death, "I never meddled with the British till they burned my home, till they"—but he could not speak the outrage, but his wife and child were there before his dying eyes—"and now I've but five minutes' life in me. I'd like to give a shot at the British afore I die. D'ye see that cherry tree? D'ye think you could drag a man of my build up that? Place me there; give me a powder horn, three rifle balls an' a good rifle; that's all I ask."

The wagoner granted his request; he lifted him to the foot of the cherry tree: he placed the rifle, the balls, the powder-horn in his grasp.

Then whipping his horses through the narrow pass, from the summit of a neighboring height, he looked down upon the last scene of the blacksmith's life.

There lay the stout man at the foot of the cherry tree, his head sunk, his broken leg hanging over the roadside bank. The blood was fast streaming from his wounds—he was dying.

Suddenly he raised his head—a sound struck on his ears. A party of British came rushing along the narrow road, mad with carnage and thirsting for blood.—They pursued a scattered band of Continentals. An officer led the way waving them with his sword.

The blacksmith loaded his rifle; with that eye bright with death he took the aim.—"That's for Washington!" he shouted as he fired. The officer lay quivering in the road, side dust. On and on came the British murder and under the cherry tree, the Continentals swept through the pass. Again the blacksmith loaded—again he fired. "That's for mad Anthony Wayne!" he shouted, as another officer bit the sod.

The British now came rushing to the cherry tree, determined to cut down the wounded man, who with his face toward them, bleeding as he was, dealt death among their ranks. A fair visaged officer, with golden hair waving on the wind, led them on.

The blacksmith raised his rifle; with that hand stiffening in death, he took the aim—he fired—the young Britton fell with a sudden shriek.

"And that," cried the blacksmith, in a voice that strengthened it into a shout, "and that's for———"

His voice was gone! The shriek died on his white lips.

His head sunk—his rifle fell.

A single word bubbled up with his death groan. Even now methinks I hear that word echoing and trembling there among the rocks of Brandywine. That word was—Mary!

Broiled Mackerel.

Somebody who signs himself "Ohio," tells the following about a Congressman formerly of that State:

The venerable Gen. H—— was for several consecutive years returned to Congress, and as the hotels and boarding-houses at Washington city in those days were all pretty much on a par, or rather below par, the members were in the habit of occupying, year after year, the same rooms. The table of Gen. H's boarding house (which was kept by a widow lady who had two daughters) was regularly furnished with sterotyped dinners, and at one end of the breakfast table there always appeared a *broiled mackerel.* Gen. H., whose seat was near the fish, had gazed so frequently, (for it never was touched except by the cook) that he knew it "all by heart."

Now, if the distinguished Representative had any one *peculiar* virtue, it was an affectionate desire to make every person and every creature around him happy.

Well, in the course of time, Congress adjourned, and Gen. H. paid his bill to the widow and got ready to start for home. The stage stood at the door, and then the old gentleman showed the goodness of his heart.—He took the widow by the hand and pressing it bade her farewell, then kissing the daughters, said he would like to see them in Ohio and furnish them with good husbands, &c.; but even this was not all. The black boys, who stood along the wall, were not forgotten, and grinned as he handed each a silver dollar; and as he passed around the breakfast table, which was not yet "cleared off," he saw his old friend the *mackerel.* The tears came into his eyes, and raising it by the tail with his thumb and finger, parted with it saying, "*Well, good bye, my old boy, good bye! you and I have served a long campaign together, but* (wiping his eyes) *I suppose we shall meet again next winter—good bye!*" The old gentleman rapidly left the house, and jumping into the stage, rattled off, and fortunate for his ears, the widow never saw him again.

The Washington Union contradicts in the most positive terms the rumored resignation of Secretary Bancroft.

Arrival from Germany.—The celebrated George Frederick Seidenstricker, Dector of Laws, from Gottingen, in the Kingdom of Hanover, has arrived at New York, after fifteen years imprisonment in his native land for his devotion to the cause of liberty.

A quantity of Beeswax from Virginia, on being examined recently by a Broker in New York, was found to contain pieces of iron ore weighing one and two pounds each.

The great Pittsburg Fire is said to be still burning after a lapse of eleven months.

"I would advise you to put your head in a dye-tub, it is rather red," said a joker to a sandy headed girl. "In return, sir, I would advise you to put your head into an oven, it's rather soft," was the reply.

A Hair-breadth Adventure in Demerara.

One morning—and it was a morning by him never afterwards to be forgotten—the subject of this anecdote left home, and proceeded alone on a shooting excursion. I should scarcely, however, be justified in asserting, that he went forth absolutely alone; for two powerful tiger hounds followed closely at his heels. His favorite blood hound howled long and plaintively for permission to join the party, but his master was inexorable; he was tied up, and left behind. Indeed, even the two dogs he took with him were more as companions, than from any idea he entertained that their services would be called into requisition. Had he expected danger, it was not on them he would have relied, but on the noble animal whose courage and fidelity he had so often proved, and who was now left at home. The day passed over, without any remarkable encounter, and Mr. A., was on his return home, his game-bag laden with feathered spoil, and a fine buck suspended from a projecting branch of a *marked* tree, awaiting the morning's sun, till a slave should be sent for it. He had now nearly reached the outskirts of the wood, when he suddenly perceived in the thicket, on one side of the path through which he must pass, two small faint and twinkling lights, like that of a pair of glow-worms; his practised eye instantly informed him, that this appearance proceeded from nothing but the malevolent eyes of a wild beast—whether Cougar, Pumma, Jaguar, he hesitated not to determine; one thing was certain, retreat was fatal, and to advance was apparently equally so. Now, for a bold shot, a steady hand, and a cool sight, and you may yet be saved! Take care, sir; take care!—The sportsman's first action is to throw the barrel of his piece, unfortunately only a smooth bore, across his left arm, the thumb of his right hand cautiously and noiselessly cocks the gun, and the fourth finger of the same hand feels the trigger. Mr. A. steadily advanced; he was not suffered to remain long in suspense; he had proceeded but three paces, when, with a terrific cry, the Cougar, (for such it was) sprung from his lair and dashed upon him; he fired, but apparently without effect; where were now his hounds? They had fled at the first glimpse of the furious beast, and rent the woods with their cowardly wailings! He had struck, indeed, a few blows with the but end of his piece, but the robber of the forest was too nimble for him; a momentary struggle, and he was upon his back. The ferocious Cougar was standing, or rather crouching over him; one paw was upon his broad chest, and each protruded talon, penetrating his clothes and flesh, caused a stream of blood to trickle down his side; the other paw grasped his skull, and he felt as if each claw penetrated his brain; his senses reeled, and his blood suffused his eyes, and nearly blinded him; still, however, this heroic American fainted not, nor ceased struggling manfully for the victory. His vigorous arm was extended, and his hands grasped the monster's throat, thus keeping him, for a time, from bringing into play those rapacious jaws, which, as the hunter's strength declined, were gradually advancing into a closer proximity with his face; such a fearful struggle could not be of long continuance. The burning eye-balls of the Cougar glared nearer and more near still, as they looked into the blood shot orbits of the prostrate but fearless victim; their owner was forced to turn them aside from the encounter, as if conscious of the dastardly nature of his attack, and the superior bravery, though inferior strength, of the man upon whom he crouched. The powers of the man relaxed; nature had done her utmost—she was at length exhausted.—The darkness of despair was on the point of plunging his senses into unconsciousness, and death was about to seize upon his victim, when the brushwood behind him crashed, and yielded before a heavy weight; the bay of a blood-hound awoke him to consciousness and hope; a large animal bounded upon the merciless foe; the shock hurled the animal from its prey, and the brave hunter felt that he was saved. Need I explain the occasion of this truly providential, and almost miraculous rescue? The favorite blood-hound, which, on quitting home, he had left behind him, and continued howling all day, as if possessing a sort of prophetic prescience of the accident by which his owner's life would be placed in such extreme danger; and having at length broken loose, had gone forth in quest of his missing master, and found him in time, but only just in time, to save him from one of the most horrible of deaths.—*Naturalist.*

Factories in Virginia.—A correspondent of the Boston Atlas states that two young and enterprising men have bought the Falls of the Potomac for $110,000, with the view of making a "Lowell in Virginia." These falls are in Fairfax county, fifteen miles from the city of Washington, and are capable of furnishing water power to an indefinite extent.

The term loafer is derived from the Greek word *lophas*, which signifies to remain quiet, or to live at ease. As there are a large number of this class in our city, perhaps the knowledge of their origin may be interesting.—*Char. Pat.*

From the N. O. Jeffersonian.

The Fair Imposter.

Early last summer a lady calling herself Madame B. attended by two servants, arrived in a very elegant carriage, in a village not one hundred miles from this city. She drove up to the best hotel, secured lodgings, and shortly afterwards handed the landlord a card, (announcing a number of lots in New Orleans for sale on long credits) which she desired him to place in his bar room. She professed to be a widow in bad health. From this Hotel she removed to a furnishing house, which she engaged for six months. She soon selected from the merchants and market people a chosen few, whom she honored with her patronage. She had a number of rich dresses made up, bought jewelry, gave a soiree once a week, lived generously, purchased all the old wine in town and monopolized the young chickens, cream and other delicacies in the neighborhood. Several young ladies were invited to spend the winter with her in the city, and the son of a respectable planter was engaged to superintend her sugar plantation, for the ensuing year, at a salary of $1000.—She got up a subscription to build a new church in the village, and headed it with $400 payable on the completion of the building. It was soon whispered, far and near, that her wealth was immense, and no one thought of presenting her a bill. Things went on merrily.—The two merchants she honored with her patronage were desperately smitten, and each had reason to believe himself the favored swain. Thus passed the summer. One Sunday morning, however, in the month of November, at about eleven o'clock, one of the lovers, dressed in his best, and glowing with hope, called to escort Madame to a Camp Meeting in the neighborhood. At the same instant his rival arrived with a similar understanding. She had offered to each of them a seat in her carriage. Looking by no means very amiable at one another, they rapped at the door. No answer was returned. They knocked again. Still no answer. They became alarmed, but soon concluded that the lady piqued at their delay, (they had dallied a little too long over the toilette,) had driven off *solus* to the Camp ground. What were they to do? They had loaned their horses on the promise of a seat in her carriage, and not another was to be had. Indeed scarcely a human being remained in town. Half angry and ashamed they skulked back to their respective lodgings, and spent the day as all crusty bachelors do in country towns, mumbling crackers & cheese and swigging brandy. At breakfast, however, next morning, it was whispered among the boarders that Madame B. had not been at the meeting. The lovers turned red. A feeling of alarm—perhaps a dim idea that they had been humbuzzled—came over them, and accompanied by the crowd they rushed to her house. The doors and venetians were carefully closed, and for a moment the group paused until the question of forcible entry could be determined. The two Attorneys of the place were summoned, differed in opinion, cited on each side a dozen cases *directly in point*, and finally flew at one another with great fury. The magistrate and constable interfered, and during the *melee* the door was burst open, and in the mob went.

Every thing was in perfect order; flowers bloomed on the mantle; a little slipper lay in one corner; a delicate glove in another; and on the table was found the following note, written on musk scented paper, *couleur d'rose*, in the prettiest Italian hand:

"Adieu, my dear friends. The first frost summons me away. I cannot bear to say farewell. I will be with you next summer.—When you visit the city call on me at No. 27, Rue——. Make my house your home. For your bills draw on my merchants, Messrs.——, Canal street. Adieu! Adieu!"

It is impossible to say precisely what was the feeling of the company. Most of them were her creditors for rent, some for supplies, and for considerable amount of cash loaned.—A few swore roundly; others slunk off silently, while the two lovers grew very angry with each other. He who had loaned the money declared her an imposter; but the other insisted on her innocence, and treasured up the abandoned slipper and glove, as memorials to be cherished forever. He that night drew upon her bankers, and enclosed a letter full of vows to the lady herself. In ten days his draft came back protested, with a polite note from Messrs.——that they had not the honor of knowing any such lady. Since then not a word has been heard of the fair widow, and the whole village has voted her an imposter, save the one faithful lover, who confesses there is a mystery about it, but insists that she will return next summer! Such is the spell of beauty on man's imagination.

Manufacturing Resources of Tennessee.—In the House of Representatives of Tennessee, on the 28th, Mr. McDougal, on the joint committee, reported on the manufacturing resources of Tennessee. This report contained a letter from S. D. Morgan, of Nashville, giving an estimate of the amount of capital invested in manufactures as follows:—In the production of Iron, $4,100,000; in cotton and woolen mills, $990,00; in hemp and other factories, $5,380,000.

Naval.—The U. S. frigate United States is to be fitted for sea at the Charlestown Navy Yard, and despatched to the Coast of Africa, under command of Com. Read. The Boston Journal says—

It is reported that the Columbus and Vincennes have been ordered from China to the coast of Mexico—if so, we shall have a large naval force on the West side of well as in the Gulf.

The Columbus 74, frigates Savannah, Constitution and Congress, with four or five sloops-of-war, may be expected at Mazatlan on the West side—and in the Gulf of Mexico, the Cumberland, Potomac, Raritan, Mississippi steam frigate, and five or six sloops and brigs.

Mr. Gales, of the National Intelligencer, we are happy to perceive, has been pronounced convalescent.

From Haiti.

Proposed Massacre of the Whites.

The following letter, dated St. Domingo, Jan. 25, appears in the New York Sun:

"There is much anxiety in consequence of the threatening invasion by the Haytions, under President Pierrot. His instructions to the army have been made public, by which it appears that the dreadful scenes of the old massacres are to be re-acted. He is to save only the most beautiful white women for his officers. All our women, over forty years of age, captured by his army are to be taken to his palace, chained back to back.—Our young women under that age, down to girls of five years of age, are to be delivered over to his officers and soldiers! He is now only waiting for a steam propeller, which the abolitionists or anti slavery societies of Boston are to send him, to carry out his horrible designs upon this little handful of white people! He is a master workman in the trade of human butchery. Although now an old and feeble man, he was in youth the leader of the powerful jet blacks who fell upon and destroyed their masters. He murdered his master and mistress with his own hands.—Their only daughter, a beautiful creature, whom the female slaves were about to murder, as Pierrot rushed into the room and saved her, he made his wife, and drew around his new estate a large number of negroes who had also taken their masters' daughters as wives. At the expiration of some years, when the new race of mulattoes first began to excite civil commotion, the bloody Pierrot was the first to plunge the fatal dagger into the bosom of his wife and children. His example was followed by his neighbors, and the whites and mulattoes were thus exterminated in that district. This act was applauded by the blacks. Pierrot became the Virginius of Hayti, and at last he has ascended to the Presidential chair. He has vowed that every white male shall be exterminated, with the female children under five years of age."

An Important Work.

The legislature of Mississippi has passed a bill to construct the Southern Railroad.—In the House the vote was 58 to 36; in the Senate 23 to 6. This road is intended to connect Savannah and Charleston through a distance of 750 miles. The Vicksburg Whig thus describes the direction of this important work:

"The road commences at Jackson, the seat of Government of Mississippi, and connects with the Rail Road from Vicksburg, on the Mississippi river, from Jackson, it will perhaps run through the counties of Rankin, Scott, Newton, and Lauderdale, and contiguous to Simpson, Smith, Jasper, Clarke, Leake, Nashoba, Kemper, Winston, Noxubee, and will also be an outlet for the trade of Columbus, Lowndes county, all in the State of Mississippi—thence it crosses the Alabama State line into Sumter, and through Marengo, Perry, Dallas, Autauga, and Montgomery counties, Alabama, embracing the wealthiest and most productive counties in that State.

"This road will also afford an outlet for the minerals and wealth of the richest country lice around Wetumpka, embracing Coosa, Talladega, Tallapoosa, Chambers, and other rich counties in Alabama, being the gold and mineral regions; and the continuation in Georgia will also traverse the gold and mineral regions of that State. At Montgomery, which is now selected as the seat of Government of Alabama, there will be two routes coming together towards the West, one being the road from Charleston and Hamburg to Atlanta, in Georgia, and from thence to West Point on the Chattahoochie, the line between Georgia and Alabama, and from West Point to Montgomery the Rail Road is now in progress, and nearly forty five miles completed. The other route from Savannah, Georgia, by the Central Georgia Railroad to Macon, Georgia, and from thence the Georgians are about to make a road to Columbus, on the Chattahoochie, and thence from Girard opposite Columbus, to Montgomery, and from Montgomery, to Vicksburg will be the Southern Railroad."

Death of Wm. P. Dobson, Esq.—We are pained to have to record the death of Wm. P. Dobson, Esq., of Surry county. He expired at his residence on the 1st inst., of congestive fever, in the 64th year of his age.—*Standard.*

Russel Harden, has been tried and convicted for the murder of his slave, at the present session of the Court of Common Pleas, for Edgefield Dist.—*Hamburg Jour. of 12th instant.*

John N. Warning, long known in Kentucky as a man of violence and blood, was shot by some unknown person in Versailles, Woodford county, Ky., on the 7th inst., from the window in the upper room of a hotel. A rifle was found in the room. The wound was supposed to be mortal. He was about 70 years of age.

A very violent shock of earthquake was felt at the Belgian Settlement of Santo Tomas, in Central America, on Friday evening, Jan. 30th. It is described as being like the discharge of a heavy piece of ordinance.