The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 8. CHARLOTTE, N. C., FEBRUARY 21, 1854. NUMBR 2.

HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,
EDITORS.

T. J. HOLTON, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North-Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this size of type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher, and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, to advertisers by quarterly. At $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

☞ All letters on business must be directed to the Editors. Letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

☞ Payments can be made to either.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

CAROLINA INN.
BY JENNINGS B. KERR,
Charlotte, N. C.
February 16, 1853 3tf

JOHNSTON'S HOTEL,

Lincolnton, N. C., Still Open.

IT having been reported to some extent in the surrounding counties, that the above establishment is closed, (and no doubt by some designing character) the subscriber therefore takes this method of informing the community at large that the origin of said report is false. Thankful therefore for past favours with an experience of some twelve years in the business he skills solicits a share of patronage. Having lately refitted and improved said establishment, he feels assured that his guests shall not leave dissatisfied.

B. S. JOHNSON.
Lincoln co. August 16 1853 28 6m

Hagler's Hotel.

THE subscriber adopts this method of informing his friends and the public generally, that he has recently rebuilt and opened for their accommodation the large Brick Building on Morganton street, in the town of Lenoir, owned by Col. Wm. Davenport of the Happy Valley. The subscriber hopes by an assiduous attention to his duties to render the condition of all who stop with him comfortable and agreeable. Persons travelling in the mountains, and wishing to spend a few days, weeks, or months, to the pleasant village of Lenoir, may find his house a pleasant resting place.

A. E. HAGLER.
May 4 1853 14tf

AMERICAN HOTEL,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE subscriber begs respectfully to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has taken a lease of the above HOTEL, which she will open on the reception of Boarders and Travelers between the 25th instant and the 1st September. This long established and well known House, has undergone a thorough alteration throughout, and furnished with new and fashionable furniture, and being situated in the centre of business and in the most fashionable part of the city, solicits a call from her numerous friends and former patrons of the House; and will say in conclusion, nothing will be left undone on her part to make them comfortable while in the House.

MRS. A. J. KENNEDY.
August 18 3—6m

☞ Notice.

THE Notes and Accounts due the late firm of Foss, Bell & Co., have been placed in my hands for collection, and those indebted to said firm WILL not expect longer indulgence, as it CAN NOT be given.

J. P. SMITH.
July 18, 1853 24 t

S. J. BALDWIN,
Attorney at Law,

WILL practice in Mecklenburg and the adjoining counties and prosecute Bounty Land and Pension claims. Office Johnston's brick building between Kerr's Hotel and the Post Office, up stairs.

January 19 1853. 52—1Y

Dissolution.

THE copartnership of Fox & Caldwell is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the late firm are requested to make immediate settlement with the subscriber, who a one is authorized to settle the same.

C. J. FOX.
September 1, 1853 31tf

Tobacco and Cigars.

CHEWING Tobacco of the most superior brand—best in the State. Cigars unsurpassed. For sale by

PRITCHARD & CALDWELL,
Physicians & Druggists.
October 18, 1853. 37tf

Notice.

I WISH to purchase TWENTY or TWENTY-FIVE NEGROES, Men and Women from 14 to 25 years old, for which I will pay the highest prices, in cash.

S. A. HARRIS, *Agent.*
November 15, 1853. 17-4t

Hampton's Vegetable Tincture.

DESERVEDLY celebrated for its wonderful effects in the cure of Scrofulous diseases and all Impurities of the Blood, just received and for sale by PRITCHARD & CALDWELL.
Oct 18 27tf

Cowan's Vegetable Lithontriptic.

THE greatest medicine of the age for Gravel and other diseases of the urinary organs,—try it, and you will never be without it. For sale by PRITCHARD & CALDWELL.
Oct. 18 37tf

DR. ROGERS' Liverwort, Tar & Chanchalaqua, for the cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cough, Colds, &c., &c., for sale by PRITCHARD & CALDWELL,
Physicians & Druggists.
October 18, 1853. 37tf

ALMANACS

For 1854, for sale by T. J. HOLTON.

1853. Fall Importations. 1853.

BANCROFT, BETTS & MARSHALL,
Charleston, S. C.

WE AGAIN invite the attention of purchasers of DRY GOODS in the South and Southwest to our stock of Goods for the Fall Trade. To merchants who have visited our market the past season, examined our stock and became acquainted with our facilities for doing business, it is unnecessary to say that we offer inducements second to no house in this country.

Our FALL STOCK has been selected with great care, by two of our house, from all the principal markets of Europe. Our styles and fabrics will be found better adapted to Southern taste and sales than any Goods imported into the country.

We wish it distinctly understood by buyers that we *import all our foreign Goods*, and are able and determined to sell them as low as the same qualities are sold in the United States.

We offer, in our LADIES' DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT, a full and complete assortment of all the newest styles and fabrics, such as Silks, Satins, Marcelines, DeChines, Cashmeres, Robes, Mous. DeLaines, Barege DeLaines, Brocade and Plain Alpaccas, French and German Merinos, Bombasins, Satin DeLaines, Silk Velvets, Crapes, Lenos; French, Scotch and English Ginghams and prints.

ALSO.

Long and Square Shawls, Crape Shawls, Mantillas, Mantles, Cloth, Velvet and Silk, Plain and Embroidered Visettes and Cloaks, Swiss and French Embroideries in great variety; White Goods, Ribbons, Dress Trimmings, Laces, &c. &c.

A full and complete assortment of GOODS FOR MILLINERY PURPOSES.

Hosiery.

In this department we offer every possible variety of Silk, Cotton and Worsted Hose and ½ Hose; Silk, Merino and Cotton Under Garments; Kid Beaver, Buck, Silk, Woolen and Cotton Gloves, &c. &c. We pay particular attention to this department of our business, and embrace all the leading articles wanted.

Linens and Linen Goods.

We offer, in this department a full and complete stock of 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10-4 Bleached and Brown Damasks; Table Covers, all styles, Diapers, Towels, Damask Napkins, Damask Doyles, Dowlas, Crash, Grass Linens; 8, 10 and 12-4 Linen Sheetings; Pillow Linens; 3 and 4-4 Irish Linens; Marseilles and Lancaster Quilts, &c. &c.

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tailors' Goods, &c.

In this department we embrace all the best makes of French, German, and English and American Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings; Black and Colored Silk and Satin Vestings; Velvet do; 3-4 6-4 English and American Tweeds; K. Jeans, Satinets, Linseys, Plain and Plaid Cloak Linings, Canvas, Paddings Silks, Twist, Buttons, &c. &c.

Blankets, Kerseys, Flannels, Domestics, &c.

We offer, in this department of our business, a most complete assortment of English and American Blankets, Negro Goods of all quantities; White, Red and Blue Flannels; Bleached and Brown domestics; Linen and Cotton Osnaburgs, and Colored Cottons, Ratteens.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Curtain Stuff &c

We pay particular attention to this branch of our business, and can supply every article in the House-furnishing line, such as English, Scotch and American VELVETS, Tapestry, Venetian, 3 ply and Ingrain Carpets, all qualities; Floor Cloths, from 1 yard to 6 yards in width; Rugs, Mats, Canton Matting, Stair Rods, Rich Silk Damasks, Lace and Muslin, Curtains, Loops Gimps, Fringes, Tassels, Cornices, &c. &c.

We are prepared in this department to furnish any Goods wanted for Hotels, Steamboats and Private Houses, and fit them up in the best style and manner.

BANCROFT, BETTS & MARSHALL,
No 209 & 211 King, cor. Market-st.
October 18 37tf

JAMES MOORHEAD,
NO. 26, ARCHDALE STREET,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

HAS always on hand a good assortment of the best GROCERIES, WINES and LIQUORS. Also, Manufactures

Morehead's Premium Wine Bitters,

so much recommended by Physicians, and all who have used them, as the best tonic and stomachic now before the public, wholesale and retail.
October 25, 1853. 37-1y

CHAMBERS, JEFFERS & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE undersigned beg leave to return thanks to their numerous friends for their past liberal patronage, and inform them that they still continue the business as heretofore and hold themselves ready to serve their friends and all who may favor them with consignments or business to the best of their skill and ability and that no effort on their part, will be wanting to give satisfaction.

CHAMBERS, JEFFERS & CO.
Charleston, S. C., July 27 1853. 2tf

RANKIN, PULLIAM & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Foreign & Domestic, Staple & Fancy
DRY GOODS,
No. 131, Meeting Street,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

W. D. RANKIN of Asheville, N. C.
R. W. PULLIAM late of "
P. M. CRAIGMILES, late of Georgia.
A. D. SMITH, late of Asheville, N. C.

Just Received,
AT GILMER'S DRUG STORE,
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT,
PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER,
DR. GUYSOTT'S EXTRACT OF YELLOW DOCK AND SARSAPILLA,
FULL'S SARSPARILLA,
WESTER'S BALSAM WILD CHERRY,
DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR,
DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

☞ Notice.

HAVING sold my entire interest in my Drug Store to Dr. R. M. Pritchard, to whom I would recommend my former friends in the purchase of Medicines, and I now give notice to all persons indebted to the old firm of Fox & Orr, and Fox & Caldwell, and myself individually to make immediate settlement either by Note or Cash, as longer indulgence cannot be given.

In my absence the Notes and books of the concern will be left in the hands of Mr. John F. Gillespie who is authorized to settle the same and receipt in my name.

C. J. FOX.
Charlotte Sept. 30, 35tf

Wanted,

500 BUSHELS of new and well cleaned WHEAT, at my Mills 10 miles below Charlotte, weighing not less than sixty pounds to the bushel. The White the May and the White bearded Wheat preferred. For which the CASH will be paid.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON.
August 30. 30tf

Poetry.

FOR THE NORTH-CAROLINA WHIG.

Such is Life.

Life's a shadow—life's a dream,
A meeting sweet—a parting scene,
With joys and sorrows it doth teem,
Such is life.

To-day, the rays of hope do beam
Upon us brightly and serene,
To-morrow brings its sorrows keen,
Such is life.

To-day Aurora's light appears,
Dispelling off night's dewy tears;
To-morrow's dawn awakes our fears,
Such is life.

The prattling child—the aged sire,
Declining age and youthful fire,
All echo forth *one* voice entire.
Such is life.

The bouncing girl and matron stid,
The blooming bride and fading maid
Exhibit (tho' perhaps unsaid,)
Such is life.

The days—the weeks—the rolling years:
Stormy sky'an whirling spheres,
Whisper in our listening ears,
Such is life.

That "*such is life*" how oft we see,
Some in gladness and in glee,
Some in hopeless misery,
Such is life.

To-day, warriors bold and brave,
Defeat their foes—their country save,
To-morrow fill the silent grave,
Such is life.

Life's a dream, that soon is past,
Its moments swift—its minutes fast,
Now comes the first—ere long the last,
Such is life.

OTTG.

Catawba Vale, N. C.

Miscellaneous.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

The morning dawned on the unfortunate Hale's confinement just as he had committed to paper and secured the information he had ventured his life to obtain. He knew that he gazed on the blessed sunlight for the last time forever. He felt that in a few hours, a portion of the beautiful earth, now spread out so gloriously, would be lying a cold mass upon his bosom. He knew this, and his heart cramped like a deadened thing within him. He thought of his parents in their bereaved loneliness; of his betrothed in her broken hearted grief, and again it expanded with sorrowing tenderness. He was as brave a man as ever confronted death; still he felt it a fearful thing to yield up his life in its young hopes, to enter into the unknown boundlessness of eternity, with a few hours preparation. He asked for the company of a clergyman, but none came; for a hilde, but it was not procured. He knelt down in his last prayer, and the outpouring of his soul was broken in upon by those who came to conduct him to the gallows-tree. He went forward to his execution, not seeking man's applause on the very brink of eternity, by a false bravado against nature, rushing, with his proud soul cased in pride, up to the very presence of the Most High, over-coming nature's just fears, and challenging after ages to admire the boldness with which his ambitious soul could pass to the awful face of Jehovah. There was no such presumption in Hale's death. With a full and solemn sense of the awful event, he went to meet his fate as a Christian—a soldier. His soul was bowed in humility to God, and his last words were: "Oh, that I had more lives to offer up to my country."

* * * * * *

It was a splendid scene, the dinner-taole to the English commander. From his own land of luxury he had imported the massive plate and delicate china that covered it, loaded profusely with viands. British gold had purchased the tory farmer's cutlery; goblets sparkled with wine, like "melted rubies or liquid amber," and brimmed to the lips of the gay young officers, who, in their glittering uniform, surrounded by song and wine, revelled on the brink of intoxication. Loud rose the voices of merriment in gleeful chorus, when a servant entered with information that a female had arrived at their camp with a flag of truce, and demanded an interview with Gen. Howe.

A haughty smile curled the Englishman's lip, as he addressed an Aid-de-camp.

"What trick is this, think you? The rebels must be reduced to extremities, indeed, when they send us a woman instead of ambassadors!"

The Aid de-camp answered his general's smile, and demanded of the servant if the lady was young or old?

"Young sir."

"And pretty?" asked a dozen voices.

"Rather pale, your honors."

"Young and interesting; our gallantry is bestirring itself," exclaimed some of the voices, "general, pray admit her."

"Silence gentlemen, silence! The wine has made you noisy;" replied Gen. Howe, rising from the table, and ordering the servant to admit the visitor immediately.

Most of the young officers were on their feet, and all eyes were turned to the entrance as Sarah Eaton advanced—her deep mourning rendered her pale features almost ghostly, and her crape veil thrown back so as to display her white forehead, and eyes touchingly sweet in their expression, even while resting on the front of him who had made her heart desolate. Not a word was spoken by the group that surrounded the dinner table; the merry smile was quenched on the warm lips of each gay individual, as he looked on the young American, who stood before them in the beautiful majesty of her grief. Howe advanced with stately politeness to receive her, but she shrank from his approach, and with steady dignity requested the body of Nathan Hale for christian burial.

Howe was evidently surprised at the nature of her petition, but courteously answered that it could not be granted, Captain Hale having already been buried three days.

"Yet surely he might be disinterred," persisted she, eagerly stepping forward—"my—going denial in his look, she added beseechingly, "—you will not refuse his old parents a last look on the face of their son; if you are a father you cannot—so cruelly deaf to humanity.

"Are you the sister or the wife of the deceased, that you thus urgently ask for his remains?"

"Neither, sir—neither!" replied the tortured girl, pressing her hands over her eyes to hide the burst of tears the question had unlocked.

A young officer pitying her distress, handed her a chair. She sat down and was endeavoring to check the untimely tears, when another advanced—a thing of laced scarlet and huge epaulettes—and, touching her white neck with the tip of his insolent finger, demanded, "If she was neither the wife nor the sister of the handsome spy, what else could she be but a sweetheart!

The blood flushed into the marble checks of the insulted girl, like a sudden sunset; but without answering him she turned to Gen. Howe and said:

"I expected at least to be secure, but I find myself mistaken; I request an answer to my petition and liberty to withdraw."

Howe cast on the young impertinent officer a look of stern anger, then turning to the maiden with the smooth suavity of manner so common to the unfeeling man of the world, and difficult to contend against, so artfully does it charm away opposition:

"Young lady, I regret that it is not in my power to grant your request. The remains you seek have been disposed of according to law in such cases, and must not be disturbed. I should be extremely happy to gratify you, but in this, as I have said, it is entirely out of my power."

Sarah was about to speak again, but with a bow of dismissal, he requested the young officer who had handed her to a chair, to conduct her to the boat in which she came.

Sarah shrank from the proffered arm of her conductor, though much her trembling limbs needed support, and walked silently to the shore; but just as she was stepping into the boat, he drew close to her side and whispered, "Be in that little cove yonder at midnight, and I will help you to the body your are so desirous to obtain."

Sarah with a stifled cry of joy, seized his hand.

"And will you indeed help me? God bless you!"

"Restrain yourself," he said, "we shall be observed; and out of sight of the dam, and at midnight come as I have directed to the cove—the grave is near by, you can see the tree"—he hesitated, but too late.—Sarah's eyes had fallen on that oak standing bleak and alone spreading its huge branches against the sky, like congregated arms of giant executioners. A remnant of rope dangled from its gnarled limbs. Sarah gave one long piercing look, and her heart seemed in the clutch of a vulture; then, with a sudden grasp of horror, she sprang into the boat, and shut out the fearful sight with her locked hands.

The same noon that witnessed the parting of Hale and his betrothed, now shone upon her as she lay by the side of his old father, in the boat that lay upon her oars in the cove, rocking to the swell of the rising tide, and drifting by degrees towards the shore. The watchers were anxiously looking for the generous Englishman within hearing of the sentinel near the grave.—His heavy, measured tread at length ceased, and the sound of some voices came from where he was standing. There was silence for a few moments. A cracking in the brushwood that skirted the cove and then the young officer stood on the beach within a few paces of them.

"Quick! pull on shore," he cried in a suppressed voice, "I have got rid of the sentinel, for half an hour; quick or we shall not have time."

Two to three strokes of the oars brought the boat to his feet. The old man arose, the very picture of stern grief, the moonlight displaying the still lineaments of his pale face as he grasped with both of his, the large white hand extended to assist him on the shore. The boatman followed, and Sarah was left alone.

It was a fearful half hour to the poor girl, with the waves moaning like unquiet spirits about her, and the dread sound of shovelling earth and muffled voices coming from the distance. She dared not look after the three as they went towards the grave, for her heart sickened at again looking on the gallows tree with its horrid appendage.

A suspension of sounds caused Sarah to raise her head from the folds of her shawl, where she had buried it; no living being was in sight. But the black shadow of the bloody oak had crept along with the waters like a vast pall endowed with vitality, till its extremity lay along the edge of the boat, and was insidiously moving towards her.—With a cry of terror and shuddering all over, as if the unearthly dew of another world was upon her, the poor girl snatched an oar and shoved the boat out into the moonlight. Again she looked up, and the three who had disinterred the dead appeared, bearing him over the bright grass, wrapped in the cloak of the Englishman, the feet supported by the generous officer, and the gray hairs of the father streaming over the body of his lifeless son. Noiseless they came to the shore. There the old man left his burden in the arms of the officer, while he took his seat in the boat and then his quivering arms were extended and the dead body of Nathan Hale, shrouded in its military winding sheet, was laid across the lap of his father, while his head rested on the chilled bosom of his betrothed wife.

They went upon the waters, the living and the dead—when old Hale raised his grey head and spoke to the young girl.

"Sarah, in mourning for the dead, we must not forget the duty we owe to our country. Let us search for the papers we are to carry to Washington."

Then with his old quivering hands he unfolded the cloak and found the papers containing the information purchased at so great a sacrifice, secured in the vest. In taking them out, the bosom of the corpse was laid bare. The moonlight poured full upon its pulseless heart, and Sarah with a cry of agony, saw the long, bright ringlet of her own heir.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

We copy the following interesting description of the Falls of Niagara in winter from a correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, dated Jan. 16, 1854:

Niagara is in all its glory. Grand, sublime, imposing it always is, but now it is more—It is radiant with beauty. It not only awes but it fascinates; it is not only stupendous, but it is exquisite. He who has never seen Niagara in mid winter has never seen it in all its superbness. The summer tourist knows it only in its sternest aspect. Except that rainbow which ever spans the "bell of waters," there is ordinarily not one touch of beauty about Niagara. Wildness there is, ruggedness, vastness—yes, and an overwhelming sublimity incomparable.—Therein every other natural curiosity in either hemisphere is tame beside it. The vastest mountains cannot vie with it in effect, for it has what they cannot have—movement; and magnitude in motion is always more impressive than magnitude at rest. But this unmatched grandeur is now combined with as matchless a beauty. The frost has wrought a fairy work with the grim old cataract. It has thrown about it a garniture that outshines the wealth of "Ormus or the Ind."—Every rock glitters, and every stone, every trunk, every branch, every twig, every guard and root, and every withered blade of grass.—The frozen spray has transfigured everything. From the edge of the flood to the precepice, it has sheeted the banks with purest Parian. It has hung the crags with gleaming icicles. It has encrusted the trees, both the leafless and the evergreen so that they stand out before you like chiselled emerald. This incrustation is nearly an inch in thickness, and yet it marvellously preserves the form of every portion of the tree underlying it, even down to the tip of the smallest twig. And so with the tangled bushes that skirt the brow of the rock—nothing can be more fantastic than their luxuriant, snow-white, involute tracery. The ground, too, entirely free from snow whitened o'er with this same gleaming coat of frost, is but in keeping with the scene.—None who did not behold it can imagine the effect of the clear rays of yesterday's setting sun as they glanced through the spray which floated off to the Canadian side, and burnished with an unearthly lustre the landscape that overhung the roaring gorge.—Verily, I have seen the flowering time of Niagara.

There is another winter effect on Niagara which is worth noticing. The large quantity of ice borne down from the lake is completely pulverized as it plunges down the abyss. But, though disintegrated, it is not dissolved, and the river, a short distance below, is completely covered with its floating particles. As it is hurried along, much of it gradually disappears in the turbulent torrents, but a large portion reaches the whirl below Lewiston, and there floats about like thick snowy froth upon the surface.—It entirely covers the large basin, and presents a most extraordinary appearance, as it is swept about at the varying impulse of a thousand currents and eddies.—Till one has seen the whirlpool in this state he does not half know the conflict of its winters.—Every moment is made apparent. There is a certain cohesion in the triturated ice, but it is so slight that it readily yields at every impulse of the water beneath; and you may see a field of it, perhaps an acre in extent, slowly swinging around in one direction, while within it, and forming a part of it, and patches borne along in directions diverse, some even turning in circuits directly opposite. The gyrating coating covers the basin for it is replenished above as rapidly as it crumbles off into the current below.

There are very few strangers here. The large hotels are all closed; the curiosity shops are locked up; the Indians are hybernating; the ferry boats are in winter quarters, and not even the Ice-King Journs, would dare venture behind the cataract now; but still I am bound to say, if you would see Niagara "aright," come view it in January. The "pale moon-light," I doubt not, becomes Melrose right royally, for all that, Sir Walter, who was so profuse in its praise, was never there to see; but as for Niagara by winter, I can testify yet more positively. Nor in long-low poetry, but in plain blunt prose; not by faith but by sight, I can affirm that Niagara's best days are the shortest days.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, at its session last year, invited the Legislature of Maryland to visit Harrisburg. They accepted the invitation, and were entertained at Harrisburg; but the last Legislature forgot or neglected to pay for the cost of the entertainment. So the bill to pay for the entertainment, (about $3,000) comes up before the present Legislature of Pennsylvania, who are hesitating about paying it, on the ground that the expenditure incurred was a violation of all authority given by the constitution of the State.

According to Tait's Magazine, Elizabeth Squirrell, of Shottisham, England, who, some people profess to believe, abstained from food more than twenty-five weeks, is still alive though without the power of swallowing, her only nourishment being derived by means of the absorbent vessels of the mouth. She is described as being peculiarly sensible to magnetic influences, and during sleep is able to foresee all the changes to which she is subject in the history of her mysterious maladies.

HORRIBLE CRUELTIES TO MRS. WILSON, WHILE A CAPTIVE AMONG THE INDIANS.

We have already announced the escape and return of Mrs. Jane Wilson, of Texas, to Santa Fe, who had been taken captive by the Camanche Indians, and subjected to the most extraordinary cruelties. The affair has ever justly excited the greatest indignation in New Mexico against the Indians.

From Mrs. Wilson's narrative, it appears that she is but 17 years of age. About a year ago she was married to a young farmer in Texas, and in April they joined a party of five families bound for California. They were attacked by Indians, and the party was compelled to return to Texas; but Mr. and Mrs. Wilson remained at El Paso, where, their horses being stolen, they were compelled also to give up the plan of going to California, and set out on their return to Texas in July. In August, Mr. Wilson and his father fell into the hands of Indians and were murdered. Mrs. W returned to El Paso, and again in September started for Texas, with three brothers-in-law and a small party. When within three days journey of Phanton Hill, an American military post, they were attacked by Camanches, while some of their men were off in pursuit of some of their horses that had been stolen. A Mexican, who was with Mrs. Wilson, was brutally murdured and scalped before her eyes, and she and her two brothers-in-law, lads of 12 and 10 years, were seized, bound, and carried off, with the entire property of the party.

The Indians, with their captives, proceeded in a northeast direction, each being appropriated as the property of one or other of the chiefs. They were stripped of nearly all their clothing, and otherwise brutally treated. Mrs. Wilson, although expecting soon to become a mother, was subjected to every conceivable cruelty and indignity; beaten and bruised; exposed to fatigues of all kinds; her flesh lacerated by lariats and whips, or by the loads of wood she was ordained to carry on her bare back; compelled to do the work of men, or punished for her inability by being stoned, knocked down and trampled on; almost entirely deprived of food—and all this lasted for twenty five days. At the time she was sent in advance in the morning as usual, when she determined to attempt an escape, which she succeeded in accomplishing by secreting herself in some bushes till the Indians had passed.

For twelve days she wandered through this Indian country, subsisting upon berries, when she fortunately fell in with some New Mexican traders, who furnished her with some men's clothing and a blanket. In consequence of their meeting with a Camanche, they had to leave her behind, and she narrowly escaped a second capture. But, by the subsequent aid of one of the traders, a Pueblo Indian, she was enabled, after hiding herself for eight days, to escape. At the expiration of the time she was rescued by the traders, furnished with a horse, and brought to the town of Pecos, New Mexico, where Major Carlet on and others, of the army, took care of her, and enabled her to proceed to Santa Fe.

This is but an outline of a terrible story, the counterpart of which, in all except the escape, are said to be frequent. A letter from Santa Fe says that the white captives among the Camanches are as numerous as the Indians themselves. The same letter mentions the escape of a young Mexican woman, who returns, after a year's terrible captivity, expecting to become the mother of an infant, whose father is a wild Indian The Camanches practice cruelty in its utmost refinement towards their captives.—Children are trained to be more savage than they are themselves, and women are subjected to outrages too horrible to be mentioned.

The Santa Fe Gazette says: "The two brothers of Mrs. Wilson are yet in captivity, and unless soon reclaimed, will imbibe a taste for the wild life of the Indian, and be forever lost. There are many hundreds, and we may venture to say thousands, of captives among the Indians of New Mexico, principally women and children: the former are forced to become slaves of men, and the latter are trained for warriors."

When Gov. Merriwether came out, he was fortunate enough to rescue two Mexican girls from the Camanches—one sixteen and the other eighteen years of age. They had been captured from near Chihuahua—one three years and the other ten months before. They were sent to the Governor of that State, who acknowledge the conduct of the Governor of New Mexico in very handsome terms. They said there were a large number of Mexican women in captivity, and they saw one American woman, with a small child; that an Indian one day, when they were travelling on horseback, took the child from its mother, threw it up into the air, and as it came down caught it on his spear; and that others rode up at full gallop, took it on their spears, and so passed it around among the party.

Surely our Government will not permit such outrages to go unpunished, even if it be necessary to exterminate the whole tribe of the brutal savages.

BRUCE JAIL.—A man calling himself James Stokes, who was confined in the jail at this place, for horse stealing, made his escape on Saturday night last; by tearing his blanket to pieces, and tieing the strips together, he succeeded in sliding down through a hole which he had made in the wall. By an advertisement which appears in another column, it will be seen that the Sheriff has offered a reward of $50 for his apprehension.

THE TRAFFIC IN CHURCH LIVINGS.—The last number of the Ecclesiastical Gazette contains announcements of twenty-six church livings for sale, of an aggregate annual value of £14,045, and ten livings wanted to purchase of an aggregate annual value of £4,000, and for exchange twenty one livings of annual value in the whole of £7,170.

Telegraphed for the Charleston Courier.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE U. S. MAIL STEAMER PACIFIC.

BALTIMORE February 9th.

The U. S. mail steam ship *Pacific*, Capt. Nye, has arrived at New York from Liverpool, whence port she left on [illegible]

The British mail steamship Africa, arrived at Liverpool on the 23d ult. The ship Atlantic, had also arrived at Liverpool, with a portion of the crew rescued from the San Francisco.

THE LIVERPOOL MARKETS.—The sales of cotton for the three days ending on the 24th ult., comprised 18,000 bales, of which speculators took 4,000, and exporters 1,000 bales, leaving 16,000 bales of all descriptions, to the trade. The demand has been chiefly confined to Middling qualities and Orleans. Bowed has been neglected, except Middling, which was disposed of at fair prices. A decline of an eighth of a penny is quoted since the Arabia's departure.—The quotations are as follows: Fair Orleans, 6¾d; Middling Orleans, 5¾d; Fair Uplands, 6d; and middling Uplands, 5¾d.

STATE OF TRADE.—Business in Manchester was declining.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—Consols had fluctuated from 90 and closed at 90¼.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

The Czar's answer is passive, but leaves little hope that peace will be maintained.

The London *Times* says, however, that the Czar will not proceed to extreme lengths.

On hearing of the entrance of the allied fleets into the Black Sea, the Czar is said to have replied by asking whether the fleets would observe a strict neutrality or side with Turkey.

A despatch from Vienna says that the Czar will contemptuously reject the Vienna note, refer Turkey to Prince Gortschakoff for further particulars, and refuse to abate one iota of Prince Menschikoff's demands.

Tremendous excitement existed at St. Petersburg.

The French government believes that the people will force the Czar formally to declare war.

It is rumored that Count Nesselrode had resigned, and that his resignation had been accepted.

No fighting had occurred since the battle of Giurgie.

Warlike preparations continue.

It is rumored that a body of Russian troops had crossed the Pruth.

A Regiment of Christian Cossacks left Constantinople on the 7th to join Omar Pasha.

The Allied Fleets were last seen steering for Batoum. The Russian Fleet was also at sea.

It is stated that Russia had demanded that Denmark should take place one way or the other, and also had objected to the purchase of a naval depot by Prussia.

Mr. Mason, the U. S. Minister to France, had presented his credentials to Louis Napoleon.

The clipper ship Red Jacket, arrived at Liverpool from New York in thirteen days.

The new iron emigrant ship Tayleur, from Liverpool for Melbourne; sunk on Dublin Bar, and *four hundred* persons perished.

Telegraphed for the South Carolinian.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR

NEW YORK, Feb. 11, 1854.

The Paris Constitutionel publishes the following expressions of the Emperor of Russia when he learned the entrance of the allied fleets into the Black Sea. He said he expected that this ultimate resolution would be taken by England and France, and he was not unprepared. When a battle is offered to Russia, she accepts. She can afford to mourn the loss of her fleets, but she cannot afford to sacrifice her honor.

The Czar has instructed his Ambassadors at the two courts to demand whether, by the entrance of the allied fleets into the Black Sea, they intend to be understood as taking a part with Turkey, or simply to observe a strict neutrality. If the former is the case, they are to demand their passports.

LISBON, 19th.—The war steamer Bonsho arrived here on the 17th, with despatches to the British Admiral, and immediately afterwards the British squadron was under orders for sea—destination unknown.

BERLIN, Monday 20, p. m.—The Czar insists, as a preliminary condition to all negociations, that the neutrality of the movements of the allied fleets shall be declared in a formal document. Austria is said to have notified Russia of her fixed determination to maintain an armed neutrality, provided the Czar adheres to his engagement—that he aims at no territorial aggrandizement. If this pledge is broken, Austria would assume a hostile attitude to Russia.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says that a terrific battle was going on at Matchin, on the 15th, with a fearful loss of life. The town was in flames. Further fighting at Kalefat was daily expected. Two divisions of the Russian fleet, of twenty-five vessels each, are cruising in the Black Sea. A collision there is considered very probable.

The Porte of Belgrade has ordered the immediate dismissal of all Russians from Servia. Silistria, a fortified town of Turkey, has been captured by the Russians. The Archduke Constantine was at Sebastopol when the message arrived there from the allied fleet, and became furious at its reception. He ordered the Russian fleet to sea. The Russian admiral returned, not having seen anything of the English and French squadron.

ST. PETERSBURG, 18th.—A steady rise in all imported articles indicated war.

It is stated that about 60,000 Persians are about to make a descent upon Bagdad.

In Spain, the Minister of Justice has re-