

TERMS OF THE WATCHMAN.

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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors. "KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR BUSINESS." RULERS, DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE. Genl. Harrison. NEW SERIES, NUMBER 19, OF VOLUME I.

SALISBURY, N. C., SEPTEMBER 7, 1844.

NOTICES OF TRAVEL - NO. II.

BY A SOUTHERN.

The first feature which greets the stranger on his arrival in New York, is the prospect of enterprise; steam rises everywhere, and it would require but little stretch of imagination to fancy that the ladies dressed by steam, and the dandies dressed in the same expanding power. Speaking of ladies, reminds me of mentioning, for the benefit of my fair countrywomen, that in New York, the ladies walk better in any place in the world, and derive distinction from the fact that they do so. The Chinese, or even Cincinnatians, would find but little opposition in "fancy feet line," as these showy loaves are very much on the order of "Daddy's game bird," blessed with a fine "understanding." As our ship neared the city, we soon discovered that its leafy streets, which once bristled with cannon, presented quite a different scene, and that of the grim soldiers of the olden days, and the stern command of officers, were greeted by gay strains of song, the chattering tongues of thousands, came over the smooth waters of the harbour on the gentle wings of the land-wind. History says this island was discovered in 1709, by Henrick Hudson, a famous Dutch navigator, from whom the "universal critters" are the stealers of the game bird, by calling the magnificent river which bears his name, "The Hudson River."

beauty, and its lofty ceiling and mysterious Gothic tracery transports us on viewing it, back to the dim ages of romance and devotion. I might mention in this list, the City Hall and the Alms House, at Bellevue, but I fear to tire the reader with their architectural details. New York contains about one hundred and sixty churches.—These are handsome edifices, and their gilded interiors illy consort with their russet and homely outward appearance.—New Trinity Church, situated on Broadway, is to be the most splendid church in America, but the intention of raising the highest steeple on it, is perhaps likely to be abandoned, as the building has recently given way, and they may have to desist or begin denovo.

As the Great Western was in port, with a gentleman, I visited her, and received the polite attentions of the gentlemanly naval officer who commands her. Nearly along side of her, in a dry dock, lies the Mexican war steamer, Montezuma, waiting to be overhauled, and presenting a revolting contrast to the U. S. Ships of War North Carolina and Princeton, lying off the Battery. I saw in this part of the dock, a beautiful little sailor's chapel, floating on the waters, and I am told there is regular service in it. It is a popular chapel with the mariners, and is sailed about as it is required. The stranger in New York, will be struck at the immense number of establishments for the preservation and beauty of the hair, and I must say for New York, that if her citizens would devote as much attention to the inside of the head, as they bestow on the outside, they could soon lay claim to the palm of Athenian beauty in America, and Boston would not long lay claim to that distinction. In my next, I shall tell you something of the Hudson, and the Albany stock farms.

A. G. S.
Correspondent of the S. C. Temp. Advocate.
July 20, 1844.

A WEST INDIA HURRICANE.

THE HURRICANE OF AUGUST 13, 1831, AT AUX CAYES.

From unpublished Notes made during two years' travels in Hayti.

Those who remember Aux Cayes before the disastrous hurricane of the 13th August wasted nine-tenths of the city, and left two-thirds an irretrievable ruin, speak with rapture of the verdure and agreeable variety which the lanes and pathways presented for morning and evening walks. From the sea it was greeted by the mariner as the city of palms. Nothing could surpass the fresh aspect of houses and gardens amid well-watered savannas in such a climate. Its streets had been polluted by the slaughter of the revolution, but the fire had never carried devastation here as elsewhere. People who saw it, before its last calamity, saw an unchanged city of the ancient colony; and if the wild green aspect of the plains could only have been imagined to be the bright carpet of its former industry, there was nothing either in the orderly manner in which the streets were kept, or in the state and entertainment of the houses, or in the social intercourse of the inhabitants, their appearance, and courteous affability, which were calculated to recall by-gone times of the old and haughty regime. The new houses of Port-au-Prince greatly surpass the best of the domestic architecture here; but the general aspect of this place, before its destruction, was superior to it. Its air is better—its climate a chilly spring time, compared to the warm suffocating blast of the Presidential City, and its police and military government an example of activity to the sleepy negligence that prevails elsewhere. In atmosphere it has no advantage over the Cape. It did not at all approach the Northern Capitol in splendor, but one-half of its inhabitants did not roost, like bats in walls and ruins. That night of the 12th, and morning of the 13th of August, which, in a previous part of my journal, I had recorded as a time that I passed amid naked storms in the savanna of latilla, where I had heard what seemed to me the havoc of a hurricane beyond the mountains, was the very tempest which made the city of Las Cayes, in almost an hour, the place of ruins that it was when I visited it.

Those who witnessed the dreadful visitation tell me that the appearance of the weather did not differ from that of the days in which the preceding droughts had prevailed. It had been excessively hot during all the day of the 12th. The haze, which in these climates accompanies steady dry weather, had enveloped every thing, so that the plains looked all dim and moistureless like the sea, and the mountains skirting the horizon, showed like departing clouds, faint and indistinct. The sea was with its low angular outline, hung like an island between the heavens and the ocean, and the vessels that appeared on the horizon seemed as they came floating above the waters, like Kehama's ship of the air; but these are the ordinary signs when dry weather prevails, and no one could see in them the presage of that calamity which in one "fall swoop" was to make Aux Cayes a city of wo, lamentation and death.

Towards sundown the white and sparkling sky, over which not a vapor had been a floating mass, began to gather cloudy, and dull, and so quick and dense thronged the hurrying clouds about the sun—so dark, so lowering, and so sudden, that every one seemed to feel a curious wonderment at how, whither and when they came, for the earth and the ocean were still without a breath of wind. Whilst every one was busy looking out what at least seemed strange, the shining sea, that had lain all day as it were one sheet of molten glass, was suddenly heaving and swelling, but without a ripple on its surface. On looking out for the cause of this occurrence, the waves were seen break-

ing white on the rocks of the Vache Island, but still, though they were broad undulations, not a single billow was curling on the water. In the mean time the sun went down, not in one red suffusion of light betokening a windy uprising, but while and intensely bright, with the black masses of clouds closely gathered around it, the edges of whose dense folds were touched with a sharp brilliant effulgence as intensely bright as the burnished silver lustre of the sun itself. All this was remarked as strange—the very strange; still there was no dread of any coming tempest. It continued oppressively hot, and every one wished for the coming of the usual night wind. The stars set and rose, and the night darkened, but still there was no land breeze. The mysterious heaving of the sea continued to increase, and the black vapors to accumulate; but not as if coming up from any quarter of the wind, but as if they concentrated those exhalations that had filled the air with such obscurity during the day, and gathered themselves into certain above; making literally correct the metaphor of Young the poet, when he described the darkness as "a night's pitchy pall."

The first sound of the stirring elements that broke upon the still horror of the night was the shock of an earthquake. It subsided with the usual tremor of the earth and air, and those who heard and felt it said their "mesericordia" and went to sleep again. Half an hour after, a second came—it did not pass away so silently; but with it rose a gust of wind, shrieking and yelling, as if a warning spirit had suddenly rushed from the heavens to visit the earth with an awakening exclamation of dread and dismay. This was at about half-past two o'clock. From that moment the heavens and the ocean seemed stirring and full of strife. The shrieks of the storm came uttered in rapid succession, till all was turned into one wild rush and turmoil, and nothing was any more to be heard but a sound as if all creation was the roaring blast of a mighty furnace. As for the sea, it was literally stirred into foam, and the air into a rushing mist, which those who were familiar with the phenomenon of a steam-engine could compare to nothing but the velocity and noise of the discharged vapor when the valve is opened, and the white and hissing steam shoots upward like a rocket. It was so intensely dark, and the air withal so palpable, that nothing was to be seen except when the lightning shot or flashed athwart and through the dense blackness. There was nothing heard but the furnace-roar of the elements—no thunder, not even when the electric fluid struck an object, for of the numerous palms that perished standing, most of them were struck by the lightning. Those who looked up to heaven from their roofless dwellings for mercy say they beheld the light as if it issued from the clouds in a ball of fire, from which darted the quick effulgence in all directions. The transitions from light to darkness were so intense that nothing in either case could be seen. In one moment the shining whiteness "blinded the eyes with excessive light;" in another it was a blackness in which every thing seemed a mass. It was so painful that those who could have looked up to heaven in hope were compelled to keep their eyes on the earth in despair.

During all this time the swell of the sea kept increasing, till it rose five feet over the surface of the land. The waters of the stream which passes through the town, and whose sinuosities give so pretty a variety to the street scenery, were driven back, and what the ocean did not overwhelm the river inundated. Nothing yielded a sound amid all this turmoil. There was no thunder. The earth still quaked, and the houses were crashing on all sides, nothing was heard of their fall even by those within them. The mass of the building, as soon as one piece of the timber parted from the other, seldom fell down at once, but were whirled into the air, and spread about descending like showers of arrows. In this havoc, of course, not a ship was saved; in the inundation scarce a child escaped. Those who could stand beyond the five feet of water lived out the two hours of horrid endurance.

There were pauses in the storm in which all was so silent that beyond the frothy settling of the sea, as the bubbling white foam subsides in the wake of a fast sailing ship, nothing was to be heard of the stirring elements. In the death-like pause the lamentation uttered every where came like "a still small voice" after the deafening roar of the termination of the tempest.—The yell of the storm then rose again, and then the turmoil resumed its stir and strife, amid lightning and earthquake. The misty rush of the air continued, then suddenly hushed, and suddenly gathered again and again, till about half past four in the morning, when it subsided.

When the day broke the hurricane was lulled into a pattering of heavy rain. It remained so, with slight intermissions, till the afternoon, when the sky cleared, and the heavens smiled, and the waters sparkled, and the earth seemed to rejoice as usual, and the fields looked fresh and green, as if Nature had never lost its usual benignity.

There were seen hundred and twenty souls that perished—some crushed to death, as many as seventeen in one house. Many were drowned by the deluge, particularly the young people. It was not possible to bury them with the usual ceremonies of the church, or in the usual places of sepulchre. Their graves were dug in the street opposite where they were found dead, and the earth closed upon the sufferers, "unknown, unconfined, and unknown."

The Locooco Central Committee of Pennsylvania, have issued an address calling together the Delegates who met on the 4th of March, to hold another Convention on the 2d of September for the purpose of nominating a candidate in place of Mr. Muhlenberg.

A Mr. Bank lately married a Miss Gold, in Ohio. We doubt if the Legislature will be able to put down that Bank or prevent it issuing small bills. We believe a Bank on such a foundation cannot fail; so long as it holds on to its Gold its credit will remain good.

A Pig made its appearance at New Brighton on Tuesday, and continued to enjoy good health and spirits, which has but one eye, in the centre of its head, with head and neck similar to a rhinoceros, a large horn projecting from the upper part of its snout.—N. T. Sun.

EXPERIMENT WITH CAPT. WARNER'S EXPLOSIVE DESTRUCTIVE.

The great experiment with Captain Warner's explosive power took place at Brighton on the evening of the 20th July. An immense concourse of persons repaired to the scene, from London and from all parts round Brighton; so that the strand, the pier, the cliffs, the buildings, the sea, were crowded with spectators, to the number of thirty or forty thousand. After various inevitable delays, the John o'Gaunt, a barque of three hundred tons burden in measurement, was towed by the Sir William Wallace steamer to its station, about a mile and a half from the shore, opposite the battery. Two men remained on board the barque till the last, to regulate its steering; and they left it in a boat just before the final operation. Captain Warner was on board the Sir William Wallace, and when he was about to use his destructive crew of the steamer were all sent below. The problem to be solved by the experiment was, whether those on board a ship in chase could use the explosive power to destroy the pursuing ship. The delays increased the doubts which many entertained. At length the union jack was hoisted down—announcing that the blow was to be struck. The steamer was now about a quarter of a mile from the ship (which she had in tow.) Every eye was fixed upon the barque. Captain Warner lowered something into the sea, and both the vessels made onwards; the ship came over the spot where its destruction lay: a burst of smoke like vapor-water sent upwards from the sea, higher than the masts—enveloped the ship; the mist cleared off, and the vessel was seen to have been struck amid-ships, the water showing through its timbers, its mizen gone by the board, its mainmast shot away "like a rocket;" it keeled over, its head went down, and in two minutes and a half from the explosion it sank, leaving nothing but the still standing fore-mast head above the water, and all was over. The multitude were wonder-stricken at the utter destruction caused by the something which Capt. Warner "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

This experiment (the Liverpool Times says) has been alluded to in the House of Commons, where a certificate was read by Lord Ingestre, and signed by him and Captains Dickenson and Henderson, to the effect that the explosion was not the result of any combustible matter on board or alongside the vessel, and that it was done by the hoisting of a signal from the shore, the time of giving which could not be known by the experimentalist. Numerous have been the guesses as to the means by which the result was produced: the most probable is, that the instruments of destruction were loaded magnetic shells rendered buoyant by cork, which, attracted by the iron of the ship, would possess sufficient force and friction to explode the detonating materials. The debate in the Commons, elicited from Sir Robert Peel, Sir Howard Douglas, Sir Charles Napier, and other members, opinions very unfavorable to the practicability of the invention. The Premier, in a long speech, in which he went over the whole of the negotiations and correspondence between the inventor and the Government since 1841, threw "cold water" on the project. The feeling of the naval and military members who spoke, was decidedly opposed to the project, and, with the exception of Lord Ingestre, the inventor's friend who brought forward the subject, there was not an individual in the House who spoke encouragingly of it.

THE STEAMBOAT ST. LOUIS. A Western Jeu D'Esprit.

FROM THE CHICAGO DAILY JOURNAL.

The following letter directed to the Prince de Joinville, care of Capt. Jean Shook, was picked up on board the Steamboat St. Louis, in the vacant state room of a French gentleman, who left the boat at Mackinac on his way to Sault St. Marie.

MY FRIEND :

As I've made ver much de progress in de English language, in dat tongue I shall say how wis rapture and pleasure my heart de did dance, to find dis boat named from de Patron de France; Oui, mon ami, de fact I assure you quite true is. Dis bateau magnifique is called de St. Louis. You remember, my friend, dat a voyage you took Wis dat Frenchman distingue le Capitain Jean Shook; How to him a snuff box most superbe you present, Because he talk French with such perfaite accent. Eh bien, here dey talk all language, wizout de least pain; Grec, Anglois, Italien, French, Dutch and Profane. Dey have auteurs, and postes, and musicien here, And von Tip-topographical grand Engineer. De of song and de dance de salon still resound, And de jest, and de brandy smash, too, shall abound. Tojours, you shall laugh, while on board here you are So much—sacre bleu—you get some nice nevar. And de table—moon Dieu, moon Prince—nevar, no nevar.

Shall a man eat so much as he have to eat here: Four times every day is de table set to sup; To breakfast, to dinner, to tea and to sup; Four times every day you shall eat, four times more As ever you eat in four day on de shore.

Ah, Paris! you triumphs de table, dey few is. When compare wis de table on board de St. Louis; Dey is few, dey is fish, and magnifique because, Which de man who don't eat shall be writ down an ass. Dey is fish dat will fill de soul full of delight, And wild duck, wiz his sauce, dat will fill you up quite; Den de beds de repose, dey are quite soft enough As Macabees say, to "Lay on Macdoug." And de jump, de mince, so delicious is he; Dey is many would leave, oui, and his Ambrone. Oh, my friend, if you would see L'Amerique, Stay on board de St. Louis at least for one week; Introduce yourself straight to le Capitain Foyek; You will be, as Jean Bull say, too happy—be gar. Mais adieu! I must stop now; I've much more to say, Mais de because be wait on me.

Jean Bon St. Andre.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Correspondence of the Boston Courier. EDGARTOWN, AUGUST 14, 1844.

This island, with the others in the group, was discovered by Gosnold, in 1602. The Vineyard was granted to Thomas Mayhew in 1641; about that time, Mr. Foster opened the first English school on the island. Experience Mayhew says, in his "Indian Converts," that a few English families first settled at Great Harbor, now Edgartown, in 1642. The first minister was Thomas Mayhew, the son and only child of the Governor, by whom he was sent, "being then a young scholar about twenty-one years of age," with some others, to form a settlement at Edgartown.

From these items the early settlement of the Vineyard is made known. While New Hampshire and Vermont, and a large part of Massachusetts slept in the solitude of primeval nature, this island of the sea was beginning to emerge from barbarism, and soon became a point of interest. A gentleman from the north of Ireland told me he well recollected reading, when a boy, a book containing letters from one of the first settlers of this island, describing its valuable agricultural properties, and giving an animated sketch of the humming-bird, which was then a great curiosity in European eyes.

How long the island had been inhabited by Indians previous to the discovery by Gosnold we know not. Perhaps, when the Romans were extending their conquests to the British Isles, or even while the Egyptians, renowned in arts, were building their pyramids, the aborigines of Martha's Vineyard were constructing their wigwams and launching their canoes in the beautiful waters of their bays. Banks of clam-shells, four and five feet deep, are found by digging near the shore, showing the populousness of the place in olden times; the abundance of shell fish, and the favorite food of the inhabitants.—Arrow-heads are frequently discovered, and occasionally human bones. The whole number of Indian descendants may be reckoned at about three hundred, viz: About 150 at Gay Head, 40 or 50 at Christian town, at Chappaquiddick. The African race is so intermingled that very few, even of half-blooded Indians, are to be found. As a people they are orderly, temperate, intelligent, and religious; have places of worship, and live comfortably in their habitations. Many of them are employed in the whale fishery, and are of high repute in that service.

The burial grounds of Edgartown are three—one on the land of Grafton Norton, Esq., in the village, where are only three grave stones, signifying the place of sepulchre of some of the Mayhew family. Tradition gives Thomas Mayhew, the first Governor, a burial place here, but no stone or hillock marks the spot. Mathew Mayhew is marked on the stone, "Gen., died in 1720, aged forty-five years." A son of his is recorded as dying in April, 1714, and his wife Anna as departing this life April 16; the stone having sunk in the earth, the year is not to be seen. This ground ought to be purchased by the town, be enclosed, and have a monument erected. The next oldest burial place, if it is not in fact the most ancient, is near a quarter of a mile southwest of the one spoken of and is enclosed, about half an acre, with a common rail fence, and contains some sixty or seventy tombstones. The moss has grown over the inscriptions, but I scraped it off in some instances and read the record.

As a specimen of the piety and the poetry of 1786, I transcribe from one of the stones the memorial of Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins, who died July 27, 1776, aged twenty-one years. Squire Cook, a lawyer of that period, was the man to whom mourning relatives resorted to for epitaphs. When Mr. Kettell publishes a second edition of his specimens of American Poets, I hope he will remember Mr. Cook, who thus speaks of Elizabeth:

Conspicuous among the monument of the dead is the stone marks Wiswal's grave, one of the ancient pastors of the Congregational church, whose memory is still dear to the people:

"Here lies buried ye body of ye Rev. Mr. Samuel Wiswall, late pastor of ye church of Christ in this town, who departed this life Dec. 23, A. D. 1746, aged 67 years."

Some of the oldest graves have stones without any inscription. Those going furthest back, which I saw, having names and date, were Ann Worth, 1724, aged 53 years, John Worth, Esq. 1731, aged 65 years.

The third or newest burying-ground is that surrounding the old dilapidated Congregational meeting-house, comprising about two acres, and having many handsome white marble monuments and grave-stones, and capable of being made quite a romantic and lovely spot, by the planting of shrubs and trees, and the removal of the unsightly ruin of the old church. I hope before long that the people will awake to the importance of beautifying this ground, and thus make another attractive feature to the most charming, populous, and ancient village of this picturesque island. Mr. Collector Thaxter, son of the venerable clergyman of that name, so long a pastor here, is the man whose knowledge and taste point him out to effect this improvement in the burial place, and I hope the town will employ him, and give him full power in the premises.

I should do injustice to really the chief beauty of the place, if I were to omit mention of the women of Edgartown, who will not suffer in comparison with even the fair belles of Newport. As a proof that I speak by the book, I will refer to the marriage records, where it will be seen that the gentlemen of this place (no mean judges of personal attractions) have almost invariably selected for their partners the fair and blooming damsels of the island, having no occasion to take a boat and go elsewhere; and I cannot help thinking that Tolemachus had be visited here, instead of Calypso's isle, would not have left it again.

But I am trespassing on a theme, it may be,

too light for a person of my grave pretensions, and I will leave to younger and unmarried men to enlarge upon what I could not wholly overlook in a description of Edgartown.

The taste for trees is increasing in this town, and if they will only go to work this fall, and set out several hundred shade trees on the borders of streets, and ornament the burying-ground, as before suggested, we shall have a place whose loveliness will draw many strangers to our borders.

The town has already ten ships in the whaling business, and with a little exertion the number might be doubled in a short time. The local situation of Edgartown for carrying on the whale fishery in the country is unsurpassed in the country, and very far exceeds the advantages of Nantucket and New Bedford; and rich men, engaged in that business, would consult their interest by coming here for the facilities afforded; and if they should do so, the place, now numbering two thousand inhabitants, would soon be doubled.

There is a talk here about having a steamboat of their own to ply daily between this port and New Bedford, to go and return the same day, and carry the mails; but whether the project will succeed or not I do not know.

Martha's Vineyard furnishes New Bedford with many of the officers for her whale ships, and they are among the best of her commanders. The wives, meanwhile—Cape Horn widows they are called—while away as they can the long and drear absences of their husbands, and, if tempted to leave the island, might say, in the sweet verses of Mrs. Hemans—

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair,
Now spring is on her way;
Well, well I know how brightly there
In joy the young leaves play—
How sweet on winds of morn or eve
The violet's breath may be;
Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
My lone rock by the sea.

The wild wave's thunder on the shore,
The curlew's restless cries,
Unto my watching heart are more
Than all earth's melodies.
Come back, my ocean rover! come!
There's but one place for me—
Till I can greet thy swift sail home—
My lone rock by the sea.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

To answer inquiries which have been made of us by letter from a friend, and to save the trouble of enquiry to others, concerning the origin and precise import of this term, so often used in public discussions to designate the line of division between the States in which slaves are still held and those in which they are not, we insert the following, which we suppose to give a correct account of the matter:

"Mason and Dixon's Line.—This boundary is so termed from the names of Chas. Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, the gentlemen appointed to run unfinished lines in 1761, between Pennsylvania and Maryland, on the territories subject to the heirs of Penn and Lord Baltimore. A temporary line had been run in 1789, but had not given satisfaction to the disputing parties, although it resulted from an agreement, in 1780, between themselves. A decree had been made in 1818, by King James, delineating the boundaries between the lands given by charter to the first Lord Baltimore, and those adjudged to his Majesty, (afterwards to William Penn), which divided the tract of land between Delaware Bay and the Eastern Sea on one side, and the Chesapeake Bay on the other, by a line equally intersecting it, drawn from Cape Henlopen to the 4th degree of north latitude. A decree in chancery rendered the King's decree imperative. But the situation of Henlopen became long a subject of serious protracted, and expensive litigation, particularly after the death of Penn, in 1718, and of Lord Baltimore, in 1714, till John and Richard and Thomas Penn, (who had become the sole proprietors of the American possessions of their father William) and Cecilius Lord Baltimore, grandson of Chas. and great-grandson of Cecilius, the original patentee, entered into an agreement on the 10th of May, 1722. To this agreement a chart was appended which ascertained the site of Cape Henlopen, and delineated a division by an east and west line running westward from that Cape to the exact middle of the peninsula. Lord Baltimore became dissatisfied with this agreement, and he endeavored to invalidate it. Chancery suits, kingly decrees, and proprietary arrangements followed, which eventually produced the appointment of commissioners to run the temporary line: This was effected in 1739. But the case in chancery being decided in 1759, new commissioners were appointed, who could not, however, agree, and the question remained open till 1761, when the line was run by Messrs. Mason and Dixon."

The Farce ended.—Mr. Tyler's Withdrawal.—Mr. Tyler has, in a long address, formally withdrawn his name as a candidate for the Presidency. We shall not occupy our space by republishing this address; for, if we may be permitted to judge our readers by ourselves, they do not care a fig for Mr. Tyler's reasons for withdrawing, as they did not care a fig whether he played out the farce by running for the Presidency or not.—Pet. Lat.

The would be Roguicide.—Quemisset, who attempted to assassinate Louis Philippe, King of the French, three or four years ago, for which he was banished, was arrested in New Orleans, on Thursday night week, for attempting to kill a woman, being the second or third time he has been arrested in that city for violent and dangerous demonstrations. He is evidently a dangerous man.

New Application of Electricity.—We learn from our foreign files, that calculus in the bladder has been dissolved by a new application of electricity, unattended by danger and without pain. The patient in this case, which is well authenticated, now enjoys perfect health.—N. Y. Sun.

Longevity.—We learn that an old woman named Hannah, said to be an Indian, died in this city on the 19th instant, reported to be 127 years old.—Charleston Courier.