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ADDRESS OF ROBERT G. SCOTT, GRAND MASTER OF MASONS OF VIRGINIA, delivered at the request of James Points, Grand Master of Virginia, on the 22d day of February, 1850, on the laying of the corner stone of the Monument proposed to be erected in Washington, on the Capitol Square, in the city of Richmond.

Governor Floyd: The laying of the first stone in the noble edifice here to be erected is completed. By the invitation of the Chief Master of the State, which to us of "the mystic circle" is understood to be a command, the Masonic body have come hither to act their part in the grandest part of this day. Under your direction, sir, and in consistency with the high duty imposed on the craft, to be loyal and obedient citizens of the State, we have assembled to render our profound homage to the shining virtues of the great dead. And my brethren, friends and fellow citizens, what brings here this vast assemblage? Why do we see gathered together the men of the mountain and of the seaboard, of the North and the South, from the Potomac to the Roanoke; the white locks of age mingling with the ruddy faces of youth? Why come here all classes, conditions, orders and sects? The work shops stand still, the daily pursuits of life are suspended, the Courts of Justice are closed and the strife of legislative debate silent. In the military array, with streaming banners, stand long lines of citizen soldiers, of the State, and the deep-mouthed cannon is ready to roar to every hill and valley. But above all, what brings to these ornate grounds that countless and lovely assemblage of the best and truest of our God's work? This can be an uncommon occasion, else we should not be gathered by the approving smiles of woman, the young man—who blesses us in prosperity, and is devotedly faithful in the darkest hours of adversity. The day, the birth day of our great Chief, long remembered and never, with us, uncelebrated and unhonored; it is not that, no, no, it is not that which prompts to this assemblage. Virginia speaks another language—she decrees a monument to be erected to-day commences the work, that work which is not to commemorate the birth day of a man, but is to stand now and forever, as a living and speaking evidence of the affection and gratitude of an enlightened, virtuous and free people, to their first, their greatest benefactor. It is the remembrance of illustrious services and unbounded devotion to the good of mankind, by one most pre-eminent and virtuous, whose magic power and august influence of whose name, all acknowledge, gathers us here. It is the name of Washington. Half a century has passed by, since, in God's providence, our country lost him—and yet, oh, how deep and thrilling are our feelings, when his venerated name is uttered. The young and the old know his history, and talk of him as the best and greatest of mortal men, that have ever lived. His name is lisped by the infant, under the teaching of the mother, to admire his virtues and follow his bright example. It is the common and universal sentiment of all our people, to look on him as one of surpassing greatness and purity of purpose. It is not, however, with the people of Virginia or the United States alone, that the vast proportions of his gigantic character stand above all others. In every civilized country his name is never mentioned but with affection and admiration. Go to Europe, and seek to know; in England, Germany, Italy, France, and even among the Russians of the North, and we learn his character is known, and his eminent virtues and signal services for his country unboundedly admired. The sculptor, the painter, the orator, the poet and historian, have each striven by some great effort to be connected with the name of Washington. From the poor but faithful Mountain Republic of San Marino, to the rich and powerful Governments of Western Europe, all bow in reverence to the great American Statesman and Patriot, and each cherishes among its richest jewels the unadorned and simple portrait of Washington. What a wonderful triumph is this over the passions, prejudices and doctrines of past ages. The plain, modest, unostentatious character of the Potomac in our Commonwealth, has become the admired of millions of the old world; of the prince and potentate; of the strong, the wise and the good; of the peasant and the lord; of the people of the Seine, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames. The abandoned traitor of 1777 stands now the beloved of his countrymen and the admiration of the world. Such is, and may such ever be, the reward of such services and such transcendent virtues.

But I feel I invade the duties assigned to another vastly better qualified to speak of Washington, of his virtues, his services and devotion to all that has made him the first among the gods and great. I can, however, before you, my Masonic brethren, all here present, most appropriately allude to one of the best and purest of the associations of George Washington. In nothing was he a common man. All his undertakings were well considered and more than well executed. In none, in his long life, did he display this striking quality of his head and heart more strongly than by his early connection with and unwavering adherence and devotion to the ancient order of Free Masonry, and its liberal and philanthropic principles and objects. Learning, from observation and reflection, the benevolent ends our association designed to accomplish, he at an early age determined to become one of us. An honest advocate of the equal and inalienable rights of man, he became satisfied that Masonry had at all times, and under the harshest trials, been the unflinching supporter of just and free principles. In Greece and in Venice—in the dark ages, our Washington found Masonry true and steadfast in advancing the intellectual and moral improvement of the masses, and the elevation of man to that condition of equality and happiness that now blesses more than twenty millions of American freemen. Yes, on this hallowed spot, hallowed henceforth and forever to the name of Washington, may I well say, and in all truth declare, that Masonry has done much, and possibly more, than all other associations for the establishment of the just rights of man. Broad, comprehensive and never-fading in its ends, it has steadily resisted wrong and oppression in all forms. It has deposed and overcome alike the commands of the despots and the tortures of the inquisition. It has triumphed morally over the seduction of

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors. "KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR RULES." DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE. Gen'l Harrison. NEW SERIES. VOLUME VI—NUMBER 49.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1850.

power and the temptations to render a servile obedience to the most powerful monarchs of the earth. In our own loved land, it has proved itself pure and devoted to the principles of morality and stable free government.

And why—oh why should not the name of Washington be most intimately associated with such an institution? He thoroughly studied and knew all that concerned it. In the closet he pondered over its designs; in the camp he ministered at its altar. And when war, with all its trials, sufferings and carnage, had ceased to desolate his native country; when peace bro't happiness and liberty to every fire side, still he is the same steadfast masonic teacher and its unchanged friend. Neither the patronage of power nor the advance of age ever chilled his ardent attachment to our ancient order, or made him less an active and a working Mason—active in all its charities and working to give it an eternal endurance. In his youth George Washington became a Mason. Here is the record of his initiation; and here too I exhibit the Bible, then used in the Lodge, and which, as we all know, is the first and greatest light of masonry. In infancy he had been baptised in the Church of Christ, of which he remained to his death a humble and pious member. Here I exhibit to you the cloak that covered the infant Washington in the arms of that admirable mother at the moment of the ceremony, and who taught him the ways of virtue and religion. (Here the Speaker held up the cloak, which the immense audience hailed with cheers.)

On the 4th of November, 1752, in Lodge No. 4, in the town of Fredericksburg, he became one of us, my Masonic brethren—and you that Lodge who stand here to-day the representatives of your illustrious ancestors, who were the patriots of Washington and of Mercer, should ever hold these relics of bygone days in the deepest reverence. He hesitated not, and on the 3d of March, 1753, was passed a Fellow Craft, and on the 4th day of August, 1753, was raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason—and a master, indeed, did he thenceforth prove himself to be.—Master of all our mysteries; but more than all that, a master deeply imbued with, and ever practising those charming virtues that adorn our association. When the mighty struggle came with our Fatherland, and he was called by the united voice of his country to lead her armies and guide her destiny; when heavily taxed by the cares of office and command, and his herculean frame was almost borne to the earth with the grave and innumerable demands on his time and intellectual powers, he often devoted hours to the soft and chastening duties of masonry. Frequently when surrounded by a brilliant staff, he would part from the gay assemblage and seek the instruction of the Lodge. There lived in 1842, in our sister State, Ohio, Captain Hugh Maloy, then ninety-three years old, who was initiated a mason in the Marquee of Washington, he officiating and presiding at the ceremony. Would that that venerable man was among us this day, to bear his testimony to this marked incident in the life of his great captain—that captain who could cheerfully turn from the world, its pleasures, temptations and powers, and meet on the square, the plumb and the level, one of the humblest in his camp.—How lovely, how surpassingly beautiful in all that commands the respect and admiration of the good are such practices. Maloy was known to Washington to be a good man and true, and in the sincere and bright spirit of masonry he hailed him as a brother. Faithful to our principles and never halting in his duty, an incident occurred during our Revolutionary war which afforded him an opportunity to display them practically to the enemy. A detachment of the American army had met and gallantly overcome a British force and captured from them the working tools, jewels and clothing of a military travelling Lodge. Washington learned this, and would as soon have sanctioned the plundering of a church, as to have approved the retention of the booty. He ordered and made its restoration under a strong military escort, accompanied by the declaration, that his countrymen waged no war against philanthropy and benevolence.

The hour of peace arrived. Our beloved great man had passed, untouched and unharmed, through many a hard fought battle, and a kind and watchful Providence had guarded and saved him, for a long life of after usefulness. His military labors terminated on the heights of Yorktown. In that village, was Lodge No. 9, where, after the siege had ended, Washington and Lafayette, Marshall and Nelson, came together, and by their union, bore aiding testimony to the beautiful tenets of masonry.—The simple white apron; the unsold and unspiced lamb skin I wear, were the property of that Lodge. Retirement to the quiet shades of Mount Vernon did not remove Washington from his Masonic labors and usefulness. On the 25th day of April, 1788, Edmund Randolph, then Grand Master and Governor of Virginia, issued a charter to Alexandria Lodge, No. 22.—Of this Lodge, Washington was a member, and was constant and punctual, and ever ready to communicate light and instruction—that light which time has never dimmed, and that instruction, the bountiful fruits of which, are manifested in the uniform prosperity of the Lodge, and its now numerous and respectable attendance here. Elevated shortly after this to the first office in the Republic, he is yet found in constant correspondence and active connection with the Masonic body. His letters written in 1783, 1784, 1790, 1791, 1792, and 1797, speak the language of a true, faithful and ardent follower of Masonry. At all times, whether in the working of Lodges, or in the open ceremonies of public occasions, he was ready to perform his part. When the Capitol of the nation was commenced, he was present and the leading actor on that occasion. But he was there as a Mason. This marble mallet, or master's gavel, was then used by him, and is the property of Georgetown Lodge, in the District of Columbia. This apron and sash (here the speaker held up these ancient relics) adorned his noble form. He understood the use of the one and the high moral instruction derived from the other. With these simple relics of olden times, how many and interesting associations spring up. That apron and sash were,

in 1824, moistened with the tears of the gallant Frenchman who toiled and shed his blood for us. They are yet the property of Alexandria Lodge, and the liberal gifts of Lafayette to his brother Washington. Inestimably valuable as this connection renders them, oh, how precious and above all price do they become, especially with you, my countrymen, when we know they were prepared at La Grange and are the work of the fair hands of Madame De Lafayette. Keep and preserve them; my kind brothers of Lodge No. 22, unused and unworn by any, the most elevated and distinguished. They are sacred legacies to you, and never can be looked on, that the mighty name and virtues of Washington do not freshly spring up before us. The master's chair, too, was given by Washington to the same Lodge. He often occupied it, and may it continue to be adorned by successors who may imitate, but can never equal the donor, in wisdom, strength and beauty.—Such is an imperfect and half-finished outline of his Masonic character and services. He died as he had lived, devotedly one of us, and was buried, as he desired, with Masonic honors.

If we look for a bright and spotless example—if we seek for light and truth—if we desire to follow the blazing pathway of a noble spirit, then Washington should be our beacon light, by him we may be guided as by "a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night." As the great exemplar of our order, he never failed to inculcate "peace on earth and good will to all men."

Around him shone lesser lights. Many of them, had they lived in other periods, would have given lustre to their times. But he stands not alone in the temple. As the chief key and cap stone of that temple, he is sustained and supported by other tried and trusty workmen. Franklin, the scholar and the patriot—Warren, the first Grand Master of Masons in America, and who died loved and admired, gallantly battling for his country—Lafayette, Greene, Marshall, Mercer and Randolph, were his Masonic associates. It is of such as these that our temple has been erected. They are the examples of our own country, the bright and shining lights of our order, adding power and beauty to all its parts. The historian informs us, that all the Major Generals of the Revolutionary army, except one, were Master Masons. Each of them had beheld

That hieroglyphic bright  
Which none but craftsmen ever saw.

All save that which brightened one died respected and beloved. He alone proved a traitor and went to his grave stamped with the infamy of a traitor. Turning to our time, the lights of masonry burn yet brilliantly. How many of our best and purest do we find united with its hopes, its prospects and its fortunes.

Look around us now and behold the men who blush not at being hailed as sincere and honest Masons, and esteem themselves honored with being this day with us and dressed with the simple badge of a white apron. Yes, in this stand is the Governor of our State, the respected first officer of the Commonwealth. He is one of us. Shall I tell you who sits beside him? Does the hero of the Rio Grande, the victor of Buena Vista, the elected President of the nation, who has long served his country with devotion and fidelity, (and although not one of us), require a higher compliment than to say that he too, will meet us as a brother?

But among us we have some young members, and devoted associates; our old friend and amiable, brave and true Selden, the hero of Chapultepec; and the sterling soldier too of the ancient county of Amelia, he who gloriously won his brevet at Resaca de la Palma—the gallant Graham—they are others of the craft.

Well may this, the greatest assemblage of Masons ever collected in this Commonwealth, exclaim, "how lovely and how beautiful it is for brethren to dwell together in harmony and peace."

The power and the influences of our order are most happily exemplified. So great indeed have these been known to be, that in the heat and fury of the battle strike, when men, even the red and wild Indians of the forest were maddened by rage, and the scalping knife and tomahawk were reeking with the blood of their victims, a single word has stricken down and paralyzed the uplifted arm of the warrior and saved his prostrate and helpless foe. Such was the case at the river Raisin.

But I forbear—I have passed the limits imposed on myself. There is but one sentiment which pervades the hearts of this vast multitude, but one desire that animates us all; it is that this monument, with which the honor and gratitude of the State are now indissolubly associated, may be speedily and successfully completed. And, spirits of our departed Fathers, we ask you to look down on us and encourage us with your smiles and your blessings, in this our great and laudable undertaking.

Love Geography.—"Bob, where is the State of Matrimony?"

"It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on the one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks and staying out of nights.—It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a north west passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of House keeping when squally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

Playing the Amiable.—Amorous young gentlemen should be cautious of borrowing poetry. A lover was once whispering expressions of admiration in the ear of his mistress—and borrowed a sentimental strain from Philip Sydney. When he paused from failure of recollection, the lady said—"Pray, sir, go on. The next page is much better."

From the Charlotte Journal.  
MR. STANLEY.

The enemies of this gentleman are so intent on injuring him if possible, that an attempt has been made to excite the Methodists against him by stating that he had referred to the Ministry of that body as the "hundred dollar fellows" by way of derision. As we had not seen the report in full of that part of his speech, we could not tell whether the charge was just or not; but we now give the extract in full, as reported in the Globe, and we are certain that not a Methodist of the strictest sect can take exceptions to his remarks. He does refer to the Ministry as the "hundred dollar men," but not in a spirit of derision but a spirit of approbation. How could he be otherwise, when we learn that he has a brother in the Ministry. But here is the extract, let every person read it for himself.

The Honorable gentleman from Alabama commenced this morning, by saying that he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Yes, and I referred to the fact yesterday, in courtesy. He promulgates it this morning. I know it and the country knows it,—from extracts which have been published from his sermons. He is one of those gentlemen, I doubt not, who desire to procure the eclat of the galleries, and the compliments of the ladies, for his sermons; and he comes here this morning to pour out his malice upon me. I cannot but have respect for its clergy, in spite of the exhibition we have had here this morning. They are the pioneers of religion in our country. They are not like the gentleman from Alabama who knows a great deal more about Vattel, Bynkershoek, and Grotius de Jure Belli, than of the Epistles of St. Peter, St. Paul, or St. James. But they are these hundred dollar men, who take their saddle-bags, and ride through our American forests, sending forth glad tidings of great joy to the black and to the white. They are to religion, what our Yankees are to Commerce, they go where nobody else go, and do not preach for glory, or for pay, or any thing of that sort. They do not dance attendance on the great—they are not "Frequent in park with lady at his side. Constant at routs, familiar with a round of ladyships."

Through these men "the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

The Nashville Convention.—From all we can learn from our exchanges, there is a great deal more opposition to the proposed Nashville Convention than we had any thought there would have been. Papers from all parts of the South have come to hand, containing resolutions opposed to it. They give as a reason, that the proposed convention, they fear, will have a tendency to weaken the bonds that hold the States together. We remark however, a universal spirit of opposition to anything calculated to compromise the honor of the South. Those who are in favor of the Nashville Convention, are sincere in the belief of its efficacy, if not to adjust the present difficulty, at least to strengthen the hands of Southern Congressmen; whilst the opposers of the Convention take the ground that it will tend towards disunion, trammel our representatives in Congress, or at least do no good. To a fair difference of opinion, fairly expressed no thinking man ought to object; nor do we. But we do object to the spirit in which both these Southern parties oppose each other. What good can it do the South to hear one party call the other disunionists and demagogues, and to hear the other party retaliate by calling out traitor, abolitionist, ally of the northern fanatics, &c. &c. No; let every man, and every paper, express an opinion in a manly and fearless manner, but at the same time treat their opponents with generosity. Give them credit for sincerity. It is not right to suppose that one who may be opposed to us in opinion, is corrupt. Our own sincere opinion is, that the Nashville Convention is not calculated to do good. Did we think otherwise we would undoubtedly advocate the holding of said Convention. For our opinion sincerely held, and openly expressed, we do not like to be classed amongst the opposers of the South.

Such conduct as we have attempted to describe, places the South in a false position. It tends to send for an idea that the South is not united—that should an emergency come her people would not stick together for mutual protection and assistance. Now we all know that such is not the case; for no matter how different the parties, the end and aim of all is the same—the prosperity of their common South. Then gentlemen editors and politicians, quit calling each other hard names. Differ as much as you please in your opinions; but express those opinions like gentlemen.—N. C. Argus.

The Standard represents the Times as being "out for Equal Suffrage, as well as for Judges by the people." We are in favor of the next Legislature submitting the question to the people whether they desire these things; and also the election of Justices of the peace by the people—and we remarked, "the proper time to discuss the principles involved will be, when they come regularly before the people for their action."—Raleigh Times.

We must confess that we are not deeply mortified to see the "disorganizing Convention" at Nashville so universally condemned by all the prints professing Americanism and patriotism. The Hartford Convention, during the last war with England, should warn the advocates of the anticipated one at Nashville of their doom. The plain up and down fact of the business is, our people enjoy too many liberties, to hazard for a moment the stability of the Union. The world is too much interested in our thus far happy project of self government. It would not be altogether right, now, to "dissolve the firm," and thus crush forever its brightest hopes. It would be worse than cruel fratricide to extinguish forever the latent sparks of freedom in every land, that are kept alive solely by the wind from the wings of our noble bird as he takes his course heavenward. Freedom's cause knows no bound—it is not local, but encircles, with a sympathetic chord, the habitable globe. It has votaries in every clime, and all animated by the same glorious and liberalizing aspirations for Fraternity and Equality. Dissolve the Union? Never! It is too precious in all that lends heat to the political heart, and in all that is nourishing to patriotism, to be thus idly swept away. No we will maintain it; and to do so we are prepared to "stand the hazard of the die." Let disunionists and foreign emissaries croak bark and plot; yet they will be sadly mistaken in believing that Americans, do not know their rights and liberties, and knowing them will not maintain them at every hazard. "One and inseparable," we cannot, we will not be dissevered.

We take the above from that spirited, and fearless paper, the "Brandon (Miss.) Republican." The republican is published some dozen miles from Jackson and speaks right out in meeting, in condemnation of the Nashville Convention.—Mobile Advertiser.

NAVIGATION OF NEW RIVER, &c.

In the Senate on Wednesday last, Mr. Mangum presented a memorial signed by three hundred citizens of Onslow County, in this State, in favor of the improvement of the navigation of New River, and the establishment of a port of entry at Jacksonville, Onslow.

Mr. M., in presenting the petition, said it was signed by three hundred of the most respectable citizens of the community in which they reside, in the county of Onslow, North Carolina. It represented that the river, which passes through that portion of the State is obstructed by shoals at the point at which it enters the county, and the petitioners pray that a small appropriation be made for the purpose of removing these obstructions. The petition sets forth that, in that immediate vicinity, the waters are not navigable for more than twenty miles, and that the productions of turpentine, corn, cotton, and various other articles, cannot be easily transported. He knew this to be so, and that the land there was as fertile as that of any region in the country. That part of the country was most abundantly supplied also with naval stores of every description—the finest forests, the largest trees that he had ever seen, except upon the banks of the Cumberland—which were useless on account of the difficulty in getting them to the ocean. He thought that, if appropriations were ever made, no place could be found where the appropriation, to the extent which was asked, could be more usefully made. Very little had been asked by this portion of the country, and they had uniformly received less than any others. He trusted that the petition would meet with a due and favorable consideration.

The Boston Transcript says that Dr. Webster's family were wholly unprepared for the terrible result of his trial. They had secured their own passage and that of Professor Webster, at his direction, for Fayal, for the 20th of this month. They have all along had the strongest persuasion of his innocence; and were completely prostrated by the overwhelming intelligence of his conviction.

The Times says that a letter of condolence to the unfortunate family is now in circulation in the city of Cambridge, and already contains a large number of names among which are those of the Hon. Jared Sparks, Hon. Edward Everett, and Judge S. P. Fay. The character of the paper is to assure the afflicted family that, notwithstanding the sad fate of the husband and father, the wife and daughters will continue as ever to be respected, esteemed and beloved by their friends, and that all that can be done will be done to comfort and support them under this terrible burden of affliction.

Prussic Acid in Cholera.—In the London Medical Times (Allopathic) of Nov. 12 1849, Dr. Downing mentions his having used Prussic Acid in extreme collapse, with manifest advantage." Mr. Shea, at Dr. D.'s suggestion, "tried it in more than one hundred cases of cholera, and stated his conviction that it was superior to anything that he had ever before employed. He had given it to children as young as nine months old with excellent effect, and he had never in any case found prejudicial effects follow its use." Both of these gentlemen are of the Allopathic or regular practice.

Genl Taylor—Col. Bliss—Mrs. Bliss, &c.  
—A Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal writes as follows:—

General Taylor I have seen. He is "Rough and Ready,"—plain and hearty in his address—and doubtless most at home when most retired from the ceremonies of his office. He is in good health, which is well preserved by his regular habits; he is "early to bed and early to rise," as I am informed by one who sleeps under the same roof. He seldom rides in his carriage; and when free from the duties of his position, finds quiet and repose in his home circle, which is made inviting and happy by his good wife, who is seldom seen public. General Taylor and lady are regular attendants upon the St. John's Episcopal Church service; the former always present in morning, the latter both parts of the day. I saw them last Sunday at church, and on their way home, walking—thereby giving rest to man-servant and beast—"within thy gates." Mrs. Taylor is an accomplished lady, of high morals and religious character, and avoids public life from choice; choosing to be the faithful wife of "Z. Taylor," rather than to participate in the honors and gaieties of the White House.

Col. Bliss is worthy of the fame he enjoys. He is a gentleman rather below the medium height—stout built—of fine clear dark complexion, and quite bald. He is very quiet and unassuming in his manner, not talkative, always calm like Collector Greely. He is truly clever both in the American and English acceptation of the term.

Gen'l in figure, easy in dress, Moves without noise, and swift as an express; Reports a message with a pleasing grace, Expert in all the duties of his place."

Mrs. Bliss is worthy of more celebrity than she enjoys. At the evening receptions she does the honors of the hour, and well she acts her part. She has a kind word and a sweet smile for each of the hundreds that crowd her presence. She is of light complexion, rather under the medium size, of fine figure, and remarkably chaste in her dress. Long may she live to make happy the brave man of her father's choice, and to honor her sire, who has so much honored her.

Old Whitey, alias Billy, is now eighteen years old, and occupies the stable east of the White House. He has served in Florida and in Mexico, has borne the old General over many a battle field, and now, shoeless, is reaping the rewards he so richly deserves. He bears two ball wounds, one upon the neck, the other upon the right hip. Hundreds weekly visit the old war horse, and feel the prints of the balls.

From the Richmond Whig of April 3, 1850.  
SHOWER OF FLESH.

About 4 o'clock, P. M., yesterday, being Good Friday, a small cloud passed over Mr. Chas. H. Clarke and several of my servants, a few paces from the south bank of Pamunkey river, in the lower end of Hanover county, Va., on the estate called Farmington, and discharged around the parties, over a surface of something less than one rod of ground, various pieces of Flesh and Liver, too well-defined in each sort to allow of any mistake in their character. I gathered this morning from the spot, about 4 to 6 oz., distributed over the above mentioned surface. The pieces picked up at the remotest points, in a line from N. E. to S. W., were about 25 paces from each other. One weighed near an ounce. The direction of the cloud was from N. E. to S. W., as described by Mr. C., who is a gentleman of intelligence and established credibility. Mr. Brown, with myself, visited the spot this morning, and all aided in picking 15 to 20 pieces, which I have by me at this moment, and from which I send you a sample, and desire it may be passed over to Dr. Gibson, that he may ascertain what of Flesh it is. The Flesh and Liver are in a perfect state at this moment, and the latter part I shall put in alcohol for the future inspection of the curious. Something of this sort was published as occurring recently in North Carolina (I think) and a year or two since also in Kentucky or Tennessee.

Those who are fond of portents are informed, that this Flesh fell within a hundred yards of my Servant's Burying Ground and the cloud must have passed directly over that as well as the graves of my own immediate ancestors.—I have neither time, space or inclination for comment, but am,

Respectfully yours,  
G. W. BESSETT.  
Clover Lea, March 30th, 1850.

COTTON FACTORIES IN THE WEST.

The New Orleans Bulletin mentions the arrival, at that place, of a large quantity of machinery, destined for a large Cotton Factory to be established at Cannelton, Indiana, with a capital of \$250,000, all of which is paid in. The factory is situated on a beautiful site on the Ohio river, in a village where ten years ago, was a complete wilderness, but which now contains a population of 3000 inhabitants.

The Bulletin asks, with a great deal of propriety, a question which should address itself to the entire South: "When will Louisiana awaken to the immense advantages of such establishments here?"

Millions of Pigeons.—Letters from Indiana complain that some of the pigeon roosts cover the forests for miles, destroying the timber. A letter from Laurel says: "I am completely worn down.—The pigeons are roosting all through the woods, and the roost extends for miles.—Our neighbors and ourselves have for several nights, had to build large fires and keep up the report of fire-arms to scare them off. While I write, within a quarter of a mile, there are 30 guns firing.—The pigeons come in such large quantities as to destroy a great deal of timber, break limbs off large trees, and even tear up some by the roots. The woods are covered with dead pigeons."

How to be Happy.—A little child seven years old, one day said to her mother,—"Mother, I have learned how to be happy and shall always be happy." "My dear," said her mother, "how can that be done?" She said, "It is by not caring anything about myself, but trying to make everybody else happy." "O! children, this is the way—Love God, and love to do good to all around you, and you will be happy."

The Legislature of the State of Massachusetts decided, last week by a vote of two hundred and sixty to one, that certain fanatics, who had petitioned for the dissolution of the Union, might have leave to withdraw their petitions.