

FURTHER NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA—BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS—SIXTY INDIANS KILLED—72 AMERICANS MASSACRED.

The correspondent of the Alta California, dated San Juan, Sunday, Jan. 18, 1851, says:
An express rider from Mariposa county arrived in this city this evening. He has brought intelligence of a battle between four hundred Indians and a party of fifty or sixty Americans, under the command of Capt. Jas. Burney. The despatches containing this intelligence are dated at "Aguto Frio," and they state that the Indians were strongly entrenched in one of their villages. Their position was attacked at the dawn of day, on or about the morning of the 9th instant, by the Americans, led on by Capt. Burney.

The battle was a hard fought one and lasted three hours. The result was that the Indians were driven from the village, with a loss of some sixty killed and from ten to twenty wounded. Eight Americans were wounded, two of them mortally. One of the latter was Lieut. S. Kenne, and the other Mr. Little. The deceased are particularly noticed in the despatches as having behaved with courage and intrepidity. After the battle the Americans burned the village and retreated. They were pursued and constantly fired upon by the Indians during a retreat of ten miles.

But the most horrible intelligence contained in the despatches is that of the massacre of seventy-two men by the ruthless savages. The massacre took place near Rattlesnake Creek. The men were working in a gulch of chiasm, and had stacked their arms, not apprehending any danger. The Indians came upon them by stealth, and having secured their arms, massacred them one by one in detail!

A petition for aid, signed by fifty or sixty citizens of Mariposa county, has been presented to the Executive. The Indians appear to have commenced a war of extermination.

The San Francisco Herald of Feb. 1, furnishes the following summary of events since the departure of the previous steamer:

The stagnation noticed in our circular of the 15th January still continues in our market, and but few changes can be made from our last quotations. During the past week a slight advance has been made in some few articles, as will be seen by our detailed review, but there seems to be little reason to expect any very material improvement for some weeks.

The usual scarcity of rain up to this time has very materially embarrassed the operations in the "dry diggings." The miners have occupied themselves thus far in throwing dirt, ready to take advantage of the first rain that visits them; and if reliance can be placed on the reports of persons who have visited that part of the country, a few days' rain would enable them to collect an immensely large quantity of gold, which being immediately thrown into the hands of traders, who have given credit to the miners for stores, would have the effect of at once reviving business throughout the country.

A large number of men are engaged with great success in the country adjoining the Klamath river, especially on Scott's and Simon creeks, its tributaries. This portion of the mining region has as yet been but little explored in comparison with the more Southern parts of the State, and will doubtless be found to abound in "placers" fully equal to any hitherto worked. We mentioned in our last circular the report of very valuable discoveries of gold on the sea coast near the mouth of the Klamath river. Further investigations confirm, in a great degree, the richness of the deposits, but also discover many serious obstacles to render them available at the present time. The "Gold Bluff" is about thirty miles from Trinidad, the nearest sale point for vessels to discharge their cargoes. The road between is of an almost impassable nature, only practicable for mules.

Considerable difficulty also exists in bringing into operation any really efficacious method of separating the gold from the sand; the weight of the latter, which is in a great part metallic, preventing the ordinary Virginia rockers from working successfully. Experiments have been tried to make the extraction by fusion, but whether they can be carried out on a sufficiently large scale to be practically useful remains to be seen.

A GLANCE AT DESPOTISM.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers that ten thousand Russians of the first families of the empire, have applied to the autocrat for permission to go to the World's Fair at London.

By the laws of the empire no Russian can leave the country without the permission of the sovereign; and this license may, at any time, be revoked. This simple fact is a practical illustration of the vast difference between the effect of an absolute and free government over the personal liberty of a subject or citizen.

"Mr. Smith," said a little fellow the other evening to his sister's head, "I do wish you wouldn't praise our Ann Maria's eyes any more. You've made her so proud now that she won't speak to cousin Laura, nor help mother the least bit."

A BEAU BRUMMELL AMONG THE WORKINGMEN.

A correspondent of the Sunday Courier thus describes an eccentric individual at New Orleans:

"We have a man here by the name of Duncan, who has a most singular taste in regard to clothing and jewelry. He wears an immense white broad brimmed hat, and a gold embroidered suit of clothes, that cost in Paris, over \$800. He has a gold watch chain that would fasten an elephant; five or six pounds of rings dangle his fingers; his boots are encased in silver coats of mail, and he carries a cane bedazzled with massive chunks of silver. There is an amiable bearing about the man that warrants me in considering him a most singular fancy, and not a charlatan love of notoriety. He is a cleanly, hard-working stevedore, and the jewelry on his person is valued at 8,000, which he wears only on a Sunday. There is no dirty mystery about him, so often mistaken for true democracy, but a desire to gratify this odd fancy with some propriety.

THE FUTURE WIVES OF ENGLAND.

My pretty little dears.—You are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear little girls, you want generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen and less parlor; more foot exercise and less sofa; more making puddings and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty; more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked full-breasted bouncing lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, feed the pigs, chop wood, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlborough or the Queen of Spain; and be a lady withal in the drawing room. But as for your pining, moping, screwed up, wasp-waisted, putty-faced, music-murdering, novel devouring, daughters of fashion and idleness, with your consumptioned-soled shoes, silk stockings, and calico shifts, you won't do for the future wives and mothers of England.

—Mrs. Ellis' Lectures addressed to Young Ladies.

Cargo of Elephants.—We are glad to learn that Mr. S. B. June, whom we formerly announced as having come to Galie in a vessel from America, for a cargo of elephants, has succeeded in procuring the object of his search. On his arrival in Colombo, he was informed that Government had elephants for sale; but we happened to see him one day in search of what was here called "Government." With his Yankee go-ahead business notions, he supposed that, if a party had anything for sale, that party ought to know what price to ask for it. Government has elephants for sale, said every person; but nobody, individual or collective, could be found to fix a price at which they would be sold, so that he declared there was really no Government in Ceylon. Failing in the direction, Mr. June, a perfect stranger to the country, and assured by many residents that he could not, in any reasonable time, obtain the number of elephants he required, went into the interior, and notwithstanding the unusual wetness of the season, succeeded in picking up between twenty and thirty elephants, which are now on their way to Galie, to be shipped on board the American barque Regatta, now lying there in waiting for him. We wish Mr. June and his "boys and girls," as he calls them, a quick and safe passage to Yankee land.

[Colombo (Ceylon) Ob. Jan. 3.]

GETTING USED TO IT.

"Somewhere about here," writes a Southern correspondent, "lives a very small farmer of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge."

"Why, you see," he would say, "I'll sign after a while, but I don't like to break off at once, it aint wholesome. The best way is to get used to things by degrees you know."

"Very well, old man," his helpmate would rejoin, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days while you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to help you out."

Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of days after he tumbled into the well. Here, the old toper, after a deal of useless scrambling, shouted for the "light of his eyes," to come and help him out.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the good soul, showing her cap full over the edge of the parapet; you've got into a hole at last, and it is only lucky I'm in hearing, or you might have got drowned, you old dog!" "Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold," and up he came higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle, down he went to the bottom again!

This occurring more than once made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious.

"Look here," screamed he in a fury, at the last splash, "you are doing that on purpose; I know you are!"

"Well, now, I am," responded the old woman tranquilly, while winding him up once more. "Don't you remember you told me its best to get used to a thing by degrees? I'm afraid if I was to bring you right out of a sudden you wouldn't find it wholesome!"

The old fellow could not help chuckling at the application of his principles, and protested he would sign the pledge on the instant she would fairly lift him out. This she did, and packed him off to "swear in," wet as he was. "For you see," she added, very emphatically, "if you ever fall into the well again, I'll leave you there—I will!"

MR. GLIDDON'S FOURTH LECTURE.

The lecture of Mr. Gliddon, Wednesday evening, was one of the most interesting and instructive he has delivered. His subject was the "Book of the Dead," or the curious Ritual of the Bible of the Ancient Egyptians. Having previously explained, how scientific investigators, starting from the data obtained from the Rosetta stone, had acquired the art of reading the hieroglyphics, Mr. Gliddon gave a most interesting account of the "Book of the Dead," which is found, in whole or in part, buried with the mummies, according to the rank of the deceased. The multiplicity of fragments of this venerable record, obtained from the exhumed mummies, have enabled modern savans to make out the complete book, and an exact copy of it has been printed in Europe. Mr. Gliddon exhibited the volume, and proceeded to expound some of its most important features. Mr. Birch, the most learned of English Egyptologists, extended to Mr. G. the distinguished kindness of preparing for him an abstract from his own manuscript translation of the "Book of the Dead," and parts of this abstract, with occasional explanations formed the staple of the lecture. The general design of the sacred book was expounded and the religious creed which it prescribed, developed. This book, in the form in which it is to this day preserved, is asserted to have been in existence long before the days of Abraham. Yet it discloses the astonishing facts that the Egyptians of that early age believed in the immortality of the soul,—in the existence of a great Supreme Being, in a place of eternal happiness, and a place of eternal punishment after death, and in the reunion of the body and the soul, which was the reason of their practice of mummification. The "Book of the Dead" was described by Mr. G. to be a sort of Pilgrim's Progress of the soul of every deceased person from his death to his final establishment in the abodes of delight or misery. His adventures in this progress, according to the Egyptian notion, were singular enough.—When at last arrived at the grand judgment hall of Osiris, he passes through a terrible ordeal. His good and evil deeds are weighed against each other in the balance; the fearful record is kept by an assistant divinity; and the dread judge sits ready to pronounce the decree. The Egyptian faith, however, offered one consolation; if the soul was found wanting at the first trial, he was allowed to go on penance and then have a second.

These are but touches of some of the highly interesting information imparted in Mr. Gliddon's lecture. They will suffice, we hope, to stimulate the curiosity of our readers, and incite them to acquaint themselves with the important results of the Egyptian researches of the present day.—Rich. Times.

Who are your Aristocrats?—Twenty years ago this one butchered; that one made candles; another sold cheese and butter, a fourth carried on a distillery; another was a contractor on canals; others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society—as their children will be after them, though it will not do to say so out loud. For often you shall find that these toiling worms hatch butterflies, and they live about a year.

Death brings division of property; and it brings new financiers; the old agent is discharged, the young gentleman takes his revenues, and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death—or his children do, if he do not. So that in fact though there is a sort of moneyed rank, it is accessible to all; three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up, a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children again to labor. The father grows, and grows rich; his children strut, and use the money; their children inherit the pride, and go to the shiftless poverty; their children reinvigorated by fresh plebeian blood, and by the smell of the cloed, come up again. Thus society like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes into leaves and blossoms, spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them off to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soil, and at length to reappear in the new trees and fresh verdure.

Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

To the Editors of the Charleston Courier:

GENTLEMEN—During my recent visit to London, the uses to which I found the Ground-Nut appropriated, occasioned me some surprise.—Messrs. Foster & Smith, merchants there, import the nut upon an extensive scale for the western coast of Africa. These gentlemen work in the suburbs of London, a large Rice-pounding mill, the operations of which I was invited to inspect—but attached to this is an oil mill, and it is of this I would speak in reference to the ground nut. This nut which corresponds precisely with the nut so called, which is grown in Carolina, is imported by them in large quantities—and thus used. First, nut and shell are broken up. Next, the greater portion of the shell is separated from the nut—then from the nut the oil is expressed. The nut after expression of the oil forms a cake which is much in demand from cattle feeders and graziers—and the shell which had been separated from the nut, also becomes a source of profit, being first ground and then sold to the Tobaccoists. The oil extracted from the nut, I was assured, was equal in every respect to Olive oil, and superior to it in the fact that the former never becomes rancid. The quantity of oil in the mill vats the day I was there, was 142 tons.

This use of the ground-nut was of such novelty to me, that I begged for a sample of the nut, oil, cake, and pulverized shell, for the purpose of showing them to my friends in Carolina. The sample put up for me, I now send to you, that those who wish to see it may have an opportunity of inspecting it.

The oil I am sorry to say is all lost, by the breaking of the lottle—but the nut, cake, and the snuff (in the raw state,) are not materially injured.

I am gentlemen, your obt. servant,
H. PINCKNEY WALKER.

There are two things which are particularly annoying to a minister while in the pulpit; one is, for persons to wait until after services commence and then enter hurriedly, and the other is, for those who are already assembled to turn round to look at these late comers. Though these things may not be complained of in our enlightened village, they are practiced in some places where there is not a good newspaper to remind them of the impropriety of such conduct.—Warrenton News.

Six hundred and ten newly arrived African slaves were recently landed east of Cardenas in the Island of Cuba, and sold for \$311,100.

A great Cathedral is to be erected by the Roman Catholics, at Washington city, to cost \$1,000,000.

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER, Editor & Proprietor.

Vol. VII.] Salisbury, N. C. [No 46
THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 20, 1851.

Union Clubs.—A large number of the most respectable citizens of Montgomery, Alabama, formed themselves into an Association bearing the following name: "Central Southern Right's Union Club of Montgomery," the object of which is to oppose, by all fair and honorable means, all factions or parties whose object is a dissolution of the Federal Government. The officers elected for the present year, are Judge B. S. Bibb, President; T. T. Holt, vice President; J. H. Clanton, Esq. Secretary; and Col. T. F. Leonard, Treasurer.

Among the proceedings of the meeting called for the purpose of organizing this Club, we find the following resolution, to wit:

1st. Resolved, That as we are advised by the public speeches and the public resolves of those who differ with us, "the issue of Union or Disunion" is to be made before the people of Alabama at the next general Election, it behooves us to prepare for the contest.

GENERAL SCOTT.

The Tuscarawas Advocate published at New Philadelphia, Ohio, in an article doing justice to the gallant old hero of Lundy's Lane, remarks:—"The hour of his vindication has come. The signs of the times clearly indicate that in '52 he will be elevated to the highest office within the gift of a free people." From the same paper we learn that the Whigs of Butler county, Ohio, in their recent convention, adopted strong resolutions declaring General Scott their first choice for the Presidency in the canvass of 1852. The Mansfield, Ohio, Herald advocates his claims, as also does the Carbonale Transcript and Journal.

Disunion Paper.—From all we can see in the Raleigh Standard on which to base a conclusion, that paper is in favor of Disunion. Its language is cautious,—purposely so, we think,—that it may the more effectually lead the unguarded to oppose their Country. While it professes to be willing to abide by the late measures of Compromise it is constantly harping on the wrongs of the South, the aggressions of the North, &c., &c. Why is this? Upon what plea does it build its justification? If peace is desirable, is it best promoted by continually stirring those subjects of all others the most apt to disturb it? And yet this is the course of that journal. No, it seems to have an object ahead—an aim to be realized in the future; and we are forced to believe that that object and aim is nothing more or less than to prepare the State to follow South Carolina's lead into the dangerous—ruinous experiment of secession. We may be wrong—and hope we are—but yet to think otherwise from present indications would demand greater faith in the loyalty of that journal than facts will admit.

The "Standard" is mistaken: the part connected with the Mail Contract advertisement concerning which we have the least "distress" is the pay. The "Standard" knows that well, and can speak from experience. We doubt not, however, that it grieves the editor of that journal dreadfully to see this advertisement in the columns of Whig papers. "If only Mr. Cass were President," it reflects; "then I would have got the job. Aye, aye—but there's the rub! A nobler man fills the Chair, and these miserable Whigs are getting jobs which ought to be given to me." In all this we have no such regrets as the Standard evidently feels.—And that the editor's bitter reflections should be productive of groundless denunciation of the President on the score of economy is no more remarkable than his repining at the fortune of those who can boast of only one streak of good luck in a life-time.

But let us ask—Does the Standard believe there is any benefit in advertising? The answer is yes, very much to those in business. Well, look at the work the President requires to be done in North Carolina. Does the Standard believe it would be good economy to have had this mail advertisement published in only one paper in the State? If there is advantage in advertising, the more perfectly it is done the better. There is not a paper in North Carolina that can boast of a circulation so extensive as to have done justice to this business. No one knows this better than the Standard; and if it had got the job with us, no one had been slower to raise a complaint than it, even though every paper in the State were publishing it.

A Whig Paper in Rutherfordton.—Gen. Bynum has issued a Prospectus for a new paper to be published at Rutherfordton. Success to every thing connected with it.

WELL DONE, ILLINOIS.
The Resolutions, rescinding the Wilmot Proviso instructions, &c., passed the House by 49 to 11, and the Senate by 22 to 2. This very decisive vote shows that Wilmotism is dead in Illinois.
The Lynchburg Virginian is much enlarged, and its general appearance greatly improved.

Trial of Robert Morrison.

The trial of this man, charged with the murder of John D. Smith, at Wadesborough, on the 7th October, 1850, came up on Thursday last in that Town, before his Hon. Judge MANLY.

The following were the counsel for the respective sides: For the State, Solicitor Strange, assisted by Atlas J. Dargan, Esq. For the Prisoner, Judge Toomer, A. Little, Thomas S. Ashe, and J. R. Hargrave, Esqrs.

It is doubtless remembered that Smith was killed with a hatchet, which the prisoner threw at him. The immediate provoking cause was that of the deceased violently ejecting the prisoner from the shop in which he was accustomed to work. The prisoner was drunk on that fatal morning, and came into the shop and commenced an angry quarrel with Mr. Smith, upon whom he poured out severe abuse. Mr. S. became exasperated, and took prisoner by the collar and pushed him out of the shop. But he went back directly, and picked up a hatchet from a chopping block, and threw it at Mr. Smith, who received the blow upon his head, of which he died within three hours.

The "Argus" says the cause was very ably and eloquent argued on both sides. His Honor charged the jury in consonance with the facts and the law of the case, after which they retired. After a few minutes absence they returned a verdict of manslaughter.

Hard run for a Drink.—A miserably poor drunkard called at —'s grog shop in this Town, a few days ago, to wet his whistle and stay his nerves. Wretched man! when he wants a dram he wants it certain, and if it is to be had by any possible means in his power, it is quickly swallowed. But on the occasion alluded to, Pat was without a sixpence and there was no one handy who would give him one. His hat was not worth that much, and his shoes were more worthless than his hat. He had no vest; and his coat, which was given him by some benevolent fellow, was not now, excepting the brass buttons on it, much more valuable than his hat or shoes. But it turned out that a happy thought relieved poor Pat: The buttons were good, and to him, so far as utility is concerned, were nothing compared to his insupportable thirst; and so the grog man took the buttons and Pat swilled the liquor.—Com.

VALUE OF RAIL ROADS.

The Editor of the "Tarboro' Press" gives in his last, the dottings by the way of a flying visit to Wilmington. Though by no means friendly to the cause of Internal Improvements, and especially of Rail Road Improvement, the Editor could not fail to see, everywhere around him, the evidences of new thrift and prosperity that follow in the train of the Locomotive. He says:

"The Rail Road is now in fine order, about 120 miles having been re-laid with T iron, and the balance of the road being in progress. The Company have several new passenger cars, constructed with all the modern improvements, and the ease and rapidity with which we were hurried along, almost tempted us to exclaim, in the language of the miser to his son in reference to making money, 'make railroads—honestly, if you can—but make them.' We also visited the workshops of the Company in Wilmington, and went on board of one of their steamboats. We were truly gratified to witness the order and regularity observed in every particular, and had no idea that the Company possessed such ample means for manufacturing and repairing the various articles requisite for use. The business of the Company appears to be rapidly on the increase, and the day is doubtless near at hand when the road will amply remunerate the owner.

The thrifty appearance and expanded dimensions of Wilmington also agreeably surprised us. We had not been in that town since 1823, and although we had frequent intimations of its rapid improvement since the completion of the Rail road, we little expected see in it so many spacious and elegant public and private buildings, and such a go-ahead spirit of activity and emulation in its citizens.

In addition to the above, we were somewhat astonished at the numerous towns and villages springing into existence, as if by magic, on the line of the Railroad. Goldsboro' and Wilson, are increasing rapidly; and at almost all of the depots, stores and private buildings are being erected. We were absent only a few days, and we can heartily commend a trip to Wilmington, as an antidote to the depression of spirits so frequently besetting those engaged in monotonous pursuits."

A COMPLIMENT WORTH HAVING.

A Mexican history of the Mexican war, lately published, says of Gen. Scott: "His humanity on all occasions, his kindness, as evinced to every individual, and his sympathy and attention to the sick and wounded, endeared him to the whole army, officers and men. In fact, the very generosity and excellence of his heart, led him some times too far, and he has since reaped in ingratitude the good seed sown in the fullness of his noble sensibilities."

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GEN. SCOTT AND GOV. MARCY.

A Washington letter in the New York Express has the following statement: "A reconciliation of differences has taken place between Gen. Scott and Gov. Marcy. Both gentlemen being present at a supper party given a few evenings since by J. C. G. Kennedy, Esq., the General expressed to Mr. Kennedy a determination to make advances to the ex-Secretary of War, with whom he had not been on friendly relations since the Mexican war, stating that he felt oppressed by the unnecessary continuance of any coldness between himself and any gentleman, and would much prefer reconciliation. He hoped that the Governor would receive his expressions in the same spirit by which he was influenced in making them."

"The advance was made, and the result was as he had hoped. The whole company (among them were ex-Governor Crittenden, Attorney General; ex-Governor Letcher, of Kentucky, now Minister to Mexico; Edward Everett, late President of Harvard University; Mr. Macedo, Minister from Brazil; Mr. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior, &c.) seemed much delighted with the affair and its results."

"At the supper table ex-Governor Marcy was toasted as the late Governor of N. York and as ex-Secretary of War, in response to which the ex-Governor remarked, that whatever celebrity might attach to him as Secretary of War was a reflected glory or honor—reflected from the gallant men and brave officers with the notice of whose conduct he was honored, and especially from him who has been a distinguished Major General for thirty-seven years—longer than any other man living. The expressions so delicately made were received with a burst of applause, and created for the honorable speaker feelings of admiration which will endure when the festive occasion shall slumber in forgetfulness."

LOCOFOCO PARTY.

The following extract, which forms the opening paragraph of an article in a noted political Review for this month, is, with the slight alterations we have deemed necessary, so pointed, and so true, that we commend it to the attention of our readers of both parties. It tells the story as it should be told, nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice:

The course of the Democratic party in this country has ever been one of encroachment upon civil liberty. It has sought continually and unceasingly to disorganize and upset all the best and wisest laws and systems of Government the world ever saw. Giving a slack rein and the largest liberty to the governing as well as the governed, and failing to provide necessary checks, guards, and balances, the whole face of the great Whig party has been constantly taxed to save the ship of State from the fatal malstrom of political anarchy. By needlessly involving the country in wars, when in power, they have entailed upon us enormous burdens of public debt, brought in vexatious—dangerous questions that the Whigs alone could settle; excited criminal lusts in the hearts of the people, and have created vast armies of pensioners to drain the Country's life blood. And it has been the custom of the party to change its platform when it becomes odious through the exposition of some of its successful frauds and abuses. It has also been the case that that party, being a minority, has never obtained municipal, state, or federal power, except through discussion adroitly introduced into the ranks of the people at large who compose the Whig party. The great mass of the people who constitute the virtue of the country, are too unfaithful to themselves by neglecting to watch the schemes of profligate and unprincipled leaders of that party school. Whenever the people can be thrown off their guard and divided by the agitation of some specious new doctrine, this plundering party seizes power, plunges the State in debt, squanders the proceeds among its adherents with a lavish hand, making most of the short time that intervenes before the reunited people haul them from power, covered with odium, but satisfied with the flesh pot. A period of shattered credit and public dishonor, to be repaired by individual frugality and taxation, always marks the retirement of locofocoism from power. The financial history of the State of Mississippi is peculiarly illustrative of the truth of these remarks.

The "Milton Chronicle" speaking of South Carolina seceding from the Union, says:

But suppose she is in earnest—suppose she means what she says, and actually secedes because she has carried the matter so far that pride on the one hand and shame on the other wont let her back out—who cares? We say, if she wants to go out of the Union—if she is tired of it and will go out of it, why, let her go! Let her go out of it to the tune of—

"Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note."

Let her go out in peace. Instead of trying to whip her into the Union let Uncle Sam doff his hat and make her one of his most graceful bows in token of his thanks for her withdrawal and the bright prospect of deliverance from her eternal "noise and confusion." Yes, let her secede, if she wants to—we will not question her right, while we doubt the propriety of her policy.

Mr. Benton has been ill of the small pox at Washington. He is recovering.

Rosin Oil.—An establishment for the manufacture of Rosin Oil has been put up on Staten Island, on a large scale. This oil is free from odor, and answers all the purposes of sperm.

Small Pox in Charlotte.—We see that the board of Health report one new case of Small Pox for the week ending March 4th. This was a negro boy, who was taken to the hospital on the 28th ult.

True Southern.