THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER, *Editor & Proprietor.*

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR RULERS."

"DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE." *Gen'l Harrison.*

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From the Fayetteville Observer.

MORE CORRUPTION.

We cannot understand how the people of New York can for a day tolerate the corruption which the papers of that city openly impute to their public officers. Besides cases which we have heretofore noticed, we find three in one paper of last week. One charges that Judge Morris had interferred to suspend, if not to prevent, sentence against the rowdies who lately broke in upon a committee meeting in Tammany Hall, and beat the members of the committee, nearly killing some of them. The parties,—Judge, rowdies and committee,—are all Locofocos, the Judge and the rowdies belonging to one faction of the party, and the committee to another. The rowdies had been tried before another court and convicted, and before sentence was passed Judge Morris interferred to save his friends from the Penitentiary. *The judge is elected by the people.* Hence his care of these friends, who voted for him.

Another case was the *private* sale by the city authorities of a lot for $12,000, which had been publicly valued by the assessors at $25,000.

The third was another *private* sale of property valued at $300.000, for $160.000. One member of the Council moved to have the sale at public auction, and he was supported by one other. All the others voted down the motion, which was not even allowed to appear on the minutes.

But all this is equalled by practices which prevail in the U. S. Government, as may be seen by the following extract from a speech of Mr. Hale, of N. H. in the Senate on Tuesday last:—

"There is a practice, Mr. President, as has been ascertained upon the highest authority, which prevails even with regard to this body, by which money is obtained from individuals by the claim agents by whom we are continually surrounded when we walk and when we sit down. These claim agents, sir, have a practice of representing to the sailors in our ships of war upon a foreign coast, that it is necessary to employ them in order to get their pay. I am informed by the Secretary of the Navy that he has had orders presented to him, where as much as sixty dollars have been charged and received for procuring the signature of the Secretary to a paper, which it is just as much a matter of course for him to affix as it is for the clerk to read the Senate journal every morning. And, sir, when he heard of the facts, and called the agent before him to inquire why it was that he charged this money to the sailors, what was the answer which he received? Why, sir, the agent very coolly said, "I do not know, Mr. Secretary, as it is any of your business; that is the way we get our living." I am told that this practice prevails very extensively, and that sailors are swindled in that way, besides the way to which I called the attention of the Senate a day or two since.

"An officer who is now in this city, of a highly honorable character, remarked to me in reference to the act which was passed last year, that he did not see why the bill did not cover the whole, and include compensation to those who served in California and Mexico, and other places, before 1850, as well as those who served after that time. He said he mentioned this in the presence of one of these claim agents. "Why," said he, "it is the easiest thing in the world; you just raise a fund, and I can put it through for you," or words to that effect. "But," said the officer, "I will not raise anything for any such a purpose; I would loose everything I have in the world before I would do it." "Then, sir," said the agent to him with an oath, "you never will get a cent if you do not raise a fund to be devoted to the agents—not one cent.

"Now, Mr. President, we are about passing this bill to provide against Senators selling themselves, but we are sold outside; we are sold by these agent who surround us daily; and the atmosphere of pestilence and death that attend the lice and the frogs that overswept the land of Egypt is purity itself when compared to the presence of these claim agents that infest the purlieus of this government.—Our influence, our countenance, our affections, and everything is bartered and sold by these agents who block up your capitol and block up the avenues to the departments; and it has got so now, sir, that even the sailor cannot get his pay for doing his duty without the approbation and intervention of an agent who is to get it for him. These are facts, which I am told upon the highest authority; they are facts which can be substantiated before a committee of this body to-morrow. I got some of them from testimony of the secretary of the Navy, given under oath before a committee of this house to day. I am told, further, sir, that the thing has been carried to such an extent that it has come down almost to a focus. Here is the great fountain of filth that sends out streams of corruption all over the land. I am told that now an honest merchant cannot get his vessel entered at the port of New York and pay his duties at the custom-house until he gets an agent to steer him through, who is to be paid a certain per centage."

A letter from Washington says that Mr. Hale's allusion to the agent who collected large sums from sailors, referred to Mr. J. K. Walker, Private Secretary of President Polk. The Secretary of the Navy says if Walker had received all the fees which were demanded, they would have amounted to $80,000.

CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

Ion, of the Baltimore Sun, writes as follows:

The increasing prosperity and strength of this country is its best defence—better than standing armies or navies—and better than abstract political dicta—which an enemy would regard as little as they would the ugly pictures which the Chinese are said to draw upon their walls for the purpose of frightening their assailants. If we wish to counteract the rival, or hostile designs of England on this continent, let us promptly open communications between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and thereby double our domestic commerce, and unite firmly, by bonds of interest and feeling, the Eastern and Western regions of the Republic.

The introduction to such communication must be the Tehuantepec transit. That will be the pioneer road. It can be made without expense to the United States Treasury, or any State Treasury, and will be finished before any route through our own territory can be surveyed and put under contract. The Pacific Railroad must, of course, be commenced at both ends—at the California terminus, and at the terminus on the Mississippi; and by means of the Tehuantepec route, the work at the California end of the line will be greatly facilitated.

The Senate will, next week, affirm the rights of this Government and its citizens to the Tehuantepec transit, and it is hoped that the Government will take the whole subject into their own hands. This will be the first step towards a preparation for successful war with England, and all Europe at her back.

The tone of the Senate was less war-like to-day than yesterday; and it was agreed to inquire, before taking hostile steps, whether Great Britain has violated the Clayton and Bulwer treaty or not.

The great omnibus land bill is to be rolled through the Senate in a few days, to the general satisfaction of the whole country. It will embrace the homestead bill, the Bennet bill for distributing lands to the old States, and the important bills granting lands in aid of railroads in the new States. So this Congress will not be barren of important legislation.

THE SENATE VACANCIES.

The National Intelligencer contains a long letter from Gov. Foote, of Mississippi. He contends that the Constitution gives him power to appoint a United States Senator, and intimates his intention to make the appointment.

The States of Rhode Island, North Carolina and Mississippi will be deficient in senatorial representation on the 4th of March next, their legislatures having failed to make elections of successors to the Senators whose terms expire. The Governors of these States, it is said, will each send a person to fill the vacancy, and test the constitutionality of the act.—*S. Carolinian.*

Washington Irving, while at Mount Vernon the other day, remarked that he remembered seeing Gen. Washington in New York, when he was a child five years of age, and while the General was passing through the street, accompanied by a crowd, young Irving was attended by his nurse, an honest Scotchwoman. The woman forced her way up to the General, leading her child by the hand, and approaching, addressed him—"Your honor, here is a bairn that is called after you." The General paused, and placed his hand upon the boy's head, gave him his blessing. Mr. Irving states that he has a distinct recollection of the whole scene—which occurred in the year 1787.

"Bishop Ives of North Carolina has formally abjured Protestantism," is one of the items of news by steamer Arctic, just arrived from Europe. Another paper has it, "Bisop Ives embraced the Catholic Religion at Rome." There is, therefore, no longer any doubt, (as there has been but little for some weeks past,) of the strange course of this prelate.

Since the above was in type, we find the following paragraph from the Paris "Universe":—*Fay. Observer.*

"A general subject of coversation at Rome, is the recent conversion, to the Catholic faith, of Dr. Ives, the Anglican Bishop of Carolina, in the United States. Dr. Ives had for a long time embraced Puseyite opinions, and felt strong sympathy for the Catholic religion, which had subjected him to much remonstrance. Since he has been at Rome, he has put himself in relation with Monsignor Gill, the Catholic Bishop of Virginia, U. S., and addressed himself to Monsignor Talbot, the private cameriae of the Pope, in order to make his solemn abjuration, and publicly profess Catholicism.

"This ceremony took place on the 26th Dec. the Pope in person administering the sacrament to the convert. Dr. Ives, in abandoning the Episcopal Church of the United States, has given up a very advantageous positon. His wife at first warmly opposed his intention, but it is said that she now begins to defend him against the attacks of some protestant ministers who accompanied the Bishop to Rome.

Levi Silliman Ives, D. D. L. L. D. the twenty-fifth Bishop, in the order of appointment, of the Episcopal Church of the United States, is a native of Vermont, and was originally settled as a minister, over a Congregationalist Society, in the county of St. Lawrence, in this State. The effect of forming certain acquaintanceships and intimacies, at that time, was to direct his attention to the Episcopal Church, which, abandoning his congregational flock, he entered and came to this city.—Here he married a daughter of the venerable Bishop Hubart, and was settled as Rector of St. Luke's Church, in Hudson Street. On Thursday, September 22d, 1831, he was consecrated Bishop of North Carolina, in Trinity Church, Philadelphia. At the time of his delection from the protestant faith, he had been Bishop twenty-one years, and was the third, living, in the order of consecration.—*N. Y. Express.*

Directions for Fainting.—Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons there are about you the more successful will be your fit. A friend's house, when there is a dinner or an evening party going on, is far from a bad opportunity. Never faint more than once in the same evening, as there may be a falling off in the sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but above suspicion. Be very careful, therefore, never to risk a faint unless you have some object in view, such as going out of town—or a new gown—or a box at the opera—or being taken to some *fete*—or any other little caprice which your husband may have obstinately refused you. In such cases hysterics are justifiable.—*Punch.*

Prudent Forethought.—Lady Margaret Herbert asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a night cap. "Well," said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a night cap?" "Oh! child," said she, "but you know in case of fire!"

Guano.—We find in the Boston *Advertiser*, the following extract from a letter dated Lima, Dec. 24, addressed to a gentleman in that city:

"You have no idea of the satisfaction felt by the Americans here at Mr. Everett's settlement of the Lobos business, the news of which has just reached us by a special messenger. Nobody here, of any nation, had the least doubt of the title of Peru, and we could not fear therefore but the United States would finally be disposed to do her justice. But no one could tell how far matters would go. It was known that one at least of the vessels chartered by the guano speculators was armed to the teeth, and it might happen that she would attempt to take the guano by force, for the very purpose of bringing on a collision.

The prompt and timely action of the new Secretary of State has put all right, and the joy is unbounded. It has no doubt saved this government from a convulsion. The "Norte-Americanos," as we are called, from being extremely unpopular, have become great favorites. A magnificent dinner was given yesterday at the palace, to our worthy *Charge* here (Mr. J. Randolph Clay.) Mr. Miles, the Special Messenger, and several American gentlemen resident here. I was prevented by indisposition from attending. I understand that an honor of this kind has never been paid to a foreign minister. But the Peruvians may well rejoice.

Had the United States persisted in protecting the Guano speculators in getting the article from the Lobos, the value of the Chincha guano—which forms the sole revenue of this government—would have sunk one half, and her credit would have been prostrated. The Lobos are estimated to contain two millions of tons, which at thirty dollars per ton, is sixty millions of dollars. The combined effect of the loss of this great property and the depreciation of the Chincha guano would have been national bankruptcy; an immediate overturn of the government, and a series of bloody revolutions.

With the turn things have now taken, the prosperity of Peru is assured. She will now go ahead rapidly. The guano deposits are inexhaustible, and as a great care is taken under government supervision, to regulate their removal, confining the operations to certain spots, so that the birds may not be frightened away from others, this singular source of revenue is renewed as fast as it is exhausted. From henceforward Peru shoots a long ahead of all the other South American States on the Pacific coast; and as she feels that she owes this to the magnanimity of the United States in retracing a hasty step, her gratitude is unbounded. It will give us a lasting influence in her councils.

The Peruviac government is behaving very handsomely toward the vessels chartered for guano."

Reply from Mrs. Tyler, wife of Ex-President Tyler, to the Duchess of Sutherland.—The Richmond *Enquirer* publishes a reply to the Stafford House ladies from the pen of Mrs. Tyler, wife of ex President Tyler. It is written with considerable spirit, and much earnestness, and takes the ground that it would be best for these noble ladies to attend to the objects of distress in their own immediate neighborhood. She asserts, without hesitation, what we have no doubt is true, that the Stafford House affair was the production, not of these ladies, but of their husbands, whose political opinions are well known, and that its object was, probably, without their knowledge, of a character entirely political. It is well known, she says, that there is but one rock upon which the Union can be wrecked, and that is the very one upon which these ladies are stiriving to impel it. They may possibly not know, but their prompters know well enough, that a country already numbering 26,000,000 of inhabitants, and doubling its population once in twenty-three years, must, very shortly, in a great measure overshadow the world. Nations, which are now stars of the first magnitude in the political firmament, must shrink into comparative insignificance in the progress of this mighty people. All this must happen on the sole condition that our Union continues, and to break it asunder is the only means left to prevent the inevitable consummation. It is to this end that the efforts of their husbands have been directed, and to effect this object that they have made them cats-paws, in the present impertinent, unhallowed, and unprincipled enterprise.

Mrs. T. dwells, with considerable force, upon the recorded fact, that as long as England held possession of this country, she refused, in spite of all remonstrances, to put an end to the traffic in slaves. Her constitution proclaimed freedom to the slave whose feet but touched her soil; yet she kept the colonies as a great slave mart, and exposed them to all the evils which such a condition of affairs could give rise to, for no other purpose than to gratify her avarice. As soon as she was expelled—as soon as she lost the market for her infamous merchandise—then, and not before then, she became a zealous enemy of not only the slave trade, but of slavery itself—two evils which she, above all the rest of the world, had done most to perpetuate.

Upon the whole, this is a very creditable production both as to manner and matter.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

NORTHERN UNCLETOMITUDE.

What a chapter the following scene would have afforded Mrs. Stowe for her romance, had she witnessed it, or anything approaching to it, on a Southern plantation! We give the article just as we find it in the local column of the Philadelphia Bulletin:

A Scene.—Few persons in the community have any adequate conception of the misery that exists in the courts and alleys of Philadelphia; few know of the thousands who are pining in abject want in our midst, and who are struggling to obtain the commonest necessaries of life. We witnessed a scene this morning which excited wonder and pity, and served to furnish an idea of the legions who are suffering in this great city. Tuesday is appointed by the Provident Society for giving out work to their employees, and for receiving and paying for the work already done. The office of the Society, in Prune street, was absolutely besieged during this morning by hundreds of women who were crowding into the building, clustered about the door and windows, and eagerly invading every point, back and front, by which access to the office could be obtained. The faces of all these females bore the marks of care and want; many of them were widows, and most of them were mothers. The scarcity of employment during the winter season at the kinds of work to which they have been accustomed, drives these poor creatures in swarms to the office of the Provident Society. During six weeks in the dullest and most inclement season of the year, the association furnishes a certain portion of labor to those only who are in absolute want. The weekly allowance of work to each person is four coarse calico shirts, for making which they receive 12½ cents each. The eagerness with which work is solicited, even at the pittance received for it, is an evidence of the suffering condition of the applicants. A committee of gentlemen superintend the giving out and receiving of work, and thus avoid an expense which would be otherwise incurred. The object of the society is to discourage pauperism, and extend assistance only to persons who will labor for it. Most of the persons who apply for and receive work are foreigners who emigrated to this country to better their condition. This class of people, instead of going at once into the sparsely settled districts of the country, where labor is plenty, and wages good, are too apt to crowd into the most wretched quarters of our great cities, create the want of employment from which they suffer, and assist in spreading the great moral cancer of pauperism.

The Bacon Market.—We hear much apprehension expressed that the article of Bacon must necessarily be low during the coming season, owing to the large quantity in preparation for shipment. We are inclined to believe that no fears need be entertained upon this subject. It is true that more hogs have been slaughtered in East Tennessee this winter than at any former period, but it is equally true that Georgia never received less supplies of pork. The large number packed in the North-west, are not intended for the Southern trade, but are held with a view to shipment to the European, Australian and California markets. The immense supplies which have heretofore sought a market from Cincinnati, by way of New Orleans and Savannah, will thus in a great measure be suspended, and the seaboard itself will look to Tennessee to make up the deficiency Much more will the interior of Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina depend upon Tennessee to meet their wants.

It is well, therefore, that our people have devoted their attention so extensively this season to the curing of bacon, and our Georgia friends need have no fears on this head, as they will certainly be furnished with a large quantity from East Tennessee. Our own county will send off a considerable amount—not less than half a million pounds. Almost every man we see, besides the regular dealer, has some to sell, and the cry all over the country is bacon—bacon—bacon. Such is the influence of railroads—and by such means East Tennessee is destined to advance to great commercial prosperity.—*Athens (Tenn.) Post.*

Gottschalk.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, narrating a visit to Gottschalk, the young American pianist, relates the following incident:

I saw a strangely dressed child behind his chair, who appeared to watch his every motion with the most intense interest, and whose history is quite a romance. In crossing the mountains of Andalusia, Gottschalk met the little fellow, then scarce eight years old. He had lost both his parents, and was under the charge of his maternal uncle, who treated him with the greatest brutality, and obliged him to go daily to the roadside and beg. Gottschalk's sympathies were at once interested for the little orphan, and leaving his chaise he went with him to his uncle, who, for a small sum, was induced to part with him. He has ever since accompanied Gottschalk in his travels, and served him as a valet. He is dressed in the picturesque Andalusian costume, and excites no little interest with his master's visitors.

A New Liquor Law in Florida.—Though the legislature of Florida failed to enact a Maine liquor law, it has done the next thing to it. According to a bill just passed, all licenses hereafter to retail spirituous liquors are to pay a tax of $200; and persons offending are to be fined $500 on conviction. This tax, it is thought, will operate to prohibit licenses to a large extent, if not altogether.

Household Duties.—From a variety of causes, nothing is more common than to find American women who have not the slightest idea of household duties. A writer thus alludes to this subject:

"In this neglect of household cares, American women stand alone. A German lady, no matter how lofty her rank, never forgets that domestice labours conduce to the health of body and mind alike. An English lady, whether she be only a gentleman's wife or a duke's, does not despise the household, and even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, her true, her happiest sphere. It is reserved for our republican fine ladies to be more choice than even their monarchical and aristocratic sisters. The result is a lassitude of mind, often as fatal to health as the neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to servants, pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the world, and either wilts away from enui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies, to find employment for her mind."

A Passing Thought.—We believe the following has been published in our columns once before, but it will bear repetition:

"Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor newspaper writer, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset, or add one ray to the magnificence of night. The same air swells all lungs. Each one possesses, really, only his own thoughts and his own senses, soul and body—these are the property which a man owns. All that is valuable, is to be had for nothing, in this world. Genius, beauty and love are not bought and sold. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a well turned arm to wear it—a pearl necklace, not a pretty throat with which it shall vie. The richest banker on earth would vainly offer a fortune to be able to write a verse like Byron.—One comes into the world naked, and goes out naked—the difference in the fineness of a bit of linen for a shroud is not much. Man is a handful of clay, which turns quickly back again into dust."

TABLE RAPPING, &c.

It has become very popular among the young people of our City, to have what they call a table walking. They procure a light pine table, gather around it, place their hands on it, and after the elapse of some twenty-five minutes, they go round, and the table follows!—This is very miraculous! Can we, by any reasoning, tell how the electric fluid from the body gets into the table? Too deep, for the Animal! And more, we have never seen a table walk; but, we have heard certain tools usually to be seen on the dining tables, "walk and talk," to some purpose. To cut a long story short, the whole affair is another humbug, with sufficient believers, to keep it in constant agitation. By the way, we heard an old huntsman tell a tale, not a great while ago, which will do to tell in connection with this spiritual rapping yarn. He says, on a certain occasion, he, in company with a friend, went out for hunting; the day was exceedingly cold—the breath would almost freeze before it reached his lips. He had listened an hour for his dogs, but could not hear them bark; he took his horn, and made a desperate effort at a monster blast. Not a sound could be heard. He turned to his companion, and attempted to say something—not a word could be heard! He made an effort to hollow for his dog, but his voice would not rise above a *cold* whisper.—He motioned to his companion, and they went home. A few days after, the weather having turned warm, he heard at a distance indistinct sounds of a horn, of whooping, and the barking of dogs. He took his horse, rode to where the sounds seemed to be; but, no one was to be found—the horn continued to blow, dogs barked, and the whooping ceased not. The fact is, says our informant, every effort, the day before, froze as fast as it escaped the lips, and becoming thawed, the sounds were produced!

Who will now dare get up and say, this is untrue! If any one should, let him remember, that a mill wheel, freezes up, and ceases to run in severe weather, which, it left alone, will thaw out, and proceed to run, without any human assistance. Reasonable, very reasonable.—*Live Giraffe.*

Tortures of the Sex.—A writer in Chambers's Edinburg Journal thus details them: "About a hundred years ago a lady went about with shoes that raised her heels three inches above the floor, and threw her whole person out of its proper balance, occasioning, of course, a severe strain upon certain muscles, attended by constant pain. A little later, a tower of hair, pomatum, flour, pins, and pinners had been reared upon the head, such as an inquisitor might have considered himself very ingenious in devising. In more recent times we have seen the entire sex submitting to torture in the waist, with an equal degree of magnanimity. Or taking the form of a monstrous prolongation of skirts, the fair martyrs as scavengers upon every street in which they promenade. In a form of bonnet for summer wear, the front comes only to about an inch behind the forehead, so as to leave the face fully exposed to the attacks of the sun. A great number find it absolutely indispensable to add to this abbreviation of a bonnet a sort of supplement of silk, called 'an ugly.' A couple of inches added to the bonnet itself would serve the end; but such a thing is not to be thought of."

Spurgeon was humble in the matter of the great miracle—Creation. He only can judge when it is best so to manifest Himself.

Balloonists say that they are not sensible of their own motion. The earth seems to sink away under them.

Sympathy for criminals is a passion with some. The very fact that a man is a cut-throat or a foot-pad is accounted a claim on our especial tenderness. All the heroes are clanking fetters or pounding stone in prisons.

Daniel Webster had strength of individual being. He was not a hushed-up man. Such power cannot be borrowed nor stolen. Mr. Webster had might of nature.

Persecution is employed by the Catholics in Ireland. Sir Francis Head says that a Catholic who listens to Protestant preaching is a marked man, and people are forbidden to have any dealings with him.

Self sacrifice often invites unkindness. A man who shows any desire to do good, is at once made a pack horse; and those who cannot use him call him a hypocrite.

Reading is irksome to an uncultivated mind. Many think they would love to read if they had time; but let them sit down with a book, and they will soon think of something must be done.

Foul air prevails in some parts of London so that birds will not live.

An Idler in a bustling city feels like a vagabond. He is not bearing his part in the great effort of the world.

Labor without Love for our fellow men will not be likely to do good. There is such a thing as being willing to make sacrifice for the reformation and rescue of the degraded and erring, while the heart feels a strong dislike, antipathy, contempt. The temptation to this is strong. The vicious are often so false, obstinate, perverse, that it is hard to feel gently towards them.—[*N. Y. Mirror.*

Uncle Tom's Cabin as a Sabbath School Book.—The Pittsburg Despatch states that the cheap edition of Mrs. Stowe's work has been introduced as a Sabbath school book in the school of the Liberty street Methodist Episcopal Church, in that city. Some opposition is made, but the majority are in favor of the step.

The children who read that work and live up to it will become more inveterate as *story* tellers (not in the Pickwickian, but the opprobrious sense of the term) than the Spartan boy was persistent as a thief, who kept the stolen calf under his clothes, and allowed him to knaw out his vitals, sooner than disclose the theft.—Somebody divine out West, has said that "Uncle Tom" is the best concocted lie of the nineteenth century. If so, shan't we have a brood of young ones that would put even Mrs. Opie to flight, with all her ponderous volume?—*Boston Chronicle.*

The Schoolmaster Wanted.—The following, says the Mobile Advertiser, is a copy of a bill sent in to a gentleman some time since:

aosafada	1 50
atachinonimomagin	50
	$2 000

Pade, Jose!——

Can any of our readers interpret it! At first we took it for apothecaries' Latin; judge our surprise, then, when the key was given to us, to find the above inscrutable items were simply these:

"A horse half a day," and "a taking on him home again."

Can any of our readers beat that?

CONVICTION OF REED.—The New York Herald of Sunday says:

Enoch Reed, the colored man whose case has occupied the attention of the United States Circuit Court at Albany during the past week, was yesterday morning declared guilty of assisting in the rescue of the fugitive slave Jerry, from the officers who had him in charge at Syracuse. Notwithstanding the combined efforts of the abolitionists of this and other States, headed by Gerrit Smith, to save Reed and his confederates from punishment—and although they succeeded in staving off the trials until excitement upon the subject had entirely died away, except among themselves—the national constitution and the Congressional compromises of 1850 have, in this instance, been fully sustained by an enlightened and impartial jury. This is a glorious triumph of the laws of the land over those agitators who would set them at defiance. It is a triumph of the principles of justice over fanaticism; that will be appreciated by the masses of the country, and one that will be of infinite service in restoring that good feeling with our Southern brethren, which for a time had been disturbed by the groundless insinuations emanating from rival States and cities.

Haynau in Italy.—We take the following paragraph from a letter in the Newark Advertiser, dated, Florence, Jan. 24:

The famous Marshall Haynau (familiarly called the "Executioner of Brescia") has been here some days, receiving all sorts of attentions from the Grand Duke and his minions, in the midst of the ill concealed scorn of an indignant community. The occasional appearance of the really hideous looking personage in the streets (for he has certainly the most ill-favored head and face ever seen on human shoulders) is the invariable signal for the bitterest expression of popular hatred, half suppressed hisses, and cries of "butcher," "beast," "woman murderer," "Austrian Jack Cade," &c., &c., &c. His servants share in the contempt.

THINGS IN NEW YORK.—The American Bible House, in Nassau street, was sold at the Merchant's exchange, on Thursday, for $105,000. N. C. Platt was the purchaser. The Society Library building was also sold. It brought $121,500, and John Lafarge was the purchaser. Mr. Howard a short time ago, purchased it for 110,000.

SUGAR.—An active speculative demand for sugar had sprung up at New Orleans for sugar on plantation, and the sales of the previous four weeks were 40,000 hhds. The prices paid were $4 to 4¼, but holders asked an advance.

South Carolinian.