

LIBERIA. J. J. BRUNER, Editor & Proprietor. "KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR RULES."

and Pamlico would, by the easiest, promptest, and safest navigation possible, be concentrated at Beaufort. If it be apprehended by any that the waters of these streams are too dangerous for the steamboat, though it can scarcely be that any will think so, let it be remembered that the Chesapeake presents fully as great exposure, and yet it is continually traversed by boats of this description. Not less difficult is a passage up and down the Mississippi, yet this may be said to swarm with them. Nor let it be imagined that steamboats may not pass along a canal. In common canals they must not be admitted, on account of the contracted limits of such canals for boats drawn by one or two horses. But there are canals upon which steam boats work continually, and it is unnecessary to refer to any other than the Caledonian canal, through which such boats run regularly, making a circuitous route, partly by the canal, between Edinburgh and Glasgow.—Carolinian.

ABOUT LIBERIA. The following letter, addressed to the Williamsburg Times, is written by an intelligent colored man, who emigrated from Williamsburg to Liberia a few months ago. It will be seen that he is delighted with the change in his condition and prospects:

MONROVIA, JAN. 23, 1853. I promised to let you hear from me when in Liberia, Africa, but, although I have been here some months, I cannot, at this time, give you much account of the place. This little Republic is so far ahead of what I expected to find it, that your good people of the States would scarcely think I have been saying truth, were I to describe all that I have seen. Liberia is a free, fertile country. The people are more estimable in every respect, and enjoy themselves much better than I have ever known them to do elsewhere. Things of every kind grow here. The houses are very large, and are built mostly of brick and stone; they are two stories and two stories and a half high; from 30 to 50 feet front, and from 25 to 40 feet deep. The steps to these houses are composed of iron ore—a substance on which the city is built. Iron ore is as plentiful in Monrovia as common stone is in Williamsburg.

Most of those who farm are located on the banks of the St. Paul river, about 5 miles from the city, and some are doing well. Allen Hooper, of New York, has been here a little over two years. He had but small means to commence with, but now has one of the best coffee plantations on the river. He has seven thousand trees growing—two thousand of which are headed with coffee—and he is of opinion that next year all will bear. Next I will mention A. Backegee, who is making about twelve thousand pounds of sugar a year, and some hundreds of gallons of molasses and syrup—all of which will favorably compare with the best imported articles of the kind.

Sweet potatoes, Lima beans, Indian corn, cassia, plantains, and other table vegetables are raised up this river, which is 25 or 30 miles long. A fine town is situated at the source of this stream; it is called Millsburgh, and contains a population of 800 or 1,000 people—the most of whom employ themselves in making brick and in hewing timber of all kinds for market.

I have not ability to describe the advantages to be reaped in this country, nor have I time. My business is so much better than it ever was before, that I am constantly occupied in attending to it. One word as to the fever. My children have all had it; so have all the emigrants who came over with us, except my wife, myself and two others. None of them kept their beds for more than two or three days. The fever is not as bad as it is generally represented to be. I have seen persons who have lived here for from two to twenty years, and who never had it at all. This is a great country for men and women who love liberty and who love themselves, for money can be made here. Please to give my thanks to the gentlemen of your city whose philanthropy was the cause of my success. I trust you will publish this letter for the information of those who may wish to know something of this country. My next letter shall be longer, and will contain much more information respecting this colony of Liberia—a day star of hope for the colored race. JOHN D. JOHNSON.

BEAUFORT HARBOR.

By the kindness of a gentleman in this vicinity we have had access to an old volume published in 1828, entitled "The Chambers of Carlton." They were written by the late Dr. Caldwell, the learned and venerable President of the University of North Carolina, and were designed to house the people of the State to the importance of connecting Beaufort Harbor with the western part of the State. We name into the possession of the volume only a short time before going to press, and can therefore only make a few brief extracts: "Beaufort has all the advantages of immediately fronting on the sea. In consequence of this, its healthiness is unquestionable, and this accords with its past history and the constant experience of its inhabitants. It is better situated on this account than Norfolk; and as it cannot be surpassed in this respect by Charleston on any place to the South its latitude must give it greatly the superiority in a comparison with any port in that direction. Let the expense of transportation from the whole back country be reduced by means of a railway to little or nothing, and as a commercial city it must advance with instant and rapid progress to prosperity and a numerous population. Many of us perhaps are but little aware of the effects of trade when its facilities are once created. At the site of the present town of Rochester, on the western canal of New York, there were—in 1818 three houses only. That place is now swelled to the dimensions of ten thousand inhabitants. It is precisely two hundred and seventy miles west of Albany, and from the latter place to New York is a hundred and forty-five miles more; yet it is in this city that Rochester and the country around it, through the distance of four hundred and seven miles, find a market for their grain and the products of their industry. It is an easy matter, by widening the channel a few feet, and deepening it two or three, to throw it open to the free passage of steamboats, and then the whole commerce of the Albemarle

THE CASE OF DR. SPENCER D. ARMSTRONG.

Dr. Spencer D. Armstrong, of Rocky Mount, Edgecombe county, has for some time past stood indicted before the Superior Court of Nash county, as accessory after the fact to the murder of Tillman Hunt. The case was continued from time to time for one cause and another, and was at the Fall Term of 1852 removed from Nash to Edgecombe. Dr. Armstrong was, in the meantime, permitted to go at large upon giving bail in the sum of \$8,000 for his appearance. At the late Spring Term of Edgecombe Superior Court the defendant was called, and failing to answer, his bond was forfeited. The witnesses, however, were again recognized to appear on condition of receiving notice of the defendant's being taken.

This Dr. Armstrong is the same person who has been lately swindling some of the Norfolk people. He has, perhaps, raised funds enough by this means to pay off his forfeited bond, and thus atones for one crime by means of another.

Poor Tillman Hunt, was so brutally murdered in this neighborhood some three years ago, has not yet been avenged.—The miserable tool (an ignorant slave) of designing villains has suffered the full penalty of the law, but they who are really far more guilty, because far more intelligent, (Pitt and Armstrong,) have evaded justice! But let them not be deceived, vengeance will sooner or later overtake them.—North Carolinian.

Accounts from Western Africa state that thirty varieties of cotton have been found growing spontaneously in that country. A missionary says he has stood erect under the branches of a cotton tree, in a Gouche village; so heavily laden with balls that it was propped up with forked sticks to prevent it from breaking down under its own weight. The cotton was equal to that of any country. The natives manufacture cotton goods extensively. Western Africa also abounds in coffee. The whole land is said to be covered with it. In Erravala and Kiffa 200 pounds can be purchased for a dollar. A single tree in Mooravia yields four and a half bushels in the hull at one time, which made 31 pounds when shelled and dried.

Rich. Whig.

AFFECTING SCENE.

Last evening officer Sleeper of South Boston, arrested a woman named Williams, who was fighting in Second street. She was quite intoxicated, and was committed to the watch house. In about an hour after the commitment, the husband of the woman brought to the watchhouse his three children, respectively four years, two years, and three weeks of age. The infant was crying for its mother, the second was shivering with cold, while the oldest seemed to be suffering from some illness, and was perfectly stupid and insensible. The younger was appeased when given to its mother, and the second soon became warm and comfortable. The eldest grew more ill, and a physician was at last ordered by the officer of the watch.

Dr. Sprague attended and discovered that the child had partaken of a quantity of rum.—Emetics were applied and for an hour the child vomited incessantly, and for a time it was feared that it would not recover. It finally partially recovered, and the whole family were conveyed home. It was supposed that the little girl obtained the rum during the absence of her mother, from bottle left on the sideboard. The girl, as she lay dead drunk, presented an affecting appearance. She was very handsome, and as she groaned in agony, eyes fixed in her head, discolored ringlets about her face, her countenance pale and cold as death, and the mother, who should be watching over her, crazy drunk in a cell in the West room, the scene was most sickening.—Boston Traveller, 15th.

Cowhiding at St. Joseph—Flare up in High Life—Crim. Con., &c.—A gentleman (I) lately connected with a mercantile establishment in our neighboring city, was discovered by the proprietor in his private apartments, tampering with his conjugal rights, and gently cowhided.

It appears that the betrayed husband, Wm. P. Flint, who is a well educated physician, and well known in the community, lately returned from the golden land, after long years absence, with a fortune of \$30,000, which he fondly imagined he should enjoy with the partner of his bosom, and their family, in unimpeded bliss. But alas! for the frailty of woman! The trusting wanderer had not been at home but a few days, when his suspicions became excited by circumstances not necessary

THE TERRORS OF UGLINESS.

The last number of the Democratic Review is ornamented (I) with a portrait of Mr. Bennett, of the Herald. It must be confessed that Bennett is not a handsome man. The Louisville Journal pokes fun at his likeness in the following pitiless style: "There's one thing we will readily admit, and that is, that it Bennett's portrait be correct, he is the ugliest of the Democratic editors. For a while we doubted whether he or a certain neighbor of ours is the ugliest mortal, but the twist in the eyes of Bennett decided the contest in his favor. We congratulate our neighbor that there is one editor uglier than himself in the Democratic ranks. Bennett's portrait is terrific. Such a thing ought never to be painted or daguerreotypied. It ought to be considered a penal offence to make anything so revolting to all our ideas of propriety. No man has a right to monopolize so much ugliness. If Bennett's ugliness could be distributed over a thousand faces, it would make each of them intensely, hatefully ugly. He ought not to be permitted to go into the streets without a blanket over his awful frontispiece. No wonder so many of the New York children die of convulsions, since Bennett is permitted to walk abroad with uncovered face. We once heard of a man's face that was so ugly that it was placed on andirons for the purpose of frightening children from the fire with much effect. No child dared to approach the andirons, and liability to combustion from cause was greatly lessened.

Arrest for Robbing the Mail.—On Friday afternoon a man named Foy was arrested at Newburyport (Mass.) upon the charge of robbing the mail between that city and Lawrence. It seems that the accused had been suspected of dishonesty for some time past, as sundry amounts of money which were duly mailed to pass between the two places failed of reaching their destination. On Friday a decoy package was mailed at Lawrence to go to Newburyport, the postmasters at each place being informed of the fact. The package was not in the mail when it reached Newburyport, and Foy, who had charge of the mail, was arrested and committed to jail to await an examination.

The Earthquake at Warrertown (N. Y.) on the 12th instant was, as we find predicted to the day in the winter number of the Rainbow, which was published nearly three months ago. This is, we are informed, the twenty-sixth earthquake occurring as publicly predicted weeks previous by Dr. Chapman within a year, he sides auroras, storms, and various phenomena. Fifteen of these earthquakes occurred, it appears, on the precise days he predicted. Dr. Chapman's Theory of the Physical Cause of Meteorological Changes is plausible and interesting.—Nat. Int.

The Flying Ship.—The inventor of the Aeroport, Mr. Rufus Porter, gave two evenings last week (Friday and Saturday) to a public exhibition of his plan for aerial locomotion, illustrating it by a model or miniature float, or main supporter, of some twenty three feet long, and seven or eight feet through the middle section, and a suspended car containing a diminutive but successfully working steam engine, whose duty it is to furnish power for the guidance of the machine. The total weight of the water of the model is fifteen pounds. The machine sailed around the room, evidently guided by the propellers of the suspended car.

Russian Plan of Stopping a Runaway Horse.—Around the horse's neck, near the neck strap is placed a cord with a running knot. To this slip noose is attached a pair of reins—on gentlemen's horses generally of silk cord, about the size of a pipe stem—which always lie thrown over the dash board, ready to be seized at once. When a horse starts and becomes unruly, the gentleman takes up this cord and tightens the horse's throat so that he cannot breathe. The most furious horse stops almost instantly, but he will not fall or kick.

Mail Depredations.—Frequent complaints have been made of late of the insecurity of the transmission of money by mail, and the Rail High papers mention many cases of loss which have occurred within the last three months, in the transmission of money to them. But a more daring case of robbery of the mail occurred last week, somewhere between Chapel Hill and Salem. On Friday morning, a bundle of papers was found in a fish trap in New Hope creek, near the Chapel Hill road, which was found to contain nine or ten letters, addressed to various individuals, with the post bills and the envelopes in which they had been enclosed. The letters had been broken open, and after having been rifled of all that was valuable, were thrown into the creek. The date of one of the post bills and the finding of the bundle, renders it certain that the robbery was committed on the trip down on Thursday, and this circumstance, it is hoped, will lead to the detection of the robber.—Hillsboro Recorder.

Blind Harry has Gone Afloat.—Henry Franklin the Blind Sailor, who has been selling cigars from the steps of public buildings in New York city, (and guided by his faithful dog Jack, who, with the most devoted attachment to his master's interest, caught or picked up the coppers or the silver which the curious or the charitable have thrown to him for his master's dependent family) died on Sunday evening at 9 1/2 o'clock of the disease with which he has been afflicted for years past, aneurism of the heart. His death was peaceful and happy; his faith firm and unflinching. He remarked to the writer but a few hours previous to his death, "I am waiting to go; I am all right; my anchor is in the right place; it holds good." As the writer bade him farewell he said, "I shall be gone before you return; but I will see you on the other side. Once I was blind, but now I see." His funeral took place from the Sailors' Home, No. 190, Cherry Street, New York.

A Hint to the Farmer.—We may send to England for Durham cows, and to Spain or Saxony for the choicest sheep; we may search the world over for cattle that please the eye; but unless they receive the best care and liberal feeding, they will most assuredly deteriorate, and eventually become as worthless and as unworthy of propagation as any of the skeleton breeds that now haunt our rich but neglected pasture lands. We remember an anecdote in point, and will relate it by way of illustration.—A farmer having purchased a cow from a country abounding in the richest pasturage, upon taking her to his own inferior pastures found that she fell short of the yield which he was informed she had been accustomed to give. He complained to the gentleman of whom he had purchased, that the cow was not the one he bargained for, or in other words, that she was not what she was "cracked up to be."

"Why," said the seller, "I sold you my cow, but I did not sell you my pasture, too."

See to your fences and have them put in such condition as to defy the assaults of stock.

If Bennett's ugly likeness were stamped on fire places, the effect would be decidedly bad, for the children would not dare to go near enough to the fire to keep warm, and would become frost-bitten and perhaps frozed to death.

We cannot conceive of any reason why anything should be so ugly as Bennett.—He is uglier than a half starved hyena. He is ugliness perfected. There is a thoroughness about his ugliness which defies competition. When Mirabeau described himself as a tiger that had had the small pox, he placed a very ugly idea in every body's mind, but it was beautiful when compared with Bennett's face. When Appelles made his beauty, his Venus, he took an eye from one woman, a nose from another, a mouth from a third, and so on until the Venus was completed in her more than earthly beauty. Now, if any Appelles or artist of any appellation, wished to make the most indubitably perfect representation of ugliness, he would not be compelled to take features from several very ugly persons, but all he would be compelled to do would be to get Bennett's face, and the enterprise would be accomplished.

I heard a good description to day of the efforts of Mr. Bodisco (the Russian Minister) to get his servant into the lobby of the Senate, yesterday. The doorkeeper admitted Mr. Bodisco, but refused his servant, whereupon the old Russian got exceedingly wrothy, and demanded his admission.

"I am de Russian Minister," said he, "and dis is my servant; he mus come in."

"He can't come in," said the doorkeeper.

"He must—he shall come in."

"No he mustn't, and he shan't come in."

"Well, then, I shall see—I shall inform Mr. Fillmore!"

"I don't care for that; inform and be d—d; Mr. Fillmore, nor Mr. Pierce, nor Mr. Anybody else, can pass your man in here without an order from the committee," replied the doorkeeper, indignantly.

By this time Bodisco had become out ragedly furious. He stormed, and raved, and stamped, and acted like a madman. The crowd began to hoot, and jeer, and laugh, some crying, "Go it, Russia—give it to him, boss?" and others saying, "Put in America—give him his!" and they all hurraed and cheered for "our side." A boy hanging by one hand to a brace of the staming, cried out, "He's got a worm in him—see how he squirms!"

"What shall I do wid my coat?" asked Bodisco, holding up his overcoat.

"Your coat is not in the programme," replied the doorkeeper, and you may leave it outside."

Thus the war went on for some time, until the Minister went to the committee, and got a written order to admit his servant. The whole scene was exceedingly ludicrous, and afforded no little amusement to the crowd of men and boys that had assembled about the door.

Cor. of the N. Y. Day Book.

Catching the Sun.—In crossing the Atlantic, says a friend, some two years ago, we were very much amused by the remarks of two verdant sons of the Emerald Isle. It being near meridian the Captain was engaged in taking the meridian altitude, during which process he was narrowly watched by the two before mentioned. At length, their patience could stand it no longer and one cried, "Arrah, Jerry, what's the captain doing?" "Whist, Paddy," replied Jerry in a whisper, "he's striving to catch the sun in a brass ratrap."

Marrying for Money.—A prudent and well disposed member of the "Society of Friends" once gave the following friendly advice: "John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well," rejoined the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and this is, never to marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth just fifty cents and she was worth sixty two cents; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shilling."

A toad is said to be an excellent thing to prod cabbage heads from bed. Our "devil" suggests that toads were in hats might be of service to some folks.

Mountain Banner.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

The Journal of Commerce gives the proceedings of a meeting held at the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York, on Wednesday evening last, for the purpose of welcoming to this country Father Gavazzi, the converted Italian priest, whose addresses against the Papal Church, delivered in England and Scotland, have brought his name prominently before the religious world, in the ranks of theological debaters.

The house was filled to its utmost capacity at an early hour. An eloquent Address was delivered by Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, the gentleman who is exhorting Archbishop Hughes in a series of letters published in the N. York Commercial Advertiser. The Doctor said, among other good things, "There are two passages of scripture that I love to put together,—'Do all things decently and in order,' and 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' It does not mean the inquisition—it does not mean the 'luxury' and splendid entertainments of the *Auto de fe*—Liberty on earth is but a means to an end—an end sublime as salvation, and eternal as God."

We can find room only for the following extracts from Father Gavazzi's Address: "He objected to the term 'converted' priest, and preferred that he might be designated as 'seceder.' He was not a Protestant in any sectarian sense, and he wished to be called rather by the name 'Roman Catholic.' True the Papists of Rome arrogated that title to themselves, but they were justified in doing so. The Roman Catholic Church was the most ancient Church in Europe, and he wished to be considered a Roman Catholic of Peter's time, before that church had become vitiated and corrupt. As an Italian, said he, I disclaim all claim to the title of Protestant. I do not need any denomination for my country. In Germany they are all Lutherans because Germans, in France they are Huguenots because Frenchmen, and in Italy we are Roman Catholics because we are Italians. But the time is fast coming when all denominations will appear—when there shall be no more Calvinists—nothing but Christians—all Christians! In Italy we have a rage against the name of Protestant. If you preach Protestant doctrines they will fly from you; and therefore if I came as a Protestant, I should ruin my mission among the Italians. But let me preach Christianity as it was in the early church, and my countrymen will listen to Protestant doctrines and Protestant sentiments.

"My mission is to annihilate Popery—not only in Popish countries, but among Protestant communities. Our greatest foes are the Papists in disguise—in the very strong holds of Protestantism, under the veils of Puseyism and Tractarianism.

In the 16th century, Luther and Calvin protested against Popes and Popery; but in my opinion, protestation is very little. The protest against Popery is very little. In the 16th century, the absurd idea was prevalent that Popery could be reformed. But no, it is impossible! Popery cannot be reformed. Only one thing can reach the root of the evil—destruction and annihilation!

"I come to America as many others come. The Priests flow in a great stream to this country from France, from Italy, from Germany, and especially from Manouth, Ireland. And if so many false priests of Rome flock hither, I may also come to preach my crusade against Popery, and to preach the religion of Christ among the American people. Popery is essentially against all freedom, and therefore against all republics. Civil liberty is but a preparation for religious liberty, and when a people have freed themselves from the yoke of temporal despotism, religious freedom must follow."

Wil. Commercial.

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AN ACT making appropriations for the support of the Military Academy for the year ending the thirtieth of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three. Approved March 2, 1853.

AN ACT to provide compensation to persons who may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury to receive and keep the public money, under the fifth section of the act of sixth August, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, for the additional services required under that act. Approved March 2, 1853.

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