

Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

VOL. XI.—NEW SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 6, 1854.

NUMBER VII

J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Two Dollars a year, paid within three months from date of subscription; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid before the expiration of the year, and three dollars after the year has expired. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the Editor.

Letters to the Editor must be post paid, to ensure attention.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF ADVERTISING TERMS.	
The Proprietors of the Watchman in Salisbury have agreed upon the following arrangements of uniform advertising rates:	
1 Square	10 Cents
2 Squares	18 Cents
3 Squares	25 Cents
4 Squares	32 Cents
5 Squares	40 Cents
6 Squares	48 Cents
7 Squares	56 Cents
8 Squares	64 Cents
9 Squares	72 Cents
10 Squares	80 Cents
11 Squares	88 Cents
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13 Squares	1.04
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16 Squares	1.28
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18 Squares	1.44
19 Squares	1.52
20 Squares	1.60
21 Squares	1.68
22 Squares	1.76
23 Squares	1.84
24 Squares	1.92
25 Squares	2.00
26 Squares	2.08
27 Squares	2.16
28 Squares	2.24
29 Squares	2.32
30 Squares	2.40
31 Squares	2.48
32 Squares	2.56
33 Squares	2.64
34 Squares	2.72
35 Squares	2.80
36 Squares	2.88
37 Squares	2.96
38 Squares	3.04
39 Squares	3.12
40 Squares	3.20
41 Squares	3.28
42 Squares	3.36
43 Squares	3.44
44 Squares	3.52
45 Squares	3.60
46 Squares	3.68
47 Squares	3.76
48 Squares	3.84
49 Squares	3.92
50 Squares	4.00

A square is the space occupied by 16 close lines. An advertisement making 14 or 14 squares, charged in proportion to 1 square. Making 24 or 24 squares charged in proportion to 2 squares. All fractions of a square equal to 4 or 4, charged in proportion to the whole, of which it is a fractional part.

Three dollars for announcing candidates for office. Court Orders charged 25 per cent higher than the above rates. Orders for diverse of husband and wife, \$10 each.

Persons sending in advertisements are requested to state the number of insertions required; and if it is wished they should occupy the least space possible, write upon the back the word class. Otherwise they will be put in the usual style and charged accordingly.

No discount on these rates.

TO THE PUBLIC.

EDENTON, 12th June, 1854.

The undersigned, citizens of the county of Chowan, N. C., were at the discussion which took place at the Court House in Edenton, between Gen. A. Dockery and Thomas Bragg Esq. on the 10th of April last, and distinctly recollect that Gen. Dockery asked Mr. Bragg the following questions:

"Are you in favor of the extension of the North Carolina Railroad East to Beaufort and West to the Tennessee River?"

To which Mr. Bragg answered:—"I am not here to be catechized; you have no right to question me?"

The Gen. remarked:—"I see you are disposed to dodge the question."

To which Mr. Bragg replied:—"I am not, sir."

Gen. Dockery then asked the question:—"Are you in favor of the State's borrowing money to build the road?"

To which Mr. Bragg answered clearly and emphatically:—"NO, SIR! but I am willing to extend the Road as far as the means and resources of the State will justify."

ZACHARIAH EVANS,
THOS. H. LEARY, Jr.,
H. A. BONCE,
B. W. HATHAWAY,
G. W. B. SATTERFIELD,
CHARLES G. BRIT,
THOS. COCHRAN, Sr.,
NATH. L. CULLINS,
MOSES W. WEBB,
W. J. HUNTER,
JNO. J. HAWKINS,
RICHARD CLAYTON,
JNO. N. McDOWELL,
EDWARD WALKER,
BENJ. H. WEBB,
THOMAS COCHRAN.

ATLANTIC AND N. C. RAILROAD.

We learn the Charter for this Railroad has been secured. Five hundred and one thousand three hundred dollars, (\$1,501,300) were subscribed in the town of Newbern, and the five per cent in cash, paid in. The subscription of \$160,000, at Raleigh, by Rixley & Co. (a northern company), was declared void and thrown out.

We have no doubt the subscription of Rixley & Co. was very properly excluded; and we think it a matter of congratulation that it was done. We have no idea of these northern companies controlling North Carolina Roads, and more especially of having a controlling power at such a seaport as Beaufort.

The people of Newbern deserve great credit and merit unbounded success, for their spirit of enterprise.

The car of improvement moves on bravely.—*Concord Gazette.*

THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

We find this affecting announcement in a Conservative contemporary, the Limerick Chronicle:

The Very Rev. Theobald Mathew has sustained another shock of paralysis, and the State of his health is now such as to cause his immediate personal friends the deepest anxiety. The Rev. and beloved Apostle of Temperance bears in retirement his bodily sufferings, his worldly afflictions, with the fortitude and resignation of a Christian martyr. But what is the present condition of this good man, who raised the standard of moral regeneration and domestic happiness first in

Ireland, the land of his birth and affections; secondly, in England and Scotland; and finished his glorious career of American, having by his indomitable labors on the mission of total abstinence, by incessant exhortation and example, converted tens of thousands, slaves of that brutal vice which ruins soul and body, to a life of sobriety, industry, and independence. And while hundreds of thousands yet joyfully bless the name of him who saved millions, far and near, by a solemn vow, from the temptation of spirituous liquors, the great benefactor of the nineteenth century, who welcomed every brother and sister of the human family to his arms, without distinction of country or religion, for all were equally dear to his noble heart—Theobald Mathew is now bankrupt in health and bankrupt in purse! A pension of £200 a year, granted by his sovereign as the reward of services the most eminent, that, under God, one man might confer upon his fellow-subjects, was alienated to sustain an insurance upon the life of Father Mathew, in order to secure a debt virtually not his, a debt incurred for the promotion of Temperance—an obligation for which certain creditors hold him liable, though in equity and justice, we contend, the people of England, Ireland, and America, are the debtors, and not a poor stricken friar, the victim of sacrifices in their cause.

In every scene of his mission, for a series of years, numberless cases of heart-rending misery were exposed to his benevolent and ever-generous sympathy. All those were the terrible consequences of reckless intoxication, and he never failed to administer private relief to the innocent victims—mostly women and children—who he had rescued from the abyss of despair. Wherever a temperance branch was founded upon his mission, there also he freely contributed to its funds, and the medals and cards, which, in the aggregate, cost him a very large sum—were frequently dispensed gratis to poor members, who on the day of their social reformation could not purchase one or the other, after having dispossessed the last penny in the dearth shop or shabby house. These demands, often unavoidable, will account for the embarrassments which imperceptibly involved the Apostle of Temperance. His constitution was grievously shattered by the magnitude of his labor in America, every State of which he traversed, including the Canadian possessions, and suffered much from an ungenial climate. The faculty advise the Rev. gentleman to visit Madeira, or the south of France, early in the ensuing summer, as the only chance of repairing his health. And why not avail of it forthwith? every friend and admirer of the good apostle will exclaim, Alas! the objection is manifest in his poverty; and though absolutely necessary to prolong life, this moderate indulgence is not available for him! Such, we have been assured, is the simple truth. Another word on the subject to the citizens of Limerick and to the people of Ireland, who know the man and his spotless worth, must be needless.

WOMEN OF IRELAND.

A French writer who has been paying a visit to Ireland, and has become enchanted with the charms of the lassies of old Erin, thus speaks of the comparative graces of Irish women:

"Less beautiful than English beauty, in the artistic sense, Irish beauty is immensely more attractive. We are not frequently surprised by the antique perfection of the faces in Ireland, but we find ourselves long after saying: 'What a pretty girl!' what a charming woman! In short, they strike us less, and please us far more. We would not choose them so soon as models for the engravings of an annual; but we would prefer to talk to them—to live in their society. We would be more apt to love than to admire them."

And now comes the very highest compliment a Frenchman could pay:

"Irish women recall the French, especially the elegance and good taste of their toilette, by the ease and flexibility of their movements, and the gracious, frank cordiality of their manner. Many a time, during the first days of our stay in Dublin, seeing a lively group of women passing through one of the galleries of the Exhibition, we have been tempted to believe in the illusion, and have felt surprised and disappointed to hear flowing from their arch lips the guttural English tones, instead of the soft jargon of the Parisians. To finish this resemblance in one word, Irish women possess the secret of feminine grace. They know how to walk—do not laugh, it is a serious matter. A French woman can walk—so can an Italian. A Spaniard excels in this eminently feminine art—sometimes she can exaggerate it. We will not push our want of gallantry so far as to say that there are female rationalities of which their walk is their stigma. He who has ever seen, in the streets of London, a woman of middle height walk beside a horse-guard of six feet, and keep step with him, has no need of our rhetoric to convince him."

Powerful Magnet.—A lecturer was dilating upon the power of a magnet, describing any one to show anything to surpass its power, when a man mounted the stand and told him that a woman was the magnet of magnets. "For," said he, "if the loadstone can attract iron from a foot or two, there was a young woman, who when I was a young man, attracted me thirteen miles to have a chat with her."

A CLERGYMAN'S OPINION OF THE NEWS-PAPER PRESS.

The Rev. Mr. Bacon, in a sermon on Sunday evening, at the Church of the Messiah, Philadelphia, pronounced the newspaper as second only to the Bible in a representative government as a moral force. With its twenty-five millions of papers, issued annually, it penetrates every house and reaches every reader. If the preacher, with his hundreds of hearers, has a commanding influence for good upon his congregation, moulding their morals and enlightening their understandings, how much greater must be the influence and responsibility of the press, which talks daily to its fifty or hundred thousand readers? It is a good sign to see the preacher recognising the importance of the secular press, and taking liberal views of its usefulness, and the purposes which it subserves in promoting the great work of civilization and of human rights and happiness. The following remarks from the sermon are appropriate and just:

"The newspaper, quite as much as our public schools, is in America the great creator of a nation of thinkers and debaters. The American editor aims not at the choice diction of an essayist, and pays little attention to mere abstractions and vain theories. He writes as if he would give the greatest quantity of thought in the briefest space. He excels in paragraphs, which are like the sharp shooting of riflemen; his heavy artillery he reserves for occasional editorials, but he seldom piles the cannon where a bullet will do the work. But, as a characteristic of our people, he is every ready to lay aside his editorial matter to make room for news. He knows men, and not deeds. His language possesses a clear and concise utterance. Every writer and public speaker might find a model of style in the productions of the American editor. The pulpit must first labor to effect an improvement in the character of the religious press. The religious newspapers were far behind the secular press in breadth of views and comprehensiveness and liberality of action, and he might venture to say, in religion itself. They take most of their news from the daily press, and even their reports of religious meetings—while it is not infrequent for them to turn around and charge the reporters with irreligion. The religious press is too often narrow-minded—it does not seem to understand its true policy and duties; and violence and animosity that pervade its columns are even more than that of political editors on the eve of an election."

FINALE OF THE WALKER EXPEDITION.

The Alta Californian of the 16th inst. brings us full particulars of the decline and fall of William Walker, President of the Republic of Sonora. After a forced march of about four weeks, and a good deal of brisk fighting with the Mexican forces that obstructed his progress, the filibuster chief, at the head of about ninety men, at length succeeded in reaching the United States frontier. They were met with a detachment of United States troops to whom they surrendered and by whom they were taken to San Francisco to answer to the charge of violating the neutrality laws of their country.

It will be recollected that one of Walker's men was shot by his order whilst in Lower California, and the ex-President will probably be indicted for murder, as well as for fitting out a piratical expedition. The Alta Californian comments as follows on the fate of the new Republic:

"The bubble has burst. The 'Republic of Sonora,' with its President, Secretaries of State, War and Marine, its proclamations, its hopes and its promises, has so far at least as Col. Wm. Walker and his party are concerned, become one of the 'things that were,' that is, if it ever had existence, save in the imagination of the bombastic Filibusters. After months of hardship, toil, privation and suffering, the tenant of the Republic's army has returned to the place of its establishment, with its banners trailing in the dust, with no wreath of laurel twined around its brows, received with no welcoming songs, such as proclaim the return of the defenders of their country's rights or honor, but in the humiliating position of prisoners, held to answer the violated laws of their country."

"We can scarcely exult at the termination of this worst of foolish enterprises. There is too much of the melancholy about it to induce anything but a feeling of sorrow for the sufferers, and pity for those who caused their misery and have suffered also. The deserted homes of the peaceable and harmless rancheros of Lower California, their land despoiled of their stocks, and the fields of their produce, speak in louder tones of condemnation than we could utter to those who have caused such a state of things. Or if this be not sufficient, the remembrance of the seventeen who have been killed and have died in the prosecution of this ill-starred enterprise, must at least sometimes send a bitter pang through the hearts of the survivors. We do not feel like exulting over the misfortunes of Walker and his party. The result we predicted some months since, and they have suffered severely."

"They will now be called upon to answer to the laws which they have outraged, and probably be obliged to make reparation to them so far as they are able. But the evil they have done, the misery they have caused to the defenceless people upon whose soil they have trespassed, can never be fully repaired. They cannot call back to life and youth, and hope and vigor, their companions, who have fallen in glorious warfare, and whose bones are bleaching in the prairie, or are buried beneath the sands of a foreign country. We would not wish to say one word which should prejudice their case,

but we hope that the whole tale of the folly, crime and misery, will have an enlarged and effectual tendency to stay the reckless spirit of filibusterism in the future."

THE IRISH MASSACRE OF 1641.

From the defeat of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605, until the 23d of October 1641, the Papists and the Protestants lived on the most intimate terms in Ireland. Both went publicly to their respective places of worship until that fatal morning when one of the most heart-rending massacres ever recorded on the pages of history took place. Rowley Lascelles, the historian, informs us, that upon the refusal of O'Neill from the Castle of Angles, he ordered "all the British Protestants in three adjacent parishes to be put to the sword." Upon his defeat at Lisburn, Lord Caulfield, O'Neill's former host and fifty other prisoners were murdered. Others on pretence of forwarding them to the nearest British settlement, were gaoled forward like beasts of burden by their guards; some were enclosed in a house or in a castle, to which fire was set, with a savage indifference to their cries, and a fiendish-like triumph over their expiring agonies! Some were drowned in the first river they arrived at. One hundred and ninety were at once thrown headlong from the bridge of Portadown. Irish priests encouraged this deed by their presence. The very women, it is said, embraced their hands in the blood of the slain; even the children were seen playing unconsciously with their feeble hands in gore. We will merely refer, in passing, to a few of those tragic scenes. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the cruel treatment of the aged and venerable Starkey—a man of about 100 years of age—whom they cruelly and barbarously murdered; or to the murder of five hundred Protestants at Armagh; or the forty-eight families at Killman; or the three hundred Protestants in a state of nudity, murdered in a church at Lough-Gall; or the fifteen hundred Protestants murdered in three parishes of the county of Antrim; or the twenty-two Protestants placed in a thatched house and burned alive; or the one hundred and eighty Protestants drowned at the bridge of Callon; or the one hundred in a lake near Ballymanrough; or the 50 Protestants murdered at Blackwater church; or the 400 murdered and the 206 drowned in the Benbulbin. So dreadful were those scenes, that no fewer than 200,000 Protestants were murdered from the 23d of October 1641, until the month of March 1643. Volumes might be written on these tragic scenes. All the Protestant ministers were murdered. Good old Bishop Fellows was starved to death. And when the Papists interred him, their priests said in Latin, *Ultimus Anglorum, requiescat in pace*—Let the last of the English rest in peace!

A PICTURE OF ROMANISM.

Professor Schaff, of Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, has been visiting different seats of learning in Europe since the commencement of this year, and in a letter dated Paris, 13th February, 1854, speaking of the numerical strength of the Roman Catholics in England, he says:—"The result of the latest census is more unfavourable to the Roman Church than had been expected. According to the census, the Roman Church scarce numbers one-half the number in England usually accorded her, whilst she furnishes proportionally the largest number of *trifling candidates*, (candidates for prison)—According to a Report of Parliament, published in the *Catholic Tablet*, Dublin, February 25, 1852, out of a population of 21,000,000, in England and Scotland, whereof the Roman Church claims 1,000,000, she supplies the prisons with 250,000 candidates. *Three Romans to one of all other churches.*

FINANCES OF THE POPE.

From the large sum of forty millions of dollars, the debt has now swelled, it is said, to the enormous one of a hundred millions; so that his extrication is morally impossible. The Roman Pontiff is a bankrupt. The interest of the debt alone is stated to be about twenty millions of dollars a year, a sum which his ordinary revenue would be quite unable to meet; so that it is altogether a hopeless case. It is said that if the whole Papal territory were brought to the hammer to-morrow, the proceeds would scarcely realize enough to pay a dividend of twenty per cent of the debt."

THE CELEBRATED VIRGIL A. STUART, THE CAPTIVE AND HISTORIAN OF THE LAND PIRATE JOHN A. MURREL, DIED RECENTLY AT HIS RESIDENCE IN WHARTON COUNTY, TEXAS.

From the Boston Traveller.

BEN LATOUR.

BY ANNIE E. REECHER.

Some years since I listened to a lecture upon the evils of Intemperance, and from it gathered the substance of the following tale:

CHAPTER I.

Ben Latour was a low-browed, big-fat, miserably drinking wretch, and—like was my father. I remember myself as a light, fair-haired, blue-eyed, trembling little boy, watching him from divers hiding places as he raved and stormed at a thin pale-faced, patient, weeping creature, whom I called "mother."

Heavens! what a tiny fellow I was of my age, and it seemed as though I should never get any bigger. Every week I kept hid away for the purpose; and every week wept, yearned, prayed for manhood. What for? Why, to be able to thrash my father. I hated him, I gazed at his brawny fists of iron—his rusty muscular form—at my mother's wretched features—and down upon my own little limbs, and despaired of becoming a match for him before she died. She was pure, soft, gentle; and, oh! how affectionate. I have seen her lay her thin cheek against his rough, bloated face, and be so grateful, if he would let it remain there for a few moments.

I have seen her place her worn hands upon his swarthy forehead, and drop tears upon his coarse matted hair. Tears that he was unworthy of, as the devil is of heaven.

I have seen him receive the most touching marks of love and affection from her, without the slightest recognition or acknowledgment of them. I wish I could learn women something. I wish it were possible to make them understand that there are men upon whom love, sympathy, patience, gentleness, forbearance, is utterly thrown away—lost.

I was young, but I could see that my mother was servile, humble; crouching like a dog, if her husband would but bestow upon her, in his intervals of sobriety—and they were rare—the most trifling token of kindness. My blood boils when I think of it.

A horse-whipping administered once, twice or thrice a week, would have made him a better man. It increases fondness, affection—bah! It makes me sick to dwell upon the subject.

As soon as I was old enough to be seen over a counter, I was apprenticed to a grocer in the village. He was a mean, dirty, rascalizing grocer, and was glad to give my father rum for my services.

When I could earn an extra fourpence to take home to my poor mother, I was happier than a king. Oh! the long nights that I spent puzzling my young brains as to the ways and means of earning a little money. Boy as I was, I understood that my grief-worn mother would soon be in a state of actual want. She was on the eve of her second confinement, and oh! what a prospect for her, for all of us, indeed? Well, we got through it, and there was one more child—a dear little girl, ushered into this sorrowful world.

How I loved that baby! Bitter winds raged within and without the winter she was born; but she was a hardy blossom, and flourished like a flower in the wilderness. My mother's brow was always overshadowed with her dreadful griefs and constant cares. My father grew more and more morose as our difficulty increased, and only this little sister could at all brighten or cheer my gloomy life. When I returned from my labors, there she would be in her rough cradle, laughing, cooing and clapping hands in paroxysms of delight at nothing—a perfect beam of sunshine amid darkness and desolation.

I worked like a dog to obtain a rattle and a string of beads for her to play with. At last I got them, and a proud boy was I when I presented them before her astonished baby eyes, and saw her reach forth her little dumpy fists, and mites of fingers among the beads, shaking them hilariously in the glancing sunlight.

She was in the full enjoyment of them, when my father came home drunk; oh, you must not judge me, nor tell me to say "intoxicated." Tell you he was drunk!

He came reeling into the house, his rolling blood-shot eyes shooting forth the malice of hell! I saw him look at the girl baby, at the rattle, at the beads and at me.

I knew what he suspected, and shouted in terror, that I had purchased the boys with money a neighbor had given me for running errands.

I might as well have explained to the winds. He struck at me fiercely—madly; and my poor mother, who was occupied with the ironing in one corner of the room came forward, iron in hand, to save me if possible. Would to God she had remained at her post, for the very devil of rum possessed him. He thrust her rudely backward, with the whole force of his gigantic frame, and she fell! As she fell, the iron flew from her hand, and—

CHAPTER II.

When I woke to consciousness, I was lying on the trundle bed in the farthest corner of our only room.

There was a mountainous weight upon my breast, and a dim darkness that was not right, rested upon all objects around me. I could not tell if I had been asleep a week, an hour, or day; but I could hear our old clock ticking away to the same dull, monotonous tune, and could make

out there was a white bundle on the table, and that my father and mother were sitting by the bedside. I saw that his large, brown, brutal looking hand rested upon the back of her chair, and that a more deadly paleness had gathered to her face, and a sharper agony to her large and shining eyes. I was very quiet as I lay there in my bed, and my glance returned again and again to the white bundle, I began to speculate about it.

I thought some neighbor had left it for me to take to its destination, and wondered if it were heavy, and if I might not get a sixpence instead of fourpence, if it were. And how many fourpence would it take to buy my sister a blue Thibet dress, like one I had seen upon a child in the neighborhood; and if it and the blue beads would not set off her pure complexion.

Subsequently there came a loud knock at the door, and—I didn't know why—every drop of blood in my body leaped and bounded and rushed through me like a torrent. I saw my mother's arms stiffen as with a spasm, as my father arose to open the door. I comprehended all now. I remembered the awful scene of yesterday, and knew that the white bundle on the table was my dead baby-sister, and that her coffin was at the door. I shuddered, but did not shriek. There was something in my mother's face that prevented me.

My father took the small coffin in and laid it on a chair and again seated himself by the fire side, gazing furtively upon his wife, as she sat there with a look in her eyes he had never seen before. After a while she got up, opened one of the shutters, a little way, then went to a chest of drawers and took out a long white veil. I had seen it a thousand times. It was her mother's bridal-veil—an old-fashioned blond. It looked quite yellow and very soft, as she shook out the folds I saw that her thin hands trembled violently, and that she closed her eyes heavily; so heavily that I feared she would never open them again.

At last she raised their lids, oh! how dry and tearless they looked as she passed to her child's coffin, opened it, and laid within the bridal-veil of her mothers!—Softly she smoothed and patted it down against the rough sides of the little pine coffin, shedding no tears, but trembling all over like an autumn leaf, beaten and torn by a bitter and bleak wind.

She passed to the body of the murdered babe, and drew the covering from its gentle face. There was a cruel mark upon the snowy forehead, and my mother covered it with her hand as she lifted the child to her bosom, and carried it lovingly to its little bed. The small and dimpled hands were folded meekly upon the unconscious and senseless breast of my darling sister. And as my poor mother lifted a corner of the rich veil and tried to hide the dark wound on the baby's forehead, something in the action broke up the half-frozen feelings of my heart, and I sobbed aloud in all the agony of a broken and childish spirit.

I gathered the rude quilt of my little bed in my hands, and held it to my mouth to stifle the cries I felt—even then in my extremity of anguish I—was to be cutting and stabbing at my mother's lacerated breast, like the repeated blows of a sharp, relentless knife. I realized perfectly that her heart was broken, and that my longings and aspirations after manhood for her sake, had been—would be all in vain.

She was passing away. The last star that shone upon my blank and solitary life, was going out, and I should be left in utter—terrible darkness.

Well to-day for the funeral case, and we followed the baby-corps to its resting place in the old church-yard, and left her there—for a brief space—alone.

Why should I linger over my mother's rapid descent to the side of her child? She died—and by the side of her humble, stoneless grave, I knelt and beseeched Almighty God to spare my miserable life and feeble frame. What for? Why to devote it to the Temperance Cause! My breath, my energies, my time, my money, I solemnly swore should be spent in efforts to blast this Hydra-headed monster, lifting its accursedness throughout the land. I have kept my vow.

Prohibitory Laws.—The Prohibitory Law passed by Connecticut, permits either an wine to be manufactured, or fruit raised by the manufacturer; but he cannot sell either in a less quantity than five gallons. As the purchaser cannot sell it again, the market for either of these articles must be quite limited. Spirited liquors are entirely prohibited, both as regards the manufacture and sale, (except by town agents,) and ale, and larger beer, are specially held to be spirituous liquors by the act. In Rhode Island the law authorizes the arrest, confinement, and fine of any person found drunk in any of the towns of the State; but, if such intoxicated person shall disclose the name of the person who furnished the liquor with which he got drunk, and shall give evidence against said person, he may be discharged from imprisonment; and persons furnishing intoxicating liquors, giving or selling, are liable to prosecution.

HOT WEATHER.—The last few days has brought with them a spell of the hottest weather we have had for many years. The thermometer yesterday ranged in the neighborhood of one hundred nearly all day.

We observe that in New York and Boston the weather is also extremely oppressive—several have died in the northern cities in consequence of the heat.—*South Carolinian, Jan. 30.*