The Events of Passion Week.—The Spiritual events of the current week, known in the Christian Church as the week of the Passion of the Saviour are thus recapitulated:

On referring to the Gospels we find that "six days before the Passover, the Saviour came to Bethany, and was the guest of Martha and Mary, in the house of Simon the leper, where Lazarus also was present, whom he had raised from the dead. The next day (the anniversary of which was Sunday) Jesus entered the city of Jerusalem, amidst the hosannas of the multitude, and as he beheld the city he wept over it. He went into the Temple and cast out them that sold and bought in the Temple, saying, "it is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Christ heals the sick in the Temple, reproves the chief priests, and declares the object of his mission.—In the evening he returned to Bethany and lodged there.

On the morrow (Monday) he returned to the city, (cursing the barren figtree on the way) and went to the Temple and again cast out the buyers and sellers, overthrew the tables of the money changers and the seats of those that sold doves. In the evening he went out of the city. The next morning (Tuesday) as Jesus and his disciples passed on their way to Jerusalem, they saw the barren figtree dried up from the roots.

He went to the Temple, where his authority was questioned by the chief priests and scribes, as he taught the people and preached the Gospel. In his controversy with his opponents he stated the parables of the Vineyard and of the Marriage Feast, by which the character of these Jewish priests was so striking by illustrated. Christ replies to the Sadducees in regard to their denial of any resurrection, and when he had put them to silence he was called upon by the Pharisees to answer some questions of their sect, namely: "Which is the first commandment of all?" His reply was so remarkable for its wisdom and reproof, that "no man after that durst ask any question." He applands the liberality of the poor widow, foretells the destruction of Jerusalem, the end of the Jewish dispensation and of the world, speaks of his second advent, declares the parable of the wise and foolish virgins and of the servants and the talents, and the proceedings of the Day of Judgment. At night he went out and abode in the Mount of Olives.

"After two days was the feast of the Passover and of unleavened bread," and on this day (Wednesday) Christ foretells his approaching death by crucifixion.—The Jewish rulers consult how they may take him, and finally make an agreement with Judas to betray unto them.

Then came the day of unleavened bread, when the Passover must be killed, (Thursday) and Christ directs his disciples to an upper room in the city, furnished and prepared—"there make ready for us." He there partakes of the last Passover, reproves the ambition of his disciples, speaks of his betrayer. Judas retires from the table. Christ predicts Peter's denial of him, institutes the Eucharist, exhorts and consoles his disciples, and when they had sung a hymn, they went to the garden of Gethsemane. His agony there was so intense, that his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground; he is then betrayed and apprehended, and all his disciples forsook him and fled.

Christ is then taken to Annas and to the palace of Caiphas, and was there examined and condemned by the Jewish Priests.

In the morning (*Friday*) he was taken before Pilate the Roman Governor, the Jewish Sanhedrim not having authority to put any one to death—Judas comes forward and declares the innocence of Christ—Pilate also finds no fault in him and sends him to Herod, who set him at naught and sent him again to Pilate, arrayed in a gorgeous robe. Pilate again and again tries hard for his release, but "crucify him," "crucify him," is the verdict of the Jewish rulers. Pilate yields, and from the Judgment Hall the Saviour of man is led away to Mount Calvary, prays for the murderers, is nailed to the cross amid the revilings of the Chief Priests, the rulers, the soldiers, and the passers by. He asserts his Divinity in answer to the penitent thief—commends his mother to the care of his beloved disciple John and gives up the Ghost.—*Tri-Weekly Chronicle and Sentinel.*

SAD ACCIDENT.

We learn from a correspondent, that on the night of the 4th instant, the lumber train on the N. C. Rail Road, in passing up about ten o'clock, just above Brasfield's turn out, ran over a man by the name of Madison Dollar, sadly mutilating both legs. He was carried home and Dr. McMannen was called in, who amputated both legs above the knees. Mr. Dollar survived only until about twelve o'clock next day. He was about 25 years of age, and had been married but little more than a year. He was of industrious habits but unfortunately would indulge too freely in intoxicating drinks. He had been to a grog shop on business in the evening, and having imbibed too freely, on returning home had stopped on the Rail Road where he was run over. This is another sad lesson to the dealer in this noxious stuff. To hear the lamentations of the wife of the deceased was truly sorrowful. Her greatest grief seemed to be that he was killed while he was intoxicated.—*Spirit of the Age.*

A few weeks ago, a gentleman and his lady were coming down from Iowa City to Davenport, when the cars were crowded. A young man got up and gave the old lady a seat, while his companion, another young gent, ensconced himself, and let the old gentleman stand. This did not suit our friend, so he concluded to get a seat somehow, and, quick as thought, turned to the young man on the seat beside his wife, and said: "will you be so kind as to watch that woman while I get a seat in the other car? She takes fits."

This startled the young gent. He could not bear the idea of taking charge of a fitty woman, so the old gentleman got a seat, and his wife never was known to take a fit afterwards.

"Pay as you go—the Credit System."—Dr. Johnson said a very wise thing when he advised his friend to pay cash for everything he bought, ready money being such a check on the imagination. If the lady who is tempted to purchase costly diamonds at Ball & Black's had to count out the cash on delivery, her jewelry bill at the end of the year would probably be only hundreds instead of thousands.

And so in all kinds of business, and among all classes of buyers—abolish the credit system, and you do away with extravagance. It is so easy to run in debt, and so easy to order thousand dollar knick-knacks, when one only has to say "charge it" that even prudent persons, who mean to be economical, and never go beyond their ability to pay, are constantly led into the purchase of articles they do not need, and for which you sometimes find it difficult to pay.

In the fluctuations of speculative business, based on the pernicious credit system, comparatively few, of even the reputed wealthy, know how they are coming out at the end of the year. Stocks may go up—or go down—and the result may prove equally disastrous. The gambling "operator" suddenly "flabbergasts" and his palatial mansion, filled with what Mrs. Partington calls articles of "bigotry and virtue," must be sacrificed to pay his debts and his "differences." The merchant, who has sold "million on time," as we heard a dry goods importer say the other day, cannot tell whether his house is founded on a rock or on the sand; and there are few men whose property is so securely invested, that their "riches may not take to themselves wings and fly away." No man who runs in debt today, absolutely certain of his ability to pay to-morrow—much less three or six months hence. The doctrine of chances and probabilities may favor his hopes; but any one of a thousand accidents may upset all his calculations.

The more we reflect, therefore, the more are we convinced, that not money, but credit, is the "root of all evil;" and the only wise system of trade, the only sure remedy for a multitude of such social evils, is to be found in the golden maxim: Pay as you go.—Let the rich, who have the cash in hand, begin the reform to-day; and every vein and artery of the social organism would feel a glow of quickening vitality, prompting to all sorts of benevolent actions, leading to the most blessed results. Debt causes a thousand fold more suffering than African slavery; and yet our philanthropic reformers have no sympathy for the exquisite misery it entails and no voice of rebuke for the evil that produces it. The Southern planter sells his cotton before it is grown; the Northern farmer eats his corn before it is harvested; the merchant realizes his cargo before it arrives; the builder mortgages his house story by story; and every body "buys on time," in the hope of being richer to-morrow than to-day. And this is the great and radical wrong of society, almost as prolific in evil as

——"The fruit of that forbidden tree,
Whose mortal taste brought death into the world.
And all our woe."

A Child Poisoned with Matches.—Hannah Quinn, a child about three years old, residing in New York, died on Sunday night from the effects of eating some lucifer matches which were carelessly left in her way. Coroner Perry held an inquest on the body of the deceased, when the jury rendered a verdict of death from the poisonous effects of lucifer matches. The deceased died in about twelve hours after partaking of the poisonous matter.

Nuts for Sporting Men.—A bill has passed the New York Legislature which provides that no person shall, within the State, kill any wild deer at any time during the months of January, February, March, April, May, June or July. Another law, relative to trout, has also passed. It provides that no person shall at any time take any trout in any of the inland private waters of this State with any net, seine, weir, basket, spear, grapple, trap or any other device whatsoever, except a hook and line.

Curiosity.—In the interior of the Eastern Penitentiary, between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, there are two cells, the walls of which are painted in water colors in a manner so elaborately beautiful as to cause an involuntary wish on the part of each visitor that the chamber of his or her residence could be similarly adorned. The work was performed by a convict at odd intervals of leisure.—The only tools at his command were a ruler, lead pencil, and a small brush, which we are informed, he made of his own hair. The pattern is kaleidoscopic, interspersed with rich medallions; the effect of the whole being, with the exception of transparency, very similar to that of stained glass. The four sides of the cell, and the arched roof, are alike covered. Over the brass water faucet, which, by the way, is burnished like a mirror, there is painted a water cooler, and at the place where his cot touches the wall is represented the head of a fashionable bedstead; all this is executed in a highly artistic manner, and will bear close examination. The convict who performed this beautiful work has already served four terms in the same prison, and strange to say, is now in the Moyamensing awaiting trial upon a fifth serious charge. He is by birth a German, and has a mania for appropriating other people's goods, which is believed to be a thing incorrigible.—*Philadelphia North American.*

The African Sugar Cane.—The Washington Star has the following paragraph:

Leonard Wray, Esq., the well known sugar importer of England, reached this country on Saturday last by the Asia, and is to arrive here Sunday evening.—It is understood among scientific men at the North that he comes to the United States to start a business of making sugar from the Sorgho or Chinese sugar cane, in which he is experienced, having been connected with it in France and Algiers. We have seen specimens of the sugar made from it in France, in all respects equal to the best New Orleans, and of the alcohol made from the same staple. In France the yield of sugar from this material ranges from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds per acre, and of alcohol, from 400 to 500 gallons.

CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

SALISBURY, N. C.

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 21, 1857.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER $2.00 CASH.

Public Documents.—We are obliged to Hon. B. Craige for several valuable public documents, among which is the Digest of our Commercial Relations with all the countries with whom we have commercial intercourse.

NORTH CAROLINA PRESBYTERIAN PAPER.

We invite the attention of our readers to a Circular, in another column, on the subject of establishing, in North Carolina, a Presbyterian newspaper. It must be admitted that we need such a journal, and we doubt not the enterprise will receive, as it deserves, the active support of the members of the denomination to whose interests it will be especially devoted.

The Fayetteville Presbytery, at its Spring meeting, held on the 10th April, instant, passed, unanimously, the following resolution:

"Whereas, an effort is now being made to establish a Presbyterian Paper in N. Carolina—

"*Resolved*, That we cordially approve of the enterprise, and earnestly recommend it to the churches in the bounds of this Presbytery."

In furtherance of this work, we have been requested to give notice that there will be a meeting of Stockholders at Greensboro,' N. C., on Thursday the 14th May, at 10 o'clock, A. M. for the purposes of choosing location, selecting a title, and electing an Editor, or Editors, &c.

Walker's Affairs.—The Steamer Tennessee, from San Juan, arrived at New York on the 16th April, with accounts from Walker, which are not so favorable to his prospects as those by the George Law Steamer. Gen. Lockridge instead of capturing Castillo, as reported, has actually abandoned the attack and retreated. Some 200 men under him, displeased with his course, had denounced him and disbanded, and were on their return home. Walker is still at Rivas, with about 800 men, strongly fortified and with four months provisions. He believes he could hold the place with 150 men.

The Steamer J. N. Scott had been blown up on the San Juan river, during the retreat of Lockridge, and over sixty officers and men were killed or wounded. The wounded were sent in the steamer Rescue to Punta Arenas, while Lockridge remained up the river with his remaining force. He was well supplied with provisions.

Deep River Navigation Company.—This Company held a meeting in Wilmington, on Friday last, which seemed to have been characterised by a very earnest concern for the speedy and successful prosecution of the new improvement. His Excellency Gov. Bragg, was in attendance, as the representative on the part of the State, and his cheerful co-operation with the private stockholders of the Company in those measures which were thought wise and efficient, gained for himself the warm thanks of the stockholders. The Wilmington Herald in concluding its account of the meeting, has the following:

Thus has ended the deliberations of this meeting of Stockholders, and we congratulate all concerned upon the unanimity and concord that marked its proceedings. It was at one time thought that in the discharge of his duties as the representative of the State's interest in the work, the Governor might feel himself called upon to object to certain portions of the arrangement made with Dargan, Cartwright & Co., of Philadelphia, for the completion of the work; but this difficulty was settled, upon consultation, to the Governor's satisfaction; and the resolutions reported by Mr. Rives, and embracing the gist of the business were adopted without a dissenting voice.

We desire on this occasion to state, in accordance with Mr. Haughton's resolution, that the presence of the Governor at this meeting of stockholders was especially gratifying to the friends of the work. It manifested the deep interest felt by him in its successful prosecution, and while it evinced a zealous spirit to guard the rights of the State in the enterprise, the proceedings show the absence of any desire to obstruct the progress of the improvement by merely technical or captious objections.

Indeed the whole course of the Governor throughout the proceedings was of a character to elicit the approbation of every friend of the work, without regard to political distinctions, and it affords us pleasure to say it. The Governor left in the cars for Raleigh this morning.

In the election of Mr. Cassidey as President, the Cape Fear and Deep River Improvement has a guarantee that its affairs will be prosecuted with energy, intelligence and zeal; and in the character of the Directors chosen, the further guarantee of a hearty co-operation in the efforts to be made to push on to completion this great State work. At last we have the Improvement under Wilmington management, and it will be a triumph indeed if, under this management, it is successfully completed, after all the vexatious delays, mismanagements and failures it has heretofore experienced. We have stronger hopes of its success now than ever before, and begin to believe that the golden visions with which we have been deluded for so many years, are upon the eve of realization. Some of these days, "Deep River" will be a term of pride and not of reproach, and its vast treasures will at last be unlocked to give a stimulus to State prosperity never before dreamed of.

☞ In another part of our paper will be seen the announcement of the death of Mr. John McKearly, as one of the oldest members of the craft of this State. Mr. Thomas Singeltary we think is the oldest, if still alive, and we have heard nothing of him for some time; his exit would certainly have found a place in the picture, for he has traveled over the world, almost, in the last 50 years. He must be about 80. Where is Tom? who knows.—*York District Chronicle.*

He left here, after a night's sojourn, one bitter cold morning in Feb. 1855. His immediate destination, he said, was Charlotte, where he expected to find a "sit." with his old friend Thomas Holton. Where is Singeltary, bro. Holton?

☞ "Fine Times for Farmers," says the *Huntsville*, (Ala.) *Advocate*—"Every article that is raised or produced on a farm bears a high price, is scarce and in demand." Verily it is too true; and those who live in towns and have every thing to buy, *feel* it every day. We suppose, too, that there is a scarcity of farm products. Except Wheat, Corn and Bacon, few things are to be had in our market, *peas*, even, are scarce; and as for butter, that it is almost out of the question. The hens have ceased their interesting labors—shut up shop, it would appear—probably waiting until after the great smash-up, the 13th of June next.

☞ A man travelling on the Wilmington and Weldon train, a few days ago, while laboring under a fit of delirium tremens, sprang from a window, the train running at the rate of 25 miles an hour, at the time, without sustaining serious damage.

WESTERN N. C. RAIL ROAD.

The Stockholders of this Company held a meeting at Statesville, on the 14th inst, for the purpose of taking the vote of the Company on the amendments to the Charter, made at the last Legislature.—We learn that the amendments were accepted, and that Morganton will, therefore, be the terminus of the first section. To ensure the completion of the Road to that point, an additional private subscription of from two to three hundred thousand dollars will have to be made to the Stock of the Company, and in view of this, the amendments provides for the opening of books at Statesville, Newton and Morganton.

History of North Carolina.—Our thanks are due Messrs. E. J. Hale & Son, of Fayetteville, for Vol. I. Dr. Hawk's History of North Carolina. As respects mechanical execution, it is handsomely got up. We have only had time to read the brief memoir of Sir Walter Raleigh, which alone, is worth the price of the book. This volume is complete in itself, and comprises the early period of the settlement of a colony on the territory of North Carolina. All those who value the history of our State will secure a copy it.

Frost in Georgia.—This day one week ago, it will be remembered we had a hard freeze here—ice an inch thick, in some places. We learn from the Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel that the cold was also very great in that State, and resulted in the total destruction of nearly all the fruits, a few apples alone surviving it.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Please examine the new advertisements in this paper. It will be seen that Murray & Co. have something to say to the public worthy their notice.—That Dr. C. A. Henderson makes an announcement of public interest.—That Dowler & Co., makes a proclamation to farmers.—B. F. Petty, to land buyers.—The Jullien Concert Co., to the lovers of amusement.—Drs Sill & Sill to those concerned, &c., &c., all our advertisements are interesting.

Among other things, our community will see, and not without regret, that Dr. Sill has determined to remove from this Town. True, he leaves a gentleman in his place, Dr. Henderson, in all respects qualified for the arduous and responsible duties of a druggist, and will doubtless prove himself eminently worthy in all the essentials of the varied relations he will sustain to the community; yet we know that we speak the sentiments of hundreds, when we say, that Doct. Sill has so won the esteem and confidence of those who have had intercourse with him, that the thought of separation is absolutely painful.

Sawo.—The highest peaks of the neighboring mountains are white with snow, (April 13th,) and it is quite chilly. We are still looking for spring!—*Herald of Truth.*

☞ The *Standard* is still lock-jawed on the Land Question. His is a case of decided *tetanus*.—*Ral. Register.*

From the Raleigh Register.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.

Not many weeks ago, our contemporary of the Standard proclaimed his readiness to discuss the question of our right to our share of the public lands. He then seemed to pant for the contest. We offered to publish his arguments, if he would reciprocate the courtesy, and republish ours. He does not reply to our proposition, but says he is going to be ready by and bye. Why is he not ready *now?* What better time than the present, when the public mind is calm, and can weigh the arguments without the distracting influences of party excitement? This is a question that ought to be *above* party. Will our neighbor consent to be *always* a "party man?" Can he not sometimes feel that he is a "citizen?"—Is it impossible, on a great question like this, to remember that he is a *son of North Carolina?* May he not now, when party excitement is hushed, and nobody seeks to push Democracy from its throne, come to the rescue of his good old mother, wronged and defrauded as she has been? Will he not now stand by her side and fight in her cause? She needs the aid of his puissant arm. He can do much to save her from sinking.—His bugle notes have music in them.—They can stir up the soul of Democracy. Let him sound the charge upon the spoilers who are wresting from our good old State her patrimony. Let him cheer on his hosts to vindicate her rights, and she will long bless him and all large-hearted Democrats who will bravely sink the partizan into the patriot. There was a time, under the lead of Henry Clay, (whom our friend then loved and honored, and in whose praise, if we rightly remember, he "poured out his whole soul" when parties were pretty equally balanced, and Distribution was one of the issues between them. But times are changed. The public debt, for which the lands were relinquished, was not then paid. It has been paid since. State indebtedness was then almost unknown.—Now, Railroads, Canals, Asylums, &c., have burdened North Carolina with a debt of ten millions. The old Whig party then kept the Democracy in constant alarm, lest their sceptre should be wrested from them, and grasped by other hands. Now, that noble old party, with all its glories, lies low—and "none so poor to do it reverence." It scarcely breathes. But that glorious band advocated *some* measures, which since its defeats, the Democracy might well adopt. At least, it is not for the Democracy of the States of North Carolina and Virginia, which gave away empires, now to spurn the benefits of the resulting trust. They are not called on to stultify themselves beyond all things, in hunting out and furnishing their enemies arguments *against their own rights.* They need not show excessive zeal in search of excuses and reasons for stripping themselves naked, by way of proving to a grieving world how *very consistent* they are, and how self-sacrificingly they can impoverish themselves, provided only they may be allowed to luxuriate in the undisturbed contemplation and practical execution of the genial doctrines of '98 and '99.

Why should we of the old Thirteen, especially why should *any body* in North Carolina and Virginia, be so particularly astute in elaborating arguments to excuse the gigantic frauds so unblushingly practiced against us by the land pirates, who laugh in our faces at our simplicity, while they are coolly picking our pockets and depriving us forever of the rights purchased by the blood of our fathers? Are we to be meeker than Moses himself? Are we to be more saintly and forgiving than all others? Have we *no* spirit? When they smite us on the one cheek, is it for us more than all men to turn the other to be buffeted also? And then sit down and *indite editorials*, justifying the act?—and even to thank the kind friends who gave us the blows, because, forsooth, they applied them quite constitutionally, and in vindication of the doctrines of State rights, and strictly according to the glorious Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions? For shame!—*Let us be men*, whether Whigs or Democrats. *Let us demand our rights*, and drive the spoilers from our domain. If we have no just claim to the proceeds of the sales of those lands—we of North Carolina—then we have no right, under Heaven, to the houses we have built or purchased, nor to the slaves bought with our money, or inherited from our fathers.

Death of David L. DeSaussure, Esq.—With deep regret we learn the death, at Camden, of this highly esteemed citizen, in his 61st year.

Nearly thirty years ago he left the navy of the United States, where he served with much credit as an officer, and entered the service of the State in the Branch Bank at Camden. As Cashier of that institution he enjoyed the highest confidence of the community, discharging his responsible duties with great accuracy, attention and efficiency. Of the purest character as a man and christian, his loss will be severely felt by his fellow citizens. In all his relations of life, no one was more beloved and respected, and the bereavement in his family circle, though not unexpected, is of sad and mournful interest.

A woman was arrested in London, recently, for actually skinning cats alive! The police officers on examining the carcases of the poor brutes, found a mark of a spike at the head of each cat; the usual mode of performing this horrible operation being to fix the head of the animal to a spike, by which it is half-stunned, when the skin is removed. In answer to questions put by the magistrate, it was stated that the value of a cat's skin, when taken from the living animal, is 2s. 2d. (English money) otherwise it is not so valuable. The female fiend was punished with three months imprisonment at hard labor.

The Ten Lost Tribes.—The Boston Journal notices at length a successful missionary establishment among the Affghans, who are believed by many to be a portion of the Ten Tribes of Israel.—They claim descent from King Saul, through a grand son named Affghan.—Their legends describe the capture of the ark of the covenant by the Philistines, the annointing of Saul by Samuel, the battle of David and Goliah, and other events of Scripture history, which they claim as their own.

Correspondence of the Gallaway Herald.

St. Augustine,
March 10, 1857.

Messrs. Editors:

Among the hundreds that come to St. Augustine, from every direction, few go away without some memento or relic from the place. Some are satisfied with an orange cane cut from its trees, others get a few shells from the beach, others again take pleasure in gathering information about the people, and the dilapidated buildings. This, with such like amusement, occupies no little of their time. I am much amused with the merriment produced among the boarders, as they succeed in hoaxing or quizzing the "green ones." I will mention only one case. A northern gentleman—a down Easter, or as they call it now "blue nose," came with the intention, I suppose, of writing a book. He talked freely with every one, and seemed to be quite at his ease; proving satisfactorily, that the art of asking questions, is by no means on the decline in those localities. He was busy as a bee, heard all that was to be heard, and saw all that was to be seen, with his note-book ever in hand, to take down important items. It was not long, however, before he fell in with one of the most accomplished wags I have ever seen—a captain of a steamer on one of the western rivers, who came here for the health of his daughter. All at once, the Captain became very knowing on the subject of the Indian wars; about Alligator, Wild-Cat, Bow-Leggs, and other Chiefs of past times. The eagerness with which he heard the different stories, and the complacency manifested by his countenance, and the readiness with which he took down the names, dates, and other facts in his scrap-book, gave evidence that he believed he had made a lucky hit of valuable data for his Work. Thus the Captain went on until he led the unsuspecting Yankee to record many important circumstances, that were interesting if they were true; but to his great surprise and mortification, he was afterward informed, that his recorded facts, were merely the off-spring of the Captain's imagination.

But I promised in my last to tell you of some things I saw in the Old Fort, which is a place of much attraction to all persons visiting St Augustine. It evidently is a good illustration of the Castilian mind in a horrid and barbarous age. It covers several acres of ground—commanding the entrance to the harbor: Its battery is furnished with a complement of paixhan guns of heavy calibre, all of which are in a state of readiness to be mounted; in cases of emergency. The walls, we were told by the guide, are 31 feet high, built entirely of coquina rock, with much expense and care. The cost was so great, that the King of Spain, on one occasion inquired to know, of what material it was made, and when told he remarked, that he had thought it was constructed of *gold*. As to its shape, I can only say it forms four bastion angles, each of which has its corresponding towers. A deep ditch is thrown round the fortress, some thirty feet wide for protection, which could be filled with water at short notice, by a flood-gate from the St. Sabastian river, constructed for that purpose. As you enter this mysterious building, you pass a little bridge, over the above mentioned ditch, then you stand at the huge doorway, which leads into this awful place.—Above the door your eye falls upon the following inscription, in Spanish, carved in the solid rock: "Don Ferdinanda the Sixth, King of Spain, and The Field Marshal Don Alonzo Fernandes de Heredia, being Governor and Captain General of this Place, St. Augustine of Florida, and its Province." This Fortress was finished in the year 1756. Then you enter to view the interior arrangement, which is little else than a succession of dungeons; I did not count these terrible cells, but they are very numerous, with huge door shutters. To stand at the entrance of one of these cells, and look in you see nothing, but all is dark as Erebus but if your nerves are strong enough to follow your Guide to the other end of the room and, turning your face to the door, stand one moment, the whole apartment begins to light up with a gray twilight, which discloses not only the dimensions, but the rough stones, that rise in thick walls on each side and form an arch overhead.—If you get a proper conception of one of these rooms you know all the others, but two, which deserve a notice. One of these, is a Romish Church where you perceive signs of a place of worship; but why there should be an altar in this place I cannot conceive. This room has one window, at the end, and places cut into the wall for the vase of holy water. The other is a secret cell, which was not discovered by the Americans until 17 years after the flag was changed; it is not a portion of the Fort, but is erected in the bastion of the north-east angle.—This cell is contiguous to the Church, has been the subject of much gossip by the curious, and probably not without reason. It was by mere accident that this place came to light, disclosing, doubtless, one of the strongest cells ever constructed in the Western hemisphere. About this dungeon—separated from the rest by a double wall of the strongest mason-work, deep below the surface of the ground, doors but three or four feet high—rumor has whispered some strange things, and might tell more, if her tongue were not paralyzed with fear! A skeleton, was found in this place having a pair of boots on, and an empty mag. It may be that other similar subterranean prisons here are yet to be discovered, in the other bastion angles, which will prove more fully, the intolerance, and bigotry, and vengence, of a corrupt Religion. I must confess my imagination was much aroused, when I thought of the suffering and groaning and despair, that must have been witnessed by these dismal walls.—It is said there is a small white owl, that secretes itself in those dismal recesses, and wails its mournful dirge in this singular place. If I believed in ghosts, I should expect to find them in this dark Tartarian abode, or if I believed in the transmigration of Souls, I should view these owls with much of interest, being confident, that those tyrants who planned and built this horrid prison, were doomed to occupy the same cells as *owls*; to which they had consigned their fellow men, to pine away in hunger and despair. Suffice it to say, the rumors afloat about this horrent, as other tales go false, invests it with mysterious and melancholy interest to every American Citizen.

But, amidst the sad relics of barbarous and inquisitorial days, the Pilgrim, feels gratitude to God, that the power and spirit that constructed such a prison, is not only banished from our shores, but is on the wane every where. These strong holds of despotic power, must be deserted and crumble in the dust; as we see it here, so must it be in all lands. And may the time soon come.

Yours, Truly, B.

[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

Would be Aristocracy.

In this our republican land, we hear a great deal of prating about aristocracy, which is often really amusing, and sometimes, we must confess, a little ridiculous too. Young America is a fast youth, but that such ideas as we sometimes hear expressed should have shot forth from his precocious brain is truly astonishing and not the less preposterous. That he should ape foreign aristocracy is really disgusting; laughable indeed are his spurious imitations of arrogated heraldic honors. With all his sagacity, in one poor judgment, he has taken the wrong track and justly merits contempt. Now to copy the armorial bearings of Dukes, Counts, Earls, &c., is a most absurd thing; and must we not suppose that to the eyes of these titled dignitaries we present a most ludicrous figure. What would one of old England's proud Earls think to see his own coat of arms limbazoned from the panels of a republican carriage, (a lion couchant for instance,) the owner of which is perhaps the son or grandson of some worthy Crispin or Vulcan, who while he toiled patiently over his lapstone, or wiped from his begrimed visage, the drops of honest toil had no ambition beyond a quiet conscience and an honorable living. That these should be distinctions, in society we candidly admit, the doctrine of equality is one we don't believe, there is no such thing, there never was or can be; with all due deference to that clause of our glorious declaration which says to the contrary we are all compelled to deny its truth; we cannot think all men are created equal. Cain was not equal to his brother, neither do we believe God created him so, there was no equality even from the begining. But we will not, neither could we believe, that money or blood should create their distinctions, and in sovereign contempt, do we hold all who are shallow enough to think so. Why, the son or grandson of an obscure mechanic who has passed away unhonored, notwithstanding his many virtues, should find his importance enhanced on becoming the lazy possessor of his ancestor's hard earned thousands is inexplicable to us—that the drones which luxuriate on the labor of the industrious bee, should be most esteemed, would be most absurd.

The aristocracy of merit, if we may so speak, whether of moral worth or talent, is all that we can or should lay claim to; there is something elevating in this, and in our opinion, should alone entitle to superiority. That which rises in a metallic mist from the smoky forge, phœnix like, or issues forth from the defunct pack of yankee notions, is by far too scaly for our consideration. We would let our prejudices run even in favor of blood, before we would tolerate the money system, and believe that men and women like inferior animals should be esteemed according to their blood; we would think it far greater honor to know that the same life giving current that flows through our veins, warmed the bosom of some noble, good and illustrious ancestor, yea Virginian like, we would cling to the pride of the first families, and claim to be a descendant of Pocahontas or John Randolph. We would respect the beggar in rags, or the scavenger on the city crossing as tools nobler work, if we knew them of honest blood, before we would render homage to an individual because he was the possessor of thousands, which in many instances, are the proceeds of over reaching, or the reward of guilt and infamy. The mother of the silken robe, whose folds are daintily gathered up lest its patrician wearer should suffer contamination from a *plebeian* touch, can only elicit from us disgust, and the haughteur that looks in the wave of the jewelled plume, dissolves itself into a shining shower at our feet, which we would spurn to the gutter, while the wearer sinks into a nonentity. Even in this goodly town, the blush of honest indignation has been made to overspread the cheek at the arrogant assumptions of mammon. We have seen the Almighty dollar worshipped, not by the darkened heart of avarice as its God, but as the salve for gentility; and we have felt in our hearts that we would rather embrace the old stereotype of our state and inscribe on our escutcheon the significant of rather insignificant, and justly decried F. F. V., thus of two evils choosing the least, blood before filthy lucre.

MARY E. B.,
OF SALISBURY.

FIGHT IN NEW YORK GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Albany, (N. Y.,) April 10.

Yesterday, in the House of Representatives, the revised statutes came up.—A loud and somewhat personal debate ensued, during which Mr. Beckwith, of Washington, alluded to an article in the Knickerbocker denouncing Gov. King, and declared that its writer must have been a dirty political scavenger.

After these remarks, Mr. Hastings, editor of the Knickerbocker, went to Mr. Beckwith's chair and told him that when he had closed his political term he (Hastings) would settle with him for the words he had spoken.

Mr. Beckwith, in the presence of the House, then struck Mr. Hastings a violent blow, which glanced off and hit Mr. Cameron, a member of the House.

The House was instantly the scene of intense excitement, which was increased considerably by a man in the gallery falling in a fit.

Mr. Beckwith, when order had been restored, appeared at the bar and apologized to the House.

A committee of investigation was appointed.

THE FIRE IN BALTIMORE.

Washington, April 1.

Seven bodies have been found amongst the ruins by the fire at Baltimore and several more are missing.

Four or five national vessels are to be sent to enforce respect to our rights in New Granada.