

THE CADIZ SENTINEL.

VOLUME XI.

CADIZ, HARRISON COUNTY, OHIO, JUNE 12, 1844.

NUMBER 12.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
BY L. HARPER.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance, or within three months; two dollars at the end of six months; or two dollars and fifty cents at the end of the year. These conditions will be strictly adhered to.
ADVERTISEMENTS.—One square, (twelve lines,) fifty cents for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents each subsequent publication. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.
Letters to the editor must be post paid.

CADIZ SENTINEL.

SCRAPS FROM OUR PORT FOLIO.

LADY JANE GRAY was considered the wonder of her age, and when but 16 years old, her judgment had attained a degree of maturity, rarely possessed by persons of double her years. She was devotedly attached to *belles lettres*, and she preferred the intellectual retirement in which she lived to the "glittering falsehoods" of court life. The efforts made by Northumberland to place her on the throne of England, so much met her disapprobation, that she shed tears of grief, and was almost inconsolable. The readers of history are familiar with the incidents of her brief, but tragical reign.

LADY JANE GRAY—A SONNET.

Oh! ask me not, kind friend, in this sad hour
Why I should weep so bitterly and weep
No longer the gay creation of a dream.
The honors of a throne—its regal power—
The splendor of a court—its diadems—
Its wealth, its glory and its princely gems,
For we have no allurement. An hour
They glitter in the morning sun, then perish.
As bubbles in the ocean. I would not cherish
The golden clouds which hang o'er princes heads;
For death is an hour of peace in quiet life.
Than to reign perpetually midst care and strife,
And now, alas! I see the black old gray red,
The spot where kings, as well as subjects, bleed!

REFLECTIONS.

JULY 28, 1843.—Night before last I was at the house of a friend, where all was joy and sunshine, beauty and pleasure. Mirth was seen in every countenance—happiness reigned in every heart. The world with its clouds and its sorrows, was for the moment forgotten—let the waters buried in forgetfulness the cares and angers and bickerings of life. Woman—lovely woman, was there, and the radiant smiles of her countenance beamed even more heavenly and angelic than usual—her bright and beautiful eyes sparkled with more than their wonted brightness, as she listened to the homied words of him who vowed for her eternal and unchanging love. But I turned away from the scene of mirth, for it was all to me "vanity and vexation of spirit."

Last night I was at the house of mourning—but, ah! how changed the scene! The moistened eye, the silent tear, the sorrowful countenance, the sad and drooping heart, and the wailings of the afflicted, were alone seen and heard. How sudden and unexpected cometh the destroying angel! When Hope springs highest in the human heart, 'tis then the curtain drops, and forever-closed from our eyes the glories of this beautiful earth. Surely no man can tell what a day may bring forth—To-day he may mingle in the happy throng—to-morrow the worms of the earth may be feeding on his body.

"As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he perisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."
—Psalm CIII.

A PICTURE.

Men toil throughout a long and unhappy life, for the purpose of securing, and as they falsely think, enjoying a large portion of this world's goods and riches. The more they become possessed of, the greater is the inclination to add to the heap; and fearing that wealth will not come quickly, they deprive themselves of a thousand things which would add to their comfort and happiness. They raise a family of idle, worthless, dissipated sons, whose stock of knowledge consists in cultivating mustaches, supporting a cane, driving a cab and slipping brandy and water—and daughters who are able to speak a few words of French and Italian, and run their fingers over the keys of a piano forte. Worn out with the cares of life, the parent dies—his hard earnings pass to his idle children, who instead of adding one mill to the fortune left them, seem to study in what manner it shall be spent the speediest. Besides consuming the interest, they annually take a slice of the principal, when in the course of a few years, they discover the "bottom of the nest tub." Then follows bankruptcy, misery and wretchedness, and the once gay and dashing parents, perhaps to prevent still more horrible death, pass a period to his own life. Such persons and such scenes have frequently presented themselves to my observation.

Archdeacon Paley says, in his chapter on "property" in Book 3d.—Among men you see the ninety-and-ninth tolling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one (and this one too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set, a child, a woman, a madman or a fool) getting nothing for themselves all the while, but a little of the consist of the provision, which their own industry produces; looking quietly on, while they see the fruits of all their labors spent or spoiled."

TIME.

Here is a beautiful extract from Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*:—"Time wastes too fast! Every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen! The days and hours of it, more precious my dear Jenny, than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more!—every thing presses on,—whilst thou art twisting that lock—see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes, to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make."

Sterne writes in one of his letters to a lady: "You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is your face that will please the tenth part of your beholders—but are something more; for I scruple not to tell you I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance; nor ever was there, nor ever will there be, that man of sense, tenderness and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not, or will not be, your admirer or friend, in consequence of it; that is, if you assume or assume no character foreign to your own, but appeared the unerring being nature designed you for. A something in your eyes and voice, you possess in a degree more persuasive, than any woman I ever saw, read or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of *semblance*, that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with."

Love's Simplicity.—A young woman alighting from a stage coach, when a piece of ribbon from her bonnet fell into the bottom of the carriage. "You have left your bow behind," said a lady passenger. "No, I have not, he's gone a fishing," innocently rejoined the damsel and proceeded on her way rejoicing.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

The following is an extract of an April poem from the pen of Willis:

Take of my violets. I found them where
The liquid south stole over them, on a bank
That leaped to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness, among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe
Out their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world,
I love to go in the capricious days
Of April, and hunt violets, when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind,
It may be deemed too idle, but the young
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry.

Woman's Constancy.

Oh! woman, what bliss, what enchantment we owe
To the spell of thy heart, to thy solace below.
To thy truth so endearing, thy kindness and care
In the morning of joy, in the night of despair!

To thy soul's chosen love thou unchanged wilt remain
In health and in sickness, in pleasure and pain
And when closed are his lips in Death's mortal eclipse,
Even then, still is his the last kiss of thy lips!

And o'er his grave thou wilt mournfully keep
Thy lone vigil of sorrow, to pray and to weep:
Yes! to pray, that his errors of heart be forgiven,
And that *thou* may'st yet meet him unsmiled in Heaven.

A BRIGAND STORY.

We give another little story from "Dumars in his Caricure," as we find it in *Blackwood*. They serve to show the style of the writer, and an agreeable effusion from the mind of a man of enlarged observation, dashed with a little good humor, it will be read with interest. What follows is one of his serious sketches. It relates to the Vardarelli, a band of out-laws which for some time infested Calabria and the Capitanato.

Gaetano Vardarelli was a native of Calabria, and one of the earliest members of the revolutionary society of Carbonari. When Murat, after some time favoring that society, began to persecute it, Vardarelli fled to Sicily, and took service under King Ferdinand. He was then 26 years of age, possessing the muscles and courage of a lion, the agility of a chamois, the eye of an eagle. Such a recruit was not to be despised, and he was made Sergeant in the Sicilian guards. On Ferdinand's restoration in 1815, he followed him to Naples, but finding that he was not likely ever to rise above a very subordinate grade, he became disgusted with the service, deserted and took refuge in the mountains of Calabria. There two of his brothers, and some thirty brigands and out-laws, assembled around him and elected him their chief, with the right of life and death over him. He had been a slave in the town; he found himself a king in the mountains.

Proceeding according to the old formula observed by banditti chiefs, both in Calabria and in Melodramas, Vardarelli proclaimed himself redresser general of wrongs and grievances, and acted up to his profession by robbing the rich and assisting the poor. The consequence was that he soon became exceedingly popular among the latter class; and at last his exploits reach the ears of King Ferdinand himself, who was highly indignant at such goings on, and gave orders that the bandit should be immediately hung. But there are three things necessary to hang a man—a rope, a gallows, and the man himself. In this instance, the first two were easily found, but the third was unfortunately wanting. Gendarmes and soldiers were sent after Vardarelli, but the latter was too cunning for them all, and slipped through their fingers at every turn. His success in eluding pursuit increased his reputation, and recruits flocked to his standard. His band soon doubled its members, and its leader became a formidable and important person, because of course was an additional reason for the authorities to wish to capture him. A price was set on his head—large bodies of troops sent in search of him—but all in vain.

One day the Prince of Leperano, Col. Calcedonia, Major Deiponte, with a dozen other officers, and a score of attendants, were hunting in a forest a few leagues from Bari, when the cry of "Vardarelli!" was suddenly heard. The party took to flight with the utmost precipitation, and all escaped except Major Deiponte, who was one of the bravest, but at the same time, one of the poorest of the whole army. When he was told that he must pay a thousand ducats for his ransom, he only laughed, and asked where he was to get such a sum. Vardarelli then threatened to shoot him, if it was not forthcoming by a certain day. The major replied that it was losing time to wait; and that, if he had a piece of advice to give his captor, it was to shoot him at once. The bandit at first felt inclined to do so; but he reflected that the less Deiponte cared about his life, the more Ferdinand ought to value it. He was right in his calculation; for no sooner did the King learn that his brave major was in the hands of the banditti, than he ordered the ransom to be paid out of his privy purse, and the major recovered his liberty.

But Ferdinand had sworn the extermination of the banditti, with whom he was obliged to treat as from one potentate to another. A certain colonel, whose name I forget, and who heard his vow, pledged himself, if a battalion were put under his command, to bring in Vardarelli, his two brothers, and the sixty men composing his troop, bound hand and foot, and to place them in the dungeons of the Vicaria. The offer was too good to be refused; the minister of war put five hundred men at the disposal of the colonel, who started with them at once in pursuit of the out-law. The latter was soon informed by his spies of this fresh expedition, and he also made a vow, to the effect that he would cure the pursuer, once and for all, of any disposition to interfere with the Vardarelli.

He began by leading the poor colonel such a dance over hill and dale, that the unfortunate officer and his men were worn out with fatigue—then when he saw them in the state that he wished, he caused some false intelligence to be carried to them at two o'clock one morning. The colonel fell into the snare, and started immediately to surprise Vardarelli, who he was assured was in a little village at the further extremity of a narrow pass, through which only four men could pass abreast. He made such haste that he marched four leagues in two hours, and at day-break found himself at the entrance of the pass, which, however, seemed so peculiarly well adapted for an ambushade, that he halted his battalion, and sent on twenty men to reconnoitre. In a quarter of an hour the twenty men returned. They had not met a single living thing. The colonel hesitated no lon-

ger, and entered the defile, but, on reaching a spot about half way through it, where the road widened out into a sort of platform, surrounded by high rocks and steep precipices, a shout was suddenly heard, proceeding apparently from the clouds, and the poor colonel looking up, saw the summits of the rocks covered with brigands, who levelled their rifles at him and his soldiers. Nevertheless, he began forming up his men, as well as the nature of the ground would permit, when Vardarelli appeared upon a projecting crag—"Down with your arms or you are dead men!" he shouted in a voice of thunder. The bandits repeated his summons, and the echoes repeated their voices, so that the troops who had not made the same vow as their colonel, who thought themselves surrounded by greatly superior numbers, cried out for quarter, in spite of the entreaties and menaces of their unfortunate commander. Then Vardarelli, without leaving his position, ordered them to pile their arms, and to march to two different places which he pointed out to them. They obeyed, and Vardarelli, leaving twenty of his men in their ambush, came down with the remainder, who immediately proceeded to render the Neapolitan muskets useless, (for the moment at least,) by the same process which Galliver employed to extinguish the conflagration of the palace at Lilliput.

The news of the affair put the King in very bad humor for the first twenty-four hours, after which time, however, the love of a joke overcame his anger, he laughed heartily, and told the story to every one he saw; and as there are always lots of listeners when a King narrates, three years elapsed before the colonel ventured to show his face at Naples and encounter the ridicule of the court.

The general commanding in Calabria takes the matter rather more seriously, and vows the destruction of the banditti. By offers of large pay and privileges, they are induced to enter the Neapolitan service, and prove highly efficient as a troop of gendarmes. But the general cannot forget his old grudge against them; although, for lack of opportunity, and on account of the desperate character of the men, he is obliged to defer his revenge for some time. At last he succeeds in having their leaders assassinated, and by pretending great indignation, and imprisoning the perpetrators of the deed, he lulls the suspicions of the remaining banditti, who elect new officers, and on an appointed day, proceed to the town of Foggia to have their election confirmed. Only eight of them, apprehensive of treachery, refused to accompany their comrades. The remaining thirty-one, and a woman who would not leave her husband, obeyed the general's summons.

It was on Sunday, the review had been publicly announced, and the square was thronged with spectators. The Vardarelli entered the town in perfect order, and armed to the very teeth, but giving no sign of hostility or mistrust. On reaching the square they raised their sabres, and with one voice exclaimed, "Viva il Re!" The general appeared on his balcony to acknowledge their salute. The aid-de-camp out of duty came down to receive them, and after complimenting them on the beauty of their horses and good state of their arms, desired them to file past under the general's window, which they did with a precision worthy of regular troops. They then formed up again in the middle of the square and dismounted.

The aid-de-camp went into the house again with the list of the three new officers; the Vardarelli were standing by their horses; when suddenly there was a great confusion and movement in the crowd, which opened at various places, and down every street leading to the square, a column of Neapolitan troops was seen advancing.

The Vardarelli were surrounded on all sides.—Perceiving at once that they were betrayed, they sprang upon their horses and drew their sabres; but at the same moment the general took off his hat, which was the signal agreed upon; the command "Faccia in terra," was heard, and the spectators throwing themselves on their faces, the soldiers fired over them, and nine of the brigands fell to the ground, dead, or mortally wounded. Those who were unhurt, seeing they had no quarter to expect, dismounted, and forming a compact body, fought their way to an old castle, in which they took refuge. Two only trusting to the speed of their horses, charged the group of soldiers that appeared the least numerous, shot down two of them, and succeeded in breaking through the others and escaping. The woman owed her life to a similar piece of daring, effected, however, on another point of the enemy's line. She broke through, and galloped off, after having discharged both her pistols with fatal effect.

The attention of all was now turned to the remaining twenty Vardarelli, who had taken refuge in the ruined castle.—The soldiers advanced against them, encouraging one another, and expecting to encounter an obstinate resistance; but to their surprise, they reached the gates of the castle without a shot being fired at them. The gate was soon beaten in and the soldiers soon spread themselves through the halls and galleries of the old building. But all was silence and solitude; the bandits had disappeared.

After an hour had passed in rummaging every corner of the place, the assailants were going away in despair, convinced that their prey had escaped them; when a soldier who was stooping down to look through the air hole of a cellar, fell, shot through the body.

The Vardarelli, were discovered; but still it was no easy matter to get at them.

Instead of losing men by a direct attack, the soldiers blocked up the air-hole with stones, set guard over it, and then going round to the door of the cellar, which was barricaded on the inner side, they heaped light faggots and combustibles against it, so that the staircase was soon one immense furnace. After a time the door gave way, and the fire poured a torrent into the retreat of the unfortunate banditti. Still a profound silence reigned in the vault. Presently two carbine shots were fired; two brothers, determined not to fall alive into the hands of their enemies, had shot each other in death. A moment afterwards an explosion was heard; a bandit had thrown himself into the flames, and his cartridge-box had blown up. At last the remainder of the unfortunate men being nearly suffocated, and seeing that escape was impossible, surrounded with discretion, were dragged through the air-hole, and immediately bound hand and foot, and conveyed to prison.

As to the eight who had refused to come to terms, and the two who had escaped, they were hunted down like wild beasts, tracked from cave,

to cavern, and forest to forest. Some were shot, others betrayed by the peasantry, some gave themselves up, so that before the year was out all the Vardarelli were dead or prisoners. The woman who had displayed such masculine courage, was the only one who finally escaped. She was never heard of afterwards.

Dow on Matrimony.

Dow, Jr., closes a sermon on kissing with the following quaint advice:

"I want you my young sinners, to kiss and get married; and then devote your time to morality and money-making. Then let your homes be well provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, chest-crackers, faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, virtue, wine and wisdom. Have all these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink anything intoxicating—eat moderately, go about business after breakfast—louge a little after dinner—chat after tea, and kiss after quarrelling, and all the joy, the peace and the bliss the earth can afford shall be yours, till the grave close over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world. So mote it be."

UNFORTUNATE.

No matter if you have been what is called *unfortunate*; it is better for you, as you will be led to acknowledge before you die. If you had always been prosperous in your business, you would not know how to sympathize with others, nor feel the luxury of doing good. Those men whose lives have been unbroken series of sunshine and prosperity; yet frequently morose and crabbed, possess but very little of the milk of kindness. In the midst of distress they are unkind. They have no hearts of pity—no tear of affection to shed. One of the greatest blessings in life, look at it as you will, is occasionally to meet with a mishap—to be unfortunate.

"Who has not known misfortune, never knew himself, or his own virtue."
says the poet, and it is as true as holy writ. The best of men—they who are real blessings to mankind—are among the number who have met with the most misfortunes in life.

MARRIAGE.

I never knew a marriage expressly for money that did not end unhappily. Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe men more frequently marry for love than women, because they have a free choice. I am afraid to conjecture how large a portion of women marry, who think they will never have a better chance, and dread being dependent. Such marriages no doubt sometimes prove tolerably comfortable, but a greater number would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my observation of such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living.—*Mrs. Childs.*

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Irish Affairs.

The interminable proceedings in Ireland, arising out of the trial of Mr. O'Connell and the other "convinced conspirators," have occupied great space during the past and present week in the newspapers. The motion for a new trial was made in the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, on Thursday, in a speech by Mr. Whiteside, which consumed the greater portion of that day and the day following. Altogether, there will be ten speeches from counsel. The Court, it is expected, will give its decision on the mooted points to-morrow (Thursday), or it may be on Friday. No one expects that the motion will be granted. The only question which possesses any real interest in this—will O'Connell and the other traversers be imprisoned before the writ of error, which they intend carrying to the House of Lords, is decided? It seems to be tolerably certain that judgment cannot be passed during the present term, which is now drawing to a close. The tactics of the traversers seem to have had reference to this object, but tiding over the sentence until the next term cannot escape it, and the purpose for which procrastination was originally tried by the defendants has passed away. The feeling which this motion for a new trial excites in the public mind, is by no means commensurate with the space which it fills in the daily press. The truth is, that the public are tired and sick of this war of words, "ful of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Stimulants, however judicious in their way, may be administered so as to destroy their good effects. So with this new flood of repeal oratory from the Dublin Four Courts. The palate of the public has been fed upon it so long, that it has at length become distasteful, nauseous. All that is cared for is the result. Besides, the repeal mania in the sister country has subsided so speedily, that the interest which usually attaches to those who are believed to be "terribly in earnest," has evaporated. The state of Ireland now, and her condition twelve months ago, when the country was burning with the repeal mania, shows the excitement not less than the unsteady character of the people.—*Wilmor's Times.*

Spain.

The accounts from the Peninsula do not present any feature of striking importance. The butcheries which called forth the indignant and well-merited denunciation of Sir Robert Peel, have been repeated, though on a less extensive scale than that of late. The new law against the press, issued by Narvaez and Bravo, declares that no one shall edit a paper without paying 1000 reals annual taxes, and without lodging 12,000 reals caution money; and that no one shall be a jurymen to try a crime of the press who does not pay 2000 reals direct taxes. Writings may be subversive, seditious, or immoral. To reflect upon the Sovereign's person, or the Chambers, or the Catholic religion, or to endeavor to destroy the fundamental law of the State, is subversive, and is to be punished with 80,000 reals fine.

General Lopez, who is said to be concealed at one of the foreign embassies, has been cited by Narvaez to appear in nine days, and take his trial for some part which, it is pretended, he played in the recent insurrection at Alicante. The expedition against Morocco is fitting out, but General Prim, who was to have taken the command has refused the appointment, and is about to visit England for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation with Espartero. The Emperor of Morocco, on learning the hostile intentions of Spain, immediately proclaimed a war of religion against the expected invaders, and called out 40,000

horsemen, to whom he assigned a rendezvous at a point near the coast.

Queen Christina and her daughters were to set out in a few days for the baths of Echevalata, in Guipuzcoa, by the advice of their physicians. They will be accompanied by the whole of their ministers. The number of provinces is to be increased by reducing the extent of those already in existence. The province of Madrid is to be entitled the province of Manzanares, of which Madrid will be the capital; and that of Toledo will become the province of the Tagus—capital Toledo. A skirmish had taken place between the Queen's troops and the Carlist bands of the Maaztraz; the forces of the latter are said not to exceed two hundred men, and must soon be dispersed.

Important from Hayti.

The Home, Captain Conklin, arrived yesterday from St. Domingo. By her we have received the annexed intelligence.

It appears that the rebel General had possession of Maragona, St. Domingo, Aux Cayes, Jeremie, Arcebo, Lausanne, and Petriervo. He had massacred many of the whites and mulattoes at the first named place.

The General was waiting at Maragona for reinforcements from the interior, when, as soon as received he would attack Port au Prince.

The whole place was in a horrible condition—the produce lying destroyed in the fields, and such of the inhabitants as could be coming away.—There appeared to be several distinct parties.

The night Capt. C. left, his consignee came off and wished the captain to smuggle his family off and take them to Port au Prince, as he was fearful all the whites and mulattoes in Maragona would be murdered the following day. But he was unable to bring off his family. On the 5th of May, Captain C. carried between 3 and 400 women and children from the Maragona to Port au Prince, many of them swimming off to his vessel.

The President had not arrived at Port au Prince, but was still among the Spaniards trying to settle their difficulties and would return to Port au Prince as soon as possible.

Later—Interesting from Hayti.

By the Trenton, Capt. Pitman, dates to the 12th inst. has been received. The army sent from that place against the Spanish city of St. Jago, was repulsed; after a few hundred of them were killed, and a part of the soldiers returned home and were disbanded.

General Pierrot recently collected an army in the plains, and, without assigning any reason for such a movement, marched it towards the Cape. Great alarm was excited, particularly with the mulattoes, who, it was supposed, were to be driven off; if not personally injured; but it seems that his design was to raise a force sufficient to sustain a position of the independence of the Government of Port au Prince. After he had marched an army of about five thousand men into the Cape, the citizens of Cape Haytien united with him, and declared the North division of the island, including all the territory under the rule of Christophe, independent of the general government.

The Cape is full of soldiers, and business is almost suspended. The plan generally desired is, that the island should be divided into three or more states; each state to make its own laws and to collect its own revenues.

An army has been sent, within a few days, over to Gonaves, and was cordially received, which would appear that Gonaves had joined issue with the Cape. Port Paix and the Moie, which, it is said, have not come into the measure of the Haytien States, would necessarily be brought to terms. The standard of the North, by public proclamation, is the Haytien flag, with a white star in the blue or upper half.

The export duty on coffee had been raised from twelve to twenty-three dollars per 1000 lbs. The high price of coffee, with the high duty, makes it amount almost to a prohibition to ship it to the United States, at the present rates there.

Captain Moore, of schooner Falcon, reports, that while at Miragoane, 4th inst., on the eve of departure direct for Boston, two hundred women and children came on board, fearing an attack from the blacks, who were within three miles of Miragoane. Captain Moore carried them to Port au Prince.—*Boston Courier, May 27.*

Interesting from Central America.

Advices from Central America have been received at Havana on 31st March. On the 7th an army from the allied towns appeared before Guatemala. Carrera, with his forces, met them a few miles from the city, and after a slight engagement, entered into a Convention, by which the Constitution was to be entirely changed, the Assembly dissolved, and in its place a "Government Council" established. The Representatives composing this Council, to be elected by the people, one from each Department. The Constitution formed by the Council to be sanctioned by another Council of double the number of Representatives of the former. Ecclesiastics not to be elected to public offices, nor allowed in any way to participate in the government—officers of justice to have stated salaries instead of fees; to keep them from swindling the people. The military force to be diminished, also civil offices.

A high tariff to be put on foreign articles that can be manufactured in the country. The Assembly was immediately convened, ratified the convention and dissolved.

A fire broke out at Esquintha on the 14th March, which destroyed 200 of the principal houses, before it was subdued.

It appears that the Government of Nicaragua, refused to comply with some demands of the British Consul General, in favor of certain British subjects in that place. This was the cause of the blockade mentioned in our paper a few days since.

Latest from Cape Haytien.

By the Duxbury brig Trenton, Capt. Pitman, which left Cape Haytien on the 12th inst. and arrived at Boston, a letter has been received at the Merchants' Exchange Reading Room, confirming the repulse of the army sent against St. Jago. Gen. Pierrot with his army had entered Cape Haytien, and the inhabitants united with him. The Cape was full of soldiers and business almost suspended. It was generally desired that the island should be divided into three or four States, each to make its own laws and collect its own revenue. One method proposed of paying the debt due France was to admit French merchant vessels free of port charge.

Gonaves has joined the Cape, and this will bring Port Paix and the Moie to terms. The standard of the north is proclaimed to be the Haytien flag with a white star in the blue. The export duty has been raised on coffee from \$12 to \$23 per 1000 lbs.

From Guatemala.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—We learn from Guatemala that a very destructive fire raged in the town of Esquintha, on the afternoon of 24th March, which destroyed two hundred houses belonging to the principal inhabitants, many of whom lost all they possessed.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Fire in Hinsdale.

HEAVY LOSS.—The Woolen Factory in Hinsdale, owned by Messrs. Richards and Carson, the former of Hinsdale, and the latter of this place, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning last. The fire took in the garret, in a heap of stock that had been stowed away there. It is supposed to have been occasioned by spontaneous combustion. The inhabitants rallied from all parts of the town in a short time, but the flames had made such progress that it was impossible to stop them, or to save any considerable amount of the machinery. Mr. Richards' loss is estimated at \$17,000. He is an industrious man, and loses all his property by this disaster. Mr. Carson had offered his interest in the mill for \$5,000, but it probably cost twice that sum. No insurance on the building or machinery.—*Pittsfield Eagle.*

Seven Persons Drowned.

The Baltimore Sun of yesterday says:—We were informed yesterday of a most disastrous loss of life in the Chesapeake Bay. Our informant says, that a newly built vessel on her way to this city, from some part of the Eastern Shore of this State, while off the mouth of the Potomac, on Thursday last, was capsized during a heavy squall of wind, and that seven persons were drowned—consisting of five females and two males. The females were below, in the cabin, when the boat was blown over—one of them was the wife of the Captain, and two of them his daughters. The Captain and one of the hands were saved. We were unable to learn the names of any of the persons, or the particular place from whence the vessel hailed. We have reason to believe, however, that the melancholy information given is true.

Oregon.

The Western (Mo.) Exhibitor of the 4th inst. says:—About five hundred Oregon emigrants have passed through our town this week, on their way to the place of general rendezvous. Among the number, we notice one gentleman who has five negroes, which he intends taking with him. We understand that they were unwilling that he should sell them or leave them in this State, stating to their master that they wished to go with him to his new home—that if Oregon should turn out to be a slave-holding country, they still wanted to be his servants—and if it should prove to be otherwise, they still wished to live in his family and serve him still. Under these circumstances, he could not hesitate to take his old and faithful servants along with him, which he intends doing.

Tornado.

EIGHT HOUSES BLOWN DOWN—TWO STEAMBOATS INJURED—TIMBER BLOWN DOWN, &c.

We learn by the officers of the Sea Bird, arrived at our wharf from below, that a tornado swept over the country bordering on the Ohio river on Sunday last, devastating whole clusters of timber to an extent not yet known. At Smithland, four or five buildings were blown down, and the Sultana, lying at the wharf, had both her chimneys carried away. At Paducah three or four houses were blown over. The Sea Bird lost her pilot house three miles above New Madrid. It is feared that immense damages have been done to the country below Smithland. We did not hear that there were any lives lost, but from the accounts which we gather of the violence of the storm, we should not be surprised to hear so by the next arrival.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Temperance in Massachusetts.

It is now with some difficulty that a person can get anything stronger than coffee to drink in Massachusetts. No laws are so strongly enforced as the license laws in that State, and hence the difficulty. We understand that the principal hotels in Boston, the American and Trenton, have been prosecuted for selling wine to gentlemen who stopped at these houses. This state of things almost equals the famous fifteen gallon law.

Schism Among the Mormons.

The last Warsaw Signal states that a rupture has taken place among the Mormons—a respectable number of the most intelligent members of that body having seceded, under the guidance of William Law, and set up for themselves. It does not appear that the religious views of the seceders have undergone any material change. They profess to believe that Joseph Smith was once a true prophet, but contend that he is now fallen from grace, and no longer worthy to remain at the head of the Church.

Flood in Arkansas.

The Little Rock Gazette of the 15th, has the following:

The late freshets in Red, Washita, Saline, Arkansas, and White rivers, have done immense damage to property, along the whole extent, and greatly disappointed the just expectations of our farmers and planters. Along the Arkansas river, of which we know most, the damage done to the crops, and the loss of stocks, &c., must amount to from eighty to one hundred thousand dollars. The high water came when the cotton was just up, and continued until a period too late to successfully plant. Even if it were not too late to plant, the fences are generally swept off, and, before they could be repaired, the season would be too far advanced. In addition to this, seed is very scarce, and it is more than probable half the planters will not be able to procure it.

The Pentecost.—Thursday and Friday of last week were appropriated in New York city, to the celebration of a great festival by the Jews, being the 3150th anniversary of their reception of the law. The synagogues were adorned with the choicest flowers, emblematic of the appearance of Jerusalem in ancient times.