

of Hinds.

announce Dr. J. S. Tate Treasurer.

announce Mr. WY- r the Sheriffalty to take place in

announce WASH- a Candidate for county—Election to

announce THOMAS r Ranger of Mar-

announce R. G. ax Collector, for take place in No-

April 2.

ES.

Martin Van Bu themselves out by the Senate as notified the Sen- sible for all -Kendall Blair, deserved fate of fidence of a too or poor old Ben e Globe, he too, he arena by the

WERS,

iness in Grand. who borrowed a fice under false me, will save us her paragraph, uch good. iser—please in-

irer is out upon rnado, he says: notorious dan- e-going folks of ion of her supe- And what is o far as we can utting all sorts of ly a state of nu- the "poetry of ar to confess our that we have ons of any of the have produced

into his head to have a mess of veal by way of satiating his 'poetical' appetite, and being caught devouring a calf, was shot by some unkind unpoetical person, and no trace of the creature is left, save his skin, which we understand is still kept, as a memento of the noisy stranger of the Forrest.

We suppose fate has decreed that we, inspite of all our politeness, must have another rumpus with old England. We have to inform the old Soul, that we don't sacrifice national honor, and the most sacred principles which should fill the bosoms of freemen, to gratify her whim of royalty, and disposition to overbear the world with her navy—we wish for the honor of our ancient mother, and the peace and tranquility of our own now happy country, that so small a difficulty could be adjusted amicably. But we, in the spirit of a true American, can say for every friend of national honor in these United States, that until justice is had, McLeod can never be released from the custody of the laws of New York.—'Tis true we dislike,

"Upon the marriage bed Of smiling peace, to march a bloody host, And raise a riot on the gentle brow Of true sincerity."

But we will teach the Lion that he cannot dye his mane in the blood of our Citizens, and then use our spotless banner to cleonse his clotted tresses—No, no Never! Never!

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

We promised in our last Paper to make a slight notice of the contents of the March Number of this periodical:—

"The Country Doctor;" Part Two. This article which is but a continuation, is by far the best written of the present number—its delineation of character, so like real life that it cannot fail to enlist the attention of the reader, its simplicity in giving the character of "Rainbeau," strikes us as being an excellent effort at description, the same might be said of "Scroggins."

"Lines to a Poet." "The Funeral Tree of the Sokokis," by J. Whittier.

"An Essay on the Voice." By John Waters.

"The Sons of France." From Beranger. This beautiful piece of Poetry must have been written previous to the French Revolution, at all events it is too full of

and we would advise those that have no such work, to see Mr. H. immediately.

POCAHONTAS.

The descendants of this distinguished personage reside at this time in the Eastern portion of Virginia,—we have frequently heard dark skinned and brunett families of rather a sable hue, boast of their ancestry, and invariably trace their origin back to Pocahontas. [old Pocahontas has given countenance to many of the descendants of Ham.] Now in order to set aright the mistaken idea of some of our acquaintencés (especially in the "Old North State,") we subjoin the following from the National Intelligencer, and let those of questional genus prefer some other beside the classic mantle of Pocahontas to hide themselves under.—It is quite common in South Mississippi and Louisiana, to hear persons claim the Indian Princess for their ancestor!!!! Our readers may hereafter set it down as undoubted fact, that whenever they hear individuals claim descent from Pocahontas, if they are not very near akin to the Bollings of Petersburg, they are plain old Chocktaw or Cherokee, if they have any Indian blood in them at all; and if their finger nails are long, round and slim where they adhere to the flesh—dark skin with an inclination to be glossy, pug nose and almost boneless at that, they may rely upon it, that a part of their ancestry were 'Simon Pures' from the banks of the Niger.—In the Southern States they are called "Brunetts," but we be-cursed if some of them do not look more like a very few generations from some "Old Ferginny Nigger."—When a man tells us he is from Pocahontas, or brunette, we begin to feel immediately a disposition to examine his genealogy, to discover Sambo or old Dicey 'sticking out about a feet.' So let us hear no more of Pocahontas; we are too near the graves of the Chickasaws and Choctaws.

The Correspondent of the Intelligencer says:

POCAHONTAS

Messers. Editors. My heart thrilled with admiration and delight as I looked on the beautiful representation of the baptism of Pocahontas, from whose blood I am a descendant, of the fifth generation.

It would have been more to my taste if the artist had first given us a picture representing her marriage, which was solemnized at Jamestown 'in the beginning of April,

some old General should not elect Me are favorable to his Chief Magistrate wi The President of his little in the way of its wonted prosper one branch of the Houses of Congress position as himself, fective power to re nation will still rema ures under which it it possible that our suffer the object wh to be defeated, by sca the different aspiren they not rather, in trict, to meet in cor candidate of their o a majority of ther sole candidate, and elect him, and send ident to carry out ily would be the c course! How inc ish would it be if, in herence to persona were, after placin the head of the Gov with a Congress d measure he may p the purposes for w Let our Whig f

REFI

Passion without dis ridiculous in the e patient; but overb and impatient; an erous and noble m Nothing so augurs flying into a rage divine Government little deviation in vicisitudes of a w plan of our perhap tations.

Well, well, New Orleans pape man infinitely sup type in the Elysi and dancing have appreciated by me Fanny." "The ir Divine Fanny," t and turns a whole selves, and the F their heads to wo forth through thei