The New-Orleans Bee.

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The New-Orleans Daily Bee

Friday Morning, March 30, 1849.

The Administration and the Locofocos.

The Locofoco organs throughout the country are sadly perplexed. Their ingenuity is baffled in the vain effort to fabricate charges against the administration of General TAYLOR. They want what Mr. TADPOLE called a "good cry," and like that profound political philosopher, they imagine that with this indispensable concomitant of party organization, they can restore Locofocoism from its prostrate condition and upset the hopes of the friends of Constitutional Government. They are anxious to join issue with Gen. TAYLOR, and particularly so, in view of the spring elections in Connecticut and Virginia.

It is really unfortunate for the Locofoco press that the new administration's enjoyment of office has been too brief for the developments of its plans and projects. Some comfort might have been gleaned from President Taylor's inaugural, and the commendable industry with which the *Union* and other journals of that ilk, sought to discern horrible spectres of federalism and startling reminiscences of the alien and sedition laws, lying perdue among its plain, unostentatious professions of respect for the laws and for the decisions of our highest judicial tribunals, is worthy of all admiration. Yet the labors of the party upon this point have not only been positively fruitless, but have led to some incongruous and laughable contradictions—since while one astute journalist considers the inaugural eminently democratic, and therefore grossly hypocritical, another equally sagacious discerns the hydra head of "ultra whiggery" looking at every line.

The inaugural having thus been vainly explored, since the microscopic vision of Locofoco editorialists to descry therein the word "Bank," and finds even the Tariff only obscurely hinted at, whence are our Locofoco brethren to draw materials for the construction of the heavy battery of charges with which they intend assailing the administration. What Gen. TAYLOR will do, yet is a mystery. No human being is authorized to say what particular policy, or what special measure he will urge upon the consideration of the next Congress. Locofocoism can only grope in the dark and rely for its facts upon conversation. In that rare very useful faculty it is fortunately without a competitor; and accordingly we find, in examining the opposition journals, that the new administration is already accused of harboring most pernicious designs—To the sure, these allegations are wholly groundless. They are mere empty and unsubstantial assertions, but they are not the less roundly made.

The great Republican party—the party which made ZACHARY TAYLOR President—are little disposed to withdraw their confidence from the noble and honest old patriot, simply because his enemies choose to heap upon him in advance of his official conduct, denunciations at once extravagant and groundless. They have already seen that in the solemn evidence of his future policy which the President has thus far been enabled to offer—appointments to office—he has evinced a moderation and magnanimity which are in prominent contrast to the flagrant and extreme system of proscription pursued by his antagonists. His appointments have been limited and even among the few that have been made, more than one Locofoco may be found, who being honest, faithful and capable, is not ousted by a generous and high-minded administration. When we bear in mind that for the last twenty years, with the exception of a few short months of a seeming Whig administration in 1841, the offices of the General Government have been filled exclusively by Locofocos, and that at the accession of Gen. TAYLOR, not one of his political adherents enjoyed a beam of the sunshine of Executive patronage, we may to some extent appreciate the kindness and liberality of him who even in the flush and first enjoyment of power, leaves his friends unrewarded, that his enemies may be spared. The Taylor Republican beholds in this admirable trait a token of the future, and they will cling steadfastly to the Veteran who in redemption of his solemn pledge, stands prepared to be the President of the whole people.

We are sorry for our Locofoco brethren, but in carping so early at Gen. TAYLOR, they are biting against a lee.

SHRAMOVICH'S GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL takes place this evening, and as it is positively the great pianist's last appearance in New Orleans, and as the musical entertainment he has provided is of a very high order, we take it that the Armory Hall will again be too small to accommodate the throng. Among the distinguished artists, whose services have been engaged to give additional zest to the occasion, are Messrs Schmidt, Nerini and Brichta, jr., and Mesdames Casini, Taby, Rove and Brichta—The orchestra will be composed of some fifty of our best musicians. The programme is particularly rich. We perceive that Mr. Shramovich is to perform his picturesque scene "Vesuvius," for the first time in New Orleans, to be followed by that spirited and characteristic composition, the Cachoucha Gold Galop. Two grand overtures, several songs and duos, and various instrumental solos comprise a musical entertainment that is enough to satisfy the most unconscionable *dilettante*.

Mr. MACAULEY.—Mr. Macauley is the son of Zachary Macauley, who was the son of a Scotch Presbyterian Minister. He is the nephew and grand son of Thomas Babington, from whom he got his name. He entered Parliament in early life, and after distinguished service in that body, was sent to India, where he for three years filled a great post—and after his return was again introduced into Parliament. His subsequent career is thus narrated in the London *Record*

"Soon afterwards he was invited to take office by Lord Melbourne, and he celebrated the event in the way, known to her which, in the exhibitation of his heart, he dispatched to his constituents from Windsor Castle, during the few hours he spent within the Royal Palace. For five years the Whigs were supplanted by Sir Robert Peel, and excluded from office. To Mr Macauley this was no great privation. He had not much taste for office. To a man of his temperament, official details must have been irksome. He had never any turn for the accurate sciences—mathematics he could never grapple with, and his university honours were confined to prize poems and a fellowship. The mere science of the law were still more disgusting to the poet and the essayist; and although he went the northern circuit for a time, yet he abandoned the profession and even discontinued his acquaintance with the science.

When the Whigs resumed office in 1846, Mr Macauley was again offered a seat in the cabinet, as the price of those brilliant orations which he was wont, from time to time, to dazzle the House of Commons, and reflect lustre on his party. But he stipulated that he must not be obliged to accept any post which would occupy his time, or debar him from the pursuit of history. He was therefore nominated Paymaster of the forces, and continued to hold office until to his rejection by his constituents at Edinburgh three years out of Parliament, and left him, unencumbered either by official or senatorial duties, to pursue his historical work in which he was himself deeply interested."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.—We learn, with sincere regret that on Wednesday morning last, the sugar-house of the Hon Feriz Garcia, in the Parish of St. John the Baptist, was entirely consumed by fire. There were one hundred hogsheads of sugar and a large quantity of molasses in the sugar-house at the time of the calamity. The loss is estimated at $30,000, on which no insurance had been effected.

FROM WASHINGTON.—The Charleston *Courier* of the 24th, says: A dispatch, dated Washington, March 22, reached us yesterday, at 1 o'clock P. M., giving the information that the Senate was still in session. All the nominations were disposed of. A Message in reference to the Mexican protocol was under discussion in secret session. Pennington's nomination confirmed.

☞ The following letter we firmly and religiously believe to be a hoax. Its statements are all of the Munchausen order:

[From the Boston Traveller, of Monday.]

The Latest from California.

We stated in Friday's Traveller, that we had seen a private letter from San Francisco, dated Jan. 20th, which contained statements in respect to the gold mines, exceeding, if anything, the marvelousness of former accounts. It is postmarked at St. Louis, and came overland, no doubt; but by what particular route, we are not informed. There is no impossibility or improbability in a letter reaching us in 55 days from San Francisco. We are informed that a person was in this city on Saturday, who left San Francisco on the 23d of January;

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20, 1849.

DEAR UNCLE—I set myself down to write a few lines to let you know that I am in the land of the living, and that I am now enjoying tolerably good health. While I was in the gold diggings, my health was bad for a month or so; for there we had no houses, and for the most part had to sleep on the ground or under rocks, wherever we could get a place. Talk of the army—I never saw half the hardship whilst I was in the service, that I have seen in the gold diggings. Could we have houses, or good tents, however, we could be comfortable even at the diggings.

As for gold, *I have got plenty of it*. I have about 793 pounds. It sells here for from 12 to 16 dollars the ounce. I was in the diggings three months and a half, and if I had something to wash out the dirt clean, I should have got as much again; for we can get nothing like near all of it out. I have a number of pretty large pieces—*one piece weighing five pounds*.

I want you to come out here; you can get just as much gold as you want. I know where there is a ledge that is almost solid gold; but I shall not tell any body, for work at it till my friends come out. I found it out by one of the Indian chiefs, whose life I saved when he was about to be murdered. A great many are killed, and nothing is said about it.

The excitement is so great, that every body has been digging gold, and every one here has got a plenty of gold. Living here is now two dollars a day. It has been ten dollars.

The gold country is immense. I have been five hundred miles up the country, and the farther we go the thicker the gold is. I think, on the river where I was, the fountain-head is in the mountains; but it is awful travelling to get up to my ledge. I know where there is plenty of silver in the mountains. We found that when I was among the Indians. They took me prisoner, and I was with them nine months. At last I discovered that one of the chiefs was a Masonic brother, and he at once set me free. *I find that a great many of the Indian chiefs are freemasons.* I was made a mason by the recommendation of an aged friend, before I left Michigan. I left there when the war first began, and went and joined Col. Fremont's regiment. We crossed the mountains, and I got taken by the Indians. I was released in consequence of being a mason; and I would advise all that intend to come out to this wild country, to become masons, for they will find true friends among the Indians. The Indians had masonry to be sacred—which it is.

If you were here, you could make money at your trade just as fast as you please—for mechanics here will not work at their trades, because they get rich so much faster at the gold diggings.

You never saw such a set as there is in this place. There are people of all nations and of all colors. If Congress does not make some laws, and strict ones too, I do not know what we shall do. It will be "the hardest land off" The population here are getting to be as full bad; *and it is caused by that curse of the earth, rum*. If that had been kept out, there would have been no trouble here. It is warm weather here now. There was some snow at the diggings, but not much.

If you come out, come with a number. The more that come together, the better they can do. I understand, yesterday, that news had come from Monterey, that they had found an immense gold mine, about 50 miles from there, and also some silver mines; but we *take no notice of the silver mines*, which can be got at, at half trouble, to the gold. Quicksilver is here in abundance, in all the hills.

Yours, GEO. W. MORRIS.

Mr. Benton on the Protocol.

A telegraphic dispatch dated Washington, March 19, says:

Hon. Mr. Benton made, in secret session today, his threatened attack on the late Administration. This assault was made on the Protocol accompanying the Treaty, and his speech occupied the whole day. He will not close his argument, probably, for two days.

He promises to be able to prove that the Protocol preceded the ratification of the Treaty by the Mexican Congress, and not subsequent to it, as apparented by Mr. Polk in his message. He gives two reasons for his present course; first, because the dignity of the Senate should be asserted; and, secondly, that we owe it to the credit of the country to treat a weaker nation, like Mexico, with magnanimity. He maintains that the Treaty would never have been ratified by Mexico, with the Protocol, and that the signing to the instrument was a monstrous assumption of power on the part of the Commissioners. He also agreed that the Protocol is in direct contravention of the Treaty, and violates those points of it to which it refers. He charges Mr. Polk and his Administration with direct falsehood.

The Whig Senators will, it is believed, remain passive in the affair; but the Loco Senators are boiling with indignation. They declare that Mr. Benton is making this Protocol a bridge to carry him over the stream that divides the two parties, and that the first installment of the price of his adhesion to the Whigs was the appointment of his son-in-law, Mr. Jones. They denounce it as monstrous perfidy and baseness to call up those charges after the Administration has been scattered to all parts of the Union, and when the members are no longer in a position to rebut the charge.

Mr. Benton will, in all probability, vote alone on his side of the chamber.

GEN. TAYLOR'S BENEVOLENCE.—A Washington letter writer tells the following story of Gen. Taylor: A venerable white headed man, 105 years old, having tottered up to the white house early in the morning, had the good fortune to meet the soldier President almost at the threshold. The centenarian introduced himself, told Gen. Taylor that he was feeble, and that the blood was almost dried up in his veins, for the snows of one hundred and five winters, and the effects of hard service in the wars of our country had left him but a short remnant of life. Evening of his long and eventful life. Gen. Taylor, moved by the patriarchal years and voice, and simplicity of the man, spoke cheerfully by the hand, and said—"Well, grandfather, I am glad to see you. Have you been to breakfast?" The old man replied he had not. "Well, then, you must come and take some breakfast with me." "No sir, your time is too precious. I desired only to see you to pay my respects, and I shall get a breakfast at the market house, for I am a stranger here." "Come, my dear people, and an old man must be satisfied to do his best he can." "Well, then, you must come and breakfast with me." "No, your time is too valuable, and I will not intrude upon it; good morning, General, and may Providence guard you." "Well, if you will go," said Gen. Taylor, extending his hand and slipping into that of the old man three half eagles—"If you will go, God bless you; and see that you have a good cup of coffee for breakfast, and come up and dine with me before you leave the city." And, leaning upon his staff, the old man, older than than the republic of twenty millions of people, by thirty years, went, with a greateful heart, along his way.

"HURRICANE IN KENTUCKY.—The Shebbyville (Ky.) papers speak as follows of a hurricane by which that town was visited about ten days since:

A TERRIBLE TORNADO!—Half our regular issue having been printed off and packed last night, we can notice in only a portion of our edition of this morning the terrific tornado which swept over our village about fifteen minutes before ten o'clock last night. The duration of the storm, we presume, could not have been more than from one to two minutes; and yet, in that brief period, immense damage was done to the town.

So soon as we can collect correct details, an extra will be issued containing all the particulars. In the mean time, a brief summary is given:

Mr. O'Neill's Rope Walk and hemp-house are considerably injured, and a horse's leg broken. The house belonging to the heirs of Henry Crittenden, deceased, occupied by Mr. O'Neill, had the gable end blown in and the kitchen partly demolished. Mr. T. Oliver's house slightly injured. Mr. Cook's shop very much injured; the blacksmith shop of Messrs. Willis & McCampbell razed to the ground. Mrs. Marshall's kitchen demolished. Mr. Stanford's front brick dwelling presently demolished; also, a frame dwelling opposite; as also another adjoining. Mr. A. Smith's and those occupied by Mr. Rosbury, Mr. Demaree, Mr. J. W. Hickman, Mr J F Chinn, and Mr. W McCampbell, were greatly damaged. A number of stables, chimneys, and fences are blown down. Cellar doors and much minor injury done to property, which, in the general wreck is not regarded.

We have heard of no one seriously injured. Mr. J F Chinn, and one of his children, and a daughter of Mr. Demaree, were severely cut by bricks.

We make no attempt this morning to estimate the probable loss to our citizens.

CONNECTICUT.—We have already announced that the Free-Soilers of the 3d Congressional District of Connecticut have nominated Ex-Governor Cleveland, who was a Cass candidate for Congress. Jonathan Skinner, Esq., a leading Free-Soil man, has published in the *Norwich Courier* a long address, in which he lays bare the corruption and intrigue which led to his nomination. The leaders addressed a letter to Cleveland, to which he returned a "satisfactory answer;" but they refused to write to Mr. Rockwell, the Whig candidate. It was a regular bargain and sale; the Locofocos nominated the Free-Soil Senator, and this was repaid by the nomination of Cleveland. We don't believe the good sense of the people of the 3d District will ratify this nomination.

THE WEATHER still continues raw and chilly, and much more like the beginning of November than the end of March.

NEW WORKS.—Our thanks are due Harper & Brothers, publishers, through J. B. STEER, No. 14 Camp street, for the following new publications:

The Caxtons; a family picture, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Complete in two parts. Part 1.—This is the republication of a story of admirable point and humor, which has recently appeared in Blackwood. It is one of Bulwer's choicest productions; the portraits of characters it contains are nearly as original and finely drawn as those of Sterne.

Franklin's Autobiography. The 5th number of this splendid publication is equal in every attribute of the typographical and pictorial excellence to the proceeding ones.

FROM THE RIO GRANDE.—We have received a copy of the *American Flag* of the 21st inst. It does not contain a particle of news.

☞ The Nashville *Whig*, of the 20th, says: "There have been several deaths from cholera since our last, but we are unable to state particulars."

JOHN RAY, Esq., has been selected as the Whig candidate for Senator in Ouachita district, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Philip May.

☞ It is rumored that in executive session on the 22d inst. Mr. Benton's resolutions relative to the protocol, and all other proceedings connected with that subject, were laid on the table.

STEAMBOAT COLLISION.—The steamboat *Caroline* was run into and sank by the *Consignee* on the night of the 15th instant, near Steubenville. The Pittsburg *Gazette* says three men were drowned on board the *Caroline*, among whom was a Mr Shannon, of Alleghanytown, and a Catholic priest, whose name is not given.

☞ The Senate of Ohio having passed a bill providing a convention to form a new constitution for the State, it was defeated in the House, yeas 40, nays 25—an affirmative vote of two thirds of the General Assembly being required to pass the bill.

THE DIPLOMATIC SMUGGLING BUSINESS.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *North American* writes under the date of the 20th:

The President has directed the recall of Mr. H. W. Ellsworth, as Charge d'Affaires at Stockholm, upon the evidence of his participation in the affair which has recently been the subject of so much just and indignant comment in the press.

FROM ST. DOMINGO.—Capt. Small, of the brig *Washington*, which arrived at New York on the 21st inst., from St. Domingo City, reports that the Haytiens and Dominicans had had an engagement, in which the hatiens were defeated. The Dominicans were said to be deserting, on account of their not receiving pay or rations and the Haytiens were on their march towards the city. It was also reported that many of the Haytiens were deserting. Business very dull.

FORREST AND MACREADY.—The N. Y. *Herald* states that Mr. Forrest has written a long letter in reply to the last card of Mr. Macready, relative to the conduct of the latter towards the former in London. Mr. Forrest, in his letter, we hear, brings forward a number of proofs, and much evidence, showing the accuracy of his former statements against Mr. Macready, and covering the whole controversy on a broader and more extended scale than has yet been presented to the world. The letter is of some length, and will probably appear in a few days at the west.

SWINDLING.—The Louisville *Journal* of the 22d inst. says—Last week a stranger, who gave his name to be Porter, of the firm of E. W. Porter & Co., of Nashville, made purchases at one of our wholesale dry goods houses to the amount of $1,500. He left the goods there and was to pay for them on delivery. Desiring to buy some jewelry, he procured an introduction to a dealer in the article from the dry goods merchant, and after selecting a couple of watches and a valuable ring, ordered them to be laid aside, and promised to call and pay for them in a few days. He then left with the dry goods merchant. Shortly after, however, Porter called on the jeweler, and asked permission to take the articles he had selected to show them to a friend. The request was acceded to, since which Mr. E. W. Porter has disappeared. He is described as a fine looking man, and in manners as a perfect gentleman.

AN ABUSE TO BE CORRECTED.—Under this head the Baltimore *Clipper* very properly remarks:—It is well known that during the recent administration of Mr. Polk, it was very difficult to keep any thing secret in some of the departments at Washington. Every thing was published to the word without regard to confidence or propriety—and such will be the case under the present administration, if clerks in the departments are permitted to be correspondents of newspapers. The transactions in the departments, the appointments made, &c., should not be transmitted by clerks to papers at a distance for publication, but should first appear officially in the papers of Washington: but we see that the late practice still prevails. The only way to arrest it is, for the heads of departments to forbid subordinates from becoming the correspondents of public journals, and to discharge them for communicating any matter connected with the department for publication, without orders. The treaty with Mexico was given to the public in violation of good faith, by whom is not known: but, if a clerk be paid for corresponding with the public press, there can be little security that important matters will not be improperly divulged.

☞ When Mr. Polk reached Richmond, on his way home, "by the Southern route," the Legislature of Virginia, then in session, delegated the Speaker of the House to make an address congratulating him on his arrival in the capital of that old commonwealth. Mr. Hopkins, the Speaker, made a tremendous speech glorifying Mr. Polk's administration, of which speech the subjoined is a most luscious specimen:

But I may say, that, previous to your administration, the setting sun of heaven never cast his last evening rays upon the confines of our glorious Union. But now, sir, and forever, the brilliant orb of light, when he emerges from the billows of the Atlantic, shall be first morning rays upon the sandy beach of our Eastern seashore, and after performing his daily rounds through the heavens, when he dips his broad disc into the placid bosom of the calm Pacific, his last lingering beams still play upon America, can soil in the glittering gold dust of California.

The making of a speech of such solar effulgence, says the Louisville *Journal*, is not an unforgivable sin, as Locofoco orators frequently become quite as lofty. But the deliberate publication of such a speech in cold blood is an inexpiable sin.

INDIANS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—There are about 900 Indians now living in Massachusetts. They are divided into various tribes.

The Chappequiddic tribe dwell on a small island of that name near Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. They are eighty-five in number, all healthy, and living mostly by agriculture. They are industrious and industrious people, yet making improvements on their land from year to year. A few go to sea, and some turn a good penny by selling blackberries at Nantucket.

The Christiantown tribe dwell on the northwestern shore of Martha's Vineyard. They are 49 in number, not so healthy as the Chappequiddics, nor quite equal to them in thrift, intelligence, and social comfort.—These, too, live by agriculture and the sea; they are peaceable, and contented in their ignorance.

The Gay Head tribe live on the promontory of that name, which forms the western extremity of Martha's Vineyard. They amount to 174, and do not differ much in condition from their neighbors of Christiantown. They hold their lands by prescription, and not by any title connected with statute law. They drive a great trade in the cranberry line, sometimes selling 300 bushels in a year.

The Marshpee tribe occupy a spot on the southern shore of Cape Cod, adjoining Sandwich and Barnstable. They are 305 in number. Most of them are farmers; some go to sea. They are behind all the preceding tribes in social condition, some living in wretched huts, and some going about begging.

The Herring Pond tribe live on the borders of Plymouth and Sandwich. Their numbers are 55. All live in comfortable houses, and their whole condition is superior to that of the Marshpee Indians. They practice agriculture and go a fishing; are quiet, industrious, temperate, and without probably ignorant.

The Pull River tribe reside within the limits of the town by that name. This is a small tribe numbering but 27 souls. They are very indolent and improvident, living from hand to mouth.

The Dudley tribe live in the town of Webster; they number 65. These are the most degraded of all the Indians in the State. Not more than half live by work; the rest beg, steal, and weave do worse. They have schools, and pretending; but receive money yearly from the State.

City Intelligence.

FIRST DISTRICT COURT—*Judge Ne Henry.*—TRIAL FOR GAMBLING.—The trial of Francisco Agudo, E. P. Mannin and Jose Rubialey, charged with gambling, came up yesterday, before the First District Court. The accused were defended by Messrs. Cyprien Dufour, Jesse Mallonay and Nauire, and the Attorney General and the District Attorney, conducted the prosecution on behalf of the State. The indictment which consists of four separate counts sets forth in substance that the parties were found on the 3d March last, keeping a gaming and banking house, at the corner of Ste. Ann and Conde streets, where a game commonly known as 'Monte' had been played. The District Attorney then read the law of 1835, in relation to gambling, after which, Mr. E. Rochemau was sworn, and stated that the premises at the corner of St. Ann and Conde street, known as the Eagle Coffee House, belonged to Mrs. Pontalba, for whom he acted as agent, and in that capacity had rented the house to Mr. Agudo, at the rate of $175 a month. Witness described the position of the property, and stated that several sub-tenants occupied the upper portions of the premises. Mr. W. H. James, Deputy Marshal was then called to the stand, and stated that on the evening of the 1st March, a writ had been placed in his hands for the arrest of certain parties—went to the house in question and proceeded up the alley way to the head of the stairs. On entering the room saw a large table covered with green baize, round which some forty or fifty persons were seated, playing and betting—saw several hundred dollars in silver on the table—saw one of the men dealing cards—saw the banker—saw the table—saw the bank—saw money on the table—saw the table—saw the bank—saw money on the table—saw the table—saw the bank—saw money on the table