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Portsmouth Clipper (Portsmouth, Ohio), August 31, 1847

Stephen P. Drake

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THE PORTSMOUTH CLIPPER.

Terms, One Dollar and Fifty Cents Per Annum in Advance—Office on Front Street.

VOLUME 3—NUMBER 28.

PORTSMOUTH, SCIOTO COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1847.

WHOLE NUMBER 132.

THE PORTSMOUTH CLIPPER
Is Published every Wednesday Morning by
S. P. DRAKE.

From Godey's London World of Fashion.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

Surrounding a table, on which were mingled cups of tea, bottles of liquors, glasses and a bowl of punch, Alfred Courvrand, and some half a dozen of his young companions were finishing their evening's entertainment. The party had been rather a noisy one; all young and gay, the room had resounded with joyous fooleries, mirthful songs and shouts of laughter. But as change in this world is universal, their merriment wore out of itself, and the conversation took a serious turn. It was evident that the liquors were nearly exhausted.

"It must be allowed, gentlemen," said Alfred, placing his empty glass on the table, and with a heightening color that contrasted forcibly with the tone of gravity he tried to assume, "it must be allowed that the life of a bachelor is very insipid." His companions looked at him in astonishment and their silence indicated that they were not of his opinion. Alfred continued, "Exertion without an end, noise and riot without any object. Days spent in sowing the seeds of prodigality, regret and repentance. This is the life of a bachelor, which is called the most delightful season of our existence."

"But it is the freedom from care and restraint that forms its charm; you cannot deny that," said Felix senior, who appeared to have preserved his senses better than the rest.

"I am tired of that freedom," cried Alfred, "wearied with illusions and chimeras that exhausted me in attempting to realize them. I am disgusted with silly amours that fail to interest the heart, while they destroy my sensibility. I must have tranquility—a regular domestic life."

"Are you dreaming of marriage?" asked Felix.

"You have said it; yes! a beloved wife with some little image of myself; happiness assumed and continued, it is of these I dream."

"Then what prevents you from marrying?"

"Why, my good fellow, I am so idle. I do not like the trouble of seeking a wife; besides, in seeking, one is not likely to find a suitable person."

"Then I suppose you would like some lady to seek you."

"And why not?"

"Well I see but one way: place your advertisement in some favorite journal."

"Faith, I never thought of that."

"And you would not have done it if you had; I was only jesting when I named it."

"But I am positively serious."

"What, to publish yourself in this manner?"

"And give your address?"

"To be sure."

"Come, come—that would be too original, and you are not the man to do it."

"But I will do it."

"And when?"

"To-night."

"I will wager a dinner you do not."

"I accept the bet."

"Gentlemen," said Felix, rising, you are witnesses to the wager. You will partake of the dinner to-morrow at the Rechee-Concalle."

"Of course there was no dissenting voice to this invitation, and the evening being far advanced, the party separated."

The morning of the next day was cold and rainy; one of those gloomy days in which time creeps slowly away, and the atmosphere seems almost to breathe despair. Madame Souville and her friend Lucy were suffering from its influence; they had been silent for more than five minutes, and that was a long time for two pretty and fortunate women, one of whom had proved that love may survive marriage, and the other was at two and twenty, the widow of an old man, to a good she had considered herself sacrificed. Seated by a window, when Lucy suddenly stopped from a mechanical turning over the leaves of the morning Journal. Her attention was arrested by a few lines she had perceived on looking over it and having read them, she laughed heartily.

"What is it?" said her friend.

"Oh, the oddest thing; the drollest; the most incredible, that you can fancy," answered Lucy.

"Of what nature?"

"An advertisement; I will give you ten minutes—twenty minutes to guess its purport."

"It is not worth while to try."

"Perhaps not, so listen. A young man twenty-eight years of age, dark complexion, good figure and agreeable countenance; well educated and possessing qualities which flatters himself would insure the happiness of any lady who may enjoy an income of not more than eight thousand francs, desires to enter the state of matrimony as soon as possible. Youth and beauty are not so much valued in his estimation as those moral and sterling qualities, which form the basis of domestic happiness, yet which would rather a lady would not succeed his own age, nor would he unite himself to one repulsively ugly. Address (between 6 o'clock and 4 p. m.) to Mr. Alfred Courvrand, 11 Rue d'Angouleme."

"Are those really the words?" said Madame Souville, laughing in her turn.

"Read for yourself."

Madame took the paper and looked over the paragraph. "It is too absurd," she said.

"He is some nunny," added Lucy, "some ignorant, stupid lout."

"Who thinks himself an accomplished gentleman," continued Madame.

"It is carrying self conceit rather too far, observed the lively young widow. 'Such a fellow ought to be punished—he wants a lesson. Suppose we give him one.'

horses in a very few minutes stopped before the gates of a handsome hotel, which were immediately opened, and Alfred alighting, was conducted by a domestic, who was evidently waiting for him, up stairs—The young gentleman was somewhat astonished when the servant having thrown open a pair of folding doors to announce him, he found himself in the presence of two ladies. Though he felt puzzled he did not lose his presence of mind, and still suspecting some ambush, he held himself prepared to act on the defensive.

The surprise of the ladies was equal to his own. Instead of an awkward simpleton, with whom they thought to amuse themselves, they saw a well-mannered, personable young man. His look was gracious, yet polite; and his dress elegant without being foppish. He addressed the ladies without any embarrassment, and begged to know to what cause he might attribute the invitation which had brought him to their presence. They were confounded for a time not knowing what to reply. At length Lucy pointed to the journal, and said—

"I believe you are the gentleman whose name appears in this paper?"

"I am, Madame," he replied.

"You will excuse the liberty I have taken," continued Lucy, pointing to a seat.

"Ladies," said Alfred, taking a seat, "you have only taken the privilege which I accorded to any one by that advertisement."

"Perhaps our curiosity has been too great in this matter," added Lucy.

"No greater than the singularity of the lines that caused it, Madame; the one justifies the other."

"These answers were not such as were expected, and she began to feel herself rather awkwardly situated, when her friend came to her assistance."

"Of course this insertion is not meant seriously," said Madame Souville.

"It is I assure you, Madame."

"And do you think it will answer your purpose?"

"I hope it will."

"Marriage, sir, is a sacred and important thing; it means you take—"

"Are certainly not the most prudent, Madame, but they have the merit of candor. It is better to be known before marriage than to be studied afterwards, and for my part, I look for something more solid than love based on illusion, and the hypothetical happiness of mere promise."

"You are positive, Sir."

"I think I am reasonable."

Madame said no more, and Lucy took up the conversation in a languid manner. "Then if I were to offer you my hand, you would accept it without hesitation?"

"Without hesitation—that is, if you would answer to the conditions for which I stipulated," said Alfred, rather staggered by the lady coming to the point at once.

"What a pity; no doubt you mean a young girl, you would not marry a widow?"

"And why not?" replied the young man, unable to perceive how he should get out of the scrape he had advertised himself into. "I should think my chance for happiness greater with a widow than a young girl. Girls have such golden dreams, and invest the man of their choice with imaginary perfection. And I know that I am not perfect."

"This diffidently being removed, I see no other," added Lucy laughing heartily. Alfred felt rather strange; he thought some jest was to be played off, but he could not guess how, or for what purpose.—He resolved, however, to have all his wits about him and at any rate to come off with honors of war. "No," continued Lucy, "I see no obstacle. I think I am not very ugly, and I know I am not too old; and suppose if my fortune was double what you name, that would not be a positive objection?"

Alfred breathed more freely; he saw a means of escape, and he hastened to say, "I might be a little poorer, but I have no greater obstacle than you may suppose."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I have talents by which I can gain a yearly income of nine or ten thousand francs, I estimate myself at that sum, and no more; and as I am of opinion that there should be equality on all points between uniting parties to ensure their mutual happiness, I have resolved that I will owe nothing to my wife, nor shall she be indebted to me."

"And would you refuse a lady from this motive?"

"I would. I am not of an ungrateful disposition, but cannot endure the feelings of obligation."

"Then, Sir, there is no more to be said."

"Forget this interview, Madame," and Alfred rising begged permission to retire. The ladies assented; he bowed and left the room, doubting whether he were in a dream, or had been engaged in a scene, planned by Felix Janier.

"Truly this young man is a singular being," said Lucy to her friend, when the door had closed on Alfred, "it is very well that I magnified my riches, or he might have taken me at my word!"

"I told you," said Madame Souville, "that we might find a foolish thing."

"But who could imagine that she should meet with such an adversary," observed the widow, "really I do not dislike him."

"That same evening, Alfred, Felix, and their friends, assembled at the appointed place. Felix enacted the Amphitryon, with a rather ill grace, and Alfred, by a few droll questions, satisfied that none of the party had been privy to the adventure of the morning; he thought it very odd, as he reflected on it, after his return from the dinner. The following day he went to the concert Valentina, and there, by chance, met the two ladies. He bowed to them. A day or two after Duprez played *William Tell*, and in the lobby of the opera-house, Alfred again, by chance, met Madame Souville and Lucy.

They exchanged a few words. The following day was inviting for a walk, and they met in the Tuilleries; of course, by chance. This time the entered into conversation something like old acquaintances.

Two months after this, Felix Janier, arriving from an excursion into Normandy, found on his table a letter from Alfred announcing his approaching marriage, and requesting his friend to be present at the ceremony.

Hereafter let it not be said, that an advertisement is a fruitless experiment, and that the money expended for its insertion is like the water thrown into the sea.

Good Advice to Young Women.

Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency in life. Learn to work and be not dependent on servants to make your bread, sweep your floors, and darn your stockings. Above all, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you care and receive into your company those lazy, idle, popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves, as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get funds sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject in the light we do; and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, "Such a lady has married a fortune," we always tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents, turn out to be a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the praise of your lovers, and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and their hearts, mark if they have trades and can depend upon themselves—see that they have minds that will help them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and the fine appearance of the young gentlemen. Let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

So it is—When a person doesn't stand in need of friends, they are as plenty as mosquitoes in the latter end of August; but when he really wants them, they are as scarce as grass hoppers in winter. Would a purpose and his comrades are sure to attack him. So it is with men in misfortune, they need not expect any mercy from their fellow men. "Hit him again; he has no business to be a horse."

The Let Eye.

A rich old man who resided at the extremity of the camp quite apart from the rest, had three daughters, the youngest of whom, named Kookju, was as much distinguished for her beauty as for her extraordinary wisdom.

One morning as he was about driving his cattle for sale to the Chan's market-place, he begged his daughters to tell him what presents he wished him to bring to them on his return. The oldest asked him for trinkets; but the handsome and wise Kookju said that she wanted no present, but that she had a request to make which it would be difficult and very dangerous for him to execute. Upon which the father, who loved her more than the two others, swore that he would do her wish, though it were at the price of his life. "If it be so," replied Kookju, "I beg you do as follows:—Sell all your cattle except the short-tailed ox, and ask no other price for it except the Chan's left eye."

The old man was startled by her words, remembering his oath, and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he resolved to do as she bade him.

After having sold all his cattle, and being asked the price of the short-tailed ox, he said that he would sell it for nothing else but the Chan's left eye. The report of this singular and daring deed soon reached the ears of the Chan's courtiers. At first they admonished him not to use such an offensive speech against the sovereign; but when they found that he persevered in his strange demand, they bound him and carried him before the Chan. The old man then threw himself at the Prince's feet, and confessed that his demand had been made at the request of his daughter, of whose motive he was perfectly ignorant; and the Chan, suspecting that some secret must be hidden under this extraordinary request, dismissed the old man under the condition that he would bring him the daughter who had made it.

Kookju appeared, and the Chan asked, "Why didst thou instruct thy father to demand my left eye?"

"Because I expected, my prince, that after so strange a request, curiosity would urge thee to send for me. I wish to tell thee a truth important to thyself and thy people."

"Name it!"

"Prince," replied Kookju, "when two persons appear before thee in a cause, the wealthy and noble generally stand on thy right hand, whilst the poor and humble stand on thy left. I have heard in my solitude that thou most frequently favorest the noble and rich."

"This is the reason why I persuaded my father to ask for thy left eye; if being of no use to thee, since thou never seest the poor and unprotected."

The Chan, indignant and surprised at the daring of this maiden, commanded his court to try her. The court was opened, and the president, who was the eldest Lama, proposed that they should try, whether her strange proceeding was the effect of malice or of wisdom.

The first step was to send to Kookju a log of wood, cut even on all sides, ordering her to find out which was the root and which the top; Kookju threw it into the water, and soon knew the answer, on seeing the root sinking, whilst the top rose to the surface.

From this trial the court was convinced that Kookju had not offended the Chan from motives of malice, but the inspiration of wisdom granted her from above.

But as the Chan, his vanity was hurt, and he resolved to puzzle her with questions, in order to prove that she was not wise. He therefore ordered her before him, and asked,

"On sending a number of maidens into the wood to gather apples, which of them will bring home the most?"

"She," replied Kookju, "who, instead of climbing up the trees, remains below and picks up those which have fallen."

The Chan then led her to a fen, and asked her which would be the readiest way to get over it—and Kookju said, "to cross it would be the farthest, going round, nearest."

The Chan felt vexed at the readiness and propriety of her replies, and after having reflected for some time, he again inquired—

"Which is the safest means of becoming known to many?"

"By assisting many that are unknown."

"Which is the surest means of always leading a virtuous life?"

"To begin every morning with prayer, and conclude every evening with a good action."

"Who is truly wise?"

"He who does not believe himself so."

"Which are the requisites of a good wife?"

"She should be beautiful as a pea hen, gentle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, just as a faithful mirror, pure as a scale of a fish she must mourn for her deceased husband like a she camel, and live in her widowhood like a bird which has lost its wings."

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom of the fair Kookju; yet enraged at her having reproached him with injustice he still wished to destroy her.

After a few days he thought he had found means of attaining his object. He sent for her and asked her to determine the true worth of all his treasures; questioning her he promised to absolve her from malice in returning his justice and to admit that she intended, as a wise woman merely to warn him.

The maiden consented, yet under the condition that the Chan would promise her implicit obedience to her commands for four days. She requested that he would eat no food during that time. On the last day, she placed a dish of meat before him, and said, "Confess oh, Chan! that all thy treasures are not worth as much as this joint of beef." The Chan was so struck with the wisdom of her reply, that he acknowledged her as wise, married her to his son, and permitted her constantly to remind him to use his *Left Eye*.

A Touching Proof.

"There dwelt in the wilderness of youth, A sweet rebuke that sin may not endure, And thus she makes an atmosphere of truth, For all things in her presence grow more pure; She walks in light—her garb and angel wings, A halo round her from her radiant wings."

EMMA C. EMBURY.

This no less beautiful than truthfully poetic passage, brings to mind a little incident which occurred under our observation; some two years since and which most pertinently and graphically illustrates and confirms the truthfulness of the sentiment so poetically expressed.

A little boy, some three or four years old, was standing by his father, upon the porch of their dwelling, one of the western cities of this State when a middle-aged man, respectably clad, passed by on the sidewalk, so intoxicated that he staggered badly. The little lad, turning to his father, in a tone of surprise and artless simplicity, exclaimed: "Pa, that man is drunk."

The brute had not yet full mastery over the man—he had not become seared and hardened to reproof; he overheard the remark of the lad—it touched him to the heart—he stopped suddenly and turning toward the little monitor, he stood gazing at him for some time, in mute silence, so choked with emotion that he could not give utterance to a syllable. At length he spoke out in kindly accents, evincing of the deepest contrition, under a just and pointed rebuke: "My little fellow, it's true—I am drunk—I know it's too bad—I hope I may never be so again!" And with tears of penitence glistening in his eyes, he passed on, giving evidence of a firm resolve in his own mind, to "go and sin no more." Truly may it be said

"There dwelt in the wilderness of youth, A sweet rebuke that vice may not endure."

TURNING.—I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything nester than any person in this town.

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I said so."

"Well, Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there is no man on earth that can turn anything as well as I can whittle it. Anything, Mr. Jones, just name the article that I can't whittle better than you can turn, and I will give you a V if I don't do it to the satisfaction of these gentlemen present."

"Well, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones just for trial; you may whittle and I'll turn."

"Mr. Smith said."

The Influence of Woman.

Deprived of an equal voice in the government and councils of nations, and of the chances to reveal heroism and physical power on the battle field; woman has exercised but a partial influence over the fate of mankind. In savage, barbarous, and semi-civilized epochs, she has been scarcely more than a creature to bring forth the progeny and bear the burdens of the world. Drudging and bowed down in the wigwam of the savage—following the trails of armies to kindle camp fires, and prepare the food for the warrior—tilling the fields for her little more civilized husband—taskmaster, or ministering from the slave mart to the plundering passion of man, as all Asia reveals her—who has woman been but a trampled flower, still beautiful in its ruin—plucked and cast by the moment its odor had produced satiety. And how unlike that glorious being who in the Garden of Eden, was given to solace and beguile him—to fill the spaces of solitude with the beatitude of heaven. Her weakness, innocence and confiding nature were then what they ever should have remained, the elements of transcendent strength. In that fair and tremulous beauty which was as heaven itself, lived the angels who forsook earth when woman descended from her primitive being. Step by step was the fall accelerated, until in ages just past, by a mother's tears were left to assert the humanity of her race. Woman is only the inferior to man in gross physical power—in all the fine and heroic sentiments she is his equal if not his superior, and generations in whatever darkness or light, take their hue and shape from the impress of her power. If she be trampled and debased so will be her children—if she be beautiful and pure in life, her progeny will be the same. In whatever condition, her original nature was never fully obscured. Gleams of the heroic and heavenly have shot out from the darkness—Spartan and Roman mothers have answered for the sex—and even the wilderness has not wanted lofty specimens of the true woman who has been the benefactress of the world. Give woman the place of companionship which God gave her, let her be the counsellor and friend of man, and the scale of our civilization will never droop on the side of humanity.

Revolutionary Officers.

It is natural that some interest should exist, to learn the closing scenes of life, and final resting places of that gallant band of officers who figure in the history of our revolutionary struggle.

The following record, although incomplete, is believed to be correct to its extent:

Gen. Mercer is usually said to have been killed at the battle of Princeton, but really died of an epileptic fit, in that neighborhood, a week after that affair. The popular notion is derived from the fact that he received a blow on the head from the butt end of a musket; in the hands of a British soldier, in full retreat with his comrades. He was knocked down and stunned for some time—as the consequence. Mercer was buried in *Christ Church*, Philadelphia.

Putnam was disabled from active service in the very middle of the strife, 1779, by a paralytic stroke, but survived till 1790, being 72 years of age at his death. He was buried at Brooklyn, Conn.

Wayne died at Erie, Pa. where he was buried.—At a later date the body was transported to Chester county, Penn. Although nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed, the lineaments of the distinguished hero were distinctly visible, and the features recognized by persons present; of course, the corpse crumbled to dust on exposure to the atmosphere.

Schuyler, who deserves all the credit of the capture of Burgoyne, of which he was deprived by Gen. Gates assuming the command just as all the arrangements for battle had been made at Saratoga; he died in New York in 1800.

sons quer et sans reproche, after vainly endeavoring to obtain the full rank of Congress of their engagement to him, returned to Utica, New York; the legislature of which State voted him a township—six miles square—of land in that neighborhood. Here, in an humble log house, he died, and was buried adjacent, in 1797.

St. Clair's last resting place is at Greensburg, Westmoreland county, Penn. A neat marble pyramid being erected over his remains by his masonic brethren.

Miffin, the idol of Pennsylvania, died in Lancaster, Pa., and was buried there.

Maxwell, who commenced the battle of Brandywine by opposing Knyphausen's troops, in their attempts to cross Chad's ford, died at Flemington, N. J.

Montgomery and McDougal are buried in New York in 1810.

Alexander—Lord Sterling, at Albany.

Parsons, at Marietta, Ohio.

Morgan, the hero of Cowpens, at Winchester; Virginia.

Sullivan, at Exeter, N. H.

Scott, in Kentucky.

Knox, at Thomaston, Maine.

Henry Lee, in Virginia.

Charles Lee, lies at the foot of General Mercer's tomb, in *Christ Church*, Philadelphia.—*Cist's Advertiser*.

Newspapers in Rome.

With almost miraculous speed the press is planting its standard over the world. We have before us the *Roman Advertiser*, a weekly paper published in English in Rome, the Eternal City. The prediction of such an event a century ago, would have fallen as a feeble fable on the ear. On the "Seven Hills," the cradle and grave of the Caesars, whose ancient bulwarks were scrolled in parchment, or written with Ptolemaic swords, who so impious as to have prophesied the regular issue of a newspaper printed in the language of a race once the barbarous vassals of Rome. But thus it is. The glorious spirit of progress, whose mightiest agents are Saxon language and enterprise, aim at conquest mightier than the Caesars! Mocking the batteries of the Alps, it bridges the Pontine marshes, and thunders its voice in the imperial Capital, at the very gates of the Vatican. We note it not only as a triumph of the Press, but as one of the brightest omens of the age, pointing to the spread of the Saxon tongue and influence wherever the earth is habitable. Well may the seer hope for a better day, when the light of free thought pierces into his rule but in the remotest wilderness, and the captive feels his chains crumble, as the type-illumined page flashes through his dungeon, and the speed the Press—Liberty and joy are its companions.—*N. Y. Sun*.

CLERGYMAN AND JOCKEY.—A clergyman who was in the habit of preaching in different parts, was not long since at a tavern, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a country gentleman by imposing a broken winded horse on him for a sound one.

The parson knew the character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey quite nettled, observed—

"Parson, I would much rather hear you preach, than privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the State prison," retorted the parson.

GUN COTTON BALL.—An anecdote is related of a morose crockery dealer, who had a peculiar aversion to the ball-balls with which the boys were playing in the street, and more than once he had caught their balls and without ceremony deposited them in his stove fire. But anon, another ball appeared, and by a bound entered his shop door. Its fate, like that of its predecessors was immediately sealed. But the ball was not yet ended; for in half a minute an explosion took place which sent fragments of the stove and considerable quantities of crockery through the door and windows. The ball had been made in true Yankee (boy) style, and composed of a quantity of gun cotton covered with leather.

The Man who kissed the three Girls.

The young man who boarded at a house in the country, where there were several coy damsels who seemed to imagine that men are terrible creatures, whom it was an unpardonable sin to look at, was one afternoon accosted by an acquaintance, and asked what he thought of the young ladies with whom he boarded? He replied that they were very shy and reserved.

"So they are," returned the other, "and so much so that no gentleman could get near enough to tell the color of their eyes."

"That may be," said the boarder, "yet I will stake a million that I can kiss all three without any trouble."

"That you cannot do," cried his friend, "it is an achievement which neither you nor any other man can accomplish."

The other was positive and invited his friend to the house to witness the triumph. They entered the room together, and the three girls were all at home sitting beside their mother, and they looked prim and demure as John Rogers at the stake.

Our hero assumed a very grave aspect even to dejection, and having looked wistfully at the clock, breathed a sigh as deep as *Algebra*, and as long as a female dialogue at a street door. His singular deportment now attracted the attention of the girls, who cast their slow opening eyes up to his countenance. Perceiving the impression he had made, he turned to his companion and said,

"It will wait three minutes of the time!"

"Do you speak of the dinner?" said the old lady, laying down her sewing work.

"Dinner said he with bewildered aspect, and pointing as if unconsciously, with curled forefinger at the clock.

A silence ensued, during which the female part of the household glared at the young man with irrepressible curiosity.

"You will see me directly interred," said he again turning to his friend.

His friend was as much puzzled as any body present, and his embarrassment added to the intended effect; but the old lady being unable to contain herself cried,

"M. C., pray what do you speak of?"

"Nothing," answered he in a lugubrious tone, "but last night a spirit appeared upon me." Here the girls rose their feet and drew near. "And the spirit gave me warning that I should die exactly at twelve o'clock to-day, and you see it wants but half a minute of that time!"



TUESDAY MORNING, AUG. 31, 1847. FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Agencies.

Mr. JOHN WOODROW, of Ohio Furnace, is authorized to act as agent for this paper. V. B. PALMER, N. W. corner Chestnut and Third streets, Philadelphia, is authorized to act as agent for this paper. Any contract they may make will be promptly filled.

District and County Conventions.

The undersigned, Whig Central Committee of Scioto county, in view of the near approach of the Fall election, recommend to the Whig voters in the several townships of said county, to meet at their usual places of holding elections on Wednesday, the 8th of September, 1847, and appoint the proper number of delegates to attend a District Convention, to be held at the Olive Furnace in Lawrence county, on Friday, the 10th of September, 1847, to nominate a candidate for Senator, for the counties of Scioto, Lawrence, Gallia and Jackson; and also, a candidate for Representative for Lawrence and Scioto, to be supported at the coming elections. The ratio of representation is one delegate for every one hundred votes polled for Clay at the last Presidential election. Fractions over fifty entitled to one delegate. This ratio will give to Nile 1, Washington 1, Union 1, Morgan and Brush Creek 1, Wayne 3, Clay 1, Jefferson 1, Madison 1, Harrison 1, Bloom 1, Vernon 1, Green 2, and Porter 2.

And also, at the same time and place, to appoint one delegate for every fifty votes polled for Clay at the last Presidential election, (fractions over twenty-five being entitled to one delegate,) to attend a County Convention to be held at the Court House in Portsmouth, on Saturday, the 18th day of September, 1847, to nominate suitable candidates to be supported by the Whigs of Scioto county, for the various county offices. This ratio will give to Nile 2, Washington 2, Union 1, Morgan and Brush Creek 1, Wayne 6, Clay 2, Jefferson 2, Madison 2, Harrison 2, Bloom 3, Vernon 2, Green 3 and Porter 3.

MOSES GREGORY, EDWARD CRANSTON, LEMUEL MOSS, J. V. ROBINSON, C. G. CRANSTON, JOHN A. TURLEY, URIAH NURSE, Whig Central Committee.

The township meeting for Wayne will be held at the Mayor's office Wednesday evening Sept. 8th, 1847, at 7 o'clock P. M.

THE LOCOFOS—THEIR PRINCIPLES—THE CAMPAIGN.—It is frequently rung in our ears that whig principles are fluctuating—one thing to-day and another to-morrow, and that the principles of the "democracy" are as immutable and steadfast as the principles of justice and equity. Is this not an ashy is, and no one who has watched the movements of the Locofoco party in this State can deny it. In 1838 they presented the issue of Bank Reform, finish the work, &c., and rode that hobby until the poor thing was compelled to give up the ghost. In 1842 the Banks were held up as monsters of some hideous mein, "going about like a roaring lion seeking whom they might devour." They entered the contest with uncompromising hostility to all banks, and upon that issue they were, (although they fought hard,) defeated. The whigs triumphed and established a banking system, which is diffusing its benefits throughout our beautiful State. Immediately thereafter, being bent on its destruction, the Locofocos raised the cry of repeal, but they were again made to try what were the pleasures of navigating Salt River. And now, that all of their old hobbies have been rode to death, the question is, what will be the bone of contention the coming campaign. As whigs we hold the same principles we did years ago—our principles are founded on the immutable principles of justice, and consequently, undergo no change. In all political contests we fight under the same broad and ample folds. We love our institutions and desire their prosperity. Ever since the question of Bank and Anti-Bank has been presented, the whole party has been found battling in favor of the establishment of some safe and sound Banking system, and having established such a system, it is our business to do all we can to prevent a piratical crew from destroying it. Hence it is a matter of rejoicing to us that there is a disposition on the part of the whigs of Ohio to maintain their ascendancy in the State.

All that will prevent the whigs this fall from securing a majority in the next legislature, will be their own apathy, and we are glad to see by the movements of the party, in most of the counties, that they are determined to contest every inch of ground. This is as it should be. If our principles were worth contending for last year, they are this, because they have not lost anything, but increase in magnitude in the same degree as the wants of the country increase.

Let us be active in the discharge of our duties as the conservative party of the country. The enemy is abroad seeking to tear down what we have built up, and establish upon the ruins a State policy that would cripple the energies of our people.

The Locofocos of Adams county held a convention in West Union on the 21st inst., and nominated their candidates for the different county offices. As usual in that county, there was no little scrambling for the loaves and fishes. The court house clique, however, despite the efforts of the more obscure members of the "unfettered democracy," succeeded in nominating their favorites.

We have been told that there was quite a disturbance took place—that some of the expectants were treated rather unceremoniously, and that the probabilities are that some of the nominations will not be ratified by the mass of the party. We are slow to believe, however, that the party will fail at the appointed time to cast their votes for the nominees.—The Locofocos of that county have swallowed so many bitter pills, that we do not hesitate to express the opinion that they will not choke at any dose that can be administered to them by the wire-pullers at West Union. They wear the collar without ever flinching. Men have filled public offices in that county that could neither read or write.

Samuel Pike, Esq., has clothed his paper in an entire new dress, and changed its name to Kentucky Flag. It is a neat paper, but as it fights for locofocoism, we can only wish him pecuniary success.

Gen. Scott.—The Editor of the Tribune.

In answer to our interrogatory of last week, the editor of the Tribune says he referred to the order of Gen. Scott "stripping Gen. Taylor's line of Worth's, Twiggs', Quitman's, Patterson's, and Shields' brigades, the immediate consequence of which was the descent upon it of Santa Anna's whole force." In the absence of a statement of the whole facts the answer would be a good one, and would be entitled to consideration, but when it is taken into the account that Gen. Scott acted under the express order of the Secretary of War, it is of no avail. Hence, we still maintain that Capt. Hamilton has not attached the blame where it belongs. He should not berate Gen. Scott because he obeyed the orders issued from the War Department at Washington. He should level his battery at the Administration because of its rashness or inconsiderateness.

The statement that Gen. Scott has said by letter, or otherwise, that he has not voted for twenty years, is news to us. It may be true, but we are inclined to the opinion that the editor of the Tribune is mistaken. Gen. Scott, although not a boisterous politician, is a staunch whig—so recognized by his immediate neighbors and the party throughout the Union; and surely he would not be considered if he had refrained voting or participating in the political movements of the day for the last twenty years. As whigs, we recognize no one as a true friend of the party who does not avail himself of that great privilege vouchsafed to American freemen.

In to-day's paper will be found a call from the Whig Central Committee upon the whigs of the different townships, to meet at their usual places of holding elections, for the purpose of appointing delegates to attend the conventions to nominate candidates for Senator and Representative, and county offices.—We hope this call will be responded to by the whigs. The time has come when we should act if we would win. Let there be a full turnout at the primary meetings, so that a fair expression of the people can be had.

DREADFUL DISASTER AT SEA—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

The New York Correspondent of the National Intelligencer says "We have the distressing intelligence here to-day, brought by the arrival of a vessel just in port, that the ship Idona, which left Hamburg for New York with two hundred and six passengers on board, foundered at sea on her way over, and one hundred and seventy-two of the passengers went down to a watery grave. The commander of the vessel, Captain Mobery, was also lost. Those who escaped were picked up at sea by a vessel that fortunately came to their assistance in time. They were clinging to the wreck in a condition of dreadful suffering."

JAMES H. SMITH, of Georgetown, Brown county, one of the editors of the Standard, has been nominated as a candidate to represent that county in the next General Assembly. Mr. S. is a young man of respectable talents, a gentleman and a scholar, but, we are sorry to say, he is a bearer of the black flag of Locofocoism. However, as the county is hopelessly locofoco, and there is no doubt of the election of a Polkite, we are glad that the honor is to fall upon so esteemed a friend and associate as Mr. Smith.

The Corn Crop.

In our recent travels over this county, we have taken some pains to ascertain something in relation to the corn crop. Inquiry and examination has been to satisfy us that the crop will be an abundant one. The upland as well as the fields in the valley, look remarkably well, and the ears are very heavy. In fact, if we are not much mistaken, the yield will be much larger than it has been for several years.

An Every-Day Anecdote.

"I see you advertise," said a Jackson county farmer on entering the store of one of our customers, a few days ago. "I see you advertise in the Gazette, and though I don't know you, I made bold to drop my name for you have got some of the very things I want." "We'll try to suit you!"—replied the polite shopkeeper—"What shall it be?" Thus starting, the sales began, and before the farmer had left the store, he had bought some good bargains, and the merchant had \$126 more in good Ohio funds, in his till.

"He that in this world would rise, Must take the papers and advertise." Scioto Gazette.

A gentleman from Lawrence county a few days ago, called at a Wholesale Grocery in this place to purchase some Groceries, the articles of which he had copied from an Advertisement in the new whig paper at Portsmouth. The customer did not think it "bold" in him to call in, because the Grocery keeper through his advertisement, had invited him to do so. He purchased near \$200 worth for, which he planked down the cash.

Young Thieves.

Two boys, one 12 and the other 13 years of age, stole \$6 or \$7 from Dr. Wm. J. McDowell's Drug Store, on Front Street, in this place, on Friday morning last. The young rascals were making off with their booty, but the Dr. having seen them enter the Store and retire, suspected that all was not right and upon examination found that the money was missing, followed them and made them surrender up their ill-gotten gain. They confessed their guilt and promised to do better in future. The boys hailed from Cincinnati.

Fires at Cincinnati.

We learn by the Cincinnati Commercial that on Wednesday last at 5 o'clock, P. M. the extensive Printing Ink Manufactory, belonging to Mr. Stearns, at the head of Clay street, was destroyed by fire; as well as the Glazed Wadding Manufactory of Messrs Russel & Co. The loss of the buildings, manufactured stock and raw material is considerable.

About two hours afterwards a fire broke out in Merrell's bake shop on Commerce, West of Walnut, which extended to the machine shop of A. C. Brown, a stable and a dwelling, all of which were consumed.

THE STAR OF THE ORDER OF THE S. O. T.—The Star of the Order of the Sons of Temperance has six points, which, in the formation of that benevolent order, was designed to commemorate the six original Washingtonians, five of whom are still living.

Marriage in Church.

We witnessed the ceremony of uniting two willing hearts, in the Episcopal church, on Tuesday morning last. It was an interesting ceremony, rendered doubly so by the solemn place in which it was performed.

We notice by a quotation of the sales of Pig Iron at Pittsburg, a few days ago that Hanging Rock Metal sold at \$35 per ton, 4 and 6 months.

S. M. Tracy, Esq., of this place, is announced in the last Tribune as a candidate for Prosecuting Attorney of this county.

Ohio Volunteers.—Three companies of Ohio Volunteers, one from Chillicothe, Lancaster and Circleville, arrived here on Saturday, and departed for Cincinnati, on board the Planet the same day. There was about 270 in the three companies. A Company from Somerset, has arrived and will leave for Cincinnati the first boat.

TELEGRAPH.—The Cincinnati Atlas says, "Professor Maury at Washington, and Professor Mitchell of our Observatory are each to have a special branch of the telegraphic wire at their respective offices.—By this novel means observation can be simultaneously made at both poles, and longitude, and several other matters of astronomical research ingeniously and accurately determined."

In Affray.

On the 16th inst at Columbia, Ky., Francis M. Ewing shot Geo. W. Gyley, who expired immediately. Mr. E. was arrested, tried and bound over to appear at the next term of the county Circuit Court.

Gen. Taylor in New England.

The following from a Boston correspondent of the Cleveland Herald gives some idea of the state of feeling at the North in respect to General Taylor:— Boston, July 21, 1847.

I have been forcibly struck during my stay in New England, with the lull of the words of a distinguished Connecticut statesman, uttered some time since over the old Round Table, in reference to the next Presidency. You remember he remarked that there was a powerful feeling, amounting to a swelling enthusiasm among the Yankees, in favor of the old veteran of the Rio Grande. Do not believe that public sentiment in New England is yet permanently fixed on this question, but it is evident to all that there is here a general wish that Gen Taylor may be called to rearrange and establish the shattered fortunes of the Republic. Almost the wish of the New England people is that we may be honorably and by all means speedily freed from the present outrageous and ruinous war. They believe the only way to accomplish this end is to charge our attitude of aggression to one of defence—to withdraw our "roving armies" from the heart of the Mexican Republic, to points within the precise boundaries which we may of right claim, and then direct our energies to their maintenance. They also know that Gen. Taylor has long ago suggested this very course. The final adjustment of our territorial limits is a question which must be settled by a two-thirds vote in the Senate; and while few believe that it can result in a further extension of a slave territory, a vast majority would infinitely prefer to entrust the executive action in the premises to the great prudence, sound judgment and sterling patriotism of old Rough and Ready, rather than to any of the truckling dough-face species to be found throughout the ranks of Northern Locofocoism; and they greatly fear that this is the only alternative.

Putting a Stop to the War and Preserving the National Honor.

The National Intelligencer of the 17th holds the following honest and manly language:

Let no one understand us, when exulting at the certainty of a Whig majority in the House of Representatives, as expecting that majority to make any attempt to "stop the wheels of the Government" by withholding either the necessary appropriations for the support of it, or refusing to provide the means for meeting any expenditures which have been already authorized by law. Quite the contrary. Scrupulous regard for the public faith, and for the obligations of contracts generally, is a cardinal principle in the Whig creed. The Whigs will, we hope and trust, do every thing they can to bring this odious War with Mexico to an honorable close. But, with reference to the public credit, for whatever purpose pledged, we have no doubt that it is fortunate, even as regards the Administration itself, that the Whigs are now certainly acceding to the Ways and Means. They will doubtless hold the administration, in every department of it, to a rigid accountability; they may refuse to lay taxes on the necessities of life, as proposed at the last session, that foreign luxuries may come into the country free of duty; but, should the War with Mexico be prolonged until the meeting of Congress, (which Heaven forbid!) other means not incompatible with national honor and dignity than stopping the supplies will be found to put a stop to the war.

WHEAT.—"Just as we said," the farmers are holding on to their wheat. The Rising Sun Blade of August 21, says:

The new wheat crop is coming in very slowly.—As yet there has been only two or three small lots brought to market; heretofore thousands of bushels have been brought to market ere this time of the month, and much of it manufactured and on its way to the southern market. The farmers make but little inquiry in regard to the price of the article, and evince no disposition to dispose of their crops. The little that has been brought to market is of the very best quality.

The same thing is true of most points of which we have any knowledge.

LE VERRIER.—A correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle, writing from Cambridge, thus describes the "outward man" of this astronomer.

Presently arrived another gentleman, whose advent occasioned some interest. On the arm of the powerful looking old Bishop of Norwich appeared a fresh colored young man, dressed somewhat as the Frenchman to wit—narrow coat collar, full skirts and trousers slightly plaited at the waist. You would not have taken this jolly looking young gentleman for a profound mathematician and astronomer. On the contrary he appears just one of the lions you would expect to find playing a match at billiards in a gilded cafe on the Boulevards, or, with deference be it spoken, clasping the waist of 'la Reine Pompadour' at the Chateau Rouge. Irreverent supposition! Honor to science! There goes M. le Verrier—the discoverer of the new planet—the owner, if priority or claim gives ownership, to all the lands, titles and domains of "Neptune."

LIGHT LOAD.—A German went into the Tadpole Market on Thursday morning, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, for the purpose of purchasing a load of wood. Accosting a countryman whose wagon was near the market, he asked him the price of his load. "Two dollars," replied he. "Dat is a big price for so small a load!" "There is a half cord, my fine fellow." "Na, na—jestle load—I could back it to de gort house in four loads." The man who owned the wood laughed at the idea of the German's carrying it to the Court House, for it was about 150 yards—and told him if he would pack it there he should have the load and 50 cents besides. The German took off his coat and prepared for the job. He took three loads and coming back for the fourth, shouldered it easily and then offered to take the wagon body to make up the proper quantity. The countryman gave up the bet, handed the man the 50 cents, and drove off amidst the laughter of the by-standers.

JAMES WATSON WEBB IN TROUBLE AGAIN.—On Friday an affray took place in Wall street, New York, between Col. Webb, the editor of the Courier, and Mr. Lecome, the agent of the French steamers. Mr. Lecome spit in Col. Webb's face. The Colonel returned the compliment with his fist, and then both clenched. Blows were freely exchanged, and the parties were finally separated by the by-standers.—As Col. Webb is under bonds for his duel with T. F. Marsh, it is not likely that this affair will terminate in "pistols and coffee for two."—Balt. Clip.

DIED.—The widow of John Gustin, of Marlow, N. H., died on the 20th ult., aged 101 years and 25 days. She was born in Lyme, Conn., in June, 1746. She was the mother of five children, all of whom lived to grow up. The second child, a son, lived to be 73, and died many years since. The youngest, a son with whom she lived, is 65, and the eldest child living, is now 83. All her children were at home the day she was 100 years old. During the year she completed her 100th year, she knit 25 pairs of small stockings. She has left several descendants of the 6th generation.

Mr. Clay in Philadelphia.

We gave, yesterday, some account of the hearty and enthusiastic greeting which Henry Clay received in Philadelphia, and of his being obliged to say a few words to his friends, who had assembled at the house where he stopped. The Daily News gives the following report of his remarks:

"Leaving my home, some few weeks since, to get rid of painful remembrances, and to seek for some solace in new scenes and the attention of kind friends, under an affliction, the most painful that it has pleased Providence to visit me with, during a long life, I had no expectations—certainly no desire—to excite any public demonstration. Yet, with all, fellow-citizens, I should be dead to every better feeling of the human heart, were I to deny that I am most deeply moved by this exhibition of your kindness. Entering, unexpectedly, this afternoon, and without notice, your beautiful city—a city that, under all the many trials of my life, I have looked to as the home of so many friends, I had no reason to expect such an assemblage or such an expression of your respect. Neither my health nor the occasion, will allow me to say much more to you—in a few more moments and the Sabbath, the holy day of rest, that we will reverse, will be upon us: but there is one thing, gentlemen, before we part, I wish you to remember. This glorious and beautiful land is our common country—in Peace and War—in weal or in woe—under bad administration or good government, remember to stand by it!"

On Sunday, he attended the Church of the Epiphany, which was densely crowded.

The Philadelphia Bulletin, of last evening, contains an account of his departure:—"On Monday morning, he left for Cape May. The announcement of his departure had caused many thousands of citizens to run eagerly to the river side to catch a glimpse of his manly form. We venture the assertion that such a gathering has never before been seen in our city. The whole line of wharf from Dock street to the Navy Yard, a distance of a mile and a half, was thickly studded with human beings—heads, shoulders, shoulders, word-piles, carts, in a word, everything that seemed to favor a good view, was made available. When the carriage that contained the statesman drove to the wharf, the vociferous cheering of Saturday night was recommenced and kept up with many vigor until the dignified old man was compelled in self-defence to let off another speech. We were not near enough to catch his words, but he seemed greatly affected, his voice trembled and his manner was beautiful and impressive.

"At the conclusion there was a pause for a minute, when the extravagance of feeling broke forth once more in the shape of stormy applause. What a people we are, to be sure—how generous and impulsive, and how honest, too! We may refuse a great man our votes, but let him visit us, and we'll make his words, with the earnestness of our welcome.—This whole business was strikingly in character with our people, and in every respect worthy of them, as well as of the able and eloquent cause of it.

A Character.

Watchman Flannery took into the Mayor's office on Wednesday, a sandy haired, good natured, burly man named Tom, whom he had captured the night before, and put into the Watch House.

Tommy took his seat on the prisoner's bench, with a smile, and a 'how d'ye do' to the Mayor, and wanted to know the charge.

"Disorderly conduct." Here Tommy laughed again, and asked why they never took him for stealing, or something of that sort. He was tired of being hauled up for getting drunk and raising hell in the streets.

"I never harmed nobody," said he, "and this is twice you've had me in nine months. Please to get twice."

The Mayor suggested that Tommy was fast acquiring the character of a rowdy.

"A rowdy! Old Tom a rowdy! [And Tommy laughed again.] Every body loves old Tom. He don't do nothing but get drunk once in a while; and he don't never leasurly get up and started off, but was brought back again by Flannery. Tommy resumed his seat again, with his usual carefree chuckle; and said:

"Well, bile on, Mr. Spencer—get through with the job. I want to go to work."

The Mayor then asked him why he made so much noise in the streets.

"Why, you see," said Tommy, with another grin and chuckle—"I git bustin' drunk and can't find my way home, and nobody won't give Tom lodgin, when he's drunk, and so I holler to git in the Watch House, for want of better lodgin'."

As Tommy bore the character of an industrious man and an honest one—though a little addicted to spreeing—he was suffered to depart with a promise of future good behavior.

He left the office with a scrape and the usual laugh, saying "good bye boys, may be I'll call agin the next trip!" Tommy is a river man.

Courting.

A lawyer who we know did his courting off hand. He had a good practice and a high reputation, as well for what his muddle contained of Coke and Blackstone, as for being a very eccentric chap in all his ways, sayings and doings. His eccentricity got him into the notion that it wasn't "meet that woman should be alone," and so of a delightful summer's eve, when the roses smiled and the cowbirds laughed, Sunday evening, too, mind ye, gentle reader, that—

"Delightful hour of witching love," he caught up his hat and was seen ascending the steps of the cottage beside the hill, where tripped

"A lovely damsel, bright and fair."

"She opened the door, and he politely asked, 'Is the Chief Justice within?' 'No, sir,' said the pretty one, 'but will be shortly.' 'Ah! it's no matter,' said the counsellor, 'he was curstied within the door—I did not come to see the father; my client is interested only in the testimony of the daughter. My client, madam, owns the mansion you see from the window; and the title of the suit is to ascertain if you would have any objection to becoming its mistress. I'll call next Sabbath evening for your answer.' 'Why, sir, it won't be necessary to suspend the suit. I think your client's case is founded in justice, and I am sure he will win his point without any special pleading; but as father has been twenty-one years upon the bench, it would be but decorous to see if his opinion does not confirm mine.' 'Certainly, madam,' said the lawyer, as the father entered the apartment. It is needless to say that the full court did not reverse the decision—and the happy pair signed the bond, and went into possession in four weeks from that night.

A New Regiment of Volunteers.

We learn from Col. Irvin that most of the companies of the new regiment of Volunteers recruiting under his supervision, (and designed to replace the late Second Regiment Ohio Volunteers,) are already full; and are now probably, for the most part, en route for the rendezvous, at Cincinnati. The President has authorized the Governor of Ohio to draw upon the Allegheny Army, near Pittsburg for arms and equipments for this new Regiment. Lt. Col. Ervin, U. S. A., has received orders to muster this new Regiment of Ohio Volunteers (the 6th,) into the United States' service.—O. S. Journal.

Debts of Texas.

The Washington Union is equipping towards an assumption of Texas debts! It is a fact—the organ of the party which, three years ago, made the country ring with indignation because somebody said the Whigs were in favor of the National Government assuming the debts of the States, when nobody seriously entertained such a proposition! This virtuous organ of a virtuous party now says—"The assumption of the Texas debt is a matter for cool and careful deliberation hereafter. * * * We could scarcely lose by the bargain, for Texas lands are worth more than the amount of her debts!"

Where sleeps the thunder of the "Dimmocratic" press! It is hermetically sealed within the black cloud of Texas negroes and cotton lands! Nous verrons!

An urchin remarked that the principal branch of education in his school was the yellow branch; the teacher having used up nearly a whole tree.

From the Army—By Telegraph.

One week later—Advance of Gen. Scott—Movement of the troops—Gen. Pearce arrived at Puebla—Escape of Major Gaines and Midshipman Rodgers—Guerrillas repulsed by Capt. Ruff, &c., &c. Pittsburg, August 27.

Editor Ohio State Journal: The steamship Galveston has arrived at New Orleans bringing advices from Galveston to the 6th of August, one week later than the before received. General Scott was still at Puebla on the 6th, but the Army was to take up its line of march on the next day for the city of Mexico.

Gen. Twiggs' division was to leave on the 7th, Gen. Quitman on the 8th, Gen. Worth's on the 8th, and Gen. Pillow's on the 10th. Col. Childs remained at Puebla. Gen. Pearce arrived at Puebla on the 6th, having lost not a single man on the march, notwithstanding he had another severe engagement with the guerrillas.

The most agreeable news by this arrival, is the escape of Major Gaines and passed Midshipman Rodgers from the city of Mexico, and their safe arrival at Gen. Scott's head quarters. Letters mention an affair between Capt. Ruff, of the Rifles, and the commander of a guerrilla party, in which the latter was completely routed. Mr. Kendall writes of the death of Lieut. Hall, of the 2d dragoon. Dr. Hammer of the South Carolina regiment, with a train which left Vera Cruz on the evening of the 6th, was attacked about 24 miles from Vera Cruz. The escort for the train was under the command of Major Latty, of the 9th infantry, Col. Wilson being down with the yellow fever.

The Telegraph—Difference of Longitude and Time.

In computing the time of Telegraphic despatches allowance should be made for the difference of longitude between Cincinnati and the Eastern cities. The difference of longitude between Cincinnati and the principal Eastern cities is nearly as follows:

Table with 2 columns: City and Time difference. Boston, 13 degrees, 23 minutes. N. York, 10 " 01. Philadelphia, 9 deg. 17 min. Washington, 7 deg. 25 min. Difference of time: Boston, 53 minutes. New York, 40 " Philadelphia, 37 " Washington, 30 "

Of course the above-mentioned cities, lying east of Cincinnati, sunrise, meridian, and sunset take place earlier than here. For instance, when it is 12 o'clock or meridian, at Washington, it is just half past 11 o'clock at Cincinnati.—Cin. Atlas.

NARROW ESCAPE OF MR. CLAY.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writing from Cape May, says:

Mr. Clay had a very narrow escape yesterday afternoon. After dinner he rode out on the beach, in Mr. Brolesky's coach, drawn by four splendid horses, accompanied by a lady from Kentucky, and two of his friends.

On their return, as they approached the hotel, the driver, in curbing one of the leaders, rather suddenly, caused him to commence kicking. Both leaders then kicked the horses behind them, and these jumped and reared until they broke the shaft, and ran the carriage into the fence.

Just before it struck, Mr. Clay seized the young lady in his arms, opened the door, and leaped out of the carriage unhurt, before the driver or any bystanders were able to render assistance. The carriage rolled on, struck the fence, and was considerably injured.

The large delegation sent from New York to solicit Mr. Clay to visit their city before his return to Kentucky, have got back to that city. Mr. Clay was compelled to decline their invitation, as he was obliged to start for home on Monday, 23d inst.

THE FALL IN TREASURY NOTES.—The New York Express of last evening has the following in relation to the fall in treasury notes to 3 1/2 per cent, is sudden and to many unexpected. Those who cast their eyes on the Secretary of Treasury's quarterly report, and noticed the extraordinary expenditures of the army and navy for the preceding ninety days—amounting to about \$18,000,000—saw that there could be no other result. Nor can the decline stop where it is, if the war continues. The next three months following the last report must show even a greater expenditure. The price of treasury notes depends entirely on the continuance of the war. What prospect there is of peace no one can give a possible guess. Those in Mexico, as well as those at Washington, are equally in doubt. The prevailing opinion here; if we can form any correct judgment, is that the peace is very distant. Such also appears to be the belief of capitalists, if the fall of treasury notes is any indication.

STEAMBOAT ROBBERY.—Between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, on Thursday night, the clerk's office in the steamer Avalanche, at our landing, was entered by some thieves, who opened the desk drawers in the office, and procured the key which unlocks the iron safe. They opened the safe, succeeded in pocketing fourteen hundred dollars, and made for shore. Several notorious thieves, it is said, came round on the boat from St. Louis, and it is supposed they knew something about the robbery.—Cin. Com.

THE DIFFERENCE.—It costs nearly twice as much per annum under the Administration of Mr. Polk to carry on the war against Mexico, as it did under Mr. Madison to carry on the war against the Kingdom of Great Britain!

In the war with Great Britain, it was not the fashion to give government contracts to sets of rascally adventurers, actuated by no other object than to swindle the government out of the greatest amount possible.—Lou. Jour.

A CANDID MONARCH.—One of our exchanges tells a good 'un concerning Royalty. It is said that George II., being informed that an imputer printer was to be punished for having published a spurious king's speech, replied that he hoped the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own. It is very well known that Kings never write their own speeches, and scarcely ever know what the ministry will give them to say until the printed speech is put into their hands for declamation.

INDIANA.—The Indianapolis Journal of Monday, makes the following statement in relation to the result of the late elections:

We were in error in stating the political complexion of the Senate at 26 Democrats and 24 Whigs.—That body is again a tie, the third occurrence of the past four years. The House will be from four to six whig majority.

"Long John Wentworth," editor of the Chicago Democrat, and member of Congress from the Chicago District, speaking of the New Hampshire election, says—"Thus the New Hampshire Delegation will be tied in the next Congress. Make Tom Ritchie the exponent of Democracy, and keep him warring on the Wilnot Proviso much longer, and where will our party be?"

We see it stated that the chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary is preparing biographical sketches of the principal felons confined in that institution. A work of this kind will meet with a large and ready sale, for there is an insatiable appetite abroad for such reading. Scioto Gazette.

Hear the last piece of advice given by the assistant editor of the Boston Post:

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows, and sighs," said our Mrs. Partington to her niece, "Let him tell you that you are like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a carnation, and an eye like an asterisk; but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

ALABAMA.—The majority of Chapman, Dem., for Governor, in 24 counties is 2,772. Of the 7 members of Congress, the Whigs have 2, being a gain of one.

Elias F. Drake, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, has been nominated for Representative in Greene county.

