From the N. Y. Globe.

The Mexican and Texian—The Barbarity of the one and the Chivalry of the other.

The enemies of Texas and the Annexation of Texas have long indulged in violent abuse of the Texians, have neglected no occasion to denounce the revolutionary movement of Texas as vile rebellion, and even now look upon Annexation as a violation of international law and an usurpation of the rights of Mexico. It was not enough that the people of Texas had protested against the treaty made by this Government with Spain in 1819, by which that country and its people were sold to a monarchical Government—it was not enough that when Mexico subsequently became independent of the Spanish crown, (and by the efforts of the Texians, too,) the promise of a constitutional Government was not fulfilled, and a military despotism, despotic restrictions and tyrannical laws established—it was not enough that the Texians inheriting the spirit and patriotism and independence of the Norman Saxon race, and following the example of *their* fathers in *our* revolution, took up arms and, against fearful odds, achieved their liberty—it was not enough that the national existence of Texas was recognized by our Government and by the great European powers—it was not enough that for eight years Texas was, *de facto* and *de jure*, a Government of herself, defying the power of Mexico, though the object of the uncivilized and cowardly marauding of Mexican banditti; all these facts were not sufficient to awaken a patriotic throb in the bosom of Federalism or suppress the opposition of a few selfish and faithless partisans, who thought they saw in the great national question of Annexation a loss of influence, power and place. No! The Texians were rebels—Texas was a Botany Bay—"the receptacle of all things lost on earth,"—superlative abuse and denunciation have distinguished the opposition to Texas and Texas Annexation. This very question of Annexation determined the result of the last Presidential election, and in that result and the circumstances which preceded it, we witness the irresistible power of the popular will. Leaders of party—mere politicians who study with nicety political chances, with no regard to measures or stationed interest—seemingly all powerful, fell as chaff before the wind when the people spoke. Results deemed inevitable did not take place—Henry Clay was *not* elected and James K. Polk was *not* defeated. It was Texas—the Annexation of Texas—the addition of an Empire to the Republic and the re-union of a People who should never have been dissevered from us—that awakened the popular impulse and gave life, animation, *action*, to the Republican hosts. Thus will it ever be, and thus may it ever be, when "great" men would restrain the national desire.

But we ask our readers, that they may be better satisfied of the injustice which the opponents of Annexation have rendered the people of Texas, not to say treachery to our national interests, our national institutions, to the progress of our national glory, and to the curtailment of European influence on this continent, to read the extracts which form the body of this article. They are taken from the book, soon to be issued by the Harpers, written by Gen. Green, of Texas, commander of the Meir expedition and a prisoner for a long time in the castle of Perote. These extracts show the inhuman and unexampled barbarity of the Mexicans, and the noble, republican, Norman Saxon chivalry of the Texians. They will show the kind of *sympathy* we should have for the Mexicans—they will start the blood of every friend of liberty and humanity—and shame, if that be possible, those cold and callous partisans who would have postponed annexation until "some future period," and permitted, in the interim, Texas to be overrun, and her men, women and children slaughtered. What follows is an extract relating to the *decimation* and the shooting of every tenth Texian taken prisoner at the Meir battle:

On the 24th marched eleven leagues. On the 25th marched early, and arrived at the Salado about 2 o'clock, P. M. Soon after they arrived, our men received the melancholy intelligence that they were to be decimated, and each tenth man shot.

It was now too late to resist this horrible order. Our men were closely ironed and drawn up in front of their guards, with arms in readiness to fire. Could they have known it previously they would have again charged their guards, and made them dearly pay for this last perfidious breach of national faith. It was now too late! A manly gloom and a proud defiance pervaded all countenances. They had but one alternative, and that was to invoke their country's vengeance upon their murderers, consign their souls to God, and die like men. Could these martyrs in liberty's cause, who so proudly yielded up their lives for their country, have known that their President had endorsed their execution by the most villainous of all falsehoods, declaring them brigands—great God! what would have been their feelings!

The decimator, Colonel Domingo Huerta, who was especially nominated to this black deed after Governor Mexier refused its execution, had arrived at Salado ahead of our men. The '*Red-cap*' company were to be our executioners; those men whose lives had been so humanely spared by our men at this place on the 11th of February.

The decimation took place by the drawing of black and white beans from a small earthen mug. The white ones signified *exemption*, and the black, *death*. One hundred and fifty-nine white beans were placed in the bottom of the mug, and seventen black ones placed upon the top of them. The beans were not stirred, and had so slight a shake that it was perfectly clear they had not been mixed together. Such was their anxiety to shoot Capt. Cameron, and perhaps the balance of the officers, that first Cameron, and afterward they, were made to draw a bean each from the mug in this condition.

The opposite plate, sketched by Charles McLaughlin, who was an eye-witness, and so fortunate as to draw clear, represents the gallant Cameron in the act of drawing first. He said, with his usual coolness, 'Well, boys, we have to draw, let's be at it;' so saying he thrust his hand into the mug, and drew out a white bean. Next came Col. Wm. F. Wilson, who was chained to him; then Capt. Wm. Ryan, and then Judge F. M. Gibson, all of whom drew white beans. Next came Capt. Eastland, who drew the first black one, and then came the balance of the men. They all drew their beans with that manly dignity and firmness which showed them superior to their condition. Some of lighter temper jested over the bloody tragedy. One would say, 'Boys, this beats raffling all to pieces;' another would say, that 'this is the tallest gambling scrape I ever was in,' and such like remarks. None showed a change of countenance; and as the black beans failed to depress, so did the white fail to elate. The knocking off the irons from the unfortunate alone told who they were. Poor Robert Beard, who lay upon the ground near by, exceedingly ill, and nearly exhausted from his forced marches and sufferings, called his brother William, who was bringing him a cup of water, and said, 'Brother, if you draw a black bean, I'll take your place; I want to die.' The brother, with overwhelming anguish, said—'No! I will keep my own place; I am stronger, and better able to die than you.' These noble youths both drew clear, but both soon after died, leaving this last Roman legacy to their venerable parents in Texas. Several of the Mexican officers who officiated in this cruel violation of their country's faith, expressed great dissatisfaction thereat, and some wept bitterly. Soon after, the fated were placed in a separate court-yard, where, about dark, they were executed.

Several of our men were permitted to visit the unfortunate previously to the execution, to receive their dying requests. Poor Major Cocke, when he first drew the fatal bean, held it up between his fore-finger and thumb, and with a smile of contempt, said, 'Boys, I told you so; I never failed in my life to draw a prize;' and then he said to Judge Gibson, 'Well, Judge, say to my friends that I died in grace.' The Judge, much affected at this last sad parting, showed it from his tears. The Major replied, 'They only rob me of forty years,' and then sat down and wrote a sensible and dignified letter of remonstrance to Gen. Waddy Thompson, the United States Minister in Mexico; and knowing that his remains would be robbed of his clothes after his death, drew off his pantaloons, handed them to his surviving comrades, and died in his under-clothes.

Poor Henry Whaling, one of Cameron's best fighters, as he drew his black bean, said, with as bright a look as ever lighted man's countenance, 'Well, they don't make much off me, any how, for I know I have killed twenty-five of the yellow-bellies;' then demanding his dinner in a firm tone, and saying that 'they shall not cheat me out of it,' he ate heartily, smoked a cigar, and in twenty minutes after, was launched into eternity! The Mexicans said that this man had the biggest heart of any they ever saw. They shot him fifteen times before he expired!

Poor Torrey, quite a youth, but in spirit a giant, said that 'he was perfectly willing to meet his fate; that for the glory of his country he had fought, and for her glory he was willing to die;' and turning to the officer, said, 'After the battle of San Jacinto, my family took one of your prisoner youths, raised and educated him, and this is our requital.'

Edward Este spoke of his fate with the coolest indifference, and said that he would rather be shot than dragged along in this manner. Cash said, 'Well, they murdered my brother with Col. Fannin, and they are about to murder me.'

J. L. Jones said to the interpreter, 'Tell the officer to look upon men who are not afraid to die for their country.'

Captain Eastland behaved with the most patriotic dignity; he desired that his country should not particularly avenge his death, but for her own honor he implored her never to lay down her arms until the most ample reparation and her unconditional freedom should be secured. He said, 'I know that some have thought me timid, but thank God! death has no terrors for me.' Major Robert Dunham said 'he was prepared to die, and would to God that he had a chance to do the same thing over again; and he gloried in the demonstration they had made, which showed Texans without arms to be more than equal to Mexicans with them.' James Ogden, with his usual equanimity of temper, smiled at his fate, and said, 'I am prepared.'

Young Robert W. Harris behaved in the most unflinching manner, and called upon his companions to avenge the murder, while their flowing tears and bursting hearts, invoking heaven for their witness, responded to the call. I have the utmost confidence that this pledge, so solemnly plighted, will be redeemed.

They one and all invoked their country to do both them and herself justice. Capt. Cameron, in taking his leave of these brave men, and particularly of Turnbull, a brother Scotchman, with whom he had been in many dangers, wept bitterly, and implored the officers to execute him and spare his men.

Just previous to the firing they were bound together with cords, and their eyes being bandaged, they were set upon a log near the wall, with their backs to their executioners. They all begged the officer to shoot them in front, and at a short distance; that 'they were not afraid to look death in the face.' This he refused; and, to make his cruelty as refined as possible, fired at several paces, and continued the firing from ten to twelve minutes, lacerating and mangling these heroes in a manner too horrible for description.

Our interpreter, who was permitted to remain with them to the last, says that 'fifteen times they wounded that iron-nerved soul, Henry Whaling; and it would seem that Providence had a special care in prolonging his existence, that he might demonstrate to his enemies the national character they had to contend with; for he gritted his teeth and defied them in terms of withering reproach, until they placed a gun to his head and blew his brains against the wall. Such was the effect of this horrible massacre upon their own soldiers, who were stationed as a guard upon the wall above, that one of them fainted, and came near falling over, but was caught by his comrades.

During the martyrdom of these noble patriots, the main body of our men were separated from them by a stone wall of some fifteen feet high, and heard their last agonized groans with feelings of which it would be mockery to attempt the description. The next morning, as they were marched on the road to Mexico, they passed the mangled bodies of their dead comrades, whose bones now lie bleaching upon the plains of Salado, a perishing remembrance of exalted patriotism, but a lasting one of the infamy of their President, Sam Houston, who caused them to be falsely executed as robbers and marauders upon Mexico.

Thirty days had now elapsed and the bloody appetites of the Mexicans increased. The gallant Capt. Cameron was doomed, even though he had passed the ordeal of drawing a 'white' bean instead of a 'black' one. Who can read the simple recital of the murder of Cameron and the nobility of his death and remain unmoved!

Thirty days after the horrible murder of our seventeen countrymen at Salado on the 25th of March, the main body of the survivors were marched on the road to the capital, a distance of five hundred miles, under suffering the most cruel, which killed several; and many others, being unable to travel, were left in the hospitals of San Luis Potosi, Dolores, and San Juan del Rio, from which miserable sinks but few ever returned. It would be swelling this journal beyond all reasonable bounds to detail the actual suffering of these men; indeed, language would give the reader but a poor idea of these sad recollections. Thus, after thirty days' march, they arrived at the village of Huehuetoca, seven leagues from the city of Mexico, where they were crowded together in a room too small to permit of their lying down, and into which not a breath of air could enter when the door was closed. In a very little time the air became so impure, from the exhaustion of the oxygen, that the candles went out, and respiration became exceedingly difficult. They in vain appealed to the guards at the door to let in fresh air, and when death the most cruel stared them wholesale in the face, as a last alternative they had recourse to cutting holes in the door with their pocket knives, and alternately breathing at these small orifices.

This was, indeed, as the Mexican soldiers called it, *la noche triste*, 'the sad night.' Their march of many leagues the day before, through an insufferable dust, a burning sun, the want of food and water, and then at night not even space sufficient of the stone floor to lie upon, and a suffocating atmosphere to breathe, was not their full measure of wo. About 8 o'clock at night a menial murderer, with a pair of epaulets upon his shoulders, and a guard of about one dozen mounted men, under broad-brimmed hats, arrived with orders from the tyrant Santa Ana to shoot the bold and beloved Captain Ewin Cameron.

Capt. Cameron was unchained from his partner, Col. Wm. F. Wilson, and, with his interpreter, Alfred Thurmond, taken out of prison, and kept under a separate guard until morning; and when informed that he was to be shot, wrote a manly and dignified letter of remonstrance to the British minister against such a cold-blooded murder of a national enemy and a British subject. The writer regrets his inability as yet to be able to procure this last letter.

The next morning, after our men were marched for the city of Mexico, he was taken out in the rear of the village to the place of execution. A priest, the usual attendant of Mexican executions, was in waiting, and when he was asked if he wished to confess to the father, he promptly answered, "No! throughout life I believe that I have lived an upright man, and if I have to confess it shall be to my Maker." His arms were then tied with a cord at the elbows and drawn back, and when the guard advanced to bandage his eyes, he said to his interpreter, "*Tell them no! Ewin Cameron can now, as he has often done before for the liberty of Texas, look death in the face without winking.*" So saying, he threw his hat and blanket upon the ground, opened the bosom of his hunting shirt, presented his naked breast, and gave the word 'Fire!' when his noble soul in a twinkling passed into another, we trust a better world. Thus fell Ewin Cameron! Long, long will the patriotic of his adopted country cherish the memory of one whose bosom was bared to every danger, and whose life was sacrificed to liberty.

As we have before said, he was a Scotchman, and a more honorable or bolder Scotchman never left his native land. He was about thirty-six years of age, tall and well proportioned, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, and of extraordinary physical power, which was in perfect keeping with his manly countenance and lion heart. We recollect him well at the battle of Mier, defending with his gallant company one of our most exposed situations. He wore a bowie-knife at his side, and held in his hand a tremendous rifle which carried ten balls to the pound; and it was certain death for an enemy to cover his sight at three hundred yards. On one occasion during the action, a column of the enemy charged so near upon his position, along a low stone wall four feet high, and not having time to re-load, he thundered out, in his ever-memorable, glorious Highland brogue, '*Boys, to your stones!*' No sooner said than a shower of fifty well aimed pebbles, about the size of one's fist, saluted the assailants, knocking down many, and scattering the remainder to the four winds. This sensible man, with an intuitive forecast which he could never have picked from all the books of all the wars, previous to the charge ordered his company, stationed along the before-mentioned wall, to 'pile up good-sized throwing stones,' and keep them in readiness as a *corps de reserve*. They proved to be as effective as if they had been hurled by steam power; for the fact was ascertained after the battle that several of the enemy were found dead without having their skins broken, such was the effect of this novel repulse.

What a victory we have achieved—that is, the Democracy—in the acquistion of Texas! Should such a people have come to us with their independence in one hand and the war weapon with which they achieved it in the other, and tender them for the strength and defence of our Union, and be repulsed! Never, by the American Democracy.

Honor to American Manufacturers.

Horace H. Day, of Maiden-lane, has received a magnificent gold box, richly set with diamonds, as an acknowledgment of a present of articles made of India Rubber, which he some time since sent to the Pacha Bey of Tunis. The articles, we hear, were a portable India Rubber boat, a pair of his celebrated Corrugated Boots and Breeches, and an India Rubber vessel to use in transporting water upon the back of camels, in the place of goat skins.

The letter from the Bey accompanying the box, which Mr. Day has in the original, is translated as follows:

Glory to God!—From the slave of All Powerful God, the Mouchir Achmet Pacha Bey, Emir of the Tunisian Armies. To our Ally, John Howard Payne, Consul General of the American Government at Tunis: We have received from you divers object's formed of a material which water cannot penetrate, and which your letter whereby they were accompanied, declares to have been sent to us by the inventor, Horace H. Day, of New York, in the American country. This is the first time we have seen any thing of this sort from an American. They have gratified us much. There will come to you, herewith, a box of Gold, adorned with brilliants. We desire that you will have the goodness to send it to Mr. Day, that he may have a remembrance of us, as we have of him, in the productions which he has placed in our possession. May God have you under his holy guardianship. Written the 28th day of Jomadhi El Aouel, the year 1261, [corresponding with June 3d, 1845.]

The following very gratifying communication from the American Consul at Tunis, also came with the present:

U. S. Consulate, Tunis, June 3d, 1845.

Sir—The departure for America, of Mr. William B. Gale, my late Vice Consul, enables me to forward you an acknowledgment from the Pacha Bey of Tunis, in return for the India Rubber Boat and other articles of the same material, which you entrusted to me for his Highness. The original letter in Arabic, which his Highness wrote to me upon the subject, is enclosed, and accompanying it, a literal translation.

Believe me, sir, it affords me the sincerest pleasure to find American skill thus appreciated in a far distant land, and to have been rendered the medium for extending a knowledge of the ingenuity of my countrymen. I have the honor to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

For Mr. Horace H. Day, Maiden-lane, New York.

The intrinsic value of the box is many hundred dollars, but Mr. Day, we presume, estimates it more highly.

The rim of the box is studded with large diamonds of great value, while the brilliants on the cover are very ingeniously arranged so as to represent a boat. From the bow rises a diamond flower, the forget-me-not, as a token of the Pacha's grateful remembrance, and in the stern, the little flower *Immortelle*, equivalent in Oriental language to "May you live forever," while in the centre rises the India Rubber Tree, around which a serpent entwines, thus denoting the application of Science to the manufacture of Caoutchouc, and that nature yields to human skill, comforts, luxuries and fortunes.—*N. Y. News.*

Curious sub-marine substance.—John L. Dimmock, Esq., president of the Warren Insurance Company, Boston, has at his office a very curious specimen of the wonderful operations of the sea upon substances deposited upon its bottom. It is a concreted mass of submarine substances, such as various shells, &c., united with the solidity and weight of stone, from which are protruded several Spanish milled dollars. This is part of a large quantity which has been recently taken up from the place where the Spanish ship San Pedro was blown up, February 11th, 1815. An enterprising company fitted out the brig Frances Amy, Captain Blaney, from Baltimore, for the purpose of making an experiment for the recovery of the money known to have been on board the Spanish ship at the time of her destruction. We are happy to hear that the attempt has so far proved successful, that they have raised and brought home over $27,000—nearly all of which was in the same state as the specimen of which we have spoken. Among other curious formations which were raised in the course of the search, we learn that a single cannon-ball was brought up with thirty dollars firmly imbedded in it. Some of the solid masses of rock and shells, on being broken open, were found to contain rows of dollars, as if they had remained there in the same order in which they came from the boxes in which they were originally packed. This property is now brought into use again, after having lain thirty years on the bottom of the ocean, subject to all the wonderful changes incident to such a situation.—*Boston Atlas.*

Marvelous Invention.—A paper on the continent mentions *the re-discovery of malleable glass* in Saint Etienne. It is the production of a sort of glass as malleable when cold as while red hot. The *Moniteur des Arts* says—"This new metal, which ere long will be more valuable than gold, and which the inventor has called *Silicon*, is of a white color, very sonorous and as brilliant and transparent as crystal. It can be obtained with equal ease opaque or colored; combines with various substances, and some of the combinations produce shades of extraordinary beauty. It is without smell, very ductile, very malleable, and neither air nor acids affect it. It can be blown like glass, and melted or stretched out into long threads of perfect regularity. It is very hard, very tough, and possesses the qualities of molten steel, in the very highest degree, without requiring to be tempered. A variety of objects have been made of the Silicon, which are about to be exhibited to the public on the Place of the Hotel de Ville at Saint Etienne.

Singular Preservation of a Dead Body.—Col. Todd, our Minister at the Court of Russia, describes a remarkable case of an undecayed body which came under his notice. The body is at Reval, on the Baltic. It is that of General Duke de Croy, a Frenchman, who was in the Russian service, under Peter the Great. At his death, in the beginning of the 18th century, his creditors did not allow his friends to bury the body until his heirs should pay his debts. The body remained in the church unburied, and was kept in a dry room under ground, and it is supposed by some that the composition of the soil (which is chalk and limestone) preserved it from decay. The body is perfectly dry; some of the teeth, and white hairs are in a perfect state. The skin is of a brown color; and was represented, when first exposed to the air, to be very elastic. If you strike the chest or the belly, it gives a hollow sound. The stockings are nearly decayed, but the boots are entire, and the hairs of the wig are in a good condition.

There is a gentleman in this city, says the Troy Budget of the 28th ult., who has taken out a patent for petrifying dead bodies, or almost any other substance of a similar nature. The body, after some preparation, is immersed in a liquid that in the short space of fourteen days will render it as solid as a rock of marble. The cost is but trifling compared with the lasting benefit rendered to those who may wish to preserve and look upon departed friends. He informs us that a boquet of fresh flowers immersed in this liquid, will in a few days be solid and durable as though they were cut out of marble.

Editorial Rooms.

Persons unconnected with literary pursuits have quite as much curiosity to see the inside of an editorial room as the boys who fight double combats with laths in front of the Bowery Theatre have to view the arrangements behind the scenes. The imagination makes both places sacred, and endows them with many mysterious attributes which, in reality, they do not possess. We can well remember the time when a look at an actor or author, off duty, was a sight, to us, worth the living for. "A little more than a man," was the thought that flitted through our mind upon seeing one of these pieces of public property. "Every thing they possess," thought we, "is of immense value. Their books, their clothing, their household gods, their painting, music, &c., are all of a different style from those used by persons in the every day walks of life." And there are thousands of individuals who, at this moment, entertain the same notions. Ask ten men to describe the supposed appearance and condition of an editor's room, nine of them will picture it as filled with rare pictures, covered with fine carpets and hangings, adorned with luxurious articles of furniture, stocked (in a corner cupboard) with a few dozens of approved wine, and a box of the best regalias, and rendered intellectually agreeable by a select library of books, writing materials of a most costly description grace a beautiful table, and in an easy chair covered with red morocco, lolls the editor, who is approached by the *attaches* of the establishment with awe and reverence. "Ah!" sighs the uninitiated, after viewing the picture, "what a happy man is an editor!" Is he! The picture is air-drawn, and like the dagger Macbeth fancied, "the handle towards his hand." Editors' rooms are the most uncomfortable dens imaginable. We can liken them to no place save a coal-hole, which is different somewhat, inasmuch as it is much the neatest looking concern. To each daily paper there are, generally, about twelve compositors, and as many persons engaged in the business department. The shabbiest looking man among them is the drudge editor; he who writes from three to four columns daily, who must go to every fire for "particulars," feeds modestly at a side table at a public dinner while he makes a brilliant account of the proceedings, perambulates the streets at midnight for a true and particular version of the last accident, suicide, or murder, and picks up all the sparkling jokes that season the toast at breakfast, and prevent the coffee from shattering your nerves. The shabby man is put into a little six by twelve room apportioned off from the printing office, by a ricketty partition of pine scantling, and here, breathing the vapors of a smoky lamp, he scrawls his articles upon such waste paper as he can purchase for a mere song. The cell contains nothing but an old ink-spotted coverless table and a feeble chair. From such holes emanate all the disquisitions which characterize the independent press of New York. Those shabby men, toiling for day-laborer's wages, enrich you, gentle reader, by the notices they give your business. They, with their written morality, cultivate the minds of your children, and carve out their moral destinies. They foster genius, bring to notice and usefulness new inventions, make Presidents, set forward or retard great enterprises; in short, they sway a power that is almost absolute for either good or evil. Reader, those little rooms devoid as they are of all enticements for the optics, are holy. They are protected from sacrilegious defamation by the pride of power which their shabby, poverty-stricken tenants feel, and you *are* right in entertaining a curiosity with regard to them. "The pen is mightier than the sword," and it may render sacred even that despised depository of anthracite, 'yclept a coal hole.—*Noah's Messenger.*

A Monster of The Deep.—We had the satisfaction (says the New York Commercial Advertiser) of examining the fossil remains of an enormous creature, apparently of serpent kind and of maratime habits which were discovered recently by Dr. Koch, about two feet beneath the surface of a prarrie in Alabama. Words can give but a faint idea of the enormous bulk indicated by these stony substitutes for the bones that once composed the frame-work of the animal. As they lie, carefully replaced in their original order, they stretch out to the vast length of a hundred and fourteen feet; but it is apparent that some of the joints near the tail are wanting, and they touch each other as they lie, whereas there must have been intervals between the joints, once filled with cartilage; so that the length of the living animal was probably from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and 30 feet. The form of the vertebræ and of the head is excellently preserved, and the remains have suffered very little from exposure or accident. Some twenty-five or thirty of the ribs are in their places, showing that the diameter of the creature must have been six feet or more; and it seems to have been provided with a pair of large and immensely powerful fins or paddles at the termination of the neck.

The name of "Monstrous Hydrargos" has been given to this stupendous animal; and well it may be called monstrous, for it greatly surpasses in bulk all the antediluvian creatures whose fossil relics have hitherto been discovered—whether mammon, mastodon, saurian, Missourium or iguanodon. The skeleton of the latter presents, we believe, a length of seventy feet or thereabout; but the hydrargos goes nearly fifty feet beyond. It is by far the *greatest* curiosity we ever saw.

Pharaoh or Faro.—John—hopeful—had been to New Orleans, to sell goods for his father somewhere up the River. Now it so happened that John—being what is called "hopeful" which means a lad whom no sort of hope can reasonably be entertained—had been much amused in New Orleans: and to be amused as he was, is a thing that costs money. The paternal cash "suffered some" in the course of the operation.

"John," says the father, notes falling due and payments coming round, I wish you'd settle up. Where's that money?"

"Safe, father—very."

"Good boy—but safe where?"

"In bank, father—safe in bank!"

"Good again—but what's the name of the bank?"

"Name! oh, yes—I remember now—the money is in the New Orleans bank with the Scripture name to it."

"A bank with a Scripture name to it! I never heard of such a thing—what bank—what name?"

"It was the Faro Bank, father. Isn't Pharaoh a Scripture name?"

"John had been in the hands of the Egyptians.—*Neal's Saturday Gazette.*

Aldus, the famos Venetian printer, placed this inscription over his door.—"No leisure for gossipping, and those only admitted who come upon business, which they are requested to dispatch in as short a time as possible.

Married, In Centreville, Ind. by *Rev. LeRoy Woods*, Mr. Cyrus Bentley, Printer, to Miss Sarah Jane, daughter of Mr. Edward H. Hudson. We hope Cyrus will do as well in his new situation as he has the ability. May all happiness attend him and his bride.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Temperance Notice.

To the Editors of the State Sentinel.

Gentlemen:—In accordance with the provisions of a resolution adopted by the Washington Temperance Society of this city, on Tuesday evening, September 23d, I herewith submit for publication, in the State Sentinel, the following question, to be debated in the Society, in the Lecture room of the 2d Presbyterian Church, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 7th, viz:—"Has any person any right (except a legal one) to retail spiritous liquors in this community." The question will be argued, affirmatively, by Messrs. H. P. Coburn and A. G. Porter; and negatively, by Messrs. J. L. Ketcham and A. M. Carnahan.

Ordered, That invitations be extended, through the respective newspapers of the city, to all who may wish to participate in the discussion. By order, &c.

J. G. JORDAN, *Secretary I. W. T. S.*

Travelling Agents

For the Weekly and Semi-Weekly State Sentinel, E. S. Tyler, Benjamin Drum, S. W. Free.

Notice.

☞We desire our subscribers to understand that we invariably discontinue all papers mailed, as soon as their subscriptions expire. This is our *rule* and none should be offended at it.

☞Several of our Produce subscribers who desire to continue the paper must attend to it at once.

QUEENSWARE.

A GENERAL assortment of common, and some choice qualities of ware, for sale at SMITH & HANNA'S. 33

A Novel Air-gun Cane.—The New York News tells of a gentleman of that city who has an air gun of his own invention, in the form of a walking-stick, which is of the most ingenious and admirable workmanship. He charges it by a very simple process in less than one minute, when it will fire, without a recharge of air, *twenty times*. He fired it repeatedly in the presence of the editor of the News, putting a ball each time through a board, with a wafer upon it, at the distance of three or four rods, and generally within an inch of the wafer. He has another with a small spy-glass upon it, through which he takes sight; and, when out shooting crows, he is able to see the very eye of the crow, and he has often put the ball directly through it. No one can detect this gun from a common walking stick.

Pretty and True.—A late writer, in an article recommending rural pursuits, says:—"A love of country, and of rural pursuits, induces early rising; and the glow of health which mantles on the lovely cheeks of the fair who rise with the lark, and the brightness of the eye that glistens with healthful radiance, is more fascinating to the eye and heart of men than the artificial roseate to be found in the ball room.

THE MAMMOTH STABLE.
Entire New Arrangements.

THE celebrated Mammoth Stable having again come under the supervision of the subscriber, he is happy to inform his old friends and the public, that it has been newly refitted and graded, and now offers the best accommodations for horses to be found in the State. He has selected an entire new stock for livery, furnished new carriages and harness, provided the most attentive and skillful attendants, and will keep on hand constantly the best of all kinds of provender. The best of water is connected with the stable. To all disposed to favor him with their custom, he pledges himself to spare no exertions to give complete satisfaction. Horses taken by the day, week, month, or for any time, long or short, and the best attention paid to them. Patronage solicited. 31 3w JOHN LISTER.

NOTICE.

THE twelfth annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Branch at Indianapolis of the State Bank of Indiana, will be held at the Banking house on the first Monday in November next, between the hours of one and four o'clock, P. M. at which time and place an election will be held for the choice of Seven Directors on the part of the Stockholders in said Branch for the ensuing year.

B. F. MORRIS, Cashier.

September, 26, 1845. 34-1aw-4t N 2

State of Indiana---Marion County.

In the Probate Court of said County.

Henry P. Todd, administrator, and Frances Phillips, administratrix of the Estate of Israel Phillips, deceased, vs. Thomas Phillips, James Phillips, Israel Phillips, William Phillips, John Phillips, Sarah Ann Phillips, Catharine Phillips and Nancy Phillips.

Petition for sale of Real Estate, &c.

ISRAEL Phillips, one of the above named defendants, is hereby notified, that at the August term, 1845, of said Probate court, the above named *Henry* P. Todd, administrator, and Frances Phillips, administratrix, of the Estate of Israel Phillipps, deceased, filed this petition in said court (for the purpose of procuring a sale of certain real estate therein described, to make the same assets in their hands to pay the debts outstanding against said estate,) against him and the other defendants above named, the heirs of said Israel Phillips, deceased, also an affidavit of a disinterested person showing that he is not a resident of the State of Indiana—that said petition is now pending in said court: and further, that he, said Israel, appear unto said court on the first day of the next term thereof, to be held at the Court-house in Indianapolis, on the second Monday in October next, and answer said petition, and show cause, if any, why such real estate should not be sold as in and by said petition prayed, and that in default thereof, decree will be taken against him.

By order of the court,

Attest, 29-3w R. B. DUNCAN, Clk.

State of Indiana--Johnson County.

In the Johnson Probate Court.

Joseph B. Dobson, Ex. vs. Hannah Katharine McGaughey et al.

Petition to sell Land

THE defendants, Hannah Katharine McGaughey, Margaret McGaughey, Nancy Jane McGaughey, Mary Ann McGaughey and Martha Caroline McGaughey will take notice that the complainant will, at the next term of the Johnson Probate Court, to be held at the Court House in Franklin, on the second Monday in November next, apply to said court for confirmation of the order of sale heretofore taken in the premises, and for leave to convey the premises sold to James Ritchey, the purchaser thereof, and that unless they appear in said court on the first day of the term aforesaid, and show good cause to the contrary, the case will be heard and determined in their absence.

Witness Isaac Jones, clerk of said court, this 18th day of Sept. A. D. 1845.

ISAAC JONES, Clk.

By Royal S. Hicks, Dep.

F. M. Finch, Sol. for complainant. 33-3w is

Territory of Wisconsin---Milwaukee County.

Before the Hon. A. G. Miller, in the District Court.

June Term, A. D., 1845.

IN the matter of the petition of John B. Myers, an insolvent debtor, to be discharged from his debts. It appearing to the satisfaction of the court that notice of the pendency of this application has not been published according to the former order made herein, on motion of Hodget & Walker, solicitors for petitioner, it is ordered that all the creditors of said insolvent be and they are hereby required to show cause, if any they have, on the second Monday in November, A. D., 1845, before the said Judge, at the Court House, in the town of Milwaukee, why an assignment of the estate of said insolvent should not be made and he discharged from his debts. By the Court.

☞Wisconsin Argus published at Madison, W. T., and Indiana Sentinel, published at Indianapolis, In., will please publish the above notice for 16 weeks successively, and send affidavit of publication and bill to this office.—*Milwaukee Courier.* 29-10w

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has taken letters of administration on the estate of Abner Mitchell late of Marion county and State of Indiana, deceased. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same, are notified to present them duly authenticated for settlement. The said estate is supposed to be insolvent.

September 11, 1845. MARGARET MITCHELL,

30-3w-is Administratrix.

A CARD.
To our Customers.

WE are now receiving a large and complete assortment of *Staple and Fancy Dry Goods*; and of *Groceries, Hardware, Queensware Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps*; and in truth almost every article required by the *Farming Community* which we offer for sale at our usual low rates for *Cash or Produce*. Strangers visiting Town are invited to call and see us. SMITH & HANNA

33 Opposite Branch Bank of the State of Indiana.

DYE STUFFS.

IT is well known that this House always keeps the first quality of *Indigo, Madder, Logwood, Copperas*, etc. for sale at low rates

33 SMITH & HANNA.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE best assortment we have ever offered for sale, and remember we buy your produce and pay cash! for many kinds, if you do not want goods. 33 SMITH & HANNA.

any place they may designate in the city, or it will be carefully put up and placed in the mails, at the rate of two dollars per annum, in advance. If payment is delayed until the expiration of the year, three dollars will be charged, and a proportionable rate for any delay in payments after the receipt of the first number. Advance payments are preferred, as they are better both for the subscriber and the publisher. The publisher reserves the right to discontinue the papers at any time where advance payment is not made.

As an inducement for clubbing, and in lieu of commissions, the following liberal terms are proposed:

Five copies of the Courier will be sent to one Post Office for eight dollars.

Ten copies will be sent for fifteen dollars. Twenty copies will be sent for twenty eight dollars.

Payment for clubs must be made at the time of subscribing.

POSTAGE FREE.

Subscribers can receive their papers at the following named Post Offices, free of postage:

INDIANA.		Hibernia, Clark county	
Home, Jefferson county		New Providence	"
South Hanover	"	New Washington	"
Smockville	"	Lexington, Scott county	
Dupont	"	New Frankfort	"
Hindsville	"	Vienna	"
Bryantsburgh	"	Scipio, Jennings county	
Canaan	"	Six Mile	"
Graham	"	Vernon	"
Salida	"	Paris	"
Lancaster	"	Elm Grove	"
Ramsay's Mills	"	Murray's Mills	"
Pleasant, Switz. co		KENTUCKY.	
Allensville	"	New Castle, Henry co	
Jacksonville	"	Hendersonville	"
Moorefield	"	Cambellsburg	"
Mount Sterling	"	Carrollton, Carroll county	
Cross Plains, Ripley co		Prestonville	"
Sutman's	"	Ghent	"
New Marion	"	Bedford, Trimble county	
Versailles	"	Corn Creek	"
Buchanan's	"	Milton	"

Subscribers residing near any of the regular landing points of the steamboats "Swiftsure" and Wm. R. McKee" can have their papers left at any place they may designate without any additional charge.

Care will be taken to have papers forwarded by the earliest opportunity in all cases, whether by mail or by private conveyance. SAMUEL F. COVINGTON.

Madison, Sept. 20, 1845.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE Treasurer and Collector of Johnson County, hereby gives notice, that the Duplicate for the present year is now in his hands, the amount of taxes charged for the year, 1845, on each one hundred dollars worth of taxable property, is, for State purposes, twenty one cents and seven mills; for County purposes, twelve and one half cents; for Road purposes, six cents; on each poll, for State purposes, fifty cents, and for County purposes, fifty cents.

For the purpose of receiving taxes he will attend at the usual places of holding elections in the several townships in said county, on the following days, viz:

At Hensley Township,		on Monday the 15th September.	
" Union,	"	Tuesday the 16th	"
" White River,	"	Wednesday the 17th	"
" Pleasant,	"	Thursday the 18th	"
" Clark,	"	Friday the 19th	"
" Franklin,	"	Monday the 22d	"
" Blue River,	"	Friday the 26th	"
" Nineveh,	"	Saturday the 27th	"

He will also attend at his office in Franklin except when absent in the several townships until the first day of January next.

Each person owing road tax must produce the Supervisor's receipt in full for his State and County tax.

WM. BRIDGES,

29-6w Treasurer and Collector, J. C.

NOTICE.
Boone County Taxes for 1845.

THE Treasurer and Collector of Boone county hereby gives notice, that the Duplicate for the present year is now in his hands. The amount of Taxes charged for the year 1845, on each one hundred dollars worth of taxable property, is, for State purposes, twenty cents and seven mills; for County purposes, twenty cents; for Road purposes, ten cents; on each poll, for State purposes, fifty cents, for County purposes, fifty cents.

For the purpose of receiving taxes, he will attend at the usual places of holding elections in the several townships in said county, on the following days, to wit:

In Marion Township,		on Thursday, the 18th day of September, 1845.		
Clinton,	"	Friday,	19th	" "
Centre,	"	Saturday,	20th	" "
Washington,	"	Monday,	22d	" "
Sugar Creek,	"	Tuesday,	23d	" "
Jefferson,	"	Wednesday,	24th	" "
Perry,	"	Thursday,	25th	" "
Eagle,	"	Friday,	26th	
Union,	"	Saturday,	27th	" "
Harrison,	"	Monday,	29th	" "
Jackson,	"	Tuesday,	30th	" "

He will attend at his office in Lebanon, except when absent in the several townships, until the first day of January next.

Each person owing road tax, must produce a receipt from the Supervisor, or pay the same in money, before