From the Cincinnati Enquirer, July 7.

Gen. Taylor's Letter.

The letter of Gen. Taylor, which we published on Tuesday last, from the Signal, has, as was to be expected, been extensively republished, and has attracted universal notice. With the democratic press it has been generally received as an annunciation on the part of its author, of the fact that he will accept of the Presidency, provided he can acquire it independent of all party organization,—and that in this he utterly repudiates the movement that has been made by the whig party to use him, his name and services, to promote political ends. The high respect which the whole democratic press entertains, and has steadily manifested, not only for Gen. Taylor, but all the brave officers and men who are fighting the battles of the country abroad, has been shown upon this occasion in the courteous manner in which this document has been received and treated.

The whig leaders and presses, however, appear to be perfectly astounded. They have been glorifying Gen. Taylor, whilst denouncing the cause in which he is engaged,—lauding his services, whilst deploring their fruits,—and putting him forward as an *available* candidate for the Presidency, without knowing aught of his political principles or position. They have claimed that he was a whig, in order that they might enjoy a perfect monopoly of him;—when lo! here comes a missive from the old hero himself, announcing that he will have no connexion with *any* party,—and, if he "*decidedly* approves" a portion at least, of the article to which he responds,—least of all with whiggery.

We have so highly enjoyed the manner in which the whig presses have received this document, that we cannot forbear admitting our readers to a portion of the feast. We should like very much, in our own State, to begin at the head,—but the great central organ—the State Journal—whilst it publishes the document, is dumb as a codfish in relation to it. So we must look to the little pipes, from which the organ is awaiting to gather the power of voice, and then to echo them back. We turn, then, to the Hamilton News, from which we clip the following:

We publish to-day, a letter from General Taylor, to which we refer the reader. It is an important document at this time, when there is so much anxiety about his political position. This letter ought to be fully satisfactory to the whigs at least, unless they desire to disband the party. He says he will not be a candidate of any party, but will, if he runs at all, be the candidate of the people. This is saying that he will not submit to be pledged, as a condition of receiving the whig support, or that of the locos. If elected President, he must be called because he is General Taylor, and has fought a few successful battles—not as the supporter of any set of political principles. He must walk into the White House, unknown, unquestioned as to principles or political faith, and wholly irresponsible to any party or policy, as the hero of Buena Vista *per se!* If the whigs are prepared for the nomination of such a man, in preference to old and well tried statesmen who are willing to acknowledge all those principles of policy they hold dear, merely because he smells of blood and gunpowder, we think they have reached that point of moral destitution, that it matters but little whom they support. It is now time for the friends of correct principles to take a decided stand, and cease trifling—to *plan* for their principles and labor for success. They must go forward as men who have full confidence in what they believe, and are willing to trust to their faith for their final triumph. We must act as if we believed what we tell the world, about governmental policy, and political truth and justice. We must cease running after strange Gods; and we must choose whom we will serve. If Baal be God let us follow him; if the Lord be God follow him. If the false glory which the priests of the administration, have, in their wickedness, created as an idol for the people, is to save this nation from the impending ruin which every whig believes hangs over it, then let us fall down before it, and in the name of General Taylor sacrifice everything to it; but if it is unjust to despoil our sister Mexico of her liberty and territory, to break treaties—if we object to the admission of any more slave States—and the extension of Southern rule and dictation—let us stand up, and like men, say that we hold some few principles too dearly to trade them off at the first bid. Let us call some man to our lead who is a whig; and who is willing to be called a whig.

Pause here a moment reader, and take breath; as well to contemplate the beauties of the foregoing extract, as to prepare for the next. "It is time for the whigs to cease *trifling*." Well, we have said all along that they were "*trifling*" with Gen. Taylor; but that is not all. They have been "trifling" with the country, and "trifling" with the people for years. They did it on a large scale in 1840, and they have now set out to do it again. *Time* for them to quit! Why it was time long ago. It will require a long period of very sincere repentance on the part of these party leaders to convince the people that they "have confidence in what they believe"—or, in truth, that they believe in any thing, except in the attainment of power by fraud, and the use of it to benefit themselves. "We must cease running after strange gods." Then you *have* been doing it. Aye, and you have run after all sorts of Gods—made idols of all sorts of creatures, that were not only strange, but very *queer* Gods—and the people have refused to fall down and worship them. Preach on, friend Howell; you have a wide field before you;—for if you reform the political morals of your party leaders, you will have accomplished an Herculean task. *Perhaps* you are honest in the effort—we will wait and see.

But here comes the next—fresh from the Corwin mint—a very royal edict itself. We quote it from the Lebanon Star:

"We would have been highly gratified, if Gen. Taylor had felt himself at "liberty," and could have commanded the "time," to give his views on these momentous questions. We greatly fear if the American people are compelled to wait for them "*till the end of the war*," we shall not have his "views of public policy" during the administration of Mr. Polk. Under these circumstances the American people would be wise to postpone the claims of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency until the war is concluded, when he will have "time," we hope, "to give his personal views" without danger of their being "compromised in any manner."

We may be mistaken, but we think it very apparent, from the perusal of this letter, that Gen. Taylor has "no opinions for the public eye." He wishes to be elected President "by the spontaneous action and free will of the nation," *on trust*. What individual, of any party, who has the slightest regard for principles, is willing to approach the polls and cast his vote with his eyes bandaged? Gen. Taylor may be a second Washington, but it will be difficult to persuade the people that this is the fact until they become a little better acquainted with him. He was entirely unknown before the Florida war; but *four battles in a bad cause* have suddenly converted him into a statesman and a patriot, and give him an elevation so proud and commanding that he looks with contempt on "party schemes," and expects to be transferred from the banks of the Mississippi to the White House, by the universal and "spontaneous" movement of the people. In this he'll find himself mistaken.

There it is good reader,—and altogether we venture to say that it is as cool a specimen of federal arrogance and impudence as you have seen in a twelve-month. Gen. Taylor "has no opinions for the public eye." Mercy on us;—what a sentence in the mouth of a federal editor. We trust our venerable neighbor of the Gazette will have a safe and speedy return from the Chicago Convention;—for he and his respectable colleagues of the late "Confidential Committee," are likely to have more employment in their line. "He wishes to be elected on trust," but "he'll find himself mistaken." Is it possible that the federal party is about to repudiate the *credit system!* Are the leaders really coming down upon the HARD! What change has come o'er the spirit of their dreams! They have taken men upon "generous confidence," heretofore, which we suppose is equivalent to taking them "*upon trust*." But *now* men are not expected to go to the polls and vote with their eyes bandaged! Marvellous *progression!* In 1840, they were not only expected *to go it blind*, but to rush to the polls literally maddened with political excitement,—and many of them drunk with "hard cider." We expect to hear our neighbor respond, we have learned something from the events of which you speak. Aye, and so have the people, learned something of you, and your party leaders. Their experience is of the practical kind,—and from it they will feel warranted in believing, that your present teachings look only to devising other and more effectual means for deceiving your party followers. There is too much selfishness and party policy in this new conversion, to leave any room for honesty of purpose or principle.

But we must hasten on with our extracts. The last for which we have room this morning, is from a paper entitled the National Whig, which was established at Washington, early last spring, for the express purpose of advocating the election of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency. That print introduces this document under the startling head of

"A Forged Letter from Gen Taylor"

Loodon Trickery Exposed!

After indulging in some personalities towards our neighbor of the Signal, and publishing the letter and editorial, the Whig thus remarks:

"By this time, we have no doubt, the reader has come to the conclusion we have arrived at, namely, that the above letter, with the printed signature of Gen. Taylor to it, is a FORGERY.

"For ourselves, we do not hesitate to pronounce it a *forgery—a base, contemptible forgery*. Not that James W. Taylor is the forger. We do not say that, though he is a vain man. He is the victim of a wicked deception, if he is not the deceiver himself. He is a person of no influence in Cincinnati, and utterly unknown to General Taylor.

"There is nothing like Gen. Taylor in this silly letter. The whole world will pronounce it a counterfeit at once, because the whole world knows the style of the hero of Buena Vista.

"Compare it with the following genuine letter of the old thunderer, from the New Orleans Bulletin. That letter was written to Col. William Taylor, of Point Coupee, Louisiana. It breathes the genuine sentiments of an out-and-out whig writing to a brother whig. Is there anything in it like the twaddle of the Signal forgery? Nothing."

Here follows the letter to Col. W. Taylor, which we have already published; and the National Whig concludes as follows:

"In the meantime, we demand, as a matter of justice to the old hero, that every paper which shall publish this vile forgery from the Signal, to copy this article. Gen. Taylor himself will nail it to the counter so soon as it can reach him. The scoundrels who have been instrumental in this infamous act of forgery will be ferreted out. A gallows as high as Haman's is already prepared for them."

In republishing this extract we disclaim any intention of endorsing the imputations which it, at least, covertly casts upon our neighbor of the Signal. We could not well divide them, or we would have excluded the objectionable parts.

This is the richest joke of the *season*;—the great Taylor organ pronouncing the letter of its candidate a FORGERY! The Washington Union seems to hesitate, and thinks, possibly, the Whig is right in its bold assertions. Not a word of it. We have the original letter before us, in the hand-writing, as we are assured, of Major Bliss,—with the bold signature of the old General attached, which we have compared with the one appended to the letter furnished Mr. Atwood, the painter,—and if one is genuine both are so. But beyond this, we have the statement of a distinguished officer direct from Monterey, that he was present when the letter was written, and was requested by Gen. Taylor himself, to say to the editor of the Signal, lest he should consider it a private letter, *that it was intended for publication*.

Our columns for this morning are full;—we have no room for further comment. The editor of the Whig has got himself into a most beautiful position,—and the whole system of political humbuggery between that print and the more reckless and unscrupulous of the whig leaders, having been repudiated by Gen. Taylor himself, is utterly exploded. The idea of a forgery was a forlorn hope. That must perish,—and with it the last and brightest prospect of the federal party. What the effect is to be upon Gen. Taylor's prospects for the Presidency, we do not propose to inquire. At present we have nothing to do with that matter. We have heretofore expressed our opinions as to his political position,—and we see nothing in recent events calculated to change them.

Federal Charges against the Administration.

It is a remarkable and a significant fact—a fact which we do not remember to have observed before the present administration came into power—that the accusations mainly relied upon by the Opposition against the party and the policy now in power, are, almost without exception, too *extravagant* and too *monstrous* to admit of any reasonable belief. That this administration has made its mark broad and deep, both on the domestic and the foreign policy of the country, cannot be questioned. Certainly it has not taken refuge from censure in inactivity. Yet, with the principles and the details of a whole series of great measures before it, upon which to select a platform of opposition, the federal party is driven perforce, to allegations which, for the most part, the moment they are stated, refute themselves. That there was no cause for war—that Mexico is in the right, and our country in the wrong—that the administration has been blind and wicked enough to forget all the obligations involved in the whole policy and position of our people, and to rush into an unjust war of conquest, merely for the sake of aggression and robbery—that the President and his advisers are now willing to prolong the war for the purposes of faction—that, being thus belligerent in spirit, they are yet willing to see our Generals defeated and sacrificed—that, entertaining these views towards our own military leaders, they are yet in mysterious, if not traitorous, collusion with the military leader of Mexico—that, in spite of this collusion, the admission of Santa Anna into Mexico was a treasonable rendering of "aid and comfort" by our government to Mexico—that our triumphs in the field have crowned the American arms with imperishable laurels, yet the war has been conducted with strange "imbecility and feebleness." Such is the whole stable of accusation which the federal press pours out day after day, and on which it mainly relies to sustain its cause before the people.

Now, in all this "*farrago libelli*," there is not one single item which an intelligent man can, with a grave face, *pretend to believe*. Even while it is on his lips, he knows for himself—and he knows that his hearers know—that it is merely "*talk for Buncombe*." For the most part, it is directly self-contradictory; and for the rest, it is totally devoid of plausibility. Yet it seems to be the best—and, indeed, all—that federalism just now has to say!

But the utter *emptiness*, the *mere inanity* of those federal charges, is their least objectionable feature. They, every one of them, in so far as they gain any consideration, *dishonor the country*. They all charge upon the government placed in power by the American people a measure of folly and turpitude fit to make our land the laughing-stock and the horror of all the nations. They represent our administration voluntarily plunging into an unjust war, in order to turn traitors, in the hour of her need, to the country which has placed them in power! This is absurd enough. But straightway federalism goes one step further, and solemnly announces that the administration adopts this course *in order to stand well on the record, and have a good name hereafter!* This charge, almost in the very terms we have used, has again and again appeared in the leading federal journals as an explanation of the course of the President in respect to the war.

It is unfortunate for a party to elect a party position which is wholly *preposterous*. It is *ridiculous* for a party to make its position reflect dishonor upon its country. But it is *traitorous* for a party so to select its position, and so to shape its course, *as manifestly to encourage and help the public enemy*. That the position and course of federalism have done this, and are doing this, has been fully proved, and is scarcely denied. Under the pretence of a clamor for peace, federalism has prevented a peace. The accusations and the calumnies of the federal press and the federal orators are, indeed, too shallow and too incredible to impose upon the people of this country to any great extent. But they do impose upon and delude *the ignorance and the prejudices of Mexico*. And on the faith of this delusion—almost exclusively on the faith of it—is Mexico at this moment prolonging her nearly disarmed and utterly hopeless warfare!—*Union.*

GAMBLING IN FLOUR.—Few persons not dealing in the article, says the Boston Journal, are probably aware of the extent to which *gambling* in flour is carried on by dealers in New York. For instance, we frequently see reports in the New York papers similar to the following: "Sales of 5,300 barrels of flour to arrive in July, at $7.50; sales of 10,000 barrels to arrive in August, at $7.25." We do not pretend to say that none of these transactions are genuine, but we are confident that not one-twentieth part of this flour changes hands. When the time comes for delivery, the difference between the price agreed upon and the current rate, is paid either by the buyer or seller as the case may be. It is in fact nothing more nor less than a bet on the state of the market at a given time. In some cases bets of this kind are probably adopted to bolster up the market. For instance, we find in the N. Y. Shipping List, the following transaction in flour, which took place shortly after the arrival of the last steamer: A sale of 1,000 barrels Western, (deliverable within 48 hours of the arrival of the next steamer at $8.50." On the day this transaction took place, good Western flour could have been bought at $8, and the market was tending downward. Broadstuffs would seem to be the last article in which a man would wish to gamble.

The pair of pistols originally presented by Washington to Lafayette, and which were subsequently presented by the Washington family to General Jackson, were lately presented to the son of Lafayette in Paris, in accordance with the will of General Jackson.

From the N. O. Delta.

The Missouri Volunteers.

INCIDENTS NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.—We yesterday had the pleasure of an introduction to one of the officers of Col. Doniphan's regiment, whose martial exploits and indefatigable marches, form laudatory themes for every tongue. We found him unaffectedly frank, possessing an earnest energy, which is no doubt characteristic of the whole regiment of those western braves.

Omens.—In the course of the march certain circumstances occurred, which the men translated into certain auguries of success, whatever might be the perils they should have to encounter, and this opinion may have had some influence in forming the indomitable spirit they subsequently evinced. One of these omens is related: At one time, during the march, both men and cattle were almost overcome with thirst, and no water was to be had within a distance of sixteen or eighteen miles of them. To travel so far was impossible, for the oxen fell down under the wagons, unable longer to hold out against the parching thirst which was choking them. Just at this time, and without a single indication in the Heavens of its approach, the rain came pouring down in torrents, and continued till the oxen could drink from the earth around them where they lay, and where they had fallen from sheer want of it.

Flying Artillery.—By the way, it may sound something like a misnomer, but still it is no less the fact, that the flying artillery of the expedition had no other agency of transportation, either in battle or out of it, than *oxen*—not the swiftest messengers of Mars it must be admitted; worse than Mrs. Bardell's slow coach, by a long odds.

The Black Flag.—In one instance, in the presence of some American officers, the British Consul was very eloquent in his eulogies of the Mexicans. They were a most brave, enlightened and particularly magnanimous and humane people; who in their engagements with an enemy, scrupulously observed the rules of war, and that forbearance to a vanquished foe, dictated by the more enlightened ethics of the present day.

"Are you done now, stranger?" said the captain of a company raised in the western part of Missouri, when he thought he had heard him out.

"I am done," said the Consul; "I will however add, that my statement is unanswerable."

"Well, if this here don't answer you," said the young volunteer, "Tom Benton himself could not stump you!" and he held up the black flag which the enemy unfurled before going into the battle of Sacramento, which showed the murderous designs of the Mexicans. The representative of Queen Victoria said nothing, though he evidently thought there was *something* in the emblematic eloquence of the Missourian.

The British Consul.—Our informant states to us that the British Consul at Chihuahua, made himself offensively officious, if he did not culpably compromit himself. It was known that he gave aid and comfort to the Mexicans, in furnishing them, to some extent, with the sinews and munitions of war.

The Consul thought to keep the American troops out of a public building in Chihuahua, which a party had been ordered to enter and examine. The officer in command told him that his orders were to enter it, and enter it he would. The Consul replied that if he did, it would be at the risk of incurring hostility of his, the British government, and he officially warned him of the fact.

The Missourian said that at the risk of incurring the hostility of the British government or that of hell itself, the house should be opened. He ordered up a 24-pounder to blow it open; but before it arrived, some of the men had climbed up to the top of the building, down inside, and threw the doors open.

Lieut. Col. Jackson.—The Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment is Mr. Jackson, as brave a man as breathes, but one who makes no pretensions to a knowledge of the science of war. In going into the battle of Sacramento, Lieut. Col. Mitchell, who had been detached from Price's command on special duty, was present. "Look here, Mitchell," said the gallant Jackson, "you hold the same rank that I do. I know you can fight as well as I can, and I know you can order better. I resign you my command during the battle, for I prefer going into the ranks, and having a few cracks out of Nancy [his favorite double-barreled gun] at those yellow boys on horseback yonder."

Lieut. Col. Jackson would accept of no refusal to this arrangement, and it was adopted. He soon took down his man, and soon after—it is not known how many.

When the battle was over, they were going among the wounded, when one of the men remarked—"Why, Colonel, this fellow here looks like that first fellow you shot."

"Well, he does, that's a fact!" said Lieut. Colonel Jackson. "I had fifteen buck-shot that time in Nancy; see if there were as many put in his body."

The man examined and found the marks of fourteen buckshot in the Mexican's body.

When the despatches of the battle were about to be sent to Washington, Lieut. Col. Jackson was called on to write the report. He said he never thought much of reports, no how—he always went in for the reality. They might say to the Secretary of War for him, if they chose, that at Sacramento the Mexicans caught hell!

Col. Doniphan at Home.

The citizens of St. Louis had a grand time of it on Saturday, in giving a most noble reception to Colonel DONIPHAN, and the brave men whom he has brought back to their homes.

The address to the volunteers was made by Colonel BENTON, and comprises so perfect a history of the expedition that Col. DONIPHAN expressed his surprise at its accuracy and precision. We are sorry its great length forbids its publication this morning; but we shall try and find a place for it at an early day. We extract a single paragraph, as casting a little light upon the project of Col. BENTON, so often spoken of, for the prosecution of the war.

I have said that you made your long expedition without government orders, and so indeed you did. You received no orders from your government, but, without knowing it, you were fulfilling its orders—orders which never reached you. Happy the soldier who executes the command of his government; happier still he who anticipates command, and does what is wanted before he is bid. This is your case. You did the right thing, at the right time, and what the government intended you to do, and without knowing its intions. The facts are these: Early in the month of November last the President asked my opinion on the manner of conducting the war. I submitted a plan to him, which, in addition to other things, required all the disposable troops in New Mexico, and all the Americans in that quarter who could be engaged for a distant expedition, to move down through Chihuahua and the State of Durango, and it necessary to Zacatecas, and get into communication with Gen. Taylor's right as early as possible in the month of March. In fact the disposable Missourians in New Mexico were to be one of the three columns destined for a combined movement on the city of Mexico, all to be on the table land, and ready for the movement in the month of March. The President approved the plan, and the Missourians being most distant, orders were despatched to New Mexico, to put them in motion. Mr. Solon a Solicite carried the order, and delivered it to the commanding officer, at Santa Fe, Colonel Price, on the 23d day of February—just five days before you fought the marvellous battle of Sacramento.

The response of Col. DONIPHAN is not fully reported in the papers. The *Reveille* gives a sketch of it, from which we make the following extract.

Col. D. observed, very emphatically, that this was a strange war. It was strange at home and strange abroad. It was branded by Col. D.'s own party, as an unjust war, and yet opponents as well as supporters rallied to sustain it. Whigs and Democrats composed the same messes, and slept in the same tents; he was only sorry that the same *oneness* had not been evinced in the councils of the Government. As an instance of Whig feeling while in the field, Col. D. said that after long, long months, during which nothing had been heard from the States, and while all hearts were yearning to hear from home, the *first* thing met with in American papers was the speech of *Corwin*, of Ohio! It was a complete shower bath! It was received with a shock—a shudder! After having overcome weary leagues, unpacticable mountains;—after cutting their way through the enemy, all their thanks was, to be told that they were *robbers and cut-throats!* Col. D. indignantly denounced every speech and every paragraph which went to decry the prosecution of the war to a prompt close. It was said that those who made such speeches belonged to the *peace* party; no such thing! They would, on the contrary, postpone peace to eternity!

Col. DONIPHAN, as he intimates himself, is a whig, and this gives force to the rebuke he so justly administers to the federal leaders and press of the country.

After the addresses a public dinner was served, where good things of all sorts abounded. All things passed off pleasantly and in order.

GENERAL TAYLOR IN CONNECTICUT.—Clarkson, of the Brookville American, who is now traveling in New England, says Gen. Taylor is not popular with the whigs of Connecticut. Clarkson thinks the people of New England are very unpatriotic! Fudge.—*Free Press.*

Whitewater Valley Canal.

It is supposed that the navigation on the White Water Valley Canal from Cambridge to Cincinnati will be resumed about the first of July. Considering the great injury which the canal had sustained, this result speaks well for the energy of its managers.—*Indiana State Sentinel, June 26th.*

The 1st of July came yesterday, but with it came no water into the channel of the Whitewater Branch Canal. The Indiana Sentinel, we presume, was misled by statements to the purport of its paragraph made in several of the papers of this city. They are all wrong. Navigation is not resumed yet between Cincinnati and the towns on the Whitewater Valley Canal, nor is there a probability of so desirable an event in opening for a month or more yet. The Whitewater Canal company of this city will have the Cincinnati Branch ready for water in ten or twelve days now, but the work at the Harrison dam and feeder has not been prosecuted by the Indiana Company so as to supply the water. Nor will the supply be furnished, if we are correctly informed, as we believe we are, before the 1st of August.

This delay is altogether unexpected, and Cincinnati has a right to complain of it. When the aid of her citizens was invoked by their Indiana friends, it was given promptly, but with the distinct understanding that the means so supplied should be used to open the connection between Cincinnati and the towns lying along the Whitewater Valley Canal at and above the branch feeder, *as early as possible*. We now learn from the Indiana papers, that the work *has been* vigorously prosecuted *above* the feeder, while the Harrison dam, without the repair of which the connection with Cincinnati cannot be re-established, has been neglected. The result is, that the mills along the main line above the Branch have been supplied with water and set in motion, while an outlet for their flour, and for the other produce of the region, has not been furnished. Why? We will not say for the special benefit of a few commission merchants in Lawrenceburgh, but really this looks very much like the reason.

The matter, as it presents itself to us, stands just about thus:—*Above* the connection of the Cincinnati Branch with the Main Canal, the repairs have been completed, the water is let in, and the mills are operating. *Below* this connection, that is between Harrison and Lawrenceburgh, the repairs cannot be finished till the 1st of August. This gives time for a month's grinding, and a month's accumulation of produce. The channel of the Cincinnati Branch will be ready for water in about ten or twelve days. Had the repairs at the point of connection, therefore, been promptly made according to understanding, navigation between this city and the Whitewater Valley would have been resumed by the middle of July—a couple of weeks at least before the resumption of navigation to Lawrenceburgh. This would have enabled the mills and the storage houses on the canal to have cleared out their accumulations; but *their contents would have come to Cincinnati*, and *not have gone to Lawrenceburgh*,—a destination which a portion of them could be made to take, by delaying the repairs at the dam and thus preventing resumption to this city till the channel shall also be ready for resumption to Lawrenceburgh.

If this presentation of the matter be a fair one, as we believe it is, there is something in the procrastination of the repairs at Harrison which looks not unlike a breach of good faith.—*Cincinnati Gazette, July 2.*

If the statements of the Gazette are correct, the Cincinnatians have been unfairly and ungenerously treated. But the policy indicated is a short-sighted one, and will react against its contrivers.

☞A late number of the London Times, with all the well known vigor of its vulgarity, and in an affectedly national non-resistant strain that would make an Ethiopian blush, denounces the bombardment of the city and castle of Vera Cruz as "an operation of war revolting to every feeling of humanity and justice." The N. Y. Courier and Enquirer quotes the article, and comments on it with withering severity, sustaining with great force the course pursued by Gen. Scott, and stripping England of the flimsy pretensions to magnanimity, justice, and benevolence, which the Times, by implication, would pretendingly claim for her. In the course of its article the Courier says:

We expect from the English press no applause of the "military triumphs of the United States." There are substantial and satisfactory reasons why they should withhold it. But when these journals charge upon the American forces conduct so disgraceful as that imputed to Gen. Scott, not only upon no evidence, but in the face of evidence perfectly conclusive and overwhelming, they provoke the only reply they merit—a reference to British history and to the policy of British arms. England charges the United States with the guilt of an aggressive war, waged for conquest and seeking the soil of the party assailed; yet her own hands still reek with the blood of the millions she has butchered to extend her empire. The entire continent of Asia has been made a field of slaughter by her bloody ambition. The princes of India have been entrapped and murdered, her treasuries plundered, and her whole domain swept with destruction, to make room for another claw of the British throne. Justice, mercy, the laws alike of nations and of nature, have fled in terror before the advancing foot of British rapacity. The United States are charged with the sanguinary spoliation of their neighbors—The English journals should in justice concede, that America has never yet waged a war of extermination upon her own people; she has never parcelled out her soil among robbers, upon the express condition that they should destroy its inhabitants; she has never employed starvation, famine, and pestilence, as the instruments of reducing her people to subjection; she has never committed any act, towards any foe, that could match in atrocity the mildest treatment which England has extended to her Irish subjects. The Times charges Gen. Scott and his troops with cruelty towards the enemy. I can, at least, point to no instance in which prisoners have been taken and disarmed only to be the more safely butchered, and it will search the annals of the American war in vain, for a parallel to the heroic prowess of the British troops in India, who amused themselves by shooting and downing the defenceless prisoners of Aliwal.

SALE OF THE LATE RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE.—The beautiful grounds and mansion belonging to the estate of the late Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, were this day sold at auction for the sum of $30,500. Mr. Thomas Richards, of Philadelphia, was the purchaser. It is said that the buildings alone cost over $30,000. The painting, sculpture, furniture, &c., sold at much lower rates than I had anticipated; some articles being sold for half their value. The paintings brought from $10 to $1050. Two lions and a fawn by Reubens sold for the largest sum. "Nativity of our Savior," by Raphael Moengs, brought $1,000; the portrait of a dog by Hackaris brought $210. The picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps, by David, the proprietors refused to put up unless the sum of $3,000 was bid for it.—As no person present was willing to bid that sum, it was passed, and will be sent to Europe.—*New York Evening Mirror, June 26.*

The people about Boston have got up the project of a great national convention, (professedly without distinction of party of course) to meet at Chicago for the purpose of devising means and raising an influence to induce the general government to undertake a greater system of internal improvement. It is not very difficult to understand the *benevolent* designs towards the west, of our Yankee neighbors. If the eastern people can succeed in convincing those of the west that they are to have railroads, canals, turnpikes, &c. constructed at public expense, at every point, for every individual's special convenience and benefit, they will certainly have strong reason to hope for the assistance of the west in raising the rate of duties to provide means for the vastly increased expenditure, and thereby secure immense profits to the manufacturing capital of the east. The hook is so imperfectly concealed, that we should hardly think the west would take hold of this bait.—*Franklin Examiner.*

CORWIN'S SPEECH.—The St. Marys *Sentinel* tells the following capital story—too good to be either mislaid or lost:

"While at Dayton a few days ago, the following anecdote was related to us, which we thought *first rate*:

"Eben Heald, who had once before been to Mexico, but, owing, *as he said*, to the loss of his health, had returned home—took it into his head, a few days since, to 'try it again.' His neighbors, however, judging of former conduct, and not fully believing the reported cause of his *first* return, doubted whether he intended going a second time at all. But, on the day appointed for his starting,—Eben set off on his weary journey. Having reached Cincinnati, he discovered that he had started before he was ready, and, consequently, the next day saw him back in Dayton. Many were the jibes he encountered on his return, and, among the rest, a couple of his whig friends asked him what he had come back for.—Eben replied, that 'fearing he might fall into the hands of the Mexicans, he had returned for a copy of Tom Corwin's speech, as he was confident all h—ll could not injure him among the Mexicans while in possession of that document.'

"We should not be surprised, should Eben be taken by the Mexicans, to hear of his elevation to some important post among them, providing he takes good care and makes proper use of his talisman."

☞THE SICKLY SEASON is now approaching and if you would ward off disease, and avoid being confined to your bed for a single day during the season lose no time in procuring a supply of DR BRAGG'S SUGAR COATED PILLS, and procure also Dr. Bragg's Pamphlet, (which any agent will furnish you,) and try for once to dispense with *calomel, arsenic* and *antimony*. Do this, *and let the result be known*, and your neighbor will follow your example and profit by it.

For Congress,

WILLIAM W. WICK.

MARION COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

Representatives, { THOMAS W. COUNSEL, GEORGE A. CHAPMAN.
County Treasurer, JOHN M. TALBOTT.
County Assessor, AHIRA WELLS.
County Commissioner, ELIAS N. SHIMER.
School Commissioner, ABRAHAM KOONTZ.

We are authorized to announce JACOB LANDIS as a candidate for county Treasurer.

Married,

By Rev. T. R. Cressey, on Sabbath evening, July 4th Mr. MARTIN BURKIT, to Mrs. CLARISSA M. SMITH, all of this city.

On the 4th instant, by Thomas Morrow, Esq., Mr. THOMAS MCCAW, to Miss HARRIET PETERSON.

On the 7th instant, Mr. JOHN DELONG, to Miss HARRIET OVERLY.

Also, on the 7th instant, Mr. ROBERT G. SAMUEL, to Miss RACHAEL W. GEINER, all of this county.

GREAT BARGAIN.
Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber, having removed from Indianapolis, will sell his farm, situated on the Mooresville road, four miles from the capital. It contains eighty three acres—about fifty five cleared, and mostly in meadow. This tract is peculiarly desirable for a gardening or dairy farm. It will twenty head of milch cows, in addition to other stock, necessary to the farmer. There is a small two story brick house on the premises; also a spring, and well of excellent water near it, and a young bearing orchard of grafted fruit. Any person paying three sevenths of the purchase money down, equal to four hundred and fifty dollars, may have a credit of four years on the balance. For further particulars apply to C. E. Davis, Indianapolis; Hubbard Putman on the farm, or J. C. Worrall, Bellville, Ia.
July 11, 1847. 133w 1s

BOARDING.

MRS. GOLDSBERRY, two doors north of Roberts' Chapel, is prepared to accommodate either single gentlemen or small families, on reasonable terms.

A FIRST RATE FAMILY CARRIAGE,
A quantity of Window Sash and doors, and about twenty head of Sheep for sale. ☞ Apply as above. 13.

MR. BURNETT'S

LAST Lecture on Magnetism, with experiments, Wednesday July 15th, at the Court House. Mr. B. wishing to afford every one an opportunity of attending his lectures with *their families*, has put the admission at *ten cents*.

Mr. B. can be found by those wishing to be tried Magnetically, at Mr. Browning's Hotel every day from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 5.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." 13 2t

A. H. DAVIDSON,
(*SUCCESSOR TO W. S. HUBBARD,*)

DEALER in fancy and staple Dry Goods, Family Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, &c. Agent to the Canton Tea Company of New York. Corner of Washington and Illinois streets, opposite the Palmer House. July 12. 13

ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN!

SUPERIOR Black Kid Gloves, Fine Elastic top. do.; Silk Under Shirts, Fine Dress, do.; Vestings, Cottings, &c., for sale cheap at 13 DAVIDSON'S.

Hidden Laws of Electric Science may be understood by all.

A. R. F. WHITNEY has the honor of announcing to Ladies and Gentlemen, that he designs giving one lecture in this city at the Seminary on Thursday evening, July 15th, upon the new and astonishing discoveries in the highly popular and interesting science of *Electro-Magnetism*, illustrating the subject with a great variety of experiments, and a choice collection of the most recently invented *style of apparatus*, among which is the machinery for a magnet Telegraph Office, the same in size, structure and efficiency, as is used at the different Telegraph stations throughout our country, writing communications across the room with incredibly by the simple process that intelligence is sent from Washington to Baltimore, showing the principle upon which this strange invention is based, and the manner of its operation precisely. *An Electro Magnetic Bell Ringer*, with a *permanent magnet*, the shaft of which will make 3000 revolutions in a minute, will be set in motion before the audience.

☞*Fire Proof Cotton Batting* will be introduced.

Gun Cotton, thirty times stronger than gunpowder, will be exhibited, and several curious experiments performed, and the manner of manufacturing it explained. Several of Mr. Whitney's experiments are original, and have never been exhibited to any audience except by him.

For further particulars see circulars.

Admission 20 cents—two ladies and a gentleman, 50 cents; children half price. Doors open at half past seven, lecture to commence at eight o'clock. 13 1t

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of decree to me directed from the clerk's of fice of the Marion circuit court, I will expose to public sale, on the 7th day of August, 1847, at the Court House door, in the town of Indianapolis, within the hours prescribed by law, the rents and profits for seven years, of the following real estate, to wit: Commencing at the north east corner of lot No. 12, in square No. 71, in the town of Indianapolis; thence west along the alley to the north west corner of lot No. 10 in said square; thence south 20 feet; thence east to Alabama street; thence north 20 feet to the place of beginning; and on failure to realize the full amount of judgment, interest and costs, I will, at the same time and place, expose the fee simple of said real estate. Taken as the property of Ann Alber, Henry Alber, and Albert Alber, at the suit of Alfred Harrison. A. W. RUSSELL,
13 3w ($9.00) Sheriff of Marion County.

That most unpleasant and debilitating complaint—FEVER AND AGUE—with which so many of our citizens are at this time suffering, can now by proper and judicious treatment, be thoroughly cured. For this purpose, MORRILL'S FEVER AND AGUE PILLS are vastly superior to all other remedies; and we find not only the great body of the people appreciating their value, but eminent physicians adopting them in their practice. They not only eradicate the disease, but invigorate and restore the system to perfect order, thus enabling it to withstand disease for the future—precisely what is wanting.

For sale by J. J. Owsley & Co., Indianapolis, and at most other large towns and villages in the State.

When testimonials of the astonishing cures performed by Dr. ROGERS' SYRUP OF LIVERWORT AND TAR in cases of diseased lungs multiply upon us in such a manner, it would seem that no person would suffer with this disease, when the trifling expenditure of one dollar would effectually relieve them. By reference to the agents, we find not only eminent physicians coming boldly out in favor of it, adopting it in their practice, but the reverend clergy are coming out in its favor also. Among others that can be seen at the agents, we noticed letters from Drs. Cox and Richards of Cincinnati; Rev. Mr. Burke, Rev. Mr. Wiseman, Rev. Geo. Maley, and others.

It is for sale at Owsley & Co's., and we believe at most other large towns in the State. 10 4w

State of Indiana, Hamilton County, ss.

IN THE PROBATE COURT, HAMILTON COUNTY, MAY TERM, 1847.

Estate of Richard Cook, deceased.

Petition to sell real estate.

NOW comes Edward Bull, administrator of the estate of said Richard Cook, deceased, and it appearing from the sheriff's return on the summons issued herein, that the said defendants, Henry Stage and Eliz. beth Stage, are not found, and residence unknown.

It is therefore ordered by the court, that the said defendants, Henry Stage and Eliz. beth Stage, be notified of the pendency of this petition by publication for three weeks successively in the Indiana State Sentinel, a weekly public newspaper of general circulation printed and published at Indianapolis, Marion county, Indiana, the last of which publications to be at least sixty days before the first day of the next term of this court, and that unless he will appear on the calling of the cause at the next term of this court, and plead, answer or demur to the bill of complaint and supplemental bill herein, the same will be taken as confessed. By the court. Attest, JOHN G. BURNS, Clerk.
8 3w 1s

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of decree to me directed from the clerk's office of the Marion circuit court, I will expose to public sale, on the 31st day of July, 1847, at the Court House door, in the county of Marion, and State of Indiana, within the hours prescribed by law, the rents and profits for seven years, of the following real estate, to wit: The undivided half of the west two thirds of lot number 3, in square number 69, in the town of Indianapolis; and on failure to realize the full amount of judgment, interest and costs, I will at the same time and place, expose the fee simple of said real estate. Taken as the property of Jackson Greenhall, at the suit of Nancy Valentine. A. W. RUSSELL,
11 4w ($1.62) Sheriff of Marion County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a execution to me directed from the clerk's office of the Marion circuit court, I will expose to public sale, on the 31st day of July, 1847, at the Court house door in the town of Indianapolis, within the hours prescribed by law, the rents and profits, for seven years, of the following real estate, to wit: The undivided interest of Jesse King in the south east quarter of the south west quarter of section number 22, in township number 14 of range number 3 east containing 40 acres; and on failure to realize the full amount of judgment, interest and costs, I will at the same time and place, expose the fee simple of said real estate. Taken as the property of Jesse King, at the suit of Francis Kersey. A. W. RUSSEL,
11 3w ($1.75) Sheriff of Marion County,

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned has