The Innkeeper of Wisbaden.

A few years since, an inkeeper at Wisbaden enriched himself by the board of bathers, to such an extent, that he was on the point of retiring to estates, was dreaming of aristocratic greatness, and would have gladly sacrified a large part of his fortune, for the sake of being ennobled; but all the various attempts he made were fruitless. The unfortunate millionaire was about assured he should never be able to attain to the object of his most ardent aspirations. In default of his own honors, he then sought, like all enriched commoners, to marry his daughter to a man of quality—and thus to acquire, through his son-in-law, an indirect nobility, a reflection of aristocracy. But in Germany, where prejudices are deeply rooted, even the most destitute gentlemen are not easily persuaded to marry even a wealthy commoner. Whenever they were invited to play the son-in-law, they replied that they wished not to exclude their daughters from the chapters of the German nobility, by giving them a mother excluded from nobility. The inkeeper of Wisbaden sought for a gentleman more accommodating in matters of misalliance; and his attempts had all failed, when a young and noble Bavarian came to lodge at his house during the season of the waters. This young gentleman came to Wisbaden neither for bathing, nor the usual amusements: he came to gamble. In a few days, as but too often happens, he lost all the money he had brought with him, and which comprised almost his whole fortune. The innkeeper saw through his embarrassment, came to his aid, and opened his purse to him, from which our young Bavarian eagerly borrowed, with all the avidity of the gamester and the gentleman. The more he played, the more he lost; the more he lost, the more he borrowed; the more he borrowed, the more did the innkeeper rub his hands for joy. At the end of the season, when all the rest had gone, when the gaming room was closed, the innkeeper presented to the unfortunate gambler his bill—not expecting, however, it would be paid. The charge for lodging, board, and the various expenses of a hotel, amounted to two thousand florins. The amount of sums borrowed was thirty thousand thalers. The debtor asked for a few days to verify the addition, which was only too accurate. The creditor willingly granted this delay, and even himself anticipated the inevitable result. "You have a piece of confidence to make to me, which embarrasses you," said he to his guest. "You read my inmost thoughts," replied the Bavarian. "This confience is this, you cannot pay me." "You read to the bottom of my purse," replied the gentleman. "If I were to give you a longer time, it would be all the same." "You read the future aright," added the ruined gamester.

"I have obtained this information: you have nothing left but your title of count, a dilapidated chateau, and an escutcheon, tarnished by want. To maintain your title and rebuild your chateau, to restore your escutcheon, you require five or six hundred thousand florins."

"I do."

"And you have the means of winning this."

"Yes, no doubt, I have the dice-box. It is only necessary to have good luck."

"Not that, your dice-box depends upon luck, while this is infallible."

"What is it? tell me."

"To marry my only daughter, who will have a dowry of six hundred thousand florins, and who will inherit my whole fortune."

The ruined gentleman did not stop to consider that his daughters would thus be prevented from inheriting nobility; he thrust aside all pride of caste, and married the inn-keeper's heiress. The worthy father believed he had accomplished wonders by marrying his daughter to a professed gamber. He was proud and happy to be able to say on all occasions—"the count, my son-in-law." His son-in-low profusely scattered his gold; but his family had credit; and to conceal as much as possible the misalliance, the father had given to him the *brevet* of a baron. The noble father could have nothing to refuse to a son-in-law who had made him a baron; he opened with more liberality than ever his strong box, and the young count drew from it with all the more freedom that his position, as son-in-law, made it unnecessary to be sparing. Marriage had not improved the gamester, who gave himself up without reserve to his passion, which had, to some extent, obtained the indulgence of the father-in-law, to whom he represented it was a very gentlemanly vice. This argument was omnipotent to the inn-keeper turned baron, and the poor man suffered himself so far to be indoctrinated and plundered by his daughter's husband, that his whole fortune passed away. In the course of five or six years, the old inn-keeper of Wisbaden, after having successively sold off all his estates, his houses, and his stocks, found himself at last completely ruined; he had nothing left but his title of baron! But perhaps he would not have given up that parchment for all the fortune he had lost. In the meanwhile, he must get a living; the ex-innkeeper soon realized this necessity. He demanded an embassy, it was refused him; he applied for the situation of attendant to the king of Bavaria, his nobility was not old enough for that. Then, not knowing what to do, and pressed by want, our newly made gentleman resumed his former profession, in which he had prospered so well; he disguised his rank, came to Wisbaden, once more obtained credit, purchased upon his note the hotel of an old comirere, who had grown rich, and is now in the way of making a second fortune. It is thus it happens that Wisbaden has the honor of possessing an inn-keeper who is a baron.

A Short and Comprehensive Prayer for a Family.—Lord most mighty and holy! we, thine unworthy servants, now prostrate ourselves before Thee, to render thanks and praise for all Thy blessings, past and present, temporal and spiritual. We thank Thee for health and home, food and raiment, and all the other manifold favors and comforts which Thy gracious bounty has lavished upon us, our friends and fellow creatures.

We praise Thee for the redemption of the word by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ: for the means of grace and hope of story: we acknowledge ourselves sinful, helpless being, prone to evil and unable to think, speak or do right without Thine aid, which we most humbly implore. Oh merciful Father; pardon our sins and transgression, and help us to repent and turn from them! and to serve thee with sincerity, purity and fervour! Guide us in thought, word and deed: Pour Thy spirit into our hearts! Grant us faith and grace! and sanctify every trouble and affliction to us. Help us to watch and pray, to keep Thy Sabbaths holy, Thy laws and commandments strictly, and to read Thy sacred scriptures with right understanding, and with profit to our souls! Enable us to live according to their holy precepts, and thus glorify Thee in this life and eternity!

Hear us, we beseech Thee, oh most gracious God! Hear and grant these earnest and humble petitions, for the sake of our Redeemer Jesus Christ, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be honour and glory, now and for ever! Amen!

Test of Greatness.—There seems to be no instance on record, says Ciat's Advertiser, of a man of small dimensions in head being of much talent. I have some statistics on this subject, obtained from a hat merchant of my acquaintance, which bear upon the point. My only regret is that the details are not more copious.

The measurement of Napoleon's head, in hatter's phrase, was 7 1-2 inches.

The following are those of some of our American statesmen and warriors:—Gen. Washington, Gen. Scott, Gen. Taylor, Gen. Jackson, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, all 7 1-2 inches full.

Marriage of Blood Relations.—The Cincinnati Commercial says that, a few days since, three blind youths from the town of Union, Montgomery county, were sent to the Asylum for the Blind at Columbus. These youths are brothers, and in the family, which consists of eight members, five are in this melancholy condition. The cause of this almost unheard of family calamity, is said to be the frequent intermarriage of near blood relatives in the family.—This same cause is said to have produced in the noble families in the south of Europe, a most degenerate and idiotic race.

Queen Victoria.—The rumour gains credence, says the correspondence of the Courier des Etats Unis, in circles of the highest authority of the symptoms of insanity having been manifested by her majesty. The well known liability of her family to this cruel malady strengthens the probability of this report.

☞ James H. Lane has been elected Colonel, Capt. Allen May, Lieut. Col. and Mr. Myers, Major, of the 5th Regiment Indiana Volunteers, now encamped at Madison.

The Cholera.

The great scourge of humanity—a scourge more awful than Atilla and his Huns—more terrible than the eruptions of a volcano—more devastating than the throes of an earthquake—the great scourge of the Cholera is at this moment advancing towards us with silent but indomitable rapidity, if we may believe the intelligence received almost daily from the frontiers of the Russian Empire. Its course is described as being northwesterly, and it is said to have already penetrated the interior of Europe. God defend us from the agonies which desolated the world in 1832!

The Philadelphia American says: The above, from the London Sun of October 2d, the opening of a pretty long leader couched in language of similar character, expresses the feeling, almost amounting to panic, with which some of our European contemporaries seem disposed to regard the continued progress of the Oriental pestilence, which threatens a renewal of the calamities of 1831-2. The Cholera is, in fact, once more in Europe, sweeping, with all its ancient slowness of pace, but breadth of devastation, along its accustomed path, from east to west; and as we have every reason to suppose that it will pass over Europe, and, ultimately, disregarding the barrier of the Atlantic, reach our own shores, as in 1832, we have looked over our foreign files for notes of its progress, such as must naturally interest the American readers.

The last intelligence that we have from England shows that the Cholera is already at Riga, on the Baltic, which seems to be the most easterly point it has reached, and through which it extends in a line S.S.E. through Kieff (Kiew) to Trebizond, on the Black Sea, and further south, through Asiatic Turkey, into Persia. It made its first appearance in Trebizond on the 8th of September, and in Riga on or before the 12th. Thirty cases were reported in Trebizond on the 11th, described as not "being very virulent." About the same number of cases, daily, are reported at Erzeroum, (near Trebizond,) where one-third the cases were fatal. The mortality in the Russian towns is stated at two-thirds the number of cases. The disease had not reached Constantinople, where it was, however, almost daily expected, (a fatal case had occurred on the steam packet Sultan, coming from Trebizond,) and where a quarantine of observation had been already established. Rigid quarantine regulations had been instituted at Genoa and Palermo; and they were talked of at Malta and Marseilles.

It is impossible to divest the mind of awe, and even terror, while brooding over the anticipated advent of a dreadful epidemic, in which so many will apprehend the direct judgment of God upon an age of light and wickedness. But the ignorant suffer with the wise, and the wise are called upon and permitted to lessen the affliction which would otherwise fall upon the masses with unequal weight. Experience has already proved that the resources of science in Europe and the United States are competent to the successful resistance of the East Indian plague, whose ravages were lessened, and, in many instances, prevented, during its former visitation, fifteen years ago; and now, with a better knowledge of it than was then enjoyed, we have every reason to believe that, should it visit us again, it will present few of its former terrors.

Nor is there, perhaps, any occasion to expect that its passage to the New World will be a speedy one. Looking back to the records of its former occurrence, (from which we may compute its rate of travel,) we find that it made its appearance in Eastern Russia in the fall of 1830; at Mosców, for example, on the 28th of September.

It was not until thirteen months afterwards that it reached England, (it broke out at Sunderland on the 28th of October, 1831,) and it was not until the 8th of June, 1832, that it appeared at Quebec, upwards of twenty months after its appearance in Moscow. Anticipating for it a similar rate of progression now, (and experience shows a remarkable uniformity, generally speaking, in its advance,) there would seem little occasion to expect its appearance in England before next October, or in America before the summer of 1849.

Science and benevolence, however, are now busily engaged in watching its steps. Governments and municipalities stand in readiness to prepare, at a moment's warning, for its approach, and we may expect its coming hereafter, should it come, assured that it cannot take us by surprise, and equally assured that all the resources of knowledge and humanity will be in requisition to deprive it of its dangers.

Death of Col. Martin Scott.

A SOLDIER'S TEARS AND A SOLDIER'S EULOGY.

We have read many incidents of War, but none more affecting or more beautiful than the following. It is from a letter to the New Orleans Delta, by the writer who signs himself "Mustang"—*Ex. paper.*

Passing over the battle-field of Molino del Rey, immediately after our victorious standard had been planted on the enemy's works, where lay the dead and wounded mingled together, my attention was attracted to different places, by the scenes of grief and sorrow—scenes which pained my feelings and shocked my sight—there I found many acquaintances, dead and wounded, whom I had seen but a short time previous full of health, and with buoyant spirits, marching at the head of their commands, in the strong hope that they would soon, by their noble deeds and heroic valor, achieve fame for themselves and glory for their country. But, alas! how uncertain are the ways of life—there I found the strong youth and the aged veteran, who fell side by side, to rise no more. Many of the most noble souls of the army, and the pride of the country's chivalry, there performed their last gallant acts on the stage of life.

After going over a portion of the ground, and finding here and here a valued acquaintance, my attention was attracted to a gray-headed veteran, who was standing by the side of one who had fallen. He leisurely took his blanket from his back, and spread it over the corpse with great care. I rode up to him, and asked him whether that was an officer. He looked up, and every lineament of his face betokening the greatest grief, replied, "You never asked a question, sir, more easily answered; it is an officer." I then asked him who it was. He again replied, "The best soldier of the 5th Infantry, sir." I then alighted from my horse, and uncovering the face, the soldier continued, without apparently addressing himself to any person in particular—"They have killed him—they will be paid for this—if it had only been me—I have served with him almost four enlistments—but what will his poor family say?" And as he concluded thus, the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and the swelling of his bosom showed how deeply he was affected by the death of his veteran and gallant commander. Could there have been anything more affecting than the grief of this soldier on the battle-field? and how truly sublime and eloquent was his reply to me, that it was "*the best soldier of the 5th Infantry!*"

If the greatest orator of the age had dwelt upon the memory of our departed friend, until he had exhausted his eulogy and eloquence, he could not have said anything which would make a greater impression on our feelings, then did the reply of this soldier. Col. Martin Scott was among "the bravest of the brave," he fought his way into the army in our last war with Great Britain; since that time he has been one of the brightest ornaments, and has signally distinguished himself in the war with Mexico, for which he has been promoted and breveted.

[From the London Inquirer.]

"SEEM NOT--BE."--*(Tycho Brahe's Motto.)*

BY W. D. BENNETT.

Out on seeming! Shall life ever
Garb itself in hollow showers;
But a stagnant pool, plague spreading,
O'er which green but thinly grows—
But a jungle, through whose verdue
Glide all shapes most foul to see!—
Off with empty shows of virtue!
Off with semblance! SEEM NOT—BE.

Out on all this hollow mouthing—
Tim'd devotion—fashion'd prayer!
Where, while breath's alone adoring,
Sleeps the soul, and takes no care!
Where, through easeful self-delightment,
Six times runs the flood of day,
And the seventh's feign'd abasement
Life's great debt is held to pay.

Out on all these masks of goodness!
This our life doth vaunting wear,
Through whose eyes the subtle evil,
And Sloth's sleepy eyeballs glare!
Not for forms of breath-devotion;
For the shows of good ye see—
Was life given but for true working?
Scout thou semblance: SEEM NOT—BE.

The following passionate lines are from the Knickerbocker:

Was I a court-plaster, I would be
A patch upon her lip,
To spend a life in ecstacy,
And sip, and sip, and sip.

Was I a pair of spectacles,
How dearly would I prize
A situation on her nose,
To look her in the eyes.

Mr. Cranston, late of the Eutaw House, who was so severely wounded, it will be remembered, by Dawson, a hack-driver, has arrived in Baltimore, for the purpose of attending the trial of Dawson.

DAILY NATIONAL WHIG.

WASHINGTON CITY.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 2, 1847.

For President

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Subject to the decision of the Whig National Convention

THE CAMPAIGN OPENING.

The subjoined letter from the Old Thunderer of Buena Vista is in his happiest style. It will be read by every Whig elector in the country with the most unbounded gratification, while it will reach the heart and judgment of every Democratic elector. His acknowledgment of the sentiments of the Resolutions is most felicitous.

It is evident that the campaign is now opening.—In a month more, the whole country will be moving with a rush towards the great goal of its aspirations, carrying upon its arms the beloved old soldier to the Presidency. So far as Whig feeling can go, it is ripe to execute its intentions. It is ready to repeat the recent scenes in Bourbon county, in Kentucky, when fourteen hundred, out of the eighteen hundred voters of the country, heard, with admiration, a brilliant argument from that high-souled and eloquent Whig, Garrett Davis, against the expediency of nominating a Presidential candidate, at the present moment, and, immediately, with one loud shout, nominated the glorious Old Hero for President! It longs for the hour when its manifestations can be made known. That hour has come. He is in the field, because the people have placed him there, and he will remain in it, prepared to meet every consequence, as he did at Buena Vista.

Resolutions of the Baltimore Whig Convention, July 28, 1847.

Resolved, That the members of this Convention recognize in Major General Zachary Taylor all the high qualifications that are essential to the faithful and proper discharge of the important and responsible duties of the Chief Magistrate of the Union; and in view of his patriotism, his ability, his firmness, and his integrity, recommend him to the suffrages of the people for the next Presidency of the United States.

Resolved, That this Convention consider Major General Zachary Taylor already in the field as the people's candidate for the Chief Magistracy of this Nation, and as such, entitled to the support of every true Whig in the land.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the officers of this Convention, be forwarded to Gen. Taylor.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S ANSWER.

Head Qrs., Army of Occupation,
Camp near Monterey, Sept. 22, 1847.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the resolutions adopted at the Whig Convention of the citizens of Baltimore, which were forwarded by you.

My views in relation to the use of my name as a candidate for the Presidency, are evidently well known to the people of the country, and I therefore avail myself of the occasion only to express my high appreciation of the honor conferred in the terms of the resolutions and the recommendations adopted by the Convention.

Please make this known in suitable manner to the citizens forming the Oonvention, and accept the best wishes of—

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,
Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

Col. John Pickell, Pres't Whig Conv'n of Balt.

ARMY NEWS.

We received last evening an Extra from the Picayune office of the 25th ult. It contained two Vera Cruz letters of the 16th and 17th of October.

There were 3500 men in camp at Vegara, outside of the walls of Vera Cruz—the 13th Infantry, the Massachusett's and Ohio Regiments, Capt. Stapp's Illinois mounted men, 90 recruits for the 2d dragoons, two companies of the 11th Infantry, 60 Voltigeur recruits, and Capt. Tilghman's Light Artillery. Four companies of Texas Rangers were half a mile beyond.

These latter had swept the country between the Jalapa and Orizaba roads, and burned several depots of the guerillas, and captured a large quantity of property, besides killing some 60 of these robbers.

Gen. Patterson was correcting various abuses, and in his orders provided for the protection of the innocent and defenceless with great vigor. He had found that the officers were in the habit of sending their sick to the Hospitals without descriptive rolls. This evil he has corrected under severe penalties. The Guerillas he has taken steps to put down and keep down.

A depot is to be established permanently at the National Bridge.

Gen. Cushing had been very severe with the company of the Massachusett's Regiment which refused to wear the U. S. Military Clothing, because they regarded it as disgraceful. He denounced them as cowards in his order on the occasion consigning them to garisson duty in the castle.

The 13th Infantry was to march with a train for the National Bridge on the 17th ult.

There was no further news from the army at New Orleans on the 25th ult at 10 A. M.

☞ The President received a very large number of letters from Vera Cruz on Sunday last. They principally contain nothing but rumors from the interior of Mexico, the substance of which has been already given to the public in the Kendall correspondence. There is, however, some apprehension felt in high places for the safety of Gen. Lane, whose command, it is rumored, at the latest date, was captured by the enemy. If this be so, the blow will be a severe one, as the safety of Col. Childs at Puebla and Gen. Scott in the city of Mexico greatly depend on his joining them in time.

The Life of Gen. Taylor.—Messrs. Grigg, Elliott & Co., of Philadelphia, have just published in a handsome volume, a deeply interesting life of Gen. Taylor. It comprises a narrative of events connected with his professional career, derived from public documents and private correspondence, by J. Reese Fry. Also, authentic incidents of his early years, from materials collected by Robt. T. Conrad. The work is embellished with an original and accurate portrait—also eleven other spirited illustrations. Our readers can be supplied by sending their orders to Mr. Geo. Templeman of this city.

"This glorious and beautiful land is our common country—in peace or in war—in weal or in wo—under bad administration or good government. *Remember to stand by it.*"

Such, says the New Orleans Delta, is the language used by Henry Clay, at the close of his recent speech in Philadelphia. What a concentration of pure patriotism does it embody! How correct the principle which it enunciates! It embraces the whole creed of a good citizen, in relation to his duty to the State; it is a patriot's decalogue abridged. God bless old Hal, who gave utterance to the sentiment, he is now, as he has ever been, in heart and soul, a true American—an American all over.

Queretaro.—Queretaro, says the Philadelphia North American, is a fine town, stone-built, and distinguished for its manufactures, particularly of coarse woollens and cottons. It is about one hundred and twenty miles northwest of Mexico, and is seated on the borders of the Baxio—a great mountain plain or valley, of some two thousand feet less elevation than the valley of Mexico, which stretches, sixty or more miles wide, to the neighborhood of the largest city of Guanoxuato, and is considered the richest, as it is, in fact, the most fertile tract of land in all Mexico. The whole of this country, with its vicinity, is densely peopled. The little State of Guanoxuato, with a territory considerably less than that of Massachusetts, has a population variously estimated at from one hundred and twenty-five up to five hundred thousand souls.

The Divorce Complete.—By the Treasurer's last Statement the divorce between the Banks of the Government appears to be complete, for there are only six banks on the list and every dollar has been drawn out of them, though not reported as having been paid. We hope now the Democracy is satisfied.

Elections.—A Congressional and State Election went on in Louisiana and a State Election in Michigan to-day. To-day New York and New Jersey hold their State Elections. One Congressman is also to be chosen in Michigan, in the second district, to fill a vacancy.

Every man, therefore, says the Rochester Gazette, who desires the completion of the war, every one who loves the honor of his country, every man who depreciates the greater shedding of blood, must unite in demanding that our army be swollen to tens of thousands, and that effective blows be struck till Mexicans learn, that in peace alone is safety.

Editors, says the New York Courier, are in truth, the only class of men who may be said to be *educated* to the profession of legislators; and the wonder is, that more of them are not sent to our Legislative Assemblies.

War, and the War with Mexico.—*Sentiments of Caleb Cushing.*—Ambition, interest, revenge (said Mr. Cushing) rouse the ever-watchful passions within us; the trumpet sounds to arms, and its notes thrill through the kindling frame; all the surpassing pomp of military glory glitters before us to dazzle the senses, and to madden the soul. "The rapture of strife" burns in our bosoms, and the emulous love of glory hurries us forward into the field, where death gathers his great harvest, and havoc lords it over the smoke and the clash of battle. We resemble the bull in the Spanish arena, phrenzied by the scarlet shawl that is fluttered before him, and rushing blindly on the knife of the *matador*. We resemble the race-horse, in others, of the countries of Europe, where he is placed on the course unincumbered by bridle or rider, but with streaming ribands on his head and little bells, with jagged points, suspended over his back. He might, if he would, stand still at the starting post, for there is nothing to force him from it, but the bugles ring—the gazing multitudes shout—he is animated or startled by the sights and sounds about him—he begins to move—his movement shakes the bells, which jingle in his ears, and prick his flanks—and he dashes forward in the race for life and death, self-impelled and self-spurred to the goal. *Is not this a true picture of our lives? Are not we also, in the sanguinary wars which, from time to time, convulse the world, the self-immolated victims of our own headlong passions and unreasonable animal instincts?* Oh, when will civilized communities learn that war, even upon those *rare* occasions, when it is hallowed by a just and high cause, is, after all, but a necessary *crime*, and the scourge of our kind!—When will they conspire, not in over-reaching and *encroaching, one upon another*, but in bringing their choicest oblations, the flowers and fruits with which the bounteous hand of Heaven begems the unspoiled earth, *and the aspirations of a fraternal concord, to lay them lovingly together on the altar of Peace?*

Abolition Movements.—A set of lunatics, who deserve straight-jackets, says the Palmyra (Mo.) Whig, or a set of knaves, who deserve forty less one, about Washington city, are sending into this State a quantity of silly abolition tracts. A friend has shown us one of these miserable things, with a wood cut picture of *negroes* in *chains*, with a master holding over them a whip. In another is a dungeon grate, with a slave looking through. A third is a negro woman going about begging money to buy herself, &c. There are few negroes in Missouri who have not more decency and more sense than any abolitionist we have ever seen or read of. Patience with them is thrown away—contempt is the only lawful sentiment towards such a non-descript fraction of humanity as an *Abolitionist*.

Party Influence.—We are sometimes lost in amazement says one of our contemporires when we contemplate the infatuating influence of party domination. It seems to blunt men's perceptions, so that they cannot distinguish between right and wrong. It gangrenes the mental vision, causes people to see everything through colored glasses. It so distorts things, that men often fail to discern the difference between *party* and *country*; while blindly following the lead of one, they are so infatuated as to think they are serving the other. More than this, it seems to render its votaries unconscious of what kind of government they live under. From what we see and hear, we are forced to conclude that many of our citizens regard our President as the *government* and his *administration* as the country.

The Prospect.—Gen. Taylor, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, has already been formally nominated by thousands and tens of thousands of his countrymen, and the chances are, that, he will receive the hearty nomination of the Democratic Whig National Convention. Nay—that Clay and Clayton, Crittenden and Corwin, Calhoun and McDuffie, Scott and Sergeant, Webster, and McLean, and all their friends, will be found uniting together and urging his election. Should this expectation be realized, the opposition to him on the part of Mr. Polk and his friends, the handful of leaders and parasites throughout the country, will be a matter of jest and ridicule, rather than of serious apprehension.

Flying Artillery.—A writer in the Nashville Banner says Kosciusko drew up a treatise on flying artillery for General Davis, of South Carolina, in the year 1801, and that the General gave copies of the work to Mr. Jefferson and the then Capt. Macomb afterwards Major General of the United States Army. From this it is inferred that to Kosciusko is due the honor of introducing that effective arm into our military service.

Diplomatic Relations with Rome.—We have it from good authority, says the Philadelphia Enquirer of yesterday, that our Government has determined to open diplomatic relations with the Papal See. We understand, also, that Col J. S. Du Solle, of this city, is likely to be the gentleman selected as Charge d' Affaire to Rome.

Deplorable Accident.—A fatal accident happened upon the Fitchburg railroad on Saturday last, the cause of which was the fool-hardy practice of jumping from the cars while they are in motion. An Irish laborer upon a gravel car attempted to jump off in this fashion, but was thrown prostrate upon the track and the whole train passed over him, cutting him in two in the middle. Of course he died instantly.

Embarkation.—To-day, says the Nashville Whig of the 26th ult. the Regiment of Volunteers which has been mustered into service here, will embark on small steamers provided for the purpose and proceed down the river until they meet the Gov. Jones and Tennessee, which will receive them and take them to such point on the Mississippi above or below New Orleans as may be designated.

Victims of Yellow Fever.

Two pages of the New Orleans National are filled with the names of those who have fallen victims to the yellow fever in that city the present summer. The following is a recapitulation:

Born in		*Born in*		*Born in*	
The U. States	240	Sardinia	1	Cuba	2
England	70	Hanover	1	Geralta	1
Scotland	20	West Indies	1	Isle of Man	1
France	224	Ireland	694	Norway	1
Prussia	44	Germany	877	Malta	1
Italy	12	Spain	9	Jewish Cemetery	44
Canada	6	Portugal	3	Unknown	233
Belgium	7	Switzerland	24		
Turkey	2	Denmark	11		
Mexico	2	Austria	4	Total	2544
Circassia	1	Sicily	3		

Some idea may be formed, from this list, of the heterogeneous character of the population of the United States.

Disarming the President.—The Herkimer, (N. Y.) Democrats go for disarming the President, as follows:

Resolved, That a decentralization of the power of the Federal Government is indispensable to the purity of our elections and the success of our institutions, and we therefore heartily approve of the proposition made and adopted in the Senate of this State, on the 25th day of October, 1847, for an amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which shall authorize Congress—

1st. To provide by law, that any of the officers of the U. States for any State or Territory, or for any subdivision or portion thereof, shall be elected by the electors of such State or Territory, or some subdivision thereof, and to prescribe the manner of such election.

2d. To prescribe by law the duration of the official terms of all officers of the United States, the duration of whose official terms is not fixed by the Constitution; the cases in which any such officer may be suspended or removed from office, before the expiration of the term for which he shall have been elected or appointed; the officer or tribunal by which, and the manner in which, such suspension or removal shall be made, and the manner of filling any vacancy occasioned by such suspension or removal.

The Bishop of New York.—The Courier and Enquirer gives a more particular account of what transpired in the House of Bishops than we have yet furnished:

As soon as the canon placing the power to remit or modify such a sentence as his, in the House of Bishops, had become a law, by the action of both houses, a committee of five bishops, elected by ballot, brought in a report, *recommending, unanimously, that the bishop "be leave to withdraw his papers."* The report went largely and ably into the reasons for rejecting his demand. Among others, that there was no reason to believe he had repented of that of which he had been found guilty, and that, until there should be received from him satisfactory profession of repentance, restoration was impossible.

The report went further, and aimed at impressing on the mind of Bishop Onderdonk, that, since the office of a bishop was given him, not for his sake, but the good of the church, there was nothing left to him but the rare "legal possibility" of being ever restored, and no such possibility as should be the basis in his mind of any expectation. The report was very strong, and, we trust, will be considered as terminating this unhappy case.

The vote on the resolution was sixteen to six. The six were precisely the same bishops who, on the trial, voted not guilty. Two bishops who would certainly have voted with the sixteen were absent, viz: Bishops Smith and Potter. All present, the vote would have been eighteen to six.

[From the New Orleans Bee, Whig.]

FATE OF MEXICO.

The future destiny of Mexico is a problem towards the solution of which events are rapidly tending. It had long been remarked that the occupants of that beautiful country—a region seemingly provided by Providence for the habitation of a civilized and enlightened race—were totally unfit for the institutions they had endeavored to frame. The Mexicans, who commenced the revolution under Hidalgo and Morelos, were incited to revolt by the grinding oppression of the Spanish domination. Their fetters once thrown off, they resolved in their spasmodic yearnings for liberty, to imitate, as far as practicable, the institutions of the United States—thus presenting the anomaly of republican forms in a country where neither freedom of conscience nor religious toleration was endured; where priestcraft wielded a despotism more omnipotent than that of their ancient Spanish masters, and where the people themselves, were alike ignorant of the restraints and prerogatives of law, regulated liberty.

Men must be prepared for the enjoyment of rational freedom. "It is not," says an eloquent writer, "in swaddling-bands that we learn to walk. It is not in the dark that we learn to distinguish colors. It is not under oppression that we learn how to use freedom." The truth of this axiom has been amply attested in the history of the Hispanio-Mexican race. Five and twenty years of exemption from the Spanish yoke, have not sufficed to educate them for the exalted attributes of freemen. During nearly a quarter of a century, they have fluctuated between despotism and anarchy; between an execrable government and the absence of all government; between the rule of a tyrant and the yet more frightful rule of the populace. They have swung alternately to the two extremes of evil government, but have never paused midway between either. They have long been the scoff and by-word of other nations—a theme for comments, by the advocates of absolute power, on the incapacity of man for self-government—a subject of profound regret by the lovers of freedom, that a nation should be so lost to dignity and self-respect, as to sacrifice every particle of real liberty, while vainly guarding its empty and worthless externals.

The keen eye of many quiet observers had perceived that Mexico could not continue much longer in this unprofitable and disgraceful career; and that her fate was only doubtful, because it was yet impossible to decide whether she would become the heritage of some European monarchy, or would be gradually brought under the paternal control of her immediate neighbors. The war which the arrogance and imbecility of Mexico has provoked, bids fair to abridge the process by which her absorption and ultimate denationalization will be accomplished. Her own obstinate infatuation has caused her wilfully to reject the sole remaining chance of preserving from dismemberment the vast regions over which she exercises nominal sway. The olive branch will now be withdrawn, and the war prosecuted with that vigor and violence, without which war is a fruitless waste of blood and treasure. Whatever past opinions may have been, few persons now believe that peace can be obtained by Mexico, save at the cost of many a broad acre of her spacious soil. The extent of territory which she must surrender as the price of peace, will exceed the dominions of half the potentates of the Old World—and does any one acquainted with the influence of that spirit of territorial acquisition which grows on what it feeds, for a moment, cherish the illusion that Anglo-Saxon ambition will rest contented with the first concession, huge though it be. Pause we may, to await the pretext for further encroachment, or to strengthen recent accessions and people them with off-shoots of our hardy and enterprising population. But as surely as our national existence shall continue, so surely is Mexico doomed to come under the sway of the intelligent, ambitious and warlike people who have now unfurled their standard in her capital.

We look upon this result as inevitable. We have regarded it *in this light*, almost from the outbreak of hostilities. But we would have it accomplished by a gradual process of assimilation like that which secured us Texas—not by a violent aggregation of a country whose inhabitants, ignorant of the happy destiny in store for them, and taught only to consider us as robbers and despoilers, would be forced reluctantly into the Union, and struggle on every possible occasion to revert to their former licentious rule and degraded social condition. We want Mexico when Mexico shall be qualified for existence under republican institutions. Until then we should only employ the means at our command for preparing her people for the appreciation of the fate in reserve for them.

Later from Santa Fe.—A few letters were received in this city yesterday, says the St. Louis Republican of the 24th ultimo, from Santa Fe. Our correspondence has not come to hand, but we have seen a private letter from a member of Col. Easton's battalion, which is dated on the 24th of August. It is mainly made up of matters of no great general interest. The company to which the writer belonged was sixty-three days on the route, only forty-three of which, however, were occupied in the march.—The whole of Col. Easton's battalion had arrived, and they were busily engaged in getting their quarters in good orders. It is said that the evils under which the volunteers who preceded them had suffered, from indulgence in dissipation and gambling and the disregard of military order, would be immediately remedied, as they "were under rigid discipline." The writer says: "We have a rumor here that the Mexicans have murdered all the Americans in Chihuahua, but it has not been confirmed; and a Mexican from El Paso says that they had not heard of it at that place."

Going it on Tick.—A feat unprecedented in the annals of telegraphing, says the Cincinnatti Signal, was achieved a few days since by Mr. Barnes, recently of the Albany and Buffalo line, but now permanently employed by Mr. O'Reilly, in the office in this city. The feat alluded to was communicating and receiving despatches to and from Louisville without the use of the registering instrument. It was done by the ear, listening to the faint music produced by the motion of the small perpendicular magnet in the second circuit, and which is not louder than the ticking of a watch. The communication was thus kept the whole day. Mr. Barnes is one of the most skilful operators in this country, if not in the world, and is an invaluable acquisition to the Western line.

Telegraph Wire.—We noticed yesterday, says the Baltimore American of this morning, that the workmen engaged in putting up another telegraph wire, (or rather cord, for it is formed of three distinct iron wires twisted together,) which is to extend from this city to Washington. This has become necessary from the insecure character of other wires, both of which, from long exposure to the weather, have so lost their strength as to break with the slightest strain. The wire cord which is now being put up is of a much more substantial nature, and covered with a thick coating of paint to protect it from the effects of the weather.

☞ Generals Quitman and Smith, were the two first officers who entered the National Palace at Mexico, and by Gen. Quitman's order, Capt. Porter of the rifles, hoisted the national banner of the division of Cerro Gordo, upon the palace of Montezuma, at 7 o'clock in the morning.

Naval.—The U. S. steam frigate *Mississippi*, Com. A. S. Mackenzie, sailed from the port of Pensacola on the 17th ultimo.

The Wilmot Proviso and the Democracy of N. York. Since the late Democratic State Convention at Syracuse, the County Conventions of that party, in the following counties, have declared themselves in favor of the Wilmot proviso, namely: Herkimer, Delaware, Onondaga, St. Lawrence, Suffolk, Cayuga, Wayne, Tompkins, Chemung, and Westchester. These counties gave majorities for Mr. Polk over Mr. Clay, amounting in the aggregate to 6,754, while the majority in the State for Polk and Dallas was only 5,106.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

It has been estimated that the average loss of men by the Mexican war, since its commencement, has been about fifty per day; and that it has already cost the United States about one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The money, vast as is the amount, is nothing in comparison with the lives that have been sacrificed—and for what? Who can estimate the fearful amount of wretchedness which it has brought into thousands of domestic circles in our land, to say nothing of Mexican losses! How many wives has it made widows, and children orphans, and parents childless! Why was the war commenced, and when is it to terminate? Those who got it up tell us that it was not for the purpose of conquest; and yet they declare that the horrid work is not to cease till Mexico consents to part with half her territory! There is a day coming when its originators will have a fearful reckoning to meet.

Commercial.

GEORGETOWN MARKET—November 2.

Flour.—No change. Sales from wagons at $6.12 1-2a $6.25.

Wheat.—Receipts light, and demand good. Sales at 125 a 130 c.

Corn.—Old white, 65 a 68 c.; new 50 a 55 c.

Oats 45 a 50 c. and in demand.

City Intelligence.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

Monday, *Nov.* 1, 1847.

Present—Messrs. Scott, Magruder, Orme, Lenox, (Pres'd't,) Towers, Maury, Adams, Clarke, Thornley, and Byington.

The Board met at the usual hour, called to order by the President.

The journal being read,

The nominations, made by the Mayor, of the superintendents of the chimney sweeps of the several wards, were taken up, balloted for, and confirmed.

Mr. Towers then introduced the report of the committee on the Asylum, which stated that the committee had made a thorough examination of the establishment and found it perfect in all its departments, that the sick were well provided for and taken care of—that the poor were well clad and fed. Also, that there had been much improvement about the building, &c. Laid upon the table.

Mr. Adams introduced a bill for enlarging the culvert intersecting 3d and L streets south, asking an appropriation of $30 for the same. Referred to Committee on Improvements.

Mr. Scott introduced a bill for the gravelling 24th street west, from F to I street. Referred to Committee on Improvements.

A resolution that the Board do adjourn until the 15th inst. at 4 p. m. was read three times and passed.

The Board then, on motion, adjourned.

BOARD OF COMMON COUNCIL.

Monday, *Nov.* 1, 1847.

The Board met at half-past 4 o'clock—Mr. Haliday in the chair. Present, all the members, except Messrs. Morgan, Dow, Bacon, and Queen.

On motion, the reading of Journal was dispensed with.

The Select Committee on the Asylum made the following report:

"The Joint Committee on the Asylum have performed the duty assigned them by the 'Act for the government of the Asylum,' and respectfully report:

"That they assembled at the Asylum on Friday evening, the 22d October, and made an examination of the establishment in all its departments, and found the inmates of the Poor-house properly provided with food and raiment of a good and substantial quality; the sick properly attended to and cared for, and the inmates of the Work-house made comfortable. The house is in a most excellent state of cleanliness, and good order seemed to pervade the premises; and the Committee take pleas