

[From the Mobile Tribune.]

THE SHOWER.

In a valley that I know—
Happy scene!
There are meadows sloping slow,
There the fairest flowers blow,
And the brightest water flows,
All serene;
But the sweetest thing to see,
If you ask the dripping tree,
Or the harvest hoping swain,
Is the rain!

Ah, the dwellers of the town,
How they sigh,
How ungratefully they frown
When the cloud king shakes his crown
And the pearls come pouring down
From the sky!
They desire no charm at all
When the sparkling jewels fall
And each moment of this shower
Seems an hour!

Yet there's something very sweet
In the sight,
When the crystal currents meet,
In the dry and dusty street,
And they wrestle with the heat,
In their might!

While they seem to hold a talk,
With the stones along the walk,
And remind them of the rule,
To "keep cool!"

But in that quiet dell,
Ever fair,
Still the Lord doth all things well,
When his clouds with blessings swell,
And they break a brimming shell,
On the air!

There the Shower bath its charms,
Sweet and welcome to the farms,
As they listen to its voice
And rejoice!

From the Foreign Correspondence of the Boston Atlas.

ANOTHER PRASLIN AFFAIR.

The murder of Mad. D'Entrecasteaux.
The Praslin affair has caused a singular excitement in the calm of rural life. As the news is longer a topic in the chateaux than in the city, they still speak of this terrible tragedy in our private circles. It is said, and justly too, that the assassination of the Duchesse is not a crime of our time. Yet we need not go back to the middle ages, to find in the highest of French society a similar instance. In this connection, we shall here introduce an actual affair, which made a great noise at the end of the last century, and which an old Chevalier of St. Louis, contemporary of the fact, and who knew the principal parties, lately related in our hearing, in the chateau de L.

It was in the year 1785, at Aix, in Provence. There was on that day a grand soiree, at the mansion of the Marquis de Galleflet, where were collected the nobility of the robe and the sword. At this soiree, there were present the President d'Entrecasteaux, one of the four superior judges of the Parliament of Provence, and Madame the Marchioness de Cubre, a young widow, as distinguished by the graces of her mind as by the charms of her person. M. d'Entrecasteaux, who was brother to the celebrated sailor of that name, had conceived a violent passion for Madame de Cubre. But he was married, and the widow, as virtuous as she was lovely, would not listen to him. Yet the President, who was an agreeable and impassioned man, made some impression upon her heart, and at this soiree, at the Marquis de Galleflet's, Madame de Cubre replied to the tender protestations of M. d'Entrecasteaux, with a sigh, "I can only love the man who can become my husband. Were you free, like myself, I would marry you willingly." Who would have supposed, that these words, spoken lightly and without thought, in the midst of the elegant and polite society, by a virtuous woman, to a man distinguished by his intellect, his elevated position, would bear within them so fatal a germ: The day after, very early in the morning, the Marquis de Arlatou de Lauris, who, when quite a young man, held the post of procurer of the King, having gone to make his usual promenade, saw a large gathering in front of the door of M. d'Entrecasteaux. He enquired the cause that collected this multitude, and learned that an assassination had been committed in the hotel. The magistrate asked the name of the victim. They told him it was the wife of the President, Madame d'Entrecasteaux, with whom he had passed the evening before, and from whom he had parted, at the door of her mansion, at one in the morning. He went in and ascended to the chamber of the unfortunate President's lady, whom he found extended on the carpet, bathed in her own blood, her head supported by an arm-chair, and having in her neck a large and deep wound, that had caused her death. Her husband was present. He was a small man, quick and irritable, of slender form and agreeable face. He was in his morning dress, clothed entirely in white, and his clothes were remarkably fresh and clean. His appearance, his attitude, his face, all expressed great grief. He threw himself into the arms of the young magistrate, crying, "I am most unhappy!" So great was his despair, that the procurer could obtain from him no information, no details, of a nature to find the first elements of an inquest. They knew not in what direction to turn their suspicions. No robbery had been committed, and nothing induced them to suppose it an act of vengeance.

In the profound and deep emotion that agitated the whole city of Aix, in the trouble and alarm caused by this terrible event, the most contradictory versions were circulated in all directions. But suspicion, still undecided, floated here and there, without finding a solid resting place, and without once touching the real culprit. They commenced the inquest, and the magistrates instituted the most minute examination of the hotel d'Entrecasteaux. The servants of the house were kept under guard; the President alone, whom every one esteemed and pitied, remained free. He received the condolences of his friends and the sympathy of the whole city. Two days had elapsed since the commencement of the inquest. They had searched every part of the hotel, they carefully examined all the furniture, and nothing had as yet elicited the slightest information, when upon examining the President's dressing case, they remarked that there was but one, instead of the two razors, it ought to contain. The place for the other razor was empty. This missing razor must have been the instrument used in the crime, and which the assassin had caused to disappear. They demanded of the President's valet de chambre why the case had only one razor, and how he explained the absence of the other. The valet de chambre replied—"On the evening when the President dressed himself to repair to the soiree of the Marquis de Galleflet, I shaved him. The two razors were in the case; I put them there myself. I put the President and myself have been. It must, therefore, have been either he or I who has touch-

ed this razor. The assassin is, therefore, one of us two, and it is not I."

Even after an accusation so explicit, terrified suspicion still hesitated to fasten on a man so eminent and so generally esteemed as was the President. But new light was given to confirm its justice and clear public opinion. An old woman, who occupied a garret near the house, from whence she could overlook the garden, declared that in the morning, at the dawn of the day that followed the night of the crime, upon opening her window, she saw a white figure, like a phantom, gliding along an alley of the garden, direct its steps towards the well, bend over it, make a motion, as if to throw something into it; and afterwards return to the hotel.

They searched the well; they found there the razor and a bloody dressing-gown belonging to the President. The Parliament immediately met in secret session. The procurer general Castillon, in a vigorous and powerful plea, summed up all the evidences against the President, demanded that he should be apprehended and tried, according to the rigor of the law. It was impossible to refuse this request. The first President of the Parliament, to avoid a scandal, and perhaps influenced by a feeling of compassion, or by a remembrance of their ancient brotherhood, called an usher, gave him some orders in a low tone, and handed him a small note, which d'Entrecasteaux received a moment after, and which contained these words—"If you are innocent, remain; if you are guilty, fly as quickly as possible. I have had my carriage harnessed with post-horses stationed in the lane at the end of your garden. Take the road to Italy. I will give you two hours before they can set out in pursuit."

D'Entrecasteaux went; they pursued, without overtaking him. He took refuge in Nice, and then passed into Portugal, but his crime did not pass entirely unpunished. They went through with his trial in Aix. He was condemned by default, sentenced, and executed in effigy. He was arrested by secret orders in a foreign land, and died in the prisons of Lisbon.

THE PORTRAIT.—Continued.

"Yes, wait!" he exclaimed passionately; "but patience and waiting must have an end. Wait, indeed! and when am I to see to-morrow's dinner? Borrowing is out of the question; and if I sell my pictures and drawings, they will give me perhaps a dougriente for the whole lot. They are useful to me; not that I have any use for them, but as objects from which I have learned something. But what would be their value to anybody else? They are studies, exercises; and studies and exercises they will remain to the end of the chapter. And, besides, who would buy them? I am unknown as an artist, and who wants studies from the antique and sketches from the living model, or my unfinished Love and Psyche, or the perspective sketch of the interior of Nikita, though it is really better than the portraits painted by any of our fashionable painters? And, after all, what do I gain by this? Why should I work myself to death, and keep plodding like a schoolboy, over his A B C, when I might see as famous as any of them, and have as much money as I like? As he pronounced these words, the artist involuntarily shuddered and turned pale. He saw, looking fixedly at him, peeping out from the shadow of a tall canvas that stood against the wall, a face seemingly torn by some convulsive agony. Two dreadful eyes glared upon the young man, with a strange inexpressible expression; the lips were curled up, the mouth was agape, and the teeth were bared and distorted. Startled, almost terrified, Tcharkoff was on the point of calling Nikita, by whose time sent forth from his ante-room a Titanian, whom he checked himself and burst into a laugh. The object of alarm was the portrait he had bought, and which he had completely forgotten. The bright moonlight, coming from the window, partially illuminated the picture, and gave it a strange air of reality. By the clear cold light Tcharkoff set to work to examine and clean his purchase. As the coat of dust and filth that incrustated it was removed, he hung the picture upon the wall, and looking at it, it was more than ever convulsed by its extraordinary character and power. The countenance seemed lighted up by the fierce and glittering eyes, which looked out of the picture so wonderfully, and assumed, as it seemed to him, such strange, and varied, and terrible expressions, that he at last involuntarily turned away his eyes, unable to support the gaze of the old artist. Then, as he turned, a story he had once heard from his professor, of a certain portrait of the famous Leonardo da Vinci, at which the great master worked for many years, still counting it unfinished, and which, nevertheless, according to Vasari, was universally considered the most perfect and finished production of art. But the most exquisitely finished part of it were the eyes, which excited the wonder of all contemporaries; even the minute and almost invisible veins were exactly rendered and put upon the canvas. This was not art; the eyes absolutely destroyed the harmony of the portrait. They were living, they were human eyes, which seemed to have formed themselves spontaneously upon his face. Even on the French, Dutch, Flemish, Italian, Venetian, and Tuscan schools, here I saw the Venus of Titian, a copy of which, said to be done by the same artist, (and I see no reason to doubt it,) I have seen exhibited in Boston. Here is also the original statue of Venus de Medici, which, when discovered, was broken in three pieces. It was found in the garden of the Villa, and supposed to have been the work of Praxiteles. The celebrated group of Niobe and her children, by Scopas, the Apollo, the Dancing Faun, the Scythian Slave, and the Wrestlers, besides numerous other original and valuable works, are here to be seen. Artists of different nations, some of them females, I observed, were engaged copying from various paintings.

The Russian lesson-spell. This "infernal fiend" is frequently the popular name of the nightmare.

The "wain-dial," a single piece of glass fixed in a frame, was said to be used, very necessary in a factory, to see whether the wheels of a mill were running at the proper rate.

[To be continued.]

The Old Palace of Florence.—The Palazzo Vecchio, says the foreign correspondent of the Boston Atlas, has a remarkably lofty tower, built in the thirteenth century, and which was afterwards enlarged by groups in marble, by Michael Angelo, Bandinelli, Giusio, Donatello, Cellini, and Giovanni di Bologna. The Grand Duke's palace is finely elevated in front, with a garden in rear, but it is not remarkable except for the very choice collection of paintings. The museum, for its specimens of zoology, mineralogy, botany, ornithology, and particularly anatomy, exceeds anything I have seen in the world. The paintings and Sculpture in the great atrium, and a week may be spent in examining the numerous objects, among which is a cabinet of rich gems. There are two vestibules, and three long corridors of paintings and sculpture; a cabinet of ancient and modern bronzes, one of antique vases, twelve rooms and two towers, which contain the most valuable works of the French, Dutch, Flemish, Italian, Venetian, and Tuscan schools. Here I saw the Venus of Titian, a copy of which, said to be done by the same artist, (and I see no reason to doubt it,) I have seen exhibited in Boston. Here is also the original statue of Venus de Medici, which, when discovered, was broken in three pieces. It was found in the garden of the Villa, and supposed to have been the work of Praxiteles. The celebrated group of Niobe and her children, by Scopas, the Apollo, the Dancing Faun, the Scythian Slave, and the Wrestlers, besides numerous other original and valuable works, are here to be seen. Artists of different nations, some of them females, I observed, were engaged copying from various paintings.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—Mr. Paraffin recently announced to the Royal Institution of England, a discovery which would appear to constitute the impossible agency of light, heat, and electricity, if those together, if it does not prove their identity. A beam of polarized light, he has discovered, is reflected by the electrical current, so that it may be made to rotate through a certain angle, the converse of this is, that electro-magnetic rotations may be produced by the agency of light. Thus, it is thought, the problem which has disturbed scientists for a long time, as to the power of magnetism to rotate the rays, receives a satisfactory explanation. Mr. P. has already proved the identity of machine, chemical, magnetic, and animal electricity, and now he would appear to have discovered a new force. Light, the subtle agent of vision, the source of all the beauty of colors, and even of life and organization, is shown to have a close relation to electricity, to which, as he has referred many of the functions of animal and vegetable life. This cannot fail to advance us towards a knowledge of those physical phenomena dependent on these great natural agents.

LEARN FROM MR. O'REILLY that the recent storm was unusually severe in the neighborhood of Madison, and that several large trees were blown down across the telegraph wires severing them in several places. Quite a large tree was removed off the wires twenty-four miles beyond Madison. *London Journal 12th inst.*

Why cannot a bishop elect his apron? Because it is against his habit.

Why is dancing like milk? Because it strengthens the calves, to be sure.

Why are ladies like churches? Because there is no living without them, eh?

DAILY NATIONAL WHIG.

WASHINGTON CITY.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 18, 1847.

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THE PRICE OF THE WAR.

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It will be remembered that this understanding was violated by Mr. Benton, the Chairman of the Military Committee, who of his own mere motion, reported back the war bill to the Senate, and thus precipitated the question of absolute and unconditional war into the midst of the Senatorial body, coupled with the question of voting the supplies for the relief of the army, then supposed to be in a most dangerous position.

We have recently heard this conduct of Mr. Benton, on this occasion, accounted for to us this way: That, pending the consideration of that portion of the war bill which was referred to the Military Committee, Mr. Benton was advised by the Executive, that, in the contemplated arrangements for increasing the army, his son-in-law, then Lieut. Fremont, should be created a Lieutenant Colonel; and that immediately after the receipt of this communication from headquarters, the Senator from Missouri made the report he did, and thus drove the Senate into concurrence with the House bill.

If this charge against Mr. Benton be true, the elevation of Mr. Fremont was the price of the war—for it is well known, that had the understanding of the Senate been faithfully complied with by Mr. Benton, the House bill would never have passed with the lying preamble which the Administration prepared to hide its own wicked and unconstitutional acts from the public eye.

Every man, said the corrupt Walpole, has his price. His equally corrupt successor in the American Chief Magistracy has acted with triumphant success upon this maxim in his relations with his own party men. That Mr. Benton is capable of being influenced by himself and those he has an interest in, we are fully prepared to believe, ever since his tergiversation upon the Texas question. He defeated the Tyler Treaty by arraying against it the truth, and yet when the same object was to be attained by a Resolution of Congress, he deserted his post and went for it, when, by adhering to his position, he could have saved the country from annexation and its train of desolations. His course upon this question, we have also recently heard explained, which, if true, does not elevate him in our estimation. It is said that his position to the Tyler Treaty arose from the fact that Mr. Tyler sent to the Senate the documents in relation to the trial of Col. Brant, and that having revenged himself upon Mr. Tyler, he had no further motive to oppose annexation. Be this as it may, the fact is that enough to condemn him for deserting the public interests. His going to war with Mexico, because Mexico asserted her right to the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, an assertion, the truth of which he triumphantly sustained in his speech against the Tyler Treaty, has long since prepared the public mind to attribute to him the most impure motives. If the explanation given, which, if true, does not elevate him in our estimation. It is said that his position to the Tyler Treaty arose from the fact that Mr. Tyler sent to the Senate the documents in relation to the trial of Col. Brant, and that having revenged himself upon Mr. Tyler, he had no further motive to oppose annexation. Be this as it may, the fact is that enough to condemn him for deserting the public interests. His going to war with Mexico, because Mexico asserted her right to the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, an assertion, the truth of which he triumphantly sustained in his speech against the Tyler Treaty, has long since prepared the public mind to attribute to him the most impure motives. If the explanation given, which, if true, does not elevate him in our estimation.

Mr. Benton and the Administration.
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EDITORIAL TABLE.

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Every man, said the corrupt Walpole, has his price. His equally corrupt successor in the American Chief Magistracy has acted with triumphant success upon this maxim in his relations with his own party men. That Mr. Benton is capable of being influenced by himself and those he has an interest in, we are fully prepared to believe, ever since his tergiversation upon the Texas question. He defeated the Tyler Treaty by arraying against it the truth, and yet when the same object was to be attained by a Resolution of Congress, he deserted his post and went for it, when, by adhering to his position, he could have saved the country from annexation and its train of desolations. His course upon this question, we have also recently heard explained, which, if true, does not elevate him in our estimation. It is said that his position to the Tyler Treaty arose from the fact that Mr. Tyler sent to the Senate the documents in relation to the trial of Col. Brant, and that having revenged himself upon Mr. Tyler, he had no further motive to oppose annexation. Be this as it may, the fact is that enough to condemn him for deserting the public interests. His going to war with Mexico, because Mexico asserted her right to the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, an assertion, the truth of which he triumphantly sustained in his speech against the Tyler Treaty, has long since prepared the public mind to attribute to him the most impure motives. If the explanation given, which, if true, does not elevate him in our estimation.

Mr. Benton and the Administration.
It is currently reported that the Administration are exceedingly tired of Mr. Benton, and are preparing to make war upon him. His demands are so exorbitant that they cannot comply with them, without subjecting the public interests to manifest injury. It is now seen by the President, we are credibly informed, that the purchase of Mr. Benton's influence has been made at too great a sacrifice, and that a radical error was committed in acceding to one of the conditions of his support—the throwing off of Mr. Calhoun and his friends. Mr. Polk and his cabinet, are now said, to be disposed to cultivate the friendship of the proscribed Carolinian, and to win his support for the Administration, and that his friends. The great question of cabinet consultations, we are well informed, is now the disposition of Mr. Benton, and from present appearances, it is highly probable that he will be thrown overboard without compunction of conscience. That Mr. Benton sees how critical his relations are to the Administration, is too evident to admit of a doubt. He is so shaping his course to be ready for a declaration of war by the Administration against him, and the only question is now, who shall be first in the field. Eventually, as this impending state of things may, the country will be the gainer, for the Administration, if it holds on to Mr. Benton, will wear the shirt of Ness, and if it throws him off, it will be in even a worse position, for it will fail of getting the support of the statesman who was driven out of the State Department, as the price of retaining Mr. Benton. We shall watch the progress of the relations between the Administration and Mr. Benton with great care and report from time to time to the country. It is time that the honest people should come by their rights.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

The mulattars, who were recently flogged in the streets of New Orleans, for aspersing the character of Madame Avegno, has brought suit against the sons, Avegnos, who inflicted the whipping, and laid her damages at \$50,000.

The first West India steamship for Calcutta, on the Louisiana coast, left Southampton on the 24th instant, and will touch at this calling place about the 24th inst., so as to communicate with New Orleans.

The Bull fights at New Orleans do not appear to give general satisfaction, in consequence of the inability of the manager to get proper animals. He now promises great things, as he has procured a stable of bloods from Matamoras!

It is feared that Tip Morse is elected in the 4th Louisiana District to Congress. If so, Louisiana will stand as she did in the last House.

The last news from Yucatan exhibits a fearful state of intestine divisions. Her tyrants are only prevented from making war upon us by the fear of our fleet pouncing down upon them.

There is considerable excitement on the borders of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, owing to the conduct of the commissioners in planting monuments of demarkation along the line, before the final action of the Legislatures of the two States.

Mrs. Cullum Smith, of Hyde county, N. C., recently had a fierce encounter with a hungry bear, in which she came off victorious, but not till after she lodged in his body two charges of buckshot. She is worthy of the name of Smith!

The U. S. steamboat Iris put into Charleston on the 14th instant to repair her engine, which was much wrecked by heavy weather in the Stream. So much for the policy of the Government's buying old steamboats!

We read of two murders in the vicinity of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, one an Indian and the other a drunken man. The victims were beaten to death with clubs.

The corner-stone of the State House of Louisiana was laid on the 3d inst. at Baton Rouge amid great rejoicing. Speaking of State Houses, we see that the new State House of Alabama, at Montgomery, has been accepted from the contractors.

As late as the 16th of October, the Indians were committing great ravages in the vicinity of Parras. They killed seven Pecos (Mexican slaves) in one field. Our

DAILY NATIONAL WHIG.

WASHINGTON CITY.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 18, 1847.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Subject to the decision of the Whig National Convention.

THE PRICE OF THE WAR.

When the bill, legalizing the monstrous falsehood, that war existed between the U. States and Mexico, by the act of the latter power, went to the Senate for its concurrence, a movement was made and carried, to refer so much of the bill as related to this false declaration to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, while the rest of the bill was sent to the Committee on Military Affairs, with the distinct understanding in the Senate, that while the supplies should be voted without delay for the extrication of Taylor and his gallant army from peril, time might be afforded for deliberation upon the question of absolute war against Mexico.

It will be remembered that this understanding was violated by Mr. Benton, the Chairman of the Military Committee, who of his own mere motion, reported back the war bill to the Senate, and thus precipitated the question of absolute and unconditional war into the midst of the Senatorial body, coupled with the question of voting the supplies for the relief of the army, then supposed to be in a most dangerous position.

We have recently heard this conduct of Mr. Benton, on this occasion, accounted for to us this way: That, pending the consideration of that portion of the war bill which was referred to the Military Committee, Mr. Benton was advised by the Executive, that, in the contemplated arrangements for increasing the army, his son-in-law, then Lieut. Fremont, should be created a Lieutenant Colonel; and that immediately after the receipt of this communication from headquarters, the Senator from Missouri made the report he did, and thus drove the Senate into concurrence with the House bill.