THE PORTRAIT.--Continued.

CHAPTER II.

A number of carriages, caleches, and drojkis were drawn up in the vicinity of a handsome mansion in one of the best quarters of St. Petersburg. It had been the residence of a rich virtuoso, lately deceased, and whose pictures, furniture, and curiosities, were now selling by auction. The large drawing-room was filled with the most distinguished amateurs of art in St. Petersburg, mingled with brokers and dealers on the look-out for bargains, and with a large sprinkling of those idlers who, without intending to purchase, frequent auctions to kill a morning. The sale was in full activity, and there was eager competition for the lot then up. The biddings succeeded each other so rapidly, that the auctioneer was scarcely able to repeat them. The object so many were eager to possess, was a portrait, which could hardly fail to attract the attention even of persons who knew nothing of pictures. This painting, which possessed a very considerable amount of artistical merit, and had apparently been more than once restored, repaired, and cleaned, represented the tawny features of an Oriental, attired in a loose costume. The expression of the face was singular, and by no means pleasant. Its most striking feature was the extraordinary and unaccountable look of the eyes, which, by some trick of the artist, seemed to follow the spectator wherever he went. Every one of the persons there assembled was ready to swear that the eyes looked straight at him; and, what was yet more unaccountable, the effect was the same whether the beholder stood on the right, or on the left, or in front of the picture. This peculiarity it was that had made so many anxious to possess a portrait whose subject and painter were alike unknown. Gradually, however, many of the amateurs ceased their biddings, for the price had become extravagant, and at last only two continued to compete—two rich noblemen, both enthusiastic lovers of the eccentric in art. These still continued the contest, grew heated with their rivalry, and were in a fair way to raise the price to something positively absurd, when a by-stander stepped forward and addressed them: "Before this contest goes further," he said, "permit me to say a few words. Of all here present, it is I, I believe, who have the best right to the portrait in dispute."

All eyes were turned towards the speaker. He was a tall, handsome man, of about thirty-five, with a pleasant, cheerful countenance, a careless style of dress, and long black curls flowing down his neck. He was personally known to many present, and the name of B——, the artist, was circulated through the room.

"Extraordinary as my words may appear to you," he resumed, perceiving he had fixed the general attention, "I can explain them if you are disposed to give me five minutes' audience. I have every reason to believe that this portrait is one I have long sought in vain."

Curiosity was expressed on every countenance; the auctioneer stood open-mouthed and with uplifted hammer; all entreated B—— to tell his tale. The artist at once complied.

"You are all acquainted," he said, "with the quarter of St. Petersburg known as the Kolomna, and aware that it is chiefly occupied by persons either in poverty, or whose resources are exceedingly limited, many of whom, compelled by unforeseen circumstances to outstrip their limited income, frequently find themselves in want of immediate and temporary assistance; compelled, in short, to apply to money-lenders. In consequence of this, there has settled amongst them a particular class of usurers, who supply petty sums on satisfactory pledges, and at enormous interest. These pawnbrokers on a small scale are generally far more pitiless than the aristocratic usurer, whose customers drive to his door in their carriages. Compunction, humanity, a feeling of pity for the unfortunates upon whose need they fatten, never by any chance enter their breast. Amongst these callous extortioners there was one who, at a certain period of the last century, under the reign of the Empress Catherine II., had been settled for some years in the Kolomna. He was an extraordinary and enigmatical personage, of whom none knew anything; he wore a flowing Asiatic dress, his complexion was swarthy as an Arab; but to what nation he really belonged, whether Hindoo, or Greek, or Persian, none could decide. His tall stature, his tawny, withered, wiry face, with its tint of greenish bronze, his large eyes full of sullen fire, shadowed by thick and overhanging brows; every point in his appearance, in short, made a strong and marked distinction between him and the other inhabitants of the quarter. His very dwelling was quite unlike the little wooden houses which surrounded it. It was a large brick building, in the style of those often constructed by the Genoese merchants, with windows of different sizes, disposed at irregular distances, with iron shutters and hasps. This usurer was distinguished from all others by the circumstance that he could always supply any sum of money required, and would accommodate alike the needy groom and the extravagant noble. At his door were often to be seen brilliant equipages, through whose windows might sometimes be discerned the head of a luxurious and fashionable lady. Rumor said that his iron chest teemed with countless heaps of money, plate, diamonds, and all kinds of valuable pledges, but nevertheless he was reported less greedy than the other money lenders. He made no difficulty, people said, to lend, and was apparently far from oppressive in fixing the terms of payment. But on the day of reckoning, it was observed, that by some extraordinary arithmetical calculation, he made the interest mount up to an enormous sum; such, at least, was the popular report. The strangest thing about him, however, and which struck everybody, was the fatality that seemed to attach to his loans: all who borrowed of him finished their lives in an unhappy manner.—Whether this was a mere popular notion, a stupid superstitious gossip, or a rumor intentionally disseminated, has ever remained a mystery. But it is a fact that many things occurred to give it validity, and that within a comparatively short period of time.—Amongst the aristocracy of the day, there was one young man who particularly attracted the attention of society. He was of ancient descent and noble blood; had very early distinguished himself in the service of the empire, as a warm protector of every thing honorable and elevated, and as a passionate lover of art and genius. He was soon distinguished by the personal notice of the Empress, who confided to him the duties of an office peculiarly adapted to his tastes and talents—an office which gave him power to be of the greatest service not only to science, but to humanity itself. The young noble surrounded himself with artists, poets, scholars, and men of learning.—To all of them he promised employment, patronage, protection. He undertook, at his own expense, a number of important publications, gave a multitude of orders to artists, founded prizes for excellence, spent enormous sums in this unselfish manner, and at length got into difficulties. Full, however, of generous enthusiasm, and unwilling to leave his work half finished, he borrowed money in all directions, and at length found his way to the famous usurer in the Kolomna. Having obtained from this man a very extensive loan, the young noble all at once underwent a complete transformation. He became, as by enchantment, the enemy of rising intellect and talent, the persecutor of all he had previously protected. It was just then that the French Revolution broke out. This event gave him a handle for suspicion. In everything he detected some revolutionary tendency; in every word, in every expressed opinion, he saw a dangerous hint or perfidious institution. The disease gained on him till he almost began to suspect himself. He laid false informations, fabricated the foulest charges, and caused the ruin of numbers of innocent people. At first, his guilty manœuvres were undetected, and, when found out, they were thought to proceed from insanity. Report was made to the Empress, who deprived him of his office. But his severest sentence was the contempt he read in the faces of his countrymen. I need not describe the sufferings of this vain and insolent spirit, the tortures he endured from crushed pride, defeated ambition, ruined expectations. At last his monomania—for such it must surely have been—aggravated by regret and chagrin, became insanity, and in a frightful paroxysm the unhappy maniac committed suicide.

"Not less remarkable than the fate of this wretched young man was that of a lady who passed at that time for the most beautiful woman in St. Petersburg. My father has often assured me, that he never beheld anything to be compared to her. Possessing, besides her beauty, the not less fascinating charms of wit, intellect, wealth, and high rank, she was of course surrounded by a swarm of admirers. The most remarkable of these was Prince R., the flower of all the young nobles of that day, and to whom the palm was universally conceded, not only for beauty of person, but for high qualities and chivalry of character. He was well qualified for a hero of romance, or a woman's beau-ideal. Deeply and passionately enamored of the young countess, his affection met with as pure and ardent a return. But her relations disapproved the match. The prince's paternal estates had passed out of his hands,—his family was in disgrace at court, and the derangement of his finances was no secret to anybody. Suddenly he left the capital, apparently for the purpose of putting his affairs in order; and, after a brief absence, reappeared and commenced a life of splendid extravagance. His balls and entertainments were so magnificent as to attract the notice of the court, and, it was rumored, to mollify imperial displeasure. The countess's father became suddenly gracious, and soon nothing was talked of in St. Petersburg but the marriage of the two lovers. Of the origin of the enormous fortune of the bridegroom, to which this change in the sentiments of his future father-in-law was unquestionably to be attributed, nobody could give a distinct account, though it was pretty generally whispered that he had entered into a compact with the mysterious money-lender of the Kolomna, and from him obtained a large loan. Be this as it may, the wedding formed the whole talk of the town.—Bride and bridegroom were the object of universal envy. Everybody had heard of their beauty and virtues, of their ardent and constant love; and all rejoiced that the obstacles to their union were removed. Numerous were the prophetic pictures drawn of the blissful existence the young couple were certain to enjoy. The event proved very different. In one twelvemonth a total and terrible change took place in the character of the prince. Hitherto noble, generous, and confiding, he became, on a sudden, jealous, suspicious, impatient, and capricious. He was the tyrant and tormentor of his wife; and to the unbounded astonishment of every body who had known him before his marriage, treated her with inhuman brutality, and was even known to strike her! In one year the beautiful and dazzling girl, who was followed by a crowd of obedient adorers, could not be recognised in the care-worn and unhappy wife. At length, unable longer to support the cruel yoke of such a marriage, she sought a separation. At the first notification of this step, the prince gave way to the most uncontrolled fury—burst into her chamber, and would infallibly have stabbed her, had he not been seized and removed by force. Mad with rage, he turned his weapon upon himself, and lay a corpse at the feet of his horror-stricken friends

[To be continued.]

[*From the New London Democrat.*]

MR. SCOFIELD: Some time since, Mis Laura Virginia Clement, of Washington city, came a visiter to our city, for the recovery of impaired health. While here she endeared herself to many friends, around whose hearts the fragrance of her spirit yet lingers. Suddenly she was recalled to her home to stand by the bedside of an apparently dying sister; that sister, however, eventually recovered—but your paper has recently announced the death of LAURA; whose last sickness was endured with perfect composure and peace, during which, she often reverted to her pleasant visit to this city, and the holy joy she had felt in mingling in religious worship with the youthful friends she had here made.

The lines which follow were in consequence penned, by the request of many, as a token of respect to her memory, and of sympathy with the bereaved ones of her household, who mourn her loss. By giving them a place in your paper, you will confer a favor on many.

—

Loved spirit; when thy presence mild
Yet linger'd 'mid the scenes of earth,
In innocence the artless child,
In mind, matured of noble birth,
How bright the hopes that round us shed
Their purest light in cheering ray,
That thou, in life with us might tread
To many a distant happy day.

Like the young tendrils of the vine,
Thy gentleness our spirits bound,
For each device was ever thine,
To soothe, and heal, but never wound.
All, where thy quiet spirit mov'd,
Confess'd its mild, and heavenly power,
And each that knew thee ever loved,
And will, *thy memory*, evermore!

Guileless in thought, thy gentle eye,
Shed forth affection's holy beam;
With lip, and soul of chastity,
Thy life was as an angel's dream!
But thou art gone! Thy spirit pure,
Has sought its genial sphere above,
From earth's wild passions now secure,
In changeless and supernal love.

Brief though thy stay, thy home to bless,
With thought, and word, and deed of love,
In sympathy and faithfulness
Thy filial duty thou didst prove.
Thy parents miss thee when the hand
Of pain is on their fevered brow,
Where once a watcher thou didst stand,
Striving to soothe their every woe.

Sister and brother, when at eve
They gather round the social hearth,
Thy early absence deeply grieve,
Though deeming thee too pure for earth.
Thy mates, thy friends, where'er they dwell,
(All were thy friends who thee could know,)
Feel broken now the hallowed spell
Thy presence o'er their souls could throw.

Though distant, many a youthful heart
That with thine own did intertwine,
When from the world withdrawn apart,
And kneeling at Religion's shrine—
Yet oft their memory turned to thee,
While yet thy spirit dwelt below,
And now their thoughts with thee shall be,
Where angel hosts adoring bow!

Yes, one bless'd solace cheers our souls,
And lifts our grateful hopes above;
He who the Universe controls,
IS BOUNDLESS, EVERLASTING LOVE!
That love has drawn the veil aside,
And oped to us the prospect sweet,
That though the hand of death divide,
Yet we again in joy shall meet.

Yes, blessed truth! when death's cold arms
Our mortal forms in sleep shall hold,
The life immortal—all its charms—
Shall to our kindling sight unfold!
Then, trials past, and victory won,
The chains of death forever riven,
We shall thy angel presence own,
And live and love, for aye, in heaven! G.

☞ "Couldn't you get *young* pork, ma'm, to bake with your beans?" said old Roger, somewhat cynically, as he sat at table one Sunday.

"They told me it was young," said the landlady.

"Well, it may be so, but grey hair is not a juvenile featur, by any means, in our latitude, ma'am, continued he, fishing up a grey hair about a foot and a half long with his fork. "He may have been young, but he must have lived a very wicked life to be grey so soon."

As he spoke he looked along the table, and a slight emotion was visible among the boarders; and the man who sat opposite with his mouth full of the edibles with which he had been endeavoring to smother a laugh, grew dark with the effort, and then collapsed, scattering dismay and crumbs amid the nicely plaited folds of old Roger's shirt frills.

PRESERVING THE DEAD.—James S. Schofield, Chemist, No. 168 Division street, announces that he has discovered a process by which "he is enabled to preserve from decomposition the body after death without subjecting the feeling of surviving friends to the repulsive idea of removing internal parts as was the ancient practice. So efficient is the process that the ravages of time and decay are completely frustrated—the body remaining in a state of perfect preservation, without change, even in color.'

☞ S OFF.—Polly and Betsy ☞, the former wife of Michael ☞, are advertised in a western paper, as having eloped. Michael will recover Polly, we hope, for though it is not said whether she is ☞ some, she is represented as being ☞y. Probably if Mrs. ☞ could tell her own story, she would say that she left Mr. ☞ for being too frequently ☞ruffed. At any rate, as her situation is described, she ought to be roughly ☞led.

IT IS NO TRIFLE.—Drinking a glass of spirits is no trifle. A profane word is no trifle. One vicious step is no trifle. Remember this. Impress deeply on your minds that nothing can be a trifle which endangers your future peace, and puts in jeopardy your immortal soul. A little monosyllable has proved the ruin of hundreds. Take care. What looks like a trifle, may turn the whole current of your life. Let wisdom decide when two courses are before you. Before answering an important question, consult the oracles of divine truth. He is safe who acts wisely. He is ruined who runs into danger, because the crime before him appears too trifling to notice.

Inscription for a Gaming House.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

Who come to this abode of sin,
Three gates—*Hope! Shame!* and *Death!*—
pass through:
'Tis by the first they enter in,
To leave it by the other two!

DAILY NATIONAL WHIG.

WASHINGTON CITY.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, NOV'R 23, 1847.

For President

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Subject to the decision of the Whig National Convention

Great Taylor Meeting in Alabama.

On the 16th instant, a tremendous Taylor meeting was held at Montgomery, Alabama, for the purpose of taking steps to select a Taylor Electoral Ticket for the Presidency. Without further remark, we subjoin the remarks of that sterling and steady Whig paper the *Montgomery Journal* upon the subject, and its account of the meeting.

THE TAYLOR MEETING.

The meeting held last night (16th of November) in the Court House for the purpose of putting in motion the ball for the people's candidate, the hero of the Rio Grande, was the most satisfactory and enthusiastic affair that it was ever our lot to witness.—The concourse was immense, and the feeling of an intense excited patriotism which over-rode every emotion of a party or selfish nature. The preservation of the country, the constitution, and the south, by the elevation of Gen. Taylor, was the common altar on which distinguished politicians of all parties for the well-being of their country, offered up their cherished prejudices. It was emphatically a PEOPLE'S meeting, and their united and fervid responses to the sentiments of the resolutions showed how deep was their feelings of love, reverance, and admiration for the character of their great leader, and their trusting faith in his ability to redeem the republic.

The speaking was of a high nature, such as only such a feeling, such a subject, and such an occasion could inspire. We have never heard eloquence of an higher order. Messrs. Beman, Belser, Hilliard, Newman, and all, seemed inspired with that feeling which is the main spring of true eloquence—love of country. The remarks of Messrs. Belser and Newman, from their prominent positions as politicians, were in the highest degree animated, patriotic, and decided. We regret that want of space precludes a more extended notice of their remarks. The subject was one for eloquence. It is eloquent in high heroic achievements, unparalleled in all time—in his pure, incorruptible integrity, lofty unspotted honor—genuine, unswerving *American* republicanism, and the combination in his character of all those great qualities which go to form the hero and the republican patriot. The motto of the meeting was "*Country above Party*," and the tumultuous cheering of the immense concourse which thronged the Court House showed how fervant and universal was love of country implanted in the heart of masses. So intense was the enthusiasm that the audience, though the hour was late, was unwilling to disperse, and the meeting was adjourned over until to-morrow night.

THE TAYLOR MEETING.

[OFFICIAL.]

In pursuance with the call, an immense gathering of the people thronged the Court House at the hour appointed for the meeting. On motion of M. Ashurst, Esq., James M. Newman was called to the Chair, and, on motion of H. W. Watson, Wm. G. Roberston was appointed Secretary.

On the organization of the meeting being announced, Dr. S. C. Oliver introduced the following resolutions, prefaced by eloquent and appropriate remarks:

Whereas, It is the object of every true hearted American to see the Constitution of the United States faithfully administered, the people harmonious and prosperous at home, and the nation honored and respected abroad. And whereas it is not only the right but the imperative duty of every citizen to aid in these patriotic attainments; therefore, not only in furtherance of these, but to promote republican principles and establish them in all time to come, so far as our action can extend, be it resolved by this meeting,

1st. That we have assembled expressly for the purpose of responding to, and co-operating with, our patriotic fellow-citizens who throughout the confederacy are presenting Gen. Zachary Taylor, without distinction of parties or geographical localities, as the people's candidate for the next Presidency.

2. That the public services of Gen. Taylor have won renown for his country throughout the world, and that the moral grandeur of the man is manifested in his undaunted personal courage, in his heroic achievements in all hotly contested battle fields, in his pre-eminent abilities in the creation and application of means to overcome insurmountable obstacles, in his personal sacrifices, and especially in his unwavering fidelity to his country and its constitution under every trying emergency—whilst his spotless reputation, his universal popularity, his acknowledged wisdom, his republican principles and feelings, and unostentatious humanity and private virtues, point him out as possessing the high qualifications that are essential to constitute him the favorite of a grateful and republican people for the highest office within their gift.

3. That a fearful crisis, threatening to involve the North and the South in geographical antagonism, (headed as it is by many of the master minds of the country, and aided by fierce faction and boding evil for the future,) require a republican of the old school, free from the shackles and acrimony of party—one who has fast hold on the heart of the nation—one whose counsels and acknowledged wisdom and distinguished patriotism can unite the republican brotherhood together—whose overwhelming popularity can break down all the factions that would destroy the constitution or dismember the Union. Such a man is "Old Rough and Ready!" In fine, he is the man for the South, for the crisis, and for the nation.

4. That the chair appoint a committee of ten to prepare an address to the friends of Gen. Taylor, and invite them to assemble in a mass meeting on the — day of — next for the purpose of bringing out, at the proper time, an electoral Taylor ticket for this State.

5. That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the papers of this State.

After the conclusion of Dr. Oliver's remarks, which were received with much enthusiasm, Thomas H. Watts, of this county, Thomas J. Judge, of Lowndes and Samuel S. Beman, Esq., of Wetumpka, were successively called out, and in speeches of glowing eloquence endorsed the sentiments of the resolutions, the duty of the South to sustain in this crisis, without distinction of party, a southern man of the old Republican school and of American feelings. The space allotted for a report will not allow even a brief sketch of their eloquent remarks.

Hon. James E. Belser and Hon. Wm. L. Yancey were then loudly called for, to which Mr. Belser promptly responded, and remarked that he fully concurred in the sentiment of the resolutions, and that on the grounds on which Gen. Taylor came before the people as a man not bound by party cliques, he was his preference before all others—that he was the candidate for the South and the crisis, and that party considerations at such moments were of secondary consideration. The remarks of Mr. Belser were in the highest degree animating and patriotic, and awoke an intense enthusiasm among the auditory.

Hon. H. W. Hilliard was then called for, who responded eloquently in the same spirit. He said that the resolutions met his warm and entire sanction—that it was well known that his first choice had always been Henry Clay, but he promptly yielded it, believing that Gen. Taylor was the only Southern man who could be elected—that his character and the whole history of Gen. Taylor was a sufficient guarantee of his eminent ability; patriotism and desire to administer the government on such principles which will conserve the South and the Union. His remarks were loudly cheered, and were received with high satisfaction by the audience.

Mr. John Gilmar, of Mississippi, who was present, was called on, and addressed the meeting very forcibly and animatedly in furtherance of the resolutions.

The chair, (Mr. Newman,) in response to a call spoke with much earnestness and force, and declared that, come weal come woe, even if he was obliged to abandon his party; (the Administration,) and his old political friends, he should go for Old Rough and Ready, while he maintained his present position as a candidate of the people, believing that patriotism, the best interests of the South, and the Union demanded it.

WM. B. MOSS, Esq., who was then called out, eloquently and forcibly seconded the sentiments of the resolutions.

As the hour was late, the question was called for, and the resolutions were passed by acclamation.

The chairman was then instructed, by motion, to fill the blanks in the resolution appointing a committee.

The meeting was then, on motion of Mr. Ashurst, Esq., adjourned until Thursday (to-morrow) evening.

WM. G. ROBERTSON, Secretary.

The following is the committee appointed under the 4th resolution by the chairman:

Dr. Samuel C. Oliver. George C. Ball, Esq., Jos. D. Hopper, F. M. Barnett, Thomas H. Watts, Esq., J. J. Stewart, Thos. Williams, Jr. Esq., J. C. B. Mitchell, J. E. Belser, Esq., and Charles Crommelin, Esquire.

☞ But why all this hubbub, asks the New York Courier, about the Wilmot Proviso? Is it altogether is disinterested and philanthropical, as both its advocates and opponents would have us believe? We think not. We are of opinion that the question of political power has too much to do with it—more than mere consideration for the slave. Now, nothing can be more manifest, than that the North may not, and must not interfere with the domestic institutions of the South. The institution of slavery as it exists, is guaranteed by the Constitution; and to the old States, the political power appertaining to slavery is also guaranteed. But what part of the Constitution guarantees to any new slave State a representation based upon its slaves? Who will pretend, that even by the annexation of Texas, any obligation exists to permit *property* to be represented on the floor of Congress? There is no such compact to be found any where; and if so, then instead of fighting *slavery* and giving rise to the plea by the South that we are interfering with its domestic institutions, let the people, as is their unquestionable right, establish slavery where they please; but on the admission of every new State, let it be determined that the basis of representation shall in all cases be free white population. To this the South could not in justice object, because as we have before remarked, there exists no obligation to extend the political advantages of slavery to new States. We may not interfere with the question of slavery as a domestic institution; but we may say that he will not hold out rewards to its establishment in new States. An abandonment of the Wilmot Proviso and the adoption of the course indicated, would be attended with happy results.

☞ The Pendleton Messenger, says the Baltimore American, published in the neighborhood of Mr. Calhoun's residence, alluding to the position held by the South Carolina members of Congress, says they are not regarded as strict party men, but that their independent position caused them and a few others to be designated, at the last session, "*the balance of power party.*" In this connection, referring to the Mexican war and the probable issue between the two parties, the Messenger remarks that "a third party will advocate the occupation of a definite line until terms can be agreed upon." This intimation seems to point very distinctly to Mr. Calhoun and his friends—and that the more especially because of Mr. Calhoun's position on that very point assumed at the last session of Congress.

THE WAR AND ITS FRUITS.—We are not, says the Petersburg (Va.) Gazette, among those who denounce the present "as an unjust and unrighteous war."—On the contrary, we believe that the U S. might have flogged Mexico at any time, within the last twenty years, and both right and justice would have sanctioned the proceeding. That nation had forfeited all claims to our forbearance long before the annexation of Texas, and that measure was made the occasion, but was not good cause for the commencement of hostilities. We do not quarrel, then, wirh the Administration about the right or justice of bringing on this war, but in regard to the expediency of that step!

The recent movement in Kentucky, of which Mr. Clay is the author, is destined to agitate the whole country powerfully. Let Mr. Clay advance one step farther in the right path and give unconditional freedom to his slaves, and, old as he is, and defeated as he often has been, he may yet reach the goal at which he has long aimed, and triumph over his opponents. Such an example from him would tell powerfully against the slave system of the South, and do much to give joy to every lover of the free institutions of this republic. Without doing it, he can never be President of these United States.

[*Boston Whig.*

We have heard it frequently said of late that Mr. Clay does actually intend to emancipate all his slaves; but even if he does entertain any such intention, we are sure that it is not based upon the consideration thrown out by the Boston Whig. He could have had the Presidency long since, if he had *stooped* to it, and we do not believe that he is going, at the close of life, to beg it at the hands of the advocates of Negro-Freedom, even if they could give it to him by an act propitiatory of their hostile sentiments.

TELEGRAPHIC ENTERPRISE.—Prof. Botsford, says the Parkersburg, Va., Gazette, passed through Parkersburg, last Saturday, on his return from a grand tour of exploration, up the Great Kanawha, across the Mountains to Staunton, and thence, down the Valley of Virginia to Harper's Ferry. This tour was undertaken and made for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of constructing a line of Magnetic Telegraph by that route, to connect with the Eastern and Western Line at Harper's Ferry, and with the Ohio Line, at Pomeroy. Mr. Botsford informed us that he had made his report, and had reported favorably to the proposed undertaking. The utility and advantage of this work cannot be doubted.

EFFECT OF MR. CLAY'S SPEECH.—But applauding as we do, says the Pittsburg Journal, *w.* this manly expression of the opinions of Mr. Clay, and of the Whigs of Lexington, we conjecture that it will *not* redound to the benefit of Mr. Clay's political prospects, if, per adventure, he entertains any such. The apposite for territory and for war grows by that it feeds on, and such decided opposition as Mr. Clay manifests to both, while drawing after it the approval of considerate men of all parties, will not, it is our belief, be popular with the masses.

TELEGRAPH.—We are informed, says the St. Louis Republican, on reliable authority, that Mr. O'Reilly is rapidly progressing with the construction of the Telegraph in this direction. It is now completed, and in operation to Vincennes, and it is expected that the wires will be put up, and the communication completed, from Louisville to the east bank of the Mississippi in the month of December.

HOGS.—The Hog crop—as they call it—says the Cumberland Civilian, is coming forward from the West with considerable briskness. The Railroad conveys to the Baltimore market one thousand fat porkers daily from this place, and the books of the office show that nine thousand eight hundred more are, at the present time, registered for the same destination, and in squealing anxiety awaiting their turn. The region of the depot is nightly made vocal with their peculiar music. The cry is "still they come!"

☞ Gen. Cass, says the Montgomery Alabama Flag, *d.* is about to write (for publication it is understood) a strong anti-proviso letter. This is important, because it will undoubtedly induce many prominent men and efficient men in the north and northwest to take more active measures to drive the hercsy out of our party. I mean those who are particularly desirous to have the General nominated by the next Democratic National Convention.

"NORTHERN ILLINOIS."—The inhabitants of Willington, says the Springfield Register, (a place of two hundred inhabitants) have contributed fifteen hundred dollars towards building a school house in that place. Almost every village in Northern Illinois is supplied with the best of teachers, and the people to appreciate the importance of education.

Appointment by the President.

CHARLES P. SENGSTACK, of Washington, to be warden of the penitentiary in the District of Columbia, in the place of Robert Coltman, deceased.

Justice at last, though late, has been done to Mr. Sengstack, whose only crime, in the eyes of his friends, has been, that he is a *working-man.* We are glad for the sake of the country, that Mr. Polk has triumphed over his prejudices.

A DOCTOR'S FEE.—We are informed (says the Cincinnati Commercial) that a physician met with quite rough treatment the other day, near the city. He had been attending upon a lady, who, after lingering for a time, died. The husband, incensed at the physician, attacked him with a hoopole, as he was coming again to visit the house, and beat him dreadfully. This occurred on the Kentucky shore, opposite the foot of Fifth street.

☞ The Lynn News says, the latest name for bustle is *back gammon.*

☞ "Hiram, my boy," said a tender father to his son, "you must be more careful of yourself than you are; you have not the constitution of some." "Don't believe it, dad; don't believe a word on't. Golly! I've got the constitution of a hoss. There aint no break up nor down to me. Darn it, if I don't believe I've got the *Constitution of the United States.*"

☞ The Emperor of Austria, on despatching his troops to Ferrara, told the General to bring the Pope's head to Vienna. The General is reported to have sent word that the troops are in so bad a way—no mutiny being to be had at Ferrara—that he doubts if he will even be able to get hold of the *Pope's nose.*

VERA CRUZ, Nov. 5, 1847.

EDS. DELTA—One of the most stirring events of the time, and one which created quite a sensation here, took place this morning—namely: The arrival of company No. 1, of Scott's Guerrilas!! You need not start—I saw them myself, and spoke to one who understood English. They left the city of Mexico on the 25th ult., and from one of four companies which have been fighting under the banners of our own victorious general for several months, past. A great variety of opinions exist here as to the propriety of employing these men in the capacity in which they came down here—that is, as an escort for the bearer of deplatches for Washington. Be the matter right or wrong, however, they have discharged their duty faithfully.

[*From the Louisville Courrier w.*]

The Confidential Circular.

The attention of our readers will be arrested by the confidential circular which will be found in another column. We regret that these friends of Mr. Clay should have resorted to such an ill-advised attempt as this is, and we are confident that he could not have given it any countenance. The numerous friends ot General Taylor will take fire at this secret course towards 'the old man,' aud such bickering will grow out of it. Mr. Clay has declared that he will never again consent to allow his name to be used for the Presidency unless he shall have satisfactory evidence that it is the general wish of the people of the United States, that he should be a candidate. In making up their minds upon a candidate his claims will not be over looked. One evil effect we are sure will grow out of this secret circular—General Taylor's friends will not consent now to go into a National Convention. A fair, open, honorable course would have been much better than this undermining one.

[Correspondence of the Charleston Courier.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 15, 1847.

To-day the topic of discourse in the streets and counting rooms is Mr. Clay's speech, an abstract of which reached the city yesterday afternoon, and was published this morning, not quite forty-eight hours after it was delivered, having in that time travelled some thousand miles over the Telegraph wires!—What effect will it have on his prospects for the Presidency? Will he now be nominated by the Whigs? These are the questions eagerly asked, both by his friends and his opponents. The general impression seems to be that he has made a very judicious move, as far as securing the Northern interest goes, but no one appears to expect that he can be elected. Even his warmest admirers feel that defeat and his name have been too often, and too closely connected to hope for triumph in his behalf.

☞ Some politicians, says the Richmond Republican, seem to look upon the people and parties as mere feudal retainers who belong to the flag of this or that chieftain, and are bound to buckle on their armor, and march at the back of their valiant lord whenever his bugle sounds to arms. We rather suspect this is a mistaken view of things, when applied to Whigs or to freemen of any kind. As great a man as is Henry Clay, he might well deprecate any friendship which would prefer *him* to the success of the cause he represents. And so, too, with Gen. Scott, who, however, has never had any thing like the prominence of Henry Clay, Judge McLean, and others, with the Whig party. The best rule is to go for the country and its good, looking upon this or that man as important only so far as he is able to work out the salvation of the nation.

GEN. TAYLOR IN TENNESSEE.—In Tennesse, the Memphis Enquirer says, we may confidently assert Gen. Taylor is the choice of the entire Whig party, and will be supported by large numbers of the moderate-minded and patriotic of the democrats. We do not believe that any conventions or caucusses are necessary in the coming Presidential contest. The people in every quarter of the Union have sufficiently indicated their preference; and it behooves every genuine republican to see to it that they are not cheated and tricked out of that preference by selfish aspirants through the chicanery of the convention system—a system always liable to objection for its abuses, and at the present juncture wholly unnecessary.

BOSTON COURIER.—This journal contained, says the Boston Post, a few days since, a Memorial of Unitarian Ministers and Laymen, now circulating for signatures, to be presented to Congress, in opposition to the Mexican war. The closing remark of the editor in regard to it is penned with his usual spirit, and contains as much truth and good sense as could well be condensed into so short a space. Here it is:

"This may be well enough as an expression of the sentiments of those who signed the memorial; but as to any *effect* it may have on those to whom it is addressed, the memorialists might as well 'earnestly pray Congress and the Executive' *to cut their own throats.*"

There is one point, says the Louisville Courier, in Mr. Clay's resolutions in which there seems to be an inconsistency with his former views on an important occasion; and as we have already laid before our readers Mr. Clay's views of Mr. Madison's seizure of the disputed territory between the Perdido and the Missisippi rivers, we cannot think it important to wait for the speech in explanation of Mr. Clay's reasons for thinking Mr. Madison right in doing what is impolitic and unconstitutional in Mr. Polk.

PATRIOTISM OF PRINTERS.—Probably no single trade has supplied more men for the war than that of printers. Hundreds in all parts of the country have abandoned the *composing stick* for the *shooting stick.* Gen. Scott had some forty printers in one regiment. If the war continues, American publishers will have to import a fresh lot of journeymen from England.

We learn, says the Louisville Courier, that N. L. Finnel and John B. Cochran propose to publish a daily paper at Lexington, Kentucky, to be called the "*Kentucky Atlas.*" The Atlas will be decidedly Whig, and will support for the Presidency the nominee of the Whig National Convention.

The union of the whig party under Henry Clay will, *alone* unite the democratic party.

[*Howard District Md. Free Press.*

What will the Whigs do if Mexico refuse the proffered olive-branch?—*Phil. Ledger.*

They will draw upon the olive-tree for something more sturdy than a branch." They will cut from it a stout cudgel, and, if need be, flog Mexico into her senses.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ Why is Gen. Taylor like a stack of Wheat? Because he was never *thrashed.*—*Ex. paper.*

☞ And why is he *not* like a stack of Wheat? Because he never *will* be thrashed.—*Marion O. Express.*

A NEW PROJECT.—The *New York Sun* advises Secretary Walker to establish a Mint in Mexico. It thinks that a great stream of bullion would flow in, and adds:

"Our smooth shining dollars and eagles bearing the figure of Liberty and the motto E. Pluribus Unum once in circulation among the Mexicans will have a powerful converting influence."

☞ When you are addressing blockheads, be as grandiloquent as possible—for the less such people understand, the more profound they think you are. In a vacuum, recollect, feathers fall as fast as guineas.

☞ The vanilla bean grows in Mexico, and the best have always been sent to Paris. Hereafter we are likely to have a fair share of this costly and delicious seasoning for custards and ice creams.

☞ A certain distinguished minister says, that the only time he was ever guilty of laughing in the pulpit, his risibilities were excited in this manner: The day was somewhat cold, and there was no fire in the church. A man with very red hair sat in the congregation, and behind him a mischievous looking boy, who held his finger in the glowing hair of the aforesaid gentleman, turning it about occasionally, as a blacksmith would a nail-rod in his fire; then placing it upon his knee, hammered it, in imitation of the process of making a horse-shoe nail.

☞ **Agency for the National Whig in Georgetown**—The citizens of Georgetown are respectfully informed that JOHN W. BRONAUGH, Esq., Broker, &c., on Bridge street, a few doors west of the Union tavern, is agent for the National Whig. Persons desirous of being served with the National Whig in Georgetown will please leave their names and residences with Mr. Bronaugh.

☞ ENOCH W. SMALLWOOD, Garrison street, Navy Yard, is Agent for the *National Whig.* Persons wishing to be supplied with the paper will please leave their names at his store and they will be served.

City Intelligence.

BOARDS OF ALDERMEN AND COMMON COUNCIL.—We noticed, some time last week, our intention of giving accurate reports of these Boards. Yesterday, for the want of accommodation, we were prevented from complying with our promise. But through the kindness and politeness of Walter Lenox, Esq., President of the Board of Aldermen, we will on next Monday be furnished with such facilities as will enable us to perform this duty to our City friends.—The business before the Boards yesterday was of minor importance. A joint resolution ordering the usual badge of mourning to be worn for the lamented Capt. Walker, was passed; and, after some resolutions and petitions were presented, the Boards adjourned.

NORTHERN LIBERTIES.—We visited this part of our city yesterday, and were struck with the amazing and rapid rate of improvements that has made its way in that quarter. The old play-grounds of our school-boy days, with all their associations have been covered by the hand of energy and industry with massive piles of brick. And even the copse wood that skirted Seventh street for a mile beyond the town, and which to us, ten years ago, seemed a Saturday's ramble, is now studded with houses. The market house which has been erected lately, presented to our view a tasteful arrangement. On Monday the stalls of the butchers were filled with the choice of the land; in fact, it bids fair to compete with our old Center market.

ODD FELLOW'S HALL.—We are glad to see that the front of this fine building is now about to be finished with a granite cornice. This will add to the beauty, not to say grandeur, of the building.

MARKETS.—There is little or no variation in prices. Every thing plenty—and sales brisk.

WATCH RETURNS.—Thomas Richards was brought in and charged with frightening children and otherwise violating public order by passing himself off as one of the City Guard. Thomas was born in the North of England, and says he did some eight years ago renounce allegiance to Her Majesty. Yet among other charges he is held answerable for the traiterous habit of anathematizing the striped bunting. He was discharged on his own recognizance to the amount of $5—after paying costs.

Arrivals at Hotels, etc., up to 2 p. m.

NATIONAL HOTEL, BY S. S. COLEMAN.

F Jacobs and two ladies, N Y
W H Richardson, Va
J Hunter, Va
W R M Cobb and lady, Ala
Mr and Mrs Williams, Conn
C A Williams, Conn
R Lenox, N Y
A J Stevens, Philadelphia
Mr Hague, Boston

INDIAN QUEEN HOTEL, BY T. & R. BROWN.

Mr Diggs, Md
J E Baker, King George
J J Bowie, Prince George
R H Duvall, Prince George
R W Duckett, do
H O Claughton, Va
W M Mathug, Philadelphia
Capt Bankhead, Mexico
Lt Gardner, do
J B Brooks, jr., & 2 ladies, Md
Wm M Clarkson, Mo
R T Russell, Mo
W S Powell, Va
W R Simpson, Mo
Dr Tom Clagett, Va
Wm Z Beall, Md
G M Bastable, Va
Col S J Tebbs and son, N C

GADSBY'S HOTEL.

Mr Morgan, N J

TYLER'S HOTEL.

S M Hamilton, Boston
W O Crain, La
J Russell, Harper's Ferry, Va
S Sutherland & lady, Richm'd

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

Jos Palmer, Philadelphia
Ab Hein, do
J Eversfield, do
B Marlaby, Leesburg, Va
J H Kaighton, do

Ship News.

PORT OF WASHING