The Daily Crescent.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT.

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NEW ORLEANS:
MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1849.

ITEMS.—The steamer Ospray arrived at Charleston on the 31st ult.

Edward Stanley, late member of Congress from North Carolina, is spoken of for the head of the Patent Office.

Letters from Washington state that Gen. Barringer, of North Carolina, will be appointed Minister to Spain.

The regular whig candidate for Mayor of New York, is Caleb S. Woodhull.

A late Vienna letter says that Strauss and his celebrated band of musicians will visit the United States.

☞ Robert Rantoul, Jr., has resigned the post of U. S. District Attorney for Massachusetts, and the vacancy will be filled at an early day.

THEATRE.—The good citizens of Baton Rouge have had a public meeting to concert measures for building a theatre, and they seem determined to achieve it if possible. The legal capital of the State is determined to come out; with the penitentiary and State-house, it is but right that they should have a theatre; and we think that a hospital and insane asylum will also be found necessary as soon as the assembled wisdom get into full operation.

NEWS BY THE THAMES.—The Mobile Register, of Friday, gives us more about the affairs of St. Lucia and Demerara:

The disturbances in St. Lucia appear to have been quite serious. The Governor and Council were surrounded, while unarmed, in the government office, and were saved by the bringing up of some military, who were summoned by a messenger despatched through a back window. The mob was easily dispersed temporarily, by being fired upon, and seven men and one woman were killed. The insurgents commenced burning plantations and destroying cane, in the country districts of the island. The papers give a long list of their ravages. The troops received from Barbadoes quelled the rising, and the prisons are full of parties confined for their share in this violent proceeding. The source of the disturbance we do not see stated. The charge upon which the prisoners are arraigned is that of "appearing armed, and violently and forcibly resisting the civil power, and compelling a change in the established law of the country."

The controversy in Demerara between the Government and the Provincial Legislature is not suspended. The new Governor, Barclay, arrived in the Conway steamer in February. His opening address to the Court announced the determination of the Ministry at home to adhere to their former position in respect to the vexed question of the civil appropriations. A majority of the Court adhered to their determination, and refused to consent to the taxes required. The Governor announced the decision of the Ministry to govern the colony by "orders in council"—to which the Court has replied, by protesting against this course as illegal and unconstitutional. There is accordingly quite a contest on constitutional questions and national rights in British Guiana.

From Texas.

By the arrival of the steamship Fanny, we have Corpus Christi papers up to the 31st March.

PRESIDO RIO GRANDE.—A gentleman writing to his friend in Corpus Christi, makes the following remarks concerning the country between that place and the Presido:

"From all that I have seen, and from my knowledge of the country, together with the information I have gathered from Mexicans who have ranchos in that section of the country, I am fully satisfied that a good road, for either wagons or mules, can be had, with plenty of water, direct from Corpus Christi to Presido Rio Grande, at a distance of less than two hundred miles."

The Kinney Rangers, with Col. Snively at their head, left Corpus Christi for El Paso nearly two weeks since, and when last heard from, were proceeding without difficulty.

In our opinion, says the Star, the delays that other companies have met with, have been caused by the want of practical and experienced guides and woodsmen—men, whose knowledge of the country would enable them not only to find out a passable road to the Presido, and thence to El Paso, on American soil, but would provide at easy marches, both water and food in abundance.

LINE OF STAGES TO SAN ANTONIO.—A line of stages commenced running between Corpus Christi and San Antonio on the 26th ult.—performing the trip every week.

☞ The following card appears in the Star:

To the Editor of the Corpus Christi Star:

The constant interested attempts to depreciate the Port and Bar of Aransas, render it necessary that the truth should be made known. You will confer a favor on merchants and shipmasters, by publishing the following: J.

We hereby certify, for the information of shipmasters, that the schr. J. W. Herbert this day crossed Aransas Bar, draft 9 feet 5 inches, without touching, there being 11 feet large and an average height of water.
ISAAC S. LEWIS, Capt. schr. J. W. Herbert.
JOHN CHAIN, Pilot Aransas Pass.
St. Joseph's Island, March 22, 1849.

Louisiana Interior.

The St. Martinsville Gazette of the 31st March, states that the cholera is subsiding in that town.

From the Opelousas Gazette we learn that the cholera is raging to a fearful extent in the parish of Vermilion, in the neighborhood of Perry's Bridge. Jackson Porter, a brother of James M. Porter, of Opelousas, and three of his children, Mrs. Moss, his sister, Mrs. McCaskill, and a Mrs. Mica, all died within a few days last week. Many planters have lost numbers of their slaves. The disease still prevails, though it was thought to be somewhat abating.

[From the Thibodaux Minerva.]

The session of the District Court for this parish, has, in consequence of the small-pox which still exists among us, though in a mild and very manageable form, been postponed until May next, by the District Judge, D. A. Randall.

There was a white frost here and in this vicinity, on Tuesday last. We also had quite a refreshing shower of rain on Thursday last, and the clouds are still pregnant with forebodings of a more copious descent of that aqueous commodity. Let it come—as it is much needed about this time. Rain has been rather scarce for the last six weeks.

B. G. Thibodaux, late member of Congress, has formed a copartnership, for the practice of the law, with J. L. Cole, District Attorney, for the Lafourche District.

The Democratic Advocate of Baton Rouge, of April 4th, says:

The river at this point has appeared for some days past, to be at a stand, with a disposition to recede. The upper rivers, at last accounts, were falling; so that there is now hope that the lower Mississippi will subside to within its banks.

The Corpus Christi Route to California.

The following letter from our correspondent, Mr. Peoples, who started in company with a number of gentlemen for California, by the Corpus Christi route, will be read with interest by all who have the journey to California in contemplation. It would appear, from this letter, that there can be no longer a question of the entire practicability of this road, so far as food and water are concerned.

PRESIDIO RIO GRANDE, March 9, 1849.

Friends of the Crescent—The party with which I started, or a portion of it, reached this place on the 5th, in the short space of thirty-three days from Corpus Christi. If I remember right, before leaving that place I wrote to you about their taking with them ox-wagons, trunks, fine clothing cases, and all the paraphernalia of a gentleman's toilet-room, and although impressed at the time with any thing but a favorable opinion of the progress of such men over a new country, I had no idea of their utter incapacity for any undertaking outside of a city's walls. You must not hesitate in belief when I tell you that from Corpus Christi to this place we did not travel over 235 miles, and that over a very level country; during the whole time occupied in going over it these hours were not consumed in chopping trees or limbs. You will naturally wonder, then, at the snail-like pace with which we progressed, and to satisfy you I will enter a little into detail.

The party started with eight ox-wagons, heavily laden with trunks, pick-axes, spades, etc. The oxen were poor, and could go but a short distance in a day. The men, with some exceptions, took no interest whatever in getting along the wagons; and having paid in their $150 in New Orleans, acted as though they were cabin passengers in a packet. If the weak oxen attached to an overloaded wagon would "stall," they were not about it to put their shoulders to the wheel, and start it moving: nor indeed to trouble themselves with any thing calculated to facilitate the march. This state of things could not last long, and soon dissensions grew up amongst them, and by the time they reached the Nueces valley some of the best men, who despaired of ever reaching California in company with such a crowd, began to agitate its dissolution. Such men could readily see the impossibility of reaching the Pacific shores in twelve months, whilst in the company of a large body of men, the major part of whom were content to lay by when the north wind blew, or when the sun shone down somewhat warmly at noon-time—of men who seemed content with five or six miles a day of progress, and of two and three days rest on the banks of a river. The agitation became far more rapid than the progress of the march, and before we reached the Loredo road the grand explosion took place, and the company was riven into six parts. Each party had a wagon; the provisions, money, etc., were divided, and when they came up to the road each one stood on his own footing. There being eight men to each wagon, and that wagon the property of the eight men, they took more interest in them, and the march was consequently sensibly facilitated. At the road all but three messes turned off for Loredo, the majority, however, with the expressed view of joining us at this place; but if they can possibly get through Mexico, and obtain the luxuries of life in their march, it would be so agreeable to them that I trust they will undertake it.

From Corpus Christi to the Loredo road there was no lack of any thing. The grazing was wholesome and abundant; game in every variety swarmed around our camps and around us during the march; and water was abundant, although we did not have any one night for our animals, in consequence of their inability to travel sixteen miles. A party of men, who had not been nursed in the lap of, and reared in luxury, could have lived well without aught save what their rifles and fish-hooks brought in. How those fared who took the road to Loredo I do not know, but for the party now here, with the exception of a lack of water on one occasion, we got on very well.

With the direction of the course of travel I had nothing to do, after the party concluded to travel up the valley of the Nueces. Col. Evertson, who was with us, and who had a Mexican guide, was to be the pilot up from the road, but the Mexican having run away we were forced to go it blind and trust to luck for the finding of the water holes. We missed the holes, although they were in every direction, and our animals having been near sixty hours without water, on the noon of the 24th, I advised the men to mount their horses and lead all the mules to the Nueces, which we reached the next day—the men being from twenty-four to thirty hours without water. The day being warm and the chaparral thick, we were quite dry when we got to the river, but there was no absolute suffering, nothing more than what is experienced on every road in Mexico or in Western Texas. When we returned to our wagons, a Mexican in charge of my pack-mule had succeeded in finding water six miles from the wagons, and all the oxen had been watered and were ready for a start. To some of the party this lack of water no doubt seemed the greatest of hardships, but ere they reach the gold region, go what way they may, it will be looked upon as a trifle. Had the guides joined us at the Casa Blanca, instead of two days after the appointed time, we would have come directly to the Loredo road, and from there up, had not the Mexican run away, we would have come up straight and with an abundance of water, for all those who have traded from here to Corpus Christi, put the distance down at less than 160 American miles, with the greatest sufficiency of grass and water. But no matter, we are here, and will soon be off, and as to the country behind us, the Mexicans say *ni importe*.

The Presidio Rio Grande is situated some five miles from the river. It is an old town, built I believe in the sixteenth century, and contains a population of about 2000 inhabitants. There are no signs of industry visible, and the people, who are continually harrassed by the Indians, shut themselves up in their houses, whenever the cry of *Los Camanches* is heard in the neighborhood. I was much surprised to find on my arrival here that no troops had arrived on the American side, particularly as it was a post established by the War Department. The consequence is that the Indians have swept off all the mules and horses as low down and at Loredo, and are scouring the Mexican side with perfect impunity. The contrast between the present commander of Texas and the one he relieved, is worthy of note. When Gen. Twiggs arrived in the country he refused the acceptation of all balls and dinners, and went to work at once in the regulation of his posts. But Gen. Worth, who succeeded him, before any of his objects could be carried out, has been in the country near two months and a half, during which time he has bestowed more attention to dinners, balls and glorification, than to the protection of the frontier. But, by and by, the people will be strong enough to protect themselves, and then a post will surely be established.

A few days before our arrival here, an American Doctor by the name of Nathan Cleaves, was killed by two runaway negroes from the States. He was a native of Massachusetts, and had lived here but three months. When he was killed he was on the road to Loredo, and had the negroes for guides. One of the negroes came into town a short time after, boasted of the murder and exhibited some of the Doctor's effects. He was taken before the authorities, where he also acknowledged to have killed the Doctor, in connection with another negro whose name he gave, and who is now in prison here. On the trial he confessed to have killed fifteen Americans, including the Doctor, and two Mexicans. He was taken out the same day and shot to death by the National Guard. The reason given for not executing the other negro is, that he will not confess to any participation in the murder.

At Santa Rosa, seventy-five miles from here, there are, I am told, near 100 negroes living, most of whom have run away from their masters in the United States.

Some of the *Californians*, who left Corpus Christi *via* Loredo, I learned from a Mexican yesterday, had some difficulty in progressing through the small towns on the route to Monclova. I do not know what credit to attach to this, but would infer from what occurred here yesterday, that it might be true—six Americans, who had obtained passports in New Orleans to enter the country, exhibited them to the Alcalde here and asked his permission to proceed on to Monclova. This he said he could not give, unless they sent to Narva. At that place they might be sent to another; and up to this time I believe they have not decided what to do, and remain on the American side. CHAPARRAL.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.—In the Legislature of Wisconsin a resolution was lately offered, giving the use of the State capitol to "any denomination professing the Christian religion, to hold public worship in." This was amended by striking out the clause "professing the Christian religion," and inserting before "denomination" the word "religious," and in this shape the resolution passed by a vote of two to one.

☞ Wilhelm Beer, a Jew, brother of Meyerbeer, the famous musical composer, has been elected a member of the First Chamber of Prussia. Mr. Plumtree has foretold the dethronement of the King of Prussia, and the extinction of Christianity in Germany, in consequence.

KNOWLEDGE.—Knowledge is not a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a fort or commanding ground for strife or contention, or a shop for profit or sale, but a rich store-house for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.—*Lord Bacon.*

THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY.—The March number of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, has an article from the pen of Alexander Hamilton, Jr., son of Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, reviewing the measures of the late Administration, in which he thus speaks of the Independent Treasury:

"To what end, and for what purpose, should we get rid of the Sub-Treasury? It has, thus far, with all its faults and trials, done its duty faithfully. The country has passed through an unexpected war, involving an immense expenditure of treasure, without wavering; and with similar soundness in the movements of our monetary affairs, we have with perfect regularity and calmness preserved ourselves through a period of great speculative excitement. In my judgment, had we been deprived of the controlling interference of this power, a wild scene of ruinous extravagance would have been exhibited, which like the mania of 1836, would have terminated in general and disgraceful bankruptcy. The system has acted conservatively through the natural force of its inherent power to check expansion. The importation of twenty million of dollars, the price of our breadstuffs, would have inflated the currency to such an extent, had the Banks been at liberty, that by this time, we should either have failed to perform our contracts, or have returned to Europe, double the amount of specie we extracted. The Sub-Treasury kept down the value of foreign merchandise to specie; and in the ratio of its influence, in regulating our home market, were our merchants enabled, those at least who were moderate in their expectations, to make fair and profitable voyages."

MR. MEREDITH.—The Washington correspondent of the Courier & Enquirer says of the present Secretary of the Treasury:

After forty-nine years of life, Mr. Meredith stands before the world without a blemish upon his name—having secured the affection and esteem of those who know him best; and carved out by his own mind and labor a place among the foremost legal intellects of the nation. This were glory enough for one man, but there were yet higher honors in reserve for him. He has now to show himself a statesman, and he occupies a sufficiently commanding position to invoke the impartial judgment of the country. When the first report shall have been submitted to Congress, some estimate may be formed of his fitness for the arduous and complicated duties of the station which he now fills. Mr. Meredith has impressed all his associates in the Cabinet with the superior qualities of his intellect and judgment, while to the thousands who within a few weeks have come within the scope of his personal intercourse, he has imparted the assurance of honesty of purpose, enlarged patriotism and a determination to administer the high trusts of his office for the best interests of the Government. While he remains at the head of the Treasury, there will be no doubtful monetary connections, and the country will repose in the confidence that its finances are entrusted to a man who is as much above temptation as his character is beyond suspicion.

ALBERT G. BROWN.—The Gallatin (Miss.) Argus, of the 21st ult., states that this gentleman has consented to allow his friends to bring his name before the District Democratic Convention, shortly to be held, as a candidate for Congress from that district.

☞ Rev. H. Davis, son of John Davis, of Worcester, was recently ordained as pastor of the First Congregational Society in Watertown, Mass...Rev. C. H. Fay, of Roxbury, has received an invitation to become the pastor of the Orchard Street Universalist Church in New York city....The Universalist Society at East Cambridge have voted to request Rev. Massena Goodrich, of Haverhill, Mass., to become their pastor.

WOLVES IN VIRGINIA.—The Winchester Virginian says: "The mountains of Warren and Rappahannock are now infested by wolves. They are said to be in gangs of ten or twelve, and have lately committed great depredations among the flocks of sheep for many miles around. Two or three months ago a den was discovered, and a litter of eight young whelps taken from it. One of them is kept as a pet by a magistrate of Warren county, before whom they were brought in order to obtain the reward. It is more playful and submissive than a spaniel, and never pretends to bite those who annoy it."

PRECOCIOUS.—The Hartford boys have an Infantry company, commanded by Master Church, which turns out some fifty strong, with a little negro waiter in the rear. The Times says that they are well drilled, have a neat uniform, and good music.

☞ A poor, starving, solitary rat, (says the Albany Knickerbocker,) walked over the floor of the Canal Bank at midnight, and remarked, in deep despondency—

"I feel like one who treads alone,
Some *bankrupt* hall deserted."

BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICA R. M. STEAMSHIPS.—The Halifax Chronicle says that during the past year (1848) these vessels have made 44 voyages each way across the Atlantic, making in all 88; and have carried 3,955 passengers, viz: 1,689 out, and 2,266 home. The average length of passage from Liverpool to Halifax was 12 days and 2½ hours; the longest was that of the Britannia, in March, 18½ days. The shortest passages were as follows:

	Days.	Hrs.
Liverpool to Halifax, the Europa, in October,	8	18
" to Boston, the America, in June,	10	6
" to New York, the Europa, in October,	10	23
Halifax to Boston, the Niagara, in December,		29
" to New York, the Europa, in April,		44
" to Liverpool, the Niagara, in July,	8	12
Boston to " the " in	10	10
New York to " the America, in November	11	11
" to Halifax, the Europa, in November		53
Boston to Halifax, the " in August,		30

The America has made the best running outwards of the four new boats—her average passage to Halifax, having been ten days two and a half hours; Europa's, ten days four and a quarter hours; Niagara's ten days four and three-quarter hours; the Canada made but one passage out.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.—A communication has been received at New York from the Hydrographer in the British Admiralty Office, giving notice of a sunken rock, which is reported to have shown itself recently among the Azores Islands. The Admiralty has dispatched a vessel in order to determine its real position. The communication was accompanied by the following circular, marking the position of the rock:

HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE, Feb. 1, 1849.

AZORES ISLANDS—*Sunken Rock.*—Her Majesty's Consul at the Azores has reported that a dangerous Reef of Rocks, on which the sea breaks heavily, has been recently discovered about midway between the islands of St. Michael and Terceira, by three merchant vessels, viz: the William of Bangor, and the Plymouth of Boston, in the United States, and the Tres Amigos of St. Georges, in Portugal.

The places assigned to the rock by these three accounts vary in latitude between 38 deg. 16 min. and 38 deg. 18 min. N., and in latitude between 26 deg. 41 min. and 26 deg. 50 min. W. of Greenwich; but from the mean of these positions, the eastern highland of Terceira bears N. by W. by compass 27 miles, and the western end of St. Michael's S. E. ¼ S. 45 miles.

As these reports, made by three different vessels and within a few days of each other, substantially agree, there seems to be but little reason to doubt the existence of a very formidable danger to navigation in one of the most beaten tracks of homeward-bound vessels, and the less so, as it is well known that more than one submarine volcano has thrown up rocky islands from the bottom of the sea in that very region.

Mariners, therefore, cannot keep too vigilant a look out when passing through the group, but more especially when between the islands of St. Michael and Terceira.

Correspondence of the Crescent.

Removals and Appointments—Interview between Gen. Taylor and an Office-Hunter—City Elections—Storm and Damage—Mr. Reynolds's Letter—California Gold.

NEW YORK, March 29, 1849.

Eds. Crescent: The Mirror of yesterday afternoon replies to a "Locofoco who writes [us] a private letter remonstrating against removals from office," as follows: "The people of the United States, in casting their votes for General Taylor, voted as much for new Collectors, Postmasters, Foreign Ministers, etc., as they did for a new President and Cabinet"—(Marshals included, of course.) If Gen. Taylor recognizes that doctrine, *won't* there be a sweep? The whole two hundred and fifty thousand who now hold office, or who did hold office on the 7th of November last, must give way to "new" parties. The editor of the Express of this city demands that only one-half of them be removed, but, now that this discovery of the Mirror man is made, he must "ask for more." In this matter of removals and appointments, I hope Gen. Taylor will ask himself, and the heads of Bureaus, etc., two questions, which Presidents, Secretaries, etc., seldom or never ask. They are these: Is the officer necessary? and will the applicant, if he gets it, appoint only such subordinates as are actually required for the discharge of the duties of his office? There is no disputing the fact that the number of officers in our Custom-houses; in some of our Post-offices; and in some of the Departments in Washington and other places, is much greater than the public interest requires. In the Custom-houses in this city we have the following officers, with the rates and aggregates of pay annexed, viz:

Collector and 7 other officers	$22,800
Naval Officer	5,000
66 Gangers, Measurers, Weighers, etc., at $1500	99,000
178 Inspectors at $1095	194,910
14 Assistant Storekeepers at $1000	14,000
68 Clerks at $1000	68,000
9 Clerks at $1050	9,450
32 Clerks at $900	28,800
36 Clerks at $800	29,800
50 other officials—say	33,550
75 Watchmen at $547 50	41,062
Making a total of	$537,372

When the trade of this port was one-half as great as it now is, the whole expense of the Custom-house was about $120,000—considerably less than one-fourth of the present expense. I have no doubt that the comparison is equally "odious" in every city in the Union, or wherever the Government has had any patronage to bestow since 1828. That the law *authorizes* all these appointments and expenses, constitutes no obligation on the part of its administrators to make the one or impose the other—the contingency of *necessity* is always understood, if not expressed.

A correspondent of the Herald tells the following story of an interview between General Taylor and an office-hunter from the West. It is of course fictitious, but worth repeating, as illustrative of a principle. The office-seeker applied to the President for the place now held by Major S.

"Why should I remove Major S.?" asked the General.

"Because he is a democrat, and voted for General Cass," was the reply.

"Well sir, who did you vote for?"

"I voted for Gen. Taylor." "Indeed! Well, I think Major S. voted for the best man of the two," remarked the President. This was a stumper, but the applicant persevered, and attempted to prove his great qualifications for the place. "What is your business now?" asked the General. "I am a clerk for Major S." "How long have you been in his employ?" "Three years." "And now you ask that he be removed and that I give the place to you! Sir, return to your duties—keep the place you already have, if you can; but if I were Major S. I would remove you." The clerk of course sloped with a queer tickling of the auricular organ.

Mr. Havemeyer has declined the nomination for Mayor of this city, tendered him by the Barnburner convention, and Myndert Van Schaick was last night nominated in his place. The Old Hunkers met at Tammany Hall, but could not agree upon a candidate—so they adjourned till Monday evening next. The Whigs meet to-night to receive Mr. Brady's reply, and to act accordingly. Parties were never, within my recollection in a greater quandary than they now are, and trickery is more than usually common.

We had no telegraphic communication open yesterday, with any of our neighbors, in any direction, as every line of wires was broken by the storm, and some of them in several places.

The storm has left us after doing considerable damage to the small craft in the bay and rivers, and uprooting a number of our finest trees along the streets, tearing down signs, awnings, awning posts and telegraph poles to an immense extent, and working considerable personal injury. Four or five schooners were driven ashore in the bay, and two or three are reported as being sunk in the North River. I have yet heard of no losses outside, but there is not yet time for the pilots reports. The brig Widow from Havana put into this port yesterday, leaking 3000 strokes per hour.

We lost by death yesterday, Mr. Daniel Appleton, the well known publisher, who has long been failing. Old Mr. Mabbitt, of the firm of Mabbitt & Son, 71 Barclay street, was very severely injured last evening by an omnibus, which knocked him down and run over his legs.

The letter of Mr. Thomas Caute Reynolds, (I believe that is the name,) enures, in these parts, much more to the credit of Mr. Saunders, and the late administration, than to that of the writer. The general opinion here seems to be that the said Mr. Reynolds was a meddlesome and treacherous official, and that he was not removed from the office which he held, a moment before he deserved to be. His letter was certainly uncalled for, and bears every appearance on its face of being the mere prompting of spite against the ex-President, Secretary of State, and Minister. The only blame that attaches to the President and Secretary, in the premises, is for appointing such a man to such a post.

The Bostonians have got ahead of us in the matter of gold receipts from California. Besides the $70,000 which I yesterday mentioned as received in that city by the Czar, the ship Crusader has brought about $55,000 for Captains Mellus and Phelps who recently passed through your city. The whole import of dust by these two ships is said to be about $150,000. We expect to make it up by the Northerner.

Respectfully yours, INDICATOR.

From Washington.

[Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.]

Gen. Taylor's Levee—His Reception of the Ladies—Reception of an Office Seeker—Strangers in Washington—Appointments, etc.

WASHINGTON, March 30, 1849.—Gen. Taylor's reception room was well filled to-day, and chiefly by strangers of both sexes. The Cabinet was in session until half past twelve, and the crowd which had assembled in the east room, in the reception and ante-room was great, for this season, before the General made his appearance. There were many anxious and many bright faces in the crowd. Old Zack, when he did appear, I thought was in better spirits than usual, and seemed to recognise every body. He is certainly of very frank and agreeable address, and if he would only employ, every morning, our good friend "Peter Dubanne" to dress his *hair*, in the most approved fashion, he would furnish the best specimen of an old-fashioned Virginia gentleman now extant.

Just after Gen. Taylor entered, and had shaken hands all round with the ladies, a large, fat, tall, red-nosed, south-western specimen of the indigenous growth of that section, stepped up, and took him by the hand, with the exclamation, "why, General, don't you recollect me?" The General stared for a moment, grasped the hand more firmly, then looked again with a doubting expression, as if he was about to inquire, "Do you want an office?" "I carried the Lake with you, General," said the red-nosed man, a little confused. "Oh! yes," said Gen. Taylor, "oh! yes"—with a hearty shake of the hand; and passed on to a beautiful young lady, hanging on what I supposed to be either a brother, lover or new-made husband, who had just entered. It is observable that the General always pays his respects first to the ladies, whether old or young. The young lady, for a moment, had been looking wistfully, and apparently well pleased, at "Old Zack." She put her little tiny, long fingers and white hand very frankly in his. He recognised her instantly, as a travelling companion on his journey north, and I thought appeared to be a most capital judge of female charms.

A gentleman approached—an old German gentleman, a stationer, from St. John street, New York—who had just made his bow to Old Zack, and inquired, jocosely, if he was to succeed Mr. Lawrence? He replied of course, very innocently, in the negative; and yet, upon the principle that he who can well take care of his private affairs can equally well take care of those of the public, he would make an excellent collector.

Ex-Governor Pennington, it is alleged to-day, has declined the appointment of Governor of Minesoto. This is a mistake, I think.

Gen. Dix has advertised his furniture and house for sale, and will leave Washington in a few days. He has been detained here by the illness of his children. The Senate has lost one of its brighest and purest ornaments.

Ex-Governor Porter, of Pennsylvania, is here, on business with the War Department, and not for office for himself or friends. Mr. T. Butler King, of Georgia, is also here.

John B. Myers, of whom it was telegraphed to you yesterday, from Philadelphia, that he had been tendered, and had declined the collectorship, has received no such tender. He would not, however, accept it if tendered. So much is true.

A DESPERATE RACE.

A STORY OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF OHIO.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

Some years ago I was one of a convivial party that met at the principal hotel in the town of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buckeye State.

It was a wintry evening, when all without was bleak and stormy, and all within were blythe and gay; when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasms of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the express purpose of making a night of it, and the pious intention was duly and most religiously carried out. The Legislature was in session in that town, and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swarth in the evening's entertainment, but he was a man more generally known than even our worthy President, J. K. Polk. That man was the famous *Captain Riley!* whose narrative of suffering and adventures are pretty generally known all over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a fine, fat, good-humored joker, who, at the period of my story, was the representative of the Dayton district, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Captain Riley had amused the company with many of his far-famed and singular adventures, which being mostly told before and read by millions of people, that have seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat them.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of a well-known gentleman, who represented the Cincinnati district. As Mr. —— is yet among the living, and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr. —— was a slow believer of other men's adventures, and at the same time much disposed to magnify himself into a marvellous hero, whenever the opportunity offered. As Captain Riley wound up one of his truthful, though really marvellous adventures, Mr. —— coolly remarked that the Captain's story was all very well, but did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had, "once upon a time," on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it!" "let's have it!" resounded from all hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his voice for action and knocking the ashes from his segar, "Gentlemen, I'm not in the habit (quite notorious for it!) of spinning yarns of marvellous or fictitious matters, and therefore it is scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation, gentlemen, that what I'm about to tell you is the God's truth, and—"

"Oh, never mind that, go on, Mr. ——," chimed the party.

"Well, gentlemen, in 18— I came down the Ohio river, and settled at Losanti, now called Cincinnati. It was at that time but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins; and where now stands the Broadway Hotel, and blocks of stores and dwelling houses, was the cottage and corn-patch of old Mr. ——, a tailor, who, by the way, bought that land for the making of a coat. Well, I put up my cabin with the aid of my neighbors, put in a patch of corn and potatoes, about where the Fly Market now stands, and set about improving my lot, house, etc.

"Occasionally I took my rifle, and started off with my dog down the river, to look up a little deer or *bar* meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted red skins were lurking about, and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while picked off some of our neighbors or stole our cattle and horses. I hated the red devils, and made no bones of peppering the blasted sarpents whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a great many traps to get my scalp, but I was'nt to be catched napping. No, no, gentlemen, I was too well up to 'em for that.

"Well, I started off one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt; and travelled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but could not find *bar* nor dear. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon I made tracks for the settlement, again. By and by, I sees a buck just ahead of me, walking leisurely down to the river; I slipped up with my faithful old dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in the drink, I drew a *bead* upon his top-knot, and over he tumbled, and splurged and bounded awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizen—"

"Well, but what had that to do with an *adventure?*" said Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if you please, gentlemen—by Jove, it had a great deal to do with it. For while I was busy skinning the hind quarters of the buck, and stowing away the kidney fat, in my hunting shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a moccasin up 'the bottom.' My dog heard it, and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in re-loading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming on, before my dog raised a howl and broke through the brush towards me with tail down, as he was not used to do unless there were wolves, painters, (panthers,) or ingins about.

"I picked up my knife, and took my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank made it tedious travelling there, so I scrambled up the upper bank, which was pretty well covered with buckeye and sycamore and very little under brush. One peep below discovered to me three as big and strapping red devils, gentlemen, as you ever clapt your eyes on! Yes, there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear, shouting and yelling like devils, and coming after me like h—ll broke loose!"

"Well," said an old woodsman, sitting at the table, "You took a tree, of course?"

"Did I? No, by —, gentlemen; I took no tree just then, but took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my dog could do to keep up with me. I ran until the whoops of the red skins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and clean out of wind. I ventured to look behind, and there came one single red devil puffiing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom, where the trees were small and scarce; now, thinks I, old fellow, I'll have you, so I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let the red devil gain on me, and when he had got just near enough, I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door nail, at a hundred and twenty yards."

"Then you skelp'd (scalped) him immediately," said the old woodsman.

"D— clear of it, gentlemen, for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red skins, shouting and whooping close on me; and away I broke again like a quarter-horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset; I ran until my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back, and there the red devils came snorting like mad buffaloes, one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other, so I acted possum again until the foremost Ingin got pretty well up and I wheeled and fired, at the very moment the red devil was 'drawing a *bead*' on me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last red devil—"

"So you laid for him and—" gasped several.

"No," continued the 'member,' "I did not lay for him; I hadn't time to load, so I laid legs to the ground, and started again. I heard the blasted devil every bound he made after me. I run and run, until the fire flew out of my eyes and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long."

"Phe-e-e-ew!" whistled somebody.

"Fact, by —, gentlemen. Well, what I was to do, I didn't know—rifle empty, no big trees about, and a murdering red devil not three hundred yards in my rear, and, what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek, (now called Mill Creek,) and there I was to be pinned at last.

"Just at this juncture, I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled, and my old dog over me. Before I could scramble up—"

"The devil fired!" gasped the old woodsman.

"He did, gentlemen, and I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder; but that didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotion, for soon as I got up I took off again, quite refreshed by my fall. I heard the red skin close behind me coming booming on, and every moment I expected to have his d—d tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders. Something, kind of cool, began to trickle down my legs into my boots—"

"Blood, eh! for the shot the varmint gin you," said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator, "but what do you think it was?"

Not being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be. When Riley observed:

"I suppose you had—"

"Melted the deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting-shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off, and one hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

We all grinned, which the 'member' noticing, observed:

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I'm exaggerating!"

"O, certainly not! Go on, Mr. ——," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, with double quick time, and seeing the creek about a half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The red skin was coming jogging along, pretty well blowed out, about five hundred yards in the rear. By ——! thinks I here goes to load any how. So at it I went, in went the powder, and putting on my patch down went the ball about half way, and off snapped my ramrod."

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the top notch in the member's story.

"Good God! wasn't I in a pickle! There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me pacing along and loading his rifle as he came! I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away and started on, priming up as I cantered off, determined to turn and give the red devil a blast any how, as soon as I reached the creek.

"I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys, a few more jumps and I was by the creek, the red devil close upon me—he gave a whoop and I raised my rifle, on he came—knowing that I had broken my ramrod and my load not down; another whoop! whoop! and he was within fifty yards of me. I pulled trigger and—"

"And killed him," chuckled Riley.

"No, sir! I missed fire, by—!"

"And the red devil—" shouted the old woodsman, in a frenzy of excitement.

"*Fired—and killed me!*"

The screams and shouts that followed this finale brought landlord Noble, servants, and ostlers, running up stairs to see if the house was on fire!

Odds and Ends.

"How strange it is," said a lady, "that fashionable parties should thus be called routs! Why rout formerly signified the defeat of an army; and when all the soldiers were put to flight or the sword, they were said to be routed. This title has some propriety, too; for, at these meetings, whole families are routed out of house and home."

"Know thyself," was the remark of a gentleman to his son, in the course of a parental lecture. "Thank you, my list of acquaintances is sufficiently large already," said the aspiring youth. "And the acquisition would be equally profitless," retorted the father.

Application.—It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind