THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

NEW JERSEY.

OUR HUDSON CORRESPONDENCE.

HUDSON, Oct. 16, 1856.

The Campaign in Jersey—The Prospects for Fremont.

The Fillmore men talk a great deal about having fine chances in this quarter, but I don't think they have any chance at all. They tried to get up a mass meeting at Hoboken last night, but it was no go. But whenever we have our republican meetings there is great enthusiasm. I had a conversation with a regular Jersey Blue this morning, who is a Fillmore man—and, I think, a Know Nothing through and through—but he says he gives up all hope in this State, and particularly in Hudson city, in spite of Commodore Stockton and other Know Nothing chiefs. We are sure of at least 600 majority at the coming election for Fremont, although there is a large number of Irishmen at present in the city, at work on the New York and Erie Railroad tunnel. This is a prodigious work.

OUR MORRISTOWN CORRESPONDENCE.

MORRISTOWN, Oct. 15, 1856.

Will a Commodore's Breeches Pocket Hold New Jersey?

This has been a great day for Morristown, and not only for Morristown, but also for Fillmore. New Jersey is now sure for the "First Society" party, and its candidate Millard Fillmore—over the left. It will be remembered by the HERALD that a Fremont meeting was held here about a month ago, when 15,000 to 20,000 people assembled to hear arguments whether the white men's rights do not need vindication. Our Fillmore friends imagining themselves to be a power in the land, sent forth their posters all over the State, "that the friends of the Constitution," would assemble in mass convention on the 15th of October, and listen to the great Commodore, and a host of great and lesser lights. It was supposed by your correspondent that the redoubtable Commodore would, upon that occasion, demonstrate before the assembled thousands the capacity of his own breeches pockets, and prove that they would hold the whole State of New Jersey. Expecting to witness so extraordinary a feat, your correspondent retired last night with much the same feelings as when a boy he went to bed upon the evening previous to the glorious Fourth, not to sleep, but to wait with anxious longings the coming day. Well, the day came, and the hour of meeting came, and the speakers came, and the sun came out warm and pleasant, and the cars came—everything came but the people. They were at home reading Fremont documents and minding their own affairs.

The faithful had erected a spacious platform for the accommodation of the gallant Commodore and his numerous retinue. The Commodore had provided his spacious pockets with the needful documents, but alas! how cruel it was, and wicked in the people, thus to allow our hero "to blush unseen and waste his sweetness on the desert air." Who knows how much toil and care and consideration and camphene—midnight camphene—was wasted on that speech. Base ingratitude! Oh, unappreciative people.

At two hours from the appointed time of meeting, your correspondent seeing a few boys and men standing about Washington Hall, entered the Hall, and counted nine men, fifteen boys and three dogs, who were listening to most villainous sounds produced by sundry brass instruments blown by several individuals, and called the band. Thus ends this grand demonstration, there positively being no organized meeting. Such a sad waste of research by the Commodore of posters and platforms, of puffing and blowing generally, is really too bad. Put down Morris county as sure for Fremont by an overwhelming majority.

Morristown is a cheering place, healthful and quiet. There are many good schools here, among which, is the Morristown Female Institute, surpassed by no seminary for discipline and polite education. It is also the scene of much Revolutionary interest, having been the headquarters of Washington. It was true to freedom in 1776, and will be so in 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.

OUR PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 16—P. M.

The Way the State Campaign was Managed—Folly of the Self-dissent Leaders—The Republican Sentiment of the People, &c., &c.

The returns by telegraph and otherwise in regard to the result of our State election, are as much in the dark at this hour as they were at sunrise. The reports are so very conflicting, so many changes of opinion in the various counties, from telegraphic correspondents, that it sets at defiance all calculations beyond the fact, the election is so close that nothing but the official returns will settle the question. At the *Times* office all is confusion worse confounded," so far as information is concerned; while on the opposite wayfare, the democracy, at the *Pennsylvanian* office, are grunting and growling their satisfaction at returns which are freely furnished to the mobocracy. It is yet an uncertainty as to the result in the State, and each party are whistling their courage up to the sticking point in case of defeat.

These preliminary ideas are only given as a more healthy opinion and endorsement of your editorial in to-days *Herald* in relation to Pennsylvania politics. The campaign has been entrusted to the hands of a set of political charlatans and "old fossils," as you very justly remark, and very properly rebuke. The men who have had the charge of this great issue in Philadelphia were totally unfit for the duties devolving on them. They were old political hacks, and never had the confidence of the masses, either in the city of Philadelphia or in the State at large. A large majority were old broken down politicians, who managed to get possession of the committees, and once in the saddle, the "Mustang nag" was weighed down with a load of political sins which even all the waters of "Jordan" would hardly be able to purify and cleanse. I regret this state of affairs, for the republican ticket ought to have succeeded by ten or fifteen thousand majority, in this first great moral effort and struggle. Documents lay piled up by the thousand, undelivered, and the valiant committee sit in their old arm chairs at home, very coolly awaiting something "to turn up." Something needs be done, and that quickly, to remedy this evil. You have spoken the truth—now let the axe strike at the root. Pennsylvania is republican in sentiment, and will so vote if instant action is taken. It may be a hard fought battle, but the ides of November will reveal, under skilful generalship, a clear majority for Fremont and freedom.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

In your paper of Monday last it is stated that "Judge Lewis, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, is making two speeches a day for Fremont through the country."

As this statement is entirely without foundation, I ask you to correct it in your next issue. I have not made any speeches in favor of either the Presidential candidates. In view of the high judicial office which I hold I have thought proper to abstain from all public discussions of political questions. If I should feel it to be my duty to address my fellow citizens on the Presidential question, I should certainly advise them to vote in favor of the Hon. James Buchanan. I believe his election necessary to advance the best interests of the country.

ELLIS LEWIS.

WEST PENN SQUARE, Philadelphia, Oct. 15, 1856.

Collision in Chesapeake Bay between the Steamboat Monmouth and the Brig Windward—The Former Sunk and Nine Persons Drowned.

[From the Baltimore American, Oct. 18.]

About five o'clock on Tuesday morning the steamer Monmouth, bound to this port from York river, was run into off the Wolftrap Light by the brig Windward, hence for New Orleans, by which she was completely disabled. The brig struck her amidships, carrying away the larboard wheel and wheelhouse, and displacing the shaft from its position, besides causing her to leak badly. The brig was also injured and her captain was obliged to put her into Norfolk for repairs. Finding that he could not proceed, Captain Dansey, of the Monmouth, cut his anchors with a view to wait for the Gladiator, by which he hoped to be towed to New Point. That steamer passed and she was heard, but could not be seen but once for a few minutes, in consequence of the thickness of the atmosphere. The boat lay at anchor all day and towards evening a gale arose and it was soon discovered that she was sealing.

The crew at once began to construct rafts as the only hope of safety, and before the steamer Louisiana, from Norfolk, on her upward trip, reached her there was nothing visible but a portion of her upper works and the sea was breaking over her. Capt. Russell determined to do everything possible for the sufferers, and descrying a raft with a number of persons on it, despatched two of his boats to their rescue. They had not proceeded far when one of them swamped, but the other kept up and was not long in saving eleven persons which the raft contained. Two other rafts were overtaken, one of which held two persons and the other one, all of whom were safely placed on deck of the Louisiana and properly cared for. Two or three of those rescued were in an exhausted condition, and but for the timely succor afforded them would have perished. Learning that Capt. Hewett, of the schooner Ada, of this port was on a raft, and that eight persons were left on board the Monmouth, Capt. Russell ran up to her but no person was to be seen, and there is fears entertained that they all perished. When the steamboat was struck the concussion was so great that her smoke pipe was thrown down, so that all hope, if her machinery was not injured, for working her to land was lost. At seven o'clock on Wednesday evening the steamboat went down after lying at anchor for thirty-eight hours.

The following is a list of those saved from the wreck:—W. R. Dansey, captain; Thomas J. Efford, clerk; J. C. Deaney and Charles Reeder, engineers; R. H. Cannon and James Hutchinson, mates; Henry Branden and George Blake, colored, firemen; William Breman, white, and John Hach and William Stoxeley, colored, deck hands; William Truitt, colored, wheelsman; Mary Robinson, colored, chambermaid, and Theodore and James Davidson, children, passengers, all of whom were brought up yesterday by the Louisiana.

The following are supposed to have been drowned:—James Davidson, Mrs. Davidson and two children, passengers; Matthias Mathews, steward; William Woodland, cook; Charles Phillips, coalheaver, and Perry Ridgway, deck hand.

Capt. Hewitt was last seen on a raft going towards the sea, and though he was supplied with four blankets it is feared that he perished. At the time of the collision the brig, it is said, had no lights out, as required by law, nor was she seen until it was impossible to escape from her. The Monmouth belonged to a company of planters on the Pamunkey river, and is a total loss, there having been no insurance on her. The officers made a signal of distress to those on board the light boat, but no attention was paid to it, and there is no doubt but for the praiseworthy efforts of Capt. Russel the whole number would have perished. The passengers on the Louisiana speak in the highest terms of his conduct and of his first mate, Mr. Ward, who did everything possible in the rescuing of the wrecked, and administering to their comfort after he got them on board his boat.

The Davidson children, who were made orphans by this calamity, were kindly cared for, and a subscription of seventy-five dollars was collected from the passengers of the Louisiana, forty dollars of which are to be applied to their immediate necessities. Ten dollars were given to Allen Ward, the mate, and five dollars each to the five seamen who laboured in the rescue.

The Rat Candidate for Governor—The Working Printers Have a Word to Say—Erastus Brooks Confronted by his Accusers.

TO THE MECHANICS AND WORKINGMEN OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

At a meeting of the printers of the city of New York, held on Saturday, October 4, 1856, the undersigned were appointed an executive committee to carry out the object for which the meeting was called, which object is stated in the following memorial:—

NEW YORK, October 9, 1856.

TO THE MECHANICS AND WORKINGMEN OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:—

One of the candidates for the chief magistracy of the Empire State, at the approaching election in November, is Erastus Brooks, of the city of New York. With his political principles we have nothing to do at this time. The printers of New York comprise all political creeds. But we, one and all, deny that he is a fit and proper man to receive the votes of those who labor for their daily bread. Mr. Brooks has rendered himself obnoxious to workingmen by his uniform hostility to the interests of labor and to labor organizations. One of the many evidences of this hostility will be found in the following statement of a difficulty between him and the printers of this city, into the aggravating details of which we will not enter:—

In 1853, owing to the enhanced prices of provisions, rents, &c., the printers of this city advanced their scale of prices to a just and equitable standard, and nearly all the proprietors in whose offices the printers' scale had previously been recognised agreed to the advance. At this time Erastus Brooks, the present candidate for Governor, was travelling abroad, and his brother and copartner, in reply to the demands of the printers then in their employ, stated that he could not consent to them in the absence of Erastus, but that he would be personally responsible for the advance until his return. He suggested that the weekly bills might be rendered, in the mean time, at the advanced price, but that the difference (five cents per 1,000 ems) between the old and the new prices might remain on the books until the return of his brother. This was agreed to. On the return of Erastus he was consulted upon the matter by his brother, when, finding that the printers still insisted upon the advance, they paid the money that had been retained, discharged the hands, and avowed their determination in future to employ no man who was associated with such an organization as that of the printers.

Later in the same year, with the hope of having the scale of prices universally adopted, and in justice to those who paid the advanced rates and were obliged to compete unequally with those who did not, the prices were voluntarily reduced by the printers. Mr. Brooks, however, declined to pay even the reduced rates, and throughout that entire controversy he exhibited a spirit of hostility to the interests and organization of the journeymen printers.

The *Express* establishment has ever since been denounced by the trade as a "rat" office, in which but few printers would condescend to be employed, and Mr. Brooks is known as the "rat" *par excellence* in the printing business.

We therefore brand Mr. Brooks as a man who declines to pay a fair compensation for work done in his employ—as one who, while he fixes the price of the paper he owns and edits, denies the right of the men whose labor he coins into gold, to fix the price of their daily work.

His conceded right to fix the price of his paper goes to prove the justice of the principle we contend for, and which he opposes—the right of the laborer to place a fair estimate upon his labor, and the right of labor combinations against combinations of capital, for the attainment of a just remuneration.

It is, therefore, that the undersigned deem it their duty, as it is their privilege, to come before the public with a protest against the election of Erastus Brooks to the office of Governor of the State of New York. We appeal to the workingmen of our fellow citizens whether this man, so selfish, so unjust and so illiberal, is a safe and fit man to whom to entrust the affairs of this mighty State. We appeal to the men, who, like ourselves, earn their livelihood by their manual labor, to aid us in crushing out the aspirations he has built upon such a basis, and in teaching him the divine lesson that "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and also the political lesson that the laboring man in this free country holds in his hands the political fortunes of the most wealthy and ambitious of his fellows.

CHARLES W. COLSURN,
THOS. J. WALSH,
WILLIAM L. STUBBS,
ISAAC D. BOYCE,
ROBERT D. DACK,
GEORGE W. SMITH,
ARTHUR ROGERS,
} Executive Committee.

Curious Suit Against the Frankfort Rothschilds.

The following account of a suit instituted against the Frankfort branch of the Rothschild family some forty years ago, and which, notwithstanding the vexatious obstacles interposed by the wealth and influence of the great Jew capitalists, has just been decided in favor of the plaintiff, will be read with interest by all those who feel a gratification in seeing justice triumph over chicanery. It is only a short time since we had a similar illustration in our own courts of the difficulties which poor men have to encounter in making good their claims against the rich:—

[From the Norwich, N. Y., Daily Reporter.]

JUSTICE SLOW BUT SURE.

Mr. EDITOR:—A friend of mine in a private letter mentions a lawsuit, which well deserves to be noticed both for the sake of the parties and the length it was spun out, until it received its final quietus a few months ago. The bone of contention was the profit or the share of profit for grain furnished to the armies of Napoleon I. The parties were the father of my friend (Binding) of Frankfort on the-Maine, baker, and the patriarch of the Rothschild family, Mayer Amschel Rothschild & Sons, the bankers, furnishing the funds, Mr. B doing the purchasing on certain stipulated terms. Although the profits, according to the original agreement, were remunerative, the old Jew banker wanted to reduce the share of his partner in the transaction. But if R had a long purse, B had grit and just money enough to live the lawyers, and being convinced of his right, declined any compromise short of the mark and full amount. He had been offered several times 25,000 florins. In this way the thing had become an heirloom of the R. family in the second generation, and Mr. B's son Edward, grown up to be a lawyer, conducted it on his part. The acts, on various points, which the Drs. LL. are so skilful to raise when sure of their pay, had been sent to twenty Universities (where the juristical faculty constitute a kind of a higher court in Germany) were brought eight times to the Court of Appeals in Lubeck, and accumulated an expense of 30,000 florins, and had lasted forty years. It came to a decision by a decree of the supreme appellative authority only a short time before the death of the chief of the house, Mayor Amschel Rothschild, Jr., who died some at seventy years of age, Dec. 6, 1855. Mr. B. had the satisfaction to receive 40,000 florins, which he himself, now eighty years of age, distributed among his eleven living children.

The Census of Toronto, Canada.

[From the Toronto Globe, Oct. 15.]

The total population of the city of Toronto, on the 20th July last, appears by the recent census to have been 41,760, of whom 21,004 were males, and 20,756 females. The following table shows the numbers in the several wards, distinguishing the sexes:—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
St. David's	3,497	3,629	7,126
St. James'	3,933	4,121	8,054
St. George's	1,399	1,434	2,833
St. Andrew's	3,465	3,321	6,786
St. Lawrence	2,302	1,784	4,086
St. Patrick's	2,618	2,563	5,181
St. John's	3,820	3,874	7,694
Grand total	21,004	20,756	41,760

It seems from the above that in the wards of St. David, St. James, St. George and St. John, the female population is in excess of the male; in St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's, and particularly so in St. Lawrence, the proportions are reversed.

The number of colored persons is 973; none in St. David's, 88 in St. James', 3 in St. George's, 97 in St. Andrew's, 56 in St. Lawrence, 156 in St. Patrick's, and 573 in St. John's.

The number of deaf and dumb is stated to be 25; of blind, 18. In 1852, the number of deaf and dumb was returned as 13; of blind, 16.

The school attendance is 5,569, more than one in eight of the whole population; of these children attending school, 2,962 were boys, and 2,607 girls.

The births in 1855 were 695 boys, 617 girls—total 1,312. The deaths, 193 males, 131 females—total 324. This return, of course, as may be seen from the entries at the different cemeteries, is far from accurate.

The number of occupied houses is 6,121, vacant 84, building 239.

In respect of age, 5,246 are under 5 years; 8,884 between 5 and 15; over 15, 27,630.

As regards the nativity of the population, there were natives of

Ireland	14,615	Germany	386
Canada West	12,584	France	122
England	6,855	All other countries	785
Scotland	3,085	Not given	221
United States	2,232		
Canada East	1,506	Total	41,760

Court of General Sessions.

Before Judge Capron.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

OCT. 17.—The trial of Gustave Micheal, charged with obtaining two thousand dollars from Peter Schmidt, a dealer in gold dust, under the pretence that he (Schmidt) purchased a quantity of gold dust that had been stolen, was brought to a close this morning, having occupied the attention of the Court and jury two days. When the Judge had concluded his charge, the jury retired for a short time and brought in a verdict of "Guilty." The prisoner was remanded for sentence. The plot which Micheal laid to procure the money was a deep one. Micheal, in company with another unknown man, visited the complainant, at his house in Elridge street, in April last, and stated that they were police officers; that he purchased stolen gold dust, and he had better settle the matter by paying them a stipulated sum, than go to prison for twenty years. They worked upon his fears so successfully as to induce him to accompany them to a savings bank, in which Micheal had deposited some money. He drew two thousand dollars. The unknown man left them at the bank, when Micheal expressed a doubt as to the correctness of the amount, and requested Schmidt's permission to count the money, which he granted; but the prisoner retained it. Hence the charge of grand larceny, for Schmidt did not give him the money on condition of being released. A peculiar feature in the case is this:—The defence brought forward two respectable physicians to prove that about the time this alleged offence was committed Micheal was under their care, and was unable to use his legs. The Judge, in instructing the jury upon this point, said that they must look at all the circumstances in the case, and if satisfied as to their truth, the inference must be drawn that the prisoner deceived his physicians in order that he might more successfully effect his design.

Mary Collins pleaded guilty to stealing several silk dresses. She was sent to the city prison for three months.

George Harris pleaded guilty to petit larceny. In consequence of his previous good character, the sentence was commuted to three months in the penitentiary.

Fremont Pole Raising and Cutting Down in Portsmouth, Va.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFFAIR BY AN INDIGNANT VIRGINIAN, A LA DICKENS.

PORTSMOUTH, Oct. 13, 1856.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

SIR—I beg leave to give you notice of the proceedings of our Mayor (Mr. Hodges) and Council in regard to the raising of a Fremont and Dayton pole in this town. It was erected on last Saturday night, and we had at the head of it the American flag, and another beneath it containing the words, "Fremont and the Union—Dayton and the Constitution." And, sir, the democracy became enraged, and the Council was called on Monday night, and after several speeches on both sides, the Mayor and Council (both democrats) ordered the pole to be cut down on Tuesday evening, and it was done—with the American flag flying at its head—by a negro, who was ordered to do the work, others being afraid to perform the unlawful task. While the speaking was going on, the Mayor (Mr. Hodges) said that none who had any hand in raising the pole were either men of principle or gentlemen, when Mr. G. Butt replied that he was a man of as much principle as his Honor, and it could be proved; so his Honor, being provoked to wrath, asked if there was an officer in the crowd, when one answered, and Mr. Butt was ordered to jail unjustly.

I hope, sir, that you will notice this, and let us hear from you in your paper. Although this communication is not written as clearly as it should be, still I hope you can see the tyranny of the democrats of the town of Portsmouth. But I have not told you all yet. On Monday night, the military companies were called out by his Honor the Mayor, and remained out until morning; and in the evening, when the pole was cut, they were again ordered out, but for what purpose his Honor does not know. I again ask you to notice these proceedings and let us hear from you.

PORTSMOUTH, Oct. 15, 1856.

RESPECTED SIR—Last Saturday evening several of our respectable townsmen erected a pole, with the American flag at its head, and one on which was painted "Fremont and the Union," "Dayton and the Constitution," and they remained there until Monday evening, when his Excellency the Mayor—Mr. Hodges—and a part of the City Council met, and after several speeches, they ordered it to be cut down by the Town Sergeant, and it was done—with the American flag flying at its head—by a negro. Sir, I want to know who is the mob, and who is the black republican party, in this town, with this branded on their faces? While the meeting was in progress, his Excellency said that none of those who had any hand in the raising of the pole were gentlemen, or had any honor; when Mr. G. Butt replied, "may it please you, I have as much honor and principle as you." This provoked the mule louse and ignoramus, who had not the courage to resent it, but he called the bulldog Brooks, and ordered him to jail, and then ordered out the guards, who remained all night. On Tuesday evening the pole was cut down. Mr. Butt came out of jail with flying colors, and with the richest men in the town to back him to any amount. On Tuesday the heavens seemed to be enraged. The wind blew a gale, and the clouds shed tears for the ignorance of this community; and to day it still rages at a greater rate than on yesterday. Last night the demon of darkness let loose the ropes from the democratic pole, and the enraged wind wafted them on the steeple of the Episcopalian church. I hope, sir, you may get this letter, for it shall be put on board the Baltimore boat, and I hope soon to hear from you. I will sign my name in full; but I hope, instead of putting my name, if you think of publishing this, you will put it Union, instead of ——.

THE MILITARY CALLED OUT—THE TOWN UNDER MARTIAL LAW, ETC.

[Correspondence of the Washington Star.]

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Oct. 14, 1856.

Great excitement has prevailed in this community for several days past on account of the erection of a Fremont and Dayton pole. The pole in question was raised last Saturday afternoon, at the corner of High and Crawford streets, and the American banner, together with a flag bearing the following inscription, were hoisted upon it: "Fremont and the Constitution—Dayton and the Union." On Monday such was the popular feeling that the Mayor saw proper to convene the Councilmen and citizens generally, for the purpose of taking the matter into consideration, whereupon another flag was hoisted bearing this inscription: "One comes—all comes," the signification of which is, that if one pole is removed all others shall be removed also.

When the meeting assembled, so great was the excitement that it was found necessary to order out the military, and the town was placed under martial law, under which it continued during the entire night. There was, however, no serious outbreak. The deliberations of the meeting resulted in the passing of a resolution to the effect that those concerned be requested to remove the pole before 3 o'clock P. M. the following day, and that the Town Sergeant be authorized to remove it if found standing after that hour. This morning the pole was still standing, with the American flag, and the little flag bearing the inscription, "When one comes, all comes," floating from it, and the halyards secured some sixteen feet from the ground. Much interest is manifested as to what will be the final result. I will delay the sending of this letter as long as possible in order to give it to you.

Later.—At about half past 3 o'clock, in presence of a large concourse, the proper authority proceeded to cut down the obnoxious pole, and with it, to the satisfaction of the opposing party, fell the stars and stripes, this being the object they had in view in tying the halyards beyond reach.

However much the above facts may indicate it, allow me to assure you there is no Fremont party in existence here. The whole affair was intended as a hoax, and if let alone would have passed off as such. But the citizens, without distinction of party, fearing it would be productive of wrong impressions upon the minds of strangers passing through the place, demanded its removal, and it has been removed.

Our Naval Correspondence.

UNITED STATES SHIP SAVANNAH, RIO JANEIRO, Sept. 1, 1856.

The United States Ship Savannah at Rio Janeiro—Politics and Preferences—Dissatisfaction Amongst the Crew—Its Cause—The Men Demand fair Treatment from the Secretary of the Navy—Movements of War Vessels—The Article on Shore—Curiosities on Board—Homeward Bound Hymn—Health of the Port and City.

The United States mail steamer Orizaba, Capt. Tinklepaugh, arrived here on Aug. 28, with dates from New York up to Aug. 6. People here are very anxious to learn election news, and the Orizaba's arrival was hailed as a most fortunate circumstance. It may seem strange—but I assure you it is a fact—that Buchanan, Fillmore, and Fremont, monopolize whatever share of talking is to be done ashore here. The first named gentleman seems to have more partizans in Rio than either of his competitors. Perhaps it is a Southern disease.

Our master-at-arms has received a letter from his sister, stating that the Secretary of the Navy told her the Savannah would not be relieved till December, which has caused so much dissatisfaction on board that I would not be surprised if another mutiny breaks out. Some of our men were over a year in the service when this ship went into commission, and there are more than three hundred on board now nearly forty months in the navy without ever spending more than forty-eight hours on shore together. I am satisfied of the fact that two gallons of rum on our forecastle to-night would cause the Secretary of the Navy to remember the Savannah during his life. Several of the men are already whispering around decks somewhat in this strain—"Let us go to the mast and tell him we won't turn to;" "We agreed for three years, or sooner discharged, and we want them to stick to their bargain, as they would make us;" "There is no necessity for keeping us out here—if there was, we wouldn't grumble;" "If he don't take us home, why don't he give us liberty?" and a number of other expressions which betoken "breakers ahead," if we are to stop here much longer.

The Prussian (formerly the British) frigate Thetis, and a schooner belonging to the same nation, arrived here from Madeira on Sunday, Aug. 31. The Thetis was in this harbor under British colors when we first came out here.

The French frigate Alceste, homeward bound from the Pacific, arrived here the other day, and in return for the compliment of sending some of our boats to tow her handsomely saluted us before ever firing for the Brazilian flag. In politeness, the French are unexcelled. The British frigate Indefatigable returned yesterday from St. Catherines accompanied by the steamer Virago and the brig Spy. The French frigate Poursuivante left harbor for Montevideo on the 26th August.

We are anxiously expecting the Camilla, from the La Plata, as a revolution was hourly expected at last accounts. The Germantown, Capt. Lynch, sails for Montevideo next week, unless her orders from home arrive in the mail on the 7th. The Germantown's officers and crew are well.

La Grua and Tamberlick, assisted by a few other stars, are keeping the theatrical world here in spirits. Verdi's voice-cracking operas, relieved by some of the gentler strains of Mozart and Meyerbeer, occupy the boards of the Lyried. The Gymnasid and St. Januarid confine themselves to the drama, and particularly to the representation of "the much applauded and original Portuguese comedy, in three acts, of Ultima Carta," which takes your eye on every corner as suddenly and as completely as Bonner's advertisements. Advertising is the same all the world over, from Day & Martin's placards down to the travelling thespians, who call "Mr. Fletcher leader of the orchestra," when said orchestra only consists of poor Mr. F. and his fiddle.

The Vigilance Committee of California, and their doings are conspicuous topics in the papers here, since the arrival of the American ship Look Out, from San Francisco, bringing a regular load of dailies, weeklies, monthlies and yearlies from the "Other side of Jordan."

I wish you could see our ship now. She is a regular menagerie—monkies, parrots, birds of all kinds, and every attainable tropical curiosity, are collected by the men for their friends, relations, and benefactors, not forgetting sweethearts. Even the homeward bound song is written and printed, and here is a specimen of it, appealing in the veritable phraseology of Jack, to his chums:—

Come, shipmates, fill your glasses up,
Aye, fill them to the brim,
And when you've quaffed a dozen times,
We'll chaunt our Yankee hymn.
To celebrate this grand event
We'll make the ship resound
With mirth, and joy, and revelry—
For now we're homeward bound.

I wish we were, indeed, my boy. Make the postponement of the hymn till the dozen appeals to the colliery crane.

The bark Smallwood leaves to-morrow, towed out by the Orizaba, and her speedy departure prevents me from overhauling the papers for news. There is nothing particular going on here, however. The city is healthy, which is a wonder, considering the very unhealthy weather we have at present. The last two days have been rainy and very warm. Men-of-war in harbor:—American—Savannah, Germantown; English—Indefatigable, Madagascar, Virago, Spy; French—Alceste, Hasson, and a brig.

Obituary.

FIELD MARSHAL LORD HARDINGE.

[From the London Times, Sept. 26.]

It is with very sincere regret that we have to record the death of Field Marshal Lord Hardinge, which took place on Wednesday, the 24th inst., at his country seat near Tunbridge Wells. Few officers have served so long and with so many opportunities of distinction; and of Lord Hardinge it must be said that in the field he was ever found equal to the occasion. We do not claim for the gallant soldier who has just departed from amongst us the praise of military genius of the highest order. He was neither a Marlborough, a Napoleon, nor a Wellington, but the work which he had to do he always performed efficiently and well. From the lowest grade he rose to the very highest rank in the British army by his own deserts. He was not connected by birth with any noble family, nor with any influential clique in military circles; and yet he became Commander-in-Chief. Slender indeed was the chance that Henry Hardinge, the son of a clergyman in the north of England, who entered the army as ensign in the year 1798, should have attained the dignities of Governor-General of British India and of Commander-in-Chief. It may be said that the accidents of life were on his side, but they were no more so than in the case of a thousand others who have passed away, their names unknown. The very turning point of his career affords evidence that he was a man destined to conquer in the battle of life. Lord Hardinge used frequently to tell the story how, after the battle of Corunna, when the English troops were hurrying on board ship, a staff officer was anxious to gain the friendly shelter of the English fleet. The keen eye of Marshal Beresford, who was superintending the embarkation, detected the vigor and capacity of a young officer who was employing himself most zealously in the discharge of his duty. That young officer was Henry Hardinge, and from that moment his fortune was made. He was required to act in the place of the expeditious staff officer, and Lord Beresford never forgot his activity and zeal. At a subsequent period, when Beresford was charged with the important duty of preparing the Portuguese forces to take an active share in the contest with the veteran troops of Napoleon, he remembered the young officer who had done such good service on the beach at Corunna, and summoned him to his aid. He gave him a brigade in the Portugese service "before he was 26," and after a time his foreign grade was commuted for British rank. But for this fortunate "accident," as Lord Hardinge used to call it, his fate might have been, according to his own opinion, that of a hundred others. He might have died a colonel on half-pay, after thirty years of hard service in every corner of the British empire. We doubt if this would have been the case. For men of so energetic a stamp—so fitted by nature for the career on which they have entered—"accidents" are ever occurring which they are ever prepared to turn to account. To give but a suggestion of the actions in which this brave soldier was engaged is to recall the leading events of the most glorious and successful war in which the British arms have been engaged since the days of Marlborough. During the whole of the Peninsular contest he acted as Deputy Quartermaster-General of the Portuguese army. He was wounded at Vimiera; he was present at Roleia. We have already mentioned the distinction he obtained at Corunna. When Wellesley entered on the scene as acknowledged chief, we find him at the passage of the Douro, at the battle of Busaco, and actively engaged in organizing the defence behind the memorable lines of Torres Vedras. He was present at the three sieges, and at the final capture of Badajox, and at the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. It was, however, at the battle of Albuera that Lord Hardinge performed the chief feat of his military career. That battle, as well known, was offered to Soult by Beresford, with more valor than discretion. During the progress of it Beresford, as ever, distinguished himself by the greatest personal courage; but the fortune of the day was turned by a happy manœuvre, executed by young Hardinge without orders, and on his own responsibility. The battle was one of the most bloody on record in proportion to the number of combatants. Hardinge fought at Salamanca; he was severely wounded at Vittoria; he was at Pampeluna; he crossed the Pyrenees with the conquering British army; he was at Nivelle at Nive, at Orthes. After the return of Napoleon from Elba he again entered upon active service, and was attached as Commissioner to the Prussian army. He lost a hand under Blucher at Ligny, and this was his share in the Waterloo campaign. When peace was restored to the world he did not retire into inactivity, but continued in one important post or another in the service of his country. We do not here pretend to give a catalogue of the successive offices which he held. He was successively Secretary at War, Secretary for Ireland Master-General of the Ordnance, and, finally, in the year 1844 he was raised to the high dignity of Governor General of India. The four years during which he held the reins of government in that distant region were memorable even in the eventful history of British India. The events of the Sikh campaign are too fresh in the public recollection to need recapitulation here. No one has forgotten, when the storm of war suddenly broke upon the northwestern frontier of our Indian possessions, with what energy the brave old soldier hurried to the scene of action, with what disinterested feeling the Governor-General postponed all questions of dignity and acted as second in command during the fiery days of Moodkee, of Ferozeshah, and of Sobraon. Independently of these great military achievements, the Indian administration of Lord Hardinge was in other respects crowned with success. It was he who originated the policy with regard to the kingdom of Oude, which Lord Dalhousie, at a subsequent period, had the nerve and intelligence to carry to its legitimate fulfilment. In October, 1852, four years after the expiration of his Indian government, Lord Hardinge was raised to the highest post within the ambition of a military man—he was appointed Commander-in-Chief, to succeed the Duke of Wellington. This important post he held until a very recent period, and throughout the eventful epoch of the Russian war. Few men have actually seen war upon so great a scale, or been concerned in directing operations of such great magnitude at home. It was not Lord Hardinge's fault, nor can it be imputed as blame to him, that he inherited the traditions and practices of a glorious period in the military annals of Great Britain, which had served their turn full well, but were no longer applicable to the exigencies of modern warfare.

GENERAL SIR COLIN HALKETT, G. C. B.

[From the London Times, Sept. 25.]

We regret to have to announce the death of General Sir Colin Halkett, the gallant Governor of Chelsea Hospital, who expired at a few minutes before 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon, at his residence at Chelsea Hospital. The venerable and gallant General had been in delicate health for some months, when, about eight weeks back, he was seized with a very severe attack of gout, to which he had been occasionally subject. He entered the army as ensign in the Third Buffs, and served subsequently in other regiments, until he obtained a lieutenant colonelcy, in 1803. He was then ordered to take part in the struggle in the Peninsula, and was appointed to the command of a brigade of the German Legion; and during that command took an active part in the battles of Albuera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and the passage of the Nive, for his services at which he received a cross. The gallant General was also at Waterloo, under the command of General Lord Hill. At that signal victory Sir Colin's division was hotly engaged, and he had four horses shot under him, and also received four wounds—one through the face, the shot carrying away a portion of his palate; one at the back of the neck, another in the thigh, and one in his heel. Sir Colin Halkett's active military career may be considered to have closed with the return of peace. In 1830 he was appointed Colonel of the 31st Foot, and in 1847 was transferred to the Colonelcy-in-Chief of the 45th Nottinghamshire Foot, which becomes vacant by his lamented decease. The gallant General was appointed Lieutenant Governor of the Chelsea Hospital, but only filled that position a few months when the death of General Sir George Anson led to a vacancy of the Governorship of that military asylum, when the Duke of Wellington at once conferred the honorable appointment on the gallant deceased. Sir Colin, having gone through all the minor classes of the Order of the Bath, was nominated a Grand Cross of that military order in 1848. He was also a Knight Grand Cross of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order, a Knight Third Class of Wilhelm of the Netherlands, a Knight Commander of the Bavarian Order of Maximilian Joseph, and a Knight of the Tower and Sword of Portugal.

Theatrical and Musical Matters.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The German company will perform the fairy opera of "Undine" for the last time to-night. The house will no doubt be packed.

BROUGHAM'S BOWERY.—The exciting dramas of "Retribution" and "Love and Duty," which have lately created so much sensation here, are to be given with other novelties.

BURTON'S THEATRE.—Shakspere's tragedy of "Hamlet," with its cast embracing the names of Messrs. Davenport, Fisher, Burton, Placide, &c., is to be played, with "An Object of Interest."

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—Miss Agnes Robertson tenders for her benefit and last appearance to night, the comedy entitled "The Life of an Actress," and the drama styled "Andy Blake."

CHAMBERS STREET THEATRE.—"Wallace," "William Tell," "The Broken Sword," and the "Forest Rose," all cast with marked ability, are the prominent features of attraction here.

MUSEUM.—The last dramatic version of "Dred," with Tom Thumb as Tom Tit, is announced for this afternoon and evening. Thus far the piece has elicited the most unlimited applause.

BROADWAY VARIETIES.—The last opportunity will be afforded to-night to witness the inimitable children, in their highly successful pieces—"The Invincibles" and "Irish Broom Maker."

CHRISTY AND WOOD'S famous band of vocalists and jokers present a number of good songs and "Wello."

THE BUCKLEY'S announce the comicality, styled "All Moonshine," for the last time this evening.

BRYANT AND MALLORY issue an unusually attractive bill on the occasion of their withdrawal from Empire Hall.

Personal Intelligence.

Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War; Colonel William J. Harden, United States Army; and Professor William H. Bartlett, of the Military Academy, West Point, arrived in Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday evening, on a visit to the United States Armory.

GOVERNOR CLARK IN TOWN.—Governor Myron H. Clark has been in the city for the last few days. Yesterday he took his seat with Judge Capron at the special session held at the Tombs. He also visited the city prison and the purlieus of the Sixth ward.

ARRIVALS.

At Couzens' Hotel—Capt. S. K. Dawson, lady and child, U. S. A.; Lieut. B. V. De Hart, U. S. A.; J. Sheldon and wife, Alabama; H. H. Kellogg, Charleston; John Tunbull and lady, R. Tunbull, Baltimore; Dr. J. J. Rogers, Morristown, G. J. Bind and lady, R. F. Bind, New Orleans; J. M. Rhet and lady, Miss Kate Coale, Miss Metcalfe, Baltimore; A. Ch Lewis, J. L. Schoolfield, Virginia; G. B. Stebbins, Savannah; P. W. Garfield, Rochester; L. J. Morse, Cleveland; W. Sherry, Boston; F. R. Clarke, Alabama; J. C. Duane, U. S. A.; Col. J