

# THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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## TERMS:

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## THE POST.

Athens, Friday, July 23, 1852.

**MONUMENT TO HENRY CLAY.**—The citizens of Lexington, Ky., have appointed a large committee to take the necessary steps to have erected in the cemetery, at that place, a national monument of colossal proportions, to the memory of Henry Clay. A history of all the great events of his life is to be inscribed on the monument.

MONTGOMERY, July 12.

The Union Convention met to-day. Only four counties were represented. Resolutions were passed declining to nominate a third candidate, and recommending the members of the Union party to pursue any course they may think proper.

Mr. Webster, says a despatch to the N. York Herald, has expressed himself as strongly opposed to the movement in favor of an independent nomination. He sees that it would be a miserable failure, and he has no desire to be placed in such a mortifying position. The President has written a very touching letter to Secretary Graham upon the occasion of his resignation.

BALTIMORE, July 13.

A great flood has occurred in the North Eastern section of this city, which has damaged several hundred houses, and totally demolished three bridges and six houses. The loss is estimated at \$70,000. A fire occurred at Boston on Saturday night, which destroyed thirty houses and stores. The total loss is estimated at a quarter of a million of dollars.

BALTIMORE, July 12.

It is positively asserted that the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James, has no intention to resign.

A National Convention of friends to the Union is called to meet at Philadelphia on the tenth of August next, for the purpose of nominating the Hon. Daniel Webster for the Presidency, and selecting a candidate for the Vice Presidency.

The conveners of the meeting say that delegates from ten States now hold themselves in readiness for this step, and request other States to choose suitable representatives without delay.

A female member of Dr. S.'s church in Boston, having safely passed through her nineteenth accouchment, her husband sent the following note to the Rev. Dr., to be read before the congregation:

"Mrs. A—having been safely delivered of her nineteenth child, she, with her husband, return their hearty and unfeigned thanks to Almighty God, for his great favor, and humbly ask for a continuance of his blessings."

**ANECDOTE OF GEN. SCOTT.**—The Tecumseh (Michigan) Herald relates the following anecdote:

"A citizen of our town gives a remarkable anecdote of Gen. Scott at Fort George, in 1813. A British flag was sent to the American army. The carrier was sent to Gen. Scott's tent, and said to him: 'Our General has sent me with this flag to request that you surrender to him, for if you do not, he shall be compelled to storm the fort, and he will not be responsible for the Indians.' The reply of Gen. Scott was this: 'Tell your General to come on and storm the fort, and I will be responsible for the Indians.'"

The second resolution in the Democratic platform speaks of federalism palsying the will of their constituents. The Washington Republic aptly replies:

"If the 'will of constituents' was ever 'palsied' by any set of men, it was palsied by delegates who were sent to Baltimore to nominate Cass, Buchanan, or Douglass, and who wound up their proceedings by the nomination of a man whom their constituents had never suggested for any such place. When did a Whig convention ever 'palsy the will' of its 'constituents' after this fashion?"

Capt. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, the eccentric but wonderfully gifted orator, has taken the stump for Scott and Graham.

A young woman, named Sarah Jackson, has been arrested at Greenville, Ala., charged with killing her drunken father.

## SCOTT AND PIERCE.

The Georgia Citizen, the editor of which has always been a consistent and earnest democrat, talks in the following sensible manner about the nominees for the Presidency:

"First then on the score of personal service to the country, who takes the palm?—Answer, Gen. Winfield Scott, *non con*." 2d. On the ground of ability, honesty, and other qualifications, to whom shall the award be rendered. Again, we say, to Gen. Scott. Gen. Pierce has never shown any extraordinary capacity for civil or military government.

3d. On the score of principle, to whom shall we give the preference. We fancy that this point is a matter of taste or opinion. As a democrat of the Jackson and Jefferson school, our preference, individually, would be given to Gen. Pierce, decidedly, because, on all the past issues which have divided the people, our affections have been with the democracy of the country. But the question arises, as not all these old issues obsolete, defunct, or settled? If they are, then we could give up our prejudice in favor of Gen. Pierce, so far as they are concerned.

4th. As to *consensus* on the great question in which the South is deeply interested, which of these candidates is the most acceptable to Georgians? Gen. Pierce is a Northern man. Scott a Southerner and slaveholder. Gen. Pierce voted in Congress to receive abolition petitions. Gen. Scott has no such sin to answer for. Gen. Pierce has accepted the democratic nomination and placed himself upon the platform which has been put forth as the platform of the democracy.

Gen. Scott has accepted the nomination of the Whig Convention and placed himself on its platform. Both platforms are good enough—one adopted by the whigs, as a condition precedent to the nomination, and that adopted by Pierce and the democrats, as a condition subsequent, when the Convention was in a disorganized and confused state, and more than half of the members had left! On this head, therefore, we opine, there is but little to choose between the nominees, but the tendency of things is in favor of Scott.

5th. And lastly. What has been the association of these gentlemen? "A man is known by the company he keeps." "Birds of a feather flock together," &c. General Scott is said to be under the influence of Sewall, Hale, Greeley & Co. Perhaps he is. Gen. Pierce, by a parity of reasoning, may be said to be under the influence of Van Buren, Rantoul, Giddings and the New York (Free-Soil) Post, who are loud in his praise. But further, who support Gen. Pierce and oppose Gen. Scott in the South? Why, all the Filibusters, Fire-Eaters, Secessionists, Nullifiers, Disunionists, ultra loco-focos, &c. &c. Every man of them from Pedee to the Rio Grande!

It is certainly just to remember that in the crisis that tried men's souls and the country of the American Union in 1850, there are those who thought that the compromise of the Compromise, as a power with which to strike down Gen. Scott, were then for every other plan against the Compromise! Some of these men are in the North and some in the South. They had one excuse in one place, and another in another—but they acted in concert then, and they are acting in concert now! When the terrible crisis was upon us, they were against the Compromise—now that the battle has been fought and won, they are for the Compromise! We struggled hard to defend the GREAT FINAL SETTLEMENT in the day of doubt and trial—but now we have to struggle to disprove the imputation that we are not true to it! Gen. Scott actually threw his personal influence into the scale when the Compromise bills were before Congress to secure their passage, but now his soundness is called into question by those very men, who used all the arguments in their power to secure their defeat! IS IT NOT JUST TO BEAR IN MIND THESE PLAIN BUT REMARKABLE FACTS?—Nash, Banner.

**CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF GEN. PIERCE.**—Every body knows that Gen. Pierce fainted in the battle of Contreras, yet few know what he did with himself or what was done with him after he "keeled over." Some of his brother officers, it seems, are disposed to throw what light they can upon that comparatively obscure portion of his brilliant history. We find the following in the last number of that highly respectable paper the Buffalo Express:

Lieut. W. Brown who served in Mexico under Scott as an officer of Dragoons, considerably astonished the Broadway Hall ratification meeting the other evening, by mentioning that, in the battle of Contreras, a friend of his, now brevet Captain Thomas Sweeney had his right arm shattered by a ball; Sweeney looking about for assistance, saw a man in a neighboring ditch, dodging the enemy's shot. He went to him and asked him for a drink. The "artful dodger" handed him up a flask. Sweeney took it, and to his astonishment saw that the man was Franklin Pierce! Brown offers to buck up the affidavits of Democratic officers as to this fact.

The Atlanta Republican, hitherto a Constitutional Union paper, has run up the Scott Flag. It contains an address to the Whigs of Georgia, signed by sixty or seventy persons (about forty living in Macon) urging them to rally to the support of Scott, and calling a Whig State Convention to be held in Macon, August 18th, to ratify his nomination and choose an electoral ticket.

The Macon Citizen says that the time for the meeting of the Scott Convention has been changed from the 4th August to the 18th, two weeks later, to avoid clashing with the commencement exercises at Athens, &c., as well as to give more time for the people to rally.

Accounts from Dobridje, in Turkey, state that owing to the fall of snow of 22d, 23d and 24th of March, 250,000 head of cattle that were on the plains perished!

## BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

Far different music has resounded through these continuous woods than the wild bird's carol, the hum of insects, and the waving of the breeze that now so gently greets our ear. At yonder white house, said the Major, as General Scott, making a forward movement with his brigade in the afternoon of the 25th of July, 1814, came in view of it, we saw the court-yard filled with British officers, their horses held by orderlies and servants in attendance. As soon as we became visible to them, their bugles sounded to saddle, and in a few moments they were mounted, and disappeared through the woods at full gallop, twenty bugles ringing the alarm from different parts of the forest. All vanished as if swallowed by the earth, save an elegant veteran officer, who reined up just out of musket shot, and took a leisurely survey of our numbers. Having apparently satisfied himself of our force, he raised the plumed hat from his head, and bowing gracefully to our cortege, put spurs to his horse, and disappeared with the rest. From the occupants of the house we gathered that we were about a mile distant from a strong body of the enemy, posted in the rising ground just beyond the woods in our front. General Scott, turning to me, said, "Be kind enough, Sir, to return to Major-General Brown; inform him that I have fallen in with the enemy's advance, posted in force at 'Lundy's Lane,' and that in one half hour, I shall have joined battle."

"Order up Ripley with the second brigade—direct Porter to get his volunteers immediately under arms,"—was the brief reply of the Major-General to my message, and the aids were instantly in their saddles, conveying the orders. As I galloped back through the woods, the cannon shot, screaming by me, tearing the trees and sending the rail fences in the air in their course, warned me that the contest had begun. But we are on the battleground. There, upon that sloping hill, parallel with the road, and through the graveyard towards the Niagara, was drawn up the British line under General Riall, in force three times greater than our brigade, his right covered with a powerful battery of nine pieces of artillery, two of them brass twenty-fours. The Eleventh and Twenty-second regiments first leaving the wood, deployed upon the open ground with the coolness and regularity of a review, and upon the enemy's line and from the batteries, which completely commanded the position, opening upon them with tremendous effect. Towson, having hurried up with his guns on the left, in vain endeavored to attain sufficient elevation to return the fire of their battery. The destruction on our side was very great. The two regiments fought with consummate bravery. Severely cut up, their ammunition exhausted, and their officers nearly all of them killed and wounded, they were withdrawn from action, the few officers remaining unhurt throwing themselves into the Ninth, which now came into action, led by the gallant Colonel Leavenworth.

The brunt of the battle now came upon them, and they alone sustained it for some time, fighting with unflinching bravery, until their numbers were reduced to one-half by the fire of the enemy. At this juncture, General Scott galloped up with the intention of charging the hill; but finding them so much weakened, altered his intention, entreating them to hold their ground until the reinforcements, which were hastening up, under Major-General Brown, should come to their assistance. A momentary cessation of the action ensued, while additional forces hurried to the aid of each army; Ripley's brigade, Hindman's artillery, and Porter's volunteers, on the part of the Americans; and a strong reinforcement under General Drummond, to that of the British. Hindman's artillery were attached to that of Towson, and soon made themselves heard. Porter's brigade displayed on the left, while Ripley formed on the skirts of the wood to the right of Scott's brigade. The engagement was soon renewed, with augmented vigor; General Drummond taking command in person, with his fresh troops in the front line of the enemy. Colonel Jesup, who had at the commencement of the action been posted on the right, succeeded, after a gallant contest, in turning the left flank of the enemy, and came in upon his reserve. "Burdened with prisoners, making himself visible to his own army, amid the darkness, in a blaze of fire," completely destroying all before him. The fight raged for some time with great fury, but it became apparent, uselessly to the Americans, if the enemy retained possession of the battery, manifestly the key of the position.

I was standing at the side of Colonel Miller, said the Major, when General Brown rode up and inquired, whether he could storm the battery with his regiment, while General Ripley supported him with the younger regiment, the Twenty-third. Miller, amid the uproar and confusion, deliberately surveyed the position, then quietly turning with infinite coolness replied, "I'll try Sir." I think I see him now, as drawing up his giant figure to its full height, he turned to his regiment, drilled to the precision of a piece of mechanism; I hear his deep tones—"Twenty-first—attention! form into column. Advance up the hill to the storm of the battery—deliver your fire at the

port-light of the artillery-men, and carry the guns at the point of the bayonet. Support arms—double quick—march!" Machinery could not have moved with more compactness than that gallant regiment followed the fearless leader. Supported by the hill like a body, the dark mass moved up the hill like a body, the lurid light glittering and flicking on their bayonets, as the combined fire of the enemy's artillery and infantry opened furiously upon them. They flinched not—they faltered not—the stern voices of the officers, as the deadly cannon-shot cut yawning chasms through them, alone were heard. "On—up—steady, men—steady." Within a hundred yards of the summit, a volley of musket-balls, as a clap of thunder, fell upon them, rushing under the white smoke, a short, furious struggle with the bayonet, and the artillery-men were swept like chaff from their guns. Another fierce struggle—the enemy's line was forced down the side of the hill, and the victory was ours—the position entirely in our hands—their own pipes turned and playing upon them in their rear. It was bought at cruel price, most of the officers being either killed or wounded. The whole tide of the battle now turned to this point. The result of the conflict depended entirely upon the ability of the victorious army to retain it. Major Hindman was ordered up, and posted his forces at the side of the captured cannon, while the American line correspondingly advanced. Stung with mortification, General Drummond concentrated his forces, to retake by a desperate charge the position. The interval amid the darkness was alone filled by the roar of the cataracts, and the groans of the wounded. He advanced with strong reinforcements, outflanking each side of the American line. We were only able, in the murky darkness, to ascertain their approach by their heavy tread. "They halted within twenty paces, poured in a rapid fire, and prepared for the rush." Directed by the blaze, our men returned with deadly effect, and, after a desperate struggle, the dense column recoiled. Another interval of darkness and silence, and again a most furious and desperate charge was made by the British, throwing the whole weight of their attack upon the American centre. The gallant Twenty-first, which composed it, receiving them with undaunted firmness, while every man was "dreadfully effective and coolness and effect. Staggering they again recoiled. During this second attack, General Scott in person, his shattered brigade now consolidated into a single battalion, made two determined charges upon the right and left flank of the enemy, and in these he received the scars which his countrymen now see upon his manly front. Our men were now almost worn down with fatigue, dying with thirst, for which they could gain no relief. The British, with fresh reinforcements, their men recruited and rested, after the interval of another hour, made their third and final effort to regain their position. They advanced, delivered their fire as before; and, although it was returned with the same deadly effect, steadily pressed forward. The Twenty-first again sustained the shock, and both lines were soon engaged in a "conflict, obstinate and dreadful beyond description." The right and left of the American line fell back for a moment, but were immediately rallied by their officers. "So desperate did the battle now become, that many battalions on both sides were forced back;" the men engaged in indiscriminate melee, fought hand to hand, and with muskets clubbed; and "so terrific was the conflict where the cannon were stationed, that Major Hindman had to engage them over his guns and gun-carriages, and finally to spike two of his pieces, under the apprehension that they would fall into the hands of the enemy." At length a most desperate and determined charge was made upon both of the enemy's flanks; they wavered, recoiled, gave way, and the centre soon following, they relinquished the fight, and made a retreat. The annals of warfare on this Continent have never shown more desperate fighting. Bayonets were repeatedly crossed, and, after the action, many of the men were found mutually transfixed. The British force engaged was about five thousand men; the American thirty-five hundred; the combined loss in killed and wounded, seventeen hundred and twenty-two, officers and men. The battle commenced at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, and did not terminate till midnight. We were so mingled, said the Major, and so great the confusion in the darkness, that as I was sitting with a group of officers in the earlier part of the night, on horseback, a British soldier came up to us, and recovering his musket, under the supposition that he was addressing one of his own officers, said, "Colonel Gordon will be much obliged, Sir, if you will march up the three hundred men in the road to his assistance immediately, as he is very hard pressed." I called him nearer, and pressing his musket down over my holsters, made him prisoner. "What have I done, Sir," said the astonished man, "what have I done?" and to convince British officers, as he supposed, of his loyalty, exclaimed, "Hurrah for the King, and damn the Yankees." As he was marched to the rear, the poor fellow was cut down by a

grape-shot. In another part of the field, Captain Spencer, who was soon after killed, pulled up suddenly on a body of men under full march. In reply to his demand, "What regiment is that?" he was answered, "The Royal Scots." With great presence of mind he replied, "Hut! Royal Scots, fill further orders," and then turning his horse's head, galloped from their dangerous proximity. It was a horrid conflict.

But here we are, at the grave-yard, with its drooping willows and flowering locusts. Still, still, and quiet now. No armed men disturb its calmness and repose—no ponderous wheels ruddy cut its consecrated moon—no savage execution—no moan of anguish breaks now upon its hallowed silence.

See from this point how gently and gracefully undulates the battle-field; the woods bowing to the evening breeze, as the soft sunlight pours through their branches, show not the rude gashes of rude cannon-shot; the plain, loaded and bending with the yellow harvest, betrays no human gore; you hill scathed, scorched, and blackened with cannon flame, the very resting place of the deadly battery, shows no relic of the fierce death-struggle, as covered with the fragrant clover and wild blue-bell, the bee in monotonous hum banquets o'er it. Nought mars the serenity of nature as she smiles upon us. Yet, burnt in common funeral pyre, the ashes of those brave men, of friend and foe, there mingle in the bosom whence they issued. The frenzied passion passed, the furious conflict o'er, they have lain down in quiet, and like young children, sleep in the lap of that common mother, who shelters with like protection the little field-mouse from its gambols, and the turbaned Sultan sinking amid his prostrate millions. Shades of my gallant countrymen! Shades of their daring foes! Farewell! Ne'er had warriors more glorious death-couch—the eternal Cataracts roar your requiem.—Silliman.

A writer in the Albany Cultivator gives a comparative estimate of the expense each of keeping a span of horses and a pair of mules, and makes an annual saving in favor of the mules of \$106 a year. He further adds: "Their vision and hearing seems to be better, and they never take a fright—a danger from which you are never secure with the horse."

The world is full of great men, though we know them not. All that is great and amiable dwelleth not in high places. As we roam through the forest, wrapped in the contemplation of the giant monarchs, who rear their leafy crowns to the heavens, we are conscious of a sweet perfume stealing upward from the timid violets and the primrose; but we heed them not, and crush them beneath our feet as we pass.

The democratic papers have for some months been indulging, *ad libitum*, in the worst species of personal abuse of General Scott. They have insinuated cowardice, and vanity, and dishonesty, and folly, and vanity, and almost every thing else against him, which they thought would engender distrust in the public mind. They have made some impression where he has not been vindicated. But truth, like the rising sun, is now rolling back the mists of error. The facts of history are a powerful vindication of the old soldier—they sweep into nothingness these groundless imputations, wherever they are published and read, as fire sweeps stubble from the fields. Justice is an inherent principle with the people. Justice to the brave old hero of Lundy's Lane is now breathed as a strong sentiment by millions who a short time ago had given the matter but little thought. They see that great wrong has been done to an old patriot, who has for forty years given his life to the flag, the honor and the protection of his country against foreign foes, while his principles are found to be of the strict, sound, upright, republican whig school. The people are coming to the rescue. The very words with which democrats have reviled him are becoming the young men's rally calls. "Fuss and feathers" and "Hasty plate of soup," already begin to sound above the hum of the multitude, to democratic ears, like the words with which they lauded Harrison in 1840, "log cabins" and "hard cider." The people are decreeing justice to WINFIELD SCOTT.—Nash, Banner.

A WHIG SPEECH IN TAMMANY HALL.—The best joke of the season is the delivery of a whig speech in Tammany Hall, the wigwam of locofocoism in New York, at the celebration of the Tammany Society, by the Hon. John W. Crockett, of Tennessee, who is a whig "by the necessity of his nature."—The N. Y. Courier says:

Col. Crockett had been invited to the banquet and was assigned a toast to which he was expected to make a reply. When his turn came, he rose and avowing himself a Whig, remarked that of course he could not be expected to make a Locofoco speech—and he then proceeded with an eloquent out and out whig harangue, during which he lashed Locofoco men and Locofoco principles right and left without mercy. For a while the untutored were taken aback; but in the end they so admired the untutored were taken aback; but in the end they so admired the gallant Tennessean that they not only listened to him, but applauded him with real Tammany Hall enthusiasm. We may, we think with perfect safety, aver that such a thing as a whig, and a Southern whig at that, making a speech in Tammany Hall at a Locofoco gathering, has not happened before within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

**ANECDOTE OF GEN. SCOTT.**—The following is from the pen of the editor of the New York Mirror, who was a warm advocate of the nomination of Mr. Fillmore and who manifested a keen disappointment at the result of the deliberations of the whig national convention:

Some four years ago, a young man called our office to subscribe for the Mirror. In the course of conversation, he stated that he had returned voluntarily from New York, and instead of the corporation of the city and being a member of the State, he had been a member of the Legislature.

This morning we had a visit from the young man, whose first words were: "Your prediction has been fulfilled. I have been a member of the Legislature and a clerk of the House of Representatives and a member of the Legislature."

"How are your politics?" we asked. His reply was: "I am a Democrat; but out of gratitude for one who saved my life, I shall vote for Scott!" "How is that?"

"Why, sir, when I was lying on the stone floor in the hospital at Jalspa, parched with sores, with no one to look after me, General Scott came to me and asked if I was wounded. I told him I was not; but I was very sick and would not live many days. 'Don't talk so,' said the general. He then asked me if I was well tended. I told him I had no attention at all. He then stooped down, lifted up my feeble arm, felt of my pulse, examined my fever sores, and sent for the surgeon, and asked him why I was thus neglected. The surgeon sent for his assistant, who, in turn, sent for the steward of the hospital. The general charged them to take good care of me; and, on leaving, told me if he did not to report at once to him. So, you see, sir, he saved my life by his kindness, as he did hundreds of others; and I should be a second-rate not to vote for him. They say he is proud. So he is on horseback—on the battle-field he is Major General Scott; but off, he is a kind-hearted, humane man." This is a true story, and a story to tell.

**WORTH KNOWING.**—Parch half a pint of rice until it is brown; then boil it as rice is usually done. Eat slowly, and it will stop the most alarming case of diarrhea.

[A friend informs us that this remedy has been tried successfully.]

The standing army of the United States at present number 10,129 men, 896 commissioned, and 9,233 non-commissioned officers and privates.

A young convert got up in a church not a thousand miles from here, and was making his confession somewhat after this sort: "I have been very wicked, indeed I have; I have cheated many persons, very many; but I will restore four-fold when he says he is proud. So he is on horseback—on the battle-field he is Major General Scott; but off, he is a kind-hearted, humane man." This is a true story, and a story to tell.

A Mrs. Mann, of Kirkland, Me. having some difficulty with her husband, hung herself. She was the mother of five children.

The favorite digging place in Australia is Mount Alexander; there the gold is turned up by tons. A party of five gentlemen made three hundred pounds each in five days.—Beggars have actually become rich. It would seem as if, at last Providence was reversing the order of things, and that henceforth labor is to be capital.

**"AN OPINION AS AN OPINION."**—One of the rampant female lecturers in the North, being charged with infidelity thus defines her position:

"Permit me to say then, candidly, that although I reject creeds, and I do not pledge myself to this or that sect, yet my religious belief is of such a character that no religious sect of whatever faith, no expounder of the doctrines of Jesus in any shape, has any right to ostracize me for my religious opinions."

Walker Reed, of Mason Co. Ky., lately and for a great many years presiding judge of the Judicial Circuit in which that county lies, died of cholera on Monday, at Alexandria, in Campbell Co., where he was holding Court.

Mr. Campbell, formerly attached to the papers in Boston as a reporter, is now a judge in California. His fees are said to amount to something like \$10,000 per annum. He is co-partner in a "grocery" also, which yields him no little profit.

One of the Washington correspondents of the Baltimore Sun, after stating that Mr. Clay, on leaving the State Department in 1829, presented his autograph papers connected with his Secretaryship to Gen. Jesup, says:

Gen. Jesup was his friend in the duel with Randolph, and has also all the correspondence and unwritten incidents of that celebrated meeting. His "Recollections" of Mr. Clay are of the most interesting and valuable character, and the nation would be glad to see them in print. No man in the army or navy, and few men in civil walks, wield so vigorous and polished a pen as Gen. Jesup.

The New Hampshire Statesman says that "Frank Pierce is a very small political baby." To be sure he is, and the wonder is that the democratic national convention could not bring him forth until after forty-nine throes. *Prentice.*

The report that the Hon. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, was about to come out against Gen. Scott, is contradicted.

A MAIDEN NAME.—"May I ask what was your maiden name, Mrs. Simmers?" "My maiden name! I'd have you know I never had any. Why, I was married at fifteen. Good gracious! do you suppose I was born an old maid?"