WEEKLY CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

R. W. THOMAS, Editor. | VIRTUE AND INTELLIGENCE THE MEANS—GOOD GOVERNMENT THE END. | NESLETT & GRANT, Publishers and Proprietors.

VOLUME 8. | CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1857. | NUMBER 50.

Business Cards.

JOB WORK!

WE are prepared to execute Job Work of every description, at this Office, with neatness and epatch—and, therefore, ask a continuance of the custom that we have heretofore received.
January 1st, 1857

LAW FIRM.

W. A. QUARLES. G. A. HARREL.

QUARLES AND HARREL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
Sept 24, '56—1y.

A NEW FIRM.

R. W. HUMPHREYS. R. W. JOHNSON.

Johnson & Humphreys,

Having associated themselves together in the practice of law, are prepared to attend to all business of a legal character in the counties of Robertson, Montgomery, Stewart, Cheatham and Dickson.

☞ Office on Strawberry Alley, Clarksville, Tenn. Jan. 30-1y.

LAW NOTICE.

The undersigned have formed a partnership in the PRACTICE OF THE LAW, and will give strict attention to any business confided to us in the line of our profession.

G. A. HENRY.
J. C. STACKELFORD.
THOS. F. HENRY.

Clarksville, Feb. 20, 1857—tf

W. J. BROADDUS,
Attorney at Law.
Office over Hornberger and House
CLARKSVILLE TENNESSEE.
Sep 1, 1857—tf.

GENERAL AGENCY AND LAW OFFICE

JO M. DYE. CHAS. G. SMITH.

DYE & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Clarksville, Tennessee.

Will practice Law and attend to the collection of claims in the Counties of Montgomery, Stewart, Robertson and Dickson, Tenn., also in the Counties of Christian, Todd, Logan and Trigg, Ky. We will also act as general agents in the purchase and sale of Real and Personal Estate, and in the transaction of business of every kind.
May 30 1856—tf.

CLARKSVILLE
Dental Establishment!
Franklin Street, opposite the Court House.

W. H. P. JONES,
DENTIST.
Jan 16, 1857—1y

Dr. C. H. LOCKERT

Having located in Clarksville, offers his professional services to the public.

☞ He will be found at his father's (Eli Lockert's) and in the day, for the present, at the office of Dr. Harkins.
July 31, '57—tf

Dr. J. A. BRUNSON,
Office on Strawberry Alley, opposite Deluge Engine House,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
May 8, 1857—1y

DR. N. L. THOMAS

Has associated **Dr. R. H. THOMAS** with him in the PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.
Sept. 11, 1857.

J. L. Hollingsworth & Co.,
(Successors to C. M. Blackman)
Receiving, Forwarding, and Commission
MERCHANTS,
STEAMBOAT AGENTS,
Fronting the Wharf, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

J. L. HOLLINGSWORTH,
R. S. MOTLEY.
Sept. 18, 1857—tf

HENDRICK & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
And General Flour and Meal Agents
NEXT DOOR TO THE POST OFFICE,
Franklin St., Clarksville Tenn
June 26—tf

HART, COULTER & CO.
DEALERS IN
Staple and Fancy Dry-Goods,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Our Spring Stock for 1857 is now complete.—We earnestly solicit an examination of our goods from all who visit our market. Our assortment is very general, our styles the latest, and in quality the very best. To Cash buyers we will offer the most liberal inducements. apr 24

James M. Ogburn,
Public Auctioneer and Collecting Officer,

Offers his services to the citizens of Montgomery County. He will attend sales and make collections in any portion of the county.
Woodlawn, Tenn. Sept 18, '57—tf.

Washington Hotel.
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
S. R. MOORE, Proprietor.

Having taken this well known tavern stand, and intending thoroughly to renovate and repair it, and from his long experience in the business, formerly at Russellville, Ky., he thinks he will be able to give general satisfaction, and solicits a liberal share of public patronage.

Travellers wishing to take the river at this point may rely upon being promptly notified of the passage of Boats at any hour in the night, as we keep a night watch for this special purpose, and polite and attentive Porters for the transportation of baggage to and from the river.

☞ The Stage Office is kept at this Hotel
Jan 9, 1857—1y

The Clarksville Chronicle.

Issued Weekly, on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, at

$2 Per annum, in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

PER ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS.

One insertion	$1,00	Two months	$4,50
Two insertions	1,50	Three months	5,00
Three insertions	2,00	Six months	9,00
One month	2,50	Twelve months	15,00

MISCELLANY.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

We question whether in the history of hair breadth escapes, a parallel to the following can easily be found. The story was told us by an old and valued friend, now residing in the county near this city, but whose early days were spent near the tragic adventure here recorded.

We give the story as related to us, in the words of the hero:

"It was about the year 1795 that I settled in Virginia, near the fall of the Kenawha. The country at that time was an unbroken wilderness. But few settlements had been made then by the whites, and they were so far apart as to render vain all hopes of assistance in case of an attack from hostile Indians—numbers of whom still infest the neighborhood.

"I lived there alone with my wife for several months unmolested, and by dint of perseverence being then young and hardy, had succeeded in making quite a large clearing in the forest, which I had planted with corn, and which promised an abundant yield.

"One morning after we had despatched our humble meal, and I had just prepared to venture forth upon my regular routine of labor, my attention was arrested by the tinkling of a cow-bell in the corn field.

"'There' said my wife, 'the cow is in the corn-field.'

"But the ear of the back-woodsman becomes by education, very acute, especially so from the fact that his safety often depends upon the nice cultivation of that sense. I was not so easily deceived. I listened—the sound was repeated. 'That,' said I, in reply to the remark of my wife, 'was not the tinkle of a bell upon the neck of a cow. It is a decoy from some Indian who desires to draw me into ambush.'—

"Believing this to be the case, I took down my old musket, (I had no rifle,) and seeing that it was properly loaded, I stole cautiously around the field toward the point from which the sound seemed to proceed. As I had suspected, there, in a cluster of bushes, crouched an Indian waiting for me to appear in answer to his decoy bell, that he might send the fatal bullet to my heart. I approached, without descovering myself to him, until within shooting distance, then raised my piece and fired. The bullet sped true to its mark, and the Indian fell dead.

"Not knowing but that he might be accompanied by others, I returned with all speed to the cabin, and having firmly barricaded the door, I watched all day from port holes, in anticipation of an attack from the companions of the Indian I had killed. To add to the danger, and seeming hopelessness of my situation, I discovered that I had but one charge of powder left. I could but make one shot, and then, if attacked by numbers, I should be entirely in their power. Determined to do the best with what I had, I poured out the last charge of powder and put it into my musket and then waited for the approach of night, feeling confident of an attack. Night came at last. A beautiful moonlight night it was too, and this favored me greatly, as I would thereby be able to observe the movements of the enemy as they approached my cabin. It was some two hours after nightfall, and as yet I had neither heard nor seen a sign of the Indians, when suddenly I was startled by the baying of my dog at the stable. I knew that the Indians were coming. The stable stood a little to the west of the cabin, and between the two was a patch of cleared ground, upon which the light of the full moon fell unobstructed. Judging from the noise at the stable that they would advance from that direction, I posted myself at the port hole on that side of the cabin.

"I had previously placed my wife on the cross pole in the chimney, so that in case our enemies effected an entrance in the cabin she might climb out through the low chimney and effect her escape. For myself I entertained no hope; but, determined not to be taken alive—I resolved to sell my life dearly.

"With breathless anxiety I watched at the port hole. At length I saw them emerge from the shadow of the stable and advance across the vacant ground toward my cabin. One—two—three—great heaven! six stalwart Indians armed to the teeth, and urged on by the hope of revenge, and I alone to oppose them, with but one charge of powder. My case was desperate indeed. With quick yet stealthy step, in close single file they approached, and were already in a few yards of the house, when a slight change in movement of the forward Indians changed the position of the entire six, so that a portion of the left side of each was uncovered. They were all in a range—one aim would cover all. Quick as thought I aimed and fired. As the smoke cleared away, I could hardly credit what my senses showed me as the result of my shot. The fifteen slugs with which I had loaded my musket had done their work well. Five of the six Indians lay dead upon the ground, and the sixth had disappeared.

"Although no enemy was now in sight I did not venture forth until morning.—There lay the bodies of the five Indians undisturbed, together with the rifle of the other. Securing the arms and ammunition of the fallen Indians, I followed up the trail of the missing one, until it reached the river, beyond which point I could discover no trace whatever. From the amount of blood which marked the trail, together with the unmistakable evidence that he had picked his way with difficulty, I was led to believe that he was mortally wounded, and in order to prevent his body from falling into the hands of his white foe, he had groped his way to the river and thrown himself into the current, which had borne him away.

"The Indians had killed my cow, and that you may be assured was no trifling loss, but in my gratitude for my escape from the merciless savages, I would have made greater sacrifices. I was well provided, (by means of arms and ammunition taken from the six Indians) in case of a second attack but this, fortunately, proved to be my last adventure with the savages. Not one of the band had escaped to tell the tale and incite his brethren to avenge the death of his comrades.

"Ah! exclaimed the old man, while the tears gushed from his eyes at the memory of that eventful night, 'that was a glorious shot—the best I ever made.'

"The hero of this adventure lived to see the rude wilderness where he had pitched his lonely cabin transformed into smiling fields and peopled by hardy and enterprising pale faces, among whom his last days were passed in peace and plenty, undisturbed by the presence of his old time foes.

CARSON VALLEY.—The people of this valley have taken the initiative steps towards the formation of a new Territory from the Western portion of Utah.—A memorial to that end has been addressed to Congress, and Judge J. M. Crane appointed territorial agent to carry it to Washington. The population of the Valley is rapidly increasing and strong reasons are presented in the memorial why such a Territory should be organized.—Indeed, they seem to us unanswerable. From Salt Lake City to Carson Valley the distance is nearly or quite eight hundred miles by the emigrant travel and by any route it is too distant to be governed by a Governor and Territorial Legislature located at Salt Lake City. Particularly is this the case when we take into consideration the fact that deserts intervene. Until they can obtain at the hands of Congress an organized Territory, the people in those valleys east of the Sierra Nevada must make and administer their own laws. They are now literally without government and without law. There is an additional and strong reason suggesting the propriety of establishing the new territory at the earliest possible day. The settlers of Carson Valley are inimical to the Mormons, and the placing between Salt Lake and California a strong and growing settlement will tend greatly to confine the power and curb the growth of the great physical and moral monstrosity of the age.—*Balt. American.*

THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN OREGON.—The following is an extract of a letter received one day last week by a gentleman in New Orleans, from a friend of his residing in Oregon, and thoroughly posted in such matters:

"Oregon will be the next slave State. I was in the whole political campaign, and nothing but slavery seems to be the go. Mark my work, her constitution will be adopted with the slave clause. It is a one-sided question. The inhabitants are all Missourians and Kentuckians, and go their death on the old issue."

POETRY.

LEILA GRAY.

The tassels waved upon the birch,
The maple blushes o'er the stream,
And through the oriel of the church,
I see the May-moon yellow beam.
Oh here, upon this moss-grown wall,
Another year, another May,
I saw this same sweet moonlight fall
On me and Leila Grey!

Cold lay her languid hand in mine,
Pale, pale her face beside me shone;
Sweet Leila Gray, as I am thine
Say, say that thou art all mine own!"
She smiled—she sighed—'Behold,' she said,
'Where, from the church tower darkly thrown
The shadow of the cross lies spread
By yon sepulchral stone.

"There, are the May-moon comes again,
The hand that presses thine will lie;
Before the reaper cuts the grain,
The death mist will o'ercloud my eye.
But oh, dear Willie, do not weep,
For I am weary, weary here!
And fain beneath yon cross would sleep,
Before another year!"

"But when another May returns,
And through the oriel of the church,
The golden moonlight dimly burns,
And lies at the lassels of the birch;
When yonder maple by the tower,
Stands blushing like a virgin bride,
Oh come, dear Willie, at this hour,
And seat thee by my side!"

"Sweet Leila, I obey thy call,
The May moon lights the tasselled birch,
And I, upon the moss-grown wall,
Am sitting near the gray old church;
Where gleams a marble table now—
'Twas all the same twelve months agone—
But, Leila, where art thou?"

CAUGHT THE PANIC.

A tall, lank Jerusalem sort of a fellow, pretty well under the influence of Mr. Alcohol, was observed swinging to a lamp post on Fifth street last night. He was talking quite loudly to the aforesaid post, when a guardian of the night approached him.

"Come, sir, you are making too much noise, sir," said the watchman.

"Noise? who's that said noise?" asked the post-holder, as he shewed his head and endeavored in vain to give the intruder a sober look.

"It was me," replied the watchman, as he exposed his silvered numbers to full view.

"You? and who in the d—l are you?—It aint me that's a making of the noise. No, sir. It's the banks that's a making all the noise. They are a breakin', a crushin', and a smashin' of things to an incredible amount. Noise? It's the bankers that are a makin' of the noise.—They are a cussin', a rippin' and a stavin' all 'round. It's the brokers that are a makin' of the noise. They are a hollorin', an' a yelpin' and a screechin', like wild injuns, over the times, that worsers everybody but themselves. No, sir, it aint me that's a makin' of the noise."

"You are tight as a brick in a new wall," said the officer, amused at the good nature of the individual.

"Me tight? Who said I am tight? No, sir, you are mistaken. It's not me that's tight. Its money that's tight. Go down on Third street, an' they'll tell you there that money is tight. Go into the workshops, an' you find money is tight. Read the newspapers—read the Cincinnati Times, as I did to-night, an' you'll find out that it's money that's tight. *Me* tight? I've got nary a red, but Kanhawa, and the d—l couldn't get tight on that. No, sir, I'm not tight."

"Then you are drunk."

"Drunk? Stranger yer out of it agin. The world's drunk. The hull community is a staggerin' 'round, buttin' their heads again stone walls and a skinnin' of their noses on the curbstone of adversity. Yes, sir, we're all drunk—that is, everybody's drunk but me. I'm sober, sober as a police Judge on a rany day. I ain't drunk, no, sir, stranger, I ain't drunk."

"What are you making such a fool of yourself for, then?"

"Fool? Sir, I'm no fool. I'm distressed. I've catched the contagion. I'm afflicted."

"Are you sick?"

"Exactly."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I've got the panics."

"The what?"

"The panics, Sir; it's a going to carry off this town. I tried to escape by hard drink, but it's no use. The panics have got me, sure."

The watchman, more amused than evertendered his sympathy, and what was better, his aid, to the panic stricken individual. In the course of half an hour, he had the pleasure of putting him into the door of his boarding house, and pointing out to him the best remedy—a soft bed and long slumber.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE—AN ERROR CORRECTED.

MR. EDITOR: Knowing the great anxiety among those growing the Chinese sugar cane to get information relating to the best means of working it, I will submit the facts I have obtained, hoping they may be useful to others. On a visit to works for sugar-making in the central part of Kentucky, I found them working cane yet in the milk, and marking only 7½ Beaume's saccharometer. The result is a very acid juice, requiring a large quantity of lime to neutralize it and coagulate the very green mass of scum contained in the juice of such unripe cane. This is not the only case but all, so far as I can learn, are doing the same injustice to themselves. The consequence will be dark and unpleasent tasted syrup. The frost will not do half the injury that is done, by this premature operation. I doubt very much whether the frosts of October will do the least injury to the cane; on the contrary, I believe it may prove a benefit, inasmuch as it is almost impracticable to remove the husk from the stalk—a good frost will kill it, and the juice in it will then evaporate and no longer be objectionable.

Mr. John L. Marsh, of Washington, Ill., was entirely successful last year in making well granulated sugar late in October.—He has thirteen acres this year, and is just now making his first move to get his machinery, and it will be near four weeks yet before he will commence boiling.

Three weeks since, I boiled four quarts of juice that stood 7 deg. B. The syrup was quite dark and vicous, nevertheless, one half of it has crystalized, forming perfect rhombic crystals. I have to-day cut thirty acres from the same field, (the seed now fully out of the milk,) the canes changing to a beautiful yellow—the juice much less of the greenish hue, and stood full 10 deg. B. My cane was planted out from the hot-house the 12th of June, and is on thin land, but stands quite thick in the hill; consequently canes are small and about ten feet high. I found it did not require over one-third the lime water of the former, and when boiled down it is fine flavored, and of a deep straw color.—The two samples are widely different, and will show conclusively the importance of allowing the cane to mature. I find that crystalization does not take place until several hours after concentration. It may do different under other circumstances.—My experiments are limited, and not upon strictly scientific principles.

There is but little doubt in my mind that this cane will grow from the stalk if it is taken care of properly, and planted in the spring. It should be buried in dry soil (not sandy) and need not be as deep as potatoes, as it is not so sensitive, being saccharine. If it can be grown thus, it will be much earlier and more vigorous growth—every farmer should try it. The seed may be cut several days previous to the corn. Great care must be taken to protect it from mixing with the broom-corn. I saw one field of several acres nearly ruined. The cane grew last year over 100 feet from the other, and still it is over half broom this, and a most extraordinary growth made of it, 20 feet high, evidently improved by the crossing. Our broom making people would do well to look to this matter.

Very truly, &c.,
J. A. HEDGES.

REDUCED PRICES.—The produce markets are feeling the money pressure, and lower prices for flour, wheat, corn, and cotton satisfy the holders. Our debts have to be paid off, and in this process prices will have to go still lower, and become settled, and food be so cheap that we can afford to go to work before business will flourish again. As all prices are settling at the same time, the relative values of exchangeable products will not be much altered by this reduction, so that farmers will really get as much of exchangeable value for their products as they did under high prices. They may not get but one dollar for their wheat, but if that dollar purchases as great a supply of groceries or domestic goods as two dollars did during the expansion, they do not lose by the reduction. When one dollar does the work that two previously effected, it is evident that it will not require so much capital to set industry in motion or give labor an opportunity to help itself by its own physical energies.—*Phila. Ledger.*

HONESTY.—It is estimated that there are four millions of female snuff takers in the United States, using on an average two pounds per annum, or eight millions of pounds, at an expense of two millions of dollars.

THE WESTERN HOG CROP—INTERESTING STATISTICS.

The following article from the Cincinnati *Price Current*, of recent date, contains many statements of great interest at the present time:

"Consequent upon the financial crisis arising out of the failure of the Trust Company, the feeling in the market for hogs, as regards contracts for future delivery, has been quite subdued the last two or three weeks; and though there were plenty of buyers at $7 for November delivery up to within the last ten days of August and but few sellers, there are now more sellers than buyers at this rate. The question whether the next hog crop will be a "long" or "short" one is being generally discussed and opinions are given on both sides freely, and supported by plausable logic, to say the least of it. Letters from various sections are being placed before the public, stating that the hogs are dying by thousands in all directions, and that in many places there are not enough left to propagate the species; in other places we hear the animals are unusually abundant and well taken care of. In some places it is stated with the greater pertinacity that all except pigs—the merest pigs, were slaughtered last winter and spring, pork being so high, and then again we are told that those not slaughtered in winter were during the last summer. Here and there we find communications in the papers from correspondents of mercantile agencies stating that there are very few hogs in the country. But when it is recollected that these correspondents are county lawyers, who spend their time "roosting about county courthouses," watching for clients, it will be seen that their opinion regarding the hog or other crops is exceedingly worthless. Dealers and all interested in the provision market will always find it safe to assume there are, every year, hogs enough in the country; there may be less at one time than at another, but there is always enough to fatten so as to make a long hog crop, in case the inducements and the means exist to do this.

In our paper we publish the assessor's returns of the number of hogs in Kentucky complete. We also publish the returns from thirty-one counties in Ohio. The former shows an increase of *twenty-nine* per cent., as compared with last year, and the latter of *eighteen* per cent. The returns in Kentucky are of hogs six months old on the 10th of January each year, and in Ohio of hogs over six months old on the 1st of April each year. In Kentucky we find over one million hogs over 6 months old on the 10th of January, 1857, and in Ohio, if the increase in the counties not yet heard from is the same as it is in those reported, there were 2,181-326 hogs over six months old on the 1st of last April. Indiana and Illinois had no doubt three millions of this age on 1st of April, so that it will be seen the supply of the animals is ample. But then it is said, and it is true that hogs are being swept away by the 'hog cholera' at a frightful rate. This, however, is confined to a few localities, chiefly in the vicinity of distilleries, and we feel safe in saying that the whole number carried off in this way for the year ending December 31, 1857, will not exceed one hundred thousand; or, even if it should reach one hundred and fifty thousand, it could not diminish seriously the number brought to market. This will be obvious to any person upon the reflection that in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois there were over six million hogs 6 months old and upwards on the 1st of last April. We think we may assume now, without fear of contradiction, that the supply of hogs is ample. The next question is, will there be a large or a small number of them brought to market. In order to arrive at a correct conclusion with reference to this, it is necessary for us to examine into the springs of human actions and see what men will do as a general thing under certain circumstances.

It is safe and reasonable to suppose that the farmer will turn his attention to the cultivation of that which, from the evidence before him or the inducements held out, promises the most ample reward for his labor; and the more overwhelming are the evidences in favor of the profits likely to accrue, the more assiduity will be exercised in the production of the article. Now let us see what are the inducements to "cultivate" hogs, and what is the supply of the means with which they can be prepared for market. Since the 1st of last January, hogs have ruled higher than for a long series of years, and the demand for them has been active, consequently the inducements to breed them and take care of them have been stronger than they have been for many years; and the results of this is shown by the assessor's return we publish. The spring and summer, though late, have proved unusually favorable for all kinds of vegetation; everything suitable for food for man and beast grew in the greatest profusion throughout the length and breadth of the land; the wheat, barley, rye, oats and hay crops now gathered are the most abundant that can be well imagined, and the corn and potatoe crops, now nearly matured, exceed, both as regards quantity, any ever gathered in the country. During the whole summer and up to the present time strong inducements have existed to take the best care of hogs, and none can suppose for a moment that the best care has not been taken of them; and more especially, when such ample means exist with which to do this. So then here we find the strongest inducements to breed and take care of hogs, the last nine months that has ever existed before; and along with this greatest abundance of food with which to fatten them. The result, then, must be a large increase in the number brought to market and a "long crop."

RACY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND MR. DOUGLAS.

Little Douglas does not get all the help he wants from head quarters in the preparations for the next Senatorial election. He has accordingly notified the President that he has but one relative in office, and that he does not wish the appointment of his father-in-law, Mr. Cutts, to *count* against Illinois. He complains that he has "felt keenly and deeply the neglect and injustice" of previous administrations in this respect. Other States have had a superabundance of spoils, while the ever faithful State of Illinois has been put on short allowance. He says in conclusion:

"Hence I feel bound to say to you, in all frankness and kindness, that any appointments you may make, or persons you may retain in office, other than the citizens of Illinois—no matter how near they are to me—must not be considered as any compensation for the omission to appoint such Democrats from the State as I, in common with the rest of the delegations, have or may recommend. I have not yet felt inclined to complain of the apparent neglect of the just claims of this State in the distribution of the patronage under your administration, having full faith that you would do justice in the future appointments.

I have the honor to be,
Very truly, your friend,
S. A. DOUGLAS.

Hon. JAMES BUCHANAN, President U. S."

Mr. Buchanan having, in point of fact, just dismissed Gen. McConnell, the right hand man of Douglas, from a post he held at Washington, and having made nearly all his Illinois appointments in opposition to the wishes of the Senator, replies to the above in the following decidedly rich and very brief epistle:

"WASHINGTON, Sept. 7, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your letter of the 4th inst., by which you seem to apprehend that should I appoint Mr. Cutts 2nd Comptroller, this appointment might be charged to Illinois. You need entertain no apprehension on the subject. Should I make the appointment, which is not improbable, it will be my own individual appointment, proceeding entirely from my regard for Mr. Cutts and his family, and not because Senator Douglas has had the good fortune to become his son-in-law.

From your friend, very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

Hon. S. A. DOUGLAS, Chicago, Ills."

OPERATIVES WITHOUT EMPLOYMENT IN PHILADELPHIA.—We are told that at this moment there are thirty thousand operatives and working men of various kinds without employment in the city and vicinity of Philadelphia. Many of these have families, and thus the distress may be said to extend already directly and indirectly to a hundred thousand souls.—In Manayunk and Frankford alone, no less than fifteen thousand persons, men, women, and children, who have heretofore had regular employment for years, are now wandering about in idleness and anxiety, the factories and workshops in which they have heretofore been engaged being closed. This is the condition of affairs now, and matters are likely to become much worse as winter approaches, unless some means of succor and assistance be afforded.—This is no fancy sketch. It is the simple truth.—*Penn. Enq., Oct 9.*