



"The best Government is that which governs least."

OL. III.]

CARROLLTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1847.

[No. 36.]

BY F. C. JONES.

TERMS, \$3 in Advance.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of One Dollar per square of ten lines or less, for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion.

Mississippi Democrat.

Mr. V. B. PALMER is authorized to act as General Agent for this paper at his offices in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, &c.

FROM OUR EXTRA OF FRIDAY. By this morning's mail we have the Daily Picayune, of the 7th, containing late, and important news from Gen. Scott and Mexico, a synopsis of which we shall publish in this form.

Thirty days later from Puebla and Mexico. GEN. SCOTT STILL AT PUEBLA.

Gen. Scott at Puebla the 30th July—Probability of an Immediate Advance—Evacuation of Puebla—Valencia's arrival at Mexico with 4,000 Troops—A General Engagement expected—Santa Anna and Congress quarreling—Pierce arrived at Perote—An Action with the Guerrillas, &c. &c.

The U. S. steamer Fashion, Capt. Ivy, arrived late last night from Vera Cruz, bringing us dates from that city to 2d August. Her news is most important. She brings a large mail.

Gen. Scott was still at Puebla on the 30th July. The news of the National's extra was totally unfounded.

The courier of the British legation arrived at Vera Cruz on the 1st, with correspondence from the city of Mexico to the 29th July, and from Puebla to 30th.

Our letters from Vera Cruz differ somewhat from Mr. Kendall's, in regard to the probable movements of Gen. Scott. They represent the chances of peace in a more favorable light than Mr. K., and think the resistance to our advance will be almost nominal. Mr. Kendall thinks differently, and gives his reasons. We can only find room this morning for his latest letters.

In Mexico every thing was at sixes and sevens. Congress has referred Mr. Buchanan's letter back to the Executive, and thrown upon him all the responsibility of the war. About 26,000 men are collected for the defence of the city, but the peace party in the town is yet strong and increasing, and they have no faith in their generals.

Gen. Pierce, with his train and convoy, had arrived safely at Perote. Gen. Scott, it will be seen, despatched Gen. Smith's brigade from Puebla to meet him. It will be seen that Mr. Kendall believes Gen. Scott would advance the first week in August upon Mexico, and that there would be the severest battle of the war. The Mexicans are fully prepared to receive him.

The Sun of Anahuac gives the following account of an encounter between Gen. Pierce and the guerrillas:

"A respectable citizen informs us that a letter was received yesterday morning from a guerrilla chief, stating that he, attacked the train commanded by Gen. Pierce, near the National Bridge. The letter says the Americans approached under the fire of the Mexicans until they arrived within a hundred yards of them, when the American infantry opened a deadly fire on them, forcing them to retreat. While the Mexicans were retreating, the American cavalry rushed on them, sword in hand, and killed about one hundred Mexicans. The position of the Mexicans was one of the strongest that can be found in the country. The Americans passed the bridge after this successful engagement."

A gentleman who conversed with Santa Anna since the middle of July—we are told to be on the very best authority in Vera Cruz—found him in favor of negotiating, but dreading to assume the responsibility. Gen. Valencia had arrived at the capital with 4000 men from San Luis Potosi—all full of fight. This embarrassed Santa Anna. He felt himself too strong to give up without a fight.

Gen. Shields's health is nearly reestablished, as his many friends will be delighted to hear.

Our letters mention the death of Lts. Tipton and Sturgeon. We have a copy of the American Star, published at Puebla, of 29th July. Its news is not so full as Mr. K.'s letters.

published at Puebla, of 29th July. Its news is not so full as Mr. K.'s letters.

We have letters from the American officers prisoners in Mexico which we cannot find room for this morning. The latest date is the 15th July. The health of the party is good, but they see no prospect of release. They long for the arrival of the army. Gen. Scott has made another effort in their behalf, but we do not yet know the result.

Gen. Almonte has been sent to Tulancingo. The nature of the charges against him we have not yet been able to ascertain. More of him in our next.

Gen. Alvarez was in the capital the middle of July and had several long interviews with Santa Anna.

Mr. Kendall perseveres in sending couriers to Vera Cruz, though he has had three captured. One has been killed. He fought bravely for his life and was faithful to the last. By singular good fortune the letters by this courier we have recovered. They are not of a late date, but it is rather singular that they should have reached their destination against the wishes of the Mexicans, when once in their possession. We have not yet had time even to read them. Mr. K. will continue to despatch messengers to the coast.

Mr. Trist must have been indisposed. A private letter written on the 28th ult. says: "Mr. Trist's health has improved."

PUEBLA, July 30, 1847.

In relation to the movements of the army, I can give you no other than the impression that Gen. Scott will march immediately on the arrival of Gen. Pierce. The men composing the divisions of Gens. Worth and Twiggs are probably better soldiers than any at present in the world. In the first place, the material is equal, if not superior to any; they are equally well drilled; have the best of officers to lead them; and, what is of the greatest importance, a great portion of them have been in the front rank of battle in numerous fights. Nor is the division of Gen. Quitman, which will doubtless take an active part in any operations yet to take place, much behind the others. The regiments composing it, the New York, South Carolina, and 1st and 2d Pennsylvania, have been long enough in the field to become well drilled, while Steptoe's admirable battery is attached to it. The army that will set down before Mexico will be the strongest and best appointed we have ever had in the field, and let the Mexicans fight as they will, the result of any contest that may take place cannot be doubted.

Copies of the Diario del Gobierno up to the 27th have been received here. It is the only paper now published at the capital, and contains little save Government orders and decrees, or articles published under the sanction of Santa Anna.

I have seen a gentleman who left the capital two days since. He says that the Mexicans were quietly awaiting the approach of Gen. Scott, having all their works and fortifications completed. The story that the city was partially overflowed is confirmed, but the report of the extent of the inundation, and of the sickness it had occasioned, have been exaggerated. There was a strong belief among many of the foreigners that there was an understanding between Gen. Scott and Santa Anna, and that a peace would grow out of it. The Congress was still at loggerheads with the President, all business was completely at a stand, and the only law known was that of the military.

I must close the letter with a speculation of my own. There is now every indication that the army will move upon the capital in the course of the coming six days, and it is more than probable that the hardest fight yet will be at the city of Mexico—this is the opinion of the majority. Santa Anna, however much he may be averse to it, can hardly avoid a battle, although he will still creep out of it if possible. No one not in all the secrets can know any thing with certainty, but there are yet strong reasons to believe that the English legation is exerting every influence to keep the Americans out of the capital, and to effect this Santa Anna has been tampered with, and golden showers of American coinage, mind you, have been made to rise before him. The English do not want to see us in the city of Mexico—they have interests of their own to subserve, and are fearful the American hold upon this shattered Republic will soon be too strong to be shaken off except to their great detriment.

If an immediate peace is made, why then the United States can help herself to such portion of Northern Mexico as she may covet, while England may come in at the Southern extremity.

The coming fortnight will tell the story. g. w. k.

The American steamship Washington brings 11 days later news from Europe, to 15th July. Decline of 4d in Cotton—Advancement of 2a3s. in Flour.

The Yellow Fever is declining in New Orleans—6 deaths on the 7th.

ARKANSAS DUELS.—The following is the denouement of one of the "affairs" we spoke of last week. Oh, "impotent conclusion"! All settled by smoke!

Affair of Honor.—A duel came off in the Cherokee nation, opposite Fort Smith, on Thursday, 26th, between Col. John S. Roane and Captain Albert Pike, of this State, and late of the Arkansas regiment, just returned from Mexico.

They fought with pistols at 10 paces, and exchanged two shots without injury to either party. After which, by the interference of friends, it was arranged honorably to both parties.

The cause of difficulty is to be buried in oblivion by both parties, and we hope the matter will ever rest. [Ark's Intel.]

We call attention to the card of Leflore & Co. relative to Tennessee money. If all our merchants will follow suit, this shaving, thieving stuff will soon disappear from among us.

A large quantity of land and other real estate, reverted to the government, will be brought into market this fall.

Gov. Brown will probably not have any opposition for Congress in the 4th district. He will walk over the track.

We copy the following article, with the remark that the editor of the Sun, M. Y. Beach, esq., is a gentleman of intelligence and veracity, and that he has lately returned from a protracted visit to Cuba and Mexico. That Cuba will become a member of our glorious sisterhood ere the lapse of ten years, we have not the slightest doubt. It strikes us the sum named is too high by many millions. Brother Jonathan can drive a better bargain with the disolute Donna of Spain, as she is in a great stress for money at present. But—there is a probability that the solemn, waggish Dons of Cuba were quizzing Mr. Beach. They are given to such tricks.

Cuba under the Flag of the United States.

When in Havana last winter, we had a consultation with a meeting of the most influential and wealthy men of that city upon the union of Cuba to the United States, and promised to lay the entire matter before the people of this country as soon as the Mexican question had been disposed of. Mexico, to all intents and purposes, is now in our possession. All parties in the United States, and even foreign nations, look upon that question as settled so far as conquest and occupation are concerned, and we now hasten to fulfill our promise, and that promise must be our apology for this article. Cuba, by geographical position, necessity and right, belongs to the United States; it may and must be ours. The moment has arrived to place it in our hands, and under our flag. Cuba is in the market for sale, and we are authorized by parties eminently able to fulfill what they propose, to say that if the United States will offer the Spanish government one hundred millions of dollars Cuba is ours, and that with a week's notice the whole amount will be raised and paid over by the inhabitants of the Island. One week is all they ask, if our government will only make the offer for them to act upon, and which Spain is ready to accept. This is no vision, but a fixed fact, of which we have seen and now hold the most undoubted proofs.—The possession of Cuba will complete our chain of territory, and give us the North American continent. It is the garden of the world, the key to the Gulf, and the richest spot of its size on the face of the earth. From Florida Point to its northern coast, is only 50 miles, bringing the island almost within cannon shot and sight of the United States. Cuba yields to Spain an annual revenue of seven millions of dollars, besides supporting 25,000 soldiers, expending at least a million a year upon fortifications, and paying another million in salaries to civil and military officers—in fact, her total revenue to Spain is over ten millions, which will double the moment it comes under the United States. Cuba produces the best sugar, coffee, tobacco, and tropical fruits in the world. It has gold and silver, and the richest copper mines known. Its harbors, surface of the country, and climate, are unrivalled, and in less than five years, its revenue would more than pay the entire purchase money asked by Spain. Cuba must be ours! Stretching from Florida to Yucatan, it commands the Gulf and coast of Mexico. It is larger than Ireland, and nearly as large as all the New England States, containing 43,500 square miles of the most fertile soil under the sun. To us it is indispensable. We want its harbors for our ships to touch at and from Mexico—for the accommodation of American and English transatlantic steamers—for its products and its trade, and as the grand key to the Gulf of Mexico. Give

us Cuba, and our possessions are complete. Spain is ready to sell, the Cubans are waiting for us to make the purchase, and to come at once into the Union. Let the thing be done; and we pledge ourselves that the hundred millions will be forthcoming to meet the offer, and that Cuba will prove the richest conquest ever made. [New York Sun.]

THE MAN WHO KISSED THE THREE GIRLS.

The following old story may be new to some of our readers:

A young man who boarded at a house where there were several coy damsels who seemed to imagine that men are terrible creatures, whom it was an unpardonable sin to look upon, was one afternoon accosted by an acquaintance and asked what he thought of the young ladies with whom he boarded? He replied that they were very shy and reserved.

"So they are," returned the other, "and so much so that no gentleman can get near enough to tell the color of their eyes."

"That they may be," said the boarder, "yet I will stake a million that I can kiss all three without any trouble."

"That you cannot do," cried his friend; "it is an achievement which neither you nor any other man can accomplish."

The other was positive, and invited his friend to the house to witness his triumph. They entered the room together, and the three girls were all at home sitting beside their mother, and they looked prim and demure as John Rogers at the stake.

Our hero assumed a very grave aspect, even to dejection, and having looked wistfully at the clock, breathed a sigh deep as algebra, and as long as a female dialogue at a street door. His singular deportment now attracted the attention of the girls, who cast their slow opening eyes up to his countenance. Perceiving the impression he had made, he turned to his companion and said,

"It wants three minutes of the time!" "Do you speak of the dinner?" said the old lady, laying down her sewing work.

"Dinner?" said he, with bewildered aspect, and pointing, as if unconsciously, with curved forefinger at the clock.

A silence ensued, during which the female part of the household glared at the young man with irrepressible curiosity.

"You will see me decently interred," said he, again turning to his friend.

His friend was as much puzzled as any body present, and his embarrassment added to the intended effect; but the old lady being unable to contain herself, cried, "Mr. C—, pray what do you speak of?"

"Nothing," answered he, in a lugubrious tone, "but last night a spirit appeared unto me!" Here the girls rose to their feet and drew near. "And the spirit gave me warning that I should die at exactly twelve o'clock to day, and you see it wants but half a minute of that time!"

The girls turned pale, and their hidden sympathies were at once awakened for the doomed youth. They stood chained to the spot, looking alternately at the clock and the poor doomed youth. He then walked up to the eldest of the girls, and taking her by the hand, bade her a solemn farewell. He also imparted a kiss upon her trembling lips, which she did not attempt to resist. He then bade the second and third farewell in the same tender and affectionate manner. His object was achieved, and that moment the clock struck 12. Hereupon he looked around surprised, and ejaculated "Who would have thought a spirit would tell such a lie! It was probably the ghost of Annanias or Sapphira."

It was some time before the sober maidens understood the joke, and when they did they evinced no resentment. The first kiss broke the ice; and, thanks to the ghost, they discovered there was some pleasure in the pressure of a manly cheek.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bell to her companion, Mrs. Popplesone, as they walked past the excavation for the water works, yesterday—"can you tell me what them holes is for?"

"La, certainly," replied Mrs. P. "They are for the aneduct, to bring water from Lake Cochineal. The limping alment will Leander through these iron tubes, and irrigate all the circumjacent benefices. They'll have hydras at the corners of all the streets, and probably a jolly dough upon the Common, for its a law of hydrogophics that water always descends up to the level of its source, this here fountain must rise as high as the lake. I shall be very glad when the water gets here, for I am as fond of absolutions as a musselwoman, as I darn't wash my feet in Jamaica water on account of the dirt of the heels."

"Oh, Mrs. Popplesone, you is so expressive and alcaiding! My!"

[Amended from Bost. Post.]

A sentimental philanthropist lately refused to give a man work because he was not a vagabond "or even a d—d rascal."

A young lady in Boston recently fainted on entering a room where stood a bureau without drawers. So says the Post.

THE RED CAP.

BY MRS. ELLET.

The following traditionary story has furnished Dittersdorf with the material of one of his best operas; Kotzebue has also availed himself of it for an incident or two.

Hans Christoph, the bailiff of a small town in Germany, was in possession (besides the respect and consideration due him in right of office and personal character) of a young wife whose name was Eva. As often as the worthy bailiff called her by that name he grumbled that it should belong to her, for it never failed to put him in mind of the nefarious doings of Mother Eve. "What belet the first man," he would say to himself, "may fall to the lot of old Hans Christoph; for if the Eve who took the apple had one devil to help her, my Eva may have ten thousand if she chooses! Oh, Hans Cristoph, it was a foolish thing to marry so young a wife!"

By the ten thousands devils, Hans meant nothing more than the young men, particularly those of gentle blood, ten miles round the neighborhood. For the fact could not be denied that they came from far and near, on foot and on horseback, to pay their respects to the adorable wife of the bailiff, or to admire her as they rode or walked past the house. Hans Christoph was not long in finding this out; and the discovery threw him into a transport of rage and jealousy. He would no longer permit Eva to go to the door, nor to leave the house on any pretext; and, at last, forbade her even looking out of the window.

Eva was a sweet, innocent, amiable creature and had always entertained a profound respect for her old husband. But when he showed so much unreasonable distrust, and treated her so harshly, her respect, as a matter of course, was reduced to nought, while he continued day after day to torment her by his unfounded suspicions. The rebellious spirit of her human nature was roused, until at last she was provoked into wishing for an opportunity to deceive him.

What a woman seeks to do, she is not long in finding means to accomplish, in spite of all the Argus watching in the world. For many days had the nephew of their landlord, in passing the house, thrown in pitying glances, intended for the pretty victim of tyranny; which looks, caught by stealth, were readily understood. So, one day, when the bailiff was gone to the tavern, to examine a thief, who had let himself down by the chimney to steal Master Fritz's availed himself of the same means to enter the kitchen of Hans Christoph's house. There Eva received him, and disburdened herself of all her troubles. Whom else had she to complain to? Fritz listened sympathizingly, and said he thought could help her. He had a way to cure the old bailiff of his jealousy. Eva shook her head incredulously. That would be a miracle indeed! But Fritz hoped for the best, and presently unfolded his scheme. Eva laughed heartily at it, and promised her aid to the best of her power.

In the afternoon of the same day the bailiff was sitting in a very sullen mood, on the stone bench before his door. He was wondering how it happened that his young wife had not wept bitterly, as usual, at his reproaches, and trying to think who had been daring enough to offer her consolation. A slight noise interrupted his reverie, and looking up, he saw an old Polish Jew, in coarse travelling gear, and with a knapsack on his shoulders.

"Anything to buy?" asked the pedlar, in broken German. Hans Christoph made a gesture of repulsion. But the Jew stood his ground.

"I have very fine things in my knapsack, such as one does not see every day," he persisted.

"I want nothing. Get away!"

"Oh, everybody wants something, and I have everything that heart can wish.—Now, if you have ever a young wife, who gives you some trouble, have I not here my Red Cap?" So saying, and opening his knapsack, the Jew drew out several things, and, among them, a parcel in a number of wrappings. Taking these off one after another, he produced a cap, and exhibited to the bailiff.

"Well, and what is the use of this leather cap, the like of which, or better, I can get in the town anywhere for a couple of groschen?" demanded Hans Christoph.

The Jew shook his head, and smiled with an air of mystery. "Oh, yes! you can get plenty of caps," he cried—"black, white, grey, yellow, or blue; silver, gold, or diamond caps—for aught I know; but this Red Cap of mine, master, is worth more than all."

"Eh, fellow! and how can that be?"

"Because," answered the pedlar solemnly—"because my Red Cap is the true covering for his head, worn by the Prophet Elijah, which he dropped on the ground when he went up to heaven in the chariot of fire."

"Der Tausend! is that true?" exclaimed the bailiff, with open eyes.

"And it has this virtue," continued the

Jew, "that, to the one who has on the cap every body must tell exactly what he thinks or purposes."

"You are not jesting?"

"And if an old man who has a young wife, wears the cap, she will always remain true as steel to him, and will regard him as the handsomest man in the world."

"Hal can that be true, pedlar?"

"Well, master, you can make the trial."

"And what is the price of the cap?"

"Three ducats; neither more nor less."

"That is too much, Jew."

"Too little, far too little, for such a wonderful cap as this."

"I will try it!" Therewith Hans Christoph put on the cap, and then called his wife out of the house. Eva came accordingly. As soon as she saw her husband, she exclaimed, in apparent amazement:

"Oh, Hans, why have you put on such a strange cap?"

"It is a cure for the headache," answered the bailiff. "I bought it just now, of the Jew."

Eva deigned not a look at the pedlar, but fixing her eyes more earnestly upon her husband: "Do you know, dear Hans," she cried, "that the cap is wonderfully becoming to you. You are very handsome in it!"

"Indeed!" asked the bailiff. "It is becoming, is it, eh?"

"You look at least twenty years younger," answered Eva; "and if I had not admired you before, you are certainly now irresistible."

The astonishment of Hans Christoph knew no bounds. But there lingered a shadow of doubt at the bottom of his mind. To satisfy it, he took the cap slowly from his head and put it on the Jew. Eva turned instantly, as noticing the pedlar for the first time, and exclaimed, "But how comes this handsome young man here! Do not be angry, Hans, but I must give him a kiss." Therewith she ran up to the Jew; but Hans Christoph rushed between them, snatched the cap from the pedlar's head, and placed it on his own, receiving her embrace. She took no further notice of the Jew.

"It is really wonderful!" muttered the bailiff. "Well; I will never more lay aside the Red Cap; and take care, moreover, that no one else puts it on. Here, Jew, are your three ducats, and a piece of silver besides, for a treat. Now, pack yourself out of the village, and never let me see you again, or you may chance to be burnt as a conjuror."

The pedlar took the money, bowed his thanks and went on his way.

Hans Christoph embraced his wife, and promised never to torment her again with his jealousy. She had full liberty thenceforward to sit at the window or the door as often or as long as she pleased.

It will be easily understood that in his heart the bailiff was as jealous as ever, though he now thought it unnecessary to watch or shut up his wife. The secret of the change was that his faith in the influence of his wonderful cap was a protection against all wounds to his self-love. Jealously is but self-love, in its most troublesome form.

It need not be said that the pretty Eva was happy after this, nor that often in her heart she thanked the good Master Fritz for the pleasant device that had terminated her sufferings.

Here is "the last one" of the Yankee Blade:

A garrish cousin of ours, a trader, with more flippancy than sense, is in the habit of quizzing every body he comes in contact with. One cold stormy day uncle Jack happened in his store, and as he entered began to say—

"Cold wet storm! cold wet storm!"

"Why, yes," said yardstick. "Did you ever hear of a hot dry storm, old gant?"

(Our cousin's weakness was for scripture quotations.)

"Think I have," said uncle J., "when it rained fire and brimstone on Sodom and G-morrah, that was what I should call a hot dry storm."

BLOODY BATTLE.—The Iris, a paper published in Minden, in the parish of Claiborne, La., says, in the number of the 24th ult., that it was credibly informed that morning, as the paper was going to press that a bloody fight took place at the Dorchester Bridge, near the line of the parish, on Thursday, the 22d ult., at 10 o'clock in the morning. There seems to have been two parties, numbering some twelve or fifteen men, who mutually agreed to meet at this time, and settle some old difficulties by fighting with rifles. Two men were killed on the spot. Their names were Hardy Miller and Mr. Simpson. Mr. Watly received a wound in the abdomen, supposed to be mortal. Mr. Price was dangerously wounded. Mr. Robert Sawyers had two fingers shot off, and some others were wounded whose names the Iris did not learn. The runner who came to Minden for medical aid, says that some sixty guns were fired.

The typhus fever continues to prevail to an alarming extent in Liverpool.

Free Trade