The Weekly Gazette.

CITY OF LANCASTER:

Monday Evening, Oct. 11, 1852

A Pair of Demagogues.—There was a day, long time ago, when we really sympathized with our fellow-townsman, Col. Medill. Knowing as we did that Dr. Olds possessed more talent and cunning than he, and at the same time thinking him more unscrupulous, we considered that Col. Medill had been overreached by him, and when he sat in his office, on the evening after the election of 1843, and looked the picture of misery and despair, we felt for him and commiserated with him. But we were young then and had some confidence in the professions of himself and of his friends.—That was several years ago and events since then have changed the whole aspect of things. We now look upon the contest for power between these men with perfect indifference. When we saw them last winter struggling for Congressional districts, we didn't care which whipped. It was immaterial to us whether Fairfield or Pickaway were joined or not. When we saw them arrayed against each other upon the Presidential candidates, we cared little whether Ohio's tall young Senator or the little Giant prevailed, and when both were lost and the New Hampshire Militia General was nominated, we have looked with perfect composure upon the efforts of these two individuals in their strife to gain his confidence by misrepresentation, falsehood and blackguardism aimed at their political opponents. It has been an equal contest so far, Medill making up in positive falsehoods, for what Dr. Olds gains in cunning and shrewdness. The former has had one advantage, having the privilege of stumping the State, while Dr. Olds has necessarily been confined to his own District, and yet this has been in part compensated for, as the latter had the privilege of commencing his work of detraction and vituperation in the Hall of the House of Representatives. They are truly a brace of worthy Demagogues, and we doubt whether, outside of the city of New York where Capt. Rynders and Mike Walsh play their different games, any other State can boast of such a pair.

Whatever may be their hopes and fears, however now they may work together in harness after their protracted personal War, it is hard to tell which possesses an advantage over the other, and the outsider may look in vain for the difference. Neck and neck, without a perceptible space between them, they are both pulling lustily to their place of destination. And yet they may be disappointed. Ambition, when springing from selfish, not from pure motives, frequently overreaches itself, and he who has looked forward with confidence to place, power and spoils, is disappointed in his aspirations, and sinks into the gulf of disappointment, covered with infamy and disgrace. Success sometimes will cover a multitude of sins, but he who places his all upon the hazard of the die and loses, finds himself irretrievably ruined. So with the dishonest politician. When the future looks gloomy; when losses upon every side turn his hope into despair, and in that unfortunate moment he surpasses himself in the work of villification and detraction by attempting to blacken and destroy the character of men whose hold upon the affections of the people has been strengthened by forty years of patriotic devotion and successful services to the country, he only hastens his own destiny, for in the defeat of his aims, he falls never to rise again. Over his prostrate form, younger men who have done his bidding and labored for his elevation, having no more hope thro' him, keep him down and work thereafter for themselves. While he had power and influence, they were willing to sacrifice their personal respect by playing the sycophant, but that power and influence having departed, they are the first to trample upon the ruins of the disappointed demagogue.

Dr. Olds, by means of his position in Congress, attempts to throw doubt over the character of one of the members of Mr. Fillmore's Administration. A party committee is appointed to examine the charges, and by the request of the accused himself, have leave to sit during the recess of Congress. The charges are scattered far and wide over the country, and upon the eve of the election, this committee concludes to publish the result of their deliberations—too late to reach many points, while where it does reach, men are found, who worse than the accuser, would attempt to throw doubt over the correctness of the telegraphic despatch and still persist in defaming the accused, whose innocence is testified to by members of the Locofoco party and sustained by a Locofoco committee. In violation of truth and justice, the charge was originally made. The author merits the contempt of every honest man in the country; but what shall be said of him, who, knowing that the accuser is one of the most profligate and corrupt politicians in the world, not only lends his aid in propagating the foul charge thro'out the State, but even insists upon continuing his work of defamation, after a committee of his own party pronounces the charge false? We have words sufficient to brand such a course as it deserves, but they are not such as we are in the habit of using.

We might extend this comparison further but already our space is more than occupied. We shall pursue it in future numbers. We are not willing that such a man shall with impunity circulate his foul charges against the party of which we are a member. He may make them if he choose; he may testify if he please; but before the court of the people, we shall claim the right to impeach that testimony, and show that the witness, in his political capacity, is unworthy of belief.

☞The coalition between the Pierce men and the Native Americans is now perfect. The only Native American paper in the country is out for Pierce, Levin, Smith and their associates; the head and front of that party have also declared themselves for Pierce. Shaw, their candidate two or three years ago for Governor of Massachusetts, is now the Locofoco candidate for the Assembly from the tenth ward of New York city. These men all know the opposition of Scott to their plans, and they go for Pierce.

Col. Medill's Veracity.—We have but little additional room to devote to this gentleman, and must consequently be brief.

He admitted that Gen. Scott had come out in favor of an extension of the naturalization laws, but claimed that he was not in earnest, because he had hung up Reilly and other deserters in Mexico. In the first place Reilly was not hung but branded and drummed out of camp, for the martial code did not permit of his execution, and all of them recieved a fair and impartial trial, which Col. Medill tried indirectly to deny, and the sentence of the Court Martial was approved by the Commander-in-chief. Is not this a rich argument? Should a naturalized citizen be tried and convicted for some crime, and Judge Whitman should pass sentence upon him, the Judge, according to Medill, must be set down as an enemy of naturalized citizens. Is Dr. Olds capable of making a more miserable argument than this? And who is a greater enemy of naturalized citizens than he who would thus attempt to impose upon their good sense?

Col. Medill stated that the $53,000,000 appropriated to the expenses of the present Administration during one year, did not embrace items which grew out of Polk's Administration. This has been so often refuted and the items have been so frequently published, that no man who has any regard for his own reputation would repeat the falsehood.

The speaker re-iterated the charge of Dr. Olds against Thomas Corwin, notwithstanding the committee of his own party have reported him blameless; and what he said of Secretary Crawford, he can take to his own party, as that individual, finding that the Whigs did not endorse his conduct, is now acting under the flag of Pierce and King.

But after all, the greatest presumption upon the intelligence of his audience, was the statement that the $43,000 which had fallen to this county from the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, had gone into the old Lancaster Bank and was entirely lost to the county. The fact is, the county has obtained every dollar of the fund back, and by the rise of real estate sold the farms and lots for more than the Bank charged them for the property. If any one doubts the statement, let him consult Esq. McVeigh who was auditor at the time of the transfer. But who managed the fund? Who placed it in the Bank? Was it the Whigs? No, sir. it has been controlled by the Locofoco party and had there been any loss, that party would have been responsible for it. And what has become of this fund and other money? This we will show in a future number, and it will be seen that Col. Medill has received a good many hundred dollar fees.

The Col. stated further that, of the three ways proposed to dispose of the public lands, he was in favor of giving them to the houseless and homeless. By this, we infer that he wished to make the audience believe that he was a friend of the poor man! Who will believe him? Not the poor of his own party. We might call up evidence to expose the shallow pretension, but will not unless we are forced into it by a denial. Some men may be very liberal in disposing of the property of the people, but to judge of their liberality, you must find out how they dispose of their own.

Col. Medill had a great deal to say of the allowances made to Gen. Scott for his distinguished services. Well what of it!—Gen. Scott has been paid the usual salary and allowances for forty years of public service, and that it has all been well earned, is sufficiently made manifest by almost every page in the country's history. But how is it with him who made the charge! He has been in public life, with a slight intermission, for the last eighteen years, and altho' we havn't considered it necessary to have a resolution of inquiry passed as to the amounts received by him, we may safely state that he has taken all which the law allowed him. The reader may consult the records and find out if he can, whether it has been earned or not. We will admit, however, that he is on a par with his candidate for the Presidency, equal in talent, equal in influence, shrewdness and cunning, and about equal in State Legislatures, Constitutional Conventions and in Congress. In being a member of the Senate, it may be said that the Militia General had a little advantage in position over the Militia Colonel; but even this was counterbalanced by the latter's sagacity in not asking for the post of Brigadier General in the Mexican War and consequently meeting with no unfortunate accidents. The Colonel went further and stated that Gen. Scott had received more than he would have earned had he remained at the Bar. We are free to confess the fact, provided we are convinced that he would have made no better Attorney than his accuser, but we happen to know that there are gentlemen among the profession who have made more in a few years than Gen. Scott has earned in forty, without one-tenth the labor and without one-twentieth part the advantage to the country.

We are not yet done. We happen to know that our opinion of the speaker is appreciated by a large portion of his own party. We are advised that the young men of the party are no longer willing to hlop him to power and influence, and he may as well know now as at any other time that such miserable and contemptible attacks as he has made upon the Whig party shall be met in the same spirit and with similar weapons.

The true Valley Rail Road.—We are highly gratified to learn, that there is a charter for a Rail Road from Columbus, pursuing the Hocking Valley, to the Ohio River. This is a source of great encouragement to our people, of all classes, and adds greatly to the value and importance of our position, as a town and county. We will make it the subject of future articles—showing its great advantages to the people along the line, and the county, generally.

"What are you writing there, my boy!" asked a fond parent, the other day, of his hopeful son and heir, a shaver of about ten years or over.

"My composition thir."

"What is the subject!"

"The higher law, thir," replied the youthful Parkerite. "But, really, I shall be unable to concentrate my ideas, and give them a logical relation, if I am to be constantly interrupted in this manner by irrelevant inquiries."

Z. & M. Road.—We learn that the Zanesville and Maysville Road was purchased, on Saturday 1st, for the Creditors. Several conditions remain yet to be complied with, but we have hopes that satisfactory arrangements can be made between all the creditors so that the sale will be confirmed, and the road completed between Zanesville and Chillicothe.

Steamboat Management and Racing on the North River.—The grand jury of New York city has made a presentment in which they state that the steamboats navigating the North river are in the constant habit of violating the provisions of the act of Congress, which requires them to blow off steam at the landings or other stoppages of the boat, and also that they find most conclusive evidence that the practice of racing—in the various forms of racing against rival boats, racing against the railroad, and racing against time—has been of late very general and constant with many boats on the North river. Besides the immediate and terrible dangers of explosion and fire to which this reckless and profligate practice directly leads, the grand jury consider the great hurry at landings as involving no inconsiderable risk to life and limb, and the abuse and falsehood which this vehement competition gives rise to, as evils of great magnitude. Cases not unfrequently occur of boats passing their regular landings in spite of the remonstrances of passengers to such destination in order to assist or secure a victory in the through trip. They also call attention to the necessity of more carefully providing against accidents by fires, and for better discipline among the officers of boats by providing them with badges so that in cases of alarm the passengers may be able to recognize said officers. In conclusion they call upon the prosecuting attorney to punish every violation of the law in relation to steam navigation.

The Way Pierce "Goes It" in Indiana.—The Buffalo Courier says that Pierce is "going it" in Indiana with a rush—here's a specimen of the way he "goes it," which would lead to the impression that the Courier man's idea of "going it" are of the moderate sort. The Locofocos undertook to get up a meeting on September 10th, at Vincennes, Indiana. Hon. John Pettit was sent for to make a speech, and came. The meeting was called to order by the Chairman in the Court House.

Presently Mr. Pettit arose, mounted the Judges bench and with an indignant air viewed the auditory and exclaimed:

Fellow-citizens: My appointment in Vincennes has been proclaimed far and wide, and, in viewing this audience, I do not feel at liberty to waste time and breath (and by severe exertion probably cause hemorrhage of the lungs) in addressing this meager assemblage this evening. If the people do not feel any more interest in the success and prosperity of the principles of the great democratic party, and the election of Pierce and King, I am not a going to trouble myself in exerting my powers in promoting the cause in this community.

After concluding, he descended from the rostrum amid cries for the old champion and war horse of the Whig party, John Ewing, who, being present, arose and stated he came not to speak but to listen, and respectfully declined. The meeting being over, three cheers being proposed, were loudly acceded to for Scott and Graham.

The above, though ludicrous in the extreme, *is a true sketch of facts without any misrepresentation whatever.*

"Go it" Pierce! and he will "go it" much after that style throughout the Western States. Pierce knows no West—the west will know no Pierce!

The Cause of Wellington's Death.—It has been stated that the Duke of Wellington died of an apoplectic fit. The immediate cause of this attack appears to have been an over-indulgence in venison steaks. The London Times says that the day previous to his death the Duke exhibited his usual bodily activity. He took his customary walk in the grounds attached to the Castle, inspected the stables, made many minute inquiries there, and gave directions with referance to a journey to Dover on the following day. His appetite was observed to be keener than usual, and he dined heartily of venison. The next day, when his valet went to waken him he refused to rise and sent for the apothecary. A surgeon came, and found the Duke to all appearance suffering from indigestion, and complaining of pains in the chest and stomach. He was in the full possession of his faculties, and described his ailment very clearly. Some dry toast and tea were prescribed. Subsequently, several other attacks ensued, and though emetics were administered, his death ensued speedily.

Gov. Jones.—Gov. Jones of Tennessee in the opening remarks of a late speech at Shelbyville in that State, said he had been offering a dollar a day to any Democrat who would accompany him in filling his appointments. After the close of his speech, Col. Guild, a prominent Locofoco, made a speech in reply, adding at the close, that he accepted Gov. Jones' offer, and would follow him to West Tennessee and back again. Gov. Jones finished the discussion with one of his masterly efforts, and subsequently half a dozen Democrats, in the presence of Col. Guild, expressed the desire that he would estimate how many days he would be engaged in making the tour to West Tennessee and back, that they might pay him a dollar a day and dispense with his further services.—*Louisville Journal.*

Going for Scott.—The Fitchburg (Mass.) *Reveille* says:—

We hear of democrats and freesoilers in every direction who declare their determination to vote for Old Chip at the coming election. One of them is Mr. Cephas Chase, of Leominster, a brave old veteran of the war of 1812. He enlisted in 1811, and served till 1815, during which time he was Sergeant in Col. Boyd's Regiment, and fought in nearly all the frontier battles, where the gallant Scott won his first laurels. Mr. Chase regards his old commander with almost reverential affection, and though a staunch democrat in his political creed, appeared surprised when asked if he should vote for him, that it could for a moment be supposed he should vote for anybody else.

Democratic Harmony.—The Democratic State Central Committee met in New York on Wednesday, and made an attempt to organize. The Hunkers had a majority, and were about to proceed to organize, when the Barnburners bolted and the thing fizzled out. What's the matter with the Democracy!

The Evening Post is in great agony over the Whig County nominations. "There are too many Seward men," "too few Fillmore men," "too much Anti-Slavery," &c., to suit the Post! All this sounds beautiful from the organ of Summer, the Van Burens, and Free Soilers generally, and especially from a press which holds the platform of its party in contempt.

A Locofoco newspaper, speaking of its support of the Locofoco party and General Pierce says:

"The party is worthy of the man. The man is worthy of the party."

Never was more truth uttered in fewer words—The party and the man are exactly suited to each other.—*Syracuse Journal.*

Tuesday Evening, Oct. 12, 1852.

Gen. Scott in Mexico.

There are few American patriots, whatever be their party predictions, whose hearts will not swell within their bosoms in the perusal of the subjoined article. For ourselves, we are free to confess that there is more than one passage of it which moved our feelings in more than one way.

[The following excellent description of General Scott's entrance into the city of Mexico is from the pen of an eye-witness, Mr. Warland, now the editor of the Lowell *Journal*, who served in the Mexican campaign. It appeared in that paper on the anniversary of the day.]

General Scott's triumphant entry into the City of Mexico as a Conqueror—his departure from it as a Prisoner.

Five years ago this morning Gen. Scott, at the head of his brilliant staff, made his triumphant entry into the ancient capitol of the Aztecs. He had already ordered up a portion of the troops to the Grand Plaza, and as, at a little after nine o'clock, he rode up from the western garita among them, in full uniform, and mounted on his splendid charger, the spectacle was one of deep and thrilling interest to every American. The stars and stripes floated to the breeze from the National Palace. The old Cathedral loomed magnificently up on one side of the square, and from the balconies of the old Cortez edifices on the other, the Spanish and Mexican girls were seen to wave their white handkerchiefs and emblems of peace, and silent petitioners for favor from the advancing conqueror. Beneath the pillars of the bazaar, and under the shadow of the Cathedral, might be seen grim Mexicans, scowling from their scrapes and beneath their broad sombreros—wonder-struck at the idea of their beautiful capitol of 250,000 souls having thus suddenly fallen into the hands of less than 8,000 American troops.

As the General rode through the Grand Plaza, amid the Yankee blue jackets drawn up in perfect order on either side, and the heavy cannon, whose thunders but the day before were heard with such fearful effect at Chepultepec, ranged here and there, all discipline for the moment seemed to be forgotten by the gallant soldiers.

They loved their chief to adoration. They had been with him in his perilous march from Vera Cruz, and had followed him into the blaze of every victorious battle field, and now on this morning to see him triumphantly entering the enemy's capital, their hearts thrilled with joy and exultation Throwing off all restraint, as the old hero came forward upon his prancing steed, the hearty huzzas and cheers rent the air long and loud. As the General took off his cap, in acknowledgment of the cordial greeting from his victorious men, one of the bands struck up our national air, and again, and louder than before, the huzzas broke from the lips of the exultant troops. General Scott, dismounting at the gate of the National Palace, entered the grand hall or saloon, from whence the edicts of Viceroys, and Governors, and Presidents, for centuries, had been issued, and immediately wrote an order announcing his occupancy of the Mexican Capital. In that announcement, a copy of which is before us, he says, and beautifully says: "Under the favor of God, the valor of the army, after many glorious victories, has hoisted the colors of our country in the Capital of Mexico, and on the Palace of its Government. The honor of the army and the honor of our country call for the best behavior on the part of all. The valiant must, to obtain the approbation of God and country, be sober, orderly and merciful. His noble brethren in arms will not be deaf to this appeal from their commander and friend."

On the afternoon of the same day General Scott again addressed the troops in these words: "The General-in-Chief calls upon his brethren in arms to return, both in public and private worship, thanks and gratitude to God for the signal triumphs which they have recently achieved for their country.—Beginning with the 19th of August and ending the 14th instant, this army has gallantly fought its way through the fields and forts of Contreras, San Antonio, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chepultepec, and the gates of San Cosme and Tacubaya, into the capital of Mexico. When the very limited numbers who have performed such brilliant deeds shall have become known, the world will be astonished, and our countrymen filled with joy and admiration."

In such fitting language did the victorious conqueror address the men under his command upon his triumphant entry into the Mexican capital. How well his words were heeded, and with what devotion and patriotism he proceeded at once to the work of securing the great object of his mission—an honorable peace—is known to the nation and the world. There never was an army whose bearing and conduct in a conquered country reflected such honor upon itself or upon its own country as the American army in Mexico. Upon its entrance into the capital, the Republic had no Government, and it therefore became the first duty of General Scott to give the people an administration which should protect them in their rights of property and their religious observances.

Here it was that the victorious Chief displayed those high civil and administrative talents which won the admiration of the whole army, and proved his unquestionable claim to the possession of the higher attributes of the statesman as well as of the soldier. We shall not dwell upon the administration of affairs during General Scott's occupancy of the city of Mexico further than to say that it was brilliant, and in all respects successful. Through his devotion, perseverance, and incessant labor, peace also was finally secured.

We have briefly sketched the Conqueror's triumphant entrance into the National Palace on the morning of September 14th. Now the scene changes, and the picture is reversed.

In six months, to a day, from the date of his own announcement of the occupancy of the capital, General Scott stood in the National Palace a prisoner, and the chains forged by *American hands at home.* He was summoned before a Court of Inquiry in the Palace; and as he stood up before his judges, his inferiors, his tall and commanding form the observed of all observers, pleading his rights, modestly alluding to his own services, and portraying the wrongs he had received, one could not but say, "alas, there is reason to complain of the ingratitude of Republics!"

On the morning of the 14th of March following his entrance into the capital, he stood before the Palace and addressed his accusers. His words, as he stood boldly and respectfully before them in the great saloon we have referred to, were as follows:

"Here in the capital of Mexico, conquered by the American arms under my command, I find myself but a prisoner at large—the chief criminal before this court. Stricken down from a high command, from a high military position, the highest, perhaps, ever occupied by any individual since the days of the Father of his Country—the immortal Washington—I feel deeply wounded; my military pride has been cast down into the dust, not by the public enemy, but by the long arm of power from home. All that could be done in that quarter to degrade and humble me, has been done. But sustained by the Almighty's arm, feeling strong in concious rectitude, strong in mind and body, I BID DEFIANCE TO MY ACCUSERS.

There was not an American in Mexico who, as he listened to these words, and saw the old Hero, like Columbus in chains, dishonored by his own country, did not feel mortified and ashamed that he should have received such treatment. The whole matter of the court as every one knows, proved to be a magnificent farce, and finally dropped—as if the only object of its instigators had been to degrade Scott upon the very theater of his glorious renown.

And now the scene changes again.

On the morning of the 22d of April it became known to some few that Gen. Scott was about to leave the capital of Mexico for his home. In the evening of that day a large assemblage of the friends of the gallant hero collected in front of his quarters in the city of Mexico, and bade him farewell by a grand serenade. Several very appropriate and touching airs were played, and at the close of the very spirit-stirring sounds of "Hail to the Chief," the commanding form of the general was seen to come to the front of the balcony, from whence he bowed his thanks, silently, it is true, but the feelings of many a bounding and warm heart responded, and three loud and hearty cheers were given for General Scott, as he disappeared from the window.

The next morning there was an affecting scene in front of his quarters, as he came out to start upon his journey to Vera Cruz. The Rifle Guard was drawn up to receive him and as he passed they presented arms to their beloved commander for the last time, and shed tears like children; and so affected was the old Hero that he could hardly get into his carriage. Officers and men crowded around him, and as he was too much overcome to receive them all, those who had not the happiness of shaking him by the hand were glad to get a sight of him as he departed. Those who had not even a chance of seeing him mounted their horses and followed him on the road, determined that he who had led them from victory to victory should not leave the valley of his great operations without one adieu. Around his carriage—for he was too much exhausted by his heavy labors, and the emotion of parting with his brothers in arms, to ride on horseback—as it proceeded along the causeway to El Penon, the officers crowded, and as fast as one could give the "God bless you, General," and fall back, his place was supplied by another, and so the adieus continued for a long way on the road.

And thus did Winfield Scott leave Mexico—going, virtually, a prisoner from the capital which but a few months before he had entered as a triumphant conqueror! Will not the people bear this fact in mind, now that they have an opportunity of bestowing their loftiest honors upon one who has reflected such lofty honor and renown upon their country!

Disgraceful.—*The American Flag Torn Down.*—A New Hampshire spirit, as proscriptive as that which in New Hampshire, disfranchises Catholic voters, took possession of the Locofocos this evening. Not content with disturbing our meeting, while in session, they assembled after its adjournment, and proceeded to tear down and mutilate, our glorious National Ensign—the banner of the stars and stripes. Had our flag been an exclusive one the case would appear different; but it was our Nation's banner—a flag, the very appearance of which, should have protected it from insult. When party violence rages so as to cause acts of this disgraceful character, it is time for sober thinking people to consider the tendency of such events. The American Flag, wherever it floats, is the ensign of Freedom. Our party had planted it on their own territory, over their own building, and they supposed, as they had a right to suppose, when doing so, that American citizens would respect it. They felt that it was a common banner, in which all parties had a common property, and that no mere party feeling could induce any man or men to lay violent hands upon it, rend it, or trail it in the dust. This was work which they suppposed belonged to the enemies of our country. But the remnant of our Ensign—drooping, tattered, defiled by the hands of Americans, by members of the Loco Foco party, is still clinging to the mast, above the cabin, left there as an evidence, of the patriotism and zeal of New Hampshire Locofocoism, and there we hope it may remain until the election. Let every man, whatever are his politics look at it, and when he does so, remember that its present torn and tattered condition, was effected by the Locofocos, the Pierce men, the New Hampshire democracy of Toledo.—*Toledo Blade.*

Horrible Accident.—A few days ago, it is stated, a fireman on the Georgia State Railroad was caught by the feet, between the Locomotive and the tender, and held fast in this position, his head hanging downwards, and his feet dreadfully crushed. Neither the conductor nor the passengers had the presence of mind to use proper exertions to relieve him, and the poor fellow in his agony entreated them to *saw his legs off.* Finally, this was actually done by some one, with a common hand-saw, and the man was allowed to drop down to the ground, bleeding to death. No effort was made to stop the hemorrahage, and the victim of this more than savage stupidity and barbarism soon bled to death. After the fireman was thus *relieved* from his position, a bar of iron was obtained, and the locomotive and tender pried apart, so that the feet were rescued and dropped out from between them.

Fall Expeditions to Liberia.—We learn from the African Repository, that the expedition appointed to sail from this port to Liberia, on the first of November, will probably leave on Saturday, the 30th inst., in which case the vessels will touch at and sail from Norfolk on Monday or Tuesday following. About 300 applications have been made for passage, nearly all of which come from free born persons, principally from Virginia and North Carolina. Emigrants who purpose embarking at this port, are to report to Dr. Jas. Hall, at the Exchange buildings, and at Norfolk to the Rev. Wm. H. Starr. Another vessel will sail from Wilmington, N. C., about the first of November; upwards of one hundred persons have applied for passage from that port; and on the first of December, a third expedition will sail from New Orleans.

From Mexico.—The Picayune has received late advices from Mexico. It appears that new and important proposals have been received in regard to the Tehuantepec route, which, it is thought, may be looked upon with favor. The nature of the propositions is not stated.

An important change has occurred in the Mexican Cabinet, which is looked upon as more favorable to the stability of the government.

The National Guard at Vera Cruz is to be placed under the command and at the proposal of the Minister of War. This movement is made with a view to harmonize the disaffected, and, it is believed, will be more acceptable to the people.

All fears of a revolution in Mexico have subsided, and the general state of feeling is much more pacific and hopeful.

The Council and Government have decided emphatically against calling an extra session of Congress.

The general tenor of the advices from Mexico is of a decidedly more favorable character.

☞A rampant Locofoco wrote to his brother-in-law in New York for betting information in regard to New York, and received in reply a letter, which he yesterday read to a live Silver Gray betting Whig.—In substance the reply was—"New York will go for Scott, and he will be President in spite of all the influence of Great Britain." That's true, "sure as you're born."—*Cleve. Herald.*

[From the National Intelligencer.]

Letter from Maj. Jack Downing.

Downingsville, State of Maine,
Saturday, September 18, 1852.

Mr. Gales & Seaton: My dear friends, I wish I had better news to write to you.—I'm pesky afraid Gineral Scott is coming in. And, arter all, I don't see why I should feel so much afraid of it, especially on my own account, for I don't spose he's a very bad man. But I feel bad for Uncle Joshua. His whole heart is bound up in the post-office, and if he should lose it, I'm afraid it would almost be the death of him. He's had it now more than twenty years, and he's more fond of it because it was given to him by dear old Gineral Jackson. He loves it now like one of his own family, and I think it would be the hardest one of the family to part with, unless it is Aunt Keziah. If he were to lose ary one of 'em, that is Aunt Keziah or the post-office, I know it would break his heart. And that's what makes me feel so bad at the turn things has took down this way in favor of Gineral Scott. If any way could be contrived to keep Uncle Joshua in the post-office, I wouldn't care a snap if Gineral Scott did come in. And I guess there is a good deal of the same sort of feelin' amongst a good many of the Democracy. I'll just give you a sample of it.

There's Cousin Sargeant Joel, he can't live without hurrahing for somebody as much as two or three times a day. He got in a habit of it in old Hickory's time, and he couldn't never leave it off since. Two or three weeks ago Uncle Joshua and I was in the barn, planning a little about getting out the votes to the election, when all to once we heard somebody back of the barn holler with all his might "Hurrah for Gineral Scott." We both started and run round the corner of the barn as fast as we could, and who should we see there but Cousin Sargent Joel, standing on a stump, swinging his hat all alone, and hollering at the very top of his voice, "Hurrah for Gineral Scott." Uncle Joshua looked as cross as thunder, and Cousin Joel colored a little as soon as he see us, but he swung his hat again, and sung out once more, "Hurrah for Gineral Scott, and I don't care who hears it."

"What's that you say?" said Uncle Joshua.

"I say, hurrah for Gineral Scott, and I don't care who hears it," says Cousin Joel, putting on his hat and jumping off the stump.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of business, said Uncle Joshua, "setting such an example as this to the neighbors There's many a word spoke in jeest that's turned to arnest before its done with; and you ought to be careful how you set such hurrahs agoin. If you once get em started, there's no knowing what'll be the end on't."

"I don't much care what'll be the end on't," said cousin Joel.

"Why, Joel, what do you mean!" said uncle Joshua; "if you are going to turn Whig say so, and let us put you out of the synagogue at once, and done with it. I want a plain right up and down answer, are you going for Gineral Pierce or not!"

"I spose I shall," said cousin Joel.

"Then, why in the name of common sense don't you hurrah for him!" said Uncle Joshua, "and try to get up some enthusiamusy. You ought to be ashamed to throw your hurrahs away on 'tother side."

"Now, Uncle Joshua, I'll tell you what 'tis," said Sargent Joel, straightening himself just as he used to at the head of the company in Nullification times, says he, "I'll tell you what it 'tis, Uncle Joshua, I'm willing to vote for Gineral Pierce to help you keep the post-office, and I mean to; but you needn't ask me to hurrah for him, for I can't stand no such tom-foolery as that. I've tried it, and it was no go no how. It makes me feel so much like digging smale potatoes and few in a hill. But when I get right hungry for a hurrah, I give it to Gineral Scott, and I find there's reel substance and nourishment in that, something like real meat; it makes me feel as it used to when we gin the loudest hurrahs for Gineral Jackson."

Uncle Joshua turned away, lookin gather down in the mouth, and saying, "he didn't know what the world was coming to."

As near as I can find out, there's a great many Democrats in this State, and other places too, that's in the same fix as cousin Sargent Joel Downing; they've tried to hurrah for Gineral Pierce, and can't. Over to the raisin of Squire Jones' barn 'tother day, arter they all got through, Squire Jones, who is a great Democrat, called out, "now let us give three cheers for Gineral Pierce." As quick as look they all swung their hats, and about three-quarters of 'em sung out as loud as they could holler, "hurrah for Gineral Cass." At that Squire Jones flew in a rage, and told em they was traitors to the party, and no true Democrat would hurrah for any body but Gineral Pierce. That touched the dander of the rest of em; and about twenty swung their hats and cried lustily, "Hurrah for Gineral Scott," and asked Squire Jones if he liked that any better.

These things has kept Uncle Joshua very uneasy along back, and before our State election which come along last Monday, he got quite narvous; and he aint no better yet. We've been in quite a state of conboberation all the week, trying to find out how the election's gone, but its a hard sum to work out. I went over this morning to help Uncle Joshua figure up. He was sitting at the table with his spectacles on, and the papers spread all around him, and a pen in his hand, and a dark scowl on his brow. He was thinking so hard he didn't seem to know when I come in. Says Aunt Keziah, says she, "I'm dreadful glad you've come in Major, your uncle will make himself sick working over them figures."

Says I, "Well, Uncle Joshua, how are we coming out!

"I am afraid we are coming out at the little end of the horn, Major," said Uncle Joshua, and he looked up over his spectacles so pale and melancholy it made me feel bad.—Says he, "I don't like the looks of it a bit; the State is on the back track again toward Whiggery, jest as it was when Harrison came in."

"Oh, I guess not," says I, for I wanted to cheer him up as much as I could. "The liquor law has played the mischief with this election all round, and got things badly mixed up, but if we sift 'em out carefully we shall find the Democrats as strong as ever." Uncle Joshua shook his head. Says I, "Let us see the figures. Here's the returns from three hundred towns, all the State, except some of the outskirts. Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Chandler, the two Democratic candidates for Governor, has together more than fifty-eight thousand votes, and Mr. Crosby, the Whig candidate, has a little more than twenty-seven thousand. The Democratic vote is more than double the Whig vote. This don't look as though the State was going back to whiggery."

"That don't amount to nothin at all," said Uncle Joshua; "a good many thousand of temperance Whigs voted for Mr. Hubbard, and a good many rum Whigs voted for Mr. Chandler; and when the Legislature comes to meet Crosby will stand jest as good a chance to be chosen Governor as any one of em, and better too if the State goes over the dam the 2d of November, and you may depend its drifting that way, or else I've forgot how to cipher. Jest look at the Legislature. Last year in the Senate there was about five Democrats to one Whig, and now the Whigs have elected *fourteen* Senators and the Democrats only *seven*, leaving nine or ten no choice, or doubtful. And then in the House it aint much better. Last year we had a clear majority of more than thirty, and now it don't look as though we should have more than ten majority. And if the State goes for Scott, I believe the Legislature will go that way too, Governor and all.

"But, may be, Uncle Joshua," says I, "the Whigs havn't gained as much as you think for, after all. It looks bad in the Legislature, I see, but may be all owing to the rum business, as you say about the Governor."

"No, no, it isn't that," said Uncle Joshua with a heavy sigh; "you may depend upon it the State has got a Whig drift. The Congressmen tells the story, and there the rum business has nothing to do with it. In the last Congress we have five Democratic Representatives, and the Democrats have made out to elect three and the Whigs three. It's jest an even balance, and a few more of them foolish hurrahs for General Scott will tip the State again us."

"Well, we must stir round," says I, "and try to stop this hurrah business, and may be we can save the State yet. If Democrats can't hurrah for Pierce they mustn't be allowed to hurrah for nobody. But, after all, Uncle, suppose we should lose this State, the nation is safe for the Democracy. You must remember we have a large majority of the States, and nigh two-thirds of the members of the last Congress."

"Well," says he, "that don't prove whether we shall have two-thirds or one-third in the next Congress. If the States go on as they have begun it will be pretty likely to be one-third. There's only three States that has elected their Representatives to the next Congress yet, and that is Maine, and Missouri, and Iowa. And only jest look at em. Three years ago they stood twelve Democrats and two Whigs, and now they stand seven Democrats and six Whigs. How long will it take at that rate to turn our two-thirds into one-third! I'm afraid there's a Whig drift going over the country that'll swamp us. Sailors tell about the big tenth wave that rolls up and carries every thing afore it, and I'm thinking it seems to be a good deal so in politics. There was a big tenth wave in 1840, and you remember what work it made. It looks a good deal as if there is another big tenth wave rolling up now, to swamp the Democracy and upset Congress. We've got to have trying times, Major. I don't know what'll become of the country if the Whigs get the upper hand." He said this with such a mournful expression that I see the tears come into Aunt Keziah's eyes. She's a good Christian woman, and she laid her hand on his shoulder, and says she, "Oh, Mr. Downing, pray, don't be so worried, but trust in Providence."

And now, Mr. Gales & Seaton, if you can say any thing to encourage us, or to relieve Uncle Joshua's anxious mind, you would do a great kindness to your old friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

The Duke of Wellington.—The late Duke of Wellington held an immense income during life. As Commander-in-chief, the Duke was entitled to draw something over *eighty dollars* a day, or about $30,000 annually; and as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, he was entitled to nearly $6000 a year more. He drew a pension of nearly $20,000 annually, and was in possession of property given him by the British nation, to the amount of £700,000, or nearly $3,500,000. The pension will continue to be paid to the Duke's two next male heirs, who also inherits his large estates and titles; but most of his offices and emoluments are to be scrambled for by the nobility and others; and rich prizes they will be for the disposal of the ministry.

The new Duke, at the time of his father's death, was at Frankfort, whence he was sommoned. He has hitherto borne the title of Marquis of Douro, and until the last election he enjoyed a seat in the House of Commons as member for Norwich. He is 45 years of age, and bears a considerable, although not a striking, resemblance to his father. He has never taken any prominent part in public affairs, nor is he likely to do so. The Duke's second son, Lord Charles Wellesley, was with him at the time of his death. He is 44 years of age and has a seat in the House of Commons as a member from South Hampshire.

The late Duke's personal habits were extremely temperate, if not abstemious.—He slept little, and, whether from old military associations or for health's sake, used a heard mattress and camp bed. He appeared to avoid display in his dress, equipage and attendants, preferring horse exercise to the state and luxury of a carriage, and even when increasing weakness rendered it a task of some difficulty to sit erect upon horseback, day after day he was still to be seen ambling slowly down to the House of Lords, touching his hat to the crowds assembled round the entrance to catch a glimpse of the veteran warrior.

His household was said to be a model of good order and good management. He incurred no debts, punctual and frequently, though privately, generous. His Waterloo banquets, which for many years drew around him surviving companions in arms in his last glorious field, were the only exceptions to his usual indifference to display. On these occasions only, the massive services of plate and priceless china, pictures, statues and all the other favors, honors and presents which had been conferred upon him by the sovereigns of Europe, were not inappropriately displayed.

Valuable Invention.—The Tribune has seen drawings of an invention for preventing great damage by railroad collission. The idea is to have the ends of the cars and platforms built with one corner projecting far beyond the other, diagonally instead of square. Accordingly, when they come together with great violence, the force of the shock will be relieved, and the cars, instead of breaking to pieces, will simply shove each other off the track. In the projecting corner the brakeman is to stand, where, in a collision, his position will be comparitavely free from danger. The inventor is Mr. Seleck, Greenwich, Connecticut.

Advance in Butter.—*The Demand from California.*—Within a week or two butter has advanced in price in the Boston market from five to to ten cents per pound. One cause of this advance is stated to be the large orders sent from California. One firm has received an order to ship one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds; and probably in all a quarter of a million pounds been ordered from that state within a have shortt ime.

From New Brunswick.—We have received St. John papers to the 1st inst. The agreement in behalf of the European and North American Railway, was formally signed on the 29th. It is, however, subject to the ratification of the Legislature, of which a special session will be summoned at an early day.

A Singular fact for these days of Locomotion.—Mr. Polly Hemingway, who died in Northbridge, Mass., on the 30th ult., at the age of eighty-three, had never been but fifteen miles from the place of her birth.—She was born in Uxbridge, and once in her youth went to Worcester, fifteen miles from her home.

☞Count Penalver, well known in the United States for his urbanity and courtesy to Americans visiting Havana, died a few weeks ago. His eldest son died in Madrid last year. Count P. is succeeded in his titles and large estates by his second son and sole heir, a young gentleman of great elegance, and fine education.

What kid Gloves are made of?—How many of our fair readers, as they draw on their "French kid" gloves are aware that those same gloves are made of rat-skins! The catching of rats for this purpose is a regular trade in Paris, at which hundreds of men