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FOR PRESIDENT:
ZACHARY TAYLOR.

CITY OF EVANSVILLE:

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 11, 1847.

The Union of a late date announces that General Taylor has applied for leave of absence to return home, and will reach New Orleans about the 1st of December.

USED UP AGAIN.—No man was ever oftener "used up" in the course of a life than the Rev. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFIT. We remember at least a dozen instances in which his unfounded pretensions to great learning, talents, and piety have been completely exposed, and he himself whittled down to his proper insignificant dimensions; but never was even he made to appear so small and contemptible as under the castigations bestowed upon him by the Louisville Journal, and Courier, on account of the outrageous sentiments advanced by him in his recent lectures, in that city, in defence of the Mexican war. This time there is not "a grease spot" of him left. If there was anything of the sort left by Prentice and Haldeman he himself has wiped it out clean by a brief response to their strictures, which he made in the Courier of Saturday last. One example of his inconsistency and folly will give a correct idea of the whole. In one part of his article he says that he does not and could not, consistently with his principles and profession, approve of the war, and in another that he would neither be guilty of inculcating heterodox opinions, nor of impugning the attributes of Jehovah by insisting that God has either designed or ordained the War!!! Thus taking the position that he, as a Christian minister, does not approve of what God himself has ordained!

MR. POLK PROSCRIBING THE FRIENDS OF GEN. TAYLOR.—The Baltimore Patriot of the 2nd inst. says: "We have never doubted that the Administration were deadly hostile, personal, political and military, to the Hero of Buena Vista. Heretofore their hostility has shown itself in overslauging Gen. Taylor, depressing him in his command; and in every possible way shutting him out of public view. But this negative policy has had no other effect than to excite indignation against Mr. Polk and his advisers: A more decided policy has been determined upon, and henceforth not only Gen. Taylor but his friends are to feel the power of the administration. Proscription is now to be the order of the day, and the work has already commenced. The first victim is the Postmaster at Harrisburg. A letter to the Philadelphia Pennsylvaniaian (locofoco) announces the appointment of Isaac G. McKinley, Esq., as Postmaster at Harrisburg, in place of James Peacock, Esq. Mr. McKinley is the editor of the Harrisburg Democratic Un-son. Thus far, says the Pennsylvaniaian—the Philadelphia Bulletin gives us the cause of the proscription. It says: "We have been informed that Mr. Peacock's removal was owing to his participation in the Taylor State Convention, recently held in Harrisburgh."

So, to be a friend of Gen. Taylor is henceforth to bring down the hatred of Mr. Polk! We shall now see, who of the many office-holders who were inclined towards Gen. Taylor will now back out, and protest "they never liked the man."

In publishing the following receipt we don't wish to lead any of the Sons astray, but then we have others to cater for besides those belonging to the Order, who may wish to sip cider without getting tight:

Take a pint of pulverised charcoal, and put it into a bag, then put it into a barrel of new cider, the cider will never ferment, will never contain any intoxicating quality, and is more and more palatable the longer it is kept.

DIGNIFIED EMPLOYMENT.—The Legislature of the Empire State, New York, were engaged on Tuesday, in debating a bill reported by a Committee, to impose a tax on old bachelors. An amendment was adopted extending the tax to widowers. Mr. Perkins moved to amend by exempting those bachelors who could prove that they had offered themselves five times for a matrimonial connexion and been rejected. Lest.

Mr. Balcom moved to recommit with instructions to include old maids.
The motion to recommit was lost, and the bill goes to the Committee of the Whole.

DEATH'S DOINGS IN THE WAR.—The Richmond Republican, sums up our loss in killed and wounded in the Mexican War as follows:

At Palo Alto and Resaca,	400
Monterey,	500
Buena Vista,	800
Cerro Gordo,	500
Cherubusco,	1000
Mexico and neighborhood,	1600
The loss in skirmishes and by sickness, estimated at,	4800
Total killed and wounded, 9200	

For What?

The following communication is from the pen of a gentleman of Louisville who has lately written two or three very excellent articles for the Louisville Journal upon the relative cost and applicability of steam power for manufacturing purposes compared with water power—Coal Fields; &c. The author's object is to bring to notice the town of Cannelton, situated on the river between this place and Louisville; but nevertheless the arguments will apply as well to this place and we hope may have weight with our citizens. It was addressed to a citizen of our town.

Dear Sir: Pittsburg is a very thriving city, although it is at the head of a very muddy stream, "dry the summer and frozen in the winter," although it is in the centre of a barren region. It has lost most of its commercial importance, but its merchants have gone into manufactures. Why does it grow? What gives it importance? Coal!—Coal! To get near this capitalists raise the hills to get a place to build upon. Now can you tell me how long up this river eight hundred miles, above a site which is below all the important obstructions of the Ohio, equally healthy with Pittsburg, with a position perhaps unequalled on the river, by which daily and weekly packets are passing to and from every section of the great West, and where coal is to be had at one cent a bushel cheaper than at Pittsburg, and in the centre of the richest agricultural countries in the world?

In fifteen years Illinois and Indiana will have a population of three and a half million of souls. Are these to be tributary to Pittsburg, or New England, or Old England, for that which they can produce far cheaper at home? Nature gives us in power and distance at least 25 per cent. advantage over the cotton manufacturer of New England, and perhaps 10 per cent. more in cheapness of living. We have even now abundance of capital for any enterprise which will yield one half of this difference. Operatives from New and Old England are ready to come to us in thousands if we will guaranty employment. Have we not the men competent to take hold of and prudently and energetically carry on manufactures of every kind? The Lawrence and Appletons are not confined to New England.

Nature has placed the great Illinois coal-field, and covered it with the most prolific soil for our good purpose. She intended it for the great manufacturing region of the world. In England she has placed the coal on an average over 500 feet under the surface; in Nova Scotia 300; in Belgium 700, and in veins averaging less than three feet in thickness. In England iron yields on an average only 25 per cent. On the other side of the Mountains the coal is under Mountains two hundred miles distant from the nearest point where it can be used for other than iron manufacturing purposes and the iron there yields only about 30 per cent.—over thirty-four millions of dollars has now been expended in rail roads and canals to take that coal to tide water. The Illinois coal field at various positions, such as ours at Cannelton, offers all the elements of a manufacturing district—cheapest power known and in inexhaustible quantities—every facility of transporting man and matter—proximity to the raw material—iron yielding 60 per cent.—cotton, hemp, wool, &c.—nearness to a vast market—cheap living—health—good sites—building materials of best quality, and in free States.

Where else in the wide world are all these natural advantages found? The more you look at the condition of manufacturing districts the greater will our advantages appear. Take a cotton manufactory of say 10,000 spindles, requiring a capital of not over \$300,000, making about 4,000,000 yards of cotton cloth; the difference in cost of cotton between us and Boston, and the freight, interest and insurance on the goods brought here is rather over one per cent. per yard—\$40,000 difference in one mill!! Steam factories are now making the best dividends in New England; coal costs there 22 cents per bushel. The saving of fuel in the mill here would be \$10,000 more—saving in cheapness of living still more. Now how long are we to bear this burden of 25 per cent.—How much longer are we to send our raw material to a barren country, 1200 miles off, to be manufactured—send provisions to feed the manufacturers—pay the interest on rail roads and canals to do the transportation and then take our pay in a small quantity of the goods made up? We are not in Roman provinces and compelled to do the bidding of lordly masters!

Think a little of these matters and see your citizens who have the mind and the means to act and work out our full independence. Let us start all kinds of manufactures where God has made the most proper place for them. Let us make a start and we will soon show that "the star of empire still moves westward." If you, and such men as you, will move, as you should, in this matter, we can, in twenty years, drive Old and New England fabrics out of every market in the world. Yours truly, S.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—The official vote on negro suffrage at the late election in Connecticut is published. Every county in the State gave a majority against it, and the State a majority of 13,795 out of 23,318 votes cast, or nearly four to one.

FUNNY LAW-SUIT.—When Henry Campbell Esq., now Mayor of the city of Allegheny, was a candidate for election, a certain John Chess took the opposite side of the question, and even let his political feelings get so warm that he said, "If Campbell is elected Mayor I will leave the city!" Mr. O. S. Palmer, a friend of Mr. Campbell, heard this threat on the part of Mr. John Chess, and in presence of witnesses promised to give him, the said John Chess, ten dollars if he would keep his word and evacuate the city. Mr. Campbell was elected Mayor, and Mr. Chess, as good as his word, packed up his "traps" and left the good city of Allegheny, convinced that she was "joined to her political idols," and that it was best to let her alone. In process of time he sent a bill to Mr. O. S. Palmer for the ten dollars which he considered he was entitled to for leaving the city.—Mr. Palmer did not "fork up," whereupon Mr. Chess sued him before Esq. Hays for that amount. The Pittsburgh Iron City, from which we gather these particulars, is of opinion that Mr. Palmer will have to fork over the 'X'.

THE CHOLERA.

The following article exhibiting the progress thus far of that scourge of Nations, the Asiatic Cholera, and forecasting the amount of danger to be apprehended from its coming, if come it does, will be read with interest:

The Great Scourge of humanity—a scourge more awful than ATTLA and his Huns—more terrible than the eruption of a volcano—more devastating than the throes of an earthquake—the Great Scourge of the Cholera is at this moment advancing towards us with silent but indomitable rapidity, if we may believe the intelligence received almost daily from the frontiers of the Russian Empire. Its course is described as being northwesterly, and it is said to have already penetrated into the interior of Europe. God defend us from the agonies which desolated the world in 1832!

The Philadelphia American says—The above, from the London Sun of October 21, the opening of a pretty long leader couched in language of similar character, expresses the feeling, almost amounting to panic, with which some of our European contemporaries seem disposed to regard the continued progress of the Oriental pestilence, which threatens a renewal of the calamities of 1831-2. The Cholera is, in fact, once more in Europe, sweeping, with all its ancient slowness of pace, but breadth of devastation, along its accustomed path, from east to west; and, as we have every reason to suppose that it will pass Europe, and ultimately disregarding the barrier of the Atlantic, reach our own shores, as in 1831. We have looked over our foreign files for notes of its progress, such as most naturally interest American readers.

The last intelligence that we have from England shows that the Cholera is already at Riga, on the Baltic, which seems to be the most easterly point it has reached, and from which it extends in a line S. S. E., through Kieff, (Kew) to Trebizond, on the Black Sea, and further South through Asiatic Turkey into Persia. It made its first appearance in Trebizond on the 12th of September, and in Riga on or before the 12th. Thirty cases were reported in Trebizond on the 11th, described as being not very violent. About the same number of cases daily, are reported at Erzeroum, (near Trebizond) where one-third of the cases were fatal. The mortality in the Russian towns is stated at two-third the number of cases. The disease had not reached Constantinople, where it was however, almost daily expected, (a fatal case had occurred on the steam packet Sultan, coming from Trebizond) and where a quarantine of observation had been already established. Rigid quarantine relations had been instituted at Genoe and Palermo; and they were talked of at Malta and Marseilles.

It is impossible to divest the mind of awe, and even terror, while brooding over the anticipated advent of a dreadful epidemic, in which so many will apprehend the direct judgement of God upon an age of light and wickedness. But the ignorant suffer with the wise, and the wise are called upon and permitted to lessen the affliction which would otherwise fall upon the masses with unequal weight. Experience has already proved that the resources of science in Europe and the United States are competent to the successful resistance of the East Indian plague, whose ravages were lessened, and in many instances, prevented, during its former visitation, fifteen years ago; and now, with a better knowledge of it than was then enjoyed, we have every reason to believe that, should it visit us again, it will present few of its former terrors.

Nor is there, perhaps, any occasion to expect that its passage to the New World will be a speedy one. Looking back to the records of its former occurrence, (from which we may compute its rate of travel,) we find that it made its appearance in Eastern Russia in the fall of 1830; at Moscow, for example, on the 25th of September.

It was not until thirteen months afterwards that it reached England, (it broke out at Sunderland, on the 25th of October, 1831,) and it was not until the 6th of June, 1832, that it appeared at Quebec, upwards of twenty months after its appearance at Moscow. Anticipating for it a similar rate of progression now, (and experience shows a remarkable uniformity, generally speaking, in its advance,) there would seem little occasion to expect its appearance in England before next October, or in America before the summer of 1849.

Science and benevolence, however, are now busily engaged in watching its steps. Governments and municipalities stand in readiness to prepare, at a moment's warning for its approach; and we may expect its coming hereafter, should it come, assured that it cannot take us by surprise, and equally assured that all the resources of knowledge and humanity will be in requisition to deprive it of its dangers.

IMMIGRANTS.—13,600 immigrants arrived at the port of New York during the month of October.

It is stated that the number of emigrants to Canada who have died in three months on shipboard, or after they were landed, is even thousand one hundred and forty.

KENDALL OF THE PICAYUNE, AND "MUSTANG," OF THE DELTA.—"Mustang" the army correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, thus humorously explains the manner in which himself and Kendall were "horribly wounded."

"Among others of the unfortunate wounded who are doing remarkably well, is Mr. Kendall, of the Picayune, volunteer aid-de-camp to Gen. Worth, and your modest but humble servant. Mr. Kendall you will find in the list of wounded slightly. I do not think his wound was considered dangerous from the first, as the ball struck him "right plump in his horse's ear!" and at the present time he looks to be in as fine health and spirits as I have ever seen him, and as well as a "war-worn soldier" might expect to be. I was so unfortunate myself as to be struck right in my horse's saddle; but the ball was spent and did not go through the saddle-skirt; therefore, as yet, "I have not suffered any inconvenience from it." I also happened to be caught in bad company at the garita, and, with several others, was knocked head-over-heels by the explosion of a shell, but being in a hurry to pick myself up, I trod upon an officer, who pettishly said I had "no business there anyhow!" therefore I don't count that as anything, as I hurt somebody else worse than I was hurt myself; now, having "taken a bath, brushed off the smoke and dust of battle," and between good liquor, good cigars, and a moderate share of the balance of the good things of this world, "am as comfortable as might be expected under the existing circumstances." Having neglected to have my name put down on the list of wounded until after it had been made out, that all the world, and "my numerous friends in particular," might know that "I, too, was hurt," will excuse this paragraph from your modest correspondent."

LETTER FROM MARTIN VAN BUREN.—Mr. Van Buren, in a letter of the 20th ult., to the editor of the Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Farmer and Journal, says that he has no desire for the Presidency, and that, with his present feelings, he would decline it if it were tendered to him by the whole Democracy of the Union. We copy from his letter the following paragraph:

Scarcely ever has the essential welfare of the country been in a more critical condition, or its administration in greater need of the energetic support of those who raised it to power. With a probable majority against it in the popular branch of the National Legislature, and but a small, and it is to be regretted, not a very harmonious majority in its favor in the Senate, it may be called upon to vindicate the past, and will be obliged to support, possibly for an indefinite period, a distant and difficult foreign war. The existence of that war has received the official sanction of every department of the Government which is required by the Constitution, and is due to the future fame, as well as the present prosperity of this great nation, that it be triumphantly sustained. What ever may hereafter be the propriety of instituting inquiries into the necessity of its occurrence with a view to the just responsibility to public opinion of our public servants, such an investigation may, at this time, and under existing circumstances, as well upon principles of sound political morality as of national expediency, be well regarded as out of season. The war cannot now be concluded with honor, unless we receive from Mexico a just indemnity for the past, and reasonable security for the future.

ARRIVAL OF COMMODORE STOCKTON.—The steamer Meteor arrived at St. Louis on the 5th from Fort Leavenworth, bringing passengers Commodore Stockton and Lt. Thompson, of the U. S. Navy. Lt. Gillespie, of the U. S. Marines; J. P. Norris, Secretary to Commodore Stockton; Mr. Samuel J. Hensley, and forty-one others.

This party left Sacramento valley, California, on the 19th of July, and came by the upper route. They met with but little incident on the way. While encamped on Truckey's river, the party was attacked at night by a band of Washu Indians. Commodore Stockton was slightly wounded, while lying in his bed, by an Indian arrow. Four horses belonging to the attacked party were badly wounded. As soon as the alarm was given, the Indians retreated, without doing further mischief.

There was some snow in the California mountains, but on this side the mountains and plains were barren, and for the rest of the journey the rivers were found low, and the weather continued dry.

Many emigrants were met on the way, both for Oregon and California. They all seemed getting along very well.

A number of bands of Indians, Sioux, Pawnees, Cheyennes, &c., were found encamped along the Platte. They uniformly sent out deputations to "talk" with Commodore S., and expressed very friendly feelings. They desired the Commodore to say to their Father at Washington, that they were anxious to enjoy the benefits of civilization, like their brethren of the Lower Missouri. They wanted an agent sent to them; also implements of husbandry, &c. They were tired of war and hunting, and had at last become convinced of the greater importance of civilization.

NEW JERSEY ELECTION.—The New York Express, of Wednesday evening, says:

The majority against Mr. Wright, the Whig candidate, will be from 1,000 to 1,500. This disaffection among the Whigs has not affected the legislative body. Both houses will be Whig. The principle objection against Mr. Wright, made by those Whigs who refused to vote for him, was that he ran against the regular Whig candidate for Congress in 1843, and, with the aid of the Locofocos, was elected. We very much regret the result, although it was expected by many good judges of public opinion in New Jersey.

The Lynn News says, the latest name for bustle is back gammon.

THE NEW INDIANA ISSUE.

The State Bank of Indiana has just had engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Edson, of this city, new plates of its issues of Fives, Tens and Twenties. It is the intention of the Directory to call in their old issue, as soon as possible, and replace them with these. Only a small amount of the new notes are yet in circulation.

The mechanical execution of these notes, done under the superintendence of Mr. Jones, who has charge of Messrs. Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Edson's office in this city, has never been surpassed in the United States. The designs are beautiful, and in exceedingly good taste. The vignette is the same on each denomination—the State arms in front, with farmer seated on the right, grasping in his right hand the handle of an axe, with the axe itself resting by his side on the ground; his left hand gracefully thrown back, and extended toward another farmer gathering corn in the background. On the left is the figure of Justice, with her sword and balances, and still further to the left, in the background, the capital of the State. Surmounting the entire vignette is a spread eagle, his wings extend from the centre of the head of the farmer to the same point over the head of Justice.

On the upper corners of the fives are large figures indicating the denomination, with children holding bunches of wheat, encircle the figures. On the right lower corner is the Goddess of Liberty, standing, her left arm reclining on the top of a figure five, and holding the olive branch in her right hand, with the usual attendants in the background. On the corresponding corner, at the left, is one of the most pleasant and beautiful female faces ever looked upon. Centrally at the lower edge of the note, between the President's and Cashier's signature, is another large figure five.

On the tens at the right lower corner is the full length figure of an Indian girl, her left arm elevated, holding an ear of corn, while the left arm falls on her side, the hand resting on the letter X. On the upper corner is the denomination in figures. On the left end at the lower corner is a buffalo, in the centre a fancy 10, and at the upper corner a stag. Faintly printed 10's are stamped through the right and left centre, below the main letter line.

The twenties have a full stature female figure on the centre of the right end, with the word "twenty" at the corners above and below.—Figures "20" are placed at the right of the vignette above, and at the lower left corner of the note. At the bottom of both tens and twenties are the Roman characters which mark the denominations, corresponding in position with numeral of the fives.

The engraving throughout is bold, distinct, and in every respect finally executed. The drawing is also beautifully done. The entire work reflects the highest credit upon the author; and must convince all impartial minds that it is not worth while to go farther east than Cincinnati to find some of the most skillful workers in this line to be met with anywhere. We predict there will be few successful counterfeits of these notes.—Cincinnati Chron.

From the Brother Jonathan.
THE DEATH OF HARRISON.

BY N. F. WILLIS.

What! should the old eagle die at the sun!
Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he had won;
Are there spirits, more blest than the planets of even,
Who mount to their zenith, then melt into Heaven—
No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising when passing away!
Farewell, gallant eagle! thou'rt hurried in light!
God speed unto Heaven, lost star of our night!

Death! Death in the White House! Ah, never before,
Trod his skeleton foot on the President's floor!
He is look'd for in hovel, and dreaded in hall—
The King in his closet keeps haughtiness and pall—
The youth in his birth-place, the old man at home,
Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb;
But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here—
In a churchyard far off stands his beckoning bier!
He is here as the wave-crest heaves flashes on high—
As the arrow is stop'd by its prize in the sky—
The arrow to earth, and the foam to the shore—
Ereth finds them when swift and sparkle are o'er,
But Harrison's death fills the climax of story—
He went with his old stride—from glory to glory!

Lay his sword on his breast! There's no spot on its blade
In whose kankering breath his bright laurels will fade!
'Twas the first to lend on at humanity's call—
It was stay'd with sweet mercy when "glory" was all!
As calm in the council as gallant in war,
He fought for his country, and not its "hurmah!"
In the path of the hero with pity he trod—
Let him pass with his sword to the presence of God!

What more! Shall we on, with his ashes! Yet stay!
He hath rul'd the wide realm of king, in his day!
At his word, like a monarch's, went treasures and land!

The bright gold of thousands has pass'd thro' his hand—

Is there nothing to show of his glittering hoard!
No jewel to deck the rude hit of his sword—
No trappings—no horses!—what had he but now?
On!—on with his ashes!—he left but his plough!
Brave old Cincinnati! Unwind ye his sheet!
Let him sleep as he liv'd—with his suns at his feet!

Follow now as ye list! The first mourner to-day
Is the nation—whose father is taken away!
Wife, children and neighbor, may moon at his knell—
He was "lover and friend" to his country, as well!
For the stars on our banner, grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep, in our darkness—but weep not for him!
Not for him—who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him—who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him—who ascended Fame's ladder so high
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky!
It is blessed to go when so ready to die!

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE.

THE undersigned has opened a Private Boarding House in the Brick Building on Water Street, above Main, known as the Wheeler House. My object is to keep a house for the accommodation of Gentlemen principally. There are, however, three or four very pleasant rooms in the House which can be fitted up for the accommodation of small families. The table shall not be surpassed by any in the city.
Nov. 4th
A. FARNSWORTH.

COTTON Yarn.—Constantly on hand and for sale the best quality of Cotton Yarn by
may 4 th.
A. LAUGHLIN, Water st.