

From the Rio Grande.

The U. S. District Attorney Maria Thomas, Capt. Knapp, arrived yesterday from the mouth of the Rio Grande, whence she sailed on the 27th inst. She brought no letters or papers.

The proprietor, Ashby, also arrived yesterday, having sailed before the Fanny. She brought a mail.

There was nothing new at the Brazos, and but very little sickness of any kind. We have a letter from a favorite correspondent, which we annex, from Mier. We should premise that the letter was written before it was known that the idea of an advance by General Taylor's column had been abandoned.

Gen. Kearney's army of 6,000 men, and the express of the Rio Grande, and a detachment in command of the escort was killed, (Lieut. Capt. Reed's Company of Texas Rangers) but the mail escaped.

On the next day two waggon loads of mules (the mules loaded with merchandise) were attacked two miles this side of Papagallo. The mules and one wagon captured; one man and the driver of one of the wagons, killed. The wagon that was taken I am told contained the "kid" of a couple of French gentlemen who were going up to take the bust of General Taylor. All the material was captured and they only escaped with their lives.

A few days after, I am told, the following was to be seen on the door of a house in China:

"Busta Made Here." The proprietors were recently on a bust and bused up a whole group near Papagallo. This placed them in possession of a fresh stock and latest fashions from Paris. All orders were thankfully received, promptly attended to, nearly executed and cash taken for work done at this office.

"The unfinished mouth and nose of General Taylor compose part of our present stock." "God and Liberty."

"CONALES, CARANALAL & CO." These are merry thieves, are they not? However, there is one thing I know: If they have got the mouth and nose of Gen. Taylor, there is no Mexican who ever make a bluish of him. They can keep their heads above water, but he has got his eye on some of them, and the way he turns his head towards San Luis Potosi.

The prospect here brightens as August clanks on apace. The other day I saw the general look over in the direction of San Juan, and then he cast his eyes on the Star Spangled Banner, flying from the fort. He thought this was ominous, and directly afterwards an order was issued to the quarter master to hurry up the ammunition from Camargo. I came right down here, and am now scrubbing up my old gun, and if I get clean by the 1st of next month, I think I will cross the mountains.

Men and officers are improving rapidly under their discipline in camp. There are many on the sick report, but I understand it is not considered that their disease are from the effects of this climate.

General Lane has again made his appearance among us, and looks "ready for action." He, I think, will report at once, in person, to Gen. Taylor.

From Mexico.

Richmond, Sept. 6—6 P. M. The mail has arrived here from the North bringing a N. O. Picayune extra.

The schooner Mississippi has arrived bringing dates from Vera Cruz up to the 21st ult. A correspondent of the Picayune writes that news has been received at Vera Cruz, brought by a gentleman from Ayota, who came by way of Orizaba, that the vanguard of Gen. Scott's army had reached Ayota, which is twenty miles from the Capital, on the 13th, up to which date not a single gun had been fired.

The reinforcements for Maj. Lally, under Capt. Wells, consisting of Capt. Wells and Pailes' companies of Infantry, and Major Child's lancers, returned to Vera Cruz on the 17th, having proceeded to the National Bridge, where an express overtook Maj. Lally. Information was subsequently received at Vera Cruz, that he had gone on safely beyond Jalapa.

The command under Wells were compelled to fight their way to the National Bridge, and made an attempt to pass it, but found the heights occupied by the Guerrillas, who opened a heavy fire, killing nearly all the mules and horses, and forcing the whole party to retire, leaving all the baggage except only with the officers' baggage and knapsacks. The loss of the Americans was five or six killed, and two or three wounded, and several who died afterwards from fatigue.

A detachment of 12 dragons, accompanied by Surgeon Cooper, was previously dispatched by Capt. Wells for the Bridge, but were prevented from reporting to Maj. Lally, and have not been heard of since. It is supposed that the whole party has fallen into the hands of the Mexicans.

Maj. Lally is reported to have had a sharp skirmish with the Guerrillas at Cerro Gordo, and expected to have another at La Perla Heights. The latter states that there is no doubt of the safety of the train.

It was rumored in Vera Cruz, that Scott had met the enemy, and been repulsed after a sharp engagement, with a loss on our side of eight hundred. The Mexican loss it is reported, is unimportant. The Picayune correspondent says he has full confidence in the truth of the statement that Scott had reached Ayota without any loss.

LETTER FROM HON. JAMES BUCHANAN.

From the Pennsylvania. We are indebted to a friend for a copy of the following letter, sent by the Hon. James Buchanan, in reply to an invitation on the part of the Democratic citizens of Berks county, to the Harvest Home, which took place near Reading on Saturday last. It is a production that speaks for itself. Written on a most interesting subject, it will command attention by the clearness and power with which that subject is discussed—a subject, at this time, which has assumed a most serious, if not momentous aspect.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26, 1847. GENTLEMEN:—I have been honored by the receipt of your kind invitation to unite with the Democracy of Old Berks in their Harvest Home celebration, to be held at Reading on Saturday, 28th inst. I should esteem it both a pleasure and a privilege to be present on the interesting occasion; but, in view of the regret I have to inform you, that my public duties during the present week will render this impossible.

I rejoice to observe that the glorious democracy of Old Berks are buckling on their armor, and preparing for the approaching contest. It is long since any state election for the democracy of the Union, has approached election for Governor of Pennsylvania. On its result may probably depend the ascendancy of the democracy of the Union for years to come. Hence our democratic brethren of other states are witnessing the contest with intense anxiety. The field is a fair one; our candidate well tried, able and honest; and he has been carefully nominated by the party. Should he be defeated, the tempt will be vain to explain the decision of the ballot-box, in any other manner than by admitting that the whigs have the majority.

Our candidate for Canal Commissioner is, also, above all reproach, both personally and politically, and is eminently qualified for the circumstances. It is under such circumstances, that the democratic system should give way, there is great danger that the arch may tumble into pieces. In this contest, emphatically, he is not for us, as against us. I do not apprehend defeat, unless our wily foe should first lull us into security by making no extraordinary public effort; and then at the eleventh hour, quietly steal a march on us, as they have done in some other states. Our vigilance ought to be constantly on the alert, until the moment of victory.

The question of slavery, in one of its ancient aspects, has been recently revived and threatens to convulse the country. The Democratic party of the Union ought to prepare themselves for the approaching danger. Their best security, in the hour of danger, is to cling to their time-honored principles. A sacred regard for the Federal Constitution, and for the reserved rights of the States, is the immovable basis on which the party can alone safely rest. This has never been from the broads of abolition.

Our Democratic friends are not expected to approve slavery in the abstract; but they owe it to themselves, as they value the Union, and all the political blessings which beautifully flow from it to abide by the compromises of the constitution, and leave the question, where that instrument has left it to the State, wherein slavery exists our fathers have made this agreement with their brethren of the South, and it is not for the descendants of either party, in the present generation, to cancel this solemn compact. The abolitionists, by their efforts to annul it, have arrested the natural progress of emancipation, and done great injury to the slaves themselves.

After Louisiana was acquired from France by Mr. Jefferson, and when the state of Missouri, which constituted a part of it, was about to be admitted into the Union, the Missouri question arose, and in its progress, threatened the dissolution of the Union. This was settled by the men of the last generation, as other important and dangerous questions have been settled, in a spirit of mutual concession. Under the Missouri compromise, slavery was forever prohibited north of the parallel of 36° 30' north, and south of this parallel the question was left to be decided by the people. Congress, in the admission of Texas, following in the footsteps of their predecessors, adopted the same policy; and, in my opinion, the harmony of the states, and even the security of the Union itself, require that the line of the Missouri compromise should be extended to any new territory which may be acquired from the East, Middle, and Western States, will ever re-establish slavery within its limits.

In regard to New Mexico, east of the Rio Grande, the question has been already settled by the admission of Texas into the Union. Should we acquire territory beyond the Rio Grande, and East of the Rocky Mountains, it is not probable that a majority of the people of that region would consent to re-establish slavery. They are, themselves, in a large proportion, a colored population; and among them, the negro does not so much belong to a degraded race.

The question is, therefore, not one of practical importance. Its agitation, however honestly intended, can produce no effect, but to alienate the friends of the present Union from each other; to excite sectional divisions and jealousies; and to distract and possibly destroy the democratic party, on the ascendancy of whose principles and measures, depends, as I firmly believe, the success of our grand experiment of self-government.

Such have been my individual opinions, especially as freely expressed, ever since the commencement of the present year, and I am glad to find that all the places in the world, I prefer to put them on record before the incorruptible democracy of Old Berks. I therefore beg leave to offer you the following sentiment:

The Missouri Compromise—its adoption in 1820 saved the Union from threatened dissolution. Its extension in 1847 to any new territory, which may acquire, will secure the like happy result.

Yours, very respectfully, JAMES BUCHANAN.

Charles Kessler, Esq. President, and Geo. F. Spayd and Jacob Livingston, Esq., Secretaries, &c., &c.

Lieut. Col. Fremont, on his arrival at Fort Leavenworth, was placed under arrest by Gen. Kearney, and ordered to Washington. We have as yet seen nothing from California which throws light on the cause of his arrest, or in what particular he disobeyed orders.

The Rev. Mr. Beecher, in his papers, and says the Star of the 5th June contains a long article in reference to the existing between Gen. Kearney and Col. Fremont. While it admits that the course of the latter had rendered him very unpopular in California, it leans to the conclusion that peculiar circumstances attendant were of a kind which rendered his course unavoidable. We however, have no information as to the precise nature of his unpopular acts.

"Good morning, Ben, what's the news? First rate news! Just heard from home—the old man has kicked at last. He only left me a cool twenty thousand, that's all he has ever."

THE OBSERVER.

"The World is Governed too Much." ERIE, PA. Saturday Morning, September 11, 1847. DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS. FOR GOVERNOR, F. R. S. SHUNK. FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER, MORRIS LONGSTRETH.

THOS. H. ELISON is a duly authorized agent to procure subscribers for this paper.

We ask attention to the able and patriotic letter of the Hon. James Buchanan to be found in another column. The views advanced by the Secretary will meet a response from the Democracy in all sections of the country. He takes a national and not a sectional view of the slave question, and of course must and has met the denunciations of the hot-headed and factious of all parties. We rather expect, however, he will survive all such onslaughts.

At the Whig meeting on Saturday evening last, to appoint delegates to the county convention, the Commercial editor and his clique got most essentially and totally used up. When the vote was announced, the whole crowd could have been stuffed into a pint bottle, they looked and felt so small—and the way they mizzled from the Court House, and cut dirt for home, has'nt been beat lately in these diggings.

Wonderful Discovery. The Chronicle has made a discovery! which almost throws Professor Morse in the shade. It says it uniformly finds, in looking over the resolutions adopted at Democratic county meetings, that they sustain "Mr. Polk in all that he has done and is doing." What a queer man you are, Samivel.

A Good Provision. The Illinois convention has adopted a provision in the Constitution "prohibiting the Legislature from authorizing extra compensation, to any public officer, agent, servant or contractor, after the service shall have been rendered, or the contract entered into." A judicious provision, but which will be sure to challenge the hatred of feeders on extra legislation, and to excite their perpetual murmurs against the "impracticability" of the new Constitution.

Fine Fresh Tea. We were in luck this week—especially in the Tea-line. Two samples of Tea from the Canton Tea Company were laid upon our table editorial, and from there speedily transferred to our tea-table. There appears to be two establishments in town claiming the agency for these teas. T. W. Moore, No. 1, Perry Block, and Williams & Wright, corner of State street and the Public Square. Both of them have the teas on hand, and both, we doubt not, would be very happy to supply all orders for the same. Tea drinkers will find at either establishment a superior article put up in pounds, halves and quarters.

A Good Law. The Democratic legislature of New Hampshire has passed a law to prevent the owners of factories from exacting more than ten hours labor each day from persons in their employ. We think this is perfectly right.

The Way it is Done. The following from the Sandusky Mirror, shows the modus operandi adopted by the Ohio Bankers, under their General Banking law, to manufacture a specie basis for their paper. The Mirror well says it beats Wild Cat banking, and allows them six:

"The corruption and underhanded management of the board of control and some leading bankers in Ohio, from all we can learn by what leaks out, were never before equalled, not even in the palmy days of Wild Cat Banking. We predict a magnificent explosion one of these days, when the people will be bewitched to the tune of millions. As a specimen of the real capital employed in creating these new banks, we learn that the same specie was used for the organization of three different banks, in as many different places within the past two weeks."

Farmers and mechanics of Pennsylvania—honest men of all professions and callings—the approaching contest will decide whether a system like that shadowed forth in the above, shall be fastened upon the commonwealth, or not. The friends of Gen. Irvin openly proclaim their determination to enact a General Banking law, should they be so fortunate as to elect him, and obtain a majority in both branches of the Legislature. The Democracy on the contrary are pledged both by their past opposition and the well known and oft repeated views of their candidate, to war against every system of banking which does not make the stockholder individually liable, in all his property, for the notes and other liabilities of the bank. Choose ye, then between them!

An Indian Homing. The science of humbuggery we thought entirely confined to the white race, but it appears we were mistaken. The Cherokee Advocate says, a young girl of the Creek nation recently fell into a trap, and has since been prophesying to the tribe. She says that while in this inhuman state she held communion with invisible spirits, who learned her a song which she sings with great beauty and effect. She has predicted one or two deaths which have come to pass, and told from her own feelings of a murder, at the very time it was committed at a distance of several miles from her home. She has also purchased burial clothes, forlaid at what time her death would take place, and certain signs which would then be seen, and from which the world could judge of the sincerity of her protestations and the truth of her revelations.

A Grumb of Oomfom. The Chronicle has found a crumb of comfort in the return of Paredes to Mexico, and the "declaration by the British government that it would continue to recognize the present Mexican authorities or government if, after withdrawing from the city of Mexico, they should wander forty years in the wilderness." And yet, this is an old and accredited organ of that party which claims that it is not opposed to the war, but to the "villainous and bungling authors of it," meaning the administration. Oh, humbuggery, thy name is legion.

The Fredonia Censor came to hand this week greatly enlarged and improved in appearance—its federalism, however, is as blue as ever.

WHIG PROPHECY vs. DEMOCRATIC REALITY.

But one month remains before the people of Pennsylvania will be again called upon to choose an Executive to fill the chair of State. Our opponents have predicted the contest on National issues, and not local—have proclaimed to the world that the defeat or success of Francis R. Shunk will be indicative of the feelings of the people in regard to the great and momentous measures which have characterized and rendered immortal the present administration of the national government—more particularly, the "Tariff and the War. Now, while we do not concede that the coming contest will entirely decide these questions so far as Pennsylvania is concerned, we are willing to admit it will have an important bearing on them. Let us, then, in view of this, for one moment examine whig prophecies and contrast them with Democratic realities, in regard to one—what meant the Tariff.

It is a maxim of that Book of books, that a tree should be judged by its fruits. Let the tariff of '42 and '46 be judged by this rule, and we are content to abide the issue. But in order to do so clearly and understandingly, we must go back to the speeches and prophecies of the whigs before the bill of '46 became a law, and see whether the reality has not falsified every such prediction, and proved that the bill of '42 instead of being a blessing was actually a curse to the great and growing agricultural interests of the country. During the canvass of 1844, the Hon. John M. Clayton, while on a political pilgrimage in this State, made use of the following language, in a speech at Lancaster:

"Should the struggle for national independence, which is going through through length and breadth of the land, be decided against us by the vote of Pennsylvania, she will come out of the contest, with her gorgeous banner trailing in the dust, her heroic bleeding at every pore. The shouts of party triumph will be speedily succeeded by the wail of her ruined plowmen and her beggared mechanics. The fires of her forges and the sound of the axe and the hammer in her workshops will die away amidst the acclamations of her fatal victory; and there may be many among the thousands before me, who with sorrow-stricken, if not broken hearts, may live to mourn the loss of that which public liberty would cease to be a blessing."

This high-sounding and vividly dramatic picture was the result of the bill of '46. Has it been realized in one single particular? Is Pennsylvania "bleeding at every pore" and has the "shouts of party triumph" been "succeeded by the wail of her ruined plowmen and beggared mechanics"? Have "the fires of her forges and the sound of the axe and hammer in her workshops died away"? And where are the "sorrow-stricken" and broken-hearted, "produced by the tariff of '46"? Answer us—ye "John M. Clayton," small and great—ye false prophets, and small beer political hucksters! Have those things come to pass?

The North American, Philadelphia, in July, 1846, in imitation of Clayton in '44, addressed the people of Pennsylvania as follows: "Behold your bankruptcy! You affected to favor the tariff—a policy—'Where either your best life or bear no life'—You whose hills and valleys rung with the songs of protected labor, and whose vast hopes of affluence and prosperity knew no existence but in the tariff—your hand is that which strikes it down. You have ruined yourself and the country to win a sugar-wad from a party that spurns you. Now take the desolation that you have wooed; see your mines deserted, your forge fires extinguished, your shuttles stilled, your labor without hope, your capital without profit. Pay your State debt, your stock in drafts upon the banks, your sink into bankruptcy, dishonor and misery, and be the scold of the world, as a State that sold a glorious birthright for a wretched mess of pottage."

Freemen of the Keystone—Democrats of Pennsylvania—you who have stood by your principles in good as well as in evil report, what say you to the above? Has not a Democratic reality proved it a lie? Are your mines deserted? Your shuttles stilled? Your labor without hope? Your capital without profit? On the contrary, were times ever better within the memory of the "oldest inhabitants." And as to the State debt, although "drafts on the party" are at a premium, have you not good whig authority for saying that there is no necessity for resorting to that source? Do you not see it daily and weekly in the whig papers that your State revenue has been increased so much over last year on your rail roads and canals, that the State Treasurer has been enabled to promptly meet the interest on your State debt, and cancel a large amount borrowed to meet the deficit while the bill of '42 was in existence. Surely, surely, although you might have had a hundred "Powers" in your Canal Board such increase could not have occurred if the above prophecy had been realized. No, no, the gloomy forebodings of whig presses and speakers have not been realized—the eye of the enquirer looks in vain over the length and breadth of our vast country and rests not upon one spot where the most subtle sophistry can find evidence to sustain it. On the contrary, war has failed to shake the credit of the nation, sustained as it is by the increased receipts from our custom houses. This country has been prosperous in every ramification.

Even here, in Pennsylvania, manufactories and villages are springing up at every turn. This could not be, and would not be, unless the iron business was still profitable. Men do not embark their capital in business unless they have some guarantee that it will return them a good percentage. That the iron business in Pennsylvania is doing this—aye, more, enriching those engaged in it, we think no one can doubt.

But, say the whigs, all this is the result of the famine in Ireland—if it hadn't been for our predictions would have been realized. O, most sapient whigs, did you ever take into consideration the fact, that the scarcity in Europe could only increase the price of breadstuffs? Admit that the famine in Ireland had had an effect to enhance the price of grain, which, by this, we never denied, the prosperity in all other branches of agriculture and productive industry still stands unaccounted for! Has the famine in Ireland increased the price of Tobacco, of Cotton, of Iron, and above all, of Labor? We think such articles would be rather hard even for an Irishman to appease his craving appetite upon. But now that the wants of Ireland are supplied, and this year's crop harvested, proving more abundant than ever, what is the reason the great agricultural staples of the country, wheat, corn, oats, cotton, and tobacco, have not gone back to their prices under the tariff of '42? They certainly should have done so, at least wheat and corn, if the famine in Ireland was the only cause of their enhanced value. From

Rough Notes by the Way.

Correspondence of the Erie Observer. NEW ALBANY, IA. SEPT. 11, 1847. According to my half-made promise, I set down to drop you a few "Rough Notes by the Way." My journey thus far, has been an extremely pleasant one—in fact it could not well be otherwise from the diversified and beautiful country through which my route passed, and the many queer people and questions one always sees and hears while traveling. For instance, the hack driver that took us down to the boat at your city, asked a lady "if she hadn't a band-box?" Now, how a veteran porter could ask such a question, was a query to me. It may be but a practice peculiar to this age, but I would just invite some one skilled in antiquities to fix upon that period in the world's history when ladies traveled without band boxes.

The good steamer Ohio bore us to Sanduskey city without any thing occurring worthy of note, if I may except an error I fell into about 4 o'clock in the morning, occasioned by the noisy importunities of the runners at Cleveland. In my half-dreaming state, I fancied their pack of prairie wolves in hot chase after their prey; and I'm not sure, now that I'm wide awake, that there is not some living resemblance—they are both certainly great nuisances. On arriving at Sanduskey, they again beset us on all sides, and the uninitiated would have supposed himself in the midst of a bevy of the most anxious friends. I was very favorably impressed with Sanduskey. It contains some very fine dwellings, substantial public buildings, and altogether wears quite a business aspect.

Monday morning was ushered in by the whistling of the locomotive, the clattering of waggon and omnibuses. At 7 o'clock we were seated in the cars, baggage check in our pocket, whizzing along, en route for Cincinnati, a distance of about 240 miles. Thirty miles of this route is travelled by stage coaches; this lies between Bellefontain and Springfield. The upper part of the route passes through a very fine wheat country. Flouring mills and flourishing villages are scattered all along. Among the latter I noticed the town of Tiffin, in Seneca county, as a place of some importance.

I love the good old fashioned stage coach, all the improvements of the times to the contrary; you jumble about, dig your elbows into each other's sides, tramp on toes, mash bonnets, and soon become acquainted. And then there's no chance for that selfish, eternal read, read, that go' where you will, hotel, steamer, or rail road, seems to be absorbing every body, but is in reality but an excuse for their icy-hearted politeness. "Divine" is an object upon which a community of interest is felt, from the fact that for the time being he is master of our hopes, both present and future. I think we had upon the box the very pink of the turf. He bragged upon his Pennsylvania raising, and upon his team, branching out largely upon his capacity to bear anything on the track; and we bragged upon the truly Abraham was "one of the olden time" drivers.

Our course lay through a very fine country and three or four small little villages. Springfield is a beautiful town of better than three thousand inhabitants. "Twas bright moonlight when the coach rolled in, and the Telegraph posts, scattered along the streets, appeared like the ghosts of the mourners of that age which is fast passing away. Intelligence flashes from this point to Columbus, Dayton and Cincinnati. Before day the next morning we again vaulted into the saddle of the "Iron Horse," whose flaming nostrils and chaffing snort, gave evidence of his sense of delay. At length the reins are loosened, he gives a start, his triumphant train makes an effort to follow—another, another, and yet another, and then with a whistle that echoes and re-echoes, away he dashes. "Chain me down," is the language the poet has put in his mouth, but he scorns the bit—onward he goes like a thunder-bolt careering on its course. He stopped not for breath, he staid not for storm. "Father Job may talk as he likes about his war steed, but I say the 'old boss' is best. The Miami valley through which most of this part of the route passes, is perhaps as rich a body of land as the "Buckeyes" can boast, and this season is fairly groaning under produce of all kinds.

It would be good for your lake people's eyes to see the fields of corn which we passed on this route. I don't think they can brag on their wheat, but when you mention corn, they're "thurr." Ten o'clock brought us within sight of the city smoke, and soon after, dome, roof and steeple of the "Queen" alias "Pork city" were glistening back the morning sun. Every body knows Cincinnati is a great business place; but it may not be so generally known that it is second only to Pittsburg, in the west and south for foundries and machine shops. As we passed by some of these establishments on our way to the boat, we saw, plane, and hammer, sent up a song in praise of their fram master, who ever and anon hissed and scolded as he drove them on their busy errand.

A steamboat ride on the Ohio is never uninteresting to the traveler. The varying scenery, the passing panorama of villages, farms, rural scenes, and every description of floating craft, keep the tourist on the constant lookout.

Early on Wednesday morning we opened our "individual" eyes, and gave two or three intelligent yaws, and found we were lying at the Louisville levee, where we had arrived about three o'clock in the morning. Dickens found nothing in this city to interest his lordly mind, but the operations of a pig gathering straw for his bed; but we saw not only numerous porkers, but a busy bustling city, fast improving and teeming with every luxury of life. A short ride of four miles brought us to this point, where a hearty welcome from our friends made us feel perfectly "fresh."

New Albany has always had the reputation of a smart little place, but in the general improvements of the times, it is perhaps ahead of any place I have seen on the route, being now a city of some six thousand inhabitants, and spreading itself out in new and good improvements. It has a market house about three times as large as yours; which every morning forms a busy scene of buyers and sellers. There is an excellent female Seminary and Academy established here; some eight or ten fine churches, and the way public school rooms loom up, a caution to all anti-common school advocates. This is perhaps one of the greatest points in the south.

Wheat for Steamboat Building.

Six are on the stocks now; three are being rapidly prepared for the fall trade; contractors have not been able to find hands sufficient to supply the demand. They are building a marine engine when completed, together with a pair of and building of some twenty thirty steamers annually, will make reverbinate with the sound of the mallet, ad and hammer. In an evening we met clouds of pretty girls, who were hear the stirring strains of an amateur band that was adding additional eclat to the mellow hour; with this very fact resting upon our memory we close the present.

Yours truly, OMBE

The editor of the Commercial smart for this meridian—he's equal to low in the song, who jumped into a boat, and scratched both his eyes out, and in an article of nearly a column, which its author has neither head nor tail, he backwards and forwards, alternately "without proviso," "our representatives others in the last Congress," "the Erie server," "Democratic National Convention," &c., &c. What the fellow would say, extremely hard to say. He appears awfully frightened because, we said, "Pennsylvania has the right to establish state the constitution, if the people try to amend it accordingly." One would be inclined to think he was afraid "I would say so," and his own personal every suffer thereby. But seriously, the editor of the Commercial ceased the people have not the right to amend their constitution to suit themselves that it does not conflict with that of the United States. If he does not, why assertion of ours quoted, denominated "strous." It is nothing but a plain proposition of self-government—an assertion of political power is vested in the people, as such, instead of being "ministered" as a principle acted upon by the States, as often as they find their constitutions amendment. As to the expediency of people using such power in this particular, is another matter. We unblushingly are opposed to it as much as any body they present it we had in the last

The whigs are hard to please—the Administration cannot do it, what may do. Not long since they were the President at a rapid rate because his relatives were playing their breast to enemy. Now, however, that the President has appointed his brother, W. H. Polk, county clerk to Saratoga, which Polk resigned for the purpose, Major of Dragoon, and sent him on to join Gen. Scott, they're equally abusive.

A Mexican Whig. Gov. Rebb, of Ohio, has refused to furnish subsistence to the volunteers recently captured—Col. Irving's regiment. This practice has been for the States, to force their quota of men at the place of rendezvous designated in the call. The Governor refused to make any contract for transportation of the companies to Cincinnati their rendezvous. This would have required the movement of the troops but for the telegraph, through which the government was unfringed of the difficulty, and the War Department immediately provided for the emergency.

Rats Leave a Smoking Ship. The federal ship in Pennsylvania is almost careening for its final pluck, and already its crew deserting in swarms. Many of their best men are become disgusted at the course and conduct of their old associates, leaders upon the war, and will act with us no longer. Of those who have recently "cast out from among the foul party" we may say DR. GEORGE H. KEISER of Bedford county, who has heretofore been one of the leading Whigs of that section of the State. At the late meeting of the Democracy of Bedford he came out manfully and delivered a able and true Speech in favor of SUCKS AS YOU WAN. He renounced all connection with a party that refuses to stand by the Country a time of war, and his speech carried terror into the ranks of his former friends. This but a single instance. There are hundreds and thousands of the same sort in the last who will pursue the same course though they may not make it publicly known. So we go—Huzza for Shunk and our Country.

We understand that sufficient telegraphic stock has been taken, or will be, in this city to secure a station. At six rods the line has been staked out down Freed street to a room in the Reed House, where the office will be kept.

The Gazette is of opinion that Clay may yet be their candidate. We think there is no mistake about it—the party will be compelled to support him in spite of all the Tories, Scotts and McLeans in the country. So shut your eyes, ye rank and file of the party, and prepare your stomachs for the diet your leaders are preparing for you.

Not a bit of it. The Boston Post says if Thomas Corwin should receive the whig nomination for President, the ingenious advocates of that party would declare that he was in favor of the war, and if he should happen to be elected, would prove beyond cavil that the war is unpopular.

Several of the papers have announced the death of T. W. Dorr, on the authority of a New Bedford paper. We noticed the article a week or two ago, and did not credit it at that time, presuming it arose from the fact of his severe illness. Eastern papers have now contradicted it.

A Stop at the Corwin Whigs. The Corwin whigs catch it on "each and every side, sir." Even Henry Clay could not forbear giving them "dig under the fifth rib" in his recent speech at Philadelphia. In speaking of the war, he remarked:

"In conclusion, I would say; that under whatever circumstances the country may be placed, whether it is flourishing or unpromising, and whether the administration of its government be good or bad, we should at all times be ready to give our support to its institutions, and we will thus forever maintain the safety of the republic."

The Gazette thinks candidates for the Presidency had ought to write to the press, for fear, like Mr. Clay's in 1847, they

table before us of the value of these commodities in an eastern market, on the 23rd of August in the years 1843—44—45—46—47, we find the following result: From 43 to 46, during the existence of the tariff of '42, the price of wheat ranged from 63 to 100 cents; corn 35 to 55 cts.; oats 25 to 37 cts.; tobacco from \$1 20 and 7 00, according to quality, to \$1 80 and 10 00; cotton 63 to 83 cts. The same day in August, 1847, after the famine in Ireland had ceased to have any effect, with an over abundant harvest just gathered, we find the following quotations: wheat \$1 10 to 1 20; corn 70 cts.; oats 50 cts.; cotton 11 to 12 cts.; tobacco \$1 75 a \$1 45.

One word and we are done. These quotations are of the character that sophists cannot reach them. They prove incontrovertibly that so far as our great agricultural staples, wheat, corn, oats, cotton, and tobacco, are concerned, instead of being "ruined" they were never in a more healthy condition. And in this particular, the manufacturing interests of the country are not a whit behind them. Where then, is that "ruin" where that wail of ruined plowmen and beggared mechanics?

Gen. Patterson's Command. In speaking of the departure of Gen. Patterson for the seat of war, the Union says he is to take charge of the military force of mounted men raised in Louisiana, Texas, Georgia and Illinois, and the troops which sailed from Baltimore under Col. Hughes. These troops are intended to keep open the line of communication between Vera Cruz and Perote. They consist of Col. Hughes' regiment, five companies of mounted volunteers from Louisiana, five companies of horse from Georgia, and three from Illinois, the regiment of Texas rangers under Hayes, or such part of them as Gen. Taylor can spare for the service—at least five companies.

After Gen. Patterson has opened the line of communication, he will join Gen. Scott.

Precept and Practice. Col. Haskell, on the stump in Tennessee, said if elected he would go for "tealing off the blood-hounds," i. e. withdrawing the army to the east bank of the Rio Grande. It appears now that this sentiment was not new to him—he acted upon it at the battle of Cerro Gordo. J. B. and G. A. Pillow have produced certificates and statements from a considerable number of officers and privates at that battle, establishing the correctness of Gen. Pillow's assertion that Col. Haskell retreated in advance of his regiment, without his cap on; all who have made any statements agree that he appeared disconcerted and confused. Some think he was much alarmed.

Patriotic Politicians. What perfectly patriotic and disinterested politicians some of the whig aspirants for the Presidency are. For instance, Gen. Taylor declares his determination not to be a candidate unless called upon by a spontaneous movement of the people, irrespective of party—so that he can go into the Presidential chair untrammelled. Mr. Clay, too, not to be outdone by old "Rough and Ready" in such humbuggery has commenced tuning his instrument to the same key. The Louisville Journal, speaking by "authority," says; "immediately after he saw that the last presidential election had resulted so disastrously to the country, resolved that he would not again be a candidate for the presidency unless he was called upon to be one by the voice of the American people, without distinction of party." As for the late presidential election, he cared nothing about it, so far as he was himself concerned; but for the sake of the people and the country—"his dearly beloved country"—he deprecated and deplored it. "In course he did." He did not care any thing about being President himself, but for the sake of the honor and glory and happiness of the people, he would like to have been elected. "In course he would!" Disinterested patriot and statesman! Who shall refuse to offer thee the homage of a grateful heart? No good and loyal whig, we are sure—unless it becomes expedient to throw you overboard, like a useless piece of lumber, and put in nomination a "military chieftain." It is true that for thirty years and upwards you have stood ready to fill the place of President, for the sake of your "bleeding country"; thirty years have you held out to that "bleeding country" an enormous ballot-box, and to this day that same "bleeding country" has refused to deposit a majority of its suffrages in the "Clay poor box." Indeed, and in truth, how very ungrateful, not to say unkind, these "bleeding countries" sometimes are! But Mr. Clay is willing to serve his "bleeding country" yet, provided all parties will step forward and vote for him. "Goodness, gracious! you don't say so!" The proposition he now holds out looks most strangely like a disposition to steal Gen. Taylor's thunder.

The Gazette is coaxing for Native Notes. It says they have no "distinctive organization in any of our counties, except Lancaster, Philadelphia, and, perhaps, Allegheny," and tells them they "never can make much head way, and, therefore, had better disband at once, and go back to their original elements." Meaning, of course, the whig party—it would not advise them thus, if it thought they were Democrats, certainly. By the by, how long is it since this same paper tried to make it appear that this native party were all democrats, or the offspring of the Democratic party? Consistency is certainly a jewel.

The Jew Colors. The Cincinnati (O.) Reporter unfurls the following flag