Awful Calamity.

THE PROPELLER PHŒNIX BURNED AND OVER 200 LIVES LOST!!!

On Saturday evening last we received a telegraphic despatch from New York, announcing the distressing intelligence of the burning of the Propeller Phœnix, on Lake Michigan, on Sunday of last week, and the destruction of a large number of lives. The report was not at first generally credited, but yesterday morning the Schooner Ontonagan arrived bringing a corroboration of the calamity, with some particulars in relation to it.

Capt. Robinson, of the Schooner, saw and conversed with the Mate of the Phœnix, who is on board the Propeller Delaware, and gathered from him the following particulars: On Sunday the 21st inst., the Propeller Phœnix, having on board some 200 men, women and children, emigrant passengers, mostly from Holland, besides the crew of about 30 persons and 40 cabin passengers, bound for Chicago, made Manitowoc Bay, Lake Michigan, in heavy weather for shelter from the gale. She let go her anchors, but the sea was so heavy that she dragged them, and to save themselves from a shipwreck she put out to sea again.—She had proceeded to within about 15 miles of Sheboygan, being about equal distant from that place and Manitowoc, and about six miles off shore, when a fire was discovered in her hold. Every effort was made to extinguish it and with good success. But the vessel seemed doomed to destruction, for no sooner had they mastered the fire in the hold, than it broke out between decks, having been communicated from the boilers. The wind was quite fresh and blowing directly on shore, which accounts for her being so far off land. Capt. Sweet was confined to his berth by sickness and the command devolved upon the first Mate. The greatest terror and confusion ensued at the second appearance of fire, and all hope of saving the vessel was soon abandoned. A rush was then made for the small boat, when Mr. David Bliss, of Southport, with great presence or mind and determination of purpose, ordered and drove them away from the boat, directing the Mate to take possession of it and lower it away. He then took Capt Sweet from his room and placed him in the boat, when he directed some twenty others to follow; and the boat left the Propeller for the shore—Mr. Bliss himself remaining behind.

The Propeller Delaware hove in sight about the time that the boat left, and new hopes were raised on board, that she might reach them in time to save them from destruction—but it was a vain hope. The boat that left for shore arrived in safety, but before the Delaware could come up with the burning vessel she had sunk, and all on board, except two picked up, had perished, either by fire or flood. Mr. Bliss fell a victim to his efforts to save others—he being among the lost.

This calamity involves a greater destruction of human life than has ever occurred in one event, upon these waters. Most of those on board were foreigners, and their loss will not be realized, but still it is a dreadful catastrophe, which carries to destruction in so short a time more than 200 human beings, with so small a chance for escape as appears upon this occasion. Only 30 saved from some 270 persons. Eight of the crew, we understand, were among those saved.

The Phœnix was owned by Messrs. Pease & Allen, of Cleveland, and was insured for $12,000.

This account varies somewhat from others in regard to the number on board—and those saved—and may not be strictly correct, but it is made up from the best information we could obtain.—*Morning Express.*

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.—We have conversed with Mr. M. W. House, engineer of the Phœnix, and from him received the following particulars in addition. The fire occured on Sunday morning, the 21st inst., between Sheboygan and Mantouwoc, and about seventeen miles from Sheboygan. The fire was first discovered under deck, near the back end of the boiler, and all posible means were used to extinguish it, but without success.—The two small boats were lowered away and instantly filed with the few who escaped to tell the tale of the sad disaster. Capt. Sweet, who had been confined to his state room, one wheelsman and one deck hand were in one of the beats; the 1st mate, one fireman and 2d porter in the other; the balance of the loads were chiefly Hollanders.

Mr. Donihoe, Clerk, Mr. House, Engineer, and one passenger, Mr. J. Lang, were all that were taken from the water alive. Donihoe and Lang were found under the stern, clinging to the wheels, and the engineer on a float about 50 rods from the wreck. Those who were saved were taken up by the propeller Deleware, which was at anchor off Sheboygan at the time the fire commenced. The Deleware towed the wreck, which was completely gutted, into Sheboygan, where it now lays aground. Much credit is due to Capt. Tuttle and the crew of the Deleware, for the prompt and humane assistance rendered by them on the occasion, and for the kind treatment extended to the sufferers whilst on their passage down.—*Cleveland Herald.*

MURDER AT POINT PLEASANT.—A murder of a strange and mysterious character, occured at Point Pleasant, in this county, on the night of Monday of last week. On the following morning, the dead body of a respectable looking woman was found in the canal at the above place. The age of the deceased is supposed to have been about thirty years.—On an examination a number of marks of violence were discovered upon her person, which gave decided evidence of foul play. There was a severe bruise on her head, another on her breast, and several on the back part of her neck, as if executed with a heavy club. Her side bore evident marks of being kicked with a square toed boot, and her neck was dislocated. Her apparel is represented to have been quite respectable, and in her pocket was found a half dollar in money, a pair of scissors, a silver thimble, and a linen handkerchief.—Her stockings were marked with the initials of "R. B." Her body could not be recognized by any one in the vicinity, and suspicions at once were placed upon the inmates of a boat, which had passed down the canal on Monday evening. A Coroner's inquest was held before Joseph Hough, Esq., which rendered a verdict in accordance with the facts as above stated. The general impression in the vicinity is, that the foul deed was committed on the canal above Point Pleasant, and that the body was carried along to the waste way, where it was discovered, and there thrown overboard.—*Doylstown Democrat.*

SECRET MURDER.—An inquest was held on Saturday last upon the body of a young man found in Wolf River, near the lower steam saw mill, on this side, who had evidently been most foully murdered. The individual appeared to have been about 20 or 25 years of age, with black hair, and of genteel person.—The letters "J. W. G." were very neatly worked in the shirt bosom. The dress was a blue frock coat, plaid casimere pantaloons, and foxed buckskin gaiters—no vest. In the coat pocket was found a copy of the Pittsburg Morning Chronicle of October 4th or 5th, a plain gold ring on his finger, and a silver pencil case and trunk key in the pocket of his pantaloons. No money was found on his person, nor could any appearance be detected of his pockets having been rifled. There were three cuts with a knife in the breast, a severe contusion over the eye, and two cuts on the back of the head, supposed to have been made with a club. The blood was still oozing slightly from the wounds, and appearance indicated that the deed had been committed within a short time—not more than a day or two—previous to the discovery of the body.—*Memphis Enquirer.*

☞ The democrats have elected the member in Lee county, Iowa, thus securing a democratic majority on joint ballot, and two democratic U. S. Senators.

News from the Army.

NEW YORK NOV. 29—7 P. M.

The N. O. Picayune Extra of the afternoon of the 22d, has no later despatches from the city of Mexico. The Propeller *Edith* arrived at New Orleans, bringing dates from Vera Cruz, two days later. A letter from Quaretaro the 25th, 2 days later, says that 71 Deputies had arrived in the city, and that very soon there would be sufficient to open the session. The first business will be the election of a President. The candidates are Penna, Almonte and Herrera. News had reached there of certain designs of stock jobbers at the Capital to form Mexico into two great States, and annex them to the American Union. The Razonador newspaper maintains the opinion that this is a new party.

The Arco Iris states the number of Mexican troops in the field at 31,000.

A letter from the National Bridge gives particulars of Gen. Patterson's march from there without molestation to his head quarters at St. Anna's residence. Col. Harvey was sill there.

Gen. Patterson had received a visit from a commissioner from Padre Jarauta, with peace proposals. The Padre being tired of war and wishing to come under the protection of our government. Gen. Patterson cooly told the commissioner, if Jarauta wished to return to Vera Cruz as a good citizen—to disperse his command and proceed there instantly, and no one would molest him—adding, that he should hang every guerrilla he caught.

The train was to proceed with the 5th Division Baltimore Battallion.

The reported fight between Jarauta and Zenobia was confirmed, which is the supposed cause of his peaceful intentions. The guerrilla force is getting weaker.

The health of Matamoros is improving.—It was rumored there that the states of San Luis, Zacatecas and two others had declared in favor of Parades and proffered him, 18,000 troops.

In one of Kendall's letters from Mexico, dated Oct. 29th, he mentioned a rumor to the effect that there are letters in town directed to influential Mexicans, communicating as a fact that at a meeting of the leading men of the country at Queretera, it has been determined upon to move every element to raise four grand divisions and all the necessary munitions, for the purpose of attacking and wresting the city from the Americans. The leaders look for great assistance within the walls for the successful carrying out of the plan. It is said that there are several Mexican officers of rank hid away, and that they hold nightly meetings in some secret place. More than this it is highly probable that their deliberations may have some connection with a grand project similar to that mentioned above. Whether it will be carried out is another matter.

The same writer says, that a portion of the force recently under Santa Anna, in the neighborhood of Puebla, had reached Tula on their way to Queretaro. The whole line of march of this force has been a course of robbery and rapine.

AFFAIRS IN MEXICO.

The N. O. Delta of the 13th gives a letter from its faithful correspondent "Mustang," which says—

"The visit of Paredes has developed itself. We have heretofore been led to believe that the idea advanced, that one of the European powers was desirous of planting a sprig of its dynasty in this country, was one of those political speculations frequently emanating from fertile imaginations. We could not be induced to believe that Louis Phillippe, in his declining days, would for a moment entertain the project of sending here the Duke de Montpensier (for I cannot think who else it could be) for the purpose of extending his sovereign power over this benighted country, which would inevitably terminate in the assassination of his son, and the usurpation of his authority by some military aspirant; and that too, at the hazard of involving France in a war with the United States; but, to our surprise, such is the fact. A proposition has been agreed to on the part of France, by which, if Mexico will produce the signatures of 3000 landholders, pledging themselves to support and maintain the measure, then France will place a prince of its throne here to govern and rule. A paper to that effect being made on the part of its friends to accomplish the object. Nearly the whole of the church are giving it their warm support, and using every means in their power to carry it successfully through, looking upon it as the only means of perpetuating the interests and influence of the ecclesiastical body. A great many of the Centralists, of wealth and strength who have heretofore opposed the measure with decision and energy, conceiving their power and place to be among the things that were, and hoping by this movement to be able to regain a portion of what they have lost are not only conciding with it, but are lending it their undivided aid and influence. Also, some of the conservatives and those of a neutral temperament in politics have yielded to the project."

FROM TAMPICO.—The ship Seaman, Captain Myrick, arrived yesterday from Tampico, which port she left on the 7th inst. We are indebted to Captain Myrick for the Tampico Sentinel of the 4th inst. We find nothing in it of interest, except the following paragraph;

Mexico, 26th Oct.—We are positively informed that Gen. Santa Anna has fixed his residence conformably in all to the orders which he has received on the subject from the supreme government, and from thence he intends to defend himself against the charges brought against him for his conduct as a military man. His campanions in his retirement are only his chaplain and General Stabolo, with a small force of cavalry for the security of his person. Gen. Alverez, with the 3d, 7th, and 9th carassiers, and other regular troops, with the Corps del Sur, have marched in the direction of Cuernavaca. General Reyes, also with the regiment of hussars and other bodies, both cavalry and infantry, have taken their line of march to Queretaro, to put themselves at the disposition of the supreme government.—*N. O. Delta, 17th.*

GEN. SHIELDS.—The feeling that he has inspired among those under his command are well illustrated in the following anecdote, related by "Mustang," the correspondent of the N. O. Delta:—

"Gen. Shields was wounded in the attack upon the works under Chapultepec. As soon as he saw the fortifications carried, he returned to the rear for the purpose of having his wound dressed; as he passed along the line of his brigade, the men seemed to sympathise with him as though he had been a brother to them all. But the feelings showed itself stronger when they came to advance upon the city along the aqueduct, and as they were compelled to halt at different points, I heard them frequntly asking—'I wonder who will command our brigade now?' 'I don't know,' says another; 'but live or die, I'll stick by the Palmetto as long as there's any one to carry it.' 'That is not the thing, exactly; we will all stand by our colors, we want some chief that we all know, who will look out and see that our colors don't get where we will all get our heads knocked off standing by it; we want some one who will not get us all killed off without doing any thing.' At this moment Gen. Shields came riding up, with his arm in a sling. His appearance at the rear was announced by the cheering salutations of his command which extended along the whole line. His men—officers and privates—are devotedly attached to him, and would follow him any where he would lead them, with pride and confidence, and his appearance among them was equal to an addition of a force equal to their own numbers."

Dr. Beecher says—never chase a lie. Let it alone, and it will run itself to death. I can work out a good character much faster than any one can lie me out of it.

THE OBSERVER.

"The World is Governed too Much."

ERIE, PA.

Saturday Morning, December 4, 1847.

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

☞ "The Prussian Calculator" is the title of a new work on the science of numbers, by Professor I. A. CLARK, which has been laid on our table by the author. We have not had time to examine it ourself, but a friend who gave it a cursorary glance, speaks in terms of commendation of the system it professes to elucidate. We understand the author intends visiting this place soon, and deliver one or more lectures on the subject, when those interested will have a chance to learn more of its claims to public attention.

☞ We are requested to say that Messrs. Elliott & Rose, Dentists, have removed their office to Eighth street, between State and French streets. By the by, we cannot refrain from saying that we have just had a chance to try the professional skill of these gentlemen, and find them all they are represented in their card.

☞ The Girard Free Press is dead—at least, we suppose so, as we hav'nt seen it for some time past.

☞ The Gazette is out in favor of Congress repealing the tariff of '46 and substituting that of '42. The Editor forgets that reforms never go backwards, hence he might as well call for a second Noah's flood—there is just about as much probability of obtaining one as the other.

A good Move.

The New York Evening Post publishes a call for a meeting of citizens, without distinction of faith or party, to express the sympathy of the American people for Pope Pius IX. and the Italian people, in the noble stand they have taken for National Independence and Constitutional Freedom. There are five hundred names appended to the call; many of them are citizens of the highest standing, of all political parties, and various religious sects.

☞ The Louisville Courier, the Taylor organ in Kentucky, is down upon Mr. Clay's "last" great effort in true "Rough and Ready" style. The Editor in a very quiet and gentlemanly way, convicts the great "embodyment" of misrepresentation, if not of downright falsehood.

☞ Our *amiable* friend of the Gazette has'nt a word of reply to the harsh epithets and pointed insinuations of his brother of the Commercial. Well, some folks will stand a kick, but we'er not of that number.

☞ An officer of the first Pennsylvania Regiment, in writing home, says:

"We had intended to have polled our vote out here for Governor, but on the day of the election we were fighting our way into Puebla. I hope the democrats have gained as easy a victory on that day as we did."

The writer will be doubtless gratified to learn that his democratic brethren at home achieved about as complete a victory over the "Mexican sympathizers," as he and his compatriots did over the Mexicans themselves.—They were both, after all, engaged in the same labor—the difference was merely in the weapons used.

Can it Be?

A very uniformly correct Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says that a startling rumor prevails in that city that will somewhat embarrass the "no territory" party. Mr. J. Q. Adams, it is said, will avail himself of the first opportunity to declare himself in favor of the acquisition of the whole of Mexico.

Some more evidence of that "Ruin."

Amid the discussion of the war, Mr. Clay's *last great* effort to reach the Presidency, and the questions incident thereto, we had almost forgot our promise to lay before our readers such evidence, from time to time, of the manner *that* "ruin," which the whigs predicted would follow the passage of the Tariff of '46, is affecting the country. It probably would have entirely escaped our mind had not we seen a statement from the Albany Evening Journal, one of the "ruin" croakers, that the New York Canals has yielded a revenue during the past season of *over three millions and a half of dollars, which is an increase of over three-quarters of a million over last year,* under the tariff of '42. This, our readers will call a queer kind of "ruin." Pennsylvania has been affected in the same way. Her canals and rail roads, although suffering severely from the freshet this fall, in the most business part of the season, will show a corresponding increase, the exact amount of which has not yet been made public. And yet we are daily told by whig newspapers about the "deplorable situation of the country," just as though the people were all fools and did'nt know when they were "ruined" and when they were not, without the aid of such panic almanac makers.

☞ On the 13th ult., the Vermont House of Representatives passed a bill to protect the rights of married women in property belonging to them before marriage. It provides that the rents, issues and profits of the real estate of any married woman, and the interest of her husband in her right in any real estate which belonged to her before marriage, or which may have acquired by gift, grant, devise or inheritance during coverture, shall be exempt from attachment for the husband's debts.

A ten hour Movement.

The Mechanics, laboring men and others in Philadelphia, Delaware and other counties, are preparing to apply to the Legislature of this State, for a law declaring ten hours' labor a legal day's work. The application has reason and justice to sustain it, and ought to be successful.

☞ Mr. Clay, in his Lexington speech, speaks of "the exceptionable conduct of the federal party during the last British war," and adds that, by their opposition to the war, and by their Hartford convention, they "justly lost the public confidence." What do the old Federalists here, who are the especial friends of Mr. Clay, think of this?

☞ The Gazette says "the Clay fever is spreading." We thought our whig friends looked *sick.*

HENRY CLAY AND HIS SPEECH.

The speech of Mr. Clay, as written out by himself, has been issued from the presses of our three federal cotemporaries, and has no doubt ere this been very generally read by both parties. That the Democracy are *not* totally annihilated by it, we think is pretty apparent; and that the whigs, as a body, are not transplanted into the seventh Heaven thereby, or what is about the same to them, placed in a majority in the Union, is equally apparent. In fact, we have neither heard of earthquakes or tornadoes, volcanoic eruptions or other extraordinary manifestations—such for instance as the sun standing still with amazement, or the moon turning green with astonishment—as having followed its promulgation through the land. In short, one would not know, if he were not told by federal newspapers, that any thing *extraordinary* had happened. We always knew Henry Clay to be a modest man—an extraordinary modest man—but this speech, the time, place and objects for which it was delivered, wreaths his brow with a chaplet of modesty so bright and unfading that, like the sun, it pales the brightness of its satellites and stands alone the "observed of all observers." None but a modest statesman, whose life had been spent upon the Presidential race course, and who, like a confirmed jockey, was determined to die upon the track where he lost his money, would think of convening his friends together like a second Rump Parliament, and issue his edicts to his followers throughout the land. But so it is—therefore, ye whig senators and representatives, the "embodyment" has spoken, and you must prepare to square your conduct with his ideas under penalty of immediate expulsion from the universal whig church.

But while Mr. Clay's modesty is so apparent, his consistency is no less so. Every one must remember, for it was published in all the papers, both whig and Democratic, near a year ago, at a public dinner in New Orleans, he said—"*I feel half inclined to ask for some little nook or corner in the army,* THAT I MAY SLAY A MEXICAN, AND THUS ASSIST IN AVENGING THE WRONGS OF MY COUNTRY." Now he says our country has no wrongs to avenge—on the contrary she is the aggressor. Then he was willing to imbrue his hands in the blood of a Mexican, and was "half inclined to ask for some little nook or corner in the army" to enable him to do so. Now the Mexicans he was "half inclined" to slay are a much injured people, and the President of the United States guilty of an infringement of the constitutional powers of Congress in ordering Gen. Taylor to take up a position on the east bank of the Rio Grande. Now our own country is to blame and not Mexico for the war, and Congress legislated a lie in affirming that the war was brought about by the acts of Mexico. Then he expressed a willingness to "assist in avenging the wrongs of my (our) country." Now he commands his followers in Congress to ascertain what the war is prosecuted for. Verily is not Mr. Clay a consistent man.

Again, Mr. Clay is a man of *truth*, at least he says himself he "*almost* idolizes" that commodity. It is well, however, that he informs us of that fact, else no one would ever have suspected it from his speech, for he utters an unqualified FALSEHOOD in the following:

"But, notwithstanding a state of virtual war necessarily resulted from the fact of annexation of one of the belligerents to the United States, actual hostilities might have been probably averted by prudence, moderation, and wise statesmanship. If General Taylor had been permitted to remain, where his own good sense prompted him to believe he ought to remain, at the point of Corpus Christi; and if a negotiation had been opened with Mexico, in a true spirit of amity and conciliation, war possibly might have been prevented. But instead of this pacific and moderate course, *whilst Mr. Slidell was bending his way to Mexico with his diplomatic credentials, Gen. Taylor was ordered to transport his cannon, and to plant them, in a warlike attitude, opposite* to Matamoras, on the east bank of the Rio Bravo, within *the very disputed territory,* the adjustment of which was to be the object of Mr. Slidell's mission. What else could have transpired but a conflict of arms?"

Here we can see *how* Mr. Clay "idolizes truth." It will be seen that he charges that "whilst Mr. Slidell was bending his way to Mexico," "Gen. Taylor was ordered to transport his cannon and plant them, in a warlike attitude, opposite to Matamoras." If this is the way he "idolizes" it, the Lord deliver us from such idolitry, for he knows, the world knows, the official documents show it, that Mr. Slidell arrived at Vera Cruz on the 30th of November, 1845. That on the 8th of December following, he presented himself with his "diplomatic credentials" in the city of Mexico to the Mexican government. That on the 21st of that same month, that government *definitely refused to receive him.* And that not until all *these facts were known at Washington* did the order issue—on the 13th of January, 1846—for General Taylor to move from Corpus Christi! But more than this: Paredes came into power in Mexico by the overthrow of Herrara's administration, on the first of January, 1846. Mr. Slidell was then there. Instead of receiving our minister, Paredes himself tells us, in his proclamation under date of the 18th of April, 1846, that having determined "*in the beginning of that year*" to adopt a more vigorous policy, he had ordered his army to attack our troops. This order, thus referred to as issued "in the beginning of the year," was aimed at Gen. Taylor while he was yet encamped at Corpus Christi, which place he did not leave till the 11th of March, 1846, just ten days *after* Mr. Slidell, already once repulsed by Herrera's government, had made in vain his *second* application to be received with his "diplomatic credentials" by the usurping administration of Paredes. In the face of these facts on the *official records* both of Mexico and the United States, Mr. Clay denounces his own government as having, by its own act, brought on the war, and offers for *proof* the astounding assertion that our army was ordered to plant its cannon in battery against Matamoras while Mr. Slidell was on his way to Mexico! But Gen. Taylor's "good sense," says Mr. Clay, "prompted him to believe that he ought to remain at Corpus Christi." Just the reverse. General Taylor's good sense prompted him to write to the War Department on the 4th of October, 1845, *advising,* if we meant to claim to the Rio Bravo, to make a forward movement to the Rio Grande, more than *three months before* the order for that movement was issued. This, then, is the way Mr. Clay "*almost* idolizes truth." It is well he prefixed the "almost" to the assertion, for we cannot doubt that the reader, will agree with us that if he does "almost idolize" it, he does not always tell it. But the end is not yet. He says that annexation was the immediate cause of the war, "and the President, *after having produced* it, appealed to Congress." Admitting that annexation was the cause of the war, which we do not, does not he know that that measure was consummated under the Administration of John Tyler, and that he asserts a falsehood in saying "thus the war commenced, and the President, (meaning Mr. Polk,) after having *produced* it, appealed to Congress." Certainly he must know, for according to his own showing, it *was not* President Polk, (who "appealed to Congress,") but John Tyler, (who was not in a situation to "appeal to Congress,") that produced the war. But we deny that annexation was the cause of the war, and if it was, certainly Mr. Clay should be the last one to complain, for he said in 1844 he had "personally no objections" to that measure, "but on the contrary would be glad to see it." And Mr. Webster, high whig authority, recently admitted that that measure afforded "no just ground of complaint on the part of Mexico." As long ago as 1837, in the opinion of Andrew Jackson and the proper committees in both branches of Congress to whom the subject was referred, there existed "*ample cause for taking redress into our own hands.*" Thus, also, thought Mr. Van Buren, who in his first annual message, recapitulated the wrongs and outrages of the Mexicans, and declared that they called for prompt "MEASURES OF REDRESS." Thus it will be seen that ten years before annexation we had, in the opinion of two Presidents and committees in both branches of Congress appointed to examine the matter, ample cause for hostilities. These also must be the "wrongs" alluded to by Mr. Clay in his New Orleans speech. If they were not, what did he mean?

☞ The Harrisburg Argus finds fault with the removal of Mr. Peacock, late Post-master at Harrisburg—notwithstanding he, has held the office over *twenty years.* The same paper objected to the re-nomination of Governor Shunk because he had held the station one term. There's consistency.—*Easton Argus.*

Just so—but then such is the consistency of all these one term gentlemen. They think the "one term" principle very good for every body else but themselves.

☞ Major Iturbide, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Huamantla, has arrived at Philadelphia. He is a son of Iturbide, the former Emperor of Mexico, and a brother to Mr. Iturbide, who now resides at Bethlehem.

☞ Among the local questions decided by the late election in Mississippi, was one in regard to a proposed amendment of the Constitution of that State, by which the Legislature is deprived of the power to charter Banks. This amendment is said to have been carried in the affirmative by a large majority, so that no Banks can hereafter be incorporated in that State.

☞ The Legislature of Pennsylvania will have at least one good element in it; and that is, quite a goodly number of representatives of the corps editorial. No less than fifteen of them were chosen at the recent election.

☞ A whig paper off south, runs up the Clay flag for the Presidency, "subject to the *derision* of the people." The editor told the truth once, if it was by mistake.

☞ An interesting ceremony took place in New York on Wednesday evening, in the presentation of the service of plate by the merchants of New York, to the widow of the late Silas Wright.

☞ A lawyer of Cincinnati, who was recently dunned to pay a debt, made a demand of postage and charge for reading the dunner's letter.

A bold Man.

It takes a bold man to tell a wilful *falsehood,* especially when he knows every body is aware that it is one. Such a man, however, is the Editor of the Erie Commercial Advertiser! He has once or twice asserted the Observer to be the organ of the I. O. of O. F. This we denyed, not because we thought it any disparagement to be the organ of such a respectable body of men, but because it was not *true!* In his last number he takes a broader ground and asserts that the Observer is "the special organ of all Secret Societies." Now we assert, equally as positively, that the Editor of the Commercial is a LIAR! Once again we proclaim that this paper is the organ of no sect, religious or secular, party or society, save the Democratic party, and any assertion to the contrary is *false!*

Yankee Doodle in Mexico.

The inimitable correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, "Mustang," under date of October 8th, relates the following incident as an illustration of the never-give-up character of the American soldiers in Mexico:

"Last night we had an exciting scene at the theatre. Between the pieces the orchestra, which is really a very fine one, gave us two or three beautiful airs, and, concluded with a Mexican national air. As soon as they finished, the audience, being mostly Americans, called for Yankee Doodle; but the orchestra paid no attention. They stamped and rapped, as if they would bring the house down over our heads; but still the orchestra heeded not. At length the bell rang, and up went the curtain. The audience seemed for an instant as if they were willing to give it up; but at this moment a tall, slab-sided-looking genius, who bore the appearance of being a real, thorough-bred patriotic volunteer of the first water, raised himself about, "half straight," and said, "I often heard that Yankee Doodle was the American's fightin' time; but as the damned eternal greasers kept us so busy while we were fightin', that we couldn't have time even to whistle a little, I think we might have a little touch of Uncle Sam's favorite, if it's only to make a feller think of the white settlement." This acted like an electric shock upon the audience, and they recommenced their calls for Yankee Doodle. The actors appeared upon the stage but still they continued to stamp and halloo. Senor Canette bowed gracefully, and smiled bewitchingly, but it was no use; they had determined upon our national air, and nothing could persuade them from it. The actors withdrew, the curtain fell, the orchestra complied with their demand, and the balance of the evening's entertainment passed off in excellent order. A Mexican gentleman, sitting in front of me remarked to his friend, that it was the best illustration of the American character he had ever witnessed—that when they once determined upon anything, neither the firmness of man, nor the solicitations of woman, could induce them to cease in their exertions until they had accomplished their object, and that in ten minutes after or before any efforts, you would think, from their appearance, that they were as docile as lambs and as harmless as infants."

READ! READ!!

A Whig Volunteer's Opinion of his Old Party.

We commend the following letter from Col. Wynkoop, 1st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, to the special attention of the aiders and abettors, sympathisers and eulogizers, of whatever shade, color, or complexion, of Mexico and her cause. It speaks the language of an indignant and justly incensed and outraged patriot, and we are much mistaken if it does not prove a worse "shower bath" to Mexican whigery than Tom Corwin's speech did to Col. Doniphan and his men. Again we say *read! read!*

From the Pennsylvanian.

LETTER FROM COL. F. M. WYNKOOP.—Francis W. Hughes, Esq., of Pottsville, to whom the following letter was addressed, has kindly placed it at our disposal. It expresses the frank opinions of a gallant soldier, in phrase so direct as to prevent all misconception. A perusal of it will make our federal friends regret the course they have pursued, and rejoice the heart of every true lover of our country, her glory, and her institutions. Col. W. was a "whig" at home; but the conduct of the leaders and the organs of the federal party, in their "aid and comfort" of the enemy, has been so glaringly unpatriotic, that it has converted him into a good democrat while abroad; a patriot he always has been, as his conduct fully proves.

CASTLE OF PEROTE, Sept. 9, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR: Having a little leisure from my daily occupations, and remembering warmly and freshly several acts of kindness towards me, it gives me pleasure to address you, knowing that you entertain some interest for my welfare. I am now in command of this military department, and am kept quite busy with continual skirmishes with guerrillas, and an occasional sharp fight with large forces that gather between here and the coast, in order to oppose trains. The health of my garrison is good, and I have hopes that the great mortality which has existed in the army is decreasing.

This is hard, laborious, and precarious service. Many of our best men have died, and I truly consider the climate, in itself, a much more formidable enemy than the Mexicans.—A noble and self-denying spirit of endurance actuates the men, and complaint of any kind is rare. Contented to do their duty, they risk everything in the effort, and with a cheerfulness which is gratifying to those who command, step up readily to any work, no matter what the chances. It is, as I have before remarked, a hard service, full of toil, privations, and danger; but it is willingly encountered and bravely endured. Judge, then, of the effect upon our good men here, when they look back over the distance which separates them from their friends, in an effort to find at home some proper appreciation of their self-sacrificing conduct! It is bitter and humiliating. I tell you, sir, there is a spirit abroad among the good Americans engaged in this war, which will not sleep during futurity—a spirit which awaits but their return to thunder down upon the mouthing, scribbling sycophants of a most unjust party, the full measure of an honest indignation. It is the same that brooded over our land during the war of the Revolution and the last war; and men of the present day, palsied with age, have lived to curse, with tears of repentance, the hour when she, with scornful finger, marked them for life as the TORIES of their country. We, HERE, can see no difference between the men who in '76 succored the British, and those who in '47 gave arguments and sympathy to the Mexicans. This kind of language from a man who came into this campaign a whig in policy, may sound strange to you; but I have again and again been compelled to listen to and to suffer that which would have changed the disposition and alienated the affections of the most determined partizan. Even now, I do not object to the leading and main principles of my old party, so much as I curse and deprecate the tone of its acknowledged leaders and supporters. If there is any reason which will prevent Gen. Scott from effecting an honorable peace, commanding, as he does, the whole city of the Aztecs, with his powerful battery, it is the spirit of treason which I unhesitatingly say is promulgated by the leading whig journals at home. In assortie upon some ladrones of Jalapa, a short time since, I possessed myself of all the late newspapers published in that place: and upon examining them, I find that, in that place, as in Mexico, the strongest arguments published against our army are selections from whig papers in the United States. I send you a late copy of the "Boletin de Noticias," in which you will perceive that the first article is an extract from the National Intelligencer.

Your friend, F. M. WYNKOOP.

You may publish this, if you please. I have become so disgusted with what I have seen, that I have no care for the consequences which this kind of truth may produce.

What is said of the Speech.

The great whig "thunder-clap," the speech of Mr. Clay, has proved a dead failure. So far as we have been able to judge, it is not even well received among his own party—indeed, the press, as a general thing, treat it with marked coldness. We do not mean of course, that there are not a *few* who warmly appland it, but such would have done so under any circumstance. If he had assumed positions diametrically opposite, they would have said amen, and threw up their caps as high, and shouted as loud. But in numerous instances, from Massachusetts to Georgia, leading and influential organs of that party, have strongly reprehended and repudiated his most important propositions: a large majority of the press of that party have treated both his resolutions and explanation with extreme coldness; whilst few, very few indeed, have cordially concurred in and sustained his positions. No more decisive evidence than this could be had, then, of the fact, that the movement, as a political effort, is a dead failure for all the purposes and efforts for which it was designed; whilst, on the other hand, the political popularity of the distinguished and eminently able ex-senator must suffer much in consequence.

The following is one among many of the character alluded to above, and is from that old and influential Clay organ, the New York Commercial Advertiser:

"We did not suppose that Mr. Clay could have anything, or at least much, to say of the Mexican war, which would startle the public mind by its novelty, or produce great effect by the presentation of hitherto unexplored argument. But we can say that, even more than was anticipated, we are impressed with a sense of the *non-necessity* for making the speech at all; of its *want of force and effect as a standard* under which any number of the people may rally as the exponent of their opinions and feelings; and this mainly because, to the vast multitude who have not made up for themselves a clear, determinate and compact opinion, it *presents nothing new* either in propositions or argument; while it falls short of extreme opinion on either side, and cannot satisfy those who believe in the 'destiny' of conquest, on the one hand, or those who demand an instant and absolute withdrawal from Mexico and the war on the other. In short, the speech adds nothing of force or distinctness to the great party issues of the time, and *cannot be adopted,* by friend or enemy, as the potent rallying cry of a leader."

☞ An Odd Fellow's lodge has been opened in the city of Mexico. "Friendship, love and truth" entered the country with our army.

THE ENGLISH PRESS.

The English press, taking its cue from the Federal press of this country, is loud in its denunciations of the war with Mexico, and as a matter of course, the Administration of Mr. Polk and the Democracy who sustain it, are called all sorts of hard names, culled, a la Dickens, from the most approved edition of cockney billingsgate. The last steamer brought over an unusual quantity of this kind of merchandize, and as there is no tariff upon its introduction, not even for "revenue," our federal friends can renew their stocks at a very small cost. This is certainly good news to them in more ways than one. Their stock of this commodity having become extremely low from constant use without any "raw material" to manufacture new—such for instance as the famous "pass"—and their recent effort to "grind out" a little at Lexington having proved a "dead failure," the importation must be very opportune, and Federalism ough to be deeply grateful to "John Bull" for his kindness.

But all banter aside, we think if Federalism possessed enough of virtue to blush at all, it would do so while reading the abuse and falsehood heaped upon our country by the English press, knowing, as it must, that such abuse is in part owing to its own treasonable course in abusing its own government and pleading the cause of her enemy. Thus, for instance, the London Morning Post, after abusing our country in true Corwin and Webster style, thus shows its object to be not less to please its *cockney* readers there, than its *cockney* friends here:

"From thousands of honest and conscientious men in the United States, this flagrant proceeding elicited the loudest execration.—They repudinted it in the name of their country, and protested that it was only the act of a factious Executive, anxious to secure another four years' ease of power by courting the base passions of the vilest of the white mob. The latter element constitutes, unfortunately, an extensive ingredient in the American Presidential franchise."

In common with the New York True Sun we do not envy the feelings of those American editors, who, by a treasonable abandonment of the cause of their country, have thrown aid and comfort to the enemy. But one thing we do know, that the American people at large are sound to the core on this question. They believe that the Mexicans are alone to blame for the mortifications they have endured. We have offered peace at every step of the war, and they are the original and the real aggressors. Finally, we consider this war as having been an instrument in the hands of Providence, to chastise a band of robbers and murderers, bloody to each other, and faithless to all the world; and also a means of elevating the name and character of our country to a pitch of unsurpassed grandeur. We receive the oppressed of all nations, we feed the poor of other climes, and we are able to vindicate our honor by force of arms. Let Europe consider these things and hold her peace.

For the Erie Observer.

PROGRESS: A Satirical Poem, by J. G. Saxe. New York. John Allen; Boston. Jordon & Wiley.

This is one of those rare and racy productions which may be often read, and which will stand the test of criticism. We say rare because there are but two or three poets in this country who succeed in pleasant and humorous satire. Dr. Homes, to whom "Progress" is dedicated, stands at the head of this class of writers. His versification is terse and happy, and he has, as Mr. Saxe declares, "unequalled power of playful satire." But if the Dr. is "unequalled" in his satirical capabilities, Mr. Saxe himself stands next to the head, and bids fair to become a powerful rival for the highest honors. It is not often that the reader finds sharper shooting than is contained in the introductory lines of "Progress" which are as follows:

"In this our happy and 'progressive' age
When all alike ambitious cares engage:
When heedless boys to sudden sages grow,
And 'Miss' her nurse abandons for a beau;
When for their dogmas nonsensicals fight,
When dances lecture, and when dandies write
When martial honors to the children throw,
Such five-foot prince is a 'Major grown;
When matron's seized with oratoric pangs,
Give happy birth to masculine harangues,
And spinsters, trembling for the nation's fate,
Neglect their stockings to preserve the State;
When critic wits their brazen lustre shed
On golden authors whom they never read,
With patriot praise of Roman Grandeur speak
And, in bad English, eulogize the Greek;
When facts like these no reprehension bring,
May not, uncensured, an 'Attorney sing?
In south he may, and though unborn to climb
Parnassus' heights, and build the lofty rhyme,
Though Phœbus frets and warmingly admir
That 'modding verses gods and men despise,'
Yet will he sing, to Yankee license true,
In spite of Horace and 'Minerva's foe.'"

Transcendentalism, Fourierism, Fashe "Water Cure"—all the humbugs and fo ies of the age—come under the "attorn poet's observation, and are finally sent an with an "indictement" pinned to their coat t We have marked several passages for quo tion, but will content ourself by giving t sage touching "Association."

"'Association' is the magic word
From to my a social 'priest and prophet' heard
'Attractive Labor!' is the angel given
To render earth a sublunary heaven
'Attractive Labor!' ring the changes round:
And labor grows attractive in the sound:
And many a youthful mind, where hapiness
Unwelcome fancies at the name of 'work,'
See pleasant pastime in its longing view,
Of 'toil made easy' and 'attractive' too.
And, fancy-rapt, with joyful ardor, turns
Delightful grindstones and seductive churns
'Men are not bad'—these social sages preach,
'Men are not what their actions seem to teach;
'No moral ill is natural or fixed—
'Man only err by being badly mixed:'
'Tolibeon the world a huge plumb-pudding seems,
Made up of riche-t viands, fruits and creams.
Which of all choice ingredients partook,
And then was ruined by a blundering cook.'"

"Progress" was written by request of Alumni of Middlebury College, (Vt.