*From the New York Sunday Times.*

## TALES AND TRADITIONS OF NEW-YORK.

### Escape from the Jersey Prison Ship.

"Where do you intend to lead me?" said Lieut. Henry Mott, to a British sergeant and file of men, who had him in charge. "Is it to that vile prison near the church?"

"What's that your business?" said Sergeant Wilson. "Any prison is too good for a rebel to his king and country as you are. On with you and keep silence," striking him at the same time with his sword.

Lieut Mott shrunk with indignity at such treatment, and disengaged himself from the grasp of a tall grenadier.

"Remember sir," said the lieutenant, "that I am an American officer and a gentleman. The fortune of war has made me your prisoner, and I demand to be treated as such."

"We'll treat you as rebels ought to be treated.—On with you, and let's hear no more complaints."

The battle of Long Island, so disastrous, yet at the same time so honorable to the cause of independence, was the result of long and active preparations by the British, who foresaw that the possession of the city of New York would command the operations on the Hudson, and give them such advantages and facilities by sea as would check the movements of Washington, who had collected a strong force in New Jersey, and controlled all the country surrounding the city. The British cabinet had determined upon a decisive campaign to capture the city, and at the same time to cut off the Americans in detail in New Jersey, and all the neighboring places where a force had been collected. The British army landed at Staten Island, 24,000 strong, consisting of English, Hessians, and Waldeckers—part of which were troops under Sir Henry Clinton, which he had collected after the unfortunate attack on Charleston. Lord Howe had under his command an armament consisting of six ships of the line, thirty frigates, with sloops and gun brigs, and a number of transports filled with all kinds of supplies and munitions of war. Several Hessian regiments were expected, and the people of Staten Island, many being descendants of the Huguenots, swore that much silver and gold would be left on the island by the army, led them to suppose that they were not averse to their presence in that secure and pleasant retreat. If New York was captured, then Gen. Carlton was to pass in from Canada with a strong force, and cut off all supplies from New England. Congress, justly alarmed at these vast preparations, determined to adopt counteracting measures, and exhibited great energy with the slender means placed at their disposal. Washington began to organize his force of 10,000 men; and Congress authorized the enlistment of 13,000 militia. The general, foreseeing the danger, with all the coolness, judgment, and deliberation which marked his character, strengthened the weak posts on Long Island, and sent cannon in every direction. Detachments from Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New England, hastened to join the General's command, which swelled his army to 28,000 men; but poorly armed and equipped, and many on the sick list. Washington distributed this force at points which he expected would be attacked. Major General Green was to command on Long Island, but falling sick, the command devolved on General Sullivan. The main body of Americans remained in New York. Redoubts were thrown up on several points on Long Island, and the whole was placed in as good state of defence as the limited resources of the American would permit. After the British had recovered from the fatigues of their voyage, and been properly drilled, they landed at New Utrecht, on Long Island, and were joined by a large party of tories, who gave them every information of the movements of the Americans. General George Clinton commanded at East and West Chester, and in the sound, under the impression that the British might land at that point. Gen. Putnam commanded at Brooklyn, Gowannus, and the Wallabout. General Washington commanded in the city, and perceiving that a desperate battle was unavoidable, used every effort to encourage his men, and enforce the necessary spirit throughout the army. The British, when they landed, marched across the island behind a range of hills. The Americans had a chain of posts from Bedford to Jamaica, and commanded the heights, and made such dispositions, that had they been carried out, the British, although with a superior, well-organized force, would have been effectually checked.

General Grant commanded the English, General Heister the Hessians. Sir Henry Clinton took charge of the vanguard, Lord Percy the centre, and Lord Cornwallis the rear-guard, and their dispositions were made with great skill.

The Americans were poorly supplied with scouts and spies, and the first intimation they had of the approach of the British, was seeing them occupy the Jamaica road. Sir Henry Clinton soon found that we had left the road towards Bedford unguarded, and occupied it with a column under Lord Percy. Grant attacked the Americans about midnight, on the road to Flatlands, consisting of the New York and Pennsylvania militia.

"On, grenadiers, on! Handle your bayonets briskly, my boys. Give it to the rebels"

The Americans, sorely pressed with the vigor of the attack, began to give ground. Parsons with his division, rallied the retreating militia.

"Remember Lexington and Bunker Hill! Liberty forever! Fall on the hirelings! Down with the Hessians!"

The troops returned the charge, and fought with great desperation, when they were joined by a column of one thousand five hundred men, under General Lord Sterling, when the action became close and furious, and the Americans broke through the British ranks with fury.

"Down! down!" said Captain Rutgers, springing at Col. Howard of the granadiers, grasped him by the collar, and was dragging him from his horse, when a ball from one of the British soldiers laid him low. Howard regained his position in the saddle, and waving his sword, urged on his regiment with determined bravery, when Van Cott, of Bushwick, levelling his musket, shot Howard in the side, and he fell from his horse.

Day had broke, and Sullivan had come up with his command, and bravely sustained the cause.

The British had occupied all the commanding positions. Gen. Clinton encountered a body of Hessians, whom he fought gallantly; but the reserve of the British infantry appearing, the Americans sounded a retreat, and retired in good order to their camp, bringing off their artillery. Lord Sterling and Gen. Sullivan, were both wounded and made prisoners.

"Mott," said General Washington, "press on to Putnam, and bid him come within the lines. The day is against us."

Mott rode towards Gowannus, where he was intercepted, made a prisoner, and carried to New Utrecht.

General Washington, aided by a thick fog, began his retreat in admirable order, and about day-break, the remnant of the army were across the river, having lost three thousand men, and six pieces of artillery.

When the British got possession of New York, many of the prisoners captured on Long Island, were brought over to the city, and confined in the old sugar house, in Liberty street.

Crossing Queen street, (now Pearl) the file of soldiers, spoken of in the commencement of this sketch, proceeded with Lieut. Mott, to the foot of Wall street, and embarked in a large perriaugue, containing several prisoners, and proceeded up the East river. The boat soon approached the large old hulk of a seventy-four, anchored near the Wallabout.

"Who goes there?" said the sentinel, as he paced the deck.

"A friend."

"The countersign."

"Bosworth."

"Approach!"

The perriaugue drew up alongside of the ship, and the prisoners ascended and passed through one of the port holes to the quarter deck.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Mott, "it is the Jersey prison-ship—the yawning sepulchre of so many of my brave countrymen."

The soldiers pushed him on with the butt ends of their muskets. A horrid stench assailed him, as he threw himself upon the slimy deck. A soldier, with a lantern throwing a dim and fitful light upon the gloom which surrounded him, presented a sight calculated to appal the stoutest heart. On the long gun-deck of this old line-of-battle ship, huddled together in rags, lay nearly a thousand American prisoners—hundreds sick with the small-pox, dysentery, and that most frightful of all diseases, yellow fever. Many were in the last agonies of death—some shrieking for water. Here and there were wretched maniacs rushing over the deck, frantic with disease; there lay, in pallid and sullen despair, hundreds nearly starving, and reduced to the last stage of misery. The port-holes were closed, though a small hole in each let in a dim light, and were secured by iron bars. The heat and stench were suffocating—the dead linked to the living, and all around overwhelmed with misery and despair. Lieut. Mott lay in agony on the naked plank, and felt as if sentence of death had been passed upon him. Groans and execrations—prayers and shrieks—rang in his ears. "Water! water!" exclaimed the poor wretches burning with fever; but no aid was near—no physician visited the ship—no medicine to arrest the progress of the disease.

A large transport was anchored near the Wallabout, called the Whitby. She was also a receiving ship for prisoners, and was filled with sick without attendance or relief. Two of her ships, the Hope and the Fallmouth, were anchored near her; but the Jersey was the ship of death. The black flag should have waved from the single mast she had, to mark the spot where, like Dante, whoever entered never went forth alive. Every day five or ten bodies wrapped in canvass were thrown into the boats alongside, and rowed to the Wallabout, where a few scanty shovel-fulls of earth made a grave, nearly equal with the surface, into which the poor wretches were thrown, to be again cast forth by the washings of the tide. The whole atmosphere was poisoned with the effluvia arising from the unburied dead. The provisions given to the prisoners were of the worst kind. Beef and bread, which had been condemned and was mouldy, were scantily given to these wretched prisoners, whose crime was, that they had taken arms in defence of the liberty of their country. No one felt compassion for them—no one was permitted to visit or bring them relief. They were rebels, according to the belief of these tyrants, and unworthy the sympathies of the humane. More than ten thousand Americans perished on board that dreadful prison-ship—murdered, we might say, for we herrd of no exchanges from that abode of horror.

Almost unmanned, broken-hearted, and in despair, poor Mott passed a wretched, sleepless night, and only knew that day had dawned from the glimmering streaks of light that flickered through the seams of the old hulk, and between the bars that secured the small port-holes. A certain number of prisoners were permitted to come on deck at a time for air and exercise, in hopes, also, of checking disease. Lieut. Mott was among the favored few. He tottered up the companion way, and staggered himself on deck, with his pale, sickly, ragged and wretched companions in misery. The sun was rising over the hills at Flatbush. British soldiers were on guard at the different posts on Brooklyn Heights—then a small village with scarcely a thousand inhabitants; the air was pure and balsamic, and the smoke curled from the cottages containing his friends—probably his family, who, ignorant of his fate, supposed he was killed in the trenches at Gowannus.

"You are an officer?" said the Lieutenant on guard to Lieut. Mott.

"I am sir,"

"This is a hard fate for you, my friend."

"Yes, sir—the change of war."

"No, not the chance of war, said the British officer, gruffly; chances of war are for an honorable warfare; but the man who takes up arms against his king and country, is no better than a traitor, and merits a traitor's fate."

"As you please, sir," said Mott, mildly, "but when such men as Washington, Greene, Sullivan, Clinton, Putnam, and their companions, take up arms for liberty the cause they espouse gives them claims to the admiration of the world and to the humanity of their conquerors."

"All romance, sir—the dream of boys and would-be Generals. Think you that your wretched, half-starved naked militia, can stand up against the well-fed, well-paid soldiers of Great Britain?"

"I think it will happen sir."

"Come, come—you appear to be a mild, well-disposed lad—more like a Quaker than a soldier; let me intercede for you. Come back to your honest allegiance to your king, and I will procure an order from Sir Henry Clinton to release you, and give you a corresponding rank in our army."

Mott, whose face had become pallid with a dreadful night of suffering, felt the blood mantling in his cheeks at the base proposition to desert his flag and his country; but he was accustomed to calmness and deliberation, and repressed his rising indignation.

"I thank you, sir, for your kind offer, but I have embarked in a good cause, which God will prosper, though I may not live to see it triumph."

"Bring up your dead!" shouted a boatswain, in a hoarse voice, from the top of the gangway; "the boats are alongside."

In a short time several bodies were brought up, almost naked, and were hastily tied up or swathed in old pieces of sail cloth or matting, and one by one lowered into the barge.

"Good heavens! he moved his hand!" said Mott, springing on his feet and pointing to a body. "He is not dead—he may yet be saved. For heaven's sake do not bury him!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, sir," said the lieutenant; "if he is not dead, he soon will be. Lower him down"

Mott slowly retreated to his seat under the bulwarks, gazing at the horrid ceremony, and reflecting how soon it might be his turn to be thus hurried to his grave. Another body was laid on deck—the body of a powerful, athletic, but young man, with a prepossessing countenance, calm even in death. Mott gazed at him with looks of horror.

"Almighty powers he has fetters on his arm.—For the love of heaven, sir, strike them off! Death ends all enmity; do not consign him to the earth in fetters."

"Yes, sir, in fetters; that when his bones are discovered bleaching on the shore, the world may know him as a rebel. He defied the power as he abused the character of our sovereign. Over with him into the boat, with his shackles on!"*

Lieut. Mott returned to his dark and dreary prison, sad and depressed at the scene he had witnessed.

Rose Whitehead and Henry Mott were children together, and lived at Hempstead. Rose was the daughter of a Quaker, of a free and liberal spirit, animated, decisive, and courageous. She loved Henry from her youth. They had wandered together in the woods, had fished in the trout ponds, and were endeared to each other by domestic ties and associations not easily severed. Rose heard of the disaster of the battle, and that Henry had been killed in that unfortunate affair, which report had gained strength from the fact that nothing had been heard from him.

She suspected, however, that he was a prisoner, and resolved to ascertain what had been his fate, and, if a captive to set him free. Taking a basket on her arm, she went to the orchard and filled it with bergulo pears, a few pippins, and some ripe and delicious peaches—took her purse with her, and plainly attired, persuaded Cato, the old negro slave, to drive her to the lines in a wagon—which she reached an hour after sunrise, and passed unmolested and unquestioned through the line of sentinels. On reaching Bedford, she turned down the road to the Wallabout having a vague surmise that Henry might be a prisoner on board of the dreaded Jersey prison ship. There were but a few straggling houses and huts on that spot where Williamsburg now stands, and near one of them, on the edge of the water, was a fisherman and his boat. He was calmly smoking as he sat on a rock, looking at the prison ship at anchor.

"Dost thou frequently row off to the ship?"

"Yes, often, to carry a little provision to the poor sufferers, now and then some fruit."

"Poor creatures! Their fate is a hard one."

"Hard enough, young woman, for men fighting for home and liberty."

Rose felt that she was safe.

"I have some peaches in this basket; I will pay thee if thou wilt now row me round the ship and back again."

"Willingly: step in the boat."

Rose seated herself in the stern, and was rowed round the Whitby, the Hope and the Falmouth, but saw no one whom she could recognize. She pointed to the Jersey, and the fisherman plyed his oars, and was soon under the bows. The sentinel looked down and gazed with a longing eye at the basket of fruit. While the fisherman, at the request of Rose, threw him up a few pairs and peaches, which he thankfully received; several prisoners leaned over the side, to catch a look at the boat and the female. Among them was Henry Mott, whose hour on deck had nearly been exhausted. He uttered a cry of joy at seeing Rose, which he repressed when she calmly placed her finger on her lips, to enjoin silence, while the fisherman threw up the contents of the basket, which were caught and eagerly devoured by the sufferers. The boat pushed off. Lieut. Mott strained his eyes gazing upon it, until it struck the shore, and he saw Rose enter the fisherman's hut. His situation was then known, and known by one whose affection and resolution he knew were irrepressible, and hope beat high within him as he left the deck to return to his dark and lonely prison.

At six in the evening of the long summer nights, his hour of relief again arrived. He leaped over the side of the ship, and casting a wishful look at the fisherman's hut, saw the boat pot off with Rose and two men in it. The boat passed through all the ships, and came under the bows of the Jersey, swinging clear of the cables. While the sentry had turned his back, and was slowly marching towards midships, they threw up a rope which was fastened to a belaying pin; and the prisoners hudding round Mott so as to conceal him, he let himself gently down into the boat without being perceived by the sentinel, pressed the hand of Rose in silence, while the boat fell off into the stream. The men plied their oars briskly, as they steered up East River, passed through Hell Gate, and were hailed by an American sentinel, as they landed in a cove near New Rochelle. Henry Mott and Rose his wife lie buried together in the Friend's Burying Ground, at Hempstead, L. I.

*Sketches in Ohio.*

*No. 4.*

**Waiting for a Steam Boat.**

Reader, did you ever wait for a Steamboat? 'Tis really an interesting amusement! From what we were told, we expected to find two steamers in Sandusky Bay, destined for Cleveland, but to our great disappointment, they were gone before the arrival of the cars. Plenty of steam boats were bound for Detroit and along the western shore, but those for Buffalo had started sooner than usual, anticipating a storm. One good friend advised us to take passage for Cleveland *via Detroit!*—we looked at him in amasement, and supposed that he had been visiting the Lunatic Asylum at Columbus! He explained the route to us thus: "You can," said he, "go from Sandusky city to Detroit in seven hours, and get there in time for the Buffalo boat, which will land you in Cleveland before morning, which will be a quicker route than by stage." It appeared to us too much like sailing around the world; and we concluded not to go to Detroit, least we should be tempted to continue our journey on to the copper region, from thence to Chicago, thence across to the Illinois river, and around by the Mississippi and up the Ohio to Pittsburgh! Night passed away and morning came, but it brought no boat with it. The Bay was full of schooners, some laying at anchor, and others with their white sails spread to the breeze. After remaining nearly all day, waiting in vain for a boat, we concluded to hire a hack to take us to the village of

**Milan,**

Some twelve miles south-east of Sandusky city, on the edge of Erie county, three miles from Norwalk. The road is miserable for four or five miles from Sandusky, and the country around a dreary prairie, without any thing inviting about it. Further on towards Milan, the country assumes quite a different appearance. Here is seen some fine rolling land, and most lovely farms, well cultivated and improved. Milan is quite a business place indeed, taking its size into consideration. Of late years it has become a great wheat market. The Vermillion river, which runs past the place, and empties into the lake, has been rendered navigable for schooners. A ship canal has been cut for four miles from Milan, and they have seven miles of slack-water from the Canal to the Lake. As we approached the town, a fine large schooner was leaving, with its high masts among the trees. The sight was singularly beautiful, and reminded us of the celebrated Argonautic expedition under Jason. The boats are drawn by horses down to the Lake. From the 1st of August to the 1st of November, 650,000 bushels of wheat have been shipped from Milan; and 1,500,000 staves have been purchased during the last year, and shipped away. The receipts of wheat per wagon have been as high as 20,000 bushels per day, and 82,000 weekly. The ships are owned by citizens of the place, but a great many more come up to get cargo. Milan is a handsome village, built in the Yankee style, and contains a population of about 800. It supports one newspaper, the Tribune. We remained at Milan some twelve hours until the arrival of the Great Western Stage, from Detroit to Cleveland, which passes through the place. After leaving Milan, a few hours' travel took us into

**Lorain County.**

In merely passing through this county, we had no opportunity of learning any thing in regard to its history or prospects. Along the road side there are some splendid farms, and most beautiful mansions. The farmers are generally from the New England states, and bring with them all the taste and industry characteristic of the "land of steady habits." Our Pennsylvania farmers are wealthy and independent, but they do not exhibit such fine taste as the Yankees in improving and decorating their farms.

Elyria, the seat of Justice of Lorain county, is quite a lively and delightful village, containing a population of about 1,200. The town was laid out by the Hon. Heman Ely, and took its name from him. It has a handsome public square, and a splendid brick Court-house, which we were told cost $10,000. A large Hotel, situated on the public square, is now nearly completed—it makes a fine appearance, and is capable of accommodating nearly as many persons as the St. Charles Hotel, in this city. At Elyria, a company of abolitionists, male and female, from Oberlin, took passage in the stage, and as a matter of course their tongues were not allowed a moment's rest. We have noticed it to be a fact, that the Anti-Slavery advocates are always busy in promulgating their peculiar sentiments, whenever they find an ear to listen to their speeches and arguments. They deserve credit for perseverance, at least. From Elyria to Cleveland, the country is very fine, and there are numerous handsome farms and delightful mansions. To-morrow we shall attempt to give the reader a description of Cleveland, *the* Queen City of the Lakes.

**A body was disinterred, with shackles on his skeleton wrists, a short time after peace. Doubtles this one.*


# The Morning Post.

L. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PITTSBURGH:

MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1846.


## Gubernatorial.

As the federal editors are now in the midst of a most interesting quarrel, in regard to a candidate for Governor, we hope they will not deem us intrusive, if we copy some of their remarks, merely as a matter of history, in order that our democratic friends will understand the merits of their arguments. In regard to the nomination of the Hon. Walter Forward, of this city, the U. S. Gazette of Philadelphia, the leading opposition journal in that city, speaks as follows:

"We see that the Pittsburgh people, or rather some of them, are out in favor of the nomination of the Hon. Walter Forward, as the Whig candidate for Governor. Without making any particular reference now, to the qualifications which that distinguished gentleman may have for the canvass or the office, we will remark that the capital with which he commenced, viz.—the voice of the Nativist party, is not of a kind to attract the closest relations of the Whigs. The whigs must nominate a Whig."—*U. S. Gaz.*

We must confess that this is like throwing a barrel of cold water on a man in December, and indicates at once that the Eastern federalists will not support Mr. Forward's nomination.—In reply to the above, the *Journal* of Saturday talks as follows:

"We as firmly believe that our duty and policy demand the nomination of Walter Forward, as we believe that we exist. We cannot see the force of the objection most generally urged against making a nomination which will gratify Natives and Abolitionists. If we are sure of the orthodoxy of our man, what damage is to follow to his principles from an endorsement by any ism under the Sun? He is either Whig or he is not. If he is not, we do not ask his nomination. But if he is, and his whole life affirms it, we insist on his nomination, &c.

Farther on in the same article the Journal says:

"We are gravely told that "defeat is preferable" to success with a man who can command success by taking the votes of others than whigs! This is the absurd sentiment that has been permitted to do service with venal and corrupt presses, for the signs of an incorruptible integrity."

The "venal and corrupt presses" here alluded to, are the *Gazette* and papers of that ilk, and the *Journal* denominates them "old Hunkers," and declares they (the feds) must get rid of them! What Mr. Chandler and our amiable friend the Deacon will say in reply to this, we at present do not know, but we presume they will revive the old stories about John Tyler's Postmaster in this city, which at one time was an inexhaustible dish, cooked up by the Deacon in a thousand different shapes.

The *Gazette* of Saturday has a long leader in reference to Mr. Forward's nomination, in which the editor deprecates a union with the Abolitionists and Natives. The Editor says:

"If we elect a Governor by such means, we are not certain of a whig victory, and we enter on the Presidential contest in the midst of fearfulness and doubt, and with a portion of the very parties, in all likelihood, who were with us for Governor, arrayed against us in the more important contest; and what is of more moment, with the odium of their principles fastened upon us."

It is a common remark, that one renegade is worse than ten Turks, and so with the editor of the *Gazette*. It is well known that he has belonged to almost every party, Antimasonic, Abolition, Native, &c., but since the fifteen whigs purchased him, he forthwith commenced abusing his old confederates, and now speaks of the "the odium of *their principles*."

We have heard it whispered on the streets that the opposition of the *Gazette* to Mr. Forward does no arise from the fact that the Abolitionists and Natives are supporting him, but has its origin from another cause, to wit: the withdrawal of Mr. F's support from the *Gazette* Establishment! We can scarcely think that this is true, but give the rumor as we have heard it, for what it is worth.

It matters not a straw to us who the federal party place in nomination for Governor. We would much rather see them bring *forward* their strongest man, because we should like to have the pleasure of giving them a Waterloo defeat, and it would be no honor to whip one of their common soldiers. The Democracy are bound to carry Pennsylvania next year by their accustomed, old-fashioned majority. This is reduced to the certainty of a "fixed fact."

Steam Ship Bird.—The paragraph in our paper of Saturday, in reference to the above boat, appears to have been misunderstood by some of our friends. The "failure in her machinery," alluded to by the Cincinnati Enquirer, did not arise from imperfect work on the part of the Pittsburgh machinists, but on account of Lieut. Hunter's submerged Propeller not answering the ends for which it was intended.

Expeditious Work.—The Harrisburgh Union says: The State Bridge which was destroyed by fire in the spring at Clark's Ferry, we understand, will be passable by the next month. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the present Canal Board, and their Superintendent, Mr. Samuel Holmes, for the energy they have displayed in urging the completion of this bridge. It will be when finished, fully equal in every particular to the one destroyed.

Bitter Sarcasm.—The National Intelligencer, with pitiless irony, stigmatizes the election of John Young as "a triumph of those principles on which the national prosperity and all that is sound and conservative in private as well as public concerns must ever depend!"

Shewing their good sense.—Several of the persons mentioned by the federalists as candidates for Governor have declined. They don't wish to subject themselves to the disgrace of being shamefully defeated.

## Direct Taxation.

Among various foolish charges against the Democrats, growing out of the discussion of the new tariff law, remarks the Pennsylvanian, that of a resort to Direct Taxation is most prominent.—The Federalists hope to frighten, by this allegation, those who are honestly opposed, in this, as well as in other States, to all such projects. We have, therefore, to thank the *Richmond Enquirer* for redeeming from oblivion, the following passage, on this subject, extracted from Clay's speeches, as they appear in Greeley's edition, page 146–'47. This extract shows that the great Federal leader is more obnoxious to the charge of being in favor of direct taxation than would have been supposed from the noise of his friends on the subject:

"Can any one doubt the impolicy of Government relying upon the precarious source of such a revenue? It is continually fluctuating. It tempts us by its enormous amount, at one time, into extravagant expenditure, and we are then driven, by its sudden and unexpected depression, into the opposite extreme. We are seduced by its flattering promises into expenses that we might avoid, and we are afterwards constrained by its treachery to avoid expenses we ought to make. It is a system under which there is a sort of perpetual war between the interests of the government and the interests of the people. Large importations fill the coffers of the government and empty the pockets of the people. Small importations imply prudence on the part of the people, and leave the treasury empty. In war the revenue disappears; in peace it is unsteady. On such a system, the government will not be able much longer exclusively to rely. We all anticipate that we shall have shortly to resort to some additional supply of revenue within ourselves. I was oppoied to the total abolishment of the internal revenue. I would have preserved certain parts of it at least, to be ready for emergencies such as now exist. And I am, for one, ready to exclude foreign spirits altogether, and substitute for the revenue levied on them, a tax upon the spirits made within the country. No other nation lets in so much foreign spirits as we do. By the encouragement of home industry, you will lay a basis of internal taxation when it becomes strong, that will be steady and uniform, yielding alike in peace and in war.—We do not derive our ability from abroad to pay taxes. That depends upon our wealth and our industry; and it is the same, whatever may be the form of levying the public contributions."

[*Greeley's Clay, pages* 146–7.

The New Loan.—We learn, says the Philadelphia Ledger, that the individual who is said to have bid 1½ per cent. premium for the whole of the new loan, was a Mr. Kershaw, whose name has figured somewhat in the papers lately, in connection with what is said to be a bubble insurance company at N. York. When the deposit of the specie was required, it seems that Mr. Kershaw was unable or unwilling to comply

Widow of Black Hawk.—The editor of the Louisville Journal has received a letter from Dr Volney Spalding, surgeon to the Saues and Foxes, mentioning the death, in the Sauc camp, on Kanses river, on the 29th of August, of As-Shaw-E-Qua, (Singing Bird) widow of the distinguished war chief Black Hawk, aged 85 years.

"The patriotic drama of the "Battle of Monterey," was announced to be enacted for the first time at the National Theatre, New Orleans, on the 5th inst."—*Boston Post.*

We have no doubt but that the performance of the drama on the stage would gather an audience of men who would be frightened out of their wits at the sight blood and carnage on the field of battle!

State Bank of Indiana.—The following persons were chosen Directors of the State Bank of Indiana, at the late meeting of the stockholders:

*On the part of the State:* Alfred Harrison, Philip Sponable, and Thomas Johnson.

*On the part of the Stockholders:* Calvin Fletcher, W. H. Morrison, E. J. Peck, Simon Yandes, Julius Nicolas, Douglass McGuire, and James Sulgrove.

☞ The amount of Coal shipped from the Coal region of Pennsylvania, thus far this season, has been as follows: From the Schuylkill Coal Mines, 1,084,504 tons 4 cwt; Lehigh, 493,929;15; Luckawanna, 275,452:16; Wilkesbarre, 189,582:06; Pine Grove, 68,719:12. Grand total, 2,112,188 tons 48 cwt.

Mrs. L. M. Childe, in a letter to the *Boston Courier*, speaking of Henri Herz, the German pianist, who is now in Philadelphia, writes as follows:—"No one, who has the least pleasure in music, can avoid being captivated by the beauty of his style. It is clear and brilliant as the rays of Syrius; delicate and etherial as the breath of flowers. By the Nine Muses, the man plays like a spirit."

Corsets.—Lady Mary Wortley Montague gives a very effective hit at corset-wearing in her writings on the East. She says:

"One of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you go to their baths. When I was introduced to one, the lady of the house came to undress me—another high compliment they pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown, and saw my stays, she was very much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the ladies in the bath, 'Come hither, and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands. You need not boast, indeed, of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you up thus in a box."

Battle of Monterey.—A correspondent of the Baltimore American relates the following incident of the capitulation of Monterey:

"The bearer of the flag of truce proposed a surrender of the town, allowing them to remove all the public property; General Taylor asked an unconditional surrender of everything; quite a difference. They had from 8 to 12 o'clock to answer. At 12 they sent for General Taylor. After exhausting his patience with diplomacy, and Ampudia had declared he was in no way straightened to submission, Gen. Taylor said—"*Sir, I hold your town, yourself, and your army, in the hollow of my hand, and you know it; the conference is closed. In thirty minutes you shall hear from my batteries.*" He took his hat to leave the room; Ampudia called him back and submitted. This was told me in person by General Taylor, and is strictly true, of course."

From the Harrisburg Union, Nov. 18.

Gov. Shunk received, last evening, a requisition from the Secretary of War, for one regiment of Infantry, to be called into service *immediately.*

James Burns, Esq.—As several reports have been put in circulation in consequence of the slight indisposition this gentleman experienced recently, we deem it proper to state that he has entirely recovered, and is now daily engaged in discharging his official duties as Canal Commissioner.

*Scarcity of Barrels.*—There is now a great scarcity of Barrels in this city, for the purpose of miscellaneous packing. Lots of Apples on consignment cannot be sold, because the barrels to put them in are not to be had. Dealers decline purchasing potatoes for the same cause; and this scarcity also prevents as large shipments as would otherwise be made of Turnips, Onions, and other vegetables.—*Cin. Gaz.*

*From the Cherokee Country.*—Our intelligence from the Cherokee country reaches to the 30th of October. Murders and outrages were still rife. On the 24th a bloody affray occurred in the Going Snake district, near the Arkansas line, between James Foreman, a young Cherokee, and Thomas Woods, a white man, in which both were killed. Te-sa-tesky, convicted of murder on the 20th, was hung in the Flint district on the 20th. Ten deserters from Fort Gibson passed through Tallequah on the 27th. The acting principal chief has called a general meeting of the Cherokee people, at Tallequah, on the 9th November, for the purpose of renewing good feeling, and restoring fellowship among them. A large and interesting meeting is anticipated. The Cherokees were in high spirits at the success of our army at Monterey.—*Penn. Clipper* out to-day.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

CIRCUIT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

*United States vs. Geo. W. Holthouse.*

This case was argued on Saturday last before Judges Grier and Irwin, by Messrs Dawson and Wylie, on behalf of the United States, and McCandless and Mahon on behalf of the Defendant, and the questions discussed and decided are both novel and important.

The facts are these: In the year 1844, Holthouse became the voucher for the naturalization of four several persons at different times, and made the usual oath, that he knew them to have resided in the United States for the full term of five years; in the State of Pennsylvania one year at least, previous to the dates of the respective applications; and that the applicants had behaved themselves as persons of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same.

There were four indictments against the Defendant for perjury in making these oaths. The indictments were found at October term, 1844, and the cases have been regularly continued from that time to the present argument.

At the late term of the District Court of the United States, Defendant's counsel moved to quash the indictments for the following reasons:

1st. That the Act of Congress of 14th April 1802, on the subject of Naturalization does not require the oath of a voucher, but merely that the Court should be "satisfied" of the required facts, and that inasmuch as an oath was not particularly required by the Act, and it was extra-judicial, and its violation could not be perjury.

2d. That the Act of Congress of 30th of April, 1790, on the subject of perjury, was repealed by the Act of 3d of March; 1825, on the same subject.

There were also other reasons urged, but these were the main ones.

The Judge of the District Court certified the cases for the opinion of the Circuit Court; and that Court has sustained the reasons and quashed the indictments.

The principles decided, then, are:

1st. That no one can be punished for perjury in vouching on oath falsely, under the Naturalization Acts of 1802 and 1824; and

2d. That a false oath taken before a Court, having jurisdiction of any matter arising under a statute of the United States, will not amount to perjury, or "false swearing" under the act of 1825, unless the oath has been positively "required" by the statute. It is not enough that the Court had power to adopt that method of satisfying itself of the truth of the matter in dispute.

*Saturday the 20th.—Quarter Sessions.*—The case of H. W. Oliver, commenced on Friday, and noticed in our paper, occupied the attention of the Court during the morning Session, and from all appearances, will consume the whole of this day. The Court adjourned to meet this day at 10 o'clock. The next case which will be taken up will be the case of Robert Beatson, charged with the murder of his wife in this city on the 19th of last May.

*Pocket-Picking in the Market House.*—A Jew or a German, said to be a Philadelphia pawn-broker, who has been in this city for some time, was arrested on Saturday, by officer Richards, on the charge of taking a purse containing money from a lady's pocket, while she was in conversation with some friends in the Market house.

As soon as she missed her purse, she followed him into a store, and charged him with the deed, which he denied, but immediately paid her the amount she had lost and the price of the purse.

He entered bail for his appearance.

The result of this case would indicate that it is not safe to commit theft where a lady is concerned. Detection is sure.

*The Baltimore Robbery.*—One of the persons noticed in the *Post* last week, as having committed a number of robberies in Baltimore, and also in this neighborhood, was arrested last Friday by officers Fox and Richards, in Lawrenceville. His name is Henry Hugo; he is a German. He is now in jail awaiting the requisition of the Governor of Maryland.

There were found on his person a large roll of black silk thread, a double barrelled pistol, and about $40.

His companion Hiersh, is supposed to have gone down the river. Police officers below, particularly Cincinnati, should be on the look out for him.

*The Accident.*—For fear other accidents may occur, from the same cause, it may be well to note, by way of warning, that the boiler in the Oregon Foundry was old and in bad condition, and the pump which supplied it with water, was out of order.

This plan of buying second-hand boilers, is a piece of economy which we trust may be dispensed with hereafter, this accident has proved them to be the dearest in the end.

*Theatre.*—The Stranger was performed on Friday night to a very good audience.

On Saturday evening the *Bride of Lammermoor* drew a full house.

This evening is for the benefit of Mrs. Mowatt, on which occasion the Bride of Lammermoor will be produced, with other attractions. We doubt not the house will be crowded.

*Geo. Youngson.*—We regret that a friend led us into error in regard to the unfortunate affair at the Jail, on Friday. Mr. Youngson was entirely unarmed as we are now informed. He also asserts that he did not know Mr. Scott was on official business.

We take pleasure in making this statement.

*Who lost a Cloak.*—There is at the Mayor's office, a blue cloth cloak with the initials W. E. C. on the clasp. Also, an adelade cloth cloak. They are supposed to have been stolen from some person in this city; but may have been brought from Baltimore.

*Young Wilson*, who was so badly injured at the Oregon Foundry on Friday last, and whose recovery was despared of, was better yesterday morning and hopes are now entertained of his recovery.—The others are doing well.

☞ The Doggeries are to be broken up. On Friday morning last the Judges of the Quarter Sessions gave notice, that after the election, all violators of the law should be fined one hundred dollars.

☞ It will be observed that the Temperance folks hold a meeting this evening in Temperance Hall, to consider the Anti-License question.

☞ Yesterday was wet, gloomy, and disagreeable. We may now expect big rivers.

☞ There was a slight sprinkling of snow yesterday. This is the first of the season.

*The Baptist Church*, Grant street, was dedicated yesterday with appropriate ceremonies.

☞ We expect to see the second number of the *Clipper* out to-day.

*Sale of Building Lots.*—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the sale of the 50 building lots situate near the Fourth street road, Canal Bridge. The sale takes place next Saturday, by John D. Davis, Auctioneer.

*The Dead.*—Holland and McCloat were buried yesterday. The funerals were very well attended. The firemen turned out. The bells of the engine houses were tolled in the morning.

☞ Will our play goers permit Manager Foster to let Mrs. Mowatt leave us without producing *Fashion?* We have heard nothing *officially* about it this season. The public call for it.

*Eagle Saloon.*—Our neighbors are prolific in puffs of this establishment. We doubt not the proprietor merits all that is said of him.

*The Christian Union* still continues its Sunday meetings in Allegheny Hall. Our friend Colvin was the lecturer appointed for yesterday.

*Mayor Cassatt* of Allegheny city, declines a re-election. We believe he is a popular and an efficient officer.

*Tobacco.*—There are now three French ships in this port waiting for cargoes of tobacco, which are to be purchased for account of the French government. It is quite an unusual thing for three French vessels to be in this port at one time.—[*Baltimore Patriot.*

## BY LAST NIGHT'S MAIL.

Arrival of the Galveston.—*Reported movement of Ampudia against Gen. Wool.*—The steamer Galveston arrived at New Orleans on the 12th inst. from Galveston. The following extract of a letter from New Orleans briefly sums up the news brought by her:

She brings among her passengers some six or eight officers, including Col. "Jack Hays" and the renowned Capt. Sam. Walker, formerly of the Texas Rangers, said to be on their way to Washington. They became lions at once, and as they walk through the streets attract crowds at their heels.

The Galvestonians gave them a great ball, and I understand that a similar demonstration is to be made here under the auspices of Capt. Lumsden. A Galveston Extra received this morning, mentions the arrival of a gentleman there who left Monterey on the 13th ult. He says it was currently reported in the army, that Gen. Ampudia, had *not* retreated to San Luis de Potosi, as before supposed, but with his army of 14,000 men, well supplied with munitions of every kind, had marched to Monclovia, with a view of intercepting General Wool and his little army of 3,000 men and preventing his junction with Gen. Taylor. Gen. Wool, however, it was supposed had taken a different route from the one Ampudia expected, and they might miss each other. How true this may be it is impossible to say, but the Galveston News thought it sufficiently interesting to warrant the issue of an extra.

[Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.]

Philadelphia, Nov. 20, 8. P. M.

Vice President Dallas leaves this city to-morrow morning for Washington.

Flour and grain are in a rapid decline, and prices are down to the point they were before the recent speculative mania. Sales of fresh ground Pennsylvania brands were made to day at $5.

A Vessel in Distress.—At daylight this morning, a vessel, supposed to be the Schooner Merengo, of Detroit, was discovered some two or three miles off this port, laying at anchor with a signal of distress hoisted. The sea has been so rough as to prevent ascertaining her particular distress or rendering her any assistance. It is feared she has lost her sails as none can be seen, or else lost some of her hands, and the balance are unable to raise her anchor. One thing