

and almost level plain. The soil of this vast wilderness is as rich as it can be; none richer. In the whole distance I did not see one half acre of useless or bad land— all covered with the finest of grasses for cattle, and when cured, good hay. The farmer will want but the plough, the seed, the sythe and sickle. As for the Cevalars, (ninety miles west of the Mississippi,) are considerable tracts of good timber, but none beyond... to the Missouri, and then very little till down to Fort Leavenworth, and then only about three miles wide, and some times none on the river; but coals are abundant and the growth of timber so natural, that, without fires, (which now spread over the whole prairie yearly, consuming every thing,) in fifteen years the whole, from river to river, would be one dense forest.

From the Lake to the Mississippi the lands are good, route feasible, and an abundance of timber, which must be there prepared and taken on as the road progresses, the whole distance to the Rocky Mountains, and no streams difficult to bridge till the Mississippi, which can be bridged in the vicinity of Prairie Du Chien and above, but as I understand, not below that place.

From the Mississippi to the Missouri the streams can be bridged easily, and at a small comparative expense, first rate materials being abundant in the bluffs which form the banks. The Missouri is a difficult stream to bridge or navigate, its waters rapid, many shoals, 18 to 22 inches water, its bed quicksand, its channel consequently changing, and now full of snags; its bottoms below the Calumet, are four to five miles wide between the bluffs, and all quicksand in layers in strata of from one to three feet, between which the water constantly leaks out, which, with the wear of the main stream, causes the banks to tumble into the river; and so on, until the new channel is made from one side of the bottom to the other, rendering it almost impossible to bridge anywhere below the entrance of the Calumet, but above which are two places of rock and one of gravel bed, where, too, the bottoms, from bluff to bluff, are narrow, and a bridge may be erected without difficulty and with safety.

Thus you will see from my picture, that I have found all I desire, and far more than I expected when I set out. In a few months after the grant the work shall be commenced, and, far sooner than I had dared to hope, the work can be completed—when we shall have the whole world tributary to us—when the commerce of the whole world will be tumbled into our lap—when this vast and now useless waste and wilderness (and ever must be without this road,) shall become the centre, the thoroughfare and the garden of the vast world, feeding, clothing, comforting and enlightening millions who are now starving homeless, naked, ignorant and oppressed—and who can, oppose such a work? I have not exaggerated the results to flow from it. Let any intelligent man calmly and deliberately look over the subject, and he must, he will be satisfied that it is not chimerical—it is not exaggerated, but that it is impossible to half estimate its results. The geography of the world will show to all that this road must inevitably change the whole commerce of the entire world, forcing its passage over and making it tributary to this road. Some may hesitate to investigate and be frightened at its magnitude, but it is simple as it is grand; its completion and success but require its commencement; its means to be supplied from a source as permanent as time. A bank, which has never failed, or refused to open its doors or yield up its rich treasures to the demand of the industrious laboring man—the source of all the world's wealth—the only regulator of commerce and exchanges, is now ready to furnish the means for this great work, and can such means fail? This, the most beautiful and richest of all the earth, inviting man to come forth and demand its rich treasures, and there are millions now ready and waiting for a way to get at such a promise.

I again ask—who can oppose this work? No man's rights to be abridged, no man's taxes to be increased, and not even one cent demanded from any one; all I ask is that which is now a great part useless, and I do not ask that without pay in money, for the whole cost of the road will be expended for materials, labor, and the products of the earth to sustain the labor, among the people to whom the lands belong, though it does not go into the Treasury of the United States it does go directly into the pockets of the people to whom that treasury belongs, and a sum too, more than double of that which will be received from the same lands in any other way. I call on all to investigate this subject, and to support me in it, so far as I am right, and no farther. I look to the press for aid and support in bringing the subject before the people; immediate action is necessary, it must be decided by the next Congress. The lands from the Lake to the Mississippi are fast being taken up and will soon be so much so as to defeat the project. Iowa and Wisconsin will soon be made States, which will be an objection. Oregon, so much interested in and entirely dependent on this road for its membership of and connection with our government, calls for action. It is not a political question—it is not a sectional question. It is one in which all parties can act and all parties be benefited. It is not a stock-jobbing, gambling scheme, there being no company to manage or speculate upon. No one can be deceived or defrauded, and the only question seems to be, do we want the road, is it desirable, will it be a national benefit, and will not

the whole world be benefited by it, and are we willing to have it on the terms offered? without money and without price. And it appears to me that these questions cannot be answered but in the affirmative. If I cannot from the lands build the road, the people still have the lands; they do not part with one inch that is applied to it. I have full confidence that I can build it from the lands; if I do, then the people and the world gain all I have promised, yea far more. My project seems to be popular with all here. I hope to be in New York by the middle of next month. Truly yours,

A. WHITNEY.

14 Days Later from Mexico.

By the arrival of the U. S. brig *Somora* and the steam frigate *Mississippi* at Pensacola on the 29th ult., the editors of the *New Orleans Picayune* are placed in possession of files from the city of Mexico to the 12th of October—14 days later than were received at Havana by the royal mail steamship *Avon*. That paper says:

We have sought in vain for anything to indicate that there has occurred any improvement in the affairs of Mexico. On the contrary, she is plunging deeper and deeper into difficulties, and a powerful party clamors for the overthrow of the present administration. *Somora*, too, is in a state of insurrection. Durango is overrun with savages, and poor Mexico looks utterly prostrated. The *Siglo* draws a melancholy picture of the state in which the frontier departments of the Republic are placed. Texas and Tamaulipas, it says, are invaded by the Anglo-Americans; Sonora is distracted by an obscure but disastrous war; Yucatan is imperfectly united to the Republic by shameful and ruinous treaties; and, finally, Tabasco is in a state of insurrection and plunged in anarchy. This situation is deplorable, and one cannot without tears think of the fate of the Republic, if those who govern it do not rule with a wise and strong hand.

If the *Siglo* almost despairs of the country, the popular papers are fierce in their denunciations of the inactivity, the irresolution and the incapacity of the Government. *El Amigo del Pueblo* boldly proclaims that the prompt dissolution of the existing Administration is the only thing which can save the country.

Letters had been received from General Garcia Conde, dated from Santa Fe. He was about setting forth on an excursion to Taos. He had heard of a band of American emigrants who had just crossed the *Napeste*, asserting that they were on their way to California and Oregon. These he proposed to disperse, and to return with all speed to Chihuahua to meet the *Camanches*.

The official paper of the Government, *El Diario*, of the 2d of October, vindicates the Administration from what it denounces as a vile calumny which had obtained circulation—that the Government had no idea of making war upon Texas. The official rings the changes upon the efforts of the President and his Secretaries to raise money and troops for the war, enumerates the difficulties encountered to prosecute the war with vigor, &c. &c. and then again denounces those who say that a war upon Texas is not a vital point in the policy of the Administration as infamous detractors who dishonour their country.

The Supreme Government has effected a loan of half a million of dollars from the house of Mackintosh & Co. The terms of the loan have not transpired, nor is it said whether it is a part of the fifteen million loan. Strong appeals are made to the clergy to come forward and make up this large loan. We should like to see them disgorge so much!

Gen. Paredes had called upon the Government for 300 horses with accoutrements for his troops, but the Government was unable to comply with the requisition.

On the night of the 30th September, at the National Theatre in Mexico, a deplorable affair occurred between the French Minister Plenipotentiary, Baron de Cyprey, and the Licentiate Dr. Mariano Otero. It seems that the Journal *El Siglo XIX* had published, on the 24th September, a somewhat pungent article in reply to the reflections of the *Paris Journal des Debats*, on the treatment of the French Minister at the Baths of Las Delicias.

A few days after, Mr. de Cyprey, accompanied by a compatriot named Mr. Jules Rosa, who acted as his interpreter, accosted Mr. Otero in the lobbies of the Theatre, and demanded of him whether he was the author of the article. Mr. Otero declining to answer the question, and referring him to the office of the paper, Mr. de Cyprey then struck Mr. Otero with a cane, and the latter retorted with a blow of his fist, having no weapon with him. The two gentlemen then spat in each other's face, and were after some scuffling, separated by the bystanders.

It is further stated that Mr. de Cyprey, on leaving, told Mr. Otero that he knew where to find him, if he desired satisfaction.

A prodigious excitement followed the affray; the military was called out to prevent any popular outbreak, and a guard stationed in front of the residence of the Baron to protect him from the indignation of the multitude. The Mexican press took up the matter instantly and warmly. A cabinet council was held upon the subject, and on the 1st October the Supreme Government transmitted a note to the Baron de Cyprey intimating to him that—as the passports, which he had so earnestly demanded, had been already furnished him, and there was no object for his remaining longer at the capital—he should

set out on his journey within three days. Subsequently, in compliance with the intercession of two friendly ministers, this time was extended.

MORE MORMON DIFFICULTIES.—A gentleman from the Upper Mississippi informs us, that a few days ago the Sheriff of Rock Island came to Nauvoo with a writ for one of the *Reddings*, charged to have been concerned in the murder of Col. Davenport. After Redding had been arrested and was about going on board a boat for Rock Island, a body of Mormons collected round the Sheriff for the purpose of rescuing the prisoner, and in the attempt Redding received a shot in the leg and the Sheriff a wound from a pistol shot. The prisoner escaped.

We further understand, that Major Warren, the commander of the forces stationed in the county, had several writs to serve in Nauvoo, which he would attempt to execute on Tuesday last, when it was expected the Mormons would offer opposition to their service. If these reports be true, and the Mormons do in fact offer resistance to Maj. Warren, they will bring upon themselves another difficulty immediately. We are not fully informed as to the character of the writs to be served, but understand that some of them are against some of the members of the Council of Twelve, which includes the leaders or principal men of the church. — *St. Louis Republican*.

THE MORMONS.—There is, as we have said there would be, more trouble brewing among the Mormons. We gave yesterday, some details of the resistance offered in Nauvoo, to the arrest, by a proper officer of a man named *Redding*, indicted as an accomplice in the murder of Col. Davenport. This man was rescued, and is now secured in Nauvoo—the officers were stoned, and otherwise injured. We now learn from the Quincy Whig, and other sources, that the Mormons in Nauvoo have actually defied the power of the State, and declared that no more arrests shall be made in Nauvoo.

Col. Warren, with the force under his command, was to have marched into Nauvoo on Tuesday last, for the purpose of executing the writs against *Redding*, *Brigham*, *Young* and others; but we are not advised of the result of this attempt to enforce the law. It is said, by the Whig, that Col. Warren is in possession of certain information, that a *bogus* manufactory is now, and was before the death of the *Smiths*, in operation at Nauvoo; and that the *Twelves*, or some of them, are interested in it.

The Circuit Court of Hancock county adjourned on Monday last. The trial of *Backenstos*, for the murder of *Worrell* did not take place. The case has been removed to Peoria county. — *Id.*

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The Oregon Question.

It seems to be evident, by this time, that the general Government intends to assert the right of the United States to the whole of Oregon, up to 54 degrees. The *Washington Union*—speaking officially, no doubt—says:

"The whole of Oregon or none—this is the only alternative as an issue of territorial right. We wholly deny the break in the American title at latitude 49 degrees. We hold that our title from 42 degrees to 54 degrees 40 min. is one title, and, as we believe, a perfect title against the world. As the question has been discussed for a quarter of a century between us and England, we are not aware of one argument—scarcely of one phrase purporting to be an argument—which carries our title up to 49 deg. and there stops. We claim as matter of right the territory drained by the Columbia river. In the view of the law of nations, this territory being unoccupied, has its distinctive character and unity as one region, in the fact that it is so drained. And as one region, we own it, or we do not own it."

The Union also denies that any proposition was ever made by the British Government, to let Oregon remain *in statu quo* for twenty years, and then her destiny to be decided by the wishes of her inhabitants.

The *New York Express*, a Whig paper, says, meantime, that a letter has been received from Mr. McLane, our new minister at the British court, in which the opinion is confidently expressed that unless President Polk beats a retreat from the position he has taken on the Oregon question, a war with England is inevitable. The ensuing winter will probably settle the question; but war will cripple both countries and demoralize both communities. May heaven avert it without the compromise of our rights or honor!

MESSMATES IN TROUBLE.—On the 31st ult., in New Orleans, two Jack tars, who were fighting on the *Levee*, were arrested by the officers of the First Municipality, and brought before his honor the Recorder to answer for their misconduct. They were messmates, it appears, says the *Picayune*, but in point of physical proportions and strength they were evidently much disproportioned. After some investigation, his honor ascertained that the smaller man of the two had been decidedly the worst used, the big fellow having knocked his opponent over and then beat him while down. He therefore imposed a fine of five dollars upon the big chap, who had thus acted so contrary to all the laws of fair play. The ill-used sailor immediately begged 'his honor' to remit the fine, and said, 'they were just come ashore after a long voyage, and had been merely skylarking.' But the court was inflexible,

and would have the fine inflicted. His honor said to the mediating culprit, 'If he had not struck you when you were down I would not have fined him, but now I certainly will do so.' Jim, the little fellow, turning away in apparent amazement at the obduracy of the Recorder, and wholly unmindful of the wrong which he had suffered in his own person, which consisted of a black eye and one of two trifling scars about the countenance, sloping his unworthy comrade on the back, exclaimed, 'Never mind, Jack, don't mind, I'll pay half the fine myself.'

TALL CHEATING.

In the Bankrupt Court of N. Y., there are three hundred and ninety petitioners who have not been discharged, and three hundred and fifty-six who are opposed by creditors. Out of the number of 2,650 bankrupts, there are 268 whose debts were over \$100,000, and 12 over a million each. Of these latter, the largest was one of the *Messrs. Josephs*, whose liabilities were \$5,781,000. The whole amount of indebtedness issued out by the operations of the law, reaches the enormous amount of one hundred and thirty millions, five hundred and eighty thousand dollars. They describe themselves as follows:—Merchants, 726; clerks, 405; mechanics, 372; no occupation, 161; brokers, 85; farmers, 47; gentlemen, 40; agents, 31; physicians, 28; lawyers, 18; office holders, 15; auctioneers, 12; laborers, 11; victuallers, 11; other occupations, 500; residing in the city of New York, 1,900; do. out of the city do. 650.

NEW ROUTE TO CHINA.—The *Concordia*, La. Intelligencer, proposes a new route to China, by the way of Charleston, Natchez, the Rio Grande, and the Gulf of California. The plan is by no means visionary, and seems quite as feasible as that of Mr. Whitney, by railroad to Oregon. The distance from Charleston to Natchez is 700 miles, and a railroad is now completed to Montgomery, Alabama, which is but 300 miles from Natchez. That a road will soon be completed from Montgomery to the Mississippi, there is little reason to doubt. From Natchez, by way of the Rio Grande, to the Gulf of California, is 1,070 miles. The route from Charleston to the Pacific would by this means be accomplished in from sixty to seventy hours.

Boats of large size are now carried over our Pennsylvania railroads. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility to conjecture that in less than ten years we may see advertised steamboats from Pittsburgh for the Sandwich Islands and Canton, via Natchez and the California Railroad.

Steamboat Collision.—Twenty Lives Lost.—The *Louisville (Ky.) Journal*, of the 30th ult. says:—From passengers on the steamboat *Mail*, which arrived here last night, we learn that the steamboat *Plymouth*, bound to St. Louis, with a large number of passengers, was run into by the *Lady Madison*, near Shawneetown, on Monday night, which caused the *Plymouth* to sink immediately to her boiler deck. None of the cabin passengers were lost, but it is supposed that 20 deck passengers, if not more, were drowned. A hole was immediately cut through the cabin floor, and several passengers, who had managed to keep out of the water by getting on boxes, &c. were thus rescued. The boat, it is said, will be a total loss. Her machinery will probably be saved. We also learn that a passenger on the *Mail*, who was insane, jumped overboard and was drowned.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Married—Not Hung.—A novel occurrence took place on Wednesday last, in a capital trial pending before all the judges of the Supreme Court now sitting at Salem, Massachusetts. James Powers, who was indicted for rape on Hannah Welsh, was to have been tried on Thursday, for his life, and the jurors were summoned, and the court ready, having assigned a day specially for the trial. In this stage of the case, the prosecuting officer announced to the court that he had suddenly been deprived of the most material witness for the prosecution, without whose testimony he could not hope for a conviction; that this witness was the girl upon whom the offence had been committed, and that he had lost her testimony by her going to the jail and marrying the prisoner that morning, and now, being his wife, she could not testify against him. And thereupon the court looked becomingly grave, and the prosecuting officer entered a *nolle prosequi*, and Mr. James Powers is a gay bridegroom at large, enjoying his honeymoon, instead of being a prisoner in the dock on his trial, with the prospect of a hempen halter. Singular as this occurrence may seem, there is no doubt of the honesty and virtue of the girl, and of the truth of her charge against the prisoner, who had confessed his guilt.

SEVERE SENTENCES.—Forty Years to the Penitentiary!—We learn from the *Port Tobacco, Md. Times*, that Mark Caesar, the coloured man, against whom thirty-six indictments had been found by the grand jury of Charles county Court, for insurrection, was tried last week upon ten of them and found guilty. He was then sentenced to the penitentiary for four years upon each, making the whole term of his imprisonment forty years. He is about 37 years old, and should his serve out his term will then be 77 years of age. By the way, Caesar is not alone in his glory; as we notice that a white man named Wm. B. Johnston, has been convicted at Staunton, Va., of outraging a young female, and sentenced to the penitentiary

for forty-two years! and that two negro men concerned in the same outrage, have been sentenced to be hung on the third Friday in December.

INDIAN VISIT.—The *Pottawatomie Indians* now in Washington city, paid a visit to Col. Thomas H. Benton, at his residence there, on Wednesday. The *Union* says:—The Colonel met them at the door, and extended a cordial welcome to his mansion. Arrived in the drawing room, he expressed to the delegation the gratification he felt in shaking hands with his red brethren from the far West. Half Day, the orator, then addressed him in substance as follows, (P. Leclerc acting as interpreter):—'My friend, we have come to pay you a mark of our respect and friendship. Your people in the far West are our neighbors; we live in peace with them. We have often heard your name; it is known to all the Indians on the frontier. We regard you as our friend. And now, when here, far away from our homes, who would not be glad to meet you as a friend? To this Col. Benton, with great suavity and dignity of manner, made an appropriate reply, assuring the Indians that in his action as a Senator of the United States, he would always endeavor to do them justice—that he desired to preserve our relations of peace and friendship with all the Indian tribes—and that he hoped, before leaving the city, they would succeed in adjusting all their business with the Government to their entire satisfaction and advantage.'

U. S. SATURDAY POST.

New volume, new type, old friendships, and new attractions.

THE publishers of the UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST feel constrained to make again their acknowledgments to the reading public for the liberal support which their paper receives. To show that they are not unmindful of the honor of its name, such patronage now requires, it would be entirely sufficient to refer the reader to the established character of the *fraternal friend*, which is pre-eminently the designation of this paper. As a newspaper dependent upon public patronage, 'grows by what it feeds on,' the publishers flatter themselves that the Post has increased in interest and value, with the steady and gratifying support which has been accorded to it, for a period of a *Quarter of a Century*. In this time, which has served for the life and death of whole generations of periodicals, and the rise, meridian, and decline of many a rival, the Post has kept the even tenor of its way, by its own intrinsic health and strength—now following, often leading the public taste, but not departing from its independence to minister to the transient newspaper follies, which, compared to the existence of the Post, are indeed ephemeral. We shall continue in this path, endeavoring in the NEWS DEPARTMENT, to present the latest authenticated intelligence, divested of party bias, and interested bias, and resting solely on the basis of truth, as far as it is ascertainable. We endeavour to select and publish intelligence of value and importance to citizens engaged in all the three great interests, Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures.

In political intelligence we recognize only one party—and that is our Country—our whole Country. We know no sectional interests in our patriotism—no party lines in our politics—no sectarianism in our religion, but print and publish for the greatest good of the greatest number.

To give the Saturday Post an importance beyond that temporary one which it derives from being the record of current events, and to make it acceptable to the Family Circle, we give to its columns the character of a *Weekly Magazine*, embracing Original Tales and Sketches—Original Verse and Essays—History and Historiotes—Biography and Legends—Science and Statistics—Revolutionary Annals—Moral Tales and Traits of Life—Original Comments, on Notables—War and Honor—in a word, such a variety of matter as, (our own country first remembered,) the Whole Literature of the World may offer. The Original Translations from European Literature, which had from time to time appeared in this journal, are referred to as an earnest that we have spared no pains to make the Post truly Cosmopolitan in the Great Republic of Letters.

Volume Twenty-Seventh, upon which we are about to enter, will appear in new type, and with such other improvements and advantages as experience may suggest. To repeat the words of a former prospectus—our motto is still 'Excelsior.' Among the oldest papers on the continent, and possessing of all the advantages which long accumulated facilities afford, the conductors blend with these peculiar advantages, (but to be acquired in a day,) all the improvements which each successive year presents to their notice; and all the changes for the better, which occur to men intent on doing well by a reading public which has always done well by the United States Saturday Post.

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S. D. PATTERSON & Co.,
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October 25, 1845.

Stray Steer.
CAME to the residence of the subscriber, in Lawrence township, sometime in September last, a brindled Steer, supposed to be about three years old. The owner is desired to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, otherwise he will be dealt with as the law directs.
JACOB PYLE.
Oct. 30, 1845.

CHAIR-MAKING & HOUSE PAINTING.

CHARLES MILLER, having purchased the establishment of C. D. Watson, respectfully informs the citizens of Clearfield and its vicinity, that he is now carrying on the above business in all its branches, and as he is determined to manufacture in the best style, Chairs, Settees, &c. on reasonable terms, he hopes to merit and receive a liberal share of patronage and support.
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Sept. 20, 1845.