Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER:—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, &C. &C.

Edited and Published for the Proprietors, at Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLIV.—NO. 17. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 2, 1842. NEW SERIES, VOL. 6,—N. 6. 64.

POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

LINES WRITTEN BY A LADY,

As an excuse for her zeal in the cause of Temperance, and addressed to a friend who told her she "was almost a monomaniac on the subject of alcoholic drink."

Go feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold proud world's scorn—
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

'Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall,
Hope's fadell flower strew'd all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be cast, with bitter curse, aside,
Thy prayers bel usqu'd, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man now,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wand'ring glance and see,
There, mirror'd his soul's misery.

'Go, hear what I have heard,
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory feeling's fount had stirred,
And its revelings there,
Hath told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

'Go, to thy Mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear—
Mark her dimm'd eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
Her toil worn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him,
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth—
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise in the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
The lowly thing—a *Drunkard's Wife!*
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
The withering blight—a *Drunkard's Child!*

Go, hear, see, feel and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known—
Then look upon the Wine-cup's glow,
See if its brightness can atone,
Think if its flavor you will try,
If all proclaim'd—"*Tis drink and die!*"

Tell me I *hate* the bowl!
Hate is a feeble word—
I *loathe, abhor*—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirr'd,
Wene'er I see, hear, or tell
Of *the dark beverage of Hell!*

Miscellaneous.

For the Herald & Expositor.

A WALK ABOUT CARLISLE.

Enough has been said of the beauty of nature; its loveliness has been the theme of poets of all ages, and therefore it needs no studied panegyric from a pen like mine. Yet to begin: I may say that nowhere is scenery found so pleasing to the eye or soothing to the mind, as around Carlisle.

There may be more sublime, there may be more enchanting, yet there can be none that has fewer defects. I am a lover and admirer of every thing about my dear native place; the hills, the dales, the streams near it, are objects of pleasure to my thoughts. In a ramble lately made along "Conodoguinet," I was particularly struck with the beauty every where displayed. It was such a day as we often have in February, nearly all spring; yet every few minutes a blast of wind, which told that old Boreas had not yet given up his claim to rule the weather: the appearance of the sky was in keeping with the feeling of the air; clouds would at intervals cover the heavens, and winter seemed to be struggling to resume its sway; but these would pass away, and the sun again shine forth bright and clear. The maple trees and hawthorn bushes had just commenced to show their tender buds, yet as if doubting whether frost and cold had really ceased, they only peeped above their protecting covering. The Conodoguinet, recently swollen by the melting of the snow, had began to clear its stream from the discolored water poured into it by its tributaries, and to resume its natural boundaries.—Already might the teal be seen flying above the surface, anxious again to pay a hasty visit to its waters. The crested titmouse gave its shrill notes from the bush, and the melodious strain of the Song Sparrow sounded along the stream. Every thing was invigorated by the warmth of the day, even the crack of your gun sounded livelier and quicker. The tortoise had thrown off his lethargy and might be seen crawling along the bank, or basking on some rock that jutted into the creek; and at every short distance a frog would spring with his peculiar splash into the water. All things were of a character adapted to exhilerate; nothing seemed out of place; the pine trees, covered with their perpetual green, relieved the desolate appearance of all other plants, and added another charm to the scene.

And now to give the closing incident of my stroll. After having wandered till we were compelled from weariness to rest in the true hunter fashion, we seated ourselves upon a log. But hark! what sound is that? again it comes on the breeze. It is the Bluebird's song, plaintiff and sweet, and though it does not tell that winter is gone, yet it shows that there was at least one spring-like day in February.

W. M. P.

FEMALE GENEROSITY.

In the latter part of the French Revolution, a young man who was closely pursued by a body of gens d'armes, in the streets of Paris, stopped at a door in which stood a young female, and requested concealment. There was no time to consider, as the soldiers were close at hand. She conducted him to a back building, and locked him in. She had scarcely done this, when the soldiers passed. As it happened, the very body of gens d'armes who had pursued the young man, were invited by the owner of the house to take up their quarters for the night, and were put into a room in the same building in which the refugee had taken shelter; and as they occupied the room next the entrance, he could not escape without passing through the room where they lay. In this dilemma, the young lady resolved to extricate him, if possible. She waited until she thought the soldiers were asleep, and passed through the room without waking any of them, acquainted the stranger with his peril, and told him that if he would consent, she could conduct him to a neighboring church, of which her uncle kept the keys, and secrete him until the danger was over. He consented. She took him by the arm, and they entered the room where the soldiers were sleeping, when, in passing, he struck his foot against one of them, who jumped up, seized the young man, and demanded who it was; when the young lady, with great presence of mind, answered, "It is only I, who came to seek for,"—fortunately she had nothing more to say, as the soldier, hearing a female voice, let go the arm. They passed on, and entering the church, she conducted him to the door of a vault, which was curiously concealed behind the altar, told him to enter there, and she would bring him food daily, until he should be enabled to venture forth in safety. She gave him the lamp, and shutting the door, immediately returned to the house.

He descended into the vault, and seating himself on a tomb-stone, he there beheld recorded the names of his own illustrious ancestors, who had moulded into dust ages ago. He was overpowered with fatigue, and fell asleep, and did not awake until the morning of the second day, when he perceived that his benefactress had not been there, and began to fear that something had happened to prevent her from coming again. He waited in terror and anxiety until night, but still she came not, and he laid himself down in despair on a tomb-stone, resolved to endure the lingering death which awaited him. He sunk into a lethargy from which he was awakened on the third morning by the voice of his benefactress calling on his name; but it seemed as if animation had ceased, for he was unable to move or articulate a sound. He heard the dreadful sound of the door as it fell; he uttered a faint cry, and rushed up the steps. Fortunately the young lady had not left the spot; she raised the door, entered the vault, and restored new life to the sufferer. She informed him that she had been unable to get to the church since his concealment, on account of the vigilance of the guards who were stationed at her uncle's, but that she had made arrangements by which she could supply him with food daily; she prepared to depart, and had just ascended the steps when they heard persons entering the church. She immediately closed the door of the vault, and the next moment they heard the steps of a body of soldiers passing about the church, and who were searching for some refugees whom they suspected were concealed there. They were conducted by the unsuspicious uncle, who led them to every part of the building, to prove his innocence.

Their footsteps were often heard by the trembling couple, passing over the vault, but they did not perceive it. When they left the church, she left the vault with repeated assurances of daily supplying him with victuals. She performed her promise, and in a few days conducted him from his place of concealment, and he was enabled to reach his home in safety.

A Husband's Love.

Incidents of life occurring from day to day, and we suspect, some not altogether devested of fiction, are not frequently to be met with in the public prints, in which they are heralded as instances of the all-absorbing and ever-enduring affection which burns with eternal brightness in the bosoms of wives, mothers and sisters. But who has ever before seen, in the columns of our public journals, a record exhibiting to the world the equally intense and not less abiding devotion of husbands, fathers, and brothers? Such records are rare indeed—not, as we believe, that the latter instances are less frequent than the former, but because there is in them less to impress the amiable feelings of our nature, and excite that peculiar interest which surrounds every thing hallowed by female virtue or heroism.

The Lowell Journal relates a case in point, which, through succeeding years, had failed to interest the pen of the chronicler. In a grave yard, situated in a wild, rural place, about a mile from a little village in that vicinity, stands a very neat granite monument. It is the only monument in the yard, and stands by itself, over a solitary grave, apart from all other graves. The history of that monument is interesting and melancholy in the extreme. It marks the spot where lies buried the young wife of one of the most interesting young men of the village. He was married a few years since to one who seemed in every way calculated to render him happy. At that time the prospects of the young couple bid fair for a long life of happiness and usefulness. In a year or two after their marriage, the small pox broke out and raged in the neighborhood. The young wife was attacked with this dreadful disease, and became its victim.

The fears of the community prevented her friends from attending her during her sickness. Her husband, her physician, and one or two attendants were the only persons who were present to smooth down her dying pillow. The same fears took away the usual form of a christian burial.—A spot for her grave was pointed out in the graveyard remote from other graves, by the proper authorities, and at the dark hour of night, with none present but the husband, the physician, and one or two fearless friends, the burial took place. There was no long train of kindred to witness the ceremony; the afflicted husband was the only relative, who, at the burial ventured to shed the last tear over the grave of the loved and the departed.

* * * *

Months rolled on, and black melancholy still brooded over the young man, but soon loosed its hold, somewhat. Sorrow still remained, but it was soon mingled with resignation. He resumed his accustomed occupation and seemed to forget the past. The past was not forgotten, however, nor the object which the past had endeared to him. The grave of his wife was solitary and alone. Over that grave he resolved to erect a monument to her memory. That monument, although a blacksmith by trade, he chose to plan and work with his own hands. He procured the rough blocks of granite and commenced the pleasing task. Every leisure hour he could obtain was spent in his favorite work. No other hand planned, and no other hand, than his own, executed. Month after month, alone and unaided, with no knowledge of the art, except what nature had taught him, sometimes at noonday, and sometimes at night, when others had left their tasks, he toiled on, until his work was completed. That monument, which, as a specimen of art is exceedingly fine, and would be an ornament even in Mount Auburn, now marks out the grave of his wife. While it serves to call to mind the memory of the dead, it speaks also of the constancy and purity of affections which death and time could not destroy.

THE HANGMAN AND THE JUDGE.

The following terrible passage, extracted from a British Magazine, is specially commended to the attention of so many of the people of the United States as are in favor of the punishment of death, as a penalty of the law.—*Star of Bethlehem.*

"Did your lordship ever attend a killing time at the Old Baily? If not, pray favor me with your company—not on the gallows, but staying in the street, amid the crowd that always assemble when I am at work for you or the sheriff. Perhaps it will add to the zest, if you come when I have a young woman to stiffen, supplied by yourself. Will the fluttering of the petticoats, as she swings in the wind, produce a pleasant sound in your ears, my learned master? Fail not to watch the people—the men, women, and children, good, bad, and indifferent; who have gathered to behold the sacred majesty of the law, you will see such flashing of eyes and grinding of teeth—you will hear her sighs and groans, and words of rage and hatred, with fierce curses on yourself and me; and then laughter such as it is, of an unnatural kind, that they will make you start; jests on the dead that they will make you sick! You will feel—no, why should you feel any more than your faithful journeyman? We shall go to our breakfasts with good appetites, and a firm conviction that every hanging bout changes many sneaking pilferers into saving robbers, fit for murder.

"A few years ago, I was called out of town to hang a little boy, who had been convicted of killing with malice aforethought. If guilty, he must have been in the habit of going to executions. Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor young creatures blood. That was the youngest fellow creature I ever handled in the way of business; and a beautiful child he was, too, as you have seen by the papers, with a straight nose, large blue eyes and golden hair. I have no heart; no feelings; who has in our calling? But those who came to see me strangle that tender youngster, have hearts and feelings as *we* once had.—Have!—no—had; for what they saw was fit to make them as hard as your servant or his master.

"They saw the stripling lifted, fainting, on the gallows; his smooth cheek of the color of wood ashes—his little limbs trembling, and his bosom heaving sigh after sigh, as if the body and soul were parting without my help.

"This was downright murder; for there was scarcely any life to take out of him. When I began to pull the cap over his baby face, he pressed his small hands together, (his arms, you know, were corded fast to his body,) and he gave me a beseeching look, just as the calf will lick the butcher's hand. But cattle do not speak; the creature muttered, 'Pray sir, don't hurt me.' 'My dear,' answered I, 'you should have spoken to the master. I'm only the journeyman, and must do as I'm bid.' This made him cry, which seemed to relieve him, and I do think I should have cried myself, if I had not hard shouts from the crowd—'Poor lamb! lame! murder!'—'Quick,' said the sheriff. 'Ready,' said I. The Reverend gentleman gave me the wink, the drop fell; he kick; and he swayed to and fro, dead as the feelings of the Christian people of England.

"The crowd disperse; some swearing, some weeping with passionate exclamations; some swearing, as if hell had broke loose; and some laughing, while they cracked black-guard jokes on you and me and the parson and the angling corpse.—They came for the sight, they would have come to see an angel murdered.—They had come to get drunk with excitement, and the went back reeling and filthy with the hot debauch. They had come to riot in the passions of fear and pity: they went back, some in a fevd of rage, some burning with hate, some hardened in heart like me, or you; all sunk down in their own respect, ready to make light of pain and blood, corrupted by the indecent show, and more fit than ever to make work for us, the judge and the hangman."

O wise law makers! who think to soften the hearts of the people; to make them gentle and good; to give them a feeling of respect for themselves and others, by showing them a sight like this!

The Hindoo Girl.—The following interesting fact was stated in a recent lecture by Mr. Pierpont:—

"At the present day, the uneducated Hindoo girl, by the use of her hands simply, could surpass in delicacy and fineness of texture, the production of the most perfect machinery, in the manufacture of cotton and muslin cloths. In England, cotton had been spun so fine that it would require a thread of four hundred and ninety miles in length to weigh a pound—but the Hindoo girl had, by her hands, constructed a thread, which would require to be extended one thousand miles to weigh a pound; and the Dacale muslin, [illegible] when spread on the grund and covered with dew, were no longer visible."

It is a very erroneous notion, nevertheless some folks entertain, that printers can get along very well without money during "these hard times."

POLITICAL.

WHIG DOCTRINES.

The admirable Washington correspondent of the United States Gazette, some of whose letters our readers have seen, in a recent communication speaks of the men and times, that have been, and that are, as follows:

"Being one of the OLD SCHOOL, it will, perhaps, be said by those who feel themselves obnoxious to the remarks I have made, that it is to be expected I should look upon nothing as right and proper that is not ancient:—that, like most men who have got upon the shady side of forty, I can see nothing in such bright colors now as I did when young. Perhaps it is so: for one thing is certain; that when I call to mind the House of Representatives as it was under the glorious administration of HENRY CLAY, when his eloquence, and the eloquence of a Calhoun, a Lowndes, a Webster, a Rodney, a Harper, a Randolph, a Pinckney, a Storrs, and other kindred spirits, rang through its Hall, where order and decorum reigned, and high bred courtesy characterized the members, I cannot but draw a comparison between the body as it *then* was, and as it *now* is, somewhat favorable to "the olden time." Appeals from the decision of the Speaker (Mr. Clay,) were then rarely made, and his decisions *never* reversed. The House was not then kept in confusion and disorder by the constant raising of points of order for that purpose. The public opinion of the body would not *then* have tolerated such improper practices.

Mr. Clay's able speech in support of his proposition to restrict the Executive Power, I observe, is published and commended by the leading Whig papers. Mr. C. has in that speech shown himself a sound political philosopher, and the advocate of liberal, *democratic* doctrines. The truth is, and it cannot be denied, that the Whigs are in favor of the rights of the *people:* they are the *reform* party, and the Journals of the two Houses of Congress, which give the yeas and nays on various important questions, will show it. Who are in favor of a fair and reasonable protection and encouragement of American labor? the whigs. Who were the advocates of that benignant measure which is to relieve the oppressed and set the prisoner free? the Whigs.

Who oppose both these measures? the Locofocos. Who have been in favor of making those improvements of rivers, harbors, &c., which enhance the value of the property, facilitate the intercourse between different parts of the country, and promote commerce? the Whigs. And it is the whigs who are endeavoring to reduce the expenses of the Government, so as to relieve the people of a portion of their burdens.—Who, too, are for maintaining the faith of the States unbroken and untarnished, sacred as our country's honor, and bright as her glory? the Whigs; while the Locofocos, wherever that faith has been broken and the State dishonored, have been the authors of the crime, and the instruments of the infamy. Who are the abettors of repudiation in Pennsylvania?—thank God her soil is disgraced by the foot of but a few—are they Whigs? no, no; not a Whig among them I will vouch. Once more.—Who are the friends of the Revolutionary soldiers, and of those who have been crippled in their country's service? the ayes and noes by Congress will answer, the Whigs. The Whigs, then, I repeat, are the true friends of the people—the genuine democracy of the country; they go for the largest liberty, and are for sustaining the honor of the country, as well as popular rights."

From the Richmond Whig.

MR. JEFFERSON, A TARIFF MAN!!!

Mr. Scott made the self-styled Democracy open their eyes, on Friday, when he read extracts from Mr. Jefferson's Messages, to prove that the "Father of Democracy" was not only in favour of *Internal Improvements by the Federal Government*, but was a warm advocate of a Tariff. The proof was conclusive, and produced quite a sensation in the Hall.

As it is not generally known that Mr. Jefferson entertained these opinions, and in fact, directly opposite ones having been attributed to him we annex the extracts.—It will be seen, that he, in the spirit of an American, was not disposed to give Foreigners an advantage over our own People, and his Democracy did not shudder at the idea of taxing European luxuries for the support of Government and the encouragement of "Domestic Manufactures!" The duty, he says, falls upon the rich, and he puts it to their "*patriotism*" to say, if they would not prefer to pay this tax, and appropriate the proceeds to *Roads, Rivers, Canals, &c.* We think, Mr. Jefferson was wrong in recommending Internal Improvements by the Federal Government—for we consider that system not only unconstitutional, but highly impolitic, and in its tendencies corrupting and consolidating. But as to the policy in taxing foreign luxuries for the maintenance of the National Independence, and for the advantage of our own citizens over foreigners—we entirely concur with him—as we do in most of his political views.

Here are the extracts—first from his Message in 1806, and again two years later, from his Message in 1808,

"The question, therefore, now comes forward, to what other objects shall these surplusses be appropriated, and the whole surplus of import, and during those intervals when the purpose of War shall not call for them? *Shall we suppress the impost and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufactures?* On a few articles of more general and necessary use, the suppression, in due season, will, doubtless be right, but the great mass of articles on which impost, is paid, are foreign luxuries, purchased by those only, who are rich enough to afford themselves the use of them. Their patriotism would certainly prefer its continuance, and application to the great purposes of public Education, Roads, Rivers, Canals and such other objects of pub improvement, as it may be thought proper to add to the Constitutional enumeration of Federal powers. By those operations new channels of communication will be opened between the States; the lines of separation will disappear, their interests will be identified, and their union cemented by new and indissoluble ties."—*Jefferson's Message* 1806.

"The probable accumulation of the surplusses of revenue beyond what can be applied to the payment of the public debt, whenever the freedom and safety of our commerce shall be restored, merits the consideration of Congress. Shall it be unproductive in the public vaults? Shall the revenue be reduced? Or shall it not rather be appropriated to the improvements of Roads, Canals, Rivers, Education, and other great foundations of prosperity and union, under the power which Congress may already possess, or such amendment of the Constitution as may be approved by the States?"—*Jefferson's Message* 1808.

MR. CLAY'S RESOLUTIONS.

The following are the resolutions of Mr. Clay, introduced into the Senate on Wednesday:

1. *Resolved*, That it is the duty of the General Government, for conducting its administration, to provide an adequate revenue within the year to meet the current expenses of the year; and that any expedient, either by loan or Treasury notes, to supply in time of peace, a deficiency of revenue, especially during successive years, is unwise, and must lead to pernicious consequences.

2. *Resolved*, That such an adequate revenue cannot be obtained by duties on foreign imports without adopting a higher rate than 20 per cent., as provided for in the compromise act, which, at the time of its passage, was supposed and assumed as a rate that would supply a sufficient revenue for an economical administration of the Government.

3. *Resolved therefore*, That the rate of duties on foreign imports ought to be augmented beyond the rate of twenty per cent., so as to produce a nett revenue of twenty six millions of dollars—twenty two for ordinary expenses of Government, two for the payment of the existing debt, and two millions as a reserved fund for contingencies.

4. *Resolved*, That in the adjustment of a tariff to raise an amount of twenty-six millions of revenue, the principle of the compromise act generally should be adhered to; and that especially a maximum rate of ad valorem duties should be established, from which there ought to be as little departure as possible.

5. *Resolved*, That the provisions of the act of the extra session for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, requiring the operation of that act to be suspended in the contingency of a higher rate of duty than twenty per cent., ought to be repealed.

6. *Resolved*, That it is the duty of the Government, at all times, but more especially in a season such as now exists, of general embarrassment and pecuniary distress, to abolish all useless institutions and offices to curtail all unnecessary expenses, and to practice rigid economy.

7. *Resolved*, That the contingent expenses of the two Houses of Congress ought to be greatly reduced; and the mileage of members of Congress ought to be regulated and more clearly defined.

8. *Resolved*, That the expenses of the judicial department of Government have, of late years, been greatly increased, and ought to be diminished.

9. *Resolved*, That the diplomatic relations of the United States with foreign Powers have been unnecessarily extended during the last twenty years, and ought to be reduced.

10. *Resolved*, That the franking privilege ought to be further restricted, abusive uses of it restrained and punished, the postage on letters reduced, the mode of estimating distances more clearly defined and prescribed, and a small addition to postage made on books, pamphlets and packages transmitted by the mail, to be graduated and increased according to their respective weights.

11. *Resolved*, That the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War, and of the Navy Departments, and the Postmaster General, be severally directed, as soon as practicable, to report what offices can be abolished, and what retrenchments of public expenditure can be made, without public detriment, in the respective branches of the public service under their charge.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.

In reply to a resolution of the Senate in relation to the number and rule of appointments of the Cadets at West Point, the Secretary of War states that the number of Cadets at present in the Academy is 240, and that they are apportioned among the several States and Territories as follows:

From Maine	8	Iowa	1
New Hampshire	4	District of	
Massachusetts	9	Columbia	4
Rhode Island	1	Appointment at	
Connecticut	5	large being generally	
Vermont	5	the descendants of ol-	
New York	33	ficers and soldiers of	
New Jersey	4	the Revolution and of	
Pennsylvania	22	the last war, appoint-	
Delaware	1	ed as follows:	
Maryland	4	Sons of living and de-	
Virginia	17	ceased officers of the	
North Carolina	8	army & navy	21
South Carolina	7	From Virginia	4
Georgia	4	Maine	2
Kentucky	12	Pennsylvania	3
Tennessee	12	New York	1
Ohio	17	Kentucky	2
Louisiana	3	Rhode Island	1
Mississippi	2	Maryland	1
Alabama	3	Ohio	2
Indiana	7	South Carolina	1
Illinois	2	Charged to no State	1
Missouri	1		—
Arkansas	1	Total at large	39
Michigan	2		—
Florida	1	Total now in the	
Wisconsin	1	Academy	240

The arrangement which now exists in the War Department respecting the apportionment of cadets, so as to apportion them among the several States, is stated to be this:

In the month of February or March annually, the appointments are made from among the applicants whose names are on the register: care being taken to distribute them as nearly as circumstances will permit, so as to give one cadet to each congressional district, excepting in the States of Delaware, Arkansas and Michigan, which in consideration of the large unrepresented fraction in the first and the growing population of the others, are allowed two cadets each.

It further stated that the laws regulating the number of cadets in the academy have been so construed as to fix the greatest number of cadets admissible into it at 260; and the average number in the academy during a whole year has not exceeded 250.

Fatal Affray.—The New Orleans Crescent City of the 8th instant, says:—We learn from Edw. Morton, of the steamer John Jay, arrived last evening from Little Rock, that a fatal affray occurred at Lewisburg, Arkansas, between Dr. Menifee and a Mr. Phillips, in which both were killed. Some difference arose about a note in possession of one of them. They accidentally met—drew pistols and fired. Menifee shot in the groin, and Phillips in the shoulder. They then drew Bowie knives and closed on each other. At the first cut, Menifee was nearly severed in two,—and Phillips' shoulder blade laid entirely open. Both expired on the spot."

TEXAN SANTA FE EXPEDITION.

The New Orleans Picayune has the following letter from Mr. Lounsden, one of its editors now in the city of Mexico:

MEXICO, TUESDAY EVENING,
Seven o'clock, Jan. 25, 1842.

Good news! Mr. Mayer, Secretary of Legation to the American Minister, has just called at my room and informed me that young Combs is liberated! Santa Anna this morning sent for him, and gave him his liberty, quite unexpectedly to every body here. He was conducted to the Ministers apartments and placed under his protection, by Santa Anna's orders, and in his own carriage.

The other prisoners are yet in chains, and are all made to work in the streets.

I am greatly in hope that when Mr. Kendall arrives, which must certainly be in a few days, he will also soon be released. I look upon the liberation of Combs as a favorable omen.

A letter of an earlier date states that the following Americans (being part of those attached to the Santa Fe expedition) were in chains in the city of Mexico:

F. T. Combs, Tourist.		S. B. Sheldon, Miss.	
P. A. Sully, Merchant.		J. Biddler, of Penna.	
Thos W. Adams, Ten.		H. Chamberlain,	"
L. Paine	"	J. A. Cummings,	"
Jos. H. Rogers,	"	F. L. Walker,	"
A. Adams, of Kentucky,		P. W. Gilmore,	"
F. McClanahan	"	F. Hughes,	"
H. A. Allen,	"	M. M. Dustrie,	N. O.
Saml Hunter,	"	G. W. Bonnel	"
F. McMillen,	"	Jas. L. Mabry,	"
Hays Covington,	"	P. Scarborough,	"
P. Bickford, Mass.		S. Bowyer, Missouri.	
C. White, Louisiana.		Geo. Barnard, Conn.	
D. White,	"	F. Tompkins, Illinois.	
Geo. W. Grove, Ohio.		Thos. Hencek,	"
Jas M. Edgar, NJ.		M. D. Boyd, S. C.	
Levy Butler, New York,		Geo D. Miller, Va.	
L. E. Blake,	"	J. T. Crowder,	"
Alonza Story	"	B. Ware, S. C.	
L. Thickstone	"	N. G. Hudson, Ala.	
T. E. Tucker,	"	J. Ward, Ga.	
John Lewis,	"	Wm. Steger, Miss.	
John Talk,	"		

Money Affairs in Pittsburg.—The Pittsburg Gazette of Monday says:—Most of our brokers decline purchasing Ohio money, at all, except the notes of the specie paying banks. Those who buy rate good currency, such as Indiana, Kentucky, and Wheeling paper, and some of the best of the Ohio banks, and such as Lisbon, Geauga, Franklin bank Columbia, Portsmouth, Zanesville, Marietta, St Chairsville, Western Reserve, Mauilus, &c., at 10 per cent discount. Banks of Hamilton, Wooster, Urbana and Granville not purchased. Bank of Cleveland and Commercial Bank of Lake Erie are rated 20 per cent. below currency, or 30 per cent below par. The banks of Chillicothe, Lancaster and Clinton bank of Columbus are rated 10 per cent. below currency, or 20 per cent. below par. The Bank of Pittsburg we understand refuses to receive any bank notes whatever, except her own, either in payment, or on deposit.

Better than taking the benefit of the Bankrupt Act.—A gentleman of a neighboring town called on a friend a few days since, and asked the loan of a hundred dollars to enable him to take the benefit of the Bankrupt Act. His friend inquired the amount of his indebtedness. "Two thousand dollars," was the reply. Here, said his friend, is the hundred dollars, but instead of using in the way you propose, call on your creditors, pay them five per cent. of their claims and get discharged by them from your obligations. The man did as advised, and the following day he had made a settlement of all the claims against him!—*Hartford Courant.*

A Bank Enjoined.—The New York Express of Saturday says:—The Bank Commissioners placed an injunction on the La Fayette Bank of New York this day at 12 o'clock. The institution has been quite a feeble one for some time, much embarrassed and not in good credit. The amount of Bills in circulation is not large and the deposites moderate. Both will be paid and there will be something left for the stockholders—but much disappointment will be felt by the creditors. The closing of the Bank excites no attention, for it was not unexpected.

CONGRESSIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

President—George N. Briggs, of Massachusetts.

Vice Presidents—Thomas W. Gilmer, of Virginia; Thomas Henry, of Pennsylvania; Samuel S. Bowne, of New York; Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky; Edmund Deberry, of North Carolina; Harvey M. Watterson, of Tennessee; John Thompson Mason, of Maryland; Calvary Morris, of Ohio; and John Mattocks, of Vermont.

Secretary—John M. Howard, of Michigan.

Treasurer—Seth M. Gates, of N. York.

Executive Committee.—Lott Warren, of Georgia; T. W. Williams, of Connecticut; James Irvin, of Pennsylvania; Chas. Hudson, of Massachusetts; and Lewis Riggs, of New York.

Important Case.—The case of Edward Prigg, Plaintiff, in Error, against the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, is pending before the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Johnson, Attorney General of Pennsylvania, closed his argument on Thursday. This is a case arising out of the seizure of a negro in the State of Pennsylvania, by a person claiming him as a slave, and carrying him into Maryland without an order of Judge or Magistrate.—It has been pending for some years.