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## Poetry.

*From the Chronotype.*

### The Fashionable Lady's Prayer.

BY W. ELLEN.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"
God, pro[illegible] the head,
To feed the [illegible] the head,
And chase the vi[illegible]
And [illegible] man a friend decays,
Or dies in Agony—
We'll talk of "God's mysterious ways,"
And lay it all to thee.

Give us to please a morbid taste,
[illegible] and death,
Corsets [illegible] strings around the waist,
Almost to stop the breath,
[illegible] attends
Our [illegible] progeny,
[illegible] our sins,—
We'll pay it all to thee.

Give us by battles in the fear,
(Work it, not in fun,)
[illegible] crowds to fear,
[illegible] to roast upon,
[illegible] the legs and spine,
What matter should it be?
[illegible] follows, we can whine,
And lay it all to thee.

Give us good houses, large and tall,
To look the cabin down.—
And servants dodging at our call,
And shrugs at our frown.
[illegible] however worthy they,
We'll treat quite coolly;—
[illegible] companion day,
And settle up with thee.

We [illegible] to toil and sweat,
[illegible] of vulgar blood,
[illegible] not a bit,
[illegible] physic, nor for food,
And [illegible] for want of exercise,
We lack the stamina
[illegible] we trample and despise,
We'll lay it all to thee.

[illegible] curse we have forgot,
That on a votary,
[illegible] to fall, withheld it not,
But send it generously.
[illegible] hard to mill-stone light
[illegible] humanity—
We never blame ourselves a mite,
[illegible] it all to thee.

[illegible] coffee, wine and tea,
[illegible] things introduce,
[illegible] warm bath thrice a day,
[illegible] and refined,
[illegible] defying nature's laws,
[illegible] we must be—
[illegible] pleasant for human cause,
[illegible] it all to thee.

[illegible] two circulations—the Nervous and the [illegible].

## Miscellaneous.

*From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.*

### Legends of the Revolution.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

### A Martyr of the South.

[illegible] gloom to-day in Charleston. [illegible] that a great city feels, but [illegible] great heart of humanity, whose [illegible] is a life, can feel, the [illegible] more terrible than the bloodiest [illegible]. Yes, when those arteries of a city, [illegible], and lines, and alleys, thrill [illegible] same feeling, when, like an electric chain, it darts invisibly from one [illegible] to another, until it swells ten thousand hearts, the result is terrible.

[illegible] not whether that result is manifested in a Riot, that fills the streets [illegible] the blood of men, and women, and [illegible] children, that fires the roof over the [illegible] of the innocent, or sends the Church [illegible] whirling in smoke and flame to the [illegible] sky; or whether that feeling is [illegible] in the silence of thousands, the [illegible] head, the compressed lip, the steadi[illegible] footstep, still it is a fearful thing to [illegible].

[illegible] is gloom to-day in Charleston. [illegible] awe reigns over the city. Every [illegible] you see is stamped with gloom; men [illegible] by, with anguish in their heart [illegible]. Women are weeping in their [illegible] chambers; in yonder church old [illegible] are kneeling before the altar, praying [illegible] deep, muttered tones.

[illegible] soldiers whom you meet, clad [illegible] British uniform, wears sadness on [illegible]. These men to whom murder [illegible] are gloomy to-day. The citizens [illegible] to and fro; cluster in groups; [illegible] together; glide silently into their [illegible].

The stores are closed to-day, as though [illegible] Sunday. The windows of those [illegible] are closed as though some great [illegible] were dead; there is a silence on the [illegible], as though a plague had despoiled the [illegible] of its beauty and its manhood.

The British banner, stained as it is with [illegible] blood of the Palmetto State—[illegible] to partake of the influence of the [illegible]; for, fasting from yonder staff, it [illegible] not swell buoyantly upon the breeze [illegible] drops heavily to the ground.

The only sound you hear save the hur[illegible] tread of citizens, is the low, solemn [illegible] of the Dead March, groaning from [illegible] drums.

Why all this gloom, that oppresses the heart and fills the eyes? Why do Whig and Tory, citizen and soldier, share this gloom alike? Why this silence, this awe, this dread?

Look yonder, and in the centre of that common, deserted by every human thing, behold—rising in lonely hideousness—behold a Gallows.

Why does that gibbet stand there, blackening in the morning sun?

Come with me into yonder mansion—whose roof rises proudly over all other roofs. Up these carpeted stairs, into this luxurious chamber, whose windows are darkened by hangings of satin, whose walls are covered with tapestry, whose floor is crowded with elegant furniture. All is silent in this chamber.

A single glow of morning light steals through the parted curtains of yonder window. Beside that window, with his back to the light, his face in shadow, as though he wished to hide certain dark thoughts from the light, sits a young man, his hands, some form array'd in a British uniform.

He is young, but there is the gloom of age upon that wovenbrow, there is the resolve of murder upon that curling lip. His attitude is significant. His head inclined to one side, the cheek resting on the left hand, while the right grasps a parchment, which bears his signature, the ink not yet dried.

That parchment is a death warrant.

If you will look closely upon that red uniform you will see that it is stained with the blood of Paoli, where the cry for "quarter" was answered by the falling sword and the reeking bayonet. Yes, this is none other than General Grey, the Butcher of Paoli, transformed by the accolade of his King into Lord Rawdon.

While he is there, by the window, grasping that parchment in his hand, the door opens, a strange group stand disclosed on the threshold.

A woman and three children dressed in black, stand there gazing upon the English lord. They slowly advance; do you behold the pale face of that woman, her eyes, large and dry, not wet with tears, but glaring with speechless awe! On one side a little girl, with brown ringlets, on the other her sister, one year older, with dark hair, relieving a pallid face.

Somewhat in front, his young form rising to every inch of its height, stands a boy of thirteen, with chesnut curls, clustering about his fair countenance. You can see that dark eye flash, that lower lip quiver, as he silently confronts Lord Rawden.

The woman—I use that word, for to me it expresses all that is pure in passion, or holy in humanity, while your word—lady—means nothing but ribbons and millinery—the woman advances, and encircled by these children, stands before the gloomy lord.

"I have come," she speaks, in a voice that strikes you with its music and tenderness, "I have come to plead for my brother's life!"

She does not say, *behold my brother's children*, but there they are, and the English lord beholds them. Tears are coursing down the cheeks of those little girls, but the eye of the woman is not dim.—The boy of thirteen looks intently in the face of the Briton, his under lip quivers like a leaf.

For a single moment that proud lord raises his head and surveys the group, and then you hear his deep melodious voice:

"Madam, your brother swore allegiance to His Majesty, and was afterwards taken in arms against the King. He is guilty of Treason, and must endure the penalty, and that, as you well know, is Death."

"But, my lord," said the brave woman, standing erect, her beauty shining more serenely in that moment of heroism, "You well know the circumstances under which he swore allegiance. He, a citizen of South Carolina, an American, was dragged from the bedside of a dying wife, and hurried to Charleston, where this language was held by your officers—"Take the oath of allegiance, and return to the bedside of your dying wife; Refuse, and we will consign you to gaol! This, my lord, not when he was free to act, ah, no! But when his wife lay dying of that fearful disease—small pox—which had already destroyed two of his children. How could he act otherwise than he did? how could he refuse to take your oath? In his case, would you, my lord, would any man, refuse to do the same?"

Still the silent children stood there before him, while the clear voice of the true woman pierced his soul.

"Your brother is condemned to death!" he coldly said, turning his head away.

"He dies at noon. I can do nothing for you!"

Slowly the woman, holding a little girl by each hand, sank on her knees; but the boy of thirteen, stood erect. Do you see that group? Those hands upraised, those voices, the clear voice of the woman; the infantile tones of those sweet girls, mingling in one cry for "Mercy!" while the Briton looks upon them with a face of iron, and the boy of thirteen stands erect, no tear in his eye, but a convulsive tremor on his lip!

Then the tears of that woman come at last—then as the face of that stern man glooms before her, she takes the little hands of the girls within her own, and lifts them to his knee, and begs him to spare the father's life.

Not a word from the English Lord.

The boy still firm, erect and silent, no tear dims the eye which stares steadily in the face of the tyrant.

"Ah, you relent!" shrieks that sister of the condemned man. "You will not deprive these children of a father—you will not cut him off in the prime of manhood, by this hideous death! As you hope for mercy in your last hour, be merciful now—spare my brother, and not a heart in Charleston but will bless you—spare him for the sake of these children!"

"Madam," was the cold reply, "your brother has been condemned to die. I can do nothing for you!"

He turned his head away, and held the Parchment before his eyes. At last the stern heart of the boy was melted. There was a spasmodic motion about his chest, his limbs shook, he stood for a moment like a statute, and then fell on his knees, seizing the right hand of Lord Rawdon with his trembling fingers.

Lord Rawdon looked down upon that young face, shadowed with chesnut curls, as the small hands clutched his wrist, and an expression of surprise came over his face.

"My child," said he, "I can do nothing for you!"

The boy silently rose. He took a sister by each hand. There was a wild look in his young eye—a scorn of defiance on his lip.

"Come, sisters, let us go."

He said this, and led those fair girls toward the door, followed by the sister of the condemned. Not a word more was said—but ere they passed from the room, that true woman looked back into the face of Lord Rawdon.

He never forgot that look.

They were gone from the room, and he stood alone before that window, with the sunlight pouring over his guilty brow.

"Yes, it is necessary to make an example! This rebellion must be crushed; these rebels taught submission! The death of this man will strike terror into their hearts. They will learn at last that treason is no trifling game; that the rope and the gibbet will reward each Rebel for his crime!"

Poor Lord Rawdon.

The streets were now utterly deserted. Not a citizen, a soldier, not even a negro was to be seen. A silence like death rested upon the city.

Suddenly the sound of the dead march was heard, and yonder, behold the only evidence of life throughout this wide city.

On yonder common, around the gibbet, is gathered a strangely contrasted crowd. There is the negro, the outcast of society, the British officer in his uniform, the citizen in his plain dress. All are grouped together in that crowd;

In the centre of the dense mass, beside that horse and cart, one foot resting on that coffin of pine, stands the only man in this crowd with an uncovered brow. He stands there, an image of mature manhood, with a muscular form, a clear, full eye, a bold forehead. His cheek is not pale, nor his eye dim. He is dressed neatly in a suit of dark velvet, made after the fashion of his time: one hand inserted in his vest, rests on his heart.

Above his head dangles the rope.—Near his back stands that figure with the craped face; around are the British soldiers, seperating the condemned from the crowd. Among all that rude band of soldiers not an eye but is wet with tears.

The brave officer there, who has charge of the murder, pulls his chapeau over his eyes, to shield from the sun, or—can it be?—to hide his tears.

All is ready. He has bidden the last farewell to his sister, his children in yonder jail; he has said his last word to his noble boy, pressed his last kiss upon the lips of those fair girls. All is ready for the murder.

At this moment a citizen advances, his face convulsed with emotion—

"Hayne," he speaks, in a choking voice "show them how an American can die!"

"I will endeavor to do so," was the reply of the doomed man.

At this moment the hangman advanced, and placed the cap over his brow. A cry was heard in the crowd, a footstep, and those soldiers shrank back before a boy of thirteen, who came rushing forward.

"Father!" he shrieked, as he beheld the condemned with the cap over his brow.

One groan arose from that crowd—a simultaneous expression of horror.

The father drew the cap from his brow, beheld the wild face, the glaring eyes of his son.

"God bless you, my boy," he spoke, gathering that young form to his heart. "Now go, and leave your father to his fate. Return, when I am dead—receive my body and have it buried by my forefathers!"

As the boy turned and went through the crowd, the father stepped firmly into the cart.

There was a pause, as though every man in that crowd was suddenly turned to stone.

The boy looked back but once, only once, and then beheld——oh, I dare not speak it, for it chills the blood in the veins——he beheld that manly form suspended to the gibbet, with the cap over his brow, while the distorted face glowed horribly in the sun.

That was his Father.

That boy did not shriek, nor groan, but instantly—like a light extinguished suddenly—the fire left his eye, the color his cheek. His lips opened in a silly smile. The first word he uttered told the story—

"My father!" he cried, then pointed to the body, and broke into a laugh.

Oh, it was horrible, that laugh, so hollow, shrill and wild. The child of the Martyr was an idiot.

Still, as the crowd gathered round him, as kind hands bore him away, that pale face was turned over his shoulder toward the gallows.

"My Father!"

And still that laugh was borne upon the breeze, even to the gibbet's timbers, where—in hideous mockery, a blackened, but not dishonored thing—swung the body of the Martyr Hayne.

"This death will strike terror into the hearts of Rebels!"

Poor Lord Rawdon!

Did that man, in his fine uniform, forget that there was a God? Did he forget that the voice of a Martyr's blood can never die!

This death will strike terror into the heart of the Rebels.

It roused one feeling of abhorrence through the whole South. It took down a thousand rifles from the hooks above the fire-side hearth. It turned many a doubting heart to the cause of freedom; nay Tories by hundreds came flocking to the camp of liberty. The blood of Hayne took root and grew into an army.

There came a day when George Washington, by the conquest of Yorktown, had in his possession the murderers who did this deed; Lord Cornwallis, who condemned and commanded; Lord Rawdon, who signed the death warrant.

Here was a glorious chance for Washington to avenge the Martyr Hayne, who had been choked to death by these men.—The feeling of the army, the voice of America—nay, certain voices that spoke in the British Parliament, would have justified the deed. The law of nations would have proclaimed it a holy act. But how did Washington act!

He left each murderer to God and his own conscience. He showed the whole world a sublime manifestation of forgiveness and scorn. Forgiveness for this humiliated Cornwallis, who, so far from bearing Washington home to London a prisoner in chains, was now a conquered man in the midst of his captive army.

But this Lord Rawdon, who, captured by a French vessel, was brought into Yorktown, this arrested murderer, who skulked about the camp, the object of universal loathing, how did Washington treat him!

He scorned him too much to lay a hand upon his head; from the fullness of contempt he permitted him to live!

Poor Lord Rawdon!

Who hears his name now, save as an object, forgotten in the universality of scorn.

But the Martyr—where is the heart that does not throb at the mention of his fate, at the name of Isaac Hayne!

*"A Fix."*—While passing through Wilson Lane, a few days since, says the Albany Knickerbocker, we saw a large black turtle "dragging his slow" length along on the sidewalk, and quite a crowd had gathered to look at the "cre'tur." Soon a dusky little negro man, who had just then came along with a very small dog, looked at the turtle with apparent astonishment for a moment, and asked—

"Wha, what you call dat ar' feller?"

"That's a turtle," answered a bystander.

"Gorre!—wha' dey do wid 'um!"

"Make soup of him."

"Soup!—yah ha!—*what* a lookin' feller dat is to make soup of! Heah, Cæsar, bite im!" said the negro to his dog, as he "stirred up" the turtle with his cane.

The dog, seeming to know a little more about "the natur of the baste" than did his master, hung back a little, but finally he crawled up to get a smell of the strange customer, when the turtle made a dive at his foot, and, seizing it in his mouth, squeezed it so unmercifully that the puppy got up some of the tallest kind of yelling, and the negro made no less noise than the dog.

"Ki hi—ow ow," yelled the dog, while his master puffed like a locomotive, exclaiming—

"Gorry mighty!—you brack toad, why you not let go dat ar' dog foot!"

And, after thrashing him lustily over the shell with a sugar cane stick, until he had broken his weapon to splinters, he seized the turtle by the head, and attempted to force him to release his hold of the dog. Unfortunately, Cuffy got his thumb into the trap, with the dog's foot, and then there was music! Finally, the "bark slipped" from the negro's thumb, and he "extended his area of freedom" to such a distance that there was no immediate danger of his being harmed by the turtle, which, with "Adhesiveness 17," still clung to the dog, and it was with considerable difficulty that his jaws could be opened sufficiently wide to "render to Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's." The puppy was no sooner at liberty than Cuffy sung out:—

"Heah, Cæsar, come 'way from dar! an' if dat d—d 'hasty plate of soup git our finger in him mouf agin, he may bite till him toof ache; dat's all I's got to say 'bout um."

The negro "put," and his dog hobbled after him, on three legs, leaving a crowd of spectators, who were shaking their sides with laughter.

*Delaware U. S. Senator.*—The Legislature of Delaware, now in session in Dover, recently elected Presley Prudance (W.) a Senator of the United States, in place of Mr. Thos. Clayton, whose term expires on the 4th of March next, and who declines a re-election.

### A Tale of Horror.

*Massacre of the Nestorian Christians.*

We learn, says the New York Courier, through the correspondence of the London Morning Chronicle, from Constantinople, that another terrible massacre has occurred among the Nestorians. In a letter, bearing date Nov. 30th, it says that the fact of such an event having occurred was known at Constantinople, but great pains were taken to conceal the particulars. In this letter of the 9th, he gives further details. About a month before, Beder Khan Bey, knowing that the efforts of the Turkish Government to thwart his designs must prove futile, collected various detachments of troops under the command of the Beys of Hakkari and Bevari, and himself taking command of a large body of Kurds, marched into the country of the Nestorians. Knowing that he would meet with no resistance, he divided his force into small bands, and sent them in various directions to fall on the defenceless Nestorian villages. Of the result of this expedition, the correspondence gives the following details:

"Thirty of these villages, at the least, have been thus made the scenes of the most harrowing wholesale murders. To speak of their having been sacked, plundered and burnt to the ground, would be to draw attention to an incident of small importance in the face of the greater horrors which these bloody barbarians committed. Men, women and children, in the agonies of terror, were put to death by every species of torture which cruelty could invent. Happy were those who were shot, or who fell by the sword, who had not their bowels ripped out of them while living, or who not impaled amidst the shouts and laughter of the murderers. Two of the bishops of the Nestorians, if not more, were impaled, and several of the priests. What impaling is, I suppose your readers to understand. But that was not the worst torture that was inflicted. Children were torn from their mothers, some from their mothers' breast, and in presence of their mothers, who were obliged, screaming, to look on, put to the most shocking manner to death. The mothers afterwards were murdered. The youth of both sexes underwent exercises which cannot be mentioned before their mothers, in daylight and safety, were cut.

"The pen refuses to record more of these atrocities, though I might go on, and allude to abominations of cruelty, and words than cruelty, which call for a retribution as nearly equal to their brutal ruthlessness in severity as can be inflicted. *Three thousand of the Nestorians have perished in the massacre, on the lowest calculation.* The most extensive slaughter took place at a large village, or township, called Baz, where Beder Khan Bey was himself present. Here the two bishops were impaled, and from this place were sent to a three hundred heads (*pickled*) to the Pacha of Mossoul, with the insulting message that, if the Porte *presumed* to molest the sender, he would send to Constantinople instead of Nestorian, Turkish heads enough to make a pyramid."

*Outrages in Virginia.*—A series of daring outrages have lately been perpetrated in Accomac county, Virginia. Among them we notice an attack upon a Methodist clergyman, a Mr. Hargis, during public worship, while he was preaching to a large congregation. The rioters first surrounded the church, commenced discharging fire-arms and throwing stones, which created such alarm and confusion that many left the house of worship, fearing to remain longer. Mr. Hargis continued to preach. But the rioters tore off the window shutters and forced themselves up to the pulpit, when the confusion became so great that the congregation had to be dismissed, and Mr. Hargis with his wife, retreat from the house, amidst threats of violence from the mob. The offence alleged against Mr. H. is, that his church had refused to withdraw from the Philadelphia conference and attach itself to the Church, South, and that consequently, it favors abolitionism.

*The Freshet in Ohio.*—The Columbus Journal of the 5th instant says: "Accounts from various quarters are coming in of the damages caused by the recent unprecedented rise in the rivers.—From the Scioto and Muskingum valleys we have yet no authentic accounts. Those from the Muskingum are truly fearful, more than realizing our worst apprehensions. It must be necessary to some time before the extent of the damages can be ascertained with any degree of accuracy. The State will be a very great loser by damage to her canals and her public works.

*An Excellent and Cheap Pudding.*—One pint of rice; twelve apples of good size, and cold; pare, core, and slice them; mix the rice and sliced apples, and put all into a bag and boil for half an hour. The bag must be large enough to allow the rice to swell, and yet no larger than the rice, when swelled, will fill. Eat with any sauce that suits the taste; butter and sugar are excellent.

The Burlington Gazette publishes the famous Newbold receipt for curing hams. The old gentleman was very choice of his secret, and reserved it until the day of his death. After that event, the receipt was found hid away in a hole in the cellar wall. Here it is: 3 lbs. coarse salt, 3 lbs. brown sugar, 2 oz. salt-petre, ½ oz. pearl ash, 4 gallons water. Boil all together, and scum the pickle well when cold. Put it on the meat. Hams to remain 6 weeks; beef 3 weeks. The above is for 100 lbs. weight.

The Albany (Geo.) Courier says:—A melancholy accident happened in our city on Thursday last; a young man by the name of John Sharp, in company with a gentleman from the country, went into a store in order to take a glass of brandy, but instead of going to the accustomed place of keeping the spirits, they laid hold on the first bottle they came to, supposing it to be brandy, (notwithstanding the bottle was labelled, "Laudanum,") they paid no attention to it, and both of them took a glass, which resulted in the death of Mr. Sharp; we learn that it had but little effect upon the other gentleman. Medical aid was called, but without success.

*Kentucky.*—The Legislature of Kentucky assembled at Frankfort on the 31st ult. Gen. Leslie Combs was chosen Speaker of the House. The message of Gov. Owsley was very brief. It informs us that the State's indebtedness at the beginning of the fiscal year which ended on the 10th of October, 1846, was $4,653,456. Since then payments have been made upon the principal of the debt to the amount of $81,430, and new liabilities created to the amount of $16,000, leaving a further actual diminution of the debt $65,430; and the State is in the possession of stocks to the amount of $1,270,500, by which part of the above debt may be discharged without burdening the people with taxation.—The latter sum being deducted reduces the actual debt to $3,325,525.

The Governor urges, very earnestly, a special tax for a school fund to be distributed annually to the districts throughout the State, on condition that each State raises by voluntary taxation an amount equal to that proffered by the State.—He refutes the charge that "no system of general education can flourish in a Slave State," and referring to the pledge which Kentucky has given once and again for the education of her children, he says:

"It is for the Legislature to say whether the sacred pledge is ever to be redeemed—whether the minds of the neglected children of the State are ever to be illuminated, and taught to know a condition of happiness in life unattainable by the inside of poverty and undimmed by the mists of ignorance."

### More "Aid and Comfort" by the "Mexican whigs."

The Philadelphia U. S. Gazette of the 28th ult. has the following paragraph:

Captain Bankhead—a son, we believe, of the Colonel—within twenty-four hours, raised in this city fifty men, to complete one of the companies of the Virginia Regiment. Enlisting to serve during the war, appears to be a category not contemplated by the Virginia resolutions of '98 and '99.

Capt. Bankhead, the Richmond papers tell us, is one of Mr. Ritchie's "*Mexican Whigs*," who, not being able to raise men enough in Mr. Ritchie's *Locofoco* State of Virginia to furnish such "aid and comfort" to the enemy as he wishes, is compelled to resort to the *Whig* city of Philadelphia for "aid"!

Comment is unnecessary.

*More "Mexican Whiggery"!*—Another case of treason by the Whigs in giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy, recently occurred in the U. S. Senate; one of the noblest Whigs in that body, Mr. Crittenden, having brought forward a motion for a bill to increase the pay of the non-commissioned officers and privates of our army, and to bestow rewards of merit upon them.—What a traitor!

Yet another proof of Whig treason will be found in the action of Congress on Mr. Crittenden's motion. It seems that the Democrats in that body are not quite satisfied of the expediency of giving higher pay to our soldiers. On this subject hear an eye-witness. Says he:

Mr. Benton's Military Committee has not yet reported on Mr. Crittenden's resolution to have the pay of non commissioned officers and privates in the army increased, and to bestow rewards of merit upon them when deserved. Why was there any necessity to inquire into the propriety of reporting such a law? The act would be a just and meritorious one—every body knows it would be. Why then delay, postpone and enquire?

The people cannot fail to see *who* are the friends of the volunteers, and *who* have no feelings for them! They will not fail to see *who* act for them and *who* act against them.

*A Strange Tale.*—The N. O. Delta says that a few years since, a Sergeant in the army at Fort Leavenworth was arrested on a charge of having stolen money from Lieut. T.—an officer at that station. He ran away, was followed, arrested and money found upon him. The Lieutenant on hearing of his arrest, disappeared and was supposed to have been murdered.

The Sergeant was brought up for examination. The proofs were exhibited to him, the money, his flight, &c.; his only reply was, "Where is my accuser? Bring him before me and you shall see who is the thief." But Lieutenant T. could not be found. The Sergeant then confessed that he had been bribed by Lieutenant T. to desert and take upon himself the infamy which justly belonged to the Lieutenant himself, who was a defaulter to the Government, and wished to cover his crime by the alleged robbery of the Sergeant.—That he had given him two hundred dollars and a horse, to fly from the fort, which after a severe conflict with conscience, he at last consented to do, but that before he had gone many miles his horse broke down, and he was thus overtaken and arrested.

On the 1st of October last, as the Mexican force was marching out of Monterey, one of the officers under General Worth, whose troops were drawn up to salute them, recognized in one of the Mexican Colonels a familiar face, which proved to be that of Lieut. T.! The Delta says:—

As soon as the Mexican's eye fell upon the faces of the two Americans, he was observed to grow deadly pale, and to pull his cap over his eyes and turn away. But the American had seen enough to satisfy them that the Mexican colonel was no other than the renegade Lieutenant T——, for whose crime a poor man now suffers the infamy of imprisonment in the penitentiary of Missouri. An inspection of the Mexican military roll, and inquiry among the Mexican officers, confirmed the truth of the personal observation of our officers.

We understand that this evidence will be laid before the Executive for the purpose of obtaining a commutation of the punishment of the unfortunate sergeant the victim of the infamous treachery and villany of this base officer, who, to the crime of having disgraced his country's uniform and betrayed its confidence, adds the eterhal infamy of the parricide and the traitor.

*Henry Clay and Robert J. Walker.*—The "Courier" expresses, says the New Orleans Tropic, the confident opinion that the Secretary of the Treasury—not Alexander Hamilton, Albert Gallatin, Wm. H. Crawford or Thomas Ewing—but R. J. Walker, has accomplished a wonderful feat—nothing less than the demolition of Henry Clay. This is intemperably the best joke of the season. We have heard Lilliputians contending with Giants, of a quick sparrow pecking himself in a belligerent attitude towards an eagle, and of a fly which had the temerity to light upon a bull's horn—the animal was ignorant of the fact until told of it, but R. J. Walker demolishing Henry Clay eclipses all these gems. The Colonel has become an inveterate joker.

It is stated in letters from Washington that General Aaron Ward, of Westchester, N. Y., is to be appointed by the President, Brigadier General for the three northern regiments.