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# The Northern Galaxy

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THE GALAXY, IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING IN STURGEON'S BUILDING, BY J. COBB JR. BY WHOM ALL ORDERS FOR PRINTING BOOKS, BROCHURES, HANDBILLS, CARDS, Blanks, &c. &c. &c. Of every description will be promptly and assiduously executed, at short notice.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### The Two Purses.

A TALE OF BOSTON.

Boston, courteous reader, the Yankee city of Massachusetts Bay, shall be the locale of our tale. There is a portion of the west part of the town here as in London, occupied by the more opulent of the inhabitants, in the immediate neighborhood of the Common, as it is called. The vicinity is the aristocratic section of the city. You will find this spirit of pride or aristocracy to consist of associations in the old country; there birth alone establishes the claim to distinction, while here, wealth is the most powerful. Ah! in this boasted free country, gold is the lover of all ranks, forming for itself a kingdom out of the Republic, which it rules with a rod of iron, though in this Yankee city, genius and intellect are far more readily appreciated than in any other part of the State.

It was a cold winter night, and the wind whistled shrill through the bare limbs of the giant trees that lined the mall. The ground was covered with snow, upon whose sparkling surface the light of the moon fell with dazzling splendor, studding the encrusted ground with brilliant diamonds. As the Old South clock struck nine, a young man closely wrapped in his cloak sought the shade of one of the large trees in the park from whence he watched the coming of numerous carriage-loads of gaily dressed people of both sexes, who entered one of the princely houses in Beacon street. Through the richly stained glass windows, the gorgeous light issued in a steady flood, accompanied by the thrilling tones of music from a full band; the house illuminated at every point seemed crowded with gay and happy spirits. The stranger still contemplated this scene—his cloak, which had until now enveloped the lower part of his features, had fallen, disclosing a face of manly beauty, a full dark eye, with arching brows, and short curling hair, as black as the raven's plumage, set off to great advantage his Grecian style of features—a becoming moustache curled above his mouth, giving a decided classic appearance to the whole face. The naval button on his cap showed that he belonged to that branch of our national defense.

"Shall I enter?" said he thoughtfully to himself, "and fast my eyes on charms that I never can possess." Hard fate that I should be so bound by the iron chains of poverty—yet I am a man, who has a soul as noble as the best of them. "We will see," he said, crossing over to the gay scene, he entered the hall.

He cast off his over-shoes, handed his cap and cloak to the servant, and unannounced mingled with the beauty and fashion that thronged the rooms. Gradually making his way among the crowd, he sought a group in whose centre stood a bright and beautiful being the queen of loveliness, of that brilliant assembly.

The "blood" of the west end flocked around her, seeking for an approving glance from those dreamy blue eyes, half abstracted, she answered or spoke upon the topics of conversation, without apparent interest. Suddenly she started and blushing deeply, dropped a half courtesy, in token of recognition to some one within the group. Her eyes no longer languid, now sparkled with animation, and as our naval friend entered the group about her she laid her tiny gloved hand within his, saying, "Welcome Ferris, we feared your sailing orders had taken you to sea this bleak weather."

"We should not have lifted anchor without first paying tribute to our Queen," was the gallant reply.

A titter ran through the circle of exclusives at his appearance among them, but when the lady approved, there was no cause for complaint.

"Strange familiarity," said one young fellow to another; "what pretensions can he have here?"

"And Miss H.—called him by his given name, too," said another, "rather familiar that; wonder what the old man would say to it?"

"What sense does this painting represent?" inquired a lady friend at this moment. Anne H. replied, "I think it is an Italian picture, replied the fair girl.

"Spanish I should say," observed he who was first questioned on the appearance of Ferris.

"Evidently Spanish," said another exquisite, "though I regret to differ from Miss H."

"You err," said Ferris, turning to the two gentlemen, the lady is right. "It is an Italian scene, as will discover by a closer examination of the costumes and figures."

"Pray, do you establish yourself as an umpire in the case?" retorted one of those who had pronounced the picture to be a Spanish scene.

"I contend that you are wrong," said the other, seeking some cause for difference, and desiring to show up the unpretending Lieutenant.

"Pardon me, ladies," said Ferris, taking notice of the speakers, "I saw that painting in the studio of Isola, at Genoa, a few years since, and I know from his author that it represents a street scene in that Italian city, otherwise I should not have spoken."

"Ah, you have a great advantage over us all, in having travelled so extensively, Mr. Harvard," said Anne H., desirous to restore good feeling.

The gay scenes of the night wore on.

### TEMPERANCE.

#### JOHN B. GOUGH.

An English traveller residing in Philadelphia speaks of Mr. G. who was then delivering Temperance lectures in that city in the following strain, which we copy from the Temperance Standard:

I am passionately fond of eloquent public speaking, and therefore felt a great desire to hear Mr. Gough, nor was my wish long ungratified, for the rain being "over and gone" I sauntered down Chestnut street and in my way saw a bill which announced that Mr. G. would address the people of Philadelphia in the First Baptist Church on the following Sunday evening, and thither at the appointed hour I repaired, expecting to be disappointed, for I have generally found much vaunted men to fall far short of the standard erected by their admirers.

Mr. Gough's fame having "down before him," or rather by young man's hand, or whether he belongs to it is doubtful—whether it bids fair to be so fully squeezed as to render seeing it edgeways a matter of difficulty—on the grave looking gentleman and his companion push, and at length arrive at the foot of the stairs leading to the pulpit. "There he goes!" that's Gough! him with the spectacles on; whispers one to another as the grave looking person ascends the steps—no that cannot be the Orator for we are told he is much younger and has a more lively countenance, and his eyes are so bright—disappointment it is only the sexton who is to regulate a refractory gas burner. Perhaps the Secretary (for such is the gentleman with grey hair and spectacles) is going to apologize for Mr. Gough's unexpected, unavoidable absence, &c. &c. Oh! no—no such thing for you may see a young man following the sexton, and at once every eye is fixed on him, for every body whispers to every body else—"That's him!" and this time they are right, for Mr. J. B. Gough it is.

What! that pale, thin young man—with a brown over coat buttoned closely up to his chin, and looking so attenuated that a tolerable persevering gust of wind would have had no difficulty in puffing him to any required point of the compass—that him who swayed multitudes by his oratory. Male strong men weep like little children, and women to sob like their hearts would burst!—Yes, look at his large expressive eyes—mark every feature, and you see the stamp of no common man there. The young Apostle of Temperance is before us.

After a brief address from Mr. Marsh, and a prayer from the Pastor of the church, a hymn was sung, and then Mr. Gough came forward. I had no better opportunity of observing him. His face was pale and there were in his eyes a certain gleam, a certain fire, indicative of a heart of more than ordinary energy. In dress he was extremely simple—plain black—taken altogether, I have seldom at a first glance felt so lively an interest in any celebrated man, (and I have seen many) as I did in Mr. Gough.

It would be easy enough to give the matter of Mr. Gough's address, but to convey anything except a very slender idea of his manner, would be a sheer impossibility, and I shall not attempt so hopeless a task. To be fully apprised of his manner, a chambermaid in a well known family in Chambers street. She had a tumor in the neck, increasing daily. Dr. Bodinier, who visited the family, happened to notice the infirmity of the girl, proposed kindly to remove the tumor, and to save her the pain of the operation, he offered to perform it during the magnetic sleep, as he had already done successfully (in two other surgical operations) last June in Paris. His offer being accepted, the girl prepared to be put into that state of singular susceptibility in which she was put without much difficulty at the first trial. In order to secure as much success as possible, she was previously put to sleep about ten times, for an hour or two each time, every other day.

On the day appointed for the operation, some twelve or fourteen of our most distinguished surgeons and physicians, among whom was Dr. Valentine Mott, John W. Francis, E. Delafield, J. Kearny, A. Sidney Doane, Nelson Taylor, Alfred, of Madrid, L. Parmly, and others of equal standing, were invited to attend. The girl was put to sleep at half past eleven o'clock in the morning, in presence of Dr. Doane (No. 32 Warren street) and a few other persons, and in a very short time she was in a complete state of insensibility. At half past one o'clock, all the doctors above named being present, Dr. Bodinier performed the operation, which lasted about three minutes, during which the girl did not show the least sensibility; nor could the least contraction be seen on her face, or any part of her body; she was exactly like a corpse. All being completed, the girl was left asleep for two hours longer, and then, in presence of five or six of the above mentioned doctors, she was in less than three minutes awakened from the most profound sleep.

When she was first asked how she felt, she said she was tired of having remained so long in the same position, but she seemed to be unconscious of what had taken place until she was shown the tumor which had been extracted, and which was about the size of a pullet's egg. It was some minute or two before she began to feel the itching of the wound. She was perfectly well except exhibiting a state of feebleness produced by the loss of blood. We are told that, since this time, she has been without pain from the wound.

This is, we believe the first regular surgical operation performed in this city during the magnetic sleep.

We understand that Dr. Bodinier is a young surgeon who arrived here three months ago from Paris, bringing with him the highest credentials from the most eminent professional men in France. He seems not to have given his attention to animal magnetism, otherwise than as a means of producing on some particular constitutions, a state of sleep and insensibility, of which science may take advantage to save to humanity the suffering and anxiety attending surgical operations, and it was merely with this view that he attempted the above named experiment which proved to be so successful.

Dr. Bodinier, a member of several medical societies, is said to have great skill and science as a surgeon, and particularly for diseases of the eyes; we are glad to hear that he intends to establish himself in this city; he will certainly be an acquisition to the profession.

The above particulars have been given us by a witness of the operation, gentleman in whose veracity we may place the utmost reliance, we would hesitate in believing every particular of the facts above mentioned, were they not corroborated by the well known names of the professional gentlemen that were present.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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Any person wishing to embark in the practice of law, devote his whole time and talents nights for the welfare of his clients—pay the disbursements out of his own pocket—see some pampered officer—trust his client six years, giving him a chance to abscond, take the benefit of the act; or shield himself from the exemption law, and receive nothing himself but curses from the ungrateful portion of community, will do well to embrace the present opportunity of purchasing a library.

ROSWELL JUDSON. Shelburne, Dec. 24-1844.

The Times says the subscriber to the advertisement is the First Judge and Sarogate of Chenango County.

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### TEMPERANCE.

#### JOHN B. GOUGH.

Not long subsequent, Ferris called one evening at the house of Mr. H. and fortunately found Anne and her father alone, the former engaged upon a piece of embroidery of a new pattern, and the latter poring over a volume of ancient philosophy. On his entrance the old gentlemen took no further apparent notice of him, than an inclination of the head, and "good evening sir." He took a chair by Anne's side, and told her of his love in low but ardent tone begging permission to speak to her father upon the subject.

"Oh, he will not hear a word of the matter, I know," said the sorrowing girl. "No longer ago than yesterday, he spoke to me relative to a connection with R.—, but I can never love but one," said the beauty, giving him her hand.

Ferris could bear suspense no longer; in fact, the hint relative to her alliance with another, spurred him to action. He proceeded to that part of the room where Mr. H. sat, and after a few introductory remarks, said:

"You have doubtless observed, sir, my intimacy in your family for more than a year past. From the fact that you did not object to my attentions to your daughter, I have been led to hope that it might not be altogether against your wishes. May I ask, sir, with due respect, your opinion in the matter?"

"I have often seen you here, replied Mr. H., "and have found no reason to object to your visits, sir."

"Indeed, sir, you are very kind. I have neither fortune or rank to offer your daughter, but still, emboldened by love, I ask you for her hand.

The old man laid by his book, and removing his spectacles, asked:

"Does the lady sanction your request?"

"She does."

"Have you thought well of your proposal?"

"I have."

"And you ask—"

"Your daughter's hand."

"It is yours," said the old man.

Ferris sprang astonished, to his feet, saying,

"I hardly know how to receive your kindness, sir, I had looked for different treatment."

"Listen, young man, said the Father, "do you think I should have allowed you to become intimate in my family without first knowing your character? Do you think I should have given this precious child (and here he placed her hand in Ferris') to you before I had proved you? No, sir; out of Anne's many suitors from the wealthy and highest in society, I long since selected you as one in whom I could feel confidence. The world calls me a cold, calculating man; perhaps I am so; but I had a duty to perform to Him who had entrusted me with the happiness of this blessed child; I have endeavored to discharge that trust faithfully; the dictates of pride may have been counterbalanced by a desire for my daughter's happiness. I chose you first—she has since voluntarily done so. I know your life and habits, your means and prospects—you need tell me nothing. With your wife you will receive an ample fortune; the dutiful son and affectionate brother, will make a good husband. "But stay," said the old man, "I will be with you in a moment," and he left the lovers together.

"The story of your marriage with R.—, was only to try your heart and thicken the plot," said Ferris to the blushing girl.

At this moment the door opened, and the beggar whom Ferris had twice relieved entered.—Stepping up to Ferris solicited charity.—Anne recoiled at first at the dejected appearance and poverty stricken looks of the intruder, while Ferris asked in astonishment how he gained entrance into the house. In a moment the figure rose to a stately height and casting off the disguise it had worn, discovered the person of Anne's father!

The astonishment of the lovers can hardly be conceived.

"I determined," said the father, addressing Ferris, after I had otherwise proved your character, to test one virtue, which of all others is the greatest—Charity. Had you failed in that, you would also have failed with me in this paragon of marriages. You were weighed in the balance and not found wanting; here, sir, is your first purse, it contained six dollars when you gave it to the poor beggar in the street—it now contains a check for six thousand; and here is the second that contained five-dollars which is also multiplied by thousands.—"Nay," said the old man, as Ferris was about to speak, "there is no need of explanation—it is a fair business transaction."

This was, of course, all mystery to Anne—but when explained added still more to her love for the future husband. Ferris and Anne were soon married, and one stately mansion in Beacon street serves as a home for mother, wife, sister, and all, Gossip said, (and said truly for once,) that old Mr.—, having money enough, had not sought to add more to the fortune he should leave his child by forming for her an alliance with gold, but had sought and found what was far more valuable, true merit.

"And now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity, there—but the greatest of these is Charity."

When we hear a man boasting of his "love for the dear people," we are inclined to suspect him for a love for the "dear people's" offices. It reminds us of the Irishman who was about to marry a southern girl for her property.

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"Yes, your reverence, and the niggers too."

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one moment he convulsed them with merriment, and as if by the touch of an enchanter would be subdued them to tears. It was a wonderful display of his power over the feelings and passions, and yet with all, there was so much of humility that one knew not which most to admire—the man, or his matter.

Mr. Gough is an admirable mimic, and tells a story with more point, Charles Mathew ever listened to. His sarcasms tell with effect, and his pathetic narrations of the household distresses are graphic in the extreme. I should not like to be the object of his denunciations for he launches his thunders with an unsparing hand, as the trafficker in rum can testify. He sings, too, and very sweetly—few can refrain from tears when hearing his "Long, long ago." Taken altogether it may be safely said that Mr. Gough is one of those men whom the Almighty calls out at certain periods to wage his battles, and effect great moral reforms.—Mr. Gough is emphatically a man for the Times!

I forgot to remark, that our orator's voice is extremely musical and of flexible tone, at times sweet as that of the eloquent Henry Smith (a preacher of Queen Elizabeth's day and surnamed the silver-tongued) and at others pouring forth torrents like an eloquent iverette. In fine, he has all the requisites for an efficient public speaker, and may doubtless bring all his energies to bear whilst engaged in discussing his favorite theme—Temperance, to which he feels he owes so much.

Boston, Feb. 1845.

From the Columbus Journal.

SCENE IN THE PENITENTIARY OF OHIO.

On Saturday last, Mr. Carey, of Cincinnati, an elegant and devoted advocate of Temperance Reform, being in our city, consented to occupy the morning hour usually devoted to a religious service, in the delivery of a Temperance Address to the unfortunate whose crimes have banished them from society and immured them between the strong walls, the bars and bolts of the Ohio Penitentiary. Some thirty or forty members of the Legislature and others were present to hear the address and witness its effects. The convicts to the number of some 450 were seated, and after appropriate opening exercises, Mr. Carey commenced his address. He had not proceeded far, before every eye was riveted on him. Chords in the breasts of the hardened men were touched that had not vibrated for years. Every word seemed to probe the recollections of the past and awaken emotions they sought not to conceal. They were busy with other days, as the speaker eloquently portrayed the fearful progress of the occasional and habitual drinker, commencing his career and sowing the seeds of degradation, shame and misery in the very spring time of life, and going on step by step in his downward career, until the dungeon, the scaffold or the grave closes the scene. The fountains of tears, the sensibility were broken up, and scalding tears bathed the cheeks of the wretched convicts. They recognized the sad picture of their own experience and fall, and felt in very truth that the poisoned contents of the intoxicating cup bite like serpents and sting like adders. The kind hand that lifted the veil and showed them the melancholy cause of misery and crime, pointed them to the remedy and bade hope once more live in their hearts. And as they looked forward to the future, brighter scenes dawned on their visions and stern resolves were formed to shun the abyss of woe; when, having served out their painful probation, they should again enter the world.

The scene affected deeply the spectators present, and the tears of the legislators mingled with those of the convict, until there were few dry eyes in the whole assembly. The ardent unsolicited speeches, could not suppress his emotions and wiped away, without attempt at concealment, the moisture from his eye. When the speaker ceased on those of the convicts who could trace the commission of crime that brought them there, to the use of intoxicating drinks, to raise the right hand, more than 4-5ths of them, as we learn, immediately stretched forth their hands, struggling at the same time to suppress the emotions that convulsed their frames.

SURGICAL OPERATION DURING THE MAGNETIC SLEEP.

We have heard that a very interesting operation has been performed, two or three days ago, on a young woman, a chambermaid in a well known family in Chambers street. She had a tumor in the neck, increasing daily. Dr. Bodinier, who visited the family, happened to notice the infirmity of the girl, proposed kindly to remove the tumor, and to save her the pain of the operation, he offered to perform it during the magnetic sleep, as he had already done successfully (in two other surgical operations) last June in Paris. His offer being accepted, the girl prepared to be put into that state of singular susceptibility in which she was put without much difficulty at the first trial. In order to secure as much success as possible, she was previously put to sleep about ten times, for an hour or two each time, every other day.

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Several times had Ferris Harvard completely put to fault the shallow brained fops around him, placing them in anything but an enviable light.

Ferris Harvard was a Lieutenant in the Navy; and depended entirely upon his pay as an officer, to support a widowed mother and a younger sister,—to both of which he was devotedly attached. His father, a self-made man, had once been a successful merchant, who sailed and freighted some of the heaviest tonned vessels that left the port of Boston; but misfortune and sickness overtook him, and he sunk into his grave, leaving his only son to protect his mother and sister from the wants and ills of life. Ferris had enjoyed a liberal education, and having entered the navy as midshipman, had risen to a lieutenancy by reason of his superior talents and good conduct. His profession had led him to all parts of the world, and he had carefully improved this advantage, though constrained by his limited means, to practice the most rigid economy.

He had met with the only daughter of Harris H.—, one of the wealthiest citizens of Boston at a fête given on board the ship to which he belonged, and had immediately become enamored of her, but he well knew in his own heart, that the difference in their fortunes formed a barrier to his wishes. He had been a casual visitor for several months previous to the time our story commences, at the house of the H.— family.

"I must think of no more," said Ferris to himself; "if I am thus sneered at by her friends for offering her common civilities, with what contempt would her austere parent receive a proposition for her hand from one so poor and unknown."

Harris H.—, was indeed a stern old man and yet he was said to be kind to the poor, giving freely for the relief of the needy. Still he was a strange man; he seldom spoke to those around him, yet he evinced the warmest love for his only child, and Anne, too, loved her father with an ardent affection. His dignity was to pore over his library, literally living, as it were, in the fellowship of the old philosophers. Upon several occasions when Ferris was at his house and engaged in conversation with Anne he had observed the old man's eye bent sternly upon him, when his heart would sink within him and he would awake to the reality of his situation.

Ferris was one evening in Beacon street, where, in spite of the cold reception he received from those he generally met there, he still enjoyed himself in the belief that Anne was not indifferent to his regard. He had been relating at her request, his experience of different national characters with whom he had met, speaking of their peculiarities and describing the various scenic effects of different countries. Anne sat near a sweet-scented geranium, whose leaves she was most industriously engaged in destroying. Ferris, bending close to her ear, said:

"Anne, will you pluck me that rose as a token of affection? you must know how ardent mine is for you—or, stop, dearest, behind it grows the candy tuft. You know the mystic language of both, will you choose and give me one?"

"Hush, hush, Ferris," said the blushing girl, *handing him the rose.*

This passed, when the attention of the company present was drawn to some engaging object. Never before had Ferris received any evidence of Anne's love, save from her tell-tale eyes. The flower was placed next to his heart, and he left the apartment. He had proceeded but a few steps from the house, when he was accosted by a poor mendicant, clothed in rags, who was exposed at that late hour of the night to the inclemency or the season.

"Pray, sir," said the beggar to Ferris, "can you give me a trifle? I am nearly starved, and chilled through by the night air."

Ferris, after a few moments conversation with the beggar, (for his was not the heart to turn away from the sufferings of a fellow creature,) handed him a purse containing five or six dollars, urged him to seek immediate shelter and food. The beggar blessed him and passed on.

A few nights subsequent to this occasion.—Mrs. H.—, Anne's mother received him as she did most of her visitors, with a somewhat constrained and distant welcome. Being a woman of no conversational powers she always retired quietly, conducting her intercourse with society in the formal manner. Ferris was much surprised that Mr. H. had taken no notice of his intimacy at the house, for he very seldom saw him, but when he did so, he would see the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him in any thing but a friendly and inviting spirit.

In this dilemma, he was at loss what course to pursue: heretofore he had despaired of ever gaining Anne's acknowledgement of affection for him, and now that he had succeeded in this, he was equally distant from the goal of his happiness; for his better judgement told him that the consent of her parents could never be obtained. On this occasion, he had taken his leave as usual, when he was met by the beggar of the former occasion, who again solicited alms, declaring that he could find no one else to assist him, and that the money he had before bestowed upon him, had been expended for food, and rent of a miserable cellar where he lodged.

Again Ferris placed a purse in the poor man's hands, at the same time telling him that he himself was poor and constrained to the practice of rigid economy in the support of those dependent upon him. He left the beggar and passed on his way, happy in having contributed to the alleviation of human suffering.

### TEMPERANCE.

#### JOHN B. GOUGH.

ladies [50 inches by 35] are to be charged the same as at present, but carried *gratis* for any distance less than thirty miles. [This is a great deal better than the County limitation warmly urged.] Newspapers of over 1900 square inches [there are none such regularly published] and Magazines are to be charged two cents an ounce; other Printed Matter two and a half cents an ounce; Circulars, &c. unsealed, two cents each. The Franking Privilege is abolished, *except for members of Congress.*

We call upon every friend of Postage Reform in the House to rally around this bill, and pass it if possible. We would gladly see it amended in some particulars—the Franking Privilege utterly abolished, Newspapers charged by weight, and some reduction at least on those of moderate size; but let nothing be done to endanger the passage of the bill. Let the People have a Reduction of Postage!

The bill passed the Senate by the following decisive and gratifying vote:—

Yeas—Allen, Archer, Ashley, Aiterton, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Benton, Berrien, Breese, Buchanan, Choate, Crittenden, Dayton, Dickinson, Dix, Evans, Fairless, Foster, Francis, Henderson, Huntington, Jamain, Johnson, Merrick, Miller, Morehead, Niles, Porter, Rivers, Simmons, Sturgeon, Tappan, Upham, Walker, White, Woodbridge, Woodbury—35.

Nays—Bagley, Clayton, Colquhoun, Mangum, Hatwood Huger, Lewis, McDuffie, Harpum, Phelps, Seiple, Sevier—13.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LATER FROM THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.—A letter has been received in this city from Valparaiso, dated Oct. 4, which states that a vessel had arrived there from Tahiti, bringing accounts of a battle between the French and the natives, more sanguinary than any previous battle, which terminated in favor of the French. The natives had been defeated, killed, and the French one hundred. The battle took place at Matavai Bay, Point Venus, on the West Coast of Tahiti, in the latter part of August or early in September. Our last previous advices were to August 12, for some weeks previous to which there had been no fighting, the natives having probably engaged in preparing for a powerful effort to rid themselves of their oppressors.

Queen Pomare had gone to Balabulo, an island about 60 miles South of Tahiti. The French had banished from the Islands a great many foreigners who had taken up arms on the side of the natives, or otherwise assisted them in their warfare with the French.—*Boston Daily Ad.*

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

FRANKFORT, KY., Jan. 22, 1845.

Mr. CLAY is here. When my eyes first fell on him, my heart was not enough. The reflection that so great and good a man, "the noblest of the land," had been so vilely abandoned—that the Whigs had been defeated under his banner by such low prejudices and gross frauds was all sufficient to produce a sadness. But enough of reproof. No true Whig would exchange his time and place for that of James K. Polk, or of any other man. He looks remarkably well, and is quite cheerful. Who, among his friends, would bear the disappointment as he bears it?

Among the lions, or rather lionesses, here, is Miss Della Webster. Her father left her penniless, after a fruitless effort to obtain a pardon from Gov. Owensley. My sympathies were much excited in behalf of Miss Webster, previous to the trial, but from what I learn here I am satisfied she is receiving merited punishment. It is thought by many that she will remain no longer in the penitentiary than to the time it will be safe for her to leave. She is the only female prisoner confined in the penitentiary. Her employment consists in that of mending the clothes of the convicts, of whom there are about 150. One of the greatest drawbacks to the cause of anti-slavery in Kentucky is the conduct of such females and violators of the law as Miss Webster, and her accomplice, Fairbanks.—"The cause however goes onward, and altho' it may take three score years and more, I expect to see the day when Old Kentucky will take her place among the Free States of this Union.

MELANCHOLY TALE OF A YOUNG ACTRESS.

A London correspondent of the Boston Atlas gives the following account of the fate of a young and popular actress, attached to the Drury Lane Theatre, of that city:

"Drury Lane Theatre has been tolerably well patronized. A most melancholy accident happened at this house recently, which caused an extraordinary sensation. The piece called the 'Revolt of the Harem' had been very popular; one of the prettiest scenes contemplated in the piece, was taken by a talented young lady, Miss Clara Webster, and another by Madame Plunkett.

Miss Webster had acquired great celebrity, not only as an actress, but as a *dramatic*. She was brought prominently forward on every occasion, and had numerous enthusiastic admirers. There was a great number of young females introduced in the clothing-scene of the ballet of the 'Revolt of the Harem,' and in the second act they are seen bathing. Miss Clara Webster was dressed in thin gauze for this scene, and as she was coming up out of the bath, her dress caught in the frame of the gas sunk beneath the stage. In an instant she was enveloped with fire! The house was crowded and the screams of the audience were terrific.

Miss Webster, panic-struck, rushed across the stage and cried piteously for help, but no help came—her agony she seemed to have forgotten. Her dress had become so saturated with gas that she was forced off, but not till after Madame Plunkett's dress was on fire; in despair, Clara Webster rushed to the wing, and one of the carpenters of the theatre threw her down, and, rolling himself over her, finally succeeded in extinguishing the flames; but her arms, face and bosom were dreadfully burnt. A medical man happened to be in the theatre, and he immediately went to the green room, and rendered every aid in his power to the suffering patient. It was believed that Miss Webster was not seriously injured, but she lingered from Saturday night, the 4th ult., to Tuesday morning, the 12th ult., when this promising young lady tranquilly died. For a time, her melancholy death cast a sad gloom over the drama in this Metropolis. Miss Webster was the half sister of Mr. Webster, the lessee of the Haymarket Theatre.