ly, incontinently—with a *continuando*, and without benefit of clergy, is he cursed.—He is cursed in his eating and his drinking, in his walking and his sleeping, in his out-goings and his incomings, in his house or out of it,—on foot or a horseback, is he cursed.

Bachelors are of two classes.—Bachelors incipient, or within possibility of matrimony, and bachelors, absolute, or without the pale of possibility.

With the first, I Trismegistus, have nothing to do,—Many a weary day and year have passed away since I herded with these.

With the second, alas! I am alone familiar—I am a bachelor *absolute*, by which, should be more properly understood, a man who has no paternal roof to shelter himself under—one who lives by himself, in his own rooms, and who keeps no household—a solitary and unconnected being, who has no real friend in the world to whom he can impart his misfortunes—not even a slave from whom he can command commiseration.

For fifteen years past have I been such an one; and without the slightest reservation, I do say, that I am the most unblessed man alive. Like the game cock that is cooped up for the *pit*,—I am grown fierce and pugnacious: I am sharp and acetous as vinegar: all the kind qualities of my nature have dried up within me—I am the acid of a druggist's shop—I have no comfort of my life; and am a plague to all my friends.

The sun rises, and the sun sets, and yet I am the same—the same yesterday, to day, and to-morrow. I walk on the pavements, and am jostled unceremoniously over the curb stones: I am run against by this fellow's wheel barrow: I am avoided by the men, and overlooked by the women, and when I complain of all this, all the reply I get is, that I have *no family, no wife nor children*.

The very boys laugh at me as I go along the ways, and pointing their fingers at me, cry out, *there goes old Trismegistus—old cheese paring—old prickly pear—old spider—old spindle-shank*.

I am a man of woes, and have numbered many griefs in my time.

My life is without a single gleam of sunshine—black night has enveloped me all about: gloom has covered me as with a cloak of mourning There is no one to pour oil in to my wounds.—Gilead has no balm for me; nor is there any physician but matrimony that can remove my disease.

Like a wounded deer; I am avoided by the flock: like the Degraded Seraphim from among the righteous, am I, Trismegistus, cast out from among men.

Alas! that I ever should have been born, or that I never should have been trained in my youth to hunt in couples.

And what is the worst of all, I have been my whole life through, a victim to unsuccessful loves:—indeed I have suffered great extremity in this way and yet none will love me for what I have gone through—the hair breadth 'scapes I have made, or the stories I tell of my own sufferings.

This vestal virgin I have tried, and that, but they all had their fires to watch:

I have striven over and over again—I have bowed down, imprecated, beseeched, wooed, worried, I have uttered oaths and vows by the cubic foot, but alas! I have not prevailed Bravely I have carried myself, but I prevailed not. With Cæsar of old it was *veni, vidi, vici*, but with me it has been *veni, vidi, abivi*. Chloe betrayed me *with a kiss*, and Lydia lured me on, and then laughed at mine infirmity, when I revealed it.

These misfortunes have made me sad and melancholy, and I have grown bitter upon the world—My tongue has been dipt in poison, and it cuts like a two edged sword.

O, I am the curse of the earth, and the tailsend of mankind—its very toe nail paring. When cold winter comes, and the rivers and the great bays are frozen up—when the snow stands white on the high Alleghany, and the keen winds blow, I suffer much o' nights.—Ten blankets afford me no consolation.—My blood is chilled, and my bones are as stone.

When I shake myself from my lair of a morning, I eat a solitary and comfortless meal that has some affinity to what the world calls breakfast; but it is *the resemblance of a thing not seen* My dinner chokes me, and supperless for the most, I lie down on my pillow.—This wears me to the bone; and I am but the anatomy of a man;

My body, indeed, is wonderfully diminished: and it occupies but a small space in my garments. I go about like a kildea in a barren field, with tears in my eyes: I am the child of tears and groans.

Celibacy is the vulture that gnaws eternally at my heart, it is the night mare that torments me in my sleep. O, I had rather be wedded to a shrew, a shattern, a garlicky, scandal tongued dame, than thus to see my soul ground down to nothing by this grindstone of celibacy.

He was but a fool of old, who said, *Art thou young? then marry not yet; if old, match not at all.*

Ye daughters of earth take me in, for I am desolate O that I had hung myself up with my first love's garters.

A new way to make calicoes wash well.—Infuse three gills of salt in four of boiling water, and put the calicoes in, while hot, and leave it till cold. And in this way, the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing. So says a lady who has frequently made the experiment herself.

MR. CLAY'S LEAVE TAKING OF MR. BIDDLE.

The last Lexington Reporter has the following card P. P. C. from Mr. Clay to Mr. Biddle. The Reporter is as well known to be Mr. Clay's domestic organ of intercourse with the public as the United States or National Bank Gazette that of Mr. Biddle.

This card is perfectly characteristic of Mr. Clay. He thinks nothing can be done without an intrigue—and we will not say that his experience in the management of the Government and of the Bank does not fully justify the supposition. The "preposterous" suggestion that an Administration which proposes and rests its existence upon the principle of a separation from all banks, seeks "a renewal of the connection" with that which Mr. Clay declares has been a drawback upon the Whig Party, is worthy of its origin. It is highly probable, that while such a connection 'would be too revolting to the sensibilities of those who have so long denounced him,'—Mr. Biddle—while it is admitted that the Bank has fallen into disgrace with the Opposition as "a drawback on the Whig party"—and while 'the London papers were speaking in strong condemnation of his enormous speculations in Brazillian cotton,' giving color to the suggestion that 'he (Mr. Biddle) is making a judicious retreat,' that a prosperous Republican Administration, avowing publicly uncompromising hostility to such an institution, should enter into 'secret political intrigues' by way of embarking in the sinking ship, which even Federalism deserts!!

But there is another trait in this parting with hearty good will' from Mr. Biddle, which is characteristic of Mr. Clay. When, we ask, did Mr. Clay ever feel 'a political ally,' rendered obnoxious by devotion to his political interests, hang heavy as 'a drawback' on his skirts, that he did not instantly kick him off? The bank under the direction of Mr. Biddle, called down the popular odium upon its head, by its interference in politics and its untiring support of Mr. Clay and his obnoxious principles; and when the bank's bottom struck the shoal, in the ebb of the bloated paper currency, Mr. Clay's first exclamation in the Senate was, 'Hang Nick Biddle!' And now he says that Mr. Biddle's resignation will recommend a National Bank (the fifty million monster we suppose) to the people, because, in his person he bears off the offences which clothes the institution with all its 'terrors.'

Now for whom did Mr. Biddle 'file his mind?' For whom did the Bank incur the popular abhorrence? To redeem whose private affairs and political fortunes from utter bankruptcy were the largesses of the bank unstintingly lavished? And whom do we now see endeavoring to destroy in the estimation of the Federal party the institution and its conductor, so long devoted to that interest, and which cannot exist without it?

The Reporter's article points directly to the author of the movement made by Mr Rives at the opening of the last session. It was the price of the support of Mr. Clay's friends in the Virginia Legislature, that Mr. Rives should assail the Administration in conjunction with the bank. This disingenuous and dishonest measure was at once to be the bond of Mr. Clay's new alliance with Conservatism, and a formal dissolution of the connection with his late bank '*political ally*,' which stood in the way of 'the fifty million' corporation, designed to attach strength in another quarter.—*Globe*.

ANOTHER CHANGE IN THE SOUTH.

Colonel Downing, Delegate from the Territory of Florida, elected as a Whig, has lately avowed himself in favor of the present administration, as the following extract from a recent circular of his will show.

"It will be expected that I should say something as to general politics. As long as I am a Delegate, precedent and prudence both prescribe that I should not be a *party man*. But this much I feel bound to say, that though I never was partial to the Administration of General Jackson, I am perfectly satisfied with that of Mr Van Buren. I have found the present Administration as favorable to the South generally, and to Florida, particularly, as I could hope or desire. They evince a decided purpose to protect our Southern institutions; to expel the Indians—and in all things to guard and cherish and add to our prosperity. The Executive I have always found willing to liquidate our claims, if to be done consistent with law, and to extend relief to our suffering inhabitants. As a Floridian, I am satisfied with this Administration. And resolved as I am to judge of every man's motives by his acts alone, and not by those charged against him by his opponents, I shall believe those motives pure as long as their purity is evinced by good deeds. As to corruption, with which the Government is charged, I know of no period of time or portion of the world, in which, in free Governments, similar charges have not been made by the Opposition. But I am losing confidence in these charges. I have heard them so long and so often, and have as yet, seen so little proof, that, like the shepards in the fable, I am incredulous to the cry."

C. DOWNING.

C B. Parsons, the tragedian, has been converted at Louisville, under the preaching of the Rev. J. N. Maffit.

From the Balt. Republican.

DEATH OF GENERAL SMITH.

The following biographical sketch of the life of the deceased will exhibit some interesting particulars:

Samuel Smith, the grandfather of the deceased, emigrated at the age of about 35, from Ireland, to Pennsylvania in 1728. Gen. Smith's father, John Smith, came from Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, to settle in Baltimore, in September 1760, was a member of the Convention that formed the State Constitution, and for many years represented Baltimore in the State Senate. Gen. Smith, himself, was born at Carlisle, in Pa., on the 27th July, 1752. He was early destined by his father—who was himself a merchant—for a mercantile life, and was sent by him to England to be brought up in an English counting house. He was then about 19;—not liking the form and restraint under which he observed that the clerks in the House lived, he determined not to obtain his mercantile education there; but freighting the vessel in which he had gone out, he sailed for a port in Italy, and the vessel being cast away on that coast, and the voyage broken up, he travelled over most of the continent, and returned to the United States in the same vessel, in which the accomplished, but unfortunate, Major Andre, was passenger, between whom and himself, was formed a friendship which ended only with the life of that lamented victim of Arnold's treason. Gen. Smith, then a very young man, was selected by the Committee of Safety, of Baltimore, to command a company, sent down by water to Annapolis, to arrest or capture the Provincial Governor Eden The Governor made his escape. He engaged in the Revolutionary struggle at its commencement:—entering the service as a Captain He was in the battle of Brandywine—in the battle of Monmouth—in the battle of White Plain—and his company covered the retreat of the army through the Jersey's—the battle of long island, and commanded at Mud Fort; where such gallant and desperate defence was made against the British fleet—blowing up two of their frigates. In this engagement, he was disabled by a spent ball, which gave a shock to his whole frame, from which he did not soon recover.—After the close of the Revolutionary struggle, he entered actively into commercial pursuits, and may be said to have been the founder of the Commerce of our city; and was the main stay of the Commercial interests of the whole country in Congress for forty years He, for one year, represented the city in the Legislature of the State, after that he was in one or other House of Congress, until the 4th of March, 1833. When Mr Jefferson came into the Presidency he pressed Gen Smith to accept the office of Secretary of the Navy, which he declined, consenting, however, to act in that capacity until Mr. Jefferson could select some one to fill it permanently He served as Secretary of the Navy for half a year or more, but would receive no compensation for his services. He generally, while in Congress, filled some high station, Chairman of Committees on Ways and Means in the House, and of that of Finance in the Senate. When Baltimore was threatened with attack, his fellow citizens called on him to take the command, which he did, upon a pledge of his own private fortune, and that of a friend, who went before him to his great account,—the necessary repairs and preparations of Fort McHenry were made. During all the time of his command here, neither he nor his staff, received any pay. He went into Congress in 1793, and continued, without intermission, a member up to the 4th of March, 1833. Congress voted, and presented him, a sword, for his gallant defence of Mud Fort. His last public service to his fellow citizens, was in the capacity of Mayor of Baltimore.

WHAT, ANOTHER?

From the following article, which we find in the Manhattan Advertiser, it appears that another whig treasurer has been fleecing the people;—*Balt. Rep.*

Whig Sub Treasurer.—We take the liberty of making the following extract from a letter dated at Defiance, Williams Co., March 8;

"The County Treasurer's office passed into democratic hands on Tuesday last, by the removal of the whig incumbent for a failure to pay over, and the appointment of *S. S. Sprague*, Esq. to fill the vacancy."

What a consummate humbug it is for the federalists to keep a clamoring about leg treasurers! If you'll search the records, and don't find more money lost through federal agents than through democratic, we'll agree to eat a patent threshing machine, cylinder, spikes and all, without knife, fork or spoon—and that's more than neighbor Reed bragged to do with the Ohio Rail Road.

An Heroic American.—Major John M. Allen, lately chosen Mayor of Galveston, Texas, was formerly a midshipman of the U. States Navy—went early to Greece, and was with Lord Byron, at Missilonghi, and in the battle of Navarino with Admiral Codrington. Afterwards he raised a company at New Orleans and fought under General Houston at San Jacinto; then fitted a schooner with forty men and cruised successfully against the Mexicans. His memoirs would be worth reading.—N. Y. Star.

THE AWFUL PLUNGE!—The St. Catharines, U. C. Journal of the 6th, states that five men went over the Niagara Falls on the previous Thursday. The Journal says, "The only particulars which we have been able to learn, are, that just before sunrise on Thursday morning last, a boat with two men in it was discovered in the middle of the river, above the falls, vainly endeavoring to make their way through the ice, with which they were enclosed, to the Canada shore.—Their utmost exertions proved unavailing, and in a short time they were seen to enter the cascades, when they disappeared. In half an hour after, another boat, with three men in it, was discovered in the same awful situations, and trying too, to gain the Canada side; but in a few moments shared the melancholy fate of the other. Yesterday the body of a man was picked up in the Whirlpool, supposed to be one of these unfortunate men, having about his person two hundred dollars, and a valuable gold watch. We have no other particulars."

Definition of Whig.—A little boy, in the town of R who ever since he could speak, has called himself a democrat, one day asked his mother, what her politics were; "Oh dear,' said she "I am not much of any thing;' oh, then you are a Whig, Ma, answered the little fellow.

Family Jars.—The two elements of whiggery in this city have been, since Monday evening last, when Clayism elected delegates in all the city wards "straining harsh discords and unpleasant sharps," Harrisonism being rather out of temper. It appears that a State Convention is to be held at Chambersburg in June, to elect delegates to a National Convention. The Clay men of this city, however, to make all sure and not to trust to the tender mercies of their brethern, not only elected Clay delegates to Chambersburg, but also decided that these local delegates should choose the Philadelphia delegates to the National Convention, thus to a certain extent baulking the design of the State Convention, and making sure of a partial representation at least, when the Presidential nominations are to be made. This was done upon the principle of "every man shake his own hand," for the State Convention will doubtless ride over Clayism rough shod; but it is scarcely possible that the friends of Harrison will submit quietly to a course which renders their grand Chambersburg Convention little better than a farce.—*Pennsylvanian.*

MOST A DUEL.—On Wednesday afternoon, there was quite a flare up in Broad street, upon the arrival of the cars, between Commodore Elliott, of the U S. Navy, and Major McDonald, of Louisiana. It appears that they were fellow passengers in the same car, though unknown to each other. In the course of conversation, the Major used some insulting language, touching some naval officers, among whom Commodore Elliott was included. The latter, upon their arrival at the depot, made himself known to Major McDonald, and threw his card, which the Major declined accepting, upon which Commodore Elliott insisted that he should receive his card, *nolens, volens*, at the same time, "suiting the action to the word," commenced belaboring him until he took valiantly to his heels, thinking, no doubt, that

"He who fights and runs away," &c.

It was, however, whispered, and only whispered, that the Major had yesterday subpœnaed up courage enough to dictate, with his own hand, a "challenge!"—[Phil. Spirit of the Times.

☞ It seems (says the Baltimore Chronicle,) that the Northeastern Boundary line was long since determined by Dr. Franklin, in a piece of poetry; and we do not see why it could not with propriety be sent to England, instead of a special minister. It certainly lays the lines down very clearly, and if true when written, is just as good for a settlement of the question, as whole volumes of diplomatic memoranda.

"From the source of St. Croix, the State to define,
Due north to the highlands, first draw a right line;
Then westward along those highlands extended,
To the south of what streams with St. Lawrence are blended;
Then let it proceed, till it meets in its source,
Connecticut river's northwestermost course;
Then down the said river, until it arrive,
At degrees of North Latitude, forty and five;
Then westward, through woodland, a line let it make,
Till it strike the great stream Ontario's lake.'

Anecdote—Original and True.—Mr. Franky A——, who was a gentleman of good parts and infinite humor, used with much pleasantry to relate the following anecdote, as having occurred to himself when a young man. A young lady in the neighborhood had won his affections, and he had commenced paying her his addresses. During the courtship he sometimes supped with the lady's family, when he was always regaled with a homely dish of milk and mush, and being of a serious turn, was generally invited to say grace over the meal. The supper Franky did not take amiss, as the family of the fair one was in but moderate circumstances, and being himself poor, he admired much domestic economy; besides, he was satisfied, provided he could obtain the affections of his dulcinea. 'The course of true love,' it is said, 'never runs smooth,' and Franky chanced to have a rival who was much richer than himself. One evening when he was visiting his charmer, after the board had been spread with the frugal meal of mush and milk, but before the family had taken their seats at the table, some one spied Franky's rival riding up. Immediately 'a change came o'er the substance of the meal.' As if by magic, the table was cleared of its load, and nought remained to tell the tale, but the clean white cloth. In the course of a short time, however, the table was again furnished, not as before, but with the suitable appendages for making tea, and with warm bread, such as is hastily baked, and in common parlance, called 'short cake.' When all was ready, as was the custom, brother A—— was invited to say grace, who with due solemnity, hands folded, and eyes closed, pronounced the following impromptu benediction.

"The Lord be praised,
How I'm amazed,
To see how things have mended;
Here's short cake and tea,
For supper I see,
When mush and milk was intended."

It is almost unnecessary to add, that after this grace, Franky never returned to woo his lady love, but left her to the undisturbed possession of his more fortunate rival.—*Cecil Gazette.*

Thankful for small Favors.—The Ohio State Journal has the following paragraph:

Democratic Whig Triumph.—We learn from the Cadiz Organ, that the Whigs of Cadiz township, succeeded in electing all their candidates for township officers This is, indeed, a glorious victory!'—*State Journal.*

We hope this great victory will be celebrated with becoming pomp by the whig party of Ohio. A great victory, indeed! To what a low rate has the Whig party fallen, when the election of an Overseer of the Poor and Fence Viewers, can throw them into such ecstacies. It is now a great victory in Ohio for a Whig to be elected even *Fence Viewer*. Cry it aloud—spread the Glad Tidings—let it be heard to the remotest corners of the earth—let it become an epoch in the history of Whiggery to the remotest generations, that in the spring of the year '39, a great and memorable victory happened in the township of Cadiz, and county of Harrison. Whig constables, fence viewers, and all, were elected.—*Bay State Democrat.*

Democracy—The elevation of all is the great end and aim of Democracy.—Its enemies say those who advocate its principles are levellers; be it so, but *they level upwards*—Democracy recognizes no aristocracy but that of nature, talents, and virtue. It seeks the greatest good for the greatest number, by equal laws, and the impartial administration of them, so that the burdens of government may be equally and easily borne. Its march is onward. In vain will its enemies attempt to stay its onward course, as well might they attempt to stay the wind.—*Harford Rep.*

Mr Webster arrived in New York on the last day of the election, for the purpose of making a speech on the occasion of the 'glorious triumph,' of which the whigs were so certain The tables were spread—the toast master ready with the carefully prepared complimentary sentiment; the waiters were anxious and ready for the word of command to draw forth the 'stopers to wit,' and liberate the imprisoned champaigne—the whole company were in an agony of suspense, awaiting the appearance of the courier with the returns, that were to unloose the flood gates of eloquence, which was to burst from the 'God like Daniel,' and sweep Democracy from the face of the earth When lo! one long and deafening shout of 'Varian and Democracy have triumphed!' startled the company 'from their propriety,' and each made 'tracks' the nearest way possible to some place of 'retiracy,' leaving the 'Great Expounder' 'solitary and alone.'—*Balt. Republican.*

TOWN ELECTIONS.

Onondaga Redeemed—This county closes the spring's campaign with 11 democrats and 7 whig Supervisors. Last year 10 democrats and 8 whigs. The federal paper at Syracuse admits that the 'loco focos' 'are able to foot up majorities on their candidates for Supervisors, varying not much from 300.' Last fall the federalists elected their Assembly ticket in this county by about 30 majority.

The democrats have also carried Jefferson and Ulster counties. In Ulster they have swept every thing before them. These counties returned federalists to the Legislature last fall.

The above counties will undoubtedly elect democrats to the Legislature at the fall election, which, together with the gain of New York, will secure a democratic majority in the next House of Assembly.—*Troy Budget.*

Democratic Victory in Mobile.—A slip from the Mobile Commercial Register, received by express mail, informs us that the election in that city has terminated in the complete success of the Democratic ticket.

The Democratic candidate for Mayor, five Democratic Aldermen, and the entire Democratic ticket for Councilmen, have been elected by large majorities.

Last year the whig Mayor was chosen by a majority of 338, and this year he has been defeated by a majority of 356,

Causes similar to those which are moving the Democracy of this city have produced this great and sudden change. Augmented expenditure, a profligate administration of the finances, and the corrupt use of money, excited the attention of the people, and induced them to undertake a radical reform.—N. Y. Evening Post.

The Late 'Riots.'—The newspapers in this city which got up the stories about tumults and riots during the election of last week have succeeded in hoaxing many persons in other cities. Every inhabitant of the city knows that the late election was a quiet and peaceful one. It is amusing therefore, particularly to those who remember the burning of the Pennsylvania Hall, to read the homilies which the whig press in Philadelphia address to the people of New York, on the duty of keeping the peace, and the great danger we are in if we go on at this rate, of our falling into utter anarchy.

Meantime let whig answer whig on this point. The Journal of Commerce, in noticing the declamations of a Philadelphia print on the subject of our late 'riots,' says:

"The National should make many allowances for the notices of disorders given by political papers, especially during the election. There was no riot here, nor any thing in the neighborhood of a riot, during the three days. There was no calling out of the military, nor any occasion for so doing."—*Ibid.*

From the Evening Post.

To the Hon. Messrs. Curtis, Hoffman, Monroe, and Grinnell, members elect of the Twenty sixth Congress:

GENTLEMEN: Your friends, the editors of the Federal papers of this city, on the election of Mayor Clark by a very small majority and even when he was elected by a plurality, called loudly upon the Hon. Messrs. Cambreleng and Moore to resign their seats in Congress, alleging as a reason that a majority of this District was against them. Now, gentlemen, the recent election shows that there are more than one thousand majority against you, and if your friends could with any propriety call on those gentlemen to resign, the reason for your resigning your seats is a thousand times stronger We now call upon you to resign your seats, and submit the question again to the people. If they elect you by a fair majority, then we shall be willing for you to take your seats in the next Congress.

DEMOCRACY OF NUMBERS.

From the Baltimore Republican.

In every quarter of our happy land, the Democracy are actively moving; and in no period of their history have they presented so bold a front, or manifested so firm a determination to sustain the honor of their country as this moment. Every paper we receive, no matter from what quarter it comes, gives evidence of the truth of the above, and as an illustration, we copy the following from the New Era, which paper in speaking of a Democratic Celebration in New York, says:

"To give some idea of this tremendous tide of human beings, it is proper to state that it was led by a cavalcade of 200 white horses and their manly riders; by the most accomplished bands of music that the city could supply, and was then followed by thousands and tens of thousands of the true hearted people—the bone, the sinew, the living limbs, the exalted hearts, the eternal stability of the land. There could not have been less than 18 to 20,000 of the people, in regular procession, independently of the scores of thousands of people of all ages and conditions who thronged the side walks and followed in a rushing stream."

The American squadron in the East Indies under Com. Read, received while at Cloombo, information of the plunder and murder of the crew of the American ship Eclipse, at Quallah Batto, and immediately set sail for that place. We shall therefore soon have an account of the chastisement of the Malays.—*Balt. Sun.*

Destructive Fire at Albany, N. Y.—The Albany correspondent of the New York Star, under date of Sunday last, ssys: "Public conversation is absorbed to-day with an awful fire, which destroyed in the fore part of last evening, 40 buildings, chiefly two-story, of wood, and including the Methodist church.—The location is on Lydius and South Pearl streets. Total loss $140,000. Insured $60,000. The Roman Catholic Church escaped by a miracle. The congregation turned out *en masse* and removed a pile of lumber, which cut off the communication. The poor Irish suffered severely Much furniture and several shops were destroyed. Two engines came down from Troy, one from West Troy, and two from Greenbush. So much for well timed aid, for there are but *nine* working engines in this large city. But for the N. W. wind, which blew a gale, half the city would have gone."

Imported Voters.—A gang of fellows from New Brunswick, in New Jersey, mostly disguised in carman's frocks, are in the city, for the purpose of voting the Whig ticket.—Three of them got in their votes at the eight ward poll yesterday; but the fraud being suspected, the rest were stopped. The number of these rascals was said, by a whig who yesterday gave the account of the arrangement to a democrat of this city, supposing him to be a whig also, to be about sixty.—N. Y. Post.