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NEW-ORLEANS:
FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1832.

FLORIDA ARMY.

During the past fall, and up to the period of our last advices, the army in Florida had been and was filled with the most distressing diseases. The mortality amongst both officers and soldiers has been appalling. Many of the ablest and most promising commissioned officers have fallen victims to the distemper, of the country; and the rank and file have been thinned to an incredible extent. The commander-in-chief of the United States forces, in the peninsula, (General Taylor,) was ill at the last accounts, and the accounts were rather on the increase than of the value, when our informant left the American camp. These unfavorable circumstances, will delay the opening of the campaign, and in a measure render the effective force of the army during the winter's operations.

Few persons, unacquainted with the nature of the territory and the manner in which the enemy has to be hunted down, in interminable thickets and cane-fields everywhere, can form an idea of the hardships which have to be encountered in this thankless service. For months at a time, the officers and soldiers have to march through water and mud, sometimes up to their waists, and sleep without shelter upon the sandy ground and in their wet clothes; and when after a day's march, the soldiers are so much out any exhausted that it is difficult to compel them to make pickets for the night's safety. Yet there is no complaint from the weakest army. They are convinced at times by the folly of the cabinet in some of its miserable and crude measures; but of individual sufferings they make no complaint. They go cheerfully to the theatre of action, are cut off in battle or mowed down by disease, and murmur not at their cruel destiny. Several of the regiments in Florida have been literally cut to pieces. Of the 6th regiment, which fought successfully through the Black Hawk war, scarcely a skeleton remains. What with losses in the field, and ravages by disease, its officers have been decimated, and its ranks destroyed. Were it not for the accession to that regiment from West Point and the recruiting service, it would be but a shadow of its former self. The chivalry and prowess, which with beholding hopes left the victorious fields of the Black Hawk campaign for the everglades of Florida, sleep beneath the cypresses of the Withlacoochee, or lie buried amid the canebrakes in swamps without a name.

The privations which have been undergone by the troops, are unconquerable. Let the wasted, ruined and emaciated forms of those who have survived the sampling knife and the climate, tell how much they have undergone. And yet these sufferings, these privations, awaken no sympathy, receive no applause. The regular troops have been active in seeking danger. They have pursued the fugitive for through endless swamps, and impenetrable hammocks, and wherever they have met him, have displayed in an unshamed courage, most undoubted heroism. In no single instance have they been repulsed. They have been butchered like heroes, but never given ground; they have maintained order under the most galling fire; they have carried their wounded upon litters, wading in mire breast deep, and battling against wonderful odds, with steadiness and discipline. Against an equal foe, upon a fair field, the conduct of the army would have gained for it unperishable renown; but it seems that, let it do what it may in Florida, there are none to praise, and multitudes to censure. The gallant Thompson, after having received three mortal wounds, perished at the head of his columns, cheering on his soldiers, rushing upon his man to "remember the regiment, (the brave 6th) to which they belonged." Thrice was he shot through the body, and as the winged messenger of death would tear his flesh and rend his vitals, his voice was heard above the din of battle, animating his troops, until death hushed the words of encouragement trembling upon his lips. For less than this, names have been immortalized to everlasting super a noble instance of individual gallantry is not on a par, either of ancient or modern times. The hopes that would warm at the narration of Grecian or Roman valor, are cold to the claims of our own soldiery, and the chivalrous Thompson fell without honor and slept without a tomb. What encouragement to those who are left in this cruel service!

The inhumanities of the Florida wars are visited upon the army wrongfully. The regular troops have never had the management of the war, and the choice of those generals who have been engaged in it, has been disregarded at Washington. The counsels of civil officers, and persons unengaged in the war, have prevailed with the cabinet. From the first requisitions of General Clinch to the present day, the policy of the government has been vacillating and silly. A transgressing secretary of war, and a running major-general at court, have had more to do in the direction of the war, than the officers immediately in charge of the forces, and responsible for their conduct. The army officers in Florida have frequently shown to the public not the true condition of affairs, but they have been often unheeded by the executive and his advisers. Whilst the troops in Florida have been suffering the utmost hardships, Mr. Poinsett has been regaling the people at the north with military displays of an entertaining character. The camp at Trenton was a gay scene, and the brother-in-law of the secretary of war had a glorious opportunity to show off his regimentals, but the war in Florida has not been brought nearer to a close by that means, nor have the soldiers been instructed in Indian warfare by the amateur tactics of a frolicksome camp. Yet we would not be surprised if orders should arrive in Florida, commanding the winter's operations to be conducted upon some plan suggested by the gaudy field at Trenton, and devised in reference to the topography of that encampment. The administration has done more foolish things in the direction of this war, and no act of theirs would astonish us in the least, which would tend to protract or embarrass those who are engaged in it.

We commenced this article with the intention of pointing out some of the many charges which have been made against the army, and showing that they more properly attach to the administration. The army has been denounced for acts which were commanded to be done by the secretary of war, and the censure which has been lavished against the soldiery is due to the government that brought about hostilities, and through whose inefficiency they have been protracted. The army has to encounter, not only the savages, impenetrable swamps, sickness, and the enervating effects of the climate, but other more mortifying and equally formidable difficulties, which the length of this article prevents us from touching at this time.

POLITICAL CROAKERS.

If there is an animal which we truly and heartily detest it is the *political croaker*—a species of toad-stool whose home are always at work; who perceives in victory itself the seeds of defeat, and considers the most trifling success as pregnant with direful portents. The croaker is always in a condition of hopeless gloom or transcendental dullness. He never sees in the future unless to predict a storm; he never suffers his astrabilarious humor to be gilded by a single ray of cheerfulness.

There are many such croakers among the whigs—some of them seem positively to delight in experimenting upon the public moral thermometer; in trying how far they can reduce the aspirations of the party by their doleful vaticinations of disaster and defeat. We regret to perceive that a few editors have become infected with this senseless despondency; journalists acute and experienced on other subjects, appear to have lost the faculty of reason on this and on the strength of a few local defeats, to regard the whig cause as irretrievably lost. They talk about the whigs being prostrate as a party, because forsooth Indiana and Tennessee have gone for the administration. And this, in the face of the returns from New York and Pennsylvania, which unquestionably insure the triumph and success of the whigs in both branches of the legislature, and a loss of 40 electoral votes to the administration, and making a difference of nearly 100 votes in favor of the whigs, and those from Michigan making another difference on the whig side of six votes.

The whig party has not for years been stronger than at present. During the period when Jackson-ism lorded it with absolute power through the land, the whigs as a party were essentially insignificant and impotent. They had gallant, high-minded and patriotic champions, men of lofty intellects and immaculate integrity, but they lacked numerical strength, they lacked the cohesive principle that binds together in strict integrity the different elements of a party.—So soon, however, as the irresistible popularity of the old chieftain no longer obstructed the progress of constitutional doctrines, the whigs gathered from every quarter. At the last presidential contest, they displayed a strength which astounded their antagonists, astonished themselves, and which, had the party been properly organized, would have assuredly laid Jackson in the dust. Since then, they have suffered some losses and made some gains. But their resources and power have not been materially impaired. If any thing, they are stronger than before, for they carry with them the overwhelming moral influence derived from the desertion of Mr. VAN BUREN by his native state, upon a thorough and profound conviction of his unworthiness. There is not a shadow of doubt that the whigs have the destinies of this great nation in their own hands. They hold the presidency, as it were, in their grasp. Let them but unite with firm and soul, zealously, firmly, and fearlessly upon the candidate whom the wisdom of the convention shall select as most fitting for the right honor, and they will pass triumphantly through the ordeal. But to accomplish this, we must place no faith in those incubi of the party, that weigh like lead upon their energies, depressing and prostrating them. How ineffably ridiculous this croaking is! If the whigs were really "prostrate as a party," would their principles disappear on that account? Would they no longer be whigs? Would it no longer be their duty to battle against executive usurpation, and infringements of the constitution? Would they be bound merely to acquiesce in the high handed and insane proceedings of democracy? Should they cease to combat error, and abandon all efforts to win over the honest dupes to their mistaken principles? Away with this foolish and absurd despondency! It is useless, unnecessary, and absolutely contrary.

WELL DONE MICHIGAN!

We received on St. Louis papers by the arrival of the Alonzo, but lately the Pittsburgh papers journals of that city, of the 19th, contain the intelligence of the whig victory in Michigan. The friends of constitutional reform have decisively regenerated the state. The whigs carried their governor, lieutenant-governor, and a majority of the legislature. Michigan is, it seems, in the pleasant state. We shall give the details as soon as they are received.

St. Louis.—We acknowledge the receipt of papers from St. Louis though the mail stages of A. G. Mount, fort, claim of the present Monsoon. They contain little information of any interest. The evidence of creation by the measures of the Bank of Missouri have partly subsided; but to quote the terms used by the Republican, the distance between that institution and the people is consummated. The bank will have no paper to collect and no deposits; it will be superfluous to a less office.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

This most delightful of Shakspeare's comedies, has, with few exceptions, very creditably performed at the Camp, on Wednesday evening. Mr. Burbidge's Benedick was admirable—it was full of spirit, fire and unhesitating gaiety; the laughter-loving, theoretically anti-matrimonial and practically uxorious Benedick, has rarely found an abler representative. Mrs. Stuart as Beatrice was fine. It was not a superior performance, for it was at times overcharged, and somewhat affected. The character of Beatrice is exceedingly difficult of personation; it is delineated with such wonderful grace and delicacy, that the actress, unless perfectly familiar with its lights and shadows, its rich and beautiful contrasts; its alternations of biting sarcasm, bursts of feeling, and playfulness archness and humor, is continually liable to exaggeration or tameness. Mr. Pearson's Prince was comedy and dignified—so was not Mr. De Bar's Claudio, which lacked spirit most wofully. De Bar is a very unequal actor. He can always gratify the audience, and should, therefore, not pass unscathed where he renders himself amenable to censure.

Brown's Dogberry was a failure, and richly deserved a hissing. We can pardon an imperfect or incorrect conception of character, but that actor is inexcusable who ventures to mar so rich a comic conception of Shakspeare's genius, by garbling the text, and substituting indelicities of his own vapid invention for the inimitable drolleries of the author.

The minor characters received more justice than is usual to be meted out to them.

In this farce, Holland's Timid was exquisitely laughable. Holland is Momus personified. He is essentially the most care-killing knave we have ever encountered. A glance at his phiz is a perfect antidote to hypochondria. It will even dispel the recollection of hard times, and wrenth in smiles the careful visage of the merchant who has before him the prospect of protested notes. Mrs. Stuart's Louisa was sustained with considerable spirit, and well deserved the applause bestowed upon it by a more slender audience than should have greeted the accomplished heroine.

☞ We had the pleasure of shaking by the hand our old favorite Balls. He is shortly, next week as we learn, to commence an engagement at the St. Charles. Balls is the prince of light comedians.

NEW BOOKS.

From our attentive friends, Norman, Steel & Co. we have received the 19th and 20th numbers of *Nicholas Nickleby*. These numbers conclude this deeply interesting production. The denouement is wrought with wonderful skill and power—parts of it are intensely pathetic. We question whether in the whole range of the modern novel, there can be found scenes of more too thing, heart-felt tenderness than are met with in some of the concluding chapters of this exquisite romance. The work is to be obtained in a single volume. It needs no encomium to ensure its popularity.

Count Darnay's memoirs of the empire, the restoration and the restoration, is a stirring and rapid review of the most important events which transpired during that exciting period in the chronicles of France, embraced between the European revolution and the fall of Napoleon. We have barely had time to glance at portions of the work. It is written in a smooth and perspicuous style, with apparent nicety of narration and attention to facts. It is a species of literature that rarely wants attraction.

PRENTICIANA.

How much reason and justice is there in the banks being allowed to discount upon the people's money.—*Trenton Emporium.*

Just as much reason and justice as there was when President Jackson officially instructed the banks to discount on the public money.

Every body knows, that the whigs are lauged with use brothers Tappan—*Eastern Democrat.*

Why do you say so? Was it the whigs, that elected one of the three brothers Tappan to the senate of the United States from Ohio? Was it the whigs, who elected to that high office the infamous Tappan, who declared, on hearing of the servile rebellion in Virginia, that, if he had an opportunity, he would not hesitate to put arms in the hands of negroes for the butchery of their masters?

One of the editors in the south of Kentucky, tells of the immense crops of corn and hemp raised by a farmer in his neighborhood. We can believe his corn story, but we can't swallow the hemp.—*Southern Democrat.*

Pray, do not try to "swall or the hemp." You are in imminent danger of getting choked some time or other by that article.

Some of the suspension whigs of New York, elect a man, because it wears out their pockets.—*Louisville Journal.*

This objection could never come from a *sensible.*

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

[FROM THE LATE AMERICAN PAPER.]

In was at Djouna, in Syria, that Lady Hester has died, after a long illness, at the age of 45 years. That reader must be indifferent who reverts not with interest to his recollections of a woman who has experienced on the borders of the Desert, amidst the Druses and Turkomans, over whom that noble daughter of the infidels once exercised so strange and so marvellous a sway! The destiny of Lady Stanhope presents one of those features of which not another instance could perhaps be found in the annals of the east. Only imagine forty thousand Arabs suddenly assembled upon the ruins of Palmyra, and there saluting a female, savage, and indomitable tribes surrounding, in silent amazement, the adventurer, a foreign woman, and proclaiming her Sovereign of the Desert and Queen of Palmyra! Convey yourself in thought to the scene of this incredible triumph, and you will easily conceive what woman that must have been who imposed obedience on Mussulman fanatics, and created for herself, as it were, by a sight, a sovereignty in the domains of Mohammed!

"Lady Hester Stanhope," says M. de Lamartine, in his admirable work, "was a niece of Mr. Pitt. On the death of her uncle she left England, and visited various parts of Europe. Young, handsome, and rich she was everywhere received with the attention and interest due to her rank, fortune, talents, and beauty; but she constantly refused to unite her fate to that of her worthiest admirers, and, after spending some years in the principal capitals of Europe, embarked with a numerous suite for Constantinople. The real cause of this expatriation has never been known; some have ascribed it to the death of a young English officer, who was killed at that period in Spain; others, when an eternal regret must render forever present in Lady Hester Stanhope's heart; others have imputed her voluntary banishment to a more lofty order of adventure in a young person of an enterprising and courageous character. However this might be, she departed, spent some years at Constantinople, and then settled for Syria in an English vessel, which carried also the larger part of her fortune, as well as jewelry, trinkets, and presents of all sorts, of very considerable value."

The vessel encountered a storm in the Gulf of Mitylene, on the road to Constantinople; the ship was wrecked, Lady Stanhope's property was all lost, and it was as much as she could do to save her own life. Nothing, however, could shake her resolution. She returned to England, gathered the remainder of her fortune, sailed again for Syria, and landed at Latakia—the ancient Laodicea. She had at first thought of fixing her abode at Bretana, at the foot of Olympus; but Brousa is a commercial city, situate on the very ruins to the Ottoman capital, and reckoning not less than sixty thousand inhabitants; and Lady Hester Stanhope sought the independence and solitude of the desert. She therefore selected the Wilderness of Mount Lebanon, whose extreme ramifications lose themselves in the sands. Ruined Palmyra—Zenobia's ancient capital—suited her fancy. The noble exile took up her residence at Djouni, prepared for every vicissitude "Europe," said she, "is a monotonous residence, its nations are unworthy of freedom, and endless revolutions are unworthy of freedom." She applied herself to the study of the Arabic language, and strove to obtain a thorough acquaintance with the character and manners of the Syrian people. One day dressed in the costume of the Osmanlis, she set out for Jerusalem, Damascus, Alepp, and the Desert, she advanced amid a caravan headed with drums, flags, and presents for the Scheiks, and was received and saluted by all the tribes, who flock to her, and submitted to her supremacy.

It was not solely by her magnificence that Lady Hester had excited the admiration of the Arabs; her courage had been proved on more than one occasion, and she had always faced danger with a boldness and energy which the tribes well remembered. Lady Hester Stanhope knew, also, how to flatter the Mussulman prejudices. She held no intercourse with Christians and Jews; she spent whole days in the grotto of a santon, who explained the Koran to her. She never appeared in public without that mark of majestic subjection which was always one of Oriental nature, the characteristic of prophets. With her, however, this conduct was not so much the result of design, as of a decided proneness to every species of excitement and originality.

Lady Hester Stanhope's first whole was but a monastery. It was soon transformed into an Oriental palace, with pavilions, orange gardens, and myrtles, over which spread the foliage of the cedar, such as it grows in the mountains of Lebanon. The traveller to whom Lady Hester Stanhope opened this sanctuary would behold her clad in Oriental garments. Her head was covered with a turban, made of red and white cashmere. She wore a long tunic, with open loose sleeves of Turkish muslin; a Dalmatic, a Turkish waistcoat, with embroidery, and a Dalmatic, a Dalmatic, a Dalmatic,