

Important from Venezuela.

Terrible Massacre of Congressmen.

ANTICIPATED REVOLUTION.

New York Herald has received some important intelligence from Venezuela, by steamer Susan Ludwig, Captain Doty, from Norfolk on the 24th inst., from La Guaya, whence she sailed on the 1st inst., and was chartered to bring despatches to the government at Washington, and the Herald says that Captain Doty proceeded immediately to Washington with the despatches. There have been some terrible scenes enacted at Caracas. The Venezuelan Congress, on the 24th ult., was overwhelmed by a popular vote, set on, it is said, by the President, and several of the members horribly massacred. It was expected that a revolution would immediately break out throughout the city.

test excitement prevailed when the steamer sailed. The Herald has received several accounts of the scenes, one of which we annex.

CARACAS, Jan. 27, 1848.

I herewith send you a hasty sketch of the present state of the city. About one year ago, General Monagas was placed in the Presidential chair by the party at the time, as he was the only person to oppose the candidate of the liberal party. On the arrival of the President elect at La Guaya, Paez met him on terms of friendship, although many years of *disgusto* had existed between them, and after a cordial embrace, up to Caracas. Paez used his influence and advice to form the cabinet, with our best citizens. The government labored quietly, and confidence and hope animated the public. A few short weeks past an expectation; several of the cabinet were in disgust, and the President kept the cabinet, by the appointment of a number of men, and among them Gen. de la Torre, to heal the breach. Meetings were held; remonstrances and threats were poured forth in volumes, finally, to impeach the President of Congress, about to meet.

Meantime the President disarmed the troops, and placed arms in the hands of *tia reser*, known to be most favorable to the liberal party, all the old liberals returned, and many were placed among them, not being entitled to citizenship. Commerce became crippled, and confined to the government; the government hobbled on empty treasury; large bodies of troops were quartered, near Caracas; and, in the month of January, when there were scarcely enough to man the fortifications, there were 4,000 troops in the city. On the opening of Congress, several high words drew a crowd; daggers

Hon. H. Mergildo Garcia—stabbed from Maracaibo, Hon. Antonio Salas, which caused a terrible scene; those fled; and when the alarm reached the citizens fled in terror. A body rushed in front of the hall, firing indiscriminately into the windows; many members reached the door, and like dogs. The wounded members were not recognized by the soldiers on him, his left cheek and ear away—a severe cut over the head, and it from his body, and his body mangled with bayonets. The Hon. Garcia, of Caracas, was shot through the ball entering one ear and passing out, and sixteen wounds in other body. The Hon. Juan Garcia had run through his body, and fell dead, with was badly wounded with a bayonet. Those who could not escape in time, were cut off from the iron bars of a buck window, and by means of a settee, made a bridge across the top of a wall, where a few poles were laid, and with these they escaped over several walls, torn and bruised.

The whole square was soon surrounded by a crowd, and the honorable members were prisoners—some with scarcely clothes on, some without hats, boots, or indispensables; some had a better fate. The crowd in the Hall, destroying the furniture, cutting to pieces a large portrait of Bolivar, an hour, thousands of vagabonds filling the streets with all kinds of people; every house was instantly closed; all who had flags unfurled them for none but those who happened to be in the streets; every few minutes a challenge, *que viva*, or the rush of the air; night soon closed in and a death-like stillness prevailed.

On the 25th, the citizens only out. About noon the dead without ceremony. At one members were escorted to the hall by force to pass several resolutions, was proclaimed, requesting the resumption of their business, with an assent.

th, the members met again, and his guards being in the hall with, while several resolutions were passed, the executive from all general amnesty proclaimed.

the first days butchery is the interior, the question is asked to, will Gen. Paez come? All turned towards the plains. If he comes with 2,000 or 3,000 Llanos, soldiers have courage enough to their swift horses and sharp lance, we shall see some bloody work among us. The President is now raising 1,000 horsemen. A few must determine. Should another offer, I will advise you of what is to

do. An embargo has just been laid on the coast.

Philadelphia North American has a letter, dated Puerto Cabello, Feb. 5th, confirming the dreadful massacre, which adds: "The eyes and hopes rest upon Gen. Jose Antonio Paez, for the re-establishment of order in Venezuela, which has been most outrageously violated by the enemies of a free

and enlightened government. There has been an embargo for several days past upon all vessels, both at this port and at Laguaya, but by the strenuous exertions of Mr. Shields, U. S. Consul, the obnoxious decree was removed. Upwards of forty distinguished citizens of Caracas embarked from Laguaya on the 1st inst., for Caracas. A boat which had been sent from here to Laguaya, with dispatches, returned again to-day. The crew of the boat, immediately upon their arrival at Laguaya, were captured, and the papers taken from them, after which they were released and sent on board. They held no communication with the people of Laguaya, but represent the great proportion of them as being armed. No passports will be granted, under any consideration, for the present; consequently no persons of any nation, can leave the country. A U. S. vessel of war is much wanted here at present, to protect the interests of American residents. Business as a natural consequence, is extremely dull.

From the New York Tribune.

HENRY CLAY AND IRELAND.

The following correspondence, which is yielded to our solicitation by the party in this city, will so fully explain itself, that little preface is necessary. We may state, however,

that the box or case of Razors which accompa-

ned the letter to Mr. Clay, was of the finest steel, inlaid with gold, bearing on its lid the Am-ERICAN Eagle resting on a shield, inscribed with the name of HENRY CLAY, surrounded by an elegant scroll, and outside of this by a semi-

circle of twenty-nine stars symbolizing the several States of the American Union. The bottom of the box is of the finest ivory, the eagle, stars, &c., are of gold, as are the hinges, lock and key, etc., and the lid is elegantly bordered with the same material. So rich and rare a box we had never seen before. It is the workmanship of Van Worth & Son, Birmingham, and the four superb Razors it contains are of the finest steel, and made by the old house of Wm. Greaves & Son, Sheffield—the whole being a present to Mr. Clay from Messrs. Sheehan & Duggan merchants, 97 Maiden-lane—for whose reasons may be gathered from their letter, which is as follows:

NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1848.

DEAR SIR:—Two envoys, strangers to you, whose names can never be possible to have reached your ears, respectfully solicit your acceptance of the accompanying token of their esteem and gratitude. However small its intrinsic value, it may have some worth in your eyes as one evidence of the affection yet have inspired in the breasts of our unfortunate kindred and countrymen, however separated from you by distance or by diversity of opinion.

We, Sir, are Irishmen by birth, though Americans by choice, and partners in mercantile business in this city. It was the good fortune of one of us to hear your Speech in behalf of the Famine-stricken Millions of our native land, when in New Orleans on business during that dreadful winter of 1846-7; it has since been the fortune of the other, while at the same time, in Europe the administration of the "Wolf and Lamb" Quarrel.

In reviving an obsolete Army Order, against writing letters from the Camp, as a cowardly mode of insulting Gen. Taylor for writing a private, sensible and patriotic letter to Gen. Gaines, which the latter published without the knowledge or consent of the writer, while at the same time the President's Organ is continually publishing the most impudent, impudent letters, designed to awe Congress and the people into passive submission to the infallibility of the *President*.

V.—THE SUSPENSION OF THE GEN'L-IN-CHIEF.

The suspension of Gen. Scott from his command, to be tried in the presence of the enemy he has conquered, on complaints alleged by a political partisan of the President, (Gen. Pillow) a vain coxcomb and military jackdaw, enraged because his borrowed plumes have been stripped from the *chapeau* he so unworthily wears. —*Cin. Atlas.*

THE KAFFIR AND THE LADIES.—A few days ago it is said, four ladies in the height (or rather in the extreme breadth) of the Crinoline fashion, paid a visit to the rebel chief Sandilli, at his residence in the Drosdy; a well-known gallant and witty colonel acting as cicerone to the party. With considerable address and the aid of the energetic colonel, each fair votary of fashion managed to convey herself and portable wardrobe through the narrow doorway (only intended for a horse to enter) of the chief's apartment without much damage, and the party stood fronting the group of wondering savages. Sandilli reclining on an iron hospital stretcher, in graceful attitude, with his regular skin kaross carelessly thrown over him. His brother, a splendid specimen of a rude Kaffir, stood on his left; in all the pride of native dignity, whose fine limbs, and well developed muscles no thong or wrapple had helped to strangle in their growth—a beautiful—a perfect model for a sculptor, and most strange contrast to the made-up figures of his grotesque milliner-made visitors. Around these two were lying, sitting, and standing the other councillors, about a dozen in various attitudes and stages of Kaffir no-fashion, some *au naturel*, others blanketed and karossed. After a scrutinizing examination of the various figures composing this picturesque group of the *elite* of Kaffirland, and much critical disquisition on the part of the ladies as to the relative merits of the ancient Grecian statues, &c., Sandilli was requested to stand up and show himself. The chief wished to know who the ladies were that he should stand in their presence. "Tell him," said the jocose colonel to the interpreter, "tell them they are my wives, and that I have another at home, and ask what he thinks of them." "Fie, Colonel," twitted one young lady, "how can you tell the chief such nonsense?" The interpreter explained, the chief laughed and whispered to his brother, who laughed also, and the laugh went round in a circle, all staring at the four fashionables, who began to laugh too, at the hilarity they had occasioned amongst the natives.—"Oh! do tell us what the are all so merry about," said Miss —, "they've found out something very funny, I'm sure, Sandilli is laughing so wickedly." "Oh, yes, colonel," entreated Mrs. —, "pray let the interpreter ask him." The interpreter did ask, but was seized with such an immovable fit of laughing, that he could not stop himself. The ladies joined again and the scene became really quite exciting. The interpreter seemed bashful when pressed to give the merry chief's reply, and the curiosity of the ladies of course made them still more importunate for an explanation of the fun. "What does he say," quoth the colonel. "He says, sir, you are likely to have a large family, for they all appear —." Suddenly the room is darkened, bustles are squeezing themselves frantically through the narrow doorway, helping to wedge each other through, &c.—the party is soon seen in rapid flight scampering home along the green followed by the mischievous colonel.—*Sly's Journal*

5 WASHINGTON, Feb. 19, 1848.

Gentlemen: Mr. Robinson delivered to me your friendly letter, with the exquisitely beautiful case of Razors which accompanied it. This testimonial you have been pleased to offer in consequence of some feelings I expressed, and some sympathies I cherished for the suffering people of Ireland. Gentleman, I do not deserve it. I must have had a heart colder than stone, if I had been capable of listening to the sad account of Irish distress without the deepest emotions. My regret was, that I could do little or nothing to mitigate the suffering of a generous and gallant people. Nor did my own countrymen, I am fully persuaded, require any stimulus from me, to prompt them to extend all practicable succors, to those with whom we are intimately connected by so many pleasing ties.

You tell me that the case and its contents were made abroad. They do not, on that account, command themselves less to my acceptance and admiration, I hope that I have liberality enough to recognise excellence, in Science and in the Arts, whether displayed in foreign or domestic productions. Indeed, my anxious desire to naturalize, in our own country, all that genius, skill and invention can contribute to the comfort, elegance and happiness of our race has proceeded from witnessing how much has been accomplished, in other civilized countries, toward those noble ends.

I tender to you, gentleman, my grateful acknowledgments, with my fervent prayers that Ireland, and you, and all your countrymen, may ever after be happy and prosperous.

Your friend and ob't'ren, H. CLAY.
Messrs. Sheehan & Duggan, &c. & c. & c.

—In one place Richter says—"No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife." A very wicked bachelor of our acquaintance says to this—"O, yes! suffering and severe trials purify and chasten the heart."

The following from that excellent paper, the St. Louis *New Era*, gives a pretty hard hit in a quiet kind of way to such sheets as are conducted in the spirit of the Cincinnati *Atlas*:

COMMENDABLE ANXIETY.—The Locofores throughout the whole country are very fearful in electing Gen. Taylor the people should make a President whose principles are not known. Tell the Locofores that Taylor is firm and honest; oh yes, but what does he think of the Sub-Treasury. Tell them that Taylor cannot be overruled by power nor made to say or do anything which is wrong; very true, say the Locofores, but what about the Tariff? What can be safer than elections good citizens? that's all well enough, but what does your candidate think about a national bank, replies the Locofores. Now, we think that Gen. Taylor labors under the old fashioned *delusion*, called democratic in days gone by—that the representatives of the people, when assembled in Congress, should pass bills to meet the views and interests of their constituents, and that the President should sign them, and that he is not the executive officers, to see that the people's laws are executed. This was democratic doctrine in the time of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and we believe that Gen. Taylor is a good old fashioned democrat—that is to say, a sound new fashioned whig.

AID AND COMFORT TO MEXICO.

The following is a list of some of the most flagrant acts of "aid and comfort" to the enemy, to which President Polk and his supporters are supposed to refer when branding the perpetrators with the crime of "Moral Treason."

1.—THE PASS.

[Private and Confidential.]

U. S. NAVY DEPARTMENT; May 13, 1846.

"COMMONWEALTH: If Santa Anna endeavors to enter the Mexican port, you will allow him to pass freely.

"Respectfully yours,

"GEORGE BANCROFT.

"Commodore DAVID CONNER,

"Commanding Home Squadron."

II.—THE ATTEMPTED ONE-SLAUGH.

The attempt of the President and his party in Congress to create a political partisan, who "never set a squadron in the field," as a Lieutenant General, to be set over the heads of Generals Scott and Taylor, and drive them from the fields

they have made famous.

III.—THE CESSURE.

The attempt of the Locofores party in Congress, incited by President Polk, to pass a vote of *cessure* upon Gen. Taylor for granting humane terms to the Mexicans, without destroying their towns, their women and children, as well as the lives of our soldiers, on their surrender of Monterey, its forts, arms and munitions of war.

IV.—THE "WOLF AND LAMB" QUARREL.

In reviving an obsolete Army Order, against writing letters from the Camp, as a cowardly mode of insulting Gen. Taylor for writing a private, sensible and patriotic letter to Gen. Gaines, which the latter published without the knowledge or consent of the writer, while at the same time the President's Organ is continually publishing the most impudent letters, designed to awe Congress and the people into passive submission to the infallibility of the *President*.

V.—THE SUSPENSION OF THE GEN'L-IN-CHIEF.

The suspension of Gen. Scott from his command, to be tried in the presence of the enemy he has conquered, on complaints alleged by a political partisan of the President, (Gen. Pillow) a vain coxcomb and military jackdaw, enraged because his borrowed plumes have been stripped from the *chapeau* he so unworthily wears. —*Cin. Atlas.*

VI.—THE KAFFIR AND THE LADIES.

A few days ago it is said, four ladies in the height (or rather in the extreme breadth) of the Crinoline fashion, paid a visit to the rebel chief Sandilli, at his residence in the Drosdy; a well-known gallant and witty colonel acting as cicerone to the party. With considerable address and the aid of the energetic colonel, each fair votary of fashion managed to convey herself and portable wardrobe through the narrow doorway (only intended for a horse to enter) of the chief's apartment without much damage, and the party stood fronting the group of wondering savages. Sandilli reclining on an iron hospital stretcher, in graceful attitude, with his regular skin kaross carelessly thrown over him. His brother, a splendid specimen of a rude Kaffir, stood on his left; in all the pride of native dignity, whose fine limbs, and well developed muscles no thong or wrapple had helped to strangle in their growth—a beautiful—a perfect model for a sculptor, and most strange contrast to the made-up figures of his grotesque milliner-made visitors. Around these two were lying, sitting, and standing the other councillors, about a dozen in various attitudes and stages of Kaffir no-fashion, some *au naturel*, others blanketed and karossed. After a scrutinizing examination of the various figures composing this picturesque group of the *elite* of Kaffirland, and much critical disquisition on the part of the ladies as to the relative merits of the ancient Grecian statues, &c., Sandilli was requested to stand up and show himself. The chief wished to know who the ladies were that he should stand in their presence. "Tell him," said the jocose colonel to the interpreter, "tell them they are my wives, and that I have another at home, and ask what he thinks of them." "Fie, Colonel," twitted one young lady, "how can you tell the chief such nonsense?" The interpreter explained, the chief laughed and whispered to his brother, who laughed also, and the laugh went round in a circle, all staring at the four fashionables, who began to laugh too, at the hilarity they had occasioned amongst the natives.—"Oh! do tell us what the are all so merry about," said Miss —, "they've found out something very funny, I'm sure, Sandilli is laughing so wickedly." "Oh, yes, colonel," entreated Mrs. —, "pray let the interpreter ask him." The interpreter did ask, but was seized with such an immovable fit of laughing, that he could not stop himself. The ladies joined again and the scene became really quite exciting. The interpreter seemed bashful when pressed to give the merry chief's reply, and the curiosity of the ladies of course made them still more importunate for an explanation of the fun. "What does he say," quoth the colonel. "He says, sir, you are likely to have a large family, for they all appear —." Suddenly the room is darkened, bustles are squeezing themselves frantically through the narrow doorway, helping to wedge each other through, &c.—the party is soon seen in rapid flight scampering home along the green followed by the mischievous colonel.—*Sly's Journal*

5 WASHINGTON, Feb. 19, 1848.

Gentlemen: Mr. Robinson delivered to me your friendly letter, with the exquisitely beautiful case of Razors which accompanied it. This testimonial you have been pleased to offer in consequence of some feelings I expressed, and some sympathies I cherished for the suffering people of Ireland. Gentleman, I do not deserve it. I must have had a heart colder than stone, if I had been capable of listening to the sad account of Irish distress without the deepest emotions. My regret was, that I could do little or nothing to mitigate the suffering of a generous and gallant people. Nor did my own countrymen, I am fully persuaded, require any stimulus from me, to prompt them to extend all practicable succors, to those with whom we are intimately connected by so many pleasing ties.

You tell me that the case and its contents were made abroad. They do not, on that account, command themselves less to my acceptance and admiration, I hope that I have liberality enough to recognise excellence, in Science and in the Arts, whether displayed in foreign or domestic productions. Indeed, my anxious desire to naturalize, in our own country, all that genius, skill and invention can contribute to the comfort, elegance and happiness of our race has proceeded from witnessing how much has been accomplished, in other civilized countries, toward those noble ends.

I tender to you, gentleman, my grateful acknowledgments, with my fervent prayers that Ireland, and you, and all your countrymen, may ever after be happy and prosperous.

Your friend and ob't'ren, H. CLAY.

Messrs. Sheehan & Duggan, &c. & c. & c.

—In one place Richter says—"No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife." A very wicked bachelor of our acquaintance says to this—"O, yes! suffering and severe trials purify and chasten the heart."

CHURCH MUSIC.

The Boston Courier says that nine-tenths of the fashionable church music, is a life of devotion, and ought to be hooted from society.

Too true, but what will be done about it? If there is one thing for which we are willing to be taxed more than another, it is for the support of music in our common schools,—for we hope another generation will be able to make church music what it should be—devotion, not noise.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

We would be as public-spirited as our neighbor in regard to taxation for the teaching of music in common schools, if the music taught there were chiefly of that sort that has no more vitality than the humming of a dying locust. What improvement has been made in the singing in schools, within two or three years, we cannot undertake to say, for we have not ventured within the hearing of it since we were obliged to visit officially the schools in our good city of Cambridge. Its character then was much like that which is heard in the church or meeting house—namely, one continued drawing of common chords—

Sing—song—

Ding—dong—

String—strong—

Ring—wrong—

This is the *alegro* style. The <i