NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

NEW-YORK, TUESDAY, OCT. 9.

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FOR EUROPE

Will be ready at 8 o'clock This Morning—Price 6¼ cents in Wrappers ready for Mailing.

IT WILL CONTAIN

THE LATEST NEWS

FROM ALL PARTS OF THIS CONTINENT

Received up to the time of going to Press.

The Edition of *The New-York Tribune* for Europe, made up for the mails by the *America*, from Boston TO-MORROW, will be found to contain a complete digest of all the late local and political news, the latest intelligence from Canada, Mexico, &c.; California, Isthmus and South American news; full and accurate Money and Market Reports; a carefully prepared Shipping List; Editorials on all subjects of present interest; and an account of American Affairs since the sailing of the last steamer, in the English, French and German languages. Persons desiring to send to their friends in Europe, will find this sheet all that can be desired in the way of complete and accurate news.

☞ THE WHIG PRIMARY MEETINGS in the several Wards of our City take place this day or evening, according as they may be called by the several Ward Committees. Do not neglect them!

*** See Ward Calls on the next page.

The Tariff Question in 1849.

'Commerce is King.' Buy cheap and sell dear is its First Commandment,—buy for the lowest cent, no matter though the seller is starved by his hard bargain. Almost everybody who thinks himself anybody wants to live out of the profits of others' labor by contriving, directing and bargaining—nobody 'bones down' to hard work who can manage to live any other way. It is a matter of social respectability—a mark of caste—to be able to consume much and produce nothing, and the noisiest brawler for Democracy and Equality at the Polls or in the Bar-Rooms dodges into a custom-house or some other well-paid, lazy berth the first chance he can get, and leaves Productive Industry to those who can't avoid it. Whoever thinks at all can hardly fail to perceive how this general tendency conduces to and insures an extravagant, bloated, monstrous stimulation and expansion of Trade. Everybody is keen for speculation; very few have any confidence in patient, plodding Industry as a means of acquiring wealth. From baby-jumpers to grave-yard accommodations, everything that Man can use, some air and less water excepted, is the foot-ball of Traffic and Speculation. And, while nine-tenths of the more especially trading class die bankrupt or in penury, Trade still, absorbing most of the financiering talent of the civilized world, contrives to absorb most of the realized fruits of Toil. Successful Commerce founds the Colleges, and they teach the doctrines it loves to hear; it patronizes Authors, and the books of Political Economy are mainly written to prove that 'Whatever is is right,' in the mercantile sense of the axiom.—The gospel of Supply and Demand—the law of 'Buy where you can cheapest, sell as dear as possible,' is fundamental to the recognized commercial ethics, and, everybody being in fact or in aspiration a trader, is the law of modern society. Yet the very men who adhere to it, preach it, live it, revolt at once at any novel yet perfectly legitimate application of it, which bears severely on themselves or others and does not conduce to filling their own pockets. Let a doctor say to-morrow to a rich man who has just had his leg cut off: "Sir, if the effusion of blood is not stopped in five minutes you are a dead man; yet there is no other person who can stop it within half a mile, and I must have ten thousand dollars or I won't do it'—and ninety-nine out of every hundred would kick the law of Supply and Demand to kingdom-come and execrate the doctor for acting on their own cherished principles. The world is just as reasonable as this.

—We have now nearly closed the third year of an avowedly Revenue, anti-Protective Tariff. In fact, it is on some points Protective, on others its hostility to Protection is carried to an extreme suicidal to Revenue. It is the child of various party necessities, and their contradictory traits are stamped on its ungainly features. It tries to be sweet on Sugar and strong with Hemp, because its authors feared the producers of those articles; but it is full of deceit and the poison of asps is under its lips. The Hemp which it pretends to subject to thirty per cent. duty, it lets in as Cables, Cordage, &c. at twenty-five; the Wool on which it also professes to impose thirty per per cent. it lets in as Flannels, Baizes, &c. at twenty-five, and as Blankets at twenty. The farmer, thus duped by a pretense of favor, is driven from his own markets by South-American Wool made into British Blankets and thus admitted at a rate one-half less than is charged to the American importer of just such Wool, who must pay higher for his labor, and contend against riper experience and larger aggregations of capital. Yet the farmer is told he has twenty per cent. on his Wool, and that ought to content him, when in fact the Foreign Wool is extensively admitted at twenty per cent. in such shape as to deprive the American farmer of a market not only for wool but for the fuel, meats, vegetables, &c. which would be consumed by the cloth-makers if the fabric were made in this country, even out of foreign material. The act is full of such juggles.

This Tariff is consistent in a single feature—its adherence throughout to Ad Valorem Duties.—Every article charged at all pays so much per cent.—nothing is Specific. One effect of this is to create and preserve a glaring and indefensible inequality of exactions at different ports of the Union. At two ports only twelve miles apart, the same article has been entered this summer at one valued at $1 50 and paying 45c. duty, at the other valued at 80c. and paying 24c. duty—a difference of 87½ per cent. Railroad Iron of like quality has been entered the same week at 5*l.* sterling at one port and at 8*l.* 15*s.* at another, paying $1 20 more duty; [illegible] case than in the other. Of course, on [illegible] and articles of less definite value the difficulty must be still greater. And such inequality, any practical man may see, is inseparable from the existence and operation of Ad Valorem Duties. Every man engaged in importing goods naturally wishes to get them in as cheaply as possible, for ten per cent. in the valuation may make the difference between a profitable and a losing adventure. If sternly upright importers will not undervalue, they will be undersold and driven out of the trade by men who will. And custom-house valuations always do and must depend in a great degree upon the invoice; for who can tell upon casual examination how much a barrel of Watch Movements, for example, is really worth? It might be worth $100,000, and may not be worth $5,000. Competent Appraisers can come within a stone's throw of it, but independent, accurate valuations at the custom house cannot generally be made.

The American Importer has no fair chance with his Foreign rival under a system of Ad Valorem duties. In the first place, the foreign manufacturer of goods can honestly swear that they cost him less (counting his rents, machinery, fixed salaries, personal services, &c. as nothing, since these must have been paid if he had not made this particular invoice of goods) than he will sell them for—less than the American Importer can buy them for. Suppose he swears the invoice of goods cost him (to make) $90,000, while the American importer cannot buy them for less than $100,000, and the duty is 25 per cent.—here is $2,500 clear profit to the Foreigner and loss to our Revenue in the difference of duties—the foreigner paying $22,500 duty, while an American importer of a like invoice must pay $25,000. How many repetitions of this per annum could the American be expected to stand?

We have supposed both parties to invoice with strict honesty, but it is notorious that invoice valuations are often—we might say oftener—*not* honest. A bookselling friend ordered an invoice of books from London. The books arrived, and an invoice by letter in the same steamer, on which he paid the duties without hesitation or scruple. On opening the books, he found enclosed *another* invoice, charging the books much higher—the *real* invoice, the other being only intended for the custom-house. He wrote to the London house for an explanation, not choosing to be *presumed* a rogue without warrant beyond the fact that he was in trade. The London house explained that it had only done what was customary and what it supposed would be agreeable—meant no offense, certainly, but a good turn in the common way.

In this game of undervaluing, the American, if disposed to play it, has no chance with the Foreigner. The former's character, property, business are all staked and all lost if he is detected in willful fraud; the former is safe in a distant land, while his agent in this country has nothing to lose, and may be started at another point next season if 'unfortunate' here. Can any man ask why so large a share of our importing business is in the hands of Europeans?

Home Industry finds a blight in these Ad Valorem Duties. When a great staple—Iron, for example—bears a high price, then the duty is high, just when our Iron-makers have least need of it. But the demand falls off, the market is glutted, and Iron falls, until only a few of the most favorably located works can afford to make it at all.—Now, as fast as the price falls, the duty also falls, so that the thirty per cent. duty, which was ample when Iron was high, sinks almost to nothing as Iron gets lower and lower. If Bar Iron was worth $100 per ton, the duty would be $30; but the price of Iron falls to $40, and now the duty is but $12. Thus the highest amount of duty is exacted where the least is needed, and as the price is pressed down the duty sinks also, and the American producers of Iron are thrown out of work by their own country's Tariff, which is contrived as if expressly to derange and destroy their business. When the price and duty are high, iron-works are set in motion; but as soon as the price falls off, the duty falls off as well, and the Iron business is thus doubly kicked down hill. The British producer for our market finds some compensation for the decline of price in the corresponding decline of duty, while to his American competitor the misfortune is doubled.

American Freemen! Statesmen! whatever you may think of Protection or Free Trade, give us an honest and stable system—give us Specific Duties!

LOCO-FOCO NOMINATIONS.—The Convention at Tammany Hall last evening made the following additional nominations:

For Street Commissioner—ISAAC B. SMITH, Ninth Ward.

Commissioner of Streets and Lamps—BARTHOLOMEW PURDY, Fourteenth Ward.

Commissioner of Repairs and Supplies—DANIEL J. NORRIS, Fifteenth Ward.

City Inspector—THOMAS K. DOWNING, Thirteenth Ward.

ABM. B. DAVIS is the Loco-Foco candidate for Assembly in the XIIth District, Fourteenth Ward.

☞ George Geddes of Syracuse, and Thomas Burch of Herkimer, are renominated as candidates for Senators. It will not be a very serious loss if both of them are not elected. We doubt if ever before that the Whigs would put in nomination men who would be an ornament to the Senate. The only merit of these nominees is their subserviency to the "Regency."

☞ We find the above in the Albany *Knickerbocker*, edited by a sort-o' *Whig* office-holder, holding his appointment from the Custom-House in this city. We don't think such intimations are in strict accordance with our Collector's last speech, as we are very sure they cannot be with his feelings. We do not happen to know Senator BURCH very well, but GEORGE GEDDES we do know, and a more intelligent, capable, vigilant legislator has seldom been seen at Albany. He is emphatically righton Law Reform, the economical management of the State Works, and almost every question that comes up in our Legislature, and his defeat would be a public more than a party loss. We shall be disappointed if he does not run ahead of his ticket, in defiance of the paltry fling of this tool of more cunning factionists.

☞ PENNSYLVANIA and OHIO hold their State Elections (for Legislature, &c.) to-day. The former will go Whig, if nine-tenths or over of last year's vote shall be called out; if not, it will probably be lost.

From OHIO, we have advices which assure us that the Whigs *hope* to carry the Legislature, and will *try*. But how are they to do it with the Reserve and other Whig strongholds torn to pieces by the Free-Soil distraction, and the Free-Soil leaders more malignant against the Whigs than the Loco-Focos are? All we can fairly hope for is the opening of the eyes of some of our friends who have been led to turn their backs on themselves without knowing it.

☞ It is rumored that Mr. Raymond of the *Courier and Enquirer* is about to purchase the *Albany Evening Journal*, Thurlow Weed retiring. [Mirror.

☞ The above paragraph floats from paper to paper just as if somebody put faith in it. The story is a very absurd one. Mr. Raymond may very possibly be going to Albany to edit a different Whig paper, but not the Evening Journal.—When Mr. Weed consents to leave that paper, we shall doubtless first hear of it through some other channel than the Evening Mirror.

Loco-Foco Nominations.

Albany Co.—The two factions of this County met in separate Conventions at New-Scotland on Saturday last, 'kissed and made up' by dividing the prospective spoils so as to give the Barnburners the candidates for Sheriff, Justice, two Coroners and the Assemblymen in the IId and IVth districts, and the Hunkers the Clerk, two Coroners and the members from the Ist and IIId Districts. The nominations were as follows:

Sheriff—LAWRENCE FENNER of Rensselaerville.

Clerk—ANTHONY BLANCHARD of Albany.

Justice—P. F. DORR of Watervliet.

More About the Storm.

The Church in Madison-avenue which was blown down by the gale of Saturday night, was the Presbyterian Church at the corner of Twenty-ninth st. and not the Catholic Church at the corner of Twenty-eighth, as stated in our report.

A brick house in Twenty-eighth-st. between Broadway and Fifth-av. which had lately been rebuilt, was also blown down, and almost entirely destroyed.

In Williamsburgh, the new Methodist Church in course of erection on South-Fifth-st. near Fifth-st. suffered serious injury. The walls, which were of great thickness, and substantially built, were blown down.—Several trees were blown down on South-Seventh-st. but no other serious disaster occurred.

Our reporter was misinformed with regard to the damage said to have been sustained by the new church belonging to the Baptist Tabernacle Society, situated in the Second-avenue, and we are assured, on the best authority, that it was not materially injured, but withstood the storm in a manner creditable to the builder and all concerned in its erection.

THE CALIFORNIA WHIG.—We have already announced that Mr. JAMES M. CRANE, formerly editor and proprietor of the *Richmond* (Va.) *Southerner*, who is a vigorous writer, and a young man of great energy, is about to commence the publication of a weekly journal at San Francisco, to be called the *California Whig*. Merchants and others who desire a good paper from the Pacific will have an opportunity to subscribe for the *Whig* to-day and to-morrow, at the Merchants' Exchange, from 2 till 3 o'clock.

☞ The steamer *Senator* from this City, as will be seen by our Telegraphic dispatch, had arrived at Panama, and was soon to sail for San Francisco.

LOSS OF GILDERSLEEVE'S PARTY OF CALIFORNIANS.—In accounts from the Plains, the disappearance of a portion of a New-York party, under Gildersleeve, the celebrated pedestrian, has been several times referred to. A letter received in this city, dated Aug. 16, from Santa Fe, says:

"Capt. Marcy who accompanied this large company from Fort Smith, Ark. to this place, started to the States to-day by a new route. There was a company, (16 wagons with oxen and 49 or 50 men,) from New-York, under Capts. Gildersleeve and Reeves, who left the States with us but could not keep up. They had bad luck, their oxen having died and some of their wagons left on the road. They then got out of provisions and got scattered. Some were 250 and others 150 miles behind us. Two of their company went on ahead of the rest to overtake us, and have got lost, and never have been heard of since, as two of the party informed us who went ahead to get provisions for the rest."

[Baltimore Sun.

Death of Edgar A. Poe.

EDGAR ALLAN POE is dead. He died in Baltimore the day before yesterday. This announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it. The poet was known, personally or by reputation, in all this country; he had readers in England, and in several of the states of Continental Europe; but he had few or no friends; and the regrets for his death will be suggested principally by the consideration that in him literary art has lost one of its most brilliant but erratic stars.

The family of Mr. Poe—we learn from Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," from which a considerable portion of the facts in this notice are derived—was one of the oldest and most respectable in Baltimore. David Poe, his paternal grandfather, was a Quartermaster-General in the Maryland line during the Revolution, and the intimate friend of Lafayette, who, during his last visit to the United States, called personally upon the General's widow, and tendered her acknowledgments for the services rendered to him by her husband. His great-grandfather, John Poe, married in England, Jane, a daughter of Admiral James McBride, noted in British naval history, and claiming kindred with some of the most illustrious English families. His father and mother,—both of whom were in some way connected with the theater, and lived as precariously as their more gifted and more eminent son—died within a few weeks of each other, of consumption, leaving him an orphan, at two years of age. Mr. John Allan, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Virginia, took a fancy to him, and persuaded his grandfather to suffer him to adopt him. He was brought up in Mr. Allan's family; and as that gentleman had no other children, he was regarded as his son and heir. In 1816 he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Allen to Great Britain, visited every portion of it, and afterward passed four or five years in a school kept at Stoke Newington, near London, by Rev. Dr. Bransby. He returned to America in 1822, and in 1825 went to the Jefferson University, at Charlottesville, in Virginia, where he led a very dissipated life, the manners of the college being at that time extremely dissolute. He took the first honors, however, and went home greatly in debt. Mr. Allen refused to pay some of his debts of *honor*, and he hastily quitted the country on a Quixotic expedition to join the Greeks, then struggling for liberty. He did not reach his original destination, however, but made his way to St. Petersburg, in Russia, where he became involved in difficulties, from which he was extricated by the late Mr. Henry Middleton, the American Minister at that capital. He returned home in 1829, and immediately afterward entered the Military Academy at West-Point. In about eighteen months from that time, Mr. Allan, who had lost his first wife while Mr. Poe was in Russia, married again. He was sixty-five years of age, and the lady was young; Poe quarreled with her, and the veteran husband, taking the part of his wife, addressed him an angry letter, which was answered in the same spirit. He died soon after, leaving an infant son the heir to his property, and bequeathed Poe nothing.

The army, in the opinion of the young cadet, was not a place for a poor man; so he left West-Point abruptly, and determined to maintain himself by authorship. He printed, in 1827, a small volume of poems, most of which were written in early youth. Some of these poems are quoted in a reviewal by Margaret Fuller, in *The Tribune* in 1846, and are justly regarded as among the most wonderful exhibitions of the precocious development of genius. They illustrated the character of his abilities, and justified his anticipations of success. For a considerable time, however, though he wrote readily and brilliantly, his contributions to the journals attracted little attention, and his hopes of gaining a livelihood by the profession of literature were nearly ended at length in sickness, poverty and despair. But in 1831, the proprietor of a weekly gazette, in Baltimore, offered two premiums, one for the best story in prose, and the other for the best poem.—In due time Poe sent in two articles, and he waited anxiously for the decision. One of the Committee was the accomplished author of "Horse Shoe Robinson," John P. Kennedy, and his associates were scarcely less eminent than he for wit and critical sagacity. Such matters are usually disposed of in a very off hand way: Committees to award literary prizes drink to the payer's health, in good wines, over the unexamined MSS, which they submit to the discretion of publishers, with permission to use their names in such a way as to promote the publishers' advantage. So it would have been in this case, but that one of the Committee, taking up a little book, in such exquisite calligraphy as to seem like one of the finest issues of the press of Putnam, was tempted to read several pages, and being interested, he summoned the attention of the company to the half-dozen compositions in the volume. It was unanimously decided that the prizes should be paid to the first of geniuses who had written legibly. Not another MS. was unfolded. Immediately the "confidential envelop" was opened, and the successful competitor was found to bear the scarcely known name of Poe.

The next day the publisher called to see Mr. Kennedy, and gave him an account of the author that excited his curiosity and sympathy, and caused him to request that he should be brought to his office. Accordingly he was introduced: the prize money had not yet been paid, and he was in the costume in which he had answered the advertisement of his good fortune. Thin, and pale even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A tattered frock-coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and the ruins of boots disclosed more than the want of stockings. But the eyes of the young man were luminous with intelligence and feeling, and his voice, and conversation, and manners, all won upon the lawyer's regard. Poe told his history, and his ambition, and it was determined that he should not want means for a suitable appearance in society, nor opportunity for a just display of his abilities in literature. Mr. Kennedy accompanied him to a clothing store, and purchased for him a respectable suit, with changes of linen, and sent him to a bath, from which he returned with the suddenly-regained bearing of a gentleman.

The late Mr. Thomas W. White had then recently established *The Southern Literary Messenger*, at Richmond, and upon the warm recommendation of Mr. Kennedy, Poe was engaged, at a small salary—we believe of $500 a year—to be its editor. He entered upon his duties with letters full of expressions of the warmest gratitude to his friends in Baltimore, who in five or six weeks were astonished to learn that with characteristic recklessness of consequences, he was hurriedly married to a girl as poor as himself. Poe continued in this situation about a year and a half, in which he wrote many brilliant articles, and raised the *Messenger* to the first rank of literary periodicals.

He next removed to Philadelphia, to assist William E. Burton in the editorship of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a miscellany that in 1840 was merged in *Graham's Magazine*, of which Poe became one of the principal writers, particularly in criticism, in which his papers attracted much attention, by their careful and skillful analysis, and generally caustic severity. At this period, however, he appears to have been more ambitious of securing distinction in romantic fiction, and a collection of his compositions in this department, published in 1841, under the title of "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," established his reputation for ingenuity, imagination, and extraordinary power in tragical narration.

Near the end of 1844 Poe removed to New-York, where he conducted for several months a literary miscellany called "The Broadway Journal." In 1845 he published a volume of "Tales" in Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books, and in the same series a collection of his poems. Beside these volumes he was the author of "Arthur Gordon Pym," a romance; "A New Theory of English Versification;" "Eureka," an essay on the material and spiritual universe; a work which he wished to have "judged as a poem," and several extended series of papers in the periodicals, the most noticeable of which are "Marginalia," embracing opinions of books and authors; "Secret Writing," "Autography," and "Sketches of the Literati of New-York."

His wife died in 1847, at Fordham, near this City, and some of our readers will remember the paragraphs in the papers of the time, upon his destitute condition. His wants were supplied by the liberality of a few individuals. We remember that Col. Webb collected in a few moments fifty or sixty dollars for him at the Union Club; Mr. Lewis, of Brooklyn, sent a similar sum from one of the Courts, in which he was engaged when he saw the statement of the poet's poverty; and others illustrated in the same manner the effect of such an appeal to the popular heart.

Since that time Mr. Poe had lived quietly and with an income from his literary labors sufficient for his support. A few weeks ago he proceeded to Richmond in Virginia, where he lectured upon the poetical character, &c.; and it was understood by some of his correspondents here that he was this week to be married, most advantageously, to a lady of that city: a widow, to whom he had been previously engaged while a student in the University.

The character of Mr. Poe we cannot attempt to describe in this very hastily written article. We can but allude to some of its more striking phases.

His conversation was at times almost supra-mortal in its eloquence. His voice was modulated with astonishing skill, and his large and variably expressive eyes looked repose or shot fiery tumult into theirs who listened, while his own face glowed, or was changeless in pallor, as his imagination quickened his blood or drew it back frozen to his heart. His imagery was from the worlds which no mortals can see but with the vision of genius. Suddenly starting from a proposition exactly and sharply defined in terms of utmost simplicity and clearness, he rejected the forms of customary logic, and by a crystalline process of accretion, built up his occular demonstrations in forms of gloomiest and ghastliest grandeur, or in those of the most airy and delicious beauty—so minutely, and distinctly, yet so rapidly, that the attention which was yielded to him was chained till it stood among his wonderful creations—till he himself dissolved the spell, and brought his hearers back to common and base existence, by vulgar fancies or exhibitions of the ignoblest passion.

He was at all times a dreamer—dwelling in ideal realms—in heaven or hell—peopled with the creatures and the accidents of his brain. He walked the streets, in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer, (never for himself, for he felt, or professed to feel, that he was already damned,) but for their happiness who at the moment were objects of his idolatry;—or, with his glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish, and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms; and all night, with drenched garments and arms beating the winds and rains, would speak as if to spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from the Aidenn close by whose portals his disturbed soul sought to forget the ills to which his constitution subjected him—close by the Aidenn where were those he loved—the Aidenn which he might never see, but in fitful glimpses, as its gates opened to receive the less fiery and more happy natures whose destiny to sin did not involve the doom of death.

He seemed, except when some fitful pursuit subjugated his will and engrossed his faculties, always to bear the memory of some controlling sorrow. The remarkable poem of *The Raven* was probably much more nearly than has been supposed, even by those who were very intimate with him, a reflexion and an echo of his own history. He was that bird's

—Unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,
Till his songs the burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope, the
Melancholy burden bore
Of "Nevermore," of "Nevermore."

Every genuine author in a greater or less degree leaves in his works, whatever their design, traces of his personal character: elements of his immortal being, in which the individual survives the person. While we read the pages of the *Fall of the House of Usher*, or of *Mesmeric Revelations*, we see in the solemn and stately gloom which invests one, and in the subtle metaphysical analysis of both, indications of the idiosyncracies,—of what was most remarkable and peculiar—in the author's intellectual nature. But we see here only the better phases of this nature, only the symbols of his juster action, for his harsh experience had deprived him of all faith, in man or woman. He had made up his mind upon the numberless complexities of the social world, and the whole system with him was an imposture. This conviction gave a direction to his shrewd and naturally unamiable character. Still, though he regarded society as composed altogether of villains, the sharpness of his intellect was not of that kind which enabled him to cope with villainy, while it continually caused him by overshots to fail of the success of honesty. He was in many respects like Francis Vivian in Bulwer's novel of "The Caxtons." "Passion, in him, comprehended many of the worst emotions which militate against human happiness. You could not contradict him, but you raised quick choler; you could not speak of wealth, but his cheek paled with gnawing envy. The astonishing natural advantages of this poor boy—his beauty, his readiness, the daring spirit that breathed around him like a fiery atmosphere—had raised his constitutional self-confidence into an arrogance that turned his very claims to admiration into prejudices against him. Irascible, envious—bad enough, but not the worst, for these salient angles were all varnished over with a cold repellent cynicism, his passions vented themselves in sneers. There seemed to him no moral susceptibility; and, what was more remarkable in a proud nature, little or nothing of the true point of honor. He had, to a morbid excess, that desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed—not shine, not serve—succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit."

We have suggested the influence of his aims and vicissitudes upon his literature. It was more conspicuous in his later than in his earlier writings. Nearly all that he wrote in the last two or three years—including much of his best poetry—was in some sense biographical; in draperies of his imagination, those who had taken the trouble to trace his steps, could perceive, but slightly concealed, the figure of himself.

There are perhaps some of our readers who will understand the allusions of the following beautiful poem. Mr. Poe presented it in MS. to the writer of these paragraphs, just before he left New-York recently, remarking that it was the last thing he had written:

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my ANNABEL LEE—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever disever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

We must omit any particular criticism of Mr. Poe's works. As a writer of tales it will be admitted generally, that he was scarcely surpassed in ingenuity of construction or effective painting. As a critic, he was more remarkable as a dissecter of sentences than as a commenter upon ideas: he was little better than a carping grammarian. As a poet, he will retain a most honorable rank. Of his "Raven," Mr. Willis observes, that in his opinion "it is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and is unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift." In poetry, as in prose, he was most successful in the metaphysical treatment of the passions. His poems are constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art. They illustrate a morbid sensitiveness of feeling, a shadowy and gloomy imagination, and a taste almost faultless in the apprehension of that sort of beauty most agreeable to his temper.

We have not learned the circumstances of his death. It was sudden, and from the fact that it occurred in Baltimore, it is to be presumed that he was on his return to New-York.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

LUDWIG.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, Oct 7, by Rev E. F. Hatfield, Mr. JAMES R. WILD of Williamsburgh to Miss MARY E. HALSEY of the City.

On the afternoon of Sept. 6, by G. H. Fisher, D. D. Mr. ARCHIBALD D. GRIEFF, merchant, of the City of New-Orleans, La. to Miss ANNA C. WORM, daughter of William Worm, Esq. of this City.

DIED.

October 7, of consumption, FRANCES, wife of William Newcomb, aged 34 years, 6 months and 7 days.

The friends and relatives of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral this (Tuesday) afternoon at 3 o'clock, from 31 Rivington st.

At Dedham, Mass. Oct. 4, Mrs. ANN ELIZA DOGGETT, wife of John Doggett, Esq. aged 34.

On Sunday morning, Oct 7, 1849, WILLIAM HENRY HANKS, in the 23d year of his age, son of Dr. Asel Hanks of this City. His remains were taken to Milton for interment.

At South Reef, S. I. Oct. 4, PHILIP BRUSH, in the 23d year of his age.

On Sunday, Oct. 7, from injuries received by a fall, JOHN, eldest son of Harriet and Evans Bennet, in the 17th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family, and members of Enterprise Lodge, No. 43, I. O. of O. F. are requested to attend the funeral from the residence of his parents, 54 Rutgers st. on Wednesday afternoon, this inst. at 3 o'clock P. M. His remains will be taken to Bayside, Flushing Cemetery for interment. 69 2t*

On Sunday morning, Oct. 7, of dysentery, DANIEL C. SANDS, in the 22d year of his age.

The remains will be taken to North Castle, Westchester Co. for interment.

On Friday, Oct. 5, of dysentery, JEREMIAH, son of James H. and Sarah W. Hubbard, aged 7 months and 21 days.

The friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral this (Tuesday) morning, at 9 o'clock, at their residence, 647 Broadway. The remains will be taken to Bedford, Westchester Co.

Drowned by accident overboard at sea, July 5, 1849, from on board the ship Argonaut, on her voyage from this port, bound to San Francisco, CHARLES AUGUSTUS, youngest son of the late Capt. Joseph Griffiths, aged 20 years, 10 months and 12 days.

At Dorchester, Mass. Sept 27, Mrs. ELIZABETH LANDER, wife of Edward Lander, Esq. aged 67 years.

In Winchester, Conn. of dysentery, on the 4th Oct. Dr. RALPH ALBERT SHOW, formerly of this city, in the 27th year of his age.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

☞ For telegraphic dispatches received in time for Evening Edition of yesterday, see First Page.

ONE MONTH LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Falcon's Advices—T. Butler King Dangerously Ill.—The Constitutional Convention—California to be a State, &c.

NEW-ORLEANS, Saturday, Oct. 6—A M.

The steamship Falcon, at this port from Chagres in 5 days and 18 hours, brings $70,000 in gold dust, a large mail, and 49 passengers (our other dispatch said 50) for New-York. The steamship California was to have sailed from Panama for San Francisco on the 27th ult. the Senator on the 1st, the Union on the 8th, and the Panama on the 13th.

The health of the Isthmus was good, and the roads were more easy for traveling, they having been greatly improved.

The dates from San Francisco are to the 1st September. Gen. Persifer F. Smith had gone on an expedition to the mountains. Col. Fremont was at Monterey.

The Milnor, from New-York, arrived at San Francisco in 120 days.

The Vice-Consulate at the Sandwich Islands died at San Francisco on the 26th August.

Lieut. Beall, bearer of dispatches from New-York, arrived at San Francisco and proceeded to Gen. Smith's headquarters.

Thomas Butler King was lying dangerously ill of bilious fever, and his recovery was considered very doubtful.

The Convention for forming a State Constitution met at Monterey on the 31st of August. It was said to have been composed of men of intelligence and integrity.

The flag ship Ohio, Commodore Jones, the Warren, Commodore Long, and the frigate Savannah, Capt. Voorhies, were at San Francisco. The Savannah is to relieve the Ohio, to sail for Boston on the 11th of September, via Valparaiso. Commodore Jones continues in command of the Pacific squadron.

The steamship Empire City left Chagres on the 28th ult. for New-York. The steamer Panama brought $500,000 in gold dust and 159 passengers. She arrived at Panama on the 22d inst.

Gen. Riley was at Monterey at the last accounts, and his health improving.

A San Francisco letter says that a constitution will be formed and members elected to the Legislature by the 1st of November.

Results of the Georgia Election.

MACON, GA. Monday, Oct. 7.

All the counties in this State have been heard from but three, from which it appears the Legislature will stand as follows:

In the Senate the Loco-Focos will have 25 members, and the Whigs 24.

In the House the Loco-Focos will have 67 members, and the Whigs 63.

Towns, the Loco-Foco candidate for Governor, has been elected by a majority of 3,800 votes.

Later from Havana.

NEW-ORLEANS, Friday, Oct. 5

By advices from Havana, we learn that a quarantine had been established.

Break in the Levee, &c.

NEW-ORLEANS, Sunday, Oct. 7.

The levee on the coast fronting the First Municipality, from St. Louis to the Beef Market, has given way one or two feet, making encroachments toward Paver Porren, on New-Levee st. No danger, however, is apprehended to the city.

The weather this morning is quite cold.

Considerable excitement exists in reference to the approaching State election, and meetings are held by both parties nearly every night. The Whigs and Loco-Focos are both equally confident of the success of their respective candidates.

The Falcon sailed yesterday for Chagres, with 12 passengers from this port and 66 from New-York.

Later from Kington, Jam.

NEW-ORLEANS, Sunday, Oct. 7.

We have advices from Kingston to the 19th inst. The Liberals assert that they have acquired considerable strength by the result of the late election.—The Government papers express a belief that there will be no renewal of the factions in opposition to the Executive.

Santa Anna and family were at Kingston on the 13th, and attended a concert the day before.

Later from Chagres—Marine Disasters.

CHARLESTON, Monday, Oct. 8—4 P. M.

The steamship Alabama has arrived at New-Orleans from Chagres, whence she sailed on the 28th ult. She reports the loss of the schooner John A. Rutar from Warren, R. I. bound for California, in the Straits of Magellan, on the 26th of June. She ran ashore on a rock during a snow storm and severe gale. The captain and crew were carried into Callao on the 19th of August.

The U. S. propeller Edith, from San Francisco for San Diego, went ashore at Point Draphon, and it is feared she will prove a total loss.

Departure of General Taylor on a Visit to Philadelphia and New-York—Convalescence of the Attorney General, &c.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Oct. 8—P.M.

The President of the United States, and Hon. Wm. B. Preston, the Secretary of the Navy, will leave this city for Baltimore on Thursday, the 11th inst. and leaving next morning for Philadelphia, arriving there on Friday, 12th inst. in the evening. He will leave Philadelphia on Monday, the 15th inst. and arrive in New-York about 3 o'clock on that day, and again return to the Capital on Thursday, the 18th inst.

No appointments were made to-day.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson, Attorney-General, who has been ill, is again recovering his health, and will be enabled soon to resume his duties.

Markets....NEW-ORLEANS, Oct. 6.

The demand for COTTON since the receipt of the Canada's advices has been very limited, and at prices in favor of the buyer. The sales are but 500 bales.

Markets....NEW-ORLEANS, Oct. 7.

The demand for COTTON continues limited, and the sales are scarcely worth reporting. During the week the sales have reached 5,700 bales at rather easier prices, factors being ready sellers. The quotations are, for good middling 10½ to 10¾, good fair 12½ to 13. The receipts since the 1st of September were 3,619 bales against 72,412 bales the same time last year. The stock on hand is 37,250 bales against 66,796 bales last year.—There is a large supply of RICE in the market, and prices are on the decline. Some small sales have been made at 4½c.

Weather very cold. Thermometer in the shade 56.

Markets....BUFFALO, Oct. 8—6 P.M.

Receipts within the past 48 hours—FLOUR, 8,000 bbls; WHEAT, 40,000 bushels; CORN, 12,000 bushels. The market for Western FLOUR is firm with a fair demand for the home trade and for export. The sales embrace 2,000 bbls. mostly Michigan, at 4 62½. There is not much inquiry for WHEAT and the sales are small; for prime Ohio 95 cents is asked. CORN is in good demand market better. The sales reach 34,000 bushels Western Mixed at 53 cents. OATS are selling at 31½ cts. There is no change to notice in FREIGHTS.

Markets....ALBANY, Oct. 8—6 P. M.

Receipts by Canal within the past 48 hours.—FLOUR, 11,000 bbls; WHEAT, 10,000 bush; CORN, 17,000 do; BARLEY, 19,000 do.—The market is firm for FLOUR, owing to light receipts. CORN is in good inquiry and market firm at 61@61½c. In RYE, the sales are 2,000 bush at 57½c. For BARLEY, the demand continues active—the sales reaching 40,000 bush, including Mixed at 59@60c; and Four-rowed at 62@62½c. Sales 5,000 bush OATS at 38@39c.

CITY ITEMS.

DOINGS AT THE FAIR.—The Cattle-Show will be held to-morrow and next-day, at the corner of Fifth-avenue and Twenty-fifth st. Madison Cottage. The exhibition of animals promises to look well.—The Anniversary Address, (for which tickets may be obtained gratis at the Clerk's office in the Fair,) will be delivered by Hon. LEVI WOODBURY in the Tabernacle, on Thursday evening. Music will be afforded by a choir under the direction of Mr. Andrews. On Saturday evening of this week, the Pyrotechnic display in competition for premiums will come off at Castle Garden.

—To-day, the exhibition of Roses and Dahlias will be continued as full as yesterday; the untowardness of the weather yesterday having prevented so full an attendance as usual—and, from time to time, bands of music will perform within the Garden.

☞ "General Training" came off yesterday, according to law, and was attended by a great many interesting, funny, heart-rending, trowsers-tearing and hat-smashing scenes and incidents, which we have n't time nor room to make parade of in our unmilitary columns.

☞ A Grand Musical Festival in aid of the Italian Refugees takes place to-