

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULES."



"DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE."
Gen'l Harrison.

NEW SERIES.
VOLUME VI—NUMBER 26.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1849.

Terms of the Watchman.
Subscription, per year, Two Dollars—payable in advance. But if not paid in advance, Two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
Advertisements inserted at \$1 for the first, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. Court orders charged at 50 per cent. higher than these rates. A liberal deduction to those who advertise by the year.
Letters to the Editors must be post paid.

Newspapers.
The Watchman "Weekly Symbol" thus sums up the duties of those who "take the papers."—After perusing carefully this admirable piece of advice, let the reader of the "delinquent," in the "Good Lord deliver us" of his daily supplications, and thus tell over the many of his remorse, until he has "paid the price."

How to take the paper.—Be sure to pay in advance, and thus you have the privilege of reading your own paper instead of the publisher's. If you change your residence, inform the publisher immediately, stating your name, the place you move from, and the place you move to.

How to stop a paper.—The only honest way to stop a paper is to pay in advance, and if you do not, it is only for the publisher's advantage to stop it. The publisher writes an order to have the same stopped. There is no use in ordering the publisher to stop a paper with the postage attached. If you fail to do this, do not complain if the publisher continues to send the paper.

Our Course.—We continue to send papers to subscribers before the time for which they first subscribed has expired, unless otherwise ordered. We never stop a paper until all arrearages are paid up, unless at our option. It is useless, therefore, to order a paper stopped while any thing is owing on the paper.

The Law of Newspapers.—1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered to be continuing their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the publishers, they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper to be discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former residence, they are responsible.
5. The Court has decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it unclaimed, is a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

100 DOLLARS REWARD!
STOP THE RUNAWAYS.
RANAWAY from Mr. R. R. Beagley, in the State of Alabama, on the last of August, my two Negroes,
CHARLES and HENRY.
Charles is a likely man, aged about 28 years, six feet one inch high, dark brown complexion. Said Negro purchased of Mr. Isaac Jarratt, of Surry County, N. C., aged about 33 years, five feet ten inches high, black complexion, and a blacksmith by trade. I purchased of Mr. N. W. Smith, of Randolph County. I have reasons to suppose that both of them will attempt to get back to their native country. I will pay the above reward for their apprehension and confinement in any jail, so that I get them again; or fifty dollars for either one.
E. MYERS,
Salisbury, N. C., Sept. 13, 1849. 19'

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTORY
AND
WARE ROOMS, No 4, Eutaw Street,
Baltimore.
THE undersigned calls the attention of the Ladies, Principals of Academies, Professors of Music, and private families of North Carolina, to the superior quality of his Pianos. For fifteen years he has been in use in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, and has received entire satisfaction. He has made within the last three months, in this State, twenty Pianos, which will be superior in quality of tone and workmanship, to any purchased elsewhere. The climate and change of weather have no effect on these instruments, as they are almost entirely of cast iron. The undersigned assures the public that they will do as well as any other in use in any part of the country, and is willing to let an instrument, or send an agent to select an instrument. Respectfully,
ANTHONY KHUN & Co.,
No. 75, North second Street, Baltimore.
July 13, 1849.—60w101y
I have a good second hand Piano for sale at Mr. Reynolds, Mechanics. Price \$100. A. K.

Cape Fear Steamboat Co.
THE UNDERSIGNED having purchased of J. & W. McGary their interest in the
CAPE FEAR STEAMBOAT COMPANY,
are now the sole Proprietors of the Line.
We are now prepared to forward goods with great dispatch either up or down the River, on as good terms as any other line. Goods consigned to us at Wilmington, will be forwarded free of commission, and at Fayetteville at the usual charge. Address,
DIBBLE & BROTHERS,
Wilmington or Fayetteville.
Wilmington, August 15, 1849. 16

State of North Carolina, ROWAN COUNTY.
IN EQUITY.
Henry W. Connor vs. James E. Kerr and wife; Martin Erwin and wife; Jane Scotland Huie, Pauline Huie, Richard W. Long, Wm. C. Beatty and wife; Nancy Long and Anne B. Long; Julius Love, Elizabeth Long and Harry Love.
In this case, it appearing that the defendants, Richard W. Long, Anne B. and Edward Long, infants, Martin Erwin and wife, Jane Scotland Huie, Pauline Huie, Nancy Long and Anne B. Long, and Julius Love, are inhabitants of another State; they are notified and requested to appear at the Court of Equity, to be held for Rowan County, on the 15th Monday after the 1st of September, next, and defend, plead, or answer complainant's Bill, and judgment and costs shall be rendered and the cause heard as aforesaid.
A. H. CALDWELL, C. M. E.
Salisbury, N. C., Aug. 23, 1849. 616

NOTICE.
TO FARMERS AND MECHANICS!
THE subscriber has a Foundry in operation, near Rockwell, and would be pleased to furnish Cast-iron Machinery. He is provided with a superior SLIDE LATHE, and can put up machinery, dress mill spindles, and do all kinds of ironing.
Carriage makers can be supplied with brass circles on cast-iron. Ploughs, Mould-boards, Oven Lids, &c., and other articles. The jobs will be done in workmanlike style, and every effort made to give satisfaction.
B. CLEGG,
Rockwell, Davie Co., N. C., 3m16
Aug. 17, 1849.

TAILORING BUSINESS!
THE UNDERSIGNED having removed his shop to the room in the BRICK BUILDING, formerly occupied by Gould & Hawley, would respectfully inform the public, that he is prepared to put and make all kinds of Garments in the most elegant and fashionable style. He is also, in the receipt of the
Fashions from the Northern Cities.
The shop will have favored with their patronage, he returns the most sincere thanks, and hopes that by attention to his business, and a desire to please, both in respects to the style and price, to merit a continuance of the patronage who have never tired, he would say call and try, and be determined to spare no pains in the execution of all work.
JOHN A. WEIRMAN,
Salisbury, Sept. 6, 1849. 18

LAND DEEDS
Beautifully printed and for sale here

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

It was in the year 1892, during the early days of the great French Revolution, when a young officer in delicate health took up his quarters in the city of Marseilles for six months of his leave of absence. It seemed a strange retirement for a young man, for in the town he knew no one, and in the depth of winter Marseilles was no tempting residence. The officer lived in a garret looking out upon the street, which had for its sole furniture a harpsichord, a bed, a table, and a chair. Little but paper ever entered that apartment, where food and fuel both were scarce; and yet the young man generally remained in doors all day assiduously writing, or rather dotting something upon paper, an occupation he alternated with music.

Thus passed many months. The young man grew thinner and paler, and his leave of absence appeared likely to bring no convalescence. But he was handsome and interesting, despite his sallow hue. Long hair, full beaming eyes that spoke of intelligence, and even genius, frankness of manner, all prepossessed in his favor, and many a smile and look of kindness came to him from beautiful eyes that he noticed not nor cared to notice. In fact he rarely went out at night, and then to walk out by the booming sea, which made a kind of music he seemed to love. Sometimes, it is true, he would hang about the theatre doors when operas were about to be played, and look with longing eye within; he never entered: either his purse or inclination failed him. But he always examined with care the name of the piece and its author, and then walked away to the sea-shore to muse and meditate.

Shortly after his arrival in Marseilles, he visited one after another, all the music sellers and publishers in the town, with a bundle of manuscripts in his hand; but his reception was not apparently very favorable, for he left them all with a frowning air, and still with his bundle of manuscripts. Some had detain him a long time, as if estimating the value of the goods he offered for sale; but these were no more tempted than the others to try the saleable character of the commodity. The house he lodged in had attached to it a large garden. By permission of the landlord, the young man often selected it for his evening walks, and despite the cold, would sometimes sit and muse in a rude and faded bower under a wall at one of the gates. Here he would occasionally even sing, in a low tone, some of his own compositions. It happened once or twice that when he did so, a female head outbrud from a window above him, seeming to listen. The young man at length noticed this.

"Pardon, lady," said he one evening; "perhaps I disturb you?"
"Not at all," she replied; "I am fond of music, very fond; and the airs you hum are new to me. Pray, if not a rude question, whose are they?"
"Citoyenne," he answered diffidently, "they are my own."
"Indeed!" cried the lady with animation; and you have never published them?"
"I shall never try—again," he murmured, uttering the last words in a low and despairing tone, which however reached the ears of the young woman.

"Good night, citizen," said she, and she closed her window. The composer sighed, rose and went out to take his usual walk by the sea beach; there, before the grandeur and sublimity of the ocean, and amid the murmur of its bellying waves, to forget the cares of the world, his poverty, and his crushed visions of glory and renown—the day dream of all superior minds—a dream far oftener a punishment than a reward; for of those who sigh for fame, few indeed are successful.

Scarcely had he left the house, than a lady, habited in cloak and hood, entered it, and after a somewhat lengthened conference with his concierge, ascended to his room, and remained there about an hour. At the end of that time she vanished. It was midnight when the composer returned. He entered with difficulty, the Cerberus of the lodge being asleep, and ascended to his wretched room. He had left it littered and dirty, without light, fire, or food. He opened it, not without alarm, and found his apartment neatly ordered, a fire burning, a lamp, and on the table a supper. The young man frowned, and looked sternly at the scene.

"Who dares thus insult my poverty?" It is not enough that I am starving with cold and hunger, that I am rejected by the world as a useless and wretched thing, incapable of wielding either sword or pen, but I must be insulted by charity! Fire, light, and wood, all sent by one who knows my necessity? And yet who knows? Perhaps my mother may have discovered my retreat. Who else could have acted thus? My mother, I bless thee both for your action and for respecting my concealment!" And the invalid officer sat down to the first hearty meal he had eaten for weeks. He had left home because his friends wholly disapproved of his making music a profession, and wished him to employ his leave of absence in learning another occupation. His mother so pressed him, that he saw no resource but a soldier's last chance—a retreat. For two months no trace of the fugitive had been seen—two months spent in vain efforts to make his chosen career support him, and now, doubtless, his mother had found him out, and had taken this delicate way of detecting his secrecy and punishing his pride.

Next morning the young man awoke with an appetite unknown to him of late. The generous food of the previous night had restored his system, and brought him to a natural state. Luckily, sufficient wine and bread remained to satisfy his craving, and then he sat down to think. All his efforts to get his music sung or played, or published, had been in vain. Singers knew him not, publishers declared him unknown, and the public seemed doomed never to hear him; a logical consequence very injurious to young beginners in literature, poetry, music, and all the liberal arts. But he was determined to have one more trial. Having eaten, he dressed and went out in the direction of the shop of the Citizen Dupont, a

worthy excellent man, who in his day had published more music, bad and good, than a musician could have played in a life time.

"You have something new, then, citizen?" said Dupont after the usual preliminaries, and after apologizing to a lady within his office for leaving her for a while. "As my time is precious, pray play it at once, and sing it if you will." The young man sat himself at the harpsichord which adorned the shop, and began at once the 'Song of the Army of the Rhine.' The music-publisher listened with the knowing and of one who is not to be deceived, and shook his head as the composer ended.

"Rough—rude—but clever. Young man, you will, I doubt not, do something good one of these days, but at present I am sorry to say your efforts want finish, polish." The singer rose, and bowing, left the shop, despair at his heart. He had not a cent in the world; his rent was in arrear; he knew not how to dine that evening, unless, indeed, his mother came again to his aid—an aid he was very unwilling to receive. His soul recoiled from it for he had parted from her in anger. His mother was a Royalist, he was a Republican, and she had said bitter things to him at parting. But most of all the composer felt one thing; the world would never be able to decide if he had not merit; and this was the bitterest grief of all.

That day was spent in moody thought. The evening came, and no sign again of his secret friend, whether mother, or unknown sympathizer. Towards night the pangs of hunger became intolerable, and after numerous parleys with himself, the young man ascended to his room with a heavy parcel. His eye was wild his cheek pale, his whole mind unsteady. As he passed the door of his lodge the concierge gave him a ticket for the Opera, signed Dupont, who was co-manager of the theatre.

"Go yourself," said the composer in a low, husky voice, and he went up stairs.

Having gained the room the unhappy and misguided young man sat silent and motionless for some hours, until at length hunger, despair, and his dreamy visions had driven every calm and good thought from his head, and then he dared quietly proceed to carry out his dreadful and desperate intent. He closed carefully the window, stuffed his mattress up the chimney, and with paper stopped every aperture where air could enter. Then he drew forth from his parcel charcoal and a burner, and lit it. Thus had this wretched man determined to end his sufferings. He had made one last effort, and now in that solitary, dismal garret, he laid him down to die; and poverty and misery, genius and death, were huddled close together.

Meanwhile, amid a blaze of light, the evening's amusements had begun at the theatre. A new opera from Paris was to be played, and the prima donna was the young, lovely and worshipped Claudine, the Jenny Lind of that time and place. The house was crowded, and the first act succeeding beyond all expectation, the audience were in ecstasy.

"She is a jewel!" said M. Dupont, who from a private box, admired the great support of his theatre. A roar of applause from the pit delighted at this instant the good man's ears. Claudine, called before the curtain, was bowing to the audience. But what is this? Instead of going off, she has just signed to the orchestra to play. She is about to show her gratitude to the audience in verse. M. Dupont rubs his hands, and repeats twice between his teeth "She is a jewel!" But with ease and rapidity the band has commenced playing an unknown air, and the next instant M. Dupont is standing up with a strange and wild look. Hushed and still was every breath; the audience looked at each other; not a word of communication takes place; men shudder, or rather tremble with emotion. But the first stanza is ended; and then a frantic shout, a starting of all to their feet, a wild shriek of delight, a cry of a thousand voices thundering the chorus, shows how the song had electrified them.

M. Dupont frowned, for the air and the song were not new to him; it was the "Song of the army of the Rhine" he had refused that morning! But Claudine proceeds: again the audience is hushed in death-like silence; while the musicians, roused to an unusual degree of enthusiasm, played admirably; and Claudine, still singing with all the purity, feeling and energy of her admirable voice, plunged her eyes into every corner of the house—in vain. At each couplet the enthusiasm of the people became greater, the anxiety of the singer intense. At length she concluded, and never did applause more hearty, more tremendous, more uproarious, greet the voice of a public songstress. The excited population of Marseilles seemed mad.

When silence was restored, Claudine spoke—"Citoyens and citoyennes!" she exclaimed—"this song is both written and composed by a young unknown man, who has in vain sought to put his compositions before the public. Everybody has refused them. For myself, I thought this the greatest musical effort of modern times; and as such I practiced it to-day; and unknown to manager or author, I and the band prepared this surprise. But he is not here. Poor and despairing, he is at home lamenting his unappreciated efforts! Let us awake him; let him learn that the generous people of Marseilles can understand and feel great music. Come, let all who have hearts follow me, and chant the mighty song we go." And Claudine, stepping across the orchestra, landed in the pit, and, bareheaded, light dressed as she was, rushed towards the door, followed by every spectator, and by the musicians, who, however, put on their hats, and even threw a cloak and cap on the excited and generous young songstress.

Meanwhile the composer's dreadful resolve was being carried out. The horrid fumes of the charcoal filled the room; soon they began to consume and exhaust the pure air, and the wretched youth felt all the pangs of coming death. Hunger, exhaustion, and despair kindled a kind of madness in his brain; wild shapes danced around him; his many songs seemed sung altogether by coarse, husky voices, that made their sound a punishment; and then the blasted atmosphere oppressing his

chest, darkening his vision, his room seemed tenanted by myriads of infernal and deformed beings. Then again he closed his eyes, and soft memory stealing in upon him, showed him happy visions of his youth, of his mother, of love, and hope, and joy; of green fields, and the murmuring brooks which had first revealed melody to his soul; and the young man thought that death must be come, and that he was on the threshold of a better world.

But an awful shout, a tremendous clamor, burst on his ear; a thousand voices roared beneath his window. The young man starts from his dream; what is this he hears?

"Aux armes! citoyens, Formez vos bataillons," &c.
"What is this?" he cries, "My song of the Rhine!"
He listens. A beautiful and clear voice is singing: it is still his song, and then the terrible chorus is taken up by the people; and the poor composer's first wish is gained; he feels that he is famous.

But he is dying, choked, stifled with charcoal. He lies senseless, fainting on his bed; but hope and joy give him strength. He rises falls rather than darts across the room, his sword in hand; one blow shivers the panes of his window to atoms; the broken glass lets in the cool sea breeze and the splendid song. Both give life to the young man; and when Claudine entered the room, the composer was able to stand. In ten minutes he had supped in the porter's lodge, dressed, and come out, to be borne in triumph back to the theatre, where that night he heard, amid renewed applause, his glorious song sung between every act, and each time gaining renewed laurels.

Ten days later, Bonnet de L'Isle was married to Claudine, the prima donna of Marseilles; and the young composer, in gratitude to her and her countrymen, changed the name of his song, and called it by the name it is still known by—"The Marseillaise!"

THE KINGDOM OF MOSQUITO.

The claim of the British Government to a right of control over the country known as the Mosquito Coast is dated as far back as the reign of Charles the Second. It is alleged that some time after the conquest of Jamaica, the Mosquito King and his chiefs placed themselves under the protection of England, and that the Governor of Jamaica in the name of his sovereign accepted this proffer and promised them the royal protection.

It is further stated that in 1740 a fort was erected by a British force from Jamaica and the royal flag hoisted, "thus making a formal publication to the world and to the crown of Spain that the independent country of the coast was under the direct sovereignty and protection of Great Britain." This assumption is placed upon the ground that the Mosquito nation was never subjugated by Spain; that it had always retained its independent character; that since the downfall of Montezuma the tribes under the Mosquito Kings have had a recognised territory pertaining to themselves, and governed by laws administered by their own hereditary rulers.

Now this Mosquito country is included within the limits of the State of Nicaragua, which has never recognised any such Kingdom as that of Mosquito. If the wild savages inhabiting the Mosquito Coast have been allowed to roam at will through that region it has been somewhat after the fashion of the Seminoles in Florida—the country not being attractive enough to draw to it any other occupants. The Government of Nicaragua regards the British intervention and claim in some such light as we would regard a treaty between Victoria and Billy Bowlegs, by which Billy would undertake to put himself and his people under the royal protection of England.

The occasion which has brought this matter to the notice of our Government is simply this: The State of Nicaragua has granted to an American Company the privilege of opening a communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific by the route of the San Juan river and the Lake Nicaragua. This fact having become known, the British Consul at New York gave notice to the Nicaragua Company that Great Britain had certain rights of sovereignty over the territory through which their projected route lay; that the Mosquito country was under the British protection; and that he was instructed to inform the Company that "the boundary line of the Mosquito Kingdom touches the St. John's river at the Mechuca rapid, about thirty miles below the Lake Nicaragua, and that from thence to the mouth of the St. John's the navigation of that river belongs to Mosquito."

The British Consul goes on further to inform the Company that the port of St. John's, now called Grey Town, at which they have agreed with the Nicaragua Government to build a store, also belongs to Mosquito; that her Majesty's government is bound to protect the King of Mosquito in the exercise of the territorial rights which he possesses over Grey Town and over the lower part of the St. John's river; and that the government of Nicaragua "has entered into an agreement in regard to places where it has no competence."

"We have never learned how it happened that the official announcement of these claims on the part of the British Government came from a Consul and not from the diplomatic representative of that Government. The claims themselves, extraordinary in their own nature, involve

a question of sovereignty which it does not belong to a consular functions to discuss. It is said, however, that the subject has brought on some correspondence between the State Department at Washington and the British Government.

To give color to the pretensions of Great Britain in this affair it seems that a few years ago, probably in 1841, the ceremony of crowning a King of Mosquito was performed at the British settlement at Balize. A poor farce it was—but it is likely to become a serious business enough if the claims advanced by the British Consul are to be seriously pressed by his government. The object is sufficiently plain. It is to exclude Americans from the possession of the Nicaragua route and to hold it in British hands.

Since the above article was written, late and interesting accounts have been received from Nicaragua, which are thus noted in the N. Y. Courier:

We have files of the *Correo del Istmo*, published at Leon in Nicaragua, down to the 16th of August. The arrival of Mr. Squier, as Minister from the United States, seems to have been regarded as an event of remarkable importance. It is heralded in all the journals as a new era for Nicaragua, and he entered the city amid discharges of cannon, martial music and the most tumultuous and enthusiastic rejoicings. On being presented to the President, Mr. Squier made a long address, tendering his thanks for the warmth of his reception, and assuring him that these sentiments are fully reciprocated, and that it is the earnest desire of the Government of the United States to cultivate in every way the most cordial relations with the Republic of Nicaragua. He assures him, further, that it shall be his aim to confirm the present harmony between the two Republics,—"and to this end, and to secure the permanent welfare of both, it is essential that they should pursue a system of policy exclusively American." He proceeded as follows:—

A cardinal principle in this policy is a total exclusion of foreign influence, from the domestic and international affairs of the American Republics. And while we would cultivate friendly intercourse, and promote trade and commerce with all the world, and invite to our shores and to the enjoyment of our institutions the people of all nations, we should proclaim in language firm and distinct, that the American Continent belongs to Americans, and is sacred to Republican Freedom. We should also let it be understood, that if foreign powers encroach upon the territories, or invade the rights of any of the American States, they inflict an injury upon all, which it is the duty and determination of all to see redressed.

Senior Director! Providence has peculiarly favored the country of which you are the worthy Chief Executive. I have passed through your territories, from the Atlantic ocean, along your rivers and magnificent lakes, along the basis of your lofty mountains, and over your broad and beautiful plains, until the wide expanse of the Pacific opens before me, and I can almost hear the sound of its waves as they break upon your western shores. At every step I have been deeply impressed with the capabilities of the country, and the vastness of its internal resources. I have seen also, with pleasure, the many evidences of industry and civilization which exist within your borders, and I have been led to indulge the belief that the time is not far distant, when the commerce of two hemispheres shall find within your territories an easy passage from sea to sea. It is one of the objects of my mission to assist in an enterprise so important to the whole world; an enterprise, the successful prosecution of which must enable this country to attain a degree of prosperity second to that of no other on the globe. By your cordial cooperation, (of which I am well assured) and of that of the citizens of this Republic, I hope soon to have in my power to announce to my Government that the initiatives to this grand, glorious enterprise have already been taken.

He closed by expressing his regret to find the country afflicted by civil commotions, and expressed the hope that all her people would unite in an earnest endeavor to restore peace to the State.

The President's reply to this Address was as follows:—

SIR:—The satisfaction which I experience in having the honor of receiving for the first time a representative of the Republic of North America, is only equalled by the good desires and high hopes with which I am animated. The gratitude with which your words, have inspired me, the extraordinary intervention of your Government under the circumstances with which Nicaragua is surrounded, impose on me the agreeable duty of returning thanks to Divine Providence for its kind favors.

Nicaragua has long felt the necessity of sheltering itself under the bright banner of the North American Confederacy; but the time which the Arbiters of nations had designated for such high happiness and future prosperity had not arrived. Before we dispatched a Legation to the Minister of Guatemala, and even before a

treaty relative to a canal was entered into with Doctor Brown, a citizen of your Republic, we had made some advances to the American Government with a view to this happy consummation; but our hopes were scarcely sustained by the result. But I now see all the elements of a happy future brought before us: there is good faith in the Government with which I am connected; the friendliest feelings towards North America pervade every Nicaraguan heart; and we have the assurances of the sympathy and support of the American Government. We have consequently all things we desire to make available the advantages with which Heaven has surrounded us. Our State, considering its geographical position, ought to be the most prosperous in Spanish America, but our inexperience at the time of our separation from Spain; our limited resources and the civil commotions that have intervened, have retarded the happy day which is now dawning upon us. I am certain that the Government which you represent can appreciate the difficulties which have surrounded our Republic. Your Excellency being able properly to estimate these circumstances, must already have formed a just idea of this part of Central America, and of the position of its Government. Believing, therefore, that the best intentions exist upon your part towards us, as I know there is the happiest disposition on ours, I entertain no doubt that we shall succeed in establishing the most intimate relations between the two Republics, and in opening the way to the most glorious enterprise which has been reserved for the successors of the immortal Washington. I shall have the greatest pleasure in being able to contribute my humble share towards the happiness of Nicaragua, and in congratulating you, in behalf of your Government, for your cooperation in so glorious an enterprise.

Let us begin, most excellent sir, let us begin this great work under these bright auspices, and we shall be sure of obtaining the best results. The people of the two American Continents are contemplating us; it is possible that future generations shall cherish our memory; at least we shall have the conscious satisfaction of having neglected no means, omitted no sacrifice, in securing the grand object ardently desired by two sister Republics, determined mutually to sustain their interests, their honor and their integrity.

The official documents concerning Mr. Squier's mission are published in the papers, but are merely formal and only furnish evidence of the extreme interest felt in his mission. It is easy to perceive that the position taken by Great Britain in regard to the Mosquito question, and the anticipated action of our government upon it, have excited the deepest interest among the people of Nicaragua. The papers discuss the question at length, and protest in most earnest tones against the course pursued by the English government.

The occupation of the port of San Juan by the English under the pretext of protecting the Mosquito nation, is denounced as an outrage upon the rights of the State of Nicaragua, and the English are very freely branded as pirates, bandits and corsairs.

The papers contain a correspondence between the authorities of Nicaragua and the British Consul General, Frederik Chatfield, in which the former states that, having read in the *Correo del Istmo* a copy of the contract between the Government and Dr. Brown of New York, for making a canal through the river San Juan, he deems it prudent to inform the Government that his own Government will object to any arrangement which does not provide for the discharge of the debts which the State of Nicaragua, in common with the other States of Central America, have assumed. The Nicaraguan Minister in reply to this as well as other notes, charges the British Government with the most wanton and unprovoked assault upon the sovereignty and independence of the State, and enumerates various acts by which this hostility has been manifested. Foremost among them of course is the declaration, that the Queen of Great Britain has decided to sustain the pretensions of the Mosquito King, and that she would consequently visit with severe punishment any act of the State of Nicaragua in violation of them. The threat to chastise any nation for maintaining its sovereignty, is denounced as an unexampled violation of justice and international rights. The correspondence, is long and spirited—but the purport of the whole of it may be gathered from this summary.

A decree has been issued by the President, stating that inasmuch as David L. White has presented to the Supreme Government ample powers on behalf of various persons in the United States, to contract for the opening of a grand San Juan Canal, Commissioners were appointed with full power to conclude an arrangement with Mr. White to shorten maritime communication across the Isthmus on the basis of the previous agreement with Doctor Brown.

The New York Tribune has the following letter, dated

LEON DE NICARAGUA, Sept. 14, 1849.

A large number of contracts have heretofore been made for the great inter-oceanic Canal, among which is one with Aaron F. Palmer of New York, another with the late King of Holland, and another, still later, with Louis Napoleon, now President of the French Republic. But none seemed to have secured any considerable amount of public confidence, nor was anything done under them. A contract has now been made, under a fortunate conjunction of circumstances, which is likely to be carried into execution. At any rate we may infer so from the names of the men composing the Company, at the head of which stands Com-