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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors. "KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR INFLUENCES." RULERS. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY GOES WITH THEM. NEW SERIES, NUMBER 44, OF VOLUME I.

SALISBURY, N. C., MARCH 1, 1845.

From the New York Mirror.
 [The following is by a very distinguished man of genius, now in his grave. We believe it was never before published.]

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN EUROPE IN THE YEAR 1805.
 Visit to Madame de Stael.

After a ride of some hours, we turned up a road just at the entrance of Copet, and in two minutes more were at the seat of the great Necker. We alighted at the gate, and Mr. K sent up a note to Madame de Stael expressing our desire to see her. In the mean time we walked over the grounds. The house is very well situated, high, with Copet and the lake before it, and in the background Mont Blanc. Behind, after a little court and arbor, came a fine circular lawn, surrounded with trees, and enclosed by a small stream which turns a mill. After some time we returned to the house, and while looking at the pictures in the ante-chamber, I heard some one say in a lively tone, "Ah! comment vous, portez vous, Monsieur K?" I turned round and saw a lady, who took Mr. K by the hand. He introduced me, and we entered the saloon. She was a little plump woman, rather short, dressed in a habilite in a gown, with a kind of jacket made of nankeen. Her face was rough and coarse, her hair black, eyes and eyebrows of the same color, her nose inclining to what we would call "a pug," a mouth not gracefully formed, but four teeth and those projecting. She was therefore no beauty; but her face, full of expression, her eyes full of fire, and animated countenance, were infinitely more pleasing than mere regularity of feature. We sat down, and the conversation began by a question as to my intention of travelling further in Switzerland. Finding I was going to Paris, she asked me to trouble myself with a letter, to which I, of course assented. We then discussed the news, English, and French fleets, &c. She observed she saw they took our vessels on all sides. (Accounts have lately appeared of American captures.)

We now began to talk English which Mr. K made her speak. She did so reluctantly, saying, that the embarrassment of not speaking the language well, was one of her objections to visiting England. Mr. K said it was like a horse in a mill—one had a certain routine, a certain circle, out of which we would not stir. She observed, that "we always said what we could and not what we would." Mr. K asked if she had Gibbon's posthumous notes in the house. She answered, no. He asked whether she thought they contained more Anglicisms in his French, or Gallicisms in his English, it appearing to him that his French was better than his English. She said she had not seen them lately, but her impressions was, that the French wanted "couleur," and that, in his efforts to be correct, he had been correct only, without obtaining ease or grace.

Mr. K mentioned a book of travels about fifty years ago, written in French by an Englishman. She expressed great curiosity to see it, and he promised to send it to her. Mr. K then remembered there was a question which he wished her to put to Monsieur Chateaubriand, who had just left Geneva. It was, what particular virtue Christianity had added to those already known. She said that she would answer; that it had added mildness—charity; that it had made woman's condition better. I observed, I thought it had offered more inducements to virtue, the rewards being greater than in the heathen system. She replied, that it had required more to be effected than those of Christianity, which were wholly spiritual, than of Paganism, which were material. We then talked of the condition of religion in America. She thought the American government perfect in its conduct towards religion, and approved of the rule, which I mentioned existed in some states, of requiring of their officers a belief in God, and in a future state of rewards and punishments; these being great cardinal points, and the rest mere matters of opinion. With regard to the influence of Christianity, she said she had given her sentiments in one of her books, to which she referred to us. She said they were there before Monsieur Chateaubriand had published his. He expressed them better than she had done, but he had borrowed the ideas from her. I asked the name of her work. She began to tell me in English, but not going on fluently she laughed at the idea of not knowing the name of her own book; and gave me the French title, "Influence de la Literature," &c. She has very correct ideas about America, and is a great admirer of our Government, and more especially of Mr. Jefferson. We talked of her young son, now in Paris, whom she wishes to send to Edinburgh. I asked her how she came to prefer an English education for him? She answered that she thought it best; that for women there were certain graces peculiar to France, but to make men, (emphasising the word) she thought the English superior; and you, sir, she added, confirm me in my opinion.

Mr. K said that America was a young England. Madame de Stael laughed, and replied that England thought so, and called herself—"Old England." She had just finished Roscoe's Life of Leo X., with which she was much pleased. He was quite *au fait* in Italian literature. We spoke of her going to Paris from which she is exiled. She does not like Geneva. The house in which she lives, (where her family have resided,) "elle amie d'ourensement." After further conversation, we rose to take our leave. We had been speaking of Chateaubriand, then at Lyons. She said she was writing to him, and, if I wished, would add a line of introduction.

She followed us to the ante-chamber, and, after many polite expressions, ended with a compliment truly French. "Ah!" said she, "Mr. K—if a young Frenchman had made the same observations to me that Mr. Biddle has, I should have embraced him, and made him my best friend." On our return, I read Marmontel's account of Necker's family, in which he calls Mlle. de Stael "une aimable etourdie." Mr. K had seen a good deal of Necker, who died last year. He had a high opinion of America, and was sorry we had bought Louisiana, though he considered any thing better than French neighbors. He thought we were too large with it, and that the natural course of things would be as heretofore—we would quarrel, divide, and at length end in a despotism.

In speaking of Mlle. de Stael, K mentioned that she is not much liked in Geneva, being very unpopular among women, whom she takes no pains to please, regarding only men, to whom, in society, she addresses all her conversation.

COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Extracts from the first Annual Report of the Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education.
Competency of Teachers.—Another component element in the prosperity of schools is the competency of teachers. Teaching is the most difficult of all arts, and the profoundest of all sciences. In its absolute perfection, it would involve a complete knowledge of the whole being to be taught, and of the precise manner in which every possible application would affect it; that is, a complete knowledge of all powers and capacities of the individual, with their exact proportions and relations to each other, and a knowledge, how, at any hour or moment to select and apply, from a universe of means, the one then exactly apposite to its ever-changing condition. But in a far more limited and practical sense, it involves a knowledge of the principal laws of physical, mental and moral growth, and of the tendency of means, not more to immediate, than to remote results. Hence to value schools, by length instead of quality, is a matchless absurdity. Arithmetic, grammar, and the other rudiments, as they are called, comprise but a small part of the teachings in a school. The rudiments of feeling are taught not less than the rudiments of thinking. The sentiments and passions get more lessons than the intellect. Though their open recitations may be less, their secret rehearsals are more. And even in training the intellect, much of its chance of arriving, in after life, at what we call sound judgment or common sense; much of its power of perceiving ideas as distinctly as though they were colored diagrams, depends upon the fact and philosophic sagacity of the teacher. He has a far deeper duty to perform, than to correct the erroneous results of intellectual process. The error in the individual case is of little consequence. It is the false projecting power in the mind—the power which sends out the error,—that is to be discovered and rectified. Otherwise the error will be repeated, as often as opportunities recur. It is no part of a teacher's vocation, to spend day after day, in removing the hands on the dialplate backwards and forwards, in order to adjust the machinery and the regulator, so that they may indicate the true time; so that they may be a standard and measure for other things, instead of needing other things as a standard and measure for them. Yet how can a teacher do this, if he be alike ignorant of the mechanism and the propelling power of the machinery he superintends?

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF MEDICINE.

This is a small but very select society, composed of physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners. Its object is the mutual comparison, so to speak it, of notes, for general edification. It meets once a week, at the house of each member in rotation. At the last meeting—
 The chair was taken by Dr. Hookie, at the head of his own tea-table. The worthy chairman, with a cup of Hyson in his hand, begged to propose as a toast, "Success to practice." Drunk unanimously.
 The secretary (Mr. Jones) then stated that Mr. Baggs would, with permission of the Society, relate an interesting case.—The patient was an elderly lady, *etatis* 65; her complaint was a sinking at the stomach, accompanied by a singing in the ears; together with a nervous affection, described by herself as "alloverishness." He (Mr. Baggs) had the disorder *Debilitas, and Tinnitus Aurium.*—Ordered—Phil. Micea Paris, [crums of bread] box one, three pills to be taken every night; and a sixteen ounce mixture, composed of Tine. Cardamoms Comp. drachms ten; Syrup Simp. ounce two; and the rest, Aqua, [water] three table spoonfuls three times a day. The patient had been two months under treatment—expresses herself to have been done a world of good—but should like to go on with the medicine. He (Mr. Baggs) considered that he had been very lucky in his patient, and only hoped he might have many such.

A member here suggested the propriety of drinking her health. (No. no; laughter.)
 Another member thought that Mr. Baggs had made a good thing of it.
 Mr. Baggs rather flattered himself that he had. He had charged "It," each visit, 5s., besides medicine, and he had seen the case daily.

The same member wished, if it was a fair question, to know what might have been the prime cost of the drugs?
 Mr. Baggs said that the tincture in each bottle, he should think, was about three-pence-halfpenny, and the syrup perhaps three farthings. The aqua was an insignificant fraction of the rate on that fluid; as was the Panis of the baker's bill.
 One member considered that a few powders now and then, might have been sent in. Another would have applied an Emplastrum Picis to the *Epigastrium*. It would have been 3s.
 Mr. Baggs thought that a little moderation was sometimes as well.
 The Society generally agreed with him.
 Dr. Dunham Brown then recounted an instructive case of gout, occurring in an alderman. He had been in attendance on him for a twelve-month, and had taken, on an average, three fees a week.
 The chairman next read a valuable paper 'On Professional Appearance,' in which he strongly recommended black gaiters. A discussion ensued respecting the advantages of spectacles in procuring the confidence of patients. At its conclusion, the chairman inquired who was for a game of whist? Several members answering for themselves in the affirmative, cards were introduced. The Society separated at a respectable hour.—Punch.

To prevent woollen goods from shrinking after washing them in hot water, immerse them in cold water, then wring and hang them to dry.

ENTERTAINMENT.
 BY ELI HARRIS.
 At Richfork, Davidson City, N. C.,
 On the Great Stage Road from North to South,
 and South-West.
 Eight miles North of Lexington, and
 27 S. W. of Greensboro.

gravitation and proclivity to ultimate downfall and ruin. If persevered in, the consummation of a people's destiny may still be a question of time, but it ceases to be one of certainty. To avert the catastrophe, we must look to a change in our own measures, not to any repeal or suspension of the ordinances of nature. These, as they were originally framed, need no amendment. Whoever wishes for a change in effects, without a corresponding change in causes, wishes for a violation of nature's laws. He proposes, as a remedy for the folly of men, an abrogation of the wisdom of Providence.

SYDNEY RIGDON, one of the Mormon "Elders," who has separated from "the Saints," and commenced the publication of a magazine at Pittsburg, makes some terrible disclosures in the January number of his periodical. The brotherhood of fanatics have according to his account of the matter, been even more steeped in guilt of the most loathsome character than they have heretofore been charged with. The "Elder" says their domestic arrangements were upon a scale of almost unbounded licentiousness. Polygamy of more than Turkish liberality has obtained, not only among the denizens of the holy city itself, but the "spiritual wife" system has extended to all the branches of the brotherhood. The Saints in this city, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., have all been called upon to practice its rules to immense extent, and whenever any reluctance has manifested itself—any scruples of remonstrances urged against the foul and revolting system—they have been silenced by the thunders of authority, and the disgusting practices enforced without mercy! "Every one," says Elder Rigdon, "who was known to be opposed to this system, if he or she could not be won over, or made to succumb by threats, was excluded, and their characters assailed in a most outrageous manner, in order to destroy their influence, that their testimony might not be believed." Such disclosures as this will have no effect, we suppose, in breaking up these nests of pollution; but they will go on, people will still run after these creatures, and it will still be considered "persecution" to speak of them as they deserve; nay, altogether inconsistent with the "spirit of the nineteenth century" to punish them for their abominations; though we think, as it seems to us, every high-minded man and woman in the country will think, that these atrocious sinners should at once be made to answer before the legal tribunals for their transgressions. If this Sidney Rigdon knows what he charges upon the Mormons, he ought to be made at once to give evidence against them, and the delinquents be promptly made to suffer for their crimes.—N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

TARBOROUGH, FEBRUARY, 15.
The Disease.—Since our notice, two weeks since, of the fatal disease which raged in the family of Mr. James Ellinor, in this county, his negro woman, Cain Hammonds a free negro man living with him, and the wife of Benjamin Anderson, have died with the same disease—making seven deaths in all—Eli Parker, James Ellinor and wife, their cook, and Hammonds, five at Mr. Ellinor's house—Edward G. Thompson, in this place, who attended Mr. Parker and caught the disease from him—and Mrs. Anderson, living near there, who visited the family. The others that were attacked, have recovered or are convalescent. The disease is still variously designated as St. Anthony's fire, black tongue, &c. We are informed by our physicians that there is now no case of it in the county.—Press.

Sickness in Arkansas.—An extract of a letter dated 21st ult., from a gentleman in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, St. Francis county, Arkansas, published in the Little Rock Banner, says:
 "Since my return home, our part of the country has been visited by one of the most awful mortalities that I have ever experienced. At least one-seventh of our population have been swept off in a few weeks! I cannot attempt to describe the disease. It is of the most fatal kind—more dreadful even than the cholera! Our physicians know nothing of it, and do not pretend to give it a name. But, I have reason to be thankful, that, in the midst of disease and death, a kind Providence has, so far, preserved me and mine in good health."

We'll Never Drink Again.
 AIR—NEVER DRINK AGAIN.
 "The good, dear friends, to sign the Pledge,
 That sets the drunkard free—
 Come join the happy, happy band
 Wherever they may be
 CHORUS.
 We're marching to the field of strife,
 To give the dying drunkard life;
 Let Temperance then, triumphant reign
 And never let us drink again!"

ONE VOICE.
 What, never drink again?
 ALL—No, never drink again!
ONE VOICE.
 What, never drink again?
 ALL—No, never drink again!
 Let Temperance then, triumphant reign
 And never let us drink again!"

Weep not, dear children, weep no more,
 Weep not thou loving wife;
 The father and the husband lost,
 Is now restored to life.
 We're marching, &c
 Behold the bright array of men,
 United in the cause,
 That thousands of the human race
 Around its standard draw.
 We're marching, &c.
 The Temperance banner and the Pledge
 By us shall be unfurled,
 And it shall be our pride and boast
 To walk to the world!
 We're marching, &c.

Correspondence of the New York Express.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 13
 Thursday evening.

PRESIDENT POLK'S RECEPTION.—Well,—Polk has come. "Mr. Polk," "James K. Polk," "James Knox Polk," "President Polk," and "Polk the President!" At half past six, the roaring of cannon from Capitol Hill told the citizens of Washington and neighborhood that it was even so.—The intelligence was brought by telegraph that the just now greatest lion of the country was on his way, having landed at the relay House, some thirty miles from the city. This telegraphic despatch was soon told to the people by some of the big guns of "Uncle Sam," and since then you can hear nothing but "Polk," "Polk," "Polk," "POLK!" The event has been expected through the day. The most prominent signal has been the floating of the "Polk and Dallas" flag from the great Slave-pen of the city, and from the same misnomer of a Liberty Pole from whence it floated through the whole of the Presidential campaign.

The city presents a busy and interesting spectacle. Pennsylvania Avenue is lined with new faces. The hotels are full, and overrunning; each of them filling almost a long page of names a day, and parlors and attic stories being turned into bedrooms. The boarding houses, which have been unusually vacant during the session, are beginning to fill up, and will be full by the fourth of March. Mr. Polk will find friends here that he never dreamed of. Some who are already upon the ground look as lean as Cassius, others with spectacle on nose and pouch on side, look like some Judases who having betrayed their friends now carry the bag to get the reward of betrayal. Now and then you see one, like "the fat boy" of Maine, with fair round belly and capon lined, looking as though he had been well fed from the public crib, but had a stomach capacious enough to hold more. More, however, resemble in appearance the sixth of the seven ages of man and would pass for the justice.

"With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;"
 "Lean and slippered pantaloon."
 The picture has some life in it, and the Loco Focos are as merry and frolicsome as school boys going to play and expecting they hardly know what.

The scene here for the next two, three or four weeks will be amusing enough. There will be obsequious bows and fervent grasps of the hand. Mr. Polk will be told that he is the greatest man that ever lived in the time of time, and what is more, he will believe it, if he is the man he was when in Congress. All sorts of people will crowd around him, and all as troops of friends. Some for a high place and some for a low one,—some few for others and very many for themselves,—some to go abroad and some to remain at home—a few will condescend to take a place in the Cabinet, and a few more will sacrifice their personal inclinations and interests so far as to take foreign missions. But many officers as there are, there are already more applicants than officers. Patriots will be as plenty as blackberries in summer, but patriotism I fear as rare as virtue in a house of correction.

Half-past 7.—The cars are in. A young creation of "Young Hickories" are crowded around the Depot, and elder heads are looking on. At both ends of the city cannons are firing, and Mr. Polk has received a noisy if not a cordial welcome to his four years home. A national flag is hung out from Coleman's Hotel, and the President's suite of rooms is there very neatly fitted up to receive him. A great many persons have accompanied Mr. Polk to the city, but of the many who came, how many belong to the travelling suite it is not easy to say. The Vice President came with Mr. Polk and Mr. Gilpin. Robert Tyler and others were in the cars.
 The scene at the Depot when Mr. Polk arrived was rich and racy. A Committee took charge of Mr. Polk, and with music, and banners marched to Coleman's Hotel where a faint attempt was made at cheering. Mr. Polk came to the window of his room, bowed once, twice and thrice, and then returned, and the crowd left.

Several Executive nominations were sent to the Senate to-day, and it is said that the nomination of Prosper M. Wetmore is among them. He has had the promise, or his friends for him, of Mr. Snydam's place.

The House will probably enter upon the consideration of the General Appropriation Bills to-morrow. In the Senate, the Texas debate will probably continue ten days at least.
 P. S. Mr. A. V. Brown, of Tenn., had charge of Mr. Polk and conducted him amidst the crowd to the Hotel. Mr. Dallas, the Vice President, was in the charge of some other member of Congress. The procession was amusing, and the whole scene farcical enough from beginning to end. The attempt at cheering was no more than "two cheers and a boy" to three cheers, and Mr. Hammett, of Miss., acted as spokesman for the President at the Hotel. Conspicuous among those who have taken charge of the President, besides a self-constituted committee, were Dodge of Iowa, Brown of Tenn., Farmer of Mass., Seymour of Conn., Hammett of Miss., Jones of Tenn., a stray fellow from the Empire Club, &c.

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But enough and enough. Mr. Polk acted wisely in arriving here at night. Had there been the light of day shed upon his friends he might have been ashamed of some among those who claimed the honor of being *par excellence*, the representatives of his friends, or perhaps he might have been compelled to cry aloud save me from my friends.

I forbear to sketch some of the scenes connected with Mr. Polk's reception.—There was neither lack of vulgarity of manners or lowness of language among some of those who claimed to be the peculiar friends of the President elect.
 E. B.

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON.

Our correspondent Benazette (says the Journal of Commerce,) writes us as follows, under date of
 WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.

I have this day learned, from an unquestionable source, that at the time of Santa Anna's fall, a treaty was in progress and nearly consummated, for the entire cession of California, or New Mexico, to Great Britain, it only being defeated by the fall of Santa Anna. It seems that papers and documents were found on his person when captured confirmatory of the fact, information of which has reached our government. It thus appears that while England was indirectly opposing the annexation of Texas, she was at the same time negotiating for the acquisition of a country still more extensive and valuable. San Francisco is said to be one of the finest bays and safest harbors on the coast of the Pacific. With the possession of this fine harbor, England could control the commerce of the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, reaching from California to the possessions of Russia.

It is said that our government have suspected some design of this character on the part of Great Britain, for some time past; but never could get hold of any thing tangible on the subject until now. This news will necessarily create surprise and attract attention among our people. I send this off in great haste, hoping you will lose no time in giving it to your readers.

THE CABINET.

The Philadelphia Ledger's Washington correspondent, under date of the 18th instant, says:
 "I have no doubt in my own mind that the Cabinet is now fully determined upon, but will not be revealed, for reasons of State and other important considerations, until near the 4th of March. If the information of the new government was now proclaimed, every Cabinet Minister would be inundated with applications, and beset with the most annoying importunity every hour till the period of his instalment.—From a very credible source I learn that Mr. Buchanan was tendered the Department of State on Saturday, which was confirmed at a special interview and accepted this morning. There are also some indications that Mr. Walker will be invited to the Treasury. If the first appointment is made, the other seems more than probable.

Correspondence of the Ball. American.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20, 1845.

The President gave out about 1,500 invitations for yesterday evening to a farewell Ball, at which more than 2000 persons were present; among them, however, but very few Whig members of Congress. The members of the other party were generally present. Dancing was kept up until two or three hours past midnight, and the oldest of the Government officials took part in the dance. The Foreign Ministers were present, and officers of the Army and Navy in uniform. The assembly was one of the gayest and merriest of the season.

The Whigs of New York.—The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:—The Whigs of this city have resolved to rally in their strength at the coming municipal election, and, rejecting all projects of a coalition, to vote for their own men, without regard to consequences. No candidates are to be nominated for their suffrages who will not promise to withstand all attempts to induce them to decline. A perfectly independent course will be pursued in regard to nominations; and, if any third party wishes to influence them, it must seek, for it will not be sought.

It appears, by a statement recently made by Mr. Cave Johnson, in the House of Representatives, that in a few years past, Congress has voted away \$687,650 for books to be distributed among the members of that body. In addition to this sum, Mr. Johnson stated that a resolution of the last session (of this *Locofoco* Congress, be it recollected, and let it be understood that Mr. C. Johnson is himself a leader of that party,) appropriated \$100,000 more to purchase books (including the Congressional Globe.) A large proportion of these books he declared to be utterly useless. Why, then, were they purchased? Mr. Johnson gives the answer.—"The purchase of them seems designed, (he said,) to benefit the printers, as much as to inform the members of the House." No wonder the editors of the Globe have, within the few years that they have been in Washington, whither they went, the one penniless and the other a bankrupt, become nabobs and millionaires, and that the senior is able to enjoy his "country residence" as well as his "town house," and to give entertainments so magnificent and costly as to rival in splendor, magnificence and expense those of the European nobility!—Lynch, Virginian.