

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
IS SAFE."



REGULERS. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY
Gent. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,
NUMBER 45, OF VOLUME II.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1846.

Two Dollars per annum in advance.
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month, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Court Or-
ders charged 25 per cent. higher.
A reduction of 33 1/3 per cent. will be made to those
who advertise by the year.

TO BOOTS—LOVE AND HOPE.

I read thy pretty sportive tale,
That Love and Hope "walk side by side,"
So close, that death though cruel—never
Shall e'er the holy twain divide."
Ah! is it so!—tho' Hope may be
Still faithful to his loving heart;
Still whisper comfort to his soul,
Until her last sweet breath depart;—
But "Hope with eyes so fair" may die,
Her whisper sweet be heard no more;—
While Love, in vain, and lonely sigh
That Hope on earth, alas is o'er.
Behold that fair but smitten flower,
Who meekly bows her beautiful head;
"He loves no more, fair mourner, why
Does Love still live, when Hope is dead!"
The lover too; deceived, betrayed,
And mourning yet despite of pride;
Does he not love her still! ah yes,
For love may live, tho' Hope has died.
Hast never seen a Mother die,
Watching o'er cold and loved remains?
What Love is there, that deep despair
Eaten up her soul, her heart, her brain.
I grant, that in a brighter sphere
"Hope often tears her angel head;
But, amid woes, and changes here,
Love often lives, when Hope is dead.
January, 1846. ELLA.

See Watchman, Dec. 13th, 1845.

Receipt of Important Despatches from Tex- as.—Anticipated Hostile Movements on the part of Mexico. The Ariel of the New York Her- ald writing from Washington, under date of February 10, says:

An extraordinary courier arrived here last
night from Corpus Christi, with despatches from
the government from the army of observation
there. It is supposed by those conversant with
our relations with Mexico that the government
of that country are about to make a hostile de-
monstration against us, if they have not already
done so. It was in view of this state of things
being likely to occur, that the Secretary of the
Navy, a fortnight since issued orders to the sev-
eral navy yards to get all our vessels in ready
ness to start, and to concentrate them in the
Gulf of Mexico. This I informed you of at the
time.

There was rather an unusual bustle to-day
in the War Department, consequent upon the
receipt of these despatches, and Gen. Scott,
who it seems had not been consulted previously
upon any of the movements of our army in
Texas, was sent for in haste to-day by the Sec-
retary of War. He was with him in consulta-
tion at his office until a late hour this evening.

English Despatches.—The Boston Advertiser of Wednesday, gives the following para- graph:

"It is certainly reported that a messenger
with despatches from the British Minister at
Washington, passed through this city a day or
two since, for Portland, where he would char-
acterize of the steamers which ply in summer
between this city and the Kennebec. This
steamer would leave Portland on Monday evening
for Halifax, whence the steamer Margaret,
the relay boat of the Canada line, would be de-
spatched immediately to England. If this re-
port be correct, these despatches will prob-
ably reach England some days in advance of
the packet ship Patrick Henry and the pilot
boat Wm. Jr. Romer, from New York."

And yet another Express.—The Boston Times of Wednesday says:

"We learn from a very reliable source that
a fast sailing clipper built schooner sailed from
Portland, on Tuesday evening, for Liverpool.
She was chartered from the owners by Mr.
Pakenham, the British Minister at Washington,
and carried out despatches from him by a special
messenger, who left Washington with them
on Friday evening."

Important, if True.—There is a flying rumor abroad that Mr. Patton, of Peters- burg, Virginia, has invented a machine for navigating the air, after years of in- cessant application and study. It is a bal- loon, and can move 50 or 60 miles an hour. Connected with it is a battery, from which he can discharge from one to ten thousand puffs of air a minute. He has likewise brought to perfection a submarine batte- ry, to go 10 or 12 miles an hour and with which, by means of a torpedo, he can blow up a hostile fleet in thirty minutes. He can carry despatches to and from Oregon in a hundred and twenty hours.—N. O. Delta.

Would not our enterprising postmaster general do well to employ this flying ma- chine, instead of some of his present Jer- sey-wagon expresses?—Savannah Rep.

An incident occurred in the House of Representatives a few days ago, well worth reading. Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll and Mr. John Q. Adams as is generally known, have been anything but warm personal friends for years past. The other day, however, Mr. Ingersoll was seen at Mr. Adams's desk, and the two venerable gentlemen were conversing together in the most courteous and friendly manner. After Mr. Ingersoll had repaired to his own seat, a member observed to Mr. Adams that he had been pleased in witness- ing the meeting between Pilate and Herod; Mr. Adams thanked the gentleman for the remark, and then observed that just before the downfall of Mark Antony, Cicero made friends with several of the Roman Tribunes with whom he had been on terms of bitter enmity for years. His friends charged him with inconsistency! Whereupon Cicero replied, "I desire that my enemies may be temporary; my friend- ships eternal."

A paper in the West, abuses a professional gentleman as a "Briefless lawyer." The Louis- ville Journal takes his contemporary to task and denounces him never to abuse a man without a cause.

FANNING'S MEN; OR, THE MASSA- CRE AT GOLIAD.

"Blackwood" is publishing a series of
extracts from a work—"A Campaign in
Texas"—which appeared last year in Leip-
sic, from the pen of Von H. Ehrenberg, a
young German, who served through the
brief but terrific struggle in 1835, between
Texas and Mexico, and who took part in
some of the most fearful scenes of that
campaign, being likewise one of the three
or four who escaped from the treacherous
massacre at Goliad, where Fanning's
men were murdered in cold blood by order
of Santa Anna. Ehrenberg gives the sub-
joined account of the scene, which we think
will be read with interest, though the
incidents are in some sort already fam-
iliar.

"After the names had been called over,
the order to march was given, and we
filed out through the gate of the fortress,
the Greys taking the lead. Outside the
gate we were received by two detach-
ments of Mexican infantry, who marched
along on either side of us, in the same or-
der as ourselves. We were about four
hundred in number, and the enemy about
seven hundred, not including the cavalry,
of which numerous small groups were
scattered about the prairie. We march-
ed on in silence, not, however, in the di-
rection we had anticipated, but along the
road to Victoria. This surprised us; but
upon reflection we concluded that they
were conducting us to some eastern port,
thence to be shipped to New Orleans,
whence, upon the whole, was perhaps the
best and shortest plan. There was some-
thing, however, in the profound silence of
the Mexican soldiers, who are usually un-
ceasing chatters, that inspired me with
a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety. It
was like a funeral march, and truly might
it so be called. Presently I turned my
head to see if Miller's people had joined,
and were marching with us. But to my
extreme astonishment, neither they nor
Fanning's men, nor the Georgia battalion,
were to be seen. They had separated us
without our observing it, and the detach-
ment with which I was marching consist-
ed only of the Greys and a few Texian
cavalists. Glancing at the escort, their
full dress uniform and absence of all bag-
gage, now for the first time struck me. I
thought of the bloody scene that had oc-
curred at Tampico, San Patricio, and the
Alamo, of the false and cruel character of
those in whose power we were, and I was
seized with a pre-sentiment of evil. For
a moment I was about to communicate
my apprehensions to my comrades; but
hope, which never dies, again caused me
to take a more cheering view of our situ-
ation. Nevertheless, in order to be pre-
pared for the worst, and in case of need,
to be unencumbered in my movements, I
watched my opportunity, and threw away
amongst the grass of the prairie a bundle
containing the few things that the treach-
erous Mexicans had allowed me to retain.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed since
our departure from the fort, when sudden-
ly the command was given in Spanish to
wheel to the left, leaving the road; and
as we did not understand the order, the
officer himself went in front to show us
the way, and my companions followed
without taking any particular notice of
the change of direction. To our left ran
a musket hedge, five or six feet in height,
at right angles with the river St. Antonio,
which flowed at about a thousand paces
from us, between 30 or 40 feet high, and
of which banks the one on the nearer side
of the river rose nearly perpendicularly
out of the water. We were marched al-
ong the side of the hedge towards the
stream, and suddenly the thought flashed
across us, "Why are they taking us in
this direction?" The appearance of a
number of lancers, cantering about in the
fields on our right, also startled us; and
just then the foot soldiers, who had been
marched between us and the hedge, chang-
ed their places, and joined those of their
comrades who guarded us on the other
hand. Before we could divine the mean-
ing of this manoeuvre, the word was given
to halt. It came like a sentence of death;
for at the same moment it was uttered,
the sound of a volley of musketry echoed
across the prairie. We thought of our
comrades and of our own probable fate.

"Kneel down!" now burst in harsh ac-
cents from the lips of the Mexican com-
mander.

No one stirred. Few of us understood
the order, and those who did would not
obey. The Mexican soldiers, who stood
at about three paces from us, levelled their
muskets at our breasts. Even then we
could hardly believe that they meant to
shoot us; for if we had, we should assured-
ly have rushed forward in our despera-
tion, and, weaponless though we were,
some of our murderers would have met
their death at our hands. Only one of our
number was well acquainted with Span-
ish, and even he seemed as if he could not
comprehend the order that had been given.
He stared at the commanding officer
as if awaiting its repetition, and we
stared at him, ready, at the first word he
should utter, to spring upon the soldiers.
But he seemed to be, as most of us were,
impressed with the belief that the demon-
stration was merely a menace, used to in-
duce us to enter the Mexican service.—
With threatening gesture and drawn
sword, the chief of the assassins again e-

jaculated the command to kneel down.— The sound of a second volley, from a dif- ferent direction with the first, just then reached our ears, and was followed by a confused cry, as if those at whom it had been aimed, had not all been immediately killed. Our comrade, the one who under- stood Spanish, started from his momentary lethargy, and boldly addressed us.

"Comrades," cried he, "you hear that
report, that cry. There is no hope for us
—our last hour is come! Therefore, com-
rades—"

A terrible explosion interrupted him—
and then all was still. A thick cloud of
smoke was wreathing and curling towards
the San Antonio. The blood of our lieuten-
ant was on my clothes, and around me
lay my friends, convulsed with my last
agonies. I saw nothing more. Unhurt my-
self, I sprang up, concealed by the thick
smoke, fled along the side of the hedge in
the direction of the river, the noise of the
water for my guide. Suddenly a blow
from a heavy sabre fell upon my head,
and out of the smoke emerged the form of
a little Mexican lieutenant. He aimed a
second blow at me, which I parried with
my left arm. I had nothing to risk, but
everything to gain. It was life or death.
Behind me a thousand bayonets, before
me the almost powerless sword of a coward.
I rushed upon him, and with true
Mexican valor, he fled from an unarmed
man. On I went, the river rolled at my
feet, the shouting and yelling behind.—
"Texas forever!" cried I, and, without a
moment's hesitation, I plunged into the
water. The bullets whistled round me as
I swam slowly and wearily to the other
side, but none wounded me. Our poor
dog, who had been with us all through
the campaign, and had jumped into the
river with me, fell a last sacrifice to Mex-
ican cruelty. He had reached the middle
of the stream, when a ball struck him, and
he disappeared.

Whilst these horrible scenes were oc-
curring in the prairies, Colonel Fanning
and his wounded companions were shot
and bayoneted at Goliad, only Doctor
Thackelford and a few hospital aids hav-
ing their lives spared, in order that they
might attend on the wounded Mexicans.
Besides Mr. Ehrenberg, but three of the
prisoners at Goliad ultimately escaped the
slaughter.

Having crossed the St. Antonio, Mr.
Ehrenberg struck into the high grass and
thickets, which concealed him from the
pursuit of the Mexicans, and wandered
through the prairie guiding himself, as
best he might, by sun and stars, and striv-
ing to reach the river Brazos. He lost
his way, and went through a variety of
striking adventures, which, with some
characteristic sketches of Texian life and
habits of General Sam Houston and San-
ta Anna, and a spirited account of the
battle of St. Jacinto, at which, however,
he himself was not present, fill up the re-
mainder of his book.

A MEMORABLE DESCRIPTION OF A CAROUSEL. —The following piece of pleasant exaggeration is from Heywood's "English Traveller," in Lamb's Selections of the British Dramatists:

This gentleman and I
Passed but just now by your neighbor's house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An untrifling youth; his father now at sea.

—There this night
Was a great feast.

In the height of their carousing all their brains
Warmed with the best of wine, discourse was offer'd
Of stobs and storms at sea; when suddenly,
Out of his gaily wildness, one conceives

The room wherein they quaff'd to be a Pinnace
Moving and floating, and the confus'd noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, manœuvres;
That their untrifling boasting did proceed.

From rocking of the vessel: this conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
— And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main-top and discover. He
Climbs up the bestop to the teazer there,

Reports a turbulent sea, and tempest toward;
And calls them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plate and glasses. Here a fellow whistles;

They take him for the boatswain; one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life;
A third takes the brass-vial for the cock-bait.

Sits in the belly o't, labors, and rows;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler play'd;
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to 'scape
(As did Ariou) on the Dolphin's back,

Still fumbling on a gittern.—The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by their ears about it;

The constable is call'd to atone the broil;
Which done and hearing such a noise within
Of eminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion: they adore his Staff,
And think it Neptune's Trident; and that he
Comes with his Triton (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest and appease the waves:

And at this point we left them.

NEW FORWARDING AND COMMISSION HOUSE.

HALL & HALL

WOULD inform the merchants of the interior that
they have in connection with the general
dry business, added to that of For-
warding; and having large and commodious Ware-
houses on the bank of the River, are prepared to receive
and forward Goods upon such terms as will defy all com-
petition, our charges and expenses being one-third less on
the freight bills than any other house in the place.
All Goods shipped to G. W. Davis of Wilmington, for
the interior, and not otherwise directed, will be found in
our possession.
Fayetteville, May 24, 1844

A THANKSGIVING TALE.

In one of the small interior towns of
New England, where the superstitions
of our ancestors still possess strong hold on
the minds of the people, the facts occurred
a few years since of which the following
tale is founded.

An honest farmer and his family pre-
paring to celebrate Thanksgiving at his
wife's father's in an adjacent town, were
hurried and confused extremely on the day
preceding that festival, by the multiplicity
of things which must be done before
they could leave home with safety. The
house was to be banked up, and the glean-
ings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, &c.,
put into the cellar, that the external en-
trance thereof might be closed for the sea-
son. Having carried in the vegetables,
the boys were despatched to the barn for
straw to fill the passage-way, while the
good man himself was busied on the op-
posite side of the house. An old ram, the
horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep
kept on the farm, having got a taste of
some of the scattered leaves of cabbages,
unobserved entered the cellar and silently
continued his feast. The avenue through
which he had entered was immediately
closed up, and all the necessary works
and arrangements being completed, the
larger boys and girls set off on foot in high
glee, the dog running and barking before
them, apparently as well pleased with
going to Granpapa's as any of the happy
group.

Soon after the parent pair and their lit-
tle ones, having put out the fire and at-
tended the doors and windows, by means
of many curious contrivances to keep out
thieves, started on the same destination.

On the afternoon of the day following
the festival, which had been kept under
the parental roof with many devout and
joyous exercises, the family returned home
accompanied by some of their young cousins.
Some of their youthful neighbors of
both sexes were invited, and a merry
thanksgiving carousal was in the full tide
of successful operation, when one of the
boys who had been sent into the cellar,
with a little tow-wick candle, which gave
just light enough to make darkness visible,
to draw cider, ran back into the room
with eyes glaring wildly, uttering a half
suffocated exclamation—"the devil is in the
cellar! Poh! said the father, you
have only been fringed by your own
shadow—give the light. On which he
seized the candle, leaving the candlestick
cleared fast in the cellar stairs, but ere he
had descended half the steps, the large
saucer eyes and enormous horns of the
beast caused him to retreat, as much ter-
rified as his son. "Sure enough the devil
is in the cellar!" The utmost confusion
and uproar now prevailed in the house.—
The good man seized the great Bible and
attempted to read, but the candle sput-
tered, burnt blue, and threw so feeble a
light on the sacred page, and the book
trembled so much in the hand of the re-
ader, that he could not distinguish one word
from another. The little children cried
and clung to their mother—the lasses nest-
led close to their favorite swains—and the
whole house shook with the agitation of
its half-demented inhabitants. One bright
thought however occurred—a messenger
was despatched for the minister "to lay
the devil!"

The parson, a man more celebrated for
good nature, piety and erudition, than for
talents or heroism, slipped the small
Bible into his pocket, put on the band
and surplice, that he might appear as formid-
able to his great adversity as possible,
and hastened to the relief of his distressed
parishioners.

On coming to the house, the reverend
man was hailed as a deliverer, and im-
plored by at least a dozen voices at once,
"to drive the devil away." But a few
moments were lost in asking questions,
which no one could answer, before the
parson was pushed forward as a leader,
lighted by the same penurious candle into
the cellar, the most courageous of the com-
pany keeping close behind him. When he
reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes
of fire and the shadowy outline of enor-
mous horns, magnified tenfold at least
by the terrors of those that beheld them,
removed all doubt, if any had previously
existed in his mind, as to the infernal na-
ture of the being with whom he had to
contend. The divine instantly fell on his
knees, and with uplifted hands began to
pray in his most fervent manner. The
ram not understanding the good man's
motives, but supposing, by the motion of
his hands, that he was daring him to a
butting contest, made a pass with all his
might at his supposed adversary; but de-
ceived by the swelling dimensions of his
drapery, missed the slender body of the
priest, and drawing back to renew the as-
sault, hooked his horns into the belt of his
surplice, and pulled the parson with him
into the cellar! While thus in the power
of his victorious foe, lost to hope as it re-
garded himself, the natural benevolence
of his disposition burst forth in the excla-
mation, "Brethren, take care of yourselves,
the devil has got me!" This exhortation
was better obeyed than any that he had
ever delivered from the pulpit; his friends
all fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company, was a shrewd
young farmer, who had supposed the fiend
to be nothing more than some domestic
animal, but being a lover of fun and wil-

ling to see a comedy, he kept his thoughts
to himself, and pretended to sympathize
with others in their fears. He now thought
it time to interfere, and snatching a pitch
pine knot blazing from the fire expressed
his determination to rescue the priest or
perish in the attempt. A lovely young dam-
sel laid hold of the skirts of his coat—and
the cry of don't don't, proceeded from ev-
ery part of the room. Unheeding this kind
concern for his safety, he rushed into the
cellar, and dragged the struggling animal up
stairs, calling to the a-tonished parson,
"follow me." The honored devil was led
in triumph, followed by the vanquished
ecclesiastic, into the midst of the company.
A momentary silence and hanging down
of heads ensued. The past scene how-
ever, was too ludicrous to admit of sober
reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst
from every side, during which the ram
was turned out at the door, the parson ab-
sented himself without the ceremony, and
the sports of the evening were resumed
with better spirits than before.

L. A. W.—LAW.

Somewhat remarkable, yet not altogeth-
er singular in the history of county courts,
have been the proceedings of this our Fe-
bruary term for Guilford. After the an-
nual county business was despatched, the
docket of civil causes occupied the court
until Thursday evening. Some four or
five litigated cases, which consumed near-
ly all the time specified, resulted in recov-
eries amounting in the aggregate to one
dollar thirty-seven and a half cents, more
or less! So "they say"—and Mr. T. is
as good authority we suppose, in matters
of law as of politics.

To give a more accurate idea of the li-
tigation of the week, some particulars, de-
rived from divers gentlemen of the legal
and other professions, are annexed. Not
having been in the court-room ourselves,
we cannot vouch for complete accuracy;
but we can say that all whom we heard
to report upon the subject seemed honest-
ly desirous to develop the grand idea of
the matter.

One case, perhaps the first in order, was
a suit for the entrails of a fat hog; dam-
ages charged to the amount of seventy-
five cents, and a verdict obtained for six-
ty-two and a half cents.

2d. A suit about a lot of corn, in which
something like a dollar and a half was in-
volved.

3d. An ox, an old blind bridle, and some
of our reporters say also a home-string,
were in controversy. The plaintiff re-
covered a verdict for seventy-five cents,
which, after final process, will probably
be paid over in actual cash.

4th. A suit where both parties were ad-
mitted to be insolvent. There being, there-
fore, no possibility of either party recov-
ering or losing any thing, we did not in-
quire which way it went.

5th. A suit on contract for certain rent
corn, where for want of soil, or elbow-
grease, or rain most probably, a third of a
crop was not made; and consequently not
recovered.

We have no room for the declarations,
examination of witnesses, arguments of
counsel, charges to the jury, &c., &c., on
these important cases.

Some men will go to law, in spite of
good counsel from lawyers, friends, and
every body else. But it is a duty which
the legal profession owe to their own el-
evated standing, and it would always be
an act of good grace to the community,
to keep such piousness business as much as
possible out of Court.—Greenboro' Pat.

THE ICE TRADE.

The following article from the Boston Daily
Advertiser of the 5th ult., will give our readers
some idea of the importance of the Ice trade.

"Ice.—On some former occasions we have
noticed the ingenious labor-saving machinery
of our friend and fellow-townsmen, Nathaniel
J. Wyeth, employed in cutting ice and packing
it in the house prepared for its reception and
preservation. To the machinery formerly used
he has added material improvements, by which
he has facilitated the business, this winter, be-
yond all precedent. During the week ending
January 31, (last week) there was stored at
Mr. Wyeth's ice-houses, sixteen thousand blocks
of ice, each three feet three inches square,
and twelve to thirteen inches thick, and each weigh-
ing one thousand six hundred and sixty pounds
—making an aggregate of thirteen thousand two
hundred and eighty tons. This was all trans-
ported an average distance of a quarter of a mile,
and elevated to an average height of thirty-six
feet. It was all ribbed, by which process it
was relieved of about an inch and a quarter of
snow ice—the blocks reduced to a uniform thick-
ness—and two raised ribs or ridges, left on each
block, which serve to prevent them freezing to-
gether in the ice-houses. On Friday last, up-
wards of fifty-seven hundred tons of excellent
ice was stored in the two houses of Mr. Wyeth,
by means of this ingenious machinery. More
than a hundred men and about seventy horses,
were employed in the operation.

We understand that there is now secured as
large a stock of ice as ever existed in the store-
houses previous to the present winter, and there
now remains no doubt that a large surplus stock
will be stored, as a provision against any weath-
er unfavorable to the crop next winter.

It is hardly necessary to add that the opera-
tions above described are carried on at Fresh
Pond, in Cambridge. Those who have a taste
for mechanical inventions, and are pleased to
witness the results of mechanical genius in the
saving of human labor, may be highly gratified
by a visit to the Pond.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

Parliament met on the 23d of January
and was opened by the Queen in person.
Her Majesty's Speech which we give below,
is not at all belligerent, and it follows:

My Lords and Gentlemen!

It gives me great satisfaction to see you
in Parliament, and to have the oppor-
tunity of recurring to your assistance and
advice. I continue to receive from other
Foreign Powers, the strongest assur-
ance of the desire to cultivate the most
friendly relations with this country. The
peace which in concert with the Emperor
Russia, and through the success of joint
meditation, I have been enabled to
adjust the differences which had long ex-
isted between the Ottoman Porte and the
King of Persia, and had seriously dan-
gered the tranquility of the East, after
several years a desolating and sanguinary
warfare has afflicted the States of Rio
de la Plata. The commerce of these
nations has been interrupted, and
barbarity have been committed, and
to the practice of a civilized people, in
conjunction with the King of the Span-
ish, I am endeavoring to effect a pacifica-
tion of those States. The Convention con-
cluded with France, in the course of the
year, for the more effectual suppression
of the slave trade, is about to be carried
into immediate execution by the active
co-operation of the two Powers on the
African coast. It is my desire that our
union, and the good understanding which
so happily exists between us may always
be enjoyed to promote the interests of
both, and to secure the peace of the
world. I regret that the conflicting
claims of Great Britain and the United States
respect of the territory on the North
Western Coast of America, although they
have been the subject of repeated nego-
tiation, still remain unsettled. You may
be assured that no effort consistent with
national honor shall be wanting to
bring this question to an early and
peaceful termination.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons!
The estimates for the year will be laid
before you at an early period. Although
I am deeply sensible of the importance of
enforcing economy in all branches of
expenditure, yet I have been compelled
by a due regard to the exigencies of
public service, and to the state of our
naval and military establishments, to
propose some increase in the estimates
to provide for their efficiency.

My Lords and Gentlemen—I have
served, with deep regret, the very trou-
blesome instances in which the crime of
assassination has been of late com-
mon in Ireland. It will be your duty to
consider whether any measures can be
calculated to give increased protection
to life and to bring to justice the per-
petrators of so dreadful a crime. I have
to mention that, in consequence of the
failure of the potatoe crop in several parts
of the United Kingdom, there will be a
short supply of an article of food which
is the chief subsistence of great numbers
of my people. The disease by which
the potatoe has been effected has pre-
vailed to the utmost extent in Ireland. I
have adopted all such precautions as it
is in my power to adopt for the purpose
of alleviating the sufferings which are
caused by this calamity, and I shall
readily rely on your co-operation in
finding such other means for effecting
the same benevolent purpose as may be
sanctioned by the Legislature. I have
had great satisfaction in giving my
attention to the measures which you have
proposed to me, calculated to extend com-
merce and to stimulate domestic industry,
and to repeal of prohibitory, and the
repeal of protective duties. The prospect
of the Revenue, the increased demand
for labor, and the general improvement
which has taken place in the internal
economy of the country, are strong tes-
timonies in favor of the course you have
recommended you to take into your
consideration whether the principles
which you have acted may not be
advantageous to yet more extensively
whether it may not be in your power
to make a careful review of the existing
upon many articles, the produce of the
manufacture of other countries, to make
further reductions and remissions
tend to insure the continuance of the
benefits to which I have adverted, and
enlarging our commercial intercourse
strengthen the bonds of unity with
other Powers. Any measures which
may adopt for effecting these great
objects will, I am convinced, be
sanctioned by such precautions as shall
prevent permanent loss to the revenue, or
any results to any of the great interests
of the country. I have full reliance on
your just and dispassionate considera-
tion, and so deeply affecting the public
welfare. It is my earnest prayer that
the blessing of Divine Providence, and
the friendly feelings between different
parts of my subjects, provide additional
security for the continuance of peace, and
to obtain contentment and happiness
by increasing the comforts of the
body of my people.

On the next day in the House of
Commons, Mr. Hume introduced the
report of Great Britain and the United States.
He said he hoped the Prime Minister
would be able to preserve the good under-
standing which existed between the two
countries. It was in the power, he
thought, of England and France to preserve
the peace of the world. He approved
of the Queen's recommendation for
the increase of the naval and military
establishment of the country, which he was
sure would meet the approbation of the
House of Commons. He expressed the
satisfaction which he felt in the nomi-
nation of this Chief Magistrate of a great
country, whom he expected better things
to set at naught all those rules and