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A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.

At the Typographical Celebration in Rochester, a few days since, Mr. William A. Welles, a journeyman, gave the following sketch of his life, which is the greatest 'mess of pi' that we ever heard of. He says:

Mr. President.—It has often been remarked that the fortunes of the members of the Typographical profession have been more diversified and precarious than that of any other class of men. The changes constantly taking place in their circumstances render them an easy prey to all the vicissitudes of life.

The printer is an intellectual being.—No class of men in any age of the world, have given evidence of so great versatility of talent, universal knowledge and variety of reading, as the body Typographical. The biography of many printers would be both amusing and instructive. By way of illustrating the above declaration, I offer the following crude, rambling recollections of a somewhat adventurous journey thus far through life; not that I would, in so doing, claim any notoriety for my many 'hair breadth' escapes, but from an inclination to let my fellow craftsmen read a page of my story; and if any good should result from my experience, to bequeath the record of the incidents of my times, for the amusement of others.

I served nearly seven years' apprenticeship in the office of the late Alderman Seymour, 49 John street N. Y. In this office, associated as fellow-workmen, were the late Commissary General of this State, A. Chandler, Mayor Harper, N. York; Gen. George P. Morris, now editor and publisher of the 'New York Mirror,' John Wind Elliott, the Foreman, (one of the notorious 'Mirandi Expedition') and your humble servant.

About this time I pulled the first number of the 'New York American,' then edited by Charles King, James H. Hamilton and Gulian C. Verplanck. The first edition of 'Salmagundi' was also printed in this office, about this time, from the MS. of Washington Irving; in the composition of which I assisted. In Van Winkle's office afterwards, I set up the three first numbers of the 'Sketch Book,' by the same gifted author.

In Boston, I worked upon the 'Columbian Centinel' for 'Old Ben Russell,' who discharged me from his office for drumming Yankee Doodle as I beat the last sheet of the inside of his paper one morning, after having worked 11 tokens imperial within the preceding ten hours! From Boston I went to Flag and Goul's office, Andover, Mass., and was employed in setting up from his MS. Gibbs' 'Hebrew Lexicon,' which contained nineteen different languages, including those usually styled 'dead.' At this period of my history, I procured a Midshipman's warrant, and went to sea in the frigate Brandywine, Commodore Morris.

The ship sailed from Hampton Roads, in September, 1825, having on board as passenger, that illustrious statesman and patriot, Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette. During a voyage of 28 days, I saw much of this great, good man. The General conferred a particular favor upon me by entrusting to my care a rattlesnake, an opossum, a grey squirrel, cock robin, and a poodle dog—the last a present from a lady in Philadelphia. I was on board the Brandywine on the night of the memorable 26th of September, 1825, upon which occasion was thrown overboard more than \$50,000 worth of property, to lighten the vessel, while in the head of the Bay of Biscay.

When in Portsmouth, (England,) I had the honor of being a guest, on board the Brandywine, at a dinner given to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence, then Lord High Admiral of the British Navy, Lady Noel, wife of Lord Byron, her little daughter, Ada, Admiral Lord Boinbrooke, and several other dignitaries of the British realm.

From England we proceeded to Gibraltar, we sailed upon the Mediterranean on the European shore touching at such ports as Cadiz, Port Mahon, Naples, Pisa, Palermo, Malta, the coast of Calabria, &c., &c.; then crossing to the Asiatic and African side of the Mediterranean; then running down to Gibraltar. From the Lock we took the trade winds and made the Cape Verde Islands, and the Cape of Good Hope. From thence to Ascension and Elba Islands. After cruising upon the coast for six weeks, the ship ran over to Staten Land, off the pitch of Cape Horn.

I have visited the cities of St. Paulos, the Island of St. Catharine, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Montevideo and Mouldindo, on the River La Plata; St. Salvador, at the head of the bay of All Saints, Glinda, and Pernambuco; Maranhon and Para on the Amazon. I have also been in all the ports of the U. S. except New Orleans and Charleston.

In my land cruises, I have wrought as a printer in Portland, Me.; Concord, N. H.; Boston, Mass.; Hartford, Ct., more than twenty years ago; (in the office of my old friend, P. Cranfield, now present) New Haven, Ct.; New York; Newark, N. J., and Philadelphia. In this city, I assisted in setting up from his MS. Prince Lucien Bonaparte's work on American Ornithology. I was also employed by Mathew Carey, one of the oldest printers and publishers in the United States, in the establishment of Poulson, Mrs. L. H. Bailey, John Bioren, Duane, 'Billy Fry,' &c.

One dark, gloomy night in 1818, I found myself in the (now) city of Buffalo, in a bar room, with but a single 'York shilling' in my pocket, about half sick, and completely tired of printing and the world.

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors.

KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR IS SAFE.



RULERS. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY Genl. Harrison.

NEW SERIES, NUMBER 51, OF VOLUME II.

SALISBURY, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1846.

While I was discussing the ills of life, and the inconvenience of being 400 miles from home, in the wilderness, listening to the surges of Lake Erie and the cravings of an empty stomach, a gentleman tapped me upon the shoulder in a good natured manner, and asked me if I were a printer? I answered him in the affirmative. He wished to know whether I would go to Geneva, and take a situation in his office? I accepted his offer—(he slipped a \$10 bill into my fingers)—and I accompanied him to Geneva, and was in his employment until my wages amounted to \$150, when I renewed my adventure.

I have been confined in the same dungeon in the Canal of Buenos Ayres, with Don Manuel Rossas; the latter gentleman for treason, and your humble servant for slipping a dirk into the ribs of a Goncho who attempted to take his life. I have danced in the Turlutina, with Madame Col. Coe, daughter of Gov. Balcarce—and eaten cassaree root with the negroes of the coast of Africa, from a cocoanut shell. I have had an audience with Gov. Balcarce in the Castle of Buenos Ayres, as one of the suit of Commodore W. Woolsey, then commanding the U. S. Squadron on the coast of Brazil, and Acting Charge at the Court of Don Pedro. I have built a saw-mill and dam across Bear Lake, Western Michigan, and been in every station in the printing business, from Devil to the Editor and publisher of a city Daily.

I was elected Vice President of the first Harrison State Convention ever held in the U. S., at Nible's Garden, New York. As Editor of the Washington county Post, I wrote the first editorial in favor of Harrison for the Presidency. I have sipped matta, and kicked my toes amidst the giddy throng of Buenos Ayrean lasses, upon the Pampas of San Isidro; and have been dashing along the Passera of the Alameda, on the banks of the La Plata, in company with Mrs. Hallet, (the accomplished lady of Stephen Hallet, printer to the Buenos Ayres Government) in his coach-and-four, who was at that time the richest man in Buenos Ayres.

Printers have been proverbial in all ages of the world, for their notoriety. As an instance of fluctuations of their fortunes I might cite the case of that exalted patriot, statesman, and philosopher, whose natal day we have this evening assembled to commemorate. I speak of Benjamin Franklin a practical Printer, who by his virtuous life, and high order of intellect, rose from the humble condition of an apprentice boy to the most exalted station in life.

### THE DEATH LETTER OFFICE.

The Washington correspondent of the Portland Argus furnishes the following interesting description of the operations of that branch of the General Post Office Department to which are transmitted all the uncalled for letters remaining in the various post offices throughout the Union:

Among the places which I have visited, is the *Dead Letter Office*, in the Post Office Department. It is certainly an interesting part of that building. You will be surprised at some facts I learned there. The business of the dead letter office alone employs four clerks all the time. One opens the bundles containing the letters sent to Washington, from the several P. Offices, after they have been advertised, and no owner found for them.

He passes the letters over to two other clerks, who open the mail, to see if they contain anything valuable. If they do not, they are thrown on to the pile on the floor. No time is allowed to read them, as that would be impossible, without a great addition of help. The number of dead letters returned to the General Post Office is astonishingly large. You will be surprised when I tell you that it is *fourteen hundred thousand a year*, and under the cheap postage system is increasing! Hence it requires swift hands to open so large a number, without stopping to read a word. Any one who is so silly as to write a mess of nonsense to an imaginary person, supposing it will be ultimately read by some one, may save himself the trouble hereafter. He may depend upon it, not a word will be likely to be read of the letter, unless he encloses something valuable in it; and that would be paying too dear for so small a whistle.

At the end of each quarter, the letters that have been opened having accumulated to a huge mass, and having been in the mean time stowed into bags, are carried out on the plains, and there consumed in a bonfire. The huge bags make five or six cart loads each quarter.

children,) who had made a mistake in sending it, and no owner could be found.

Among this money is a good deal of counterfeit. The letters are all labelled, not only with the sums, but also whether containing counterfeit or good money. There were many bad small bills, scattered through the piles. In one case there was a bad half eagle—in another two letters, each containing \$300 counterfeit money! It was on some New York Bank, and very nicely done—and was, no doubt, the remittance of one counterfeit to another—who had been in the meantime apprehended, or was suspicious he was watched, and hence had been too cunning to call for the wicked deposit of his confederate. In the strong box, also, was a box of change, of all kinds, and a large string of rings of various fancies and values, taken from the dead letters. Many a love token of this modest kind, enveloped in a letter couched in most honied words, and intended, in the mind of the writer, for the dearest girl in the universe, had, instead of reaching its interesting destination, brought up in the dead letter office, passed through the practical hands of these cold, grey-haired clerks, who never stopped to read the tender effusion that cost so much racking of the heart-strings—and the delicate pledge of affection had been tossed into the iron chest, instead of encircling the taper finger of "the love" for whom it was purchased.

But passing out of the chest, the matters that meet your eye on the shelves and in the cases are equally interesting. Here are books, and ribbons, and gloves, and hosiery, and a thousand other things. I saw one specimen of a most splendid ribbon, of several yards, that seemed very much out of place here—when it was intended to adorn the bonnet of some lady. A package lay near that had not been opened. It was from England. The postage was \$8.63. It had been refused at the office where sent, because of its enormous postage, and was sent to the dead office in due course of time. Now, said the Superintendent, I will show you what valueless things are sent through the mails, in comparison to their expense. I do not know what is in this, but we will see. So he opened it, and behold, it contained about a yard of coarse cloth, like crash, worth perhaps a shilling, which had been sent to some dry goods' house in this country, as a specimen of the manufacture of the article, by some factory in England. Of course, the postage being thirty times its value, it was refused by those to whom it was directed. I saw two night caps that were taken from a letter only a few days since. If the poor fellow to whom they were sent does not sleep in a night cap until he gets these, his head will be cold. It is impossible for the Department to attend to finding owners for the comparatively valueless things that are received; as night caps, ribbons, garters, stockings, stays, business, &c., &c., and they are therefore thrown into the receptacle of "things lost to earth," and a pretty "kettle of fish" there is in that receptacle, you may depend.

In the cases, arranged and labelled for the purpose, are the legal documents found in letters. These are numerous, and run back for a long term of years. They are most carefully preserved. The beneficial policy of this preservation has been often illustrated, and most strikingly so, only the other day. A gentleman in a distant State wrote the Superintendent that some seven or eight years ago a large package of most valuable papers had been lost through the Post Office. They involved the right to a large estate. If he could not find them he would be irretrievably ruined, and begged him to search in the Department for them. He did so. He told me that the first case he opened, under a pile of other papers, he saw a large package, answering the description. He took it out, and it was the very papers wanted. They had slept there quietly for years. The postage was about \$10.

### From the Raleigh Register.

### Book of Chronicles of Wake County.

CHAPTER I.

1. And behold! in these times, there arose a mighty perversion amongst the flock, otherwise called the party, opposed to sheep-stealing dogs.

2. And the emergency was great, for there could be none found to take upon himself the office of Shepherd; and great consternation prevailed.

3. Now it appeared, there were certain men in the aforesaid County, who brought themselves together to a certain Council or grand Sanhedrim, viz: William, otherwise called Disbow, and William, surnamed Holden, and Benjamin, likewise called Smith, and they did "convene and organize," and they beought themselves that a certain man called James, likewise Shepard, would free them from the danger who so urgently pressed upon them.

4. But behold! a stranger had come, who destroyed the unanimity of their party—a certain man of great might, called Duncan, otherwise MacRae, arose and disturbed the harmony of the meeting; and there was still great perturbation throughout the land.

5. Yet, it was not permitted that a flock placed in so dangerous a situation, should be without a Shepherd.

6. And, therefore, James, in a great Council afterwards held, was duly requested to take upon himself the dangerous task of guarding the scattered flock from the sheep-stealing dogs, which range about, seeking what they may devour.

S.

Nuns.—Proceedings have been instituted against the Ursuline Nuns at Quebec, for a violation of their charter, they having refused to educate young ladies who attended balls. Twenty girls were expelled for the alleged delinquency.

What is it that pays less, in proportion to the trouble of cultivation, than any thing else? Dye give it up! WHISKERS!

### UNHAPPY STATE OF THE GOVERNMENT EDITOR.

In our paper of Thursday last, in the course of some remarks on public affairs, we said: "And among all discreet, intelligent, and patriotic men there is also an entire unanimity, as we believe, that the country ought not to be involved in war unnecessarily, or in defence of any doubtful right or claim."

In the Union of Thursday night we find the following editorial remark: "The Intelligencer is still of opinion that, if any claim or right of ours be in the very least degree doubtful, it must be given up in all haste."

Knowing of old the art with which the veteran editor of the government paper is wont to color the opinions of an adversary to give plausibility to a reply, we should be authorized to attribute the above instance of perversion to his ancient tactics, did we not feel in charity bound to ascribe it to a cause calculated to inspire commiseration rather than anger. The distant public are not aware, perhaps, that, ever since the delivery of Mr. Haywood's speech early in this month, the mind of the respectable editor of the Union has been in a very unhappy state; such, indeed, as to excite not only the sympathy but the serious apprehensions of his friends. It was hoped for a while that some authorized contradiction by Mr. Hannegan or Mr. Allen of Mr. Haywood's statements in regard to the President's views, might restore the equanimity of the editor. But week after week passing away without that hoped for relief, and Mr. H.'s speech having now for several days appeared in print unimpeached from any quarter, the malady of the afflicted gentleman appears to be rather increasing, so much indeed as to menace seriously his powerful intellect. He is particularly irritable on the subject of Oregon, and in his wanderings sometimes even reproaches the President with deserting the cardinal position of *fifty-four forty*; raves about the infamy of compromise; and, in one of his violent moods, declared that the whole recalcitrant *three-fourths* might drown themselves in the middle of Fucc's Straits if they pleased—he would not budge an inch from the Russian line." When he speaks thus of his friends and patrons, we cannot be surprised at any extremity of violence towards ourselves, or any liberties he may take with truth in assailing our opinions. It will give us sincere pleasure to be able soon to announce some change for the better; but if, as we see it stated in a Baltimore Democratic paper, there are but three Democratic Senators now left in favor of 51 deg. 40 min., we fear his case may be considered hopeless—unless, indeed, his constitutional horror of minorities shall produce some counteracting and salutary effect.—*Nat. Int. of March 27.*

### GENERAL SCOTT.

Can any one tell why the veteran Gen. Scott has been so much neglected in the military movements? We saw it stated, not long ago, that he had been sent for by the Department, and that is all we have heard about him, though he is Commander in Chief. We believe Gen. Scott is a whig in politics; but surely even the present administration would not make that a plea for insult and neglect of one of the bravest and best Generals this country ever had. We noticed a remark too, in Mr. Strange's political Speech at Raleigh, in which an attempt was made to disparage the hero. We know not what objection Mr. Strange had to Gen. Scott, as he made no charge—and he certainly knows nothing about his military qualifications, except what he gathers from the records of history, which are all in his favor.

We notice these matters, as they indicate hostility to Gen. Scott, merely on account of his political sentiments. It is very hard, it one who has added so much to the glory of his country, be permitted to enjoy his political opinions, (which can never interfere with his public duties) without becoming the victim of injustice and insult from the contemptible Polkery at Washington. We allude to this subject solely out of respect to the man and his character, and with a regard to what is due to the station he holds.—We knew him well, in 1814;

"A braver youth, of more courageous heart, Never spur'd his courser at the trumpet's sound!"  
*The Independent.*

Whigs must not Slumber.—The Whigs must be all alive and stirring in the opening contest in this State. They deceive themselves, if they think they are to gain by the division in the ranks of the enemy. Unless they are vigilant and active, they will lose by it. The incessant efforts of the two rival Democrats and their friends will bring the party to a man to the polls; and, if our success in the gubernatorial election is not endangered, unless the Whigs are equally zealous and active, it will be in that of the Legislature, which is no less important. This is the point to which the grand and united efforts of the Democracy will be directed.—*Ral. Star.*

It is suggested that the name of the attending physician should accompany all obituary notices. The suggestion is a very good one, and may save many lives.

### From the Petersburg Intelligencer, of April 9. BREAKERS AHEAD.

It seems to be the general impression among those competent to judge, that the mercantile community are in great danger of a revulsion. The evils brought on the country by the uncertain condition of our Foreign Affairs have been already seriously felt. As we remarked the other day, we have sustained and are sustaining some of the evils of an actual state of war.—Men are afraid to embark in new enterprises, and capitalists are carefully hoarding their money instead of diffusing it through the ordinary channels of business.

This gloom upon the community is deepened by the danger which threatens the Tariff. It is said that specie, in large sums, is even now, under the present Tariff, stringing as it is declared to be by its opponents, going to foreign countries. What could have caused this, but the fact that the value of our Imports exceeded that of our Exports—that we have bought more than we have sold? If such be the operation under the present Tariff, what must be the effect of reducing it, and enlarging a market here for Foreign goods?—When to this drain of specie, produced by importing more than our exports will pay for, we add the drain which the passage of the Sub-Treasury Bill must cause, we have occasion for the most serious apprehensions.

We do not mean to discuss this latter measure. It has already been thoroughly discussed and investigated, and three times has been rejected. Of one thing, however, there can be but little doubt—that however it may act as the financial system of the Government, its going into operation must cause a pressure in money matters. The Banks must give up a portion of the specie heretofore used by them in business, and must withdraw, in the proper and safe proportion, paper from circulation.

To illustrate this, we take the following paragraph from the New York Express:

The Sub-Treasury bill of Gen. Dromgoole requires all the collections at the Custom-Houses to be in specie. To show something of the cumbrousness and expense of such a law, the New York Express states the amount of collections at New York, for two weeks, as follows:

Week ending March 14th,	\$816,000
Week ending March 21,	750,000
Total,	1,566,000

Now, if Mr. Dromgoole's act passes, (says the Express,) here are 1,566,000 to be handled in dollars, in our city alone—that is, one-fifth of all the specie in the New York City Banks is to be counted, carted, and locked up in a Sub-Treasury; thus subtracted from the trade and commerce of the country, and to the severe detriment of all the operations of business and Banks. Who does not see, that a subtraction of one-fifth of the basis of our currency in the short space of two weeks, would create a pressure, that would make it impossible for hundreds to comply with their engagements under the necessary, rapid and violent contraction of the currency that must immediately take place?

This pressure in the great commercial emporium will be felt throughout the whole country, and in every part of the Union will the effect of this drain of specie from the usual channels of trade be felt. Speaking of our prospects, the New York Correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:

"The commercial affairs of the country are beginning to assume a gloomy aspect. Our foreign relations are well calculated to lessen confidence and check enterprise. The money market is not only becoming tight, but seriously so. This is the season for activity, but there is a dead weight upon commercial operations, and many of those who calculated upon a large spring business, are becoming alarmed at the prospect before them.

"In Charleston, (S. C.) there have already been more than a dozen failures; some of them heavy. One firm has stopped, who, it is said, within three months, have purchased goods in this city, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, to an amount not less than two hundred (possibly three hundred) thousand dollars.

"You are advised that specie is shipping to foreign countries in large sums. What is this for? Is it not to pay for our imports? Are not our exports insufficient to meet the demand?—Or, in other words, have we not imported more than we have exported, or can export, unless a great sacrifice is made of our exports? What is to be the effect of this demand for specie to ship? If it continues, a loss of confidence, which is but one step from a panic. Here I will pause, only adding that the party in power is doing more mischief than they can be made to believe, but which, unless they change their policy, they will feel. Let them now plunge the country into a war, and their labors will have been completed."

The New York Courier and Enquirer, in its money article of Saturday, says:

"The passage of the Sub-Treasury bill in its most objectionable form by so large a majority in the House of Representatives, was felt to-day, even more in apprehension than in the fall of prices. All stocks gave way and transactions were limited, and out of doors there was a manifest feeling of discouragement.

"The bill as passed, requires that all payments, and disbursements by the government, after 30th June next, be in specie. It forbids the use of drafts or bills of exchange, or paper of any sort, in the transfer of the public money from one point to another, and literally discards credit and a paper currency—the great discoveries and elements of modern commerce, which

have done more than any thing else to give to its advantages, and to enable the most honest and intelligent man, in comparison with his rich neighbor—and gold and silver, baric gold and silver. And this is done for the so-called "democracy," and the friends of the poor.

"As we understand the bill, the specie in the Banks of this city averaging \$100 millions, or all that shall be there, will be drawn out, as wanted, for all duties, and all duties must thenceforward be in specie, and be locked up till needed for government."

"The average amount of specie in the city banks may a little exceed \$100 millions, and at the present rate of exchange, is more likely to diminish than to increase. The effect of diverting one-half of the government lock-up specie, where it is now unproductive, instead of making it now does, a generous and fertilizing we need hardly point out; and it should increase, so would increase the of such a provision. Will the States in such wild and wild legislation, not, certainly we hope not.

"But if the Sub-Treasury Bill, in law of the land, it may perhaps be some of its evil by the success of the before Congress—that establishing a system, which, as has been often in the paper, is the proper and necessary of a system of cash duties.

"With a warehousing law, the would no longer be called upon to advance the duties to the government, but only pay them as the goods were needed for shipment.

Hence there would be no accumulated duties, and therefore mensurally the clause would be innocuous. We need not pursue this suggestion for consideration, or pursue it more in detail."

### From the Mobile Herald and Tribune of FOUR DAYS LATER FROM MONTGOMERY.

From the following communication tentative correspondent at Pensacola— from an extra of the Democrat, which is full in full—we learn the arrival of the brig Somers, which sailed from Vera Cruz the 22d inst. The advices thus confirmatory of those brought by the and Water Witch at New Orleans.

### Correspondence of the Herald and Tribune.

PENSACOLA, March 30.

Gentlemen.—The United States brig Somers, commanded by Ingraham, arrived here 84 days from Vera Cruz, with the news that our minister, Mr. Slidell, had been rejected and would return home in the sloop St. Mary's in a few days. The considerable excitement at Vera Cruz out of this movement, and the opinion that our squadron would open a line of place after Mr. Slidell took his departure, truth of this we shall learn on the arrival of St. Mary's.

There was another revolution anticipated to take place in a very few days. Gen. Taylor, which had been ordered to the Texas, had revolted and about 1000 men march any farther in that direction, under command of 2000, not being very far proceeded themselves, would not force so they came to a halt.

The frigate Cumberland had arrived at Vera Cruz previous to the sailing of the Somers on her arrival there Commodore Conner had his broad pennant on board of her. Commodore Raritan will sail from this place for Vera Cruz, tomorrow or the next day. Somers it is said will sail for St. Domingo in a few days with despatches, the nature of I am at a loss to conjecture. Yours truly,  
MONTGOMERY.

### From an occasional correspondent.

PENSACOLA, March 30.

It is reported that Mr. Slidell had been and is now in the city of Mexico.

### From the Florida Democrat.—Extra.

PENSACOLA, March 30.

The United States brig Somers, commanded by Ingraham, arrived at this port yesterday noon, from Vera Cruz, making the passage in 84 days. We are indebted to a citizen for the following extract of a letter from Commodore Conner on board of the Somers, which states the most important items of news:

On the 16th Mr. Dimond was informed by Mr. Parrot of the Legation of Slidell had demanded his passports, but refused reception as a Minister, although the Mexican Cabinet expressed perfect willingness to treat with a Commissioner on the question. He also wrote that Mr. Slidell in Vera Cruz in the course of a week would immediately take passage for the United States. The St. Mary's readiness for his accommodation when he arrived.

On the 18th, Com. Conner received a letter from Mr. Black, our Consul in Mexico, which appeared to be somewhat exhilarated by the intelligence brought from England in Cambria, which he had just received. Mr. Slidell would have been received, throws out a suggestion that our Minister be accepted at the latest moment. Mr. Black's location should give him many advantages for forming accurate opinions. I think we have much reason for believing his hopes will be realized, although something may be expected from the unstable councils of Mexico. Mr. Slidell has certainly demanded his passports at a fortunate moment when the news from England, the state of the country, and more especially the fact that a squadron are conspiring to act on the coast of Mexico. The people of Vera Cruz are awfully frightened, and are, as will be seen by the newspapers, moving out of the city. The Mexican Navy has been taken in two steamers, to a place of absolute safety, on one of the neighboring rivers. The people of Vera Cruz wish to see the question settled, and having never been very warmly attached to the revolutionary government, even a pronouncement unless their wishes are guarded. Upon the whole I have a very favorable sentiment of the people so favorable to the present. The discussion of this question has, I am persuaded, done more good to the people of Mexico than any other measure. It is only a few of the high and aristocracy who support the views of the Royal party. There is an interesting subject on this subject in the last paper.