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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR RULERS.

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

NEW SERIES,
NUMBER 46, OF VOLUME IV.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1848.

From the N. Y. Evangelist.

MARIA LOUISA.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

A darker day never enveloped in its gloom the Austrian monarchy, than when the beleaguering hosts of Napoleon encompassed Vienna, and from their encircling batteries were showering shot and shells upon the doomed city. The armies of Austria, in repeated conflicts, had been mown down and scattered by the resistless conqueror. As the eagles of Napoleon glittered upon the hills which overlook the city, the Royal family, with the "hot haste" which terror inspires, had fled far off into the wilds of Hungary. It is midnight. The sky is streaked with the fiery projectiles which, like meteors of death, are descending into the thronged and dismayed metropolis. Flamers are bursting forth in every part of the city. All hearts are frozen with terror. There is no place of refuge. Red hot shells crush their way through dwellings of brick and stone. Shells explode in the cradle of the infant, and upheaving the most massy dwellings, bury their mangled inmates beneath their ruins. The clamors of two hundred thousand combatants fill the midnight air, and mingle with the thunders of one of the most awful bombardments earth has ever witnessed.

In one of the chambers of the royal palace there lies a maiden, sixteen years of age, the daughter of the king. Her father and mother, in the consternation of their flight, were compelled to leave behind them their sick child. Her cheeks are flushed with fever, and again paled with terror as the uproar of the assault like angry thunders, fills the air. The glare of bursting shells and the flames of the spreading conflagration, portentuously gleam through the windows, upon the eye of the sick and terrified sufferer. She in vain buries her head beneath the bedclothes to shut out the horrid cries of the assailants and the shrieks of the wounded.

In the midst of this most dreadful scene, the gates of the city are suddenly thrown open, and a small party emerge, and with a flag of truce pass through the embattling hosts till they approach the presence of Napoleon. They inform him of the situation and the peril of the princess.—He instantly orders the direction of every gun to be changed, which might endanger her person. The flag of truce again retires within the walls, and the awful bombardment continues. For ten long hours this terrific storm of iron descends upon the city, till three thousand shells have filled its streets with ruins and with blood. But Maria Louisa remains upon her bed unharmed, though other parts of her father's palace are blown from their foundations. Little did she imagine, in the consternation of that dreadful night, that it was her future husband who was thus raining down destruction upon her father's capital. And little did the plebian conqueror imagine, as he compassionately changed the direction of his guns, that this maiden was to be queen of France, and that by this bombardment he was wooing and winning for his bride a daughter of the Cæsars.

A daughter of the Cæsars! What a mysterious influence there is in ancestral renown. Napoleon even, the creator of his crown, the fabricator of his glory, was dazzled by its glare. Maria Louisa was a lineal descendant of the proudest monarchs of Rome. The blood which circulated in her veins had passed to her from the Cæsars, and through the heroic heart of Maria Theresa. She had been cradled and nurtured amid scenes of moral sublimity and real magnificence, which one would think, would give an impress of grandeur even to the meanest soul. Surely, then, her spirit must be animated with all that is lofty and ennobling in human character. Alas, it was not so! She was nothing more than a mild, amiable, pretty girl, utterly incapable of cherishing an idea of magnanimity or heroism. She was endowed, by nature, only with those qualities which were most commonplace and earthly, was entirely unqualified to act a noble part in the lofty drama through which she was destined to move.

Napoleon, despairing of offspring from Josephine, and consumed with the most intense desire to have an heir who should inherit his glory and perpetuate his name, resolves to sever the ties which bind him to Josephine, the wife of his youth, and to obtain a more youthful bride from the subservient monarchies around him. He hoped thus to secure an heir in whose person should be allied all that was glorious in his own achievements, and all that is illustrious in exalted descent. The repudiation of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, is the darkest stain upon the character of Napoleon. And, like all wrong-doing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. A pique originating in this marriage, alienating Alexander of Russia from the French emperor, and hence the campaign of Moscow, and the imprisonment of Napoleon upon the rock of St. Helena. When the design of Napoleon was known, every Court in Europe was emulous of the honor of such an alliance. The Bourbons, in their exile, would gladly furnish a princess of the blood royal, as a bride for the mighty conqueror.—The Russian Court proffers any of its highborn maidens to the acceptance of the master spirit, at whose frown all Europe trembles. And the Austrian monarchy, the proudest of all earthly dynasties, eagerly seeks alliance with the soldier of fortune, who has twice entered its capital in triumph, and reposed, with his plebeian marshalls, in its palaces.—After much deliberation, Napoleon decided to accept the alliance of Austria. Proposals were made for Maria Louisa, and eagerly accepted. Maria was then nineteen years of age, and was most happy to be honored as the bride of one who had filled the world with his renown.—Napoleon was forty-two. On the 12th day of March, 1810, apparently without emotion, she left the palaces of her fathers, surrounded by all the pomp the Austrian monarchy could confer, to meet her future husband. As the long train of carriages left Vienna, the people gazed mournfully upon the scene. Maria Antoinette, the last princess Austria had furnished for the throne of France, but a few years before had perished miserably upon the scaffold. The populace were only prevented by the soldiers, from cutting the traces of the carriages and preventing the departure. The gorgeous procession proceeded on the way towards the frontiers of France. Napoleon had never yet seen the bride who was coming to meet him. "She is not beautiful," he said, as he gazed upon her miniature, "*but she is a daughter of the Cæsars!*"

When Maria arrived at the Rhine, her Austrian attendants left her, and she was received by the French nation, and conducted towards Paris with the highest possible accompaniments of imperial splendor. The bells rang their merriest peals of congratulation. The Austrian and the tri-colored flags floated in friendly embrace from every tower. Triumphal Arches, illuminated cities, and civic and military procession greeted her progress, while the horses of her chariot buried their hoofs in the beds of roses which were spread over her path. France, then in the zenith of its pride, and intoxicated with glory, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, resounded with all the expressions and demonstrations of rejoicing. Napoleon met her near Compeigne. Springing from his own carriage, he eagerly leaped into that of the Empress, and, entirely regardless of all the restraints and etiquette of courts, folded her in his embrace with the most youthful impetuosity. The postillions were ordered to drive upon the gallop to the palace of Compeigne. This unexpected ardor was not at all unwelcome to Maria, and a few hours in the society of her imperial husband invested her with such a queenly ease and affability, that she could hardly be recognized by her former attendants. The marriage ceremony was celebrated with the utmost splendor at St. Cloud, and never, before or since, has Paris resounded with such an uproar of rejoicing, as when Napoleon led his youthful bride into those apartments of the Tuileries, from which Josephine, but three months before, had been so cruelly rejected. Four queens held the bridal train of Maria Louisa, and the embassadors of all the Courts of Europe revolved around her as their central luminary.—But who can tell how dismally these rejoicings fell upon the ear of Josephine as she sat weeping in her deserted chamber.

In one year from that time, Maria was placed upon that mysterious couch of suffering from which no regal wealth or splendor can purchase exemption. Her pains were long protracted and her anguish dreadful.—The attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation informed Napoleon that the life of the mother or the child must be sacrificed.—"Save the mother," said Napoleon; but perceiving that they had lost their presence of mind, in view of the peril of so illustrious a patient, he immediately added, "Do as you would with the wife of the humblest tradesman in the Rue St. Denis." The physicians, re-assured, returned to their duty, and the crisis was passed.

The birth of this child was an event which had been anticipated by all France, with the utmost interest. It had been previously announced that the cannon of the Invalids should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a *princess*, twenty-one guns were to be fired; if a *prince* one hundred. At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March, 1811, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns, reverberating over the city in annunciation of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every window was instantaneously thrown open. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were aroused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of a busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering into their ears. The heart of the great capital ceased to beat, and in all her glowing veins the current of life stood still. When the twenty-first gun had been fired, the interest was intense beyond all conception. The gunners delayed for a moment the next discharge, and all Paris stood breathless in suspense. The next moment, the guns, double loaded, pealed forth the most welcome announcement, and from the entire city one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome, how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by the death. Who could then have imagined that his renowned father would perish a prisoner in a delapidated stable in St. Helena, and that this child, a nation's idol, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and sink into a forgotten grave.

From the Delaware Blue Hen's Chicken.

THE EARLY LIFE OF MRS. GAINES.

As the case of this extraordinary woman has for a long time past excited the interest of the people of this country, we think it will not be uninteresting to give our readers a slight sketch of her early life. Mira Clark, (now Mrs. Gaines,) who is well known to our citizens, having in early life resided here, was born in New Orleans; her father, Daniel, (well known in the political and commercial history of Louisiana,) being a partner of Col. Davis, of this country. Her father died, and when only a few months old, she was adopted by Col. Davis, and brought up as his own child. A man by the name of Ralph destroyed her father's will and obtained possession of the whole of the immense property of her father, consisting of nearly the whole of the new part of New Orleans, (at that time worth near five millions of dollars, and now worth much more.) She lived in entire ignorance of her parentage for a long time.—The first idea she had of her parentage, was being taunted by a girl at school with the fact that Col. Davis was not her father. Afterwards she discovered it from some papers which she found, while looking for some documents which she was to send to the Colonel at Harrisburg, they at that time were living in Pennsylvania.—Some time afterwards she visited the Sulphur Springs, Virginia, and while there, on account of her carriage breaking, she became acquainted with a young man named Wm. Whitney, a son of General Whitney, of New York. Soon afterwards he visited her in Philadelphia, but the Colonel not approving of the match, he was forbid the house. Col. Davis soon after moved to Delamore place, near Wilmington, and Miss Clark not being permitted to see her lover, she corresponded with him.

To prevent detection, her letters were directed to Miss Mary Ann Williamson, (now the wife of Rev. Cory Chambers, of this city,) daughter of our late Mayor and Post Master, she carefully keeping the secret, and punctually delivering the letters, into the hands of Miss Clark, and sending her's to Mr. Whitney in return. Miss Clark was by this time fully acquainted with her parentage and the immense estate of her father. At least she received a letter from Mr. Whitney, urging her by all she held true and the love she bore for him, to elope with him. The plan was laid and the time fixed. Mr. Whitney was to be at New Castle, where she was to join him. None was let into the secret but Miss Williamson. To prevent detection, Miss Clark called the dogs together about Col. Davis' place that evening, put them in one of the outbuildings, and locked them all up. At last the night came, and a terrible one it was too; the wind howled, the rain poured in torrents, and the darkness was only now and then illuminated by fearful flashes of lightning. Undaunted by the raging elements, Miss Clark stepped from her bed-room on the balcony, and by means of a pillar of the balcony or rope, managed to reach the ground in safety, and immediately ran as fast as she could to Wilmington. It was a fearful night for a girl so small, so young and delicate, to venture abroad alone and unattended. On her way, if possible, the rain became heavier, and the flashes of lightning more vivid.

At last she reached the residence of Mr. Williamson, drenched with rain, and the top of her band-box beat in by the violence of the storm. Miss Williamson was waiting alone in the passage to receive her; the key softly turned, and the door opened, and Miss Clark, pulling off her little kid slippers, which were wet through, softly ascended the stairs, so as not to alarm the rest of the family. The ladies employed themselves until morning in drying, as well as they were able Miss Clark's clothes. At the first dawn of morning they stepped out, and a hack being procured, she departed for New Castle.—Miss Williamson gave her all the money she had, $5—as at the time she left Col. Davis' she had not a dollar.

At New Castle, Miss Clark met her lover and they were met by Miss Williamson, who acted as bridesmaid on the occasion of their marriage, Miss Clark, who we shall now call Mrs. Whitney, set about hunting up facts in relation to her birth. Threats were used, and every obstacle made use of to prevent her. Her first care was to find her mother, and after a long search, she was at last discovered, we believe, in the island of Jamaica.—She almost immediately recognized her daughter, and gave her the marriage certificates of her husband, Daniel Clark, from whom she had been seperated some time before his death. Proceedings were immediately commenced, but for a while with a small prospect of success. Threats were not only made against herself and husband, but against any one who should advocate their cause. It was with difficulty a lawyer could be procured to plead her cause; even the judges on the bench were the feed counsel of the other side, and generally supposed to be under the influence of bribery.

Finally, her husband was thrown into prison in New Orleans, during the prevalence of the fever, and afterwards, she was imprisoned with him with a small child at her breast. Whitney soon died, not, however, without strong suspicion of foul play. She afterwards was released, and though a widow, still prosecuted her suit with determined resolution. So glaring was the partiality of the judges once displayed, that the crowd in court could hardly contain their indignation. Her life was two or three times attempted. Her first acquaintance with Gen. Gaines was when she was fired at, and part of her dress shot away. Gen. Gaines came and offered her his protection, and she soon afterwards married him. Her opponents dared not use the same means with a General in the U. S. Army, as they had already done with her first husband, private individual. It would have been too glaringly showed to the country, or there is not the least doubt they would have done it.

After going through so many courts, we now learn that the suit has been dedided in her favor. The value of property is now near twenty millions of dollars.—Mrs. Gaines is now about forty years of age, about five feet high, has a sweet expression of countenance, rather a French cast. She has, at the same time, an indomitable resolution as every circumstance of her life has shown. She is very charitable and warm hearted, and never forgets her old friends. She, even now, remembers with gratitude the services of her early friend, (formerly Miss Williamson.) now Mrs. Chambers, and assures her when she comes into her estate, she will remunerate her for her former kindness. As we see it stated she has lately presented two of her friends with $5.000 each, we suppose her bequest to Mrs. Chambers will be considerable. We understand she will soon visit her in Wilmington. Is not the life of this persecuted lady indeed one of deep romance? Will it not in future be given to the public in an historical novel!

SOMETHING OF A LOCK.—The *Scientific Mechanic* has the following notice of a very wonderful lock: "The most perfectly secure and efficient, unpickable, unbreakable and unburstable lock ever introduced, has recently been invented and perfected by Mr. S. L. Chase, of Lockport. New York. It is succeptible of 743,000,000,000,000 changes of adjustment; has no accessible aperture into which gun powder can be introduced, and could not be picked nor unlocked in seven years, even by the manufacturer thereof with the key in his possession, unless he had locked it himself; and as to thieves, the more they should examine and investigate this lock, by indents, impressions, or otherwise, the more they would'nt know how to open it!

Let it be borne in mind that Gen. Taylor says, over his own signature in his letter to Mr. Ingersoll, that he is "*a Whig in principle.*"—*Nor. Car. Standard.*

WANTED.

50,000 POUNDS of Cotton and Linen Rags, for which a liberal price will be paid in trade. Also, on hand a constant supply of superior wrapping paper for sale by

BOGER & MAXWELL.

Feb. 17, 1848 5t42

Report and Resolutions

Of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, on the death of P. G. M. LOUIS D. WILSON.

The Special Committee, to whom was referred so much of the M W Grand Master's annual report as refers to the death of P. G. M. Louis D. Wilson, beg leave to report, that from the limited time allowed them from other duties, it is almost impossible that they can do more than merely allude to that melancholy event.—The Grand Lodge is already aware of the circumstances under which this heavy bereavement was brought upon us. He died in a foreign land, in the city of Vera Cruz, at the head of an army of his countrymen. Fidelity to the cause of our country, eagerness to repel her invaders, has always characterized our Fraternity. In our revolutionary struggle, Masonry had her Washingtons and her Warrens. The committee are informed, on high authority, that every commanding general of the American army was a Mason of high standing, except one, whose sad fate is an historical fact of so much notoriety, that we may say nothing more than merely to allude to it by way of contrast. Nor is Masonary without her gifts upon her country's altar in our present sanguinary contest with Mexico. Amongst the number of those who have learned their duty to magistrates and the supreme government at her altar, in their most solemn vows, may be mentioned the name of our most illustrious P. G. Master. What was his course when the thunders of war came to our ears?—when we learned that our nation was engaged in bloody conflict with a daring enemy?—Bro. Wilson left the legislative halls of his native State, repaired to his county, made up a company of volunteers over which he was chosen captain, immediately assisted in raising another in the same county, and entered her service without delay.

Of Bro. Wilson as a Mason, it is probably more pertinent that we should speak. Particularly in the active discharge of those cardinal virtues which the precepts of our Order inculcate in every bosom, Charity was pre-eminent. Many incidents in his history illustrate the truth of this remark. We will allude to but two, which are sufficient to place his name high upon the roll of benefactors of his species. On one occasion, when provisions were exceedingly scarce in the county of Edgecomb, and want was stalking abroad in the land, Bro. Wilson generously threw open his barns, and distributed two hundred barrels of corn amongst the poor of Edgecomb; donations of smaller size were continually emanating from his liberal hand.

The second grand charity to which the committee allude, was the closing and crowning act of his life—the capstone of his moral and masonic edifice—the magnificent bequest contained in his will. By this will he has given to the poor of his county an estate now estimated from forty to sixty thousand dollars.

As Bro. Wilson deserved, he was held high in the esteem of his countrymen, and any promotion at their disposal was freely and often bestowed; in proof of which, should any be needed, we would refer to his frequent elections to the Legislature from the county of Eedgecomb—the fact that his mortal remains are to be brought home, and a monument erected by contribution to his memory over the spot where they may find their long resting place.

We need hardly to say that many of our brethren will have an opportunity of gathering at his grave, to give vent to feelings that, with some, have found an outlet through more natural avenues. To many, this high privilege will be denied by uncontrolable circumstances. But that all may share in some general expression of our grief, the committee recommend the adoption of the resolutions at the end of this report. The committee have not, as might appear to some, mentioned the acts of our deceased brother, to blazon them forth in a way of vain glorious boasting; but Masonry sets no limits to the expressions of fraternal regard to the memory of a departed brother, who has earned the affections of the Craft. Whenever the conduct of a brother through life, so conspicuously illustrates those masonic virtues which are the pride and boast of our order, the Craft is honored, and we can with propriety gather around our own family altar, and in a spirit of emulation speak freely of those virtues.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge will wear the usual badge of mourning (crape upon the left arm) for the space of thirty days, as a token of respect and esteem for the memory of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge recommend to the subordinate Lodge's a similar course, as soon as they obtain a knowledge of the course of the Grand Lodge.

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to furnish a copy of these resolutions, and request the editors of newspapers in this city and elsewhere, friendly to our order, to publish them.

Respectfully,
C. H. JORDON.
JOHN F. SPEIGHT.

At a Communication of the Brethren of Fulton Lodge No. 99, Salisbury, held at their Lodge Room on this evening March, 8th 1848, it was unanimously

Resoleed, That the Brethren of the Lodge do carry the above resolutions into effect by wearing crape on the left arm for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That the Editors of the Salisbury Watchman be requested to publish the above report and resolutions.

A. M. NESBITT, *Sec.*

A simple fellow was walking through a swamp and came to a broad ditch. "I'll bet you two cents that I can jump over that ditch," said he to himself. "Done," said the other side of his mouth, and over he leaped. "I won that bet, anyhow," said he. "Now I'll bet you two cents more that I can jump back again, and he jumped and fell at the bottom of the mud.—"Nothing lost and nothing gained, he muttered," crawling up the bank; "that account's even."

Correspondence of the N. American and U. S. Gaz.

The treaty was returned to the Senate day in executive session, without any [illegible] from the committee on Foreign Relations [illegible] favor of or against it, and without amendment. It was discussed with much spirit on the "democracic" side of the chamber entirely, [illegible] a few remarks from one or two Whigs, [illegible] ting to incidental points. Those who [illegible] most conspicuous in opposition to its ratification, have reaffirmed their opinions out of doors in free conversations, and with no purpose of reserve as to their intentions. It is not proper therefore to refer to them, as every Senator has the privilege to speak of his individual views and actions. Mr. Hannegan said it would be an act of fatuity to the treaty; for, [illegible] quired he, where is the indemnity for the past? And admitting that to be obtained, where is the security for the future? He never would [illegible] sent by his vote to accept such terms, after that had been pledged to the country, and [illegible] the vast expense of life and treasure which had been incurred.

Mr. Allen was equally hostile to the ratification and indifferent to the concealment of his sentiments. The basis of the negotiation was not such as the government had a right to expect, and he would not do it.

Other gentlemen, of the same politics, but the opposite wing of the party, were content to take the Treaty as it stood, though they would have been better satisfied with less territory or none at all.

A question was made as to the effect of striking out of the tenth article would have on Mexico, and the President informed the Chairman on Foreign Relations that, according to his information; it would not interpose any serious obstacle to the ratification by that Government.

Speaking of the tenth article, reminds me to correct a slight error into which I think I fell last night, in stating its provisions upon that particular feature. Where occupation was the condition of the grants prior to the 24 of March 1836, it is provided that the same time as was originally allowed by Mexico, be afforded to grantees to perfect their sentiments, dating from the exchange of ratifications.

It is understood here, and known by the Executive, that large speculations in these grants were made by parties in New York and Washington, who now hold the rights,—and it is stated in the vicinity of the White House and Public Departments, that Mr. Trist had a full *understanding* of the value of protecting these interests. These reflections upon their commissioner, come with appropriate grace from those who selected him for this high and important trust. It is apparent then, there are two sets of interests concerned in the Mexican lands, and both equally dependent upon the ratification of the tenth article, for the security of their speculations.

A resolution was proposed to appoint a commission of not less than three or more than five to proceed to Mexico, or to meet at some intermediate point, commissioners on the part of that government, to settle the difficulties in dispute.

No action was taken upon the resolution of the commission, but the President readily signified his willingness to accede to any action of the Senate in this respect. The doubt that occurs to the minds of Senators is the danger of delay, and the apprehension of risking a chance for a certainty. If Mexico acted in good faith in this arrangement, and has the power to maintain the treaty, this difficulty, it appears to me, would be readily obviated.

There has been a misapprehension on the part, as well as upon that of all the newspapers that make claim to authentic information on the subject of the treaty, in regard to the armistice and General Scott. The second article provides that there shall be a suspension of hostilities during the interchange of the necessary correspondence, and so forth, on the part of the two Governments, and it was believed and alleged that General Scott, under his general instructions, had ordered the armistice.

This is altogether a mistake. An official communication was received from Gen. Scott on Saturday at the War Department, dated the 2d Feb., about one hour after the exchange of the treaty. For some reason or other the letter was not despatched by Mr. Freaner, or perhaps Gen. Scott was not knowing to his sudden departure. He tells Mr. Marcy in it that he had just seen a treaty, but had not had to read it, which stipulated for an armistice pending these negotiations. Not having been apprised recently of the wishes of the government, he desired *instructions* as this point of matter. Under the public law, I presume the Commanding General had power to open intercourse or arrange an armistice with the enemy. But Gen. Scott acted prudently in taking no official part in Mr. Trist's unauthorized proceedings. This may be well inferred from a single fact, which unwittingly leaked out the day. Mr. Turney of Tennessee, said he was only one thing he regretted about the treaty, and that was, *that Scott had not negotiated it instead of Trist.*

Things therefore remain in *statu quo* in Mexico, until the bearer of despatches, who sailed last Monday, reaches Gen. Butler, (now in command,) with full authority to conclude an armistice.

As there are large interests connected with these Mexican claims, and as much inquiry has been made, relative to their adjustment by the treaty, a few words may be desirable on this point. The government assumes the payment of the adjudicated claims, and provides for a commission of our own citizens to be established on principles of that adopted in 1839, which was not ratified, for the settlement of those claims, left undisposad of by the commission and not acted upon by the commission since. But they are not to exceed three millions of a quarter in amount.

Authority has been sent to Gen. Butler to draw against the three millions, in the event of the ratification of the treaty by Mexico. The government is not without some fears that Mr. Trist and his associate negotiators on the part of Mexico, may have convened a congress at Queretaro, and carried through the act of ratification, before their communication can reach Gen. Butler. In such a state of things Mr. Trist would find no trouble in negotiating a draft in Mexico or Vera Cruz for this appropriation. Will the Union inform the public why Mr. Polk is so suspicious of Mr. Buchanan's confidential clerk and commissioner? Surely, 'tis very unkind towards the able and interesting Secretary of State—that hero who figured with so much distinction at home, more in the last war, as a "*volunteer*," from Lancaster and back again.

In the instructions to Gen. Butler, he is ted to send Mr. Trist out of Mexico. In inquiry in the Senate, how this was to be complished, a Democrat of mark replied,