

'Now we're in for it!' thought the young officer. 'Well, so much the better! At least I shall look danger in the face!'

He flew to his weapons. But he threw them aside almost at the same instant, on recognizing the voice of Tonce, speaking softly through the keyhole.

'Hush! make no noise when you open the door! Mother might hear us! I bring you perfumed aromatic water to wash your feet with.'

This custom in the West Indies, borrowed of the patriarchy, might at this moment have appeared only as a pretext for gaining admittance to the room. Be that as it may, however, the young man thought it a good one. He hastened to unlock the door.

Tonce in fact entered with a tub filled with water, and in order to dissipate all presumptuous or evil thoughts, made it a duty literally to perform an office which, in the colonies, is considered only as one of the simple formalities of hospitality.

Kneeling at Charles' feet, she said nothing, but her breast heaved convulsively, and her eyelids seemed to hold back a flood of suppressed emotion. Raising her head for a moment, a tear sparkled in her eye.

'Why do you weep, pretty Tonce?'

'She made no reply, but concealing her face in her small brown hands, burst into tears. The young man could not account for this new riddle. He took her hand in his own.

'Cheer up,' said he; 'tell me your sorrows. Some young girl's secret, perhaps—some lovelorn?'

Tonce smiled through her tears, but made no reply.

'Or have you already a lover, Tonce, who is away, or disliked by your mother—some poor black fellow, to whom you've pledged your affections?'

'No,' said she, with something like disdain in her tone.

'Or this Anthony, who lives with your mother—do you love him?'

'Never!' cried Tonce, with a look of horror.

Charles drew her gently towards him, and she rested on his shoulder her burning forehead.

'Or,' resumed he softly, 'tell me, Tonce, must one be white to merit your love?'

She endeavored once more to reply, but the motion of her lips amounted only to a smile.

CHAPTER IV.

When daylight dawned the next morning into Charles' room, Tonce was still there. She sat on the margin of the bed, her eyes fixed on the sleeping form of the youth, she stood thus pensive. Without, the voice of old Dolrice was heard high and loud, calling for her daughter. The voice had awakened Tonce from a beautiful and pleasant dream. It rang in her ear like a funeral knell—like a signal for murder. It recalled the weak girl to thoughts of a forgotten reality—her mother's plot; the approaching return of Anthony; the danger of Charles, her own danger, poor thing, who loved him; Yes, the blacks might retain every moment for according to custom, they should have journeyed during the night to arrive before the heat of day. How much time lost! That night, which might have been employed to save the white youth, was lost. That sweet night would be the cause of his death. Unconsciously she had favored the plot; unconsciously Tonce had deceived her lover?

Her dream had been so beautiful! To save him—she had thought to fly with him; abandon for his sake the scenes of her childhood, the associations of her girlhood. She would leave all, everything, for his sake. It was of no moment to her what should become of her afterward. It was no longer her own life she loved, it was that of the white youth; her own life was no longer hers—she had pledged it to another. She did not expect to see Charles. At that time a single girl of color never could entertain such a thought. But she intended to follow him—wait upon him wherever he went; to seek with him beyond the seas, in France, the hut, palm-trees, and the perfumed breezes of her own plantation, and the enticing scenery of the West Indies. As for the trials and fatigues of such a life, she would know how to brave them. How strong she would feel, leaning on the arm of him she loved; how strong her limbs to follow him everywhere!

But it is not yet too late—even at noontide flight is not impossible! And Tonce, as though awakened to a new hope, bends over Charles to rouse him and fly. But he sleeps, and seems cradled in such sweet dreams—dreams about herself, perhaps! Tonce kneels beside the bed, and still hesitates to disturb the young man's slumber, and wishes for one moment more to enjoy his repose.—She touched his forehead with her lips—he will know nothing of it.

And she waited too long, dwelling thus on the moments of her peaceful enjoyment. Suddenly the courtyard was filled with cries of human voices—Anthony's band had returned. Already the door of the pavilion is open—the noise of swords is heard on the staircase. Dolrice is in the midst of the negroes, and leads them to Charles' door.

It is too late! To fly is impossible, and resistance impossible also—it were but to hasten his fate! If but time could be granted! At this moment of unutterable anguish to the young mulatto, a ruse presented itself to her mind. Ropes are lying in a corner of the room; she seizes them, ties the hands and feet of her lover, and hastens to throw open the door to Anthony and his followers.

Charles at this moment opens his eyes and perceives his fetters. He sees Tonce open the door to admit the infuriated blacks, and hears Dolrice exclaim on seeing him bound up—

'Well done, daughter, well done! So you've caught him in the snare! Let the

whites after this covet the smiles of young females of color.

Poor Tonce. She has not had time to give the prisoner any notice. She sees him make desperate efforts to shake off his fetters, despair and rage depicted in his countenance. She turns her face away as he cries—

'Ah, Tonce, is it you, then? It is you who has betrayed me thus? Ah, Tonce, so beautiful, yet so treacherous—so much loved, and so cowardly.'

Yet, as she had foreseen, the negroes, seeing their enemy not likely to escape, contented themselves with making the ropes tighter. They consented to defer the hour of his execution the sooner, as Tonce apprised them that other whites were in the neighborhood.

'Force the prisoner to lead us to the place of concealment of his companions,' said she, 'and then kill them all at once.'

This advice was received with approbation, and as Anthony was worn out with fatigue from the long journey he had just made, it was proposed they should start the next day.

Tonce, then was free to carry out successfully the plan of her stratagem, which was to seek Charles' friends and bring them to his rescue. The enterprise was difficult. They were hidden far into the mountains, and she knew but very imperfectly the place of their concealment. Besides, the storm predicted by the negroes had just burst out in all its violence.

The winds, now left loose, tore from their roots trees that had withstood the blast for years. The earth, furrowed by the heat of the few days previous, opened into chasms by the impetuous currents of rushing water from the valleys, urging in their course fragments of rock and branches of trees. But nothing could prevent the daring girl—she dashed into the very midst of the storm.

And she walked for hours in the fearful gale, threatened at every step to be crushed by some tree suddenly dashed to the ground, or she was swallowed up by chasms opening beneath her feet. Neither fatigue nor obstacles of any kind, nor the darkness of night, which began to add its gloom to the prospect before her, diminished her ardor. There was but one thought pursued her; but one anguish, the last words of Charles, 'You have betrayed me.' And not even the fearful noise around her could drown the echo which those words sent back to her heart.

She lost many steps; now advancing boldly through the darkness in remotest part of the mountain, anon dashing through meadows and brushwood, then obliged to retrace her steps, her course was much lengthened. Yet, although her feet are bruised and lacerated, she stops not. Her strength begins to fail her, yet she swallows on. She climbs a rock projecting far out from the others; she strains her eyes to discover the white man's retreat, and anon, full of hope, she runs towards some fleeting light caused by the earth's electricity, and anon, undecieved, she turns back to some other place. She renews her search, and advances into the orange and caverns of the valley.

At length a brilliant light strikes her view; but this new light is far distant into the valley, and disappears occasionally, like every other light—like all this world's promises; but again it reappears beyond some high rock or a cluster of trees.

Tonce braves these new difficulties, and parts with her hands the thorny branches on her new path. Having once more caught sight of the light, she darts wildly on.

The figures of several men were stretched around a half extinguished fire. Their faces are pale; they are whites. The day previous, Tonce would have fled such a sight; but since the day previous, how much has Tonce changed.

'Save Charles!', she cried, as she fell exhausted in the midst of the soldiers.

The men were ignorant of their young chief's christian name, and Tonce did not know the other. In vain, therefore, did she repeat—'Save oh, save Charles!' The men remained insensible, or laughed at her, believing she was crazy. One, more suspicious than the rest, even attempted to push her away roughly, as he said:

'She is some spy, sent, doubtless, from the blacks.'

Tonce wrings her hands, rushes like a wild being on the soldier who pushed her away, and with tears and cries, interwoven with smiles, succeeds in being heard.

Charles' departure, the day previous, was yet fresh in the memory of his companions. Once persuaded their young chief was in danger, they no longer hesitated to follow the young mulatto.

Happy, and gaining new strength with her impatience to unbind the young white, she renews her long journey; drags herself before the soldiers to lead the way.

Some of the men, moved with pity, seeing her feet lacerated and bleeding; her hands some form bent by fatigue; want to carry her, but she refuses; it might retard their progress.

Night still continued when they reached the plantation. The negroes, taken by surprise, made but little resistance; one of the soldiers, at Tonce's bidding, severed Charles' fetters, who, on obtaining his liberty, seized a gun.

At this moment Tonce appeared before him; she smiles on the man she has given up, bound hand and foot, to the negroes—she smiles as though wishing to commence new caresses; new treason.

'Traitor!' cried the indignant youth, 'you shall betray no one more!'

He pulled the trigger of his weapon; Tonce fell; the ball had passed through her heart.

It is said that after Port-au-Prince was taken by the army of the insurgents, some soldiers of color found in the hospital of that city a young European officer; an idiot; to whom they did the mercy to shoot through the head.

## THE COMMERCIAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1847.

### READING ROOM.

Those persons interested in the Reading Room, are requested to meet in the Exchange Room, this Evening at 8 o'clock, to decide whether it shall be continued another year, and if so to make arrangements for the same—also to arrange some other matters connected with the prosperity of the establishment.

### DISPATCH OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

The foreign news, as published in the Commercial to-day, was prepared at the New York and Boston Magnetic Telegraph office, for 12 papers in New York, and arrived in that city, in one hour and 33 minutes from the time the news was received in the Boston office.

### THE LADY'S BOOK.

We have received the August number of this popular periodical, the reputation of which is so well established as scarcely to need commendation from the Press.

The Editors offer a Portrait of Gen. ZACHARY TAYLOR 23 inches wide by 30 inches long, colored, to any person who will forward \$3 for one year's subscription to Godley's Lady's Book—or any person in advance will be entitled to a copy.

That the likeness is a correct one cannot be doubted, as the very strongest testimony is given of its faithfulness, by gentlemen personally acquainted with the General.

### DE BOW'S COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

Our readers will recollect that this valuable periodical is published, at New Orleans, by J. D. B. De Bow, Editor and Proprietor, at \$5 per annum. This is a monthly Journal of Trade, Commerce, commercial Polity, Agriculture, Manufactures, Internal Improvements, and General Literature. The number before us contains some very interesting articles on internal improvements, and other subjects connected with the work. An examination of the numbers, which lie on our Reading Room Table, will be more satisfactory to the inquirer, than any comment of ours.

### SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

We cheerfully accord to the proposition to exchange with this excellent Quarterly. It is published in Charleston, by BURKE & JAMES, at \$5 per annum. We had occasion to notice this Periodical some time ago, and now give a part of the contents of the July number, as the best method of exhibiting the character of the work. China and the Chinese, embracing a variety of the topics connected with that country; Review of Robert Hall's Works; Carolina Spots; Slavery in the United States; The Valley of the Amazon; Ecclesiastical History of England; Fanny Kemble; The Law of Libel, &c.

The number referred to will be found on our Reading Room Table.

From the N. Y. Evening Post, July 10.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER BRITANNIA.

Fall in the Price of Bread Stuffs—Advance in the Price of Cotton—Abundant Grain Harvests in Europe—Fever in Liverpool.

The Steamer Britannia left Liverpool on Sunday, the 4th inst., and arrived at Boston this morning at ten o'clock, having made the passage in thirteen days.

The telegraph furnishes the following news brought by this arrival:

There has been some decline in the price of Indian corn; the latest price was at 44 1/2 to 45 1/2 the quarter. The accounts of the grain harvests in Europe are good, and the weather has been favorable.

Cotton has obtained an advance.

The following table shows the recent fall in the price of bread-stuffs in the English market.

June 3. June 18. July 4. Flour 196 lbs 43 0 0 46 0 0 46 0 0 41 0 0 31 0 0 34 0 0 Wht. 70 lbs 12 0 0 13 0 0 11 0 0 12 0 0 Corn, 34 0 0 35 0 0 33 0 0 32 0 0 44 0 0 45 0 0 Meal, 126 lbs 25 0 0 20 0 0 24 0 0 25 0 0 20 0 0 21 0 0

LIVERPOOL, Sunday, July 4, 1847.

Large sales of Western Flour at 34s, but that price cannot be realized for any considerable quantity—Richmond and Alexandria, 33s per bbl; Philadelphia and Baltimore, 32; New Orleans and Ohio, 31s; Canada Flour 28s @ 29s.

Indian Meal, 20s @ 21s.

Indian Corn, 44 1/2 @ 45 1/2 per quarter. Cotton has advanced 1/2 per lb. since last steamer.

LIVERPOOL, July 4—11 A. M.

A signal depression has taken place in the corn market since the departure of the last steamer, attributable to the prevalence of fine weather and the growing steadiness of the money market. At the closing of our market yesterday, P. M., the best Western Canal brands would not fetch more than 34 1/2 per barrel, and in some few instances it reached 35s, but the transactions were generally of a retail character, and did not indicate the slightest speculative disposition.

Large quantities were sold at 34s per barrel, but that is a price which could not be realized for any considerable quantity to-day. Richmond and Alexandria are quoted at 33s per barrel; Philadelphia and Baltimore 32s; New Orleans and Ohio 31s; United States and Canada flour from 28s to 29s per bbl. Indian corn has likewise suffered a material depression, and cannot be quoted higher than 44 1/2 to 45 1/2 per quarter. Inferior sorts range from 22s upwards.—Indian meal stands at 20s 5d to 21s 5d per bbl. of 196 lbs.

The rumors of the potato disease are exceedingly conflicting, and not reliable, and the growing crops are in a state of the utmost forwardness. The weather could scarcely be more favorable than it is.

COTTON.—The market has been afflicted in an immense ratio, and shows a state of decided improvement—the advance 1/2 per pound since the last steamer. Our latest quotations are for Upland and Mobile 71; fair Orleans 71 per pound. The American descriptions, sold this week, comprised 15,000 Upland, at 61 to 71; 25,000 Orleans at 64 to 64.

10,520 Mobile and Alabama at 64 to 71, and 280 Sea Island at 134 a 224 per pound. Less activity has been evinced to-day, though a large quantity offered affording a turn in favor of buyers.

The entire stock now in port, is estimated at about 443,000 bales. The American proportion standing at 330,000, shows a material general decrease.

### PROVISIONS.

Prices have been generally steady for the last fortnight, so that any important alteration cannot be named. Prime mess beef is worth per tierce from 90s to 95s, ordinary 60s to 90s, mess bbl 50s to 60s.—Of old prime mess and mess prime, no quotations can be made. Pork stands at for prime, mess, new, per bbl. 70s to 76s, old 55s to 70.

Hams, in pickle, sold freely, but there has been no market for dry. Rosin and Turpentine.—The arrivals have been considerable, and the prices fair. 25,000 bbls. turpentine have been sold at 6s 9d to 7s 4d per cwt. There is no important change in metals—iron continues fair at the prices quoted by the last steamer.

MONEY MARKET.—The money market has considerably improved, and greater confidence has been infused into every branch of trade. Not only is a growing liberality evinced by the Bank of England, but the provincial banks generally manifest a spirit of enlarged accommodation. The paper of the Bank of England in actual circulation, including seven days and other post bills, decreased last week from £18,615,051, to £18,741,490, being a difference of £173,561, while the increase of bullion was £14,893.

ARRIVAL OF PACKETS.—The Royal Mail Steamer Hibbard, arrived on the 28th ult; Henry Clay on the 24th; Marmion, 25th; St. George, 26th; Cornelia-Oxford and the Ann, 26th; Adriandack, 28th; Enterprise, 30th. The Washington steamer arrived at Bremen on the 19th. The Sheridan reached on the 20th; the Shenandoah and Sir Isaac Newton arrived at Havre on the 16th and 21st June.

### GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Bogue ports in the China seas were captured and completely destroyed by the British land and naval forces on the 20th of April. 876 pieces of artillery were seized and spiked in thirty-six hours.

Father Matthew has received a pension of £300 a year from the crown. Rumor says that the Pope has declined to make him Bishop of Cork. Mr. O'Connell's remains are expected to arrive at Southampton, on the 17th.

The Sarah Sands steamer put into Cork in consequence of an accident to her machinery. She was expected to sail yesterday.

Jenny Lind has created the greatest possible sensation in London. She is engaged to sing for two nights in Scotland (Glasgow and Edinburgh) at a remuneration of £1,000.

Fever is dreadfully prevalent. In Liverpool it has made the most destructive havoc among the Catholic clergy, eight have been swept away in ten months.—The distemper was in every instance contracted by them while visiting the sick.

From the N. O. Picayune, July 3.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP MCKIN. LATER FROM VERA CRUZ.

The steamship McKin arrived at this port on Sunday afternoon in charge of her first officer, Capt. Pillsbury having died on the passage of yellow fever. The McKin left Vera Cruz on the 3d inst. There had been nothing later received from the city of Mexico than was brought down the night of the 1st inst., but fuller accounts had transpired at Vera Cruz than were received by the Alabama.

We have no further information of the march of Gen. Pillow. Had any disaster occurred to him, the news of it could scarcely have failed to reach Vera Cruz promptly. One letter has mentioned whatever of him or his command.

A letter of the 2d inst. from Vera Cruz says that Brig. Gen. Pierce would leave that city in a day or two to the head of 1000 troops. When they reach Gen. Scott he will have over 11,000 men under his command. Whether he will await the arrival of Gen. Pierce we have no means of determining, but the impression at Puebla and the city of Mexico is decided that he would move at an earlier day than these reinforcements could be expected to reach him.

By this arrival we have files of papers from the city of Mexico to the 26th of June. In the Diario del Gobierno of the 26th June appeared an important diplomatic correspondence. The first note is from the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Secretary of Congress, referring to that body a communication from Mr. Buchanan which announces Mr. Tilt's appointment. We learn that this letter was communicated to Santa Anna by or through the British Minister at Mexico, Mr. Bankhead, who has exerted himself to bring about a negotiation for peace between the two nations.

Mr. Buchanan's letter is dated April 14th. It acknowledges the receipt of the Mexican Minister's letter of the 22d February, declining to accede to our proposition to send commissioners to Jalapa, Havana or other point before the blockade of the Mexican ports should be raised and the Mexican territory evacuated by our troops.

Mr. Buchanan writes that the President holds such a condition absolutely inadmissible—neither demanded by national honor nor sanctioned by the practice of nations. He urges that such a preliminary condition would render war interminable, especially between contiguous nations, unless by the complete submission of one of the belligerents.

He shows how pernic a course it would be for a nation which had sacrificed men and money to gain a foothold in an enemy's country, to abandon all the advantages it had won and withdraw its forces in order to induce negotiations, without any certainty or security that peace would ensue from such negotiations.

He then cites the case of our last war with Great Britain to show that we never considered for a moment that our national honor required us to ins upon the withdrawal of British troops before consenting to treat for peace. We sent commissioners to Ghent when portions of our territory were in the possession of British troops; and it was notorious that while negotiations were going on at Ghent, hostilities were carried on upon both sides with unwonted vigor—the most memorable actions of the war taking place after negotiations had been concluded. Such a preliminary condition to negotiation cannot be cited in modern times; at least, Mr. Buchanan knows of none.

He then exposes the unusual conduct of Mexico under another aspect. The President in his desire to avoid the war had sent a Minister to negotiate a peace. Even after the war was commenced by the attack of the Mexican troops upon Gen. Taylor, the President had reiterated propositions with a view to open negotiations which should put an end to hostilities. He had declared to the world that he would exact no conditions that were not honorable to both parties; and yet the Mexican Government had refused to receive the Minister sent to her; and after declining to accede to the opening of negotiations, Mexico had never made known what basis she would consent to a settlement of the differences between the two Republics. There will never be a termination of hostil-

ities, Mr. Buchanan proceeds, if Mexico continues to refuse to listen to the overtures which have been proffered, and which tend to the reestablishment of peace.

The President will not, therefore, make further overtures for the opening of negotiations until he has reason to believe that such will be accepted by the Mexican Government. Nevertheless, such is his desire for peace, that he is resolved that the evils of the war shall not be prolonged one day later than the Mexican Government makes it absolutely necessary. Accordingly, to carry his determination into effect, he had sent in the quality of commissioner, to the headquarters of the army in Mexico, Mr. N. P. Trist, First Clerk in the State Department, with full powers to conclude a definitive treaty of peace with the United Mexican States. Mr. Trist is recommended as possessing the full confidence of the President, and worthy of that of the Mexican Government.

In conclusion, Mr. Buchanan forbears from commenting upon the closing passage of the last letter from the Mexican Minister, lest it should give to his present note a less conciliatory character than he desires for it. He recurs with pleasure to another passage in the same letter wherein is expressed the pain with which the Mexican Government has seen altered the cordial friendship which it had cultivated with this Republic, the continued advancement of which it had always admired, and whose institutions had served as a model of its own. Such sentiments, continues Mr. Buchanan, the President deeply feels; his strongest desires are that the United Mexican States, under such institutions as prevail with us, may protect and secure the liberty of their citizens, and maintain an elevated position among the nations of the earth.

Such is an outline of Mr. Buchanan's letter of April 15th. We have not translated it, as the original will no doubt at once be made public. There is no indication in it of the basis upon which Mr. Trist is authorized to conclude a treaty.

This letter the Mexican Minister acknowledges on the 22d of April, saying that the President had instructed him to reply that the whole subject matter of it had been expressly reserved by the sovereign Congress of the nation for its own control, and that the latter would be at once transmitted to it for its decision.

We learn by the Mexican papers that Congress was at once convened to take the matter into consideration, but up to the 23rd of June no quorum had been procured.

By a letter from a source entitled to great respect, we further learn that Gen. Scott gave the Mexican Government till the 30th ult. to act upon the letter, when, if nothing should be done, he would march in.

From the Sun of Anaheim of the 2d inst. we copy the following order issued by Com. Perry upon returning to the mouth of the river from his Tabasco expedition:

### GENERAL ORDER—No. 8.

U. S. FLAG SHIP MISSISSIPPI, Off Tabasco River, June 25, 1847.

The commander-in-chief, on returning to his ship from the expedition undertaken to capture and occupy the city of Tabasco, seizes upon the earliest moment to offer his warmest thanks to the officers, seamen and marines, composing the force engaged in the attack, for the gratifying proofs of zeal and courage manifested by them on the occasion.

Notwithstanding the extensive and judicious arrangements made by the Mexicans for defence, they exhibited little gallantry in maintaining their well chosen position, and the only disappointment evinced by the brave officers and men proceeded from the fact that the enemy did not stand more firmly to their arms.

M. C. PERRY, Commanding Home Squadron.

The Commodore arrived at Anton Lizardo on the 30th June, with the squadron.

Arrival of the Steamship Jas. L. Day.

LATER FROM THE BRAZOS.

The steamer Jas. L. Day, capt. Wood, arrived yesterday morning from Brazos Santiago. By her we have received the Matamoros flag of the 7th inst.—The news is without importance.

The 4th July was celebrated with great spirit at Matamoros. We have not room for the proceedings.

A rumor reached here by the Day that there was a fair prospect that a forward movement would shortly be made by Gen. Taylor. From conversing with those who have lately seen Gen. Taylor, we infer that this is mere speculation.

We have been allowed to peruse a letter from Saltillo dated the 17th ult., written by an officer of the army. We infer from it that there is likely to be a *Amputee* thereabout. Rumors were current that large bodies of armed Mexicans had been seen at different points, twenty and thirty miles from Saltillo. Apprehensions were excited that the Mexicans were concentrating troops to make an attack upon Saltillo, and all were on the alert there. Some suppose that Urea may have gone round there, and led to these rumors by appearing at different points. We attach little importance to these reports, which will only lead to renewed vigilance on the part of our troops.

The Flag says the Mexican population of the city is visibly increasing. The new comers are represented as wounded and discharged Mexican soldiers, in search of employment. Many officers are also said to have arrived, several of whom we have had pointed out to us. They are all honest and deserving people, no doubt, says the Flag, but suggests that it will be well to keep an eye on them for all that.

The steambot Enterprise has been sunk in the Rio Grande, fifteen miles above Reynosa. Boat a total loss.

Capt. Dunlap's company of mounted men from Illinois had arrived at Matamoros, the men in fine health and the horses in tolerable condition.

McCulloch's company has returned from Camargo to Matamoros.

We copy the following item from the Flag:

From the Interior of the State. Mr. Holliday, a gentleman well known in this city, returned on Tuesday evening last from a journey into the Interior, sixty miles beyond San Fernando. The object of his journey was to purchase mules for Government, which was frustrated on account of an irregular competition in the same business by the band of Carvajal, who were spread over the country taking forcible possession of all the mules and horses fit for service. The alcaldes of several different villages beyond San Fernando advised Mr. Holliday not to prosecute his journey further, assuring him that it would be impossible to obtain mules, and he was running a great risk of being either killed or made prisoner. He was informed that a part of Urea's force was in Victoria, and that the mules and horses which were being collected by the Mexicans were intended for a force which was raising and was to rendezvous at Victoria, for the purpose of making a descent upon Tampico. This he learned from many different sources, and he believes that an attack on that post is intended the weakness of the garrison there strongly favoring such a design.

From the St. Louis Reveille, July 10th.

Startling Intelligence from the Plains.

By the arrival of the Little Missouri, from Fort Leavenworth, we have news from the Plains of the most startling nature. To Mr. A. M. D. Mackay, clerk of the Little Missouri, we are indebted for the following information, which he derived directly from the Quartermaster at the Fort, which therefore can be relied on, implicitly, as true.

On the 5th, an express arrived from Lieut. Love, who was left near the Arkansas, in imminent peril of being cut off by an overpowering body of Indians. Lieut. L. had had a battle with the enemy, in which he lost five dragoons killed, and four wounded—among the latter Sergeant Bishop. It will be recollected that this party had in charge \$300,000 Government funds. When the express left, none of the treasure, subsistence, or animals, had fallen into the hands of the Indians. Lieut. Love sent a pressing request for a reinforcement.

Smith, the wagon-master, who was obliged to "fort" on the Arkansas, in consequence of the hostility of the Indians, had left his establishment, and was fighting his way to Santa Fe. He had taken a few horses from the enemy, and lost two men.

Four companies of infantry were met at Council Grove.

There is nothing more difficult than to concoct a good toast for a festive occasion. If it does not come, as it were, spontaneously, there is little use in hammering at it. The more labor the worse it is, generally; for to be good it must be short, sharp, crisp and piquant. The following from the Boston Post, is an anecdote in point:

Some years since, that prince of wits, Erasmus Root, was present at a celebration in New York. Wine and wit maintained a rivalry. By the side of Gen. Root sat a noted militia Captain, who in due season discovered himself intoxicated, and "called on," for a response. The honor was unexpected, and the recipient was too much a soldier to flinch. True to his "military passion," he proposed: "The militia of the United States—may they never want—and—and—and!" Poor fellow! his heart was true, but his tongue treacherous. He could not have found words to complete what he had begun, had an empire depended on it. Calling spirits from the vinty deep was a taunt in comparison with the poor captain's appeal to language to help him out.

In this critical moment, Gen. Root arose at his side, touched him gently on the shoulder, and whispered in his ear: "And may they never be wanted." The Captain had found relief. With the suddenness of thought he had joined the parts and, assuming an air of unconscious triumph which was certainly felt, he repeated his sentiment, as follows:

"The militia of the United States—may they never want and may they never be wanted!"

Capital sentiment! Let a man try in his closet a month, and he cannot produce a better. It is a toast on which one might almost hang a volume. Not one word too much, not one too little.

EARLY AND LATE HOURS.—The lovers of "good stories" will relish the following magnificent piece of impromptu, by way of a college exercise: "His (Mr. Bushy's) reply to Mr. Holston, his tutor