THE UNION.

CITY OF WASHINGTON.

THURSDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 25, 1845.

THE BOOK!

We have not yet had an opportunity of perusing the correspondence with Jesse Hoyt, which has been surreptitiously published in New York, under the auspices of the notorious Wm. L. Mackenzie. We lay before our readers, this evening, an article, made up of extracts from the "New York Morning News," and the "New York Evening Post." We have read some of the letters, which have been copied into the "Tribune" and the "Express." We have glanced over the remarks of several of the papers upon this curious correspondence. We have read over a few of the short notes, occupying not more than two pages, and cast our eye over the general appearance of the book, which was put into our hands at too late an hour this evening to appreciate its contents.

Our impression decidedly is, that it is one of the most shameless and infamous productions that has ever emanated from the American press. Why the private letters which have been published, and some of them written twenty years ago, should have been carried by Mr. Hoyt to the custom-house—why they should have been kept there for so long a time after the chairman of the Poindexter committee had once laid his long and bony fingers upon all the papers in the custom-house—who assisted Wm. L. Mackenzie in arranging them, connecting them with intermediate explanations, and editing the infamous work—are circumstances yet to be explained. Mr. Hoyt has not, so far as we are advised, explained these circumstances, as far as as he understands them; but, of course, he will come out and clear his skirts of all participation in the infamous work. We cannot believe that he who was not only raised by Mr. Martin Van Buren in his office—the friend of Messrs. Butler and John Van Buren—but indebted to Mr. Van Buren for his office as collector, was innocent of the act; but we must believe that he will spare no effort to account for the publication, and unmask the guilty perpetrators. It is suspected that W. L. Mackenzie found the letters in the custom-house, or was guided to their discovery by some more cunning scoundrel, and employed hours when he should have been discharging his duties as inspector, in stealing copies of papers, which, in strict honor, he ought never to have inspected. The whole plot is shameless and withering to the character of every man who was concerned in it. It is founded on the most profligate abuse of private morals. It cuts up every species of confidence between man and man, by the roots. Let no one who was concerned in the transaction ever be trusted.

We have not read the pamphlet, we repeat; but we have read the letters which some of the whig papers in New York have published; and we confess we do not perceive the corruption which is said by the whigs to run through them. We have perused, with great care, the letters of Mr. Martin Van Buren, which the last New York Express gleaned from the mass, as one of its precious extracts; but there is nothing in them of which an honorable man has occasion to be ashamed. We are further advised by a gentleman who has read the whole, and was aware, several weeks before they appeared, of the channels through which they were to run, that there is nothing in them calculated to affect, in any serious manner, the moral character of Mr. Hoyt's correspondents.

It is evident, however, that the editor, his aiders and abettors, have counted upon the political effects it would have upon the republican politicians of New York; and it is amusing to see the various courses which the whig presses have taken in noticing the work. The New York Tribune—whose editor can pass with the most easy transition from the breach of private confidence to the gravity of the pulpit—publishes copious extracts from the correspondence. The editor of the New York Express splits hairs, and plays the easy casuist upon the occasion. He re-publishes the letters, under the affected "impression that the owners of the letters assisted in giving them to the world, or that they were custom-house documents, surrendered by that owner to the public." So far, (continues the Express,) we feel that we are acting right. When we know more, we shall say more." Exquisite critic! divine moralist, he is! The "New York Courier and Enquirer," (to its honor be it said) takes the following manly and gentlemanly ground:

"It is a sound axiom, that the receiver of stolen goods is no better than the *thief*; and to publish any portion of these letters would, in our opinion, put us on a par with the individual who has thrown them before the public. Any editor who would publish them, would, it is to be presumed, have done all that Mackenzie has done. Certainly, no person pretending to entertain the feelings of a gentleman, could possibly loan his columns to such an iniquitous proceeding. That some papers have, and will, publish them, no one can doubt who is familiar with the character of a portion of the press; but, most assuredly, no respectable press will thus proclaim its editor anything but a gentleman."

Our cotemporary of the National Intelligencer devotes a very long article in this morning's paper to the pamphlet; and, whilst it appears to have a very qualmish conscience on the occasion, and declines a publication of the letters, yet, by the very manner of noticing it, whets the prurient appetite for the forbidden fruit. It is amusing to see how the National Intelligencer encourages others to peruse, to search, and to read what its fastidious taste affects to condemn. It first strikes the eye with the touching title of "A startling publication;" and then, after reciting the contents of the book, it proceeds to tantalize the public curiosity thus:

"We have hastily run our eye over this publication, and we *are not surprised* at the curiosity which it *has excited*; and that not among *the lovers of scandal merely*, whose appetite the contents of the compilation are *well calculated to gratify*, but *among men of all classes and all parties*. The letters certainly contain *strange developments*. They are, however, letters evidently written in all the freedom of intimacy, and with the most entire confidence in the sanctity of private correspondence, the violation of which no circumstances of political animosity or personal difference can justify. It is *hardly possible to refrain from reading such matter when placed in print before one*, but we cannot reconcile it to the rule of conduct by which we have ever been governed, to be instrumental in extending the publicity already given to these private letters. *We therefore refrain, however strongly tempted, from extracting from this book any part of its contents.* The other matter in the book consists chiefly of facts extracted from the report made by the commissioners appointed in the year 1841 by the Executive of the United States to investigate the affairs of the New York custom-house. Those facts, officially ascertained, *important in themselves, and fit subject for exposition*, have not before been prominently presented to the public attention, nor animadverted upon as they ought to be. The large volume of the reports deterred public journalists from the attempt to publish them; and the labor of an analysis of them was almost as appalling. Such, at least, is the reason why our readers have heard so little of these reports, of which a small number of copies only were printed for Congress, and a still smaller number of these, of course, found their way into the hands of individuals. Reminded by Mr. Mackenzie's publication *of the interesting facts disclosed in these reports*, it is perhaps not yet *too late* to bring them to *the particular* notice of our own readers. We will think of it."

What a struggle there must have been in the bosom of our neighbors. They *will think of it*, will they? And we shall not be surprised to see them *thinking better* of their decision, and backsliding from the position they now profess to take, as they did on the Mexican question—publishing at least what they seem now so anxious to recommend to others to read—what they are now reluctant to print themselves.

A friend tells us, that a print published in this city, which we never see, attempts to make it appear that our remarks, a few evenings since, relative to the "affiliated" Washington press, referred to the "Constitution." The public, we presume, understood us to allude, as we did, to a different paper.

☞ The communication of "A Marylander" is presented from the pen of an old democrat of Baltimore. We may not subscribe to every sentiment which the author expresses, but unquestionably it is the production of no ordinary mind.

MR. CARR, CONSUL TO MOROCCO.

The papers of New York have published several paragraphs respecting the refusal of the Emperor of Morocco to receive Mr. T. P. Carr as consul from the United States. The fact has been positively so stated; and it is believed by many in this city. The "New York Globe" of Wednesday morning devotes more than a column to the subject. It first quotes the following editorial from the "New York Sun" of the 12th instant:

"Morocco.—We learn that Mr. Mullowney, late consul at Morocco, has returned to the United States, bringing intelligence that the Emperor refuses to receive Thomas N. Carr, esq., recently appointed to that office. Mr. Carr has been permitted to land in a private capacity, and it is said that Mr. Mullowney, a citizen of the United States, but a native-born subject of the Emperor, brings a letter from the Emperor to the President, requesting that he may be appointed instead of Mr. Carr. That efforts have been made to prevent Mr. Carr from being recognised, there cannot be a doubt. It is a settled policy in our intercourse with these regencies, to protect our consuls, and never permit the governments of the Barbary states to discard any person in whom our government has confidence, nor yet to designate whom they may be pleased to have as our representative. It is certainly not policy to force any decidedly obnoxious citizen upon the Emperor as consul; but it must be shown that such a person has, by his acts and conduct, made himself obnoxious to the government; always bearing in mind that a consul who does his duty firmly, and protects the rights and honor of his country against the fickleness and prejudices of the Barbary powers, can never be very popular with them. Hence, when a difficulty occurs which compels a consul to strike his flag, that consul is always sent back when the affair is settled. The Mussulman governments take advantage of every Christian power which is not firm and decided on this point. Properly explained, and apart from intrigue, the Moorish government can have no objection to receive Mr. Carr."

The New York Globe then subjoins:

"Upon reading the foregoing paragraph, we immediately set ourselves to tracing the report of the rejection of Mr. Carr, by his Moorish majesty, to its source. We learned that the editor of the Sun took the leading fact from the French paper, published in New York, *Le Courrier des Etats Unis*; which latter paper, published here on the 6th instant, had taken the information, substantially, from a paper published in France.

"Now let us look at dates. By the steamship Britannia we have twelve days' later news from Europe than any other source. She brings advices from Liverpool up to the 4th, London the 3d, and Paris the 1st September. By that ship we have the first news of the arrival of the brig Republic, (the vessel in which Mr. Carr sailed from this port,) at Gibraltar on the 16th day of August. The Britannia is the first possible arrival that could occur, giving the news of the arrival of Mr. Carr at Gibraltar; and consequently no letter or advices from him, or from any other source, could be received except by the steamer at Boston. None whatever have as yet been received either here or at Washington; and the report can only have been set afloat, as we should think, by Mr. Mullowney, who received news of his recal at least 30 days before Mr. Carr received his instructions and had left New York. Who else but Mr. Mullowney could have made such a report? and who else was to profit by it? That report may have been thus made with all the semblance of truth on Mr. Mullowney's passage through the capitals of Europe, as a thing *possible* to occur on the arrival of Mr. Carr at Tangier; and thus have been tortured, by some *misunderstanding* French editor in Paris, (seeing Mr. M. on his way to America,) into the fact that such *was* the case—while, at the very moment, Mr. Carr could not have been half-way across the Atlantic! This is the most charitable view of the case, if we would exculpate Mr. Mullowney. He has been in Washington, it would appear, for some time, endeavoring to supplant Mr. Carr—in a manner, we regret to say, pretty much as he did once before. It is known that he was a protegee of Sir E. W. Hyde, the British consul at Tangier, and that, upon the recommendation of that British officer alone, Mr. Carr (who had been appointed by Mr. Van Buren) was recalled by Daniel Webster, and Mr. Mullowney appointed in his place. It was, therefore, highly proper, on this account *alone*, if there were no other reason, that Mr. Carr should be sent back again by Mr. Polk. Besides, as the Journal of Commerce has observed, when we send a consul to Morocco, we shall not consult the Emperor of that country as to his fitness, nor receive his recommendation as to whom we shall send. But, for the present, let us come back to *time*, in order to show the impossibility, not to say improbability, of any difficulties as to his reception having occurred as above stated in the Sun.

"It is now known that Mr. Carr arrived at Gibraltar on the 16th of August. From that day until the day of the departure of the Britannia from Liverpool, on the 4th of September instant, is just 19 days. Yet in those 19 days, without waiting a single day for the frigate Cumberland, ordered to take him at Gibraltar, land him on the Barbary shore, and await his further direction, Mr. Carr must have crossed over the strait, landed in Barbary, sent his credentials overland to the Emperor, several hundred miles, received an answer back the same distance, then negotiated for permission to remain, the news flying across the strait to Gibraltar, and then getting all the way to Paris, and thence over the channel to Liverpool, to *come even by the Britannia!* which news, we need not again remark, has not yet arrived by any conveyance whatever. The time required to do all this, could not, even by the aid of steam, have been less than 30 days. And yet, the news (coupled with Mr. Mullowney's name, mark you) is published in New York thirteen days before the Britannia arrived! and is not as yet confirmed by any despatch or letter, received either in America or in England."

The "Globe," we think, is right in the conclusion which it draws about the rejection of Mr. Carr. He could scarcely have arrived at Tangier in time to have communicated the fact to Washington; and we know that, up to this moment, the Department of State has received no official account of his having arrived, much less of his being rejected. It is probable that the Emperor of Morocco may make some difficulty about receiving him; but it is expected, of course, if Mr. Mullowney presents himself again to fill the anticipated vacancy, that he should explain whether he had any hand in the matter, or how he came to know that the Emperor would not receive Mr. Carr.

The "New York Globe" does not appear to us, as far as we are advised, to do justice to Commodore Morgan. Mr. Carr was rudely treated at Tangier in 1842:

"We repeat, (says the New York Globe,) how was this insult to Consul Carr treated? Why, thus: Commodore Morgan went over to Tangier, after first taking his newly-married wife visiting and sight-seeing all round the Mediterranean; and when there, became himself the suitor for adjustment, suffered his officers, greatly to the contempt of the Moors, who expected nothing but cannon balls, to go ashore on the very night of his arrival to a grand ball at the British consul's, instead of instantly demanding satisfaction at the cannon's mouth; and then he stipulated mutually with the Emperor that he should degrade the captain of the port from office, and that Mr. Carr should forever thereafter be incapacitated from holding office under the United States government! What right had the chivalric and intelligent Commodore to do this? To disfranchise an American citizen, forsooth! The blood of every true American must boil at the insult. Thus, then, terminated this disgraceful affair on the part of the Commodore. Thus terminated it on the part of Mr. Webster, who was fully advised of the whole facts."

We cannot find in Com. Morgan's letters anything to confirm this statement. He agreed to no such condition, making no pledge for the future that Mr. Carr would not return to his consulate at Morocco—much less that he would relinquish all public office. The Commodore seemed so anxious to protect the honor of his flag, that he actually declined obeying a concurrent order from the Navy Department, and a request from the State Department, because he stickled for the point of honor, and was determined to incur the responsibility of waiting until the authorities of Washington knew exactly the state of the facts. It does not appear, from his letters, that it was he at last who settled the dispute; nor does it appear that he made any such stipulation as the "Globe" supposes. There was some slight allusion made in some of his previous letters to Mr. Carr's having left the consular service at Tangier.

We do not mean to discuss these points of etiquette at this time. We trust that Mr. Carr will be received at Tangier, and that no further difficulty will arise about the matter.

We observe a speculation in one of the papers, that, in consequence of the supposed embarrassments in our relations with Morocco, the Congress frigate is about to change her destination from the Pacific to the Mediterranean. This is altogether a mistake. The Congress is still bound to the Pacific.

The "Richmond Whig" of this morning condescends to repeat a similar batch of stories to those which it extracted from the "Charleston Mercury." They relate to Col. Benton, the editor of the Union, Mr. Polk's deceptious course about the tariff, the general dissatisfaction among the people, &c., &c. So far as we know, these statements are all false. So far as we have heard, we do not believe there is a syllable of truth in them. In the next sixty days, look out, as the almanacs would say, for clouds and thunder—for extravagant assertions and the grossest misrepresentations.

The "Alexandria Gazette" of this morning condescends to republish from the same polluted fountain a series of humbugs about Mr. Secretary Walker.

The New Orleans Bee (also whig) re-echoes the idle romances of the Washington correspondent of the Charleston Mercury.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Walker, is said to lie quite ill.—*New York paper.*

A mistake! The Secretary has not been ill, and is now able to attend to his public duties.

DIED,

At the residence of Major Dimick, Fort Constitution, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Mrs. OLIVE RINDGE WALDRON, aged 68 years.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, September 23, 1845.

You will see accounts, via Boston, of a late date, from Buenos Ayres. Things there continue in a very unsettled state, made infinitely worse by the intermeddling of the French and English governments. A blockade of the river Plate is probable. Horrible atrocities are said to have been committed in Corrientes, where General Paz is indirectly aided by French and English influence. In all this European intermeddling, our interest, as a neutral nation, seriously suffers. Few American ships are said to be in the Plate. Exchange has gone up enormously, while gold and silver are in great demand. It seems to me the conduct of England and France in that part of the world should be strongly and urgently protested against on our part.

Some further arrests have been made in the disturbed anti-rent district. Others are still under trial.

In speaking of the indebtedness of the East India government yesterday, I should have stated that the amount borrowed on account of Indian wars recently, amounted to 13,000,000 rupees, *and not pounds sterling*. The rupee is valued at two shillings sterling—worth from 45 to 50 cents; making the amount borrowed about $6,000,000. I misunderstood Mr. T. on this point.

On referring to McCulloch, I find that, as far back as 1837 and 1838, the receipts of the Indian government amounted to about £22,000,000 sterling, or to about $100,000,000. Their expenditures during the same period amounted to about £25,000,000, creating an excess of debt equal to £3,000,000 sterling, or about $14,000,000 to $15,000,000!!

Their entire debt in 1839 was estimated at £60,000,000 sterling, fully equal to $200,000,000.

"The company have given the following statement of their affairs, which is applicable as respects India, to the 1st of May, 1831, and as respects England to the 1st of May, 1832:

Total political and territorial debts, abroad and home		£6,197,782
Total political and territorial credits abroad and home		29,579,528
Deficiency in the political and territorial branch		31,618,259
Total commercial debts at home and abroad	£1,928,494	
Total commercial credits at home and abroad	21,647,149	
		19,718,655
Balance deficient		11,899,604
Add company's and home bond debt		3,542,852
Total deficiency, including home bond debt		£15,442,456

"Of the credits placed to the account of the company, arrears of revenue, &c., form an important item; but of these, it is most probable a considerable portion will never be realized."

The debts of this company have gone on increasing to the present day. The exact amount, at this time, is unknown. We have every reason to believe it is enormous, and that it amounts to a sum which never can or will be paid. The great Indian government, like the parent stem, is hopelessly bankrupt, and can only exist by the aid of paper money, renewed loans to meet accruing interest, and deficiencies.

Had our colonial condition remained unchanged, it is likely this country, ere now, by being saddled with a spendthrift and extravagant government, would have been subjected to the same species of debt, sustained by heavy taxes, paper money, and loans.

"Liberty" is not "an empty sound," unless made so by its corrupt votaries, who affect to worship in her temple—who, while professing democracy, and kneeling around her sacred altars, secretly steal away the precious insignia, the treasured relics of her household divinities.

The young American, Mr. T., to whom I am indebted for much interesting information in relation to India, states that he was in Calcutta last May, when the Virginia, loaded with saltpetre, took fire, a short distance from that port, and blew up. One poor fellow lost his clothing and everything else. Mr. T. supplied him with an outfit, for which he paid $30.

He says nothing is more commonly or strongly believed in at Calcutta, than that *saltpetre* will explode when *on fire*. As many as three vessels having been lost either in the Ganges, or just after sailing, by fire, accompanied with terrible explosions of saltpetre. One was an English vessel, which, a few years ago, with a cargo of saltpetre, took fire. She was seen on fire from shore; soon after which, a terrible explosion occurred, instantaneously scattering the vessel into fragments. What remained of the wreck, immediately sunk—not a soul being saved. The next, which met a similar fate, was a Scotch vessel. The third was the Virginia, as stated. It seems to me, such facts are conclusive that *saltpetre will explode—on board ship, at least.*

Only $600,000 remain to be subscribed for on the books of the Erie railroad.

As many as three vessels report having exchanged signals, or having seen the Great Western, standing bravely on her course towards "merry Old England."

The stock market was dull to-day, with a slight decline in some descriptions. Exchange continues the same. Three thousand bales of cotton sold yesterday, at steady prices.

Flour remains without change. Michigan and Ohio $4 68 to $4 75. Brandywine and Georgetown, new and choice, $4 75 to $5 00. New wheat varies according to quality, from 95 cents to $1 02 per bushel.

Thirty thousand pounds of tallow from Pittsburg, sold at 7½ cents per pound; one hundred thousand New York, at 7¼ cents.

The packet-ships Emerald and Oneida, to Bond & Hinckin, from Havre, arrived yesterday. The latter was the day before prematurely reported.

The packet-ship Louis Philippe cleared to-day for Havre. The ship Metoka is in from Liverpool, sailed August 31st. The Ceylon, from Glasgow, also arrived. We also have arrivals from Smyrna, Kingston, and Bremen; from the latter, the ship Charleston.

Yours, very truly and respectfully,
MORGAN.

[From another correspondent.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 23, 1845.

The publication yesterday of a book containing the private letters of some of our most prominent politicians, addressed to Jesse Hoyt, (or, as Swartwout writes, "Jeaseka,") has caused much excitement in this city.

The letters, principally, are of that familiar and unstudied character usually addressed by one friend to another.

Private correspondence of this kind, between any two friends, and on almost any subject, would scarcely answer to be published to the world. No one can look upon the unmitigated wretch who caused their publication with any other feelings than those of horror and contempt.

No man in the Union is safe in writing a private note, if publications of this nature are to be countenanced. Before we are aware of it, some prying knave, or dirty scoundrel, may be wrenching the fastenings from our own private drawers, and securing private letters for publication to the world. I envy not the creature's feelings who has placed his name upon the cover of this book, as the compiler; and if it were possible for William L. Mackenzie to find a lower depth than the one he has for a long time grovelled in, this act would place him in his right quarters. There is here no little curiosity to know how he obtained possession of these papers, or why Mr. Hoyt should leave them in so public a place as the New York custom-house, four or five years after he had left the office. Did Mackenzie have a partner in this villany; and if yea, who was it? These are questions continually being asked; but none can answer them.

Another curious publication made its appearance yesterday, in the shape of a "Free and Full Confession of John B. Gough," the somewhat celebrated temperance lecturer, who, you will recollect, fell from the faith in this our wicked city, and was discovered, greatly to the scandal of men "temperate in *all* things," in a house where it was really very naughty to be found, and not altogether clear in his senses. A few days since he left this city for Massachusetts, with a promise that, on his arrival there, he would write out a full confession, and send it here for publication. Sure enough, yesterday it appeared in the Journal of Commerce, fully endorsed, and highly commended by the editors, who urged the simple, unaffected, heartfelt, and sincere confession to the attentive perusal of its numerous readers. The Evening Post, too, prefaced the publication of it with a few grave reflections becoming so interesting and important a subject. Sad to relate, however, the whole thing has proved to be a hoax of the worst kind.

It appears by the last arrival, that the English press, notwithstanding the efforts made to suppress their ill-nature, on account of the triumphant success of the annexation measure, will let out occasionally a little of its ridiculous John Bull bluster, and also the reasons why it was desirable to England to have Texas remain independent. These reasons were the very ones—and the very strongest ones, too—why every American should desire her annexation to the Union. Texas could, of herself, have supplied Great Britain with all the cotton she wanted, to the injury of our own cotton-growing State and thus made the "sea-girt isle" independent of us, *which she is not now, nor ever can be.* The "Liverpool Mail," in relation to this matter, having inflated itself almost to the bursting point, says:

"If the government of England should unhappily give a tacit consent, or no consent at all, but an unmeaning growl to the annexation scheme, she will be guilty of a dereliction of duty, and will expose herself to the charge of suppressing slavery with one hand, and encouraging it with the other. *The interests of the manufacturers of this country are decidedly in favor of the independence of Texas. Policy challenges the economy of the proposed union. The less we are dependent upon any one country for the supply of that important staple, cotton, the better for ourselves.* The soil of Texas is fertile, and its agricultural products for manufacturing purposes are inexhaustible. In an independent position, her trade, her supplies, her consumption, would be invaluable to this country. Bound to us by favorable treaties, and liberally encouraged, she might, under our protective friendship, be placed in a mediatorial condition; and, availing herself of her locality, she might be the school-mistress of Mexico, and the parocialial beadle of the United States. She would be a cooling-draught to England between two fires. Annex her to the latter republic, and she would be forever swamped—a convenient bog, in which would be submerged the principles of liberty, light, and truth.

"But there is another point. Who are the men in Texas who call themselves a convention of the people, and who, in the idle and abused name of the people, with all the pomp and circumstance of unblushing quackery, give their solemn and profound assent to this act of annexation?"

Ha, ha, ha—ho, ho, ho—he, he, he! "Unhappily give a tacit consent!" Why, the dunce. Who cares for, or asks, the "consent" of England. Her wishes, wants, or demands, are likely to have little influence with Brother Jonathan in future. Then again: "who are the men in Texas who call themselves a convention of the people?" Ay, there's the rub; who are they? They each and all answered this question by unanimously rejecting the overtures of Great Britain, *made through the Mexican cabinet;* and if any further information is wanted, let application be addressed to them personally, and, my word for it, an answer will be given.

The appointment of the Hon. Levi Woodbury to a seat on the Supreme bench of the United States, is well received in this section, barring the regret felt for his loss in the Senate. A true champion of democracy there, as everywhere else, he will not fail to carry its spirit with him, and also its moral, political, and Christian tendencies. The Courier and Enquirer of this city, while it speaks as well as it could be expected of this appointment, takes occasion to shut out as a candidate for the presidency one of the whig aspirants for that high office. Judge McLean, I believe, is a great favorite of some of the whigs for the executive chair, and they are anxious for his nomination; but the Courier vetoes all action of this kind, by declaring that "the judges of that court (Supreme Court of the United States) are a priesthood consecrated and set apart, and no more to be mingled up in the debasing strife of politics; and, under no circumstances, can any one of them ever become a candidate for popular favor. We believe that both political parties alike agree in the doctrine we have alluded to."

Our city continues to be thronged with strangers; but instead of being mostly pleasure-seekers, they are merchants. It is difficult at present to pass through some of our business streets, so filled up are they with boxes, carts, &c.; and Broadway and other streets for retailing, are one solid mass of "living loveliness." This is the season for the ladies to take in their fall and winter supplies of necessaries and much finery; and so busy and active are the dear—yes, *dear*—creatures at this time, in this kind of business, that little else is attended to, except the opera.

Stewart's is the grand centre for "shopping ladies." There they can supply themselves with all things needful, and luxuries, from a pair of garters to a $1,500 shawl—one of which, from India, I was invited to look at yesterday. It was, indeed, a luxurious thing—none like it in the United States, and probably not a dozen in Europe. This is a piece of foolish extravagance, we are apt to say; and yet there is many a lady *anxious* to exchange her $1,500 for this single garment. The material is goat's hair, made by hand, requiring several years to manufacture it, and so ingeniously and curiously wrought, as to make it a real study, requiring much time to separate and *bring out* the figures, so blended are they together. But ladies will take care of these things, so I will let them alone.

Stocks are a little down to-day.

LEDYARD.

STATE DEPARTMENT.

Extract of a letter received from C. J. Richards, vice consul of the United States at Calcutta, under date 12th May, 1845.

SIR: I have to report the loss of ship Virginia of Newburyport, 399 81-95ths tons burden, William Cotting commander, by fire, on the 5th inst., at the Sand Heads, about 22 miles southeast of the lower floating light vessel. She had discharged her pilot that morning at about 4h. 30m. a. m., and at about 10h. 15m. of the same day they discovered smoke issuing from the cuddy and after hatches; and in from twenty to twenty-five minutes after the smoke was first discovered, she was entirely destroyed, and not a particle of her to be seen, except a few floating fragments. The ship was laden with a general cargo from this port, consisting principally of saltpetre and linseed.

The captain, officers, and crew saved, but Mr. G. H. Saunders, of Salem, supercargo, was lost; no property saved, but the launch and jolly-boat, a chromometer, sextant, and compass.

The officers and crew were picked up by the boats of pilot vessels, who saw the fire, and rendered them every assistance in their power.

They arrived here perfectly destitute, having saved only the clothes they stood in. I, of course, have taken care of them, under the provisions of the act for their relief.

From the Baltimore Republican, Sep. 24.

THE CONTEST.—We are now in the midst of a contest which promises most flattering results. From different parts of the State, we learn that our friends are determined to do their full duty. From the third congressional district, particularly, we have such intelligence as causes us to feel perfectly confident that the democrats of that portion of the State will give a good account of themselves, having buried all dissensions, and patriotically determined to show their full strength, and wipe off the imputation of having surrendered themselves to their opponents. No part of the State has sounder democrats than the Old Tenth Legion; and nothing but the state of the weather, the unusual time of holding the election, and a too full confidence in their immense strength, enabled the cunning, day-and-night working of coonery, once to deceive them. They have since that anxiously awaited the time to place themselves again in the first rank; and this day week they will do it most effectually, despite the tricks and misrepresentations resorted to, for the purpose of defeating the able gentleman who is the democratic candidate for Congress. The other candidates for the legislature, &c., are on the track, and certain of a full vote; and we shall once more have the pleasure of placing the democracy of the "Tenth Legion" side by side with invincible Baltimore. In our city, the temporary clouds which for a while obscured our sky, have passed away; and we feel it in our bones, that high-plumed victory awaits our tickets. Let our friends, however, be vigilant and active, for our enemies are using every energy; and it will be seen by their papers, that they are industriously at work in their wards. We should be fully organized and prepared for any movement that they may make. Although there are at present three tickets in the field, we should depend upon our own strength alone, which is amply sufficient, if brought out, to defeat *all* opposition, *combined or single.* We therefore again say, our prospects are bright indeed—let us push on to victory;—neither looking to the right nor left, calculating and relying upon our *own friends* and our *own exertions.* This done, and *we are safe*—come what will, happen what may.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

TRUE SENTIMENT.

The burden of the whig assaults upon the President has been his duplicity upon the tariff question—for free-trade at the South, and a protective tariff at the North. However absurd the charge—especially when the whigs had in glaring colors before them the extraordinary course of their own chief on the Texas question, as exhibited by his Raleigh and Alabama letters—it has been made to ring all the changes in whig tactics. In the Cincinnati Gazette, a very strong whig paper, we find a short paragraph which sets the matter right. It does full justice to the motives of the President, save that, instead of "putting down the tariff," the administration will labor honestly and zealously to modify it according to the revenue standard, demanded by the interest of all classes alike:

"THE TARIFF AND SUB-TREASURY.—Two things are evident enough just now, viz: that the administration means to put down the tariff, and to establish the sub-treasury, if it can.

"No one, in this, can charge Mr. Polk or Mr. Walker with inconsistency; both avowed this to be their policy *before* they were elected to office; *after* their installation, it were strange indeed if they did not exert whatever power they could to establish it."

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE.—In our leading article of yesterday, we stated that Mackenzie was appointed a clerk in the customs, by Mr. Curtis. We were in error in this. Mackenzie was never employed in the customs while Mr. Curtis was collector; but, on the contrary, Mackenzie applied for employment, backed by a letter from President Tyler, and was not successful. He was subsequently appointed through the same influence; and finally, when his real character became known, resigned his place.—*N. Y. Globe.*

MACKENZIE'S PAMPHLET.

From the New York Morning News.

About the dirtiest piece of small knavery that we have ever heard of in party politics, was perpetrated yesterday, in the issue of a publication under the name of William L. Mackenzie, consisting, in part, of what purports to be extracts from a mass of private letters to Mr. Jesse Hoyt, from various persons of more or less prominence in politics for the last five-and-twenty years. Garbled *ad libitum*, and plentifully garnished with insinuating italics and astonishing capitals, and accompanied with a running commentary, freely compounded of second-hand mendacity and original scurrility,—these are spread out by the author, and ushered forth with congenial relish and pleasure by the Tribune, as though they were marvellous and vastly-important revelations. What proportion of them may be genuine, and what proportion fictitious, we have no means of knowing; nor is the contemptible pamphlet worth the trouble of inquiring. Whichever of them are genuine, were obtained by a felony—by breaking into a box of old private papers, left accidentally behind him in the custom-house, by Mr. Hoyt, late collector. The pretence insinuated, that they were from certain "fifteen volumes of correspondence," taken possession of by the Poindexter committee, and thence, in some unexplained mode, coming into the hands of the publisher, is a pure falsehood, and a mere cover to the still more criminal way in which they were procured. The letters, as published, are private—free and careless correspondence, running back for nearly thirty years—including hundreds of matters wholly disconnected from politics—even some from a lady—and, on their own mere showing, stamping with the lowest degree of shameless rascality the publisher and his accomplices or prompters. Who these latter are, is yet to appear. When discovered, if they have ever before pretended to the right of associating with gentlemen, it is very certain that none will ever again permit them the privilege.

No one will believe in the genuineness of all these *soi-disant* letters. While the main bulk and basis of them may be genuine—the genuine results of one of the most scoundrel thefts—no one can know which of them, or what passage or words of them, may or may not be interpolations. Such forgery would be scarcely a sensible addition of either crime or disgrace to the theft and publication.

The main object of the whole appears to be to aim a blow of malignant vengeance at a number of the leading friends of the administration in this State, the stimulating cause of which is evidently the removal of the late collector Van Ness. Mackenzie was appointed by Mr. Van Ness to a place in the custom-house, and went out of office with him. So far as we have looked into it, in its application to the more prominent of those, we do not see that it is calculated to injure them in the public estimation. Some of the persons attacked—Mr. Van Buren, for instance—this publication of their confidential private correspondence is calculated to raise still higher than they have stood before in public respect. There is nothing in any of these, free and open as they are, in the unsuspecting and unreserved confidence of such communications, that any friend of that gentleman need wish to blot. Nor, though he is made the object of more fierce and pervading venom of abuse, is there anything in the letter ascribed to Mr. B. F. Butler which that gentleman would hesitate to avow before the world; or which, fairly and truly understood, would detract from his long and well-earned eminence of position in the confidence and regard of the country. The same is true in regard to the other more prominent persons into whose letters we have looked; and we perfectly agree with more than one whig gentleman, whose declarations have been stated to us, that they see nothing in the book amounting to much, after all the dust which has been raised about it.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

"THE BOOK OF THE DAY.—The streets are placarded with an announcement under this heading, of a publication which purports to give the secret political history of the State of New York for some years back, and to contain the "lives and opinions of Benjamin Franklin Butler and Jesse Hoyt, with Anecdotes or Biographical Sketches of Stephen Allen, George P. Barker, Jacob Barker, James Gordon Bennett, Samuel R. Betts, Isaac W. Bishop, F. P. Blair, Walter Bowne, C. C. Cambreleng, Moses L. Cantine, J. I. Coddington, Wm. H. Crawford, Edwin Croswell, Isaac Kible, Cornelius W. Lawrence, Isaac Q. Leake, Charles L. Livingston, Edward Livingston, Wm. L. Marcy, M. M. Noah, Thaddeus Phelps, Elijah F. Purdy, Roger Skinner, Peter W. Spicer, Samuel Swartwout, Enos T. Throop, Henry Ulshoeffer, John Van Buren, Martin Van Buren, Prosper M. Wetmore, Campbell P. White, Levi Woodbury, Silas Wright, Samuel Young, and their friends and political associates, by Wm. L. Mackenzie. Cook & Co., publishers; Boston."

Not having read the work, we are only able to speak of its character from the accounts of it, and extracts, which we find in the Tribune and the Express—the only journals that have been unprincipled enough to make use of private papers obtained by a fraud of the most atrocious and damning character; for this work is a collection of notes said to have been addressed to Mr. Jesse Hoyt, while collector of the port, by various persons of more or less political eminence, during a time of unusual agitation and excitement in the public mind. How far these notes are authentic—how far, if authentic, they have been mutilated by the scoundrel who has the effrontery to place his name on the title-page, and to what extent, if both authentic and unmutilated, they involve the reputations of the individuals so unwarrantably and malignantly dragged before the public—we cannot say. Those are points upon which we shall not remark until we are better informed of the particulars. We are told, however, by persons who have looked into these papers, that, if true, they contain nothing culpable on the part of many of the distinguished persons who are abused.

But there is one aspect of the business to which we are bound to refer. We mean, the utter and unparalleled disregard of all moral and honorable principle by which the confidential papers of private individuals are published to the world. We think we have never heard of a meaner or more despicable piece of knavery than has been resorted to in procuring and printing these documents. The editor insinuates that they were seized by the Poindexter commission, and transmitted to Washington, where, by some inexplicable chance, they were brought to light. Yet this, we have authority for saying, is a positive falsehood. The private papers of Mr. Hoyt have been stored away in a box in a private room of the custom-house, under a strong lock and key. Mackenzie, about two years ago, was appointed to a clerkship under collector Van Ness, and put in the exclusive occupation of the room in which Mr. Hoyt's private and legal papers were deposited. It is said that other clerks were removed from the room, at Mackenzie's instance, that he might indulge his searching propensities unmolested and to the full. The probability is, therefore, that these papers, so far as they are genuine, have been stolen from the box, and so feloniously made public. Of this proceeding, and of the publication of letters obtained in this way, we agree with the morning whig paper, the Courier and Enquirer, with which we do not often have occasion to agree. It says:

"It is insinuated in a preliminary notice, that these papers were obtained by the Poindexter commission, and carried to Washington; and in that way, by some unavowed means, have seen the light. We do not believe this story, and rather imagine it will turn out—if, as we suppose is undoubted, the letters be genuine—that they have been feloniously purloined from a locked depository in one of the rooms of the custom-house, where they were left for safekeeping by Mr. Hoyt, and are now given to the public from a mingled feeling of personal vengeance and mercenary speculation.

"In this shape the publication is infamous, and should be denounced by all who value the inviolability of private papers, which, even more than the inviolability of persons, goes to make freedom secure.

"It is a sound axiom, that the receiver of stolen goods is no better than the thief; and to publish any portion of these letters, would, in our opinion, put us on a par with the individual who has thrown them before the public. Any editor who would publish them, would, it is to be presumed, have done all that Mackenzie has done. Certainly, no person pretending to entertain the feelings of a gentleman, could possibly lend his columns to such an iniquitous proceeding. That some papers have, and will, publish them, no one can doubt who is familiar with the character of a portion of the press; but, most assuredly, no respectable press will thus proclaim its editor anything but a gentleman."

From the New York Evening Gazette.

A pamphlet, of some 150 closely printed pages, purporting to be published at Boston, and prepared by W. L. Mackenzie, has been sent to us for notice. It can receive at our hands no other notice than one of earnest and unhesitating condemnation. It is a collection of private letters addressed, through a long series of years, to Mr. Jesse Hoyt, by intimate personal and political friends—letters which cannot have come honestly into the possession of third parties, and of which the publication strikes us as a gross violation of all the decencies of life—of all social and moral obligation.

It is no apology for such an outrage, that like outrages have been committed before—like in kind, but not in degree; for unprincipled as have been many publications heretofore of private papers, it never has occurred that the whole of an individual's private and most confidential papers through an active career of more than a quarter of a century, have been nefariously obtained and spread before the world. Nor is it any extenuation of this grossly immoral act, that it tends to unveil the real characters of men eminent for public station, and high in public confidence, and to show that mouth-professions of regard for the people's interests and the people's rights are but covers to the most profound and mercenary selfishness.

Even lessons such as these are not to be taught at the expense of what is right and becoming; positive evil