The subjoined extract from the gifted SHELLEY, breathes so much of the "sad, still music of humanity," that it must sink deep into every heart.

A MOON-LIT BATTLE-FIELD.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain the sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam, yon castle steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace; all from a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still!

The orb of day,
In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field
Sinks sweetly smiling; not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
And Vesper's image on the western main
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud in dark and deepening mass,
Rolls o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom,
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend
With all its winds and lightning tracks his prey:
The torn deep yawns; the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven? that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quench'd
In darkness, and the pure sparkling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round.
Hark to the roar, whose swift and deaf'ning peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din, the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage! loud and more loud
The discord grows; till pale Death shuts the scene
And o'er the conquer'd draws
His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All in deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save where the frantic wail of widow'd love
Comes shuddering on the blast; or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
Dawns on the mournful scene: the sulphureous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the sparkling snow. There tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scatter'd arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsalying victors; far behind
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.

From the Boston Atlas.

A PARISIAN OUT OF PARIS

Aug. 21st, 1847.

Last week we were in Holland; to-day we are on the Rhine; we have already reached the spot where travellers leave this river of superb banks. People travel now-a-days with deplorable rapidity! If the memory of our readers will enable them to go back a week, and retrace our wandering and fugitive chronicles, we will remind them that we parted last Saturday in the village of Schevening, in the neighborhood of the Hague, on the shores of the North Sea. We went there to seek an echo, a reflection of the Parisian world, which licensed by the summer season, scatters itself in all directions over fields, woods the shores of the ocean and the green carpets that surround the urn of the hot springs. Unfortunately the bathers of Schevening reside almost exclusively in the Hague; where they are all scattered and are united by no social ties. The small number of those who wishing not only to breathe constantly the air of the sea, have taken their quarters at Schevening, form a small colony, among whom, for what of more vulgar pleasures, great eccentricities are not uncommon.

A young lord, as our readers are aware, recently married the daughter of a common sailor of Schevening, who concealed the millionaire under the coarse outside of a Dutch Fisherman. This gallant found a fine fortune, where he had sought only a passing diversion. This adventure also had its counterpart last year. An English widow, Mrs. P——, romantic, as are most English widows of 36, fell in love with a young fisherman of Schevening; and although she had no other attraction than a considerable fortune, the young man, who, like all Hollanders, was a true calculator, was quite willing to marry. Too truly happy to be disturbed by the railleries which an ill-assorted union could not fail to provoke, Mrs. P—— immediately after the wedding, carried off the young bridegroom to London; to attend to his education and to transform the coarse fisherman into an elegant and refined gentleman.

Her sister, Lady H—, came this summer to the baths of Schevening. It is true she came not in the hope of meeting with an adventure like that which fell to the lot of her elder sister. Lady H——is married; Lord H——is living somewhere in England, and however indulgent he may be to his wife's whims, there is no probability he would permit her to marry again during his life-time. Besides, Lady H——is only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, is very pretty, and could do a great deal better than subject herself to the inconvenience of a misalliance. At all events, it is not at Schevening that she seeks it, for she lodges in the city, and only comes to the village at the bathing hour. She always rides from the Hague to Schevening, on horseback, through the lovely avenue, shaded with trees, about half a league in length. In the morning and afternoon, this alley resembles the Long-champs of Paris, being full of calashes, carriages and omnibuses, transporting the bathers; two fine side-alleys are reserved for the foot passengers. Every morning, at 8 o'clock, Lady H——crosses the avenue on a swift courser, followed by a domestic, in full livery. When she reaches the sea shore, she springs nimbly from her horse, enters her bathing house, takes off her riding dress, and puts on her bathing robe, made all in one piece, covering her from head to foot, and forming at once pantaloon and vest. Thus attired, Lady H——springs again upon her horse, which she strikes with her bare feet, and darts out into the sea. She never bathes except on horseback. Only English people would conceive of such things, and they only would put them in execution. The baths of Schevening would be very dull, but for the English, of both sexes, who come to animate, with their originality, the dullness of this place. In this matter we should at least do justice to these worthy children of Albion. Wherever you need them you find them. Like all good actors, they go to make their appearance in foreign lands. You could not understand how they can think of coming for sea bathing in Holland, when they have Brighton, and so many other charming bathing places on the sea shore of their own island, did you not know how far they rove from their native land, and that a species of disease drives them without ceasing to other skies, and to seek to escape from their own foggy climate.

Even in comparison with the most delightful English cottages, and even with Brighton, with its Chinese palace, Schevening is a remarkable place, and worthy of admiration for its delightful little houses, that should be encased. An eccentric Englishman, who was taking sea baths last month, wished to have one of these houses. To him, nothing seemed more easy, especially as he regarded not the expense. Our Englishman was of the genuine stamp. He preserved, in all its purity, the type of those gilded Englishmen who came to France in the beginning of the Restoration, and gave such renown to British generosity. He was one of those who believe that all things on this world are decided by money, and who sum up all questions and all answers with only the words:—How much? They think they have said everything, when, taking out their portfolio or their purse, according to the circumstances, they demand, "How much?" Magic words, that cut short all argument and debate, and bring a speedy denoument! This person took a fancy to a house that was to his taste, and, without any ceremony, he went to find the proprietor, and said to him: "Your house pleases me; I wish for it; how much?" "Four hundred florins a month," replied the Hollander. "You do not understand me; I do not wish to hire the house, but to buy it. How much?" "If it were for sale, it would be worth twenty thousand florins; but as it is not, I shall not part with it for less than thirty thousand." "Very well; I wish also the furniture it contains." "So be it. The furniture will be three thousand florins more." "I wish, also, to take care of the house, for that careful woman, who is now washing the windows." The Englishman pointed with his finger to a young and pretty woman, who was washing the front of the house. "That woman!" exclaimed the Hollander, stupified. "Yes, you will let me have her, also." "But, sir, that woman is my wife!" "No matter—how much?" As he uttered these peremptory words, the purchaser had opened his portfolio, and was turning over, with an indifferent air, a pile of bank notes. The Hollander was interested. He eyed the notes, but at last replied, with a sigh: "We are not in Turkey, sir; and here we do not sell women. Besides, I love my wife, and wish to keep her." "I will buy some other," replied the Englishman, much astonished at the failure of the usually irresistible words:—"How much?"

But, before obtaining a servant to take charge of his house, the purchaser sent for a mason and a carpenter.

"Here is a house," said he to them, "which I wish to have transported to England.' You must raise it from its place without injuring it, and have it carefully packed up."

"It will be difficult," said the workmen.

"How much?" replied the Englishman.

This made the operation practicable; and, as it proved, there was not the least difficulty—the house was so small, light, and portable. In a few hours, it was taken to pieces, raised, carried off on wheels, and transported in a packet to England, with the Englishman and his servants; for, although he was was not in Turkey, our Englishman, thanks to his "How much?" and his expressive pantomime of the purse and portfolio, had easily persuaded a young and stout Holland girl to emigrate with him, and take charge of his house.

This adventure has excited among the inhabitants of Schevening a desire for more of this new branch of commerce. They hope the fashion may spread, and that they may not only be able to let their houses at very high prices, but may also be able to sell them, and be ready to reconstruct in the winter the houses they may sell in the summer, and thus keep on hand an assortment ready for sale or hire. But unfortunately for the proprietors of this charming village, their hopes will never be realized. Nobody but an Englishman would ever think of taking up a house in Holland to transplant it to England, and the English never copy each other. They hold too much to originality, and that ceases where imitation begins. A piece of eccentricity accomplished becomes a sacred thing, and there is never more than a single instance of the same. Hence it follows that no one will think of buying and carrying off another house from Schevening.

The railroad traverses Holland from one end to the other, divides it exactly, from the Rhine to the Meuse, from Arnheim to Rotterdam. The Hollanders have shown much zeal and disinterestedness in constructing this road, which permits the traveller to hasten through their country without stopping. The task was, however, an easy one, for the soil of Holland is unsurpassed in its flatness, far flatter even than Belgium, where there is an occasional hill which it was necessary to tunnel; among these is the tunnel of Tirlemont, which has recently fallen in. Here the engineers have but to lay down their lines to obtain a straight route, to place their rails directly on the ground, and to say to their locomotives, "go."—Thanks to these railroads, many travellers are saved from even the trouble of setting foot on the moist soil of Holland. The king of Wurtemburg has just embarked to Arnheim to ascend the Rhine, with the intention of stopping at the waters of Baden, before crossing through the Black Forest, which forms the boundary of his kingdom.

Arnheim, the capital of the province of Gueldres, is a pretty little city, where travellers take or land from the steamboats on the Rhine. It is the place of embarkation and of landing for those who prefer to take, on the one hand, and for those who wish to eave, the river at Cologne. Arnheim and Nimegue witness, each day, the departure and arrival of swarms of *pyroscaphes*, so numerous on the Rhine. The greater part of these steamboats vie with each other in swiftness and splendor. On the day of our departure, it was raining, a thing that often happens in the marshes of Holland, where an amphibious people live, as it were, between two waters. Water starts from under their feet as they walk, and the clouds descend as low as their hats. Were you to strip a Hollander, it is quite possible you would find he had fins. Nature would have been unjust, had she denied him so useful and so unnecessary an appendage.

It rained, then, and instead of remaining on deck, which is useless in the first part of the sail, where the Rhine flows between two flat and unpoetical shores, the travellers descended to the saloon. This was luxuriously furnished; the sides and the ceiling were resplendent with gilding, the panels were decorated with medallions finely painted, and representing some of the finest views on the river. Along each side of this spacious hall were large and easy divans covered with blue velvet, and loaded with large cushions; pallisandre tables, with their rich coverings, completed the furniture. We had almost a complete Parisian parlor. The personages and their conversation served to complete the illusion. Chance, which rarely permits such a privilege, had assembled a select company. There were among the company eight or ten ladies, who were young, pretty and elegantly dressed; the men were polished, well educated, and *did not smoke*. Not a single cigar was lighted; certainly an extraordinary circumstance; for it is allowable to smoke in steamboat saloons in the waters of Holland. They smoke always and every where; their cigars and their pipes are as indispensable to them as their fins. After the first hour was past in making acquaintances, and some words were lost in preliminary approaches, the conversation soon became more general, and ran into anecdote. Yet the first adventure narrated was calculated to throw a damp over the conversation. The narrator had been conversing with the Captain, and had learned from him the particulars of an incident that had happened the evening before.

"Gentleman," said this marplot, "you admire, doubtless, the elegance of this saloon; you are quite at your ease on this divan? Well, there was here yesterday, one of the richest bankers in Amsterdam, returning from Frankfort, where he had realized some enormous profits from a successful speculation. He was seated there, in the corner, precisely where you are, mademoiselle. They were conversing as we are now, and late in the afternoon some one observed that the banker's eyes had remained shut for some time." "I have always noticed that these Hollanders sleep very easily," interrupted a gentleman of about forty, conspicuous for his blue coat, with embossed buttons; his white cravat, his curly yellow hair, which made his head look like a large bundle of succory, and his excessively vain, intrusive, and self-satisfied manners, betraying the man suddenly enriched. This profound observation was received with universal silence, and the narrator having smiled from politeness, went on: "The banker had his eyes closed, and that at first surprised no one, for he held in his hand the Augsburg Gazette, and you know that journal is full of things to put a man asleep standing, still more if setting." "That's very true, and even in plasant weather," interposed the self-satisfied gentleman, passing his hand through his head of succory. This gesture was a very common one with him, for it enabled him to display a large diamond he wore on his little finger. "The afternoon passed," continued the narrator, "the evening came; this was yesterday; the boat stopped at Arnheim, which we have just left; the banker still had his eyes closed; they approached him, shook him to awaken him and then only they perceivid that he wak not asleep. He was dead."

The young lady, who occupied the same seat, uttered a piercing cry, started up, and fell back fainting on the divan. We all hastened around her, aided her in recovering her senses, and to amuse her and divert her mind from this sad incident, our conversation took a more animated turn, and would no doubt have led to many amusing speeches and piquant anecdotes, had it not been interrupted by a visit from the custom-house officer. EUGENE GUINOT.

☞ The South Bend Indiana Register of October 1st says: "The Telegraph poles for Speed's line from Detroit to Chicago, via South Bend, are set the whole distance between Niles and this place, ready for the wire. The setting between Detroit and Niles is nearly entirely completed. The setting west of this is also in progress."

☞ We are happy to learn that Mr. King, formerly the editor of the New York Gazette and Times, has joined the New York Evening Mirror. In his scholarship, his fine taste—but more than all his elevated and manly sentiments—we recognise the best elements for a useful and agreeable editor.—*N. Orleans Picayune.*

Governor Martin has issued another proclamation to urge the people to fill the requisition made by the General Government on Alabama last spring. That requisition called for five companies of infantry and one of mounted men. The latter has been raised and is now in Mexico. The first movement towards raising the infantry has not yet been made.—*Mob. Trib.*

DAILY NATIONAL WHIG.

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 16, 1847.

For President

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Subject to the decision of the Whig National Convention.

How Shall Mexico be Governed?

Assuming that Congress will declare the territory of Mexico to be territory of the United States, by right of conquest, the next question is—How shall this acquired territory and its people be governed?

We have had ample experience in governing territory acquired from the native Indians, either by main force or by treaties entered into through fear of our power, but in these cases the territory acquired was without population, and was filled up after its acquisition by our own people. The process in this case is familiar to us all, and so far as it is applicable to the question under consideration, the knowledge gained thereby will be of great value.

Again; we have had full experience in governing a people, who were transferred to us without their knowledge or consent, as in the case of Louisiana. Their territory was purchased for a sum of money, and by the act of sale they were absolved from their allegiance to France, and became American citizens—without their having any lot or part in the matter. To them, it was the same as if their territory had been seized by the United States from France by the act of war, except that the transfer by sale did not carry with it the hostile feelings, engendered by war, on the part of the transferred. The establishment of a territorial government in Louisiana was the work of wise men, and its working, though opposed by prejudice, successfully Americanized a vast population of foreigners, speaking a different language and governed by laws almost the opposite of ours, in a brief space of time, and without any of the collisions and outbreaks that were prophecied at the time.—The French population of Louisiana are as true and as pure Americans in feeling and in principle as the Puritans or descendants of the cavaliers, or the successors of William Penn or Daniel Boon. They are as orderly and as law-loving as the boastful Yankee is. The knowledge which we have obtained of governing a strange people and speaking a foreign language by our institutions, during the pupillage of Louisiana as a Territory, will not be lost when we come to govern the conquered people of Mexico.

Louisiana was a conquered country—conquered, *conquistada*, from France by the power of money. Conquest does not necessarily mean the acquisition of a thing by force of arms. In former times, the terms *conquered, conquest*, were used synonymously with *acquired, acquisition*—no attention being paid to the means of getting. Though the people of Louisiana witnessed the conquest of their province by the United States without resistance, though they saw that it was a *peaceful* conquest, they did not feel entirely free from prejudice against their *conquerors*. That prejudice has been entirely eradicated from the bosoms of the rising generation of Louisianians, but for many years after 1803, it did not burn feebly in the breasts of the old Orleanois. But it could never burst out into a blaze, because our institutions worked so happily as to extinguish opposition to them.—The history of the government of Louisiana, while it was a Territory of the United States, is full of instructive lessons. They will furnish a model for the government of the Mexican people, with very little variation indeed.

The great feature in the Colonial Government of Louisiana, under Spain and France, was—the adoption and use of the civil law as the law of the country. This is true of every State in Mexico.—Well—what did we do when we acquired Louisiana? Did we abolish the civil law, the law of the Partidas, and set up the common law instead? No such thing. We did not interfere with the established law of Louisiana, but recognized it, in all our legislation for it, from 1803 to 1811, as the law of the land, except so far as it conflicted with or was in opposition to the Constitution of the United States. What else have we to do, but to do the same thing in legislating for Mexico? The laws of the people are a part of their nature. It is, and has been, the recognition of the laws of the conquered by Great Britain, which has enabled her, and continues to enable her, to hold her vast military conquests in peace and quiet. If this policy be regarded as a safe one by a monarchical Government, like that of England, it becomes imperative on a Government like that of the United States, because our doctrine is, that the people is the fountain of all the law which is to govern them. When, therefore, we dispose of this part of the question, in so satisfactory a manner to the conquered themselves, we get rid of more than half the difficulty of pacificating Mexico.

The erection of a territorial legislature in Louisiana, and, as a consequence thereof, the establishment of the Republican system of voting and being voted for, of representative and constituent, were novelties in that once royally governed province, which it was exceedingly difficult to make the people appreciate, understand, and adopt, and yet they fell into the system by slow degrees, and none are now so jealous of the right of suffrage, and value it so highly as the native Creoles of Louisiana. None of these difficulties will present themselves in legislating for Mexico.—Her people have been through a preparatory school of republicanism, and though they are scarcely out of the A B C of this grand science of Government, yet they are far better qualified to understand, value, and feel the benefits of Territorial Legislatures, than the Louisianians were at any time for several years after the treaty of 1803. The Mexicans have been, ever since their revolution from Old Spain, chasing the right of suffrage, and have found it not. In an unfortunate hour they incorporated the military power into their system—and where that power is, no civil rights can ever exist unmolested or free from the danger of being overturned. Let the Mexicans once taste the security of the ballot-box under American Institutions, and their whole feelings will be rapidly changed towards us. They are, therefore, in a large degree, prepared for the engrafting of our institutions upon theirs, so far as the representative system is concerned.

The love of office, of power, is inherent in all men. This axiom no one will dispute. In no people, is this love more predominant than in the Spaniard and his descendant, the Mexican. It is the cause of all the revolutions that have disgraced Mexico ever since she threw off the yoke of Spain. Under our elective system how easy to control, and direct, and chasten this ambition for office in the breast of a Mexican. Our experience in this matter, in Louisiana, taught us that Frenchmen valued office more than the Americans did, and in our Legislation for Louisiana, Congress gave as many offices as possible to the native population—as many as the public safety would permit. Surely, the application of this principle to Mexicans—the giving the power to them to choose as many natives to the elective offices, as may be consistent with the general welfare—would do more to quiet the turbulent and the discontented than almost any other persuasion. It had its effect in Louisiana, when it was United States Territory; and we know no reason why it shall not act even more powerfully with the Mexican mind.

We rest for the present. On Monday we may show how the military power, which was necessary in Louisiana for some years after the cession, harmonized with the civil power in keeping the peace, and how, by the same rule, its presence in Mexico would operate quite as successfully in maintaining order and quiet.

OLD GEORGIA.—Though she has refused to be governed by the war-horse of Withlacooche, and made Towns her Governor by 1,500 votes at least, she has consented to be represented in the U. S. Senate by Whig Senators. The Legislature is Whig by three majority certain, and perhaps by five.

THE BUTLER TESTIMONIAL.—The Carolinians are raising a fund by a subscription of one dollar for each subscriber, to be invested by trustees for the benefit of the family of the gallant Colonel. All right and proper this; but nothing is said about providing for the families of the privates who fell by the side of their Colonel? Is this right? God is no respecter of persons. Why should men be?

HOME INDUSTRY.—A crockery factory has been erected at Mandeville, in Louisiana, and is now in full blast. The ware turned out is said to be excellent.

The whole of Gen. Cushing's command was to embark at the Brazos on the 26th ult. for Vera Cruz, so that it probably arrived at the latter place on the 30th of September. It is now far into the interior if nothing has prevented.

To the Editor of the National Whig.

MR. BUCHANAN'S STATESMANSHIP.

We have heard it remarked by several of our friends, that Mr. Buchanan's projected treaty with Mexico is wholly silent upon one important point. It contains no provision guarding against a recurrence of outrages similar in character to those which have been for so many years a prominent subject of complaint. Compensation for those injuries, and security against a repetition of them, have been declared to be the two important objects to be attained by the war.—How does it happen, then, is the inquiry, that no such security is named by the American Secretary?—

With great respect for our inquiring friends, we think they have given the subject a superficial examination. We think full justice has not been done to the diplomatic skill of our accomplished Secretary. True it is that no distinct provision is made upon this point; but it does not therefore follow, that the great object was lost sight of or forgotten. If, substantially, the end was attained—and effectually attained—it seems to us that it is all that could be asked; and it indicates a far higher order of diplomatic talent to secure the object without placing it in the power of the antagonist to evade a direct proposition upon the point, or couching it in such ambiguous terms as to give opportunity for future controversy.

We see no reason to doubt that if Mexico had accepted Mr. Buchanan's proposals, the practical effect of the treaty would have been to prevent, during its continuance, a renewal of those spoliations upon the property of American citizens, which had caused so much anxiety and trouble to the parties.

Look at the actual terms of this proposed treaty. They provide that Mexico shall surrender half her territory, as compensation for those enormous outrages of which we have complained. Can any one doubt that this is a sufficiently severe judgment? Mexico will certainly be careful not again to awaken our wrath, by any violation of our rights—any oppression of our citizens; lest, for the next offence, we should exact the cession of the remainder of the republic. We have exhibited great magnanimity on this occasion: we have only compelled her to satisfy the inexorable demands of justice. We have been content with taking from her half her possessions—depriving her of half her power. Wo betide her if she again offends. Justice will no longer be guided by magnanimity, or moderated by mercy. It will become vindictive—and an increased punishment must befal those who wilfully, and, after such a lesson, wantonly, persevere in wrong. So far as Mexico is concerned, therefore, we think Mr. Buchanan has provided, so far as human sagacity can do it, ample security for the future.

But this sagacious and accomplished statesman has not been satisfied, without making "assurance doubly sure." Having, by exacting this severe punishment from Mexico, done all in his power to terrify her into a more righteous policy, he has thought the end only half accomplished, until he could produce an equal impression upon the other party. Animated by this high determination, he has condescended to offer to pay to the claimants upon Mexico, in full of their demands, five millions of dollars; about twenty-five per cent. of the amount of their losses. True it is, as Mr. Polk has said, thousands of our citizens, reposing on the faith of treaties, have had their property wrung from them—their rights outraged—their persons maltreated—have been reduced from affluence to poverty, and have expended the small residue of their means, and the vigor of their lives in seeking redress from their own government. Still all this was their own fault and folly. If they had never by going to Mexico placed themselves in the power of that nest of robbers, they never would have suffered injury—if they had not been silly enough to rely upon the security provided them by treaty, they would have encountered no losses—had they not stupidly trusted to the honor of their own government, and believed that we would redeem the pledges we had made that they should be fully indemnified, they would have put up with their losses and have watched their time and ours in pressing their wrongs upon our notice.

These people must also have a lesson and be taught better. You may think yourselves well off if you get, no matter how late, a fourth part of your loss. You may congratulate yourselves that we only retain ninety-five cents per cent, of what we extort from Mexico in payment of your dues. Should you again venture to rely upon such broken reeds as the truth and honor of your government—the faith of treaties, or atill worse our personal pledges, we warn you that you shall fare worse. Whatever we may make Mexico pay you shall be none the better—we will retain the whole, and thus punish your repetition of such foolery.

Can any one doubt that this double lesson will be effective, and that while Mexico on the one hand will learn to conduct herself if not with more justice, at least, with more caution—the American citizen will have been taught never to expose himself to foreign aggressions, never to replace confidence in his rulers—never to rely again upon their honor or their truth.

Surely Mr. Buchanan is a great statesman.

To the Editor of the National Whig.

Mr. Buchanan in 1844, and Mr. Buchanan in 1847.

On the 13th of May, 1846, an article appeared in the Union which, as well from its own internal evidence as upon high contemporaneous authority, was doubtless the production of Mr. Buchanan's pen. It was headed "The wrongs of the United States," and contained a commentary upon the message of the President transmitted to Congress on the 11th May, on the subject of our difficulties with Mexico, a minute recapitulation of the injuries sustained by American citizens with a statement of the amount of the claims, and concludes with an appeal to the patriotism of the nation.

In the statement thus made, purporting to be drawn from official documents in the Department of State, the claims of American citizens upon Mexico are stated at $7,439,594,34—independently of *eleven* other claims, the amount of which was not specified by the parties. Of this amount more than $6,291,000, had been before the Board of Commissioners in 1841, and in estimating the amount no allowance had been made for the accumulation of interest since that period.

Such was the representation then made by Mr. Buchanan of the amount of the wrongs sustained by our citizens at the hands of Mexico. "The result of the whole is, that the injuries and outrages committed by the authorities of Mexico on American citizens, which, in the opinion of President Jackson, would so long since as February, 1837, have justified a resort to war or reprisals, still remain unredressed, excepting only the comparatively small sum received under the convention of April, 1839. The history of the whole case presents a striking illustration of the patient forbearance of the United States, in the face of long continued outrages and wrongs, inflicted on our citizens by the Mexican authorities. *We pass over for the present the violence which has been committed on the persons of our fellow-citizens.*"

Since the termination of the Board under the convention of 1839, six years and a half have elapsed, and the claims then filed would have become largely augmented by the accumulation of interest. Taking the rate of interest to be as fixed by that convention, *eight* per cent., this increase alone would amout to 50 per cent. Other claims have since been exhibited and doubtless many more remain to be presented.

In the paper above referred to, Mr. Buchanan says—"Such are the numerous aggressions which we have received from Mexico. Such the grievous wrongs of which the United States have cause to complain. *They cry aloud for justice.*"

Was this a fair and candid exposition of the case? It emanated from the high authority of the Secretary of State, it professed to be based upon official documents. If so, how has this "cry for justice" been responded to by Mr. Buchanan? The same individual who raised this "cry" has himself answered it,—This *justice*, it now seems, in the estimation of this honest statesman, means—Mexico must be forced to surrender up her territory with all the political advantages connected with it, and thus to do her share in tendering justice to our citizens—while the United States, thus acquiring this immense spoil, are to shab off the injured parties with one twentieth what Mexico is called to pay—and the residue to go into her own pocket. *Quis custodiet custodes?*

To the Editors of the National Whig.

L. F. T. of foreign birth, writes a poetic effusion headed "*Fallen Leaves*," and publishes it. L. F. T. of native birth, says the poetry is not his, and gives a similar effusion from the poet MONTGOMERY, headed "*Falling Leaf*," to show how similarly two great minds are capable of thinking. The first L. F. T., therefore, rejoins and declares that injustice must have been unintentionally done him, for when he penned *his* "Fallen Leaves," he had never seen MONTGOMERY'S! And so ends the matter. Some wicked wag might suggest that the L. F. T. of foreign birth. was too well read not to have seen all of MONTGOMERY'S poetical effusions.

To the Editor of the National Whig.

Developments Continued.

SIR: In my last communication for your paper, in which I gave the "suppressed extract" from Maj. Lally's letter to Col. Wilson, Governor of Vera Cruz, and by him transmitted to the Adjutant General here, I drew certain inferences—being the only natural ones that could be drawn from it according to my mind and reading—unfavorable to Capt. Walker.—This was done fully and freely from the import of the two first sentences in that paragraph, taken in connexion with its context in the succeeding part of it, and without the least personal feeling in the matter. For, in arraigning the acts of the Administration, I generally look altogether beyond the individuals who may be made the instruments of their conduct. It is so with respect to anything I have said of Capt. Walker in connexion with the "suppressed extract," and I will now add, that I have the evidence before me in a letter from an officer at Perote, dated the 12th Sept'r, one day after the date of Major Lally's, which says that "to Capt. Walker's extreme mortification Col. Wynkoop gave his (Capt. Walker's) company permission to pillage the village of Cautepec, nine miles from Jalapa." So that from this authority, which is equally as good as Major Lally's, Capt. Walker was not to blame for the acts of his company, who were obeying the orders of another. I learn, also, that Capt. Walker had suffered himself to be placed under arrest, and was so at the time this occurrence took place, rather than carry into effect the plundering propensities of those higher in command than himself. The papers, in stating that twenty-one Mexicans were shot at Santa Fe, committed a mistake. There were but six including the Alcalde, and this, I understand, was in conformity with Gen. Scott's orders and approbation.

With respect to the justice or injustice of shooting persons upon whom articles of plunder may be found, without first giving them a trial to ascertain their guilt, is a matter with which the Government is alone concerned, and for which, before God and the world, it will be responsible. The acts of its officers, in this manner, it will have to assume or deny, and act accordingly; but it is contemptible to cloak the outrages of those who may be following its own instruction, and then *suppressing* the communications of others on the theatre of such scenes, who give such matters in detail, thereby suffering wrong imputations to fall on innocent persons. I have no doubt, sir, that the church-robbing hints of the *Union* of the 11th of May last have been acted upon in more instances than the one under consideration; and, if nothing more than that article had appeared in the Government organ on the subject, it ought to consign its columns to eternal perdition for broaching so infamous a scheme of procedure.

When we cast our-eyes about and view the beautiful basis of our institutions, embracing as it does the principles of *civil* and *religious* liberty not only for ourselves but also for the world, and then see the organ of *Democracy*, (!) at the threshhold of the temple that has been raised upon it, crying out daily, "plunder," "rob," "confiscate," "murder," and "destroy with the knife up to the hilt," one is amazed, and hardly realizes that he is within the limits of the United States. Plunder, says the *Union*. What? Why the churches of Mexico, which are consecrated to the service of the living God; and hence we find a portion of our troops, by permission of Col. Wynkoop, obeying its instructions at Cautepec and San Miguel, according to the evidence before me. Had the *Union* existed in France in '93 there would have been no occasion for the services of either Marat or Robespiere. ARIEL.

TELEGRAPHIC.—If the law of Congress requiring the Presidential election to be held on the same day throughout all the States be carried into effect, we shall know in Washington on the next morning after the election who will be Mr. Polk's successor; for, by November, 1848, wires enough will be stretched over the country to communicate sufficient data to arrive at the result.

Major Gaines, the member elect to Congress from the Covington district, expects to be at home by the first of next month. It was reserved for him to go into captivity to witness the fall of the chief city of his captors. Who knows but what it has been reserved for this gallant soldier to move the resolution declaring that Mexico is United States territory by right of conquest?

On the 6th instant an affray occurred at Mobile between a citizen and a captain of Georgia volunteers, encamped near that town, on their way to Mexico. The soldier drew his Bowie knife and wounded the citizen, but was dismissed on a hearing before the civil tribunal.

A ROBBER CAUGHT.—Richard Halloway, who robbed a Cincinnati jeweller's shop in June last of property to the amount of $8,000, was caught in New Orleans on the 7th inst. The officers recaptured $6,000 worth of the jewels. He confessed to the robbery.

On the 7th instant a little boy, 10 years old, went to one of the recorders of New Orleans, and told him that he had lost, by the fever, his father, his mother, his brother, and two sisters; and that he was alone in the world. His sad story was enough. He was amply provided for by the recorder.

A HARD CASE.—Recently in New Orleans, a man having seen his wife kicked by another man fell upon the offender, but in the melee the offender bit off his nose. If ever there was a hard case it was this—to have his wife kicked, and to lose his nose for trying to punish the brute.

It is an established fact that the men of France, since 1790, have fallen from 5 feet 10 inches, their average height then, to 5 feet 2 inches, their average height now. Their physical development is also far inferior to what it was in the last century. Here are subjects worthy of investigation. Tapies, the French statisticist, does not attempt to account for the fact.

Benjamin M. Palmer, an eminent Congregational preacher, died at Orangeburg, S. C., on the 9th inst. of hydropathetic treatment for cold. It terminated in pneumonia.

☞ Major Taylor, agent of the United States in Florida, has recently made seizures of live-oak, cut upon the public lands, amounting to 70,000 feet.

ALABAMA RICE.—Col. Haggerty, on the Tallapoosa, near Wetumpka, Alabama, raised this season 100 casks of as beautiful, and as white rice, as was ever grown in South Carolina.

☞ The New Orleans Delta of the 8th inst. says that everything betokens the close approach of the business season, but warns the stranger to keep out of the city till the first week of next month.

☞ The abolition paper at Cambridge, Ohio, was recently banished by the citizens for its offensive course in slandering the men, women and children of the town. There were two battles previous to the banishment, when the proprietor obeyed the summons with alacrity.

THE MACKEREL FISHERIES.—The "catch" this year has been very light, says the Gloucester (Mass.) Telegraph—so light, that the fishermen have gone to the bay of Chaleur. Last sales in New York for No. 1, were $10 to $11—for No. 2, $6 to $7.

☞ Only 18 deaths in New Orleans on the 7th instant, one of which came from the declining plague.

☞ The Picayune of the 8th instant says that Capt. Munroe of the 6th Infantry has left New Orleans to muster into service the battalion of volunteers just raised in Mississippi.

The humble but equally worthy "operatives" have been alike fortunate, as will appear by a comparison of the average wages, per week, for the years 1844 and 1847, viz:

	1844	1847.
Wages of females, clear of board,	$1 75	$2 00

[Mr. Burke's Letter to Col. Stambaugh.

The same good fortune has attended the humble but worthy Mr. Burke, as will appear by the following table:

Wages of Mr. Burke as Member of Congress to 1844, $8 00 per day.

Do. do. as Commissioner of Patents after 1844, $10 per day.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—Mr. Theodore Devalcourt, for twenty-three years editor of the Attakapas Gazette in this State, died at St. Martinsville on the 27th ultimo, aged between forty and forty-five years. The "Planter's Banner" says of Mr. Devalcourt:—As a journalist and a citizen, he gained the confidence and esteem of all who knew him; as a husband and father, he was kind and affectionate. In all the relations of life, public and private, he practised the virtues of a christian man.—*N. O. Bee.*

[*From the New Orleans Delta.*]

OCCUPATION.

In pursuance of our destiny, and in obedience to irresistible circumstances, it will become necessary for our authorities to establish some kind of a government in Mexico. At first, of course, the organization will be purely military, but we trust that immediate steps will be taken by the Executive or Congress to modify and ameliorate the severities of martial law, by combining with it many of the liberal and judicious features of the civil or municipal law. And if the occupation is protracted, the gradual displacement of the stringent provisions of the law of conquest, by interpolations from the liberalizing features and principles of our constitutional and common law, will be dictated not only by a sense of justice and a love of extended freedom, but also by considerations of sound policy. Besides, the weakness of our military force will preclude it from discharging with efficiency more than its proper military and police powers. It should not be drained or weakened by demands for civil stations. The vast extent of the country to be occupied by us, and the predatory and insurgent character of the people, will require an army of 50,000 men of all arms to hold Mexico safely, securely, and profitably. The large revenue to be raised in the country, to support this military, and such civil establishment as we may think proper to organize, can only be collected and enforced by a strong military force, scattered over this vast territory. There will then be no men to spare from the military, for civil posts. Our Government will consequently have to send fit and proper persons from our people, to fill the most important and responsible civil offices. These should be men of commanding talents, of firmness, and high moral qualities, so that they may so discharge their duties as to disarm the opposition, and soften the prejudices of the Mexicans. Many important and nearly all the subordinate offices, might be entrusted to friendly Mexicans. The office-giving power might be adroitly and powerfully used to conciliate the ill-disposed and take warm among the Mexicans. But still there must and should be a large infusion of American influence, talent and vigor, in the government to be established by us. As in the organization of the territorial government established by the administration of Mr. Jefferson in this State, after the cession of 1803, a due and judicious division of office and influence should be made between the old and new populations of the country. The entire success of this plan in our own State, the rapid intermarriage of the two populations, and their assimilation in nearly all respects, have conclusively proved the feasibility of this plan.

Let then some man of most commanding talents and character in our country be placed at the head of affairs in Mexico. Let him be a Calhoun, a Benton, a Webster, or a Crittenden, or men scarcely inferior to these veteran statesmen. Provide him with a large cabinet of advisers, and entrust to them large powers in the captured territory.

Send out from the host of energetic and ambitious men who flood our country, proper persons for Governors of the different States, with authority to organize State governments. Let the military be distributed among the different States, so as to be always at hand to maintain and enforce the various State authorities.

When this is done, Mexico has in fact become subject to the Anglo-American population. Nucleuses for a colonization more irresistible than an "army with banners" have been formed. Our nomadic tribes have received their impulse Mexicoward. What can stay this torrent when once it begins to flow?

It may not be admitted into the Union immediately, or even never, but Mexico, when once occupied by us as indicated, ceases to be the land of the Chapetones, of the Mezezotes, the Aztecs, or Tlascalans. These races have then sunk into subordinate relations with the great and unconquerable race which

"——From its frozen loins
A multitude, such as the populous North
Poured forth to pass the Rhone of Danau,"

will overrun and subdue this rich and beautiful country.

Commercial.

NORTHERN MARKET