THE PORTRAIT.—Continued.

It was very late when he awoke, with a violent headache. The room felt close; a disagreeable dampness saturated the air, and made its way through the crevices of the windows. Low-spirited, uncomfortable, and cheerless as a drenched cock, he sat down on his dilapidated sofa, and began to recall his dream of the previous night. So vivid was the impression it had made, that he could hardly persuade himself it had been a mere dream. Removing the sheet, he minutely examined the portrait by the light of day. He was still struck with the extraordinary power and expression of the eyes, but he found in them nothing peculiarly terrific. Still an unpleasant impression remained upon his mind. He could not divest himself of the conviction that a fragment of horrible reality had mingled with his dream. In defiance of reason, he imagined something peculiarly significant in the expression of the old man's face; a something of the cautious stealthy look it had worn when he crept round the screen, and counted his gold under the very nose of the needy painter. And Tchartkoff still felt the print of the rouleau upon his palm, as though it had but that instant left his grasp. Had he held it but a little tighter, he thought, it must have remained in his hand even after his awakening.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, heaving a sorrowful sigh, "had I but the moiety of that wealth!" And again in his mind's eye he saw the rouleaus streaming from the sack. Again he read the attractive inscription—1,000 DUCATS; again they were unrolled, he heard the chink of metal, saw it shine, burned to clutch it. But once more the blue paper was rolled around it; and there he sat, motionless and entranced, straining his eyes upon vacancy, powerless to divert their gaze from the imaginary treasure—like a child gazing with watering mouth at a dish of unattainable sweetmeats.

A knock at the door at last roused him from his reverie. It was promptly followed by the entrance of his landlord, accompanied by the *Nadziratel*, or police-inspector of the quarter—a gentleman whose appearance is, if possible, more disagreeable to the poor than the face of a petitioner is to the rich. The landlord of the small house in which Tchartkoff lodged, was no bad type of the class of house-owners in such quarters as the fifteenth line of the Vasilievskii Ostrov. In his youth, he had been a captain in the army, where he was noted as a noisy, quarrelsome fellow; transferred thence to the civil service, he proved himself a thorough master of the art of petty tyranny, a bustling coxcomb and a blockhead. Age had done little to improve his character. He had been some time a widower, had long retired from the service, was less given to quarrels and coxcombry, but more trivial and teasing. His chief happiness consisted in drinking tea, propagating scandal, and in sauntering about his apartment with hands behind his back. These intellectual occupations were varied by an occasional inspection of the roof of his house, by ferreting his *dvornik*, or porter, fifty times a day out of the kennel in which he oftener slept than watched, and by a monthly attack upon his lodgers for their rent.

"Do me the favor to see about it yourself, Varukh Kusmitch," said the landlord, to the Kvartalnu: "he won't pay his rent—he won't pay, sir."

"How can I, without money? Give me time, and I will pay."

"Time, my good sir! impossible! I can't hear of such a thing," said the landlord in a rage, flourishing the key he held in his hand. "Perhaps you don't know that Colonel Potogonkin lodges in my house—a colonel, sir, and has lived here these seven years; and Anna Petrovna Buchmisteroff—a lady of fortune, sir, who rents a coach-house, and a two-stall stable, sir, and keeps three out-door servants: these are the sort of lodgers I have. My house, I tell you plainly, is not one of those establishments where people live who don't pay their rent. So I will thank you to pay yours directly, and be off bag and baggage."

"You had better pay," said the Kvartalnu Nadziratel, with a slight but significant shake of the head, sticking his forefinger through a button-hole of his uniform.

"It's very easy to say pay, but where is the money? I have not a sou."

"In that case, you can satisfy Ivan Ivanovitch with goods, with the produce of your profession," said the Kvartalnu; "he will probably agree to take pictures."

"Not I, indeed! no pictures for me! It would be all very well to take pictures with respectable subjects, such as a gentleman could hang on his wall; a general with a star, or the likeness of Prince Kutuzoff; but, here I see nothing but paintings of mujiks in their shirt-sleeves, servants, and such like cattle—a mere waste of time and colors. He has taken the likeness of that blackguard of his, whose bones I shall assuredly break, for the thief has pulled the nails out of all my locks and window-hasps—a scoundrel! Just look; there's a subject for you! a picture of the room! It would have been all very well if he had drawn it clean, neat, and orderly; but there he has got it full of filth and rubbish, just as it is. Only see how he has bedevilled and dirtied my room; pretty work, indeed, when I have had colonels for lodgers seven years together, and Anna Petrovna Buchmisteroff! Truly there are no worse lodgers than artists; they turn a drawing-room into a pig-stye."

To all this, and much more, the poor painter was forced to listen patiently. Meanwhile the Kvartalnu Nadziratel amused himself by looking at the pictures and sketches, occasionally uttering a comment or question.

"Not bad!" said he, pausing before a female figure: "pretty woman, really! But what's the meaning of that black there, under his nose? Is it snuff, or what?"

"That's the shadow," replied Tchartkoff, surlily, and without turning towards him.

"You would have done better to have put it somewhere else. It is too remarkable just under the nose," said the critical Argus. "But whose portrait is this?" continued he, approaching the picture that had occasioned Tchartkoff so restless a night. "What an ugly old heathen! And what eyes! They might belong to Belzebub himself. I must have a look at this."

And without asking permission, or thinking it necessary to use such ceremony with a poor devil of a painter who could not pay his rent, the agent of the law lifted the portrait from the nails on which it hung, to carry it to the window and examine it at his leisure. But his hands were stiff and clumsy, and he had miscalculated the weight of the picture. It slipped through his fingers and fell to the ground with a heavy thump and slight crashing noise, upsetting some lumber that stood against the wall, and raising a cloud of dust, which caused the man of manacle to step back and rub his eyes. With a muttered curse on the meddlesome official, Tchartkoff sprang forward to raise the picture. As he did so, a small board, forming one of the sides of the frame, and which had been cracked by the fall, gave way altogether under the pressure of his hand, and part of it fell out. The fragment was followed by a rouleau of dark blue paper, which emitted a dull chink as it struk the ground. Tchartkoff's eyes glanced upon an inscription; it was—1000 DUCATS. To snatch up the packet and thrust it into his pocket was the work of an instant.

"Surely, I heard the sound of coin," said the Kvartalnu, who, owing to the dust, and to the rapidity of the painter's movement, had not caught sight of the rouleau.

"And what business of yours is it, to know what I have in my room?"

"It is my business to tell you that you must pay the landlord his rent; it's my business to tell you, that I know you have money, and yet you won't pay—that's my business, my fine fellow!"

"Well, I will pay him to day."

"And why did you not pay at once, without giving trouble to the landlord and disturbing the police?"

"Because I didn't intend to touch this money. But I will pay him this evening, and leave his lodgings at once. I will lay no longer in his paltry garret."

"He will pay you, Ivan Ivanovitch," said the Kvartalnu to the landlord. "If you neglect to do so by this evening, why then you must excuse me, Mr. Painter, if we use severer means." And resuming his cocked hat, he departed, followed by the landlord, who hung his head, and looked exceedingly small.

"The devil go with them!" said Tchartkoff, as he heard the outer door shut. He looked into the anteroom, sent Nikita out, in order to be quite alone, locked himself in, and with a violent palpitation of the heart, opened his packet. It contained exactly a thousand ducats, almost all of them quite new and sparkling like the sun. Its appearance was precisely the same as those he had seen in his dream. Almost frantic with delight, he sat with the pile of gold before him, asking himself whether he did not still dream. Long did he handle and tell the gold before he could believe that it was real, and that he himself was awake and in his right mind.

He then curiously and carefully examined the frame. In one side of it a kind of cavity had been hollowed out, and afterwards closed with a board, so neatly that if the loutish hand of the Kvartalnu Nadziratel had not let the frame drop, the ducats might have remained for centuries undisturbed. It was with gratitude and complacency, rather than aversion, that the painter now contemplated the peculiar features and remarkable eyes of the old Asiatic.

Whoever you are, my old boy," said Tchartkoff to himself, "I'll put you under glass, and give you a splendid frame for this."

Just about this moment his hand happened to touch the heap of gold, and the contact made his heart beat as violently as ever. "What shall I do with it?" he thought, fixing his eyes upon the money. "Now I am at ease for three years at least, I can shut myself in my studio, and work. I can buy colors, pay for a comfortable lodging and good food. I have enough for everything; nobody can tease or badger me now. I'll get a first-rate lay-figure, order a plaster torso, model feet, buy a Venus, have engravings of all the great masters. And if I work steadily for three years, quietly, without hurry, without being obliged to sell my pictures for my daily bread, I shall astonish the world and achieve fame."

Such was the artist's soliloquy, prompted by conscious talent and honorable ambition. A far different counsel was given by his twenty-two summers and heat of youth. He now had at his command all that he had hitherto gazed at from afar with envying eyes. How his heart bounded and swelled within him, as he thought of the luxuries he could now command! how he longed to exchange rags for purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously after his long fast, to dwell in a splendid lodging, to visit the theatre, the cafe, the ball!

Seizing his money, the young man was in the street in a moment. His first visit was to a tailor's shop, where he dressed himself from top to toe, and walked down the street looking at himself in every window. He bought a huge quantity of trinkets and perfumes, an opera-glass, and a mountain of brilliant cravats; took, without a word of bargaining, the first lodging that he saw, a magnificent set of rooms in the Nevski perspective, with immense mirrors, and each window glazed with a single pane; had his hair curled at a coiffeur's, hired a carriage, and drove twice, without the slightest object, from one end of the town to the other, crammed himself with bonbons at a confectioner's, and went to a French *restaurant*, about which he had hitherto heard only vague and uncertain rumors, such as one hears of the Chinese empire. There he dined, assuming the while a haughty and supercilious air, and incessantly arranging his well-curled locks. There, too, he drank a bottle of champagne; a liquid he had hitherto known only by reputation. His head full of wine, he went out into the street, gay, bold, ready for anything—able to face the devil, as the Russians say. On the bridge he met his former professor, and pushed cooly past him, as if he did not observe him, leaving the poor man motionless with astonishment, a mark of interrogation visibly printed in his countenance. All that he possessed in the world, easels, canvasses, pictures, Tchartkoff transported that very evening to his new and splendid lodgings. He arranged his best pictures in the most visible situations, cast those he thought less of into corners, and perambulated his splendid rooms, looking at himself each minute in the mirrors. Then there arose in his mind a restless desire to take fame by storm, instantly, without delay, and to compel, by whatever means, the applause of the multitude. Already the cry rang in his ears, "Tchartkoff, Tchartkoff! haven't you seen Tchartkoff's picture? What a rapid pencil Tchartkoff has! Tchartkoff has immense talent!" Musing, and castle-building, he paced his apartment till a late hour of the night, and when in bed, could not sleep for ruminating his ambitious projects.

The next morning he took a dozen ducats, and drove to the editor of a fashionable newspaper. The introduction was efficacious. The journalist praised his genius, professed the most ardent desire to serve him, loaded him with compliments, shook him fervently by both hands, and accompanied him obsequiously to the door, making minute inquiries as to his name, his style of painting, his place of residence.

The very next day there appeared in the newspaper, immediately after an advertisement of newly discovered candles, warranted not to burn without wicks, an article headed,

EXTRAORDINARY TALENT OF TCHARTKOFF.

"We hasten to congratulate the inhabitants of this polite metropolis on what may be styled a *discovery* of the most splendid and useful nature. We refer to the sudden appearance of an artist of consummate skill, possessing all the qualifications that can render a painter worthy to transfer to the magic canvass the faces of the many beautiful women and handsome men who adorn the cultivated circles of St. Petersburg. Ladies may now confidently rely on being transmitted to posterity without diminution of their graces, with all their delicate loveliness, enchanting symmetry of form, and exquisite expression of feature—graces ephemeral, alas! as the existence of the butterfly that hovers the vernal flowers. Parents, ere they leave this vale of tears, may bequeath to their sorrowing children their exact resemblance.—The warrior, the statesman, the poet, all classes of men, in short, will pursue their career with fresh zeal and ardour, now that the brilliant pencil of a Tchartkoff enables them to transmit to posterity visible features, as well as their imperishable renown. Let all hasten, then, abandoning promenade and party, opera, ball, and theatre, to the splendid and luxurious studio of our artist (Nevsku Perspective, No. —.) It is hung with portraits, the produce of his pencil, worthy a Vandyke or a Titian. The happy connoisseur knows not what to admire most in these exquisite works, their exact resemblance to the original, or the extraordinary brilliancy and freshness of their handling. They must be seen to be even imperfectly appreciated; the artist has truly drawn a prize in the lottery of genius. Success to you, Andrei Petrovitch! (the journalist was evidently fond of the familiar style.) *Macte Novi virtute*, and immortalize yourself and us. Glory, fortune, crowds of sitters, in spite of the feeble and envious efforts of certain contemporary prints, will be your speedy and unfailing reward!"

His face beaming with contentment, our artist perused this puff. He saw his name in print—a thing which was to him a complete novelty; and he could not help reading the lines at least a dozen times. He was particularly tickled with the comparison of his works to Vandyke and Titian. The use of his baptismal name, Andrei Petrovitch, also gratified him not a little. To be mentioned in this delightfully familiar way in print, was to him an honor as gratifying as it was new. He could not remain quiet a moment. Now he sat down in a chair, then threw himself picturesquely on a sofa, rehearsing the way he would receive his sitters; then he went to his easel, and gave a bold dashing stroke of the brush, studying at the same a graceful mode of wielding it.—Thus he got through the day.

[*To be continued.*]

THE CHOLERA IN RUSSIA.—Letters from St. Petersburgh, of the 5th ult., state that on the authority of the official report received by the Government, the cholera continued to advance towards the north and east. Cases of it had occurred at Orel, at Toula, and even in the village of Pensa, situated at only fifty leagues from Moscow. In the province of Astrakan, in which there were 31,300 inhabitantg, 5,915 cases had occurred, and 3,131 deaths. The disease still raged with great severity at Tscharno Jarsk, and in the environs. At Saratoff, the capital of the province of that name, 2,500 persons had been attacked, 1,991 of whom died. In the country of the Cossacks, of the Don there had been 12,651 cases, of which 7,010 terminated fatally. At Charcow 53 persons had been carried off, and on September 15th, there were 588 sick at Kursk. At Woronesch, a town with a population of 40,000, the cholera broke out on the 4th of September, with 420 new cases, and 150 deaths had occurred daily. On the 16th there were, 1,019 persons ill of the cholera in the hospital, 418 of whom were attacked the same day. The number of deaths on that day was 152.

INFLUENCE OF THE PERIODS OF THE DAY UPON BIRTHS AND DEATHS.—Dr. Casper says the greatest number of births occur between nine o'clock in the evening and six in the morning. Individually regarded, the ratio of deaths from inflammation, phthsis, and pulmonary hemorrhage, is greater in the afternoon; from fevers and exanthemata, just before midnight; from cerebral apoplexy, during the day; and from diseases of the nervous system in general, in the hours which immediately follow midnight.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Amusement in the Halls of the Montezumas.

Of amusements we cannot complain, either as regards the number or the quality. First and foremost, we have a most excellent Spanish campany at El Teatro Nacional, giving us a series of entertainments than which we have seldom witnessed any thing better, if as good, at home. The principal actor is Sehon Vinolas, a finished artist, but the most charming feature in the company is the Senora Canete, an actress of versatile talents—chaste and polished in her style to a degree, while her voice is most musical, her eye bright and joyous, her smile irresistible, and the whole expression of her face sunny as a bright day in May. She has seen some thirty-odd summers—begging her pardon for speaking upon a point so tender—yet still is a handsome, a beautiful woman, with whom time has dealt most leniently. To a charming *naivete* she unites a thorough conception of character and an exhaustless flow of spirits, and at the same time is just as much at home while enacting the lisping and sentimental victim of love as while portraying the boisterous hoyden. I cannot call to mind the equal to La Canete on the American stage. In all their appointments and accessories the Spanish are infinitely ahead of us—even at our own French theatre in New Orleans they are behind these Castilian comedians in the richness and appropriateness of costume, attached to the company is an excellent *corps de ballet*, composed of some six or eight male and female dancers. The principal is La Gozze, a pretty and sprightly little woman, with a Jewish cast of countenance lighting up so well on the stage, while her limbs would serve as models. Nor is she at all chary in the display of them, but vaults, whirls and—and—cavots is a good word—about the stage in a style highly gratifying to "los Yankees." Not a particle of prudery is there in her pirouettes—quite the contrary. There appears to be a joyous *abandon* about all the dancers given by these Spanish *artistes*, and if a New York or New Orleans audience could see one of their Boleros, or "La Jota Arragonesa" for instance, as given here at the National theatre, there would be some little attempt at shouting. There is only one word that has ever fallen upon my ears that can truly define the style of the pretty Senorita Gozze, and I doubt whether that word can be found in Webster—her style is *high falutin*.

The Spanish company perform three nights in each week at El Nacional—Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday. On the other evenings Hart gives an American performance with his company, pieced out with tolerable fair singing from the Italian opera troupe. The principal cantatrice is the Senora Lopez, a Mexican by birth, who has a voice of good compass with a fair execution. While Borghese was here in Mexico she appeared with her on several occasions, both taking principal parts in the same operas. The theatre is one of the largest in America and one of the finest in the world—larger even than the old St. Charles, and perfect in all its appointments. The orchestra is a very good one, and nightly they give "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia" in a style which wakes up the patriotism of the Anglo-Saxons, nine-tenths of the audience being composed of this particular class of the human family.

The Teatro del Progreso, another fine theatre in the same street as the National, is nightly opened by Bensley with his equestrian company. The pit has been taken out to make room for the ring and the accompanying sawdust, and good audiences are in constant attendence. The principal attraction at this establishment is the Senora armand, a little Habanera married to a French Hercules. She is not as graceful as Blangy, but is as bold as Joan of Arc—a well formed woman enough, turns somersets, rides on one leg, jumps through hoops, dances the Cachuca, and makes up in strength and agility for what she lacks in polish.

Another attraction at this establishment is Hamblin, the India Rubber man, who shuts himself up like a jack-knife and performs various games of that sort, while two of the equestrians, Kelly and Kincade, would pass muster under Stickney's management. Then they have an Ethiopian extravaganza singer, with a banjo, who gives "Lucy Neal" and "Old Dan Tucker" between the acts. Who would have thought a twelve months since, that such atrocities would have been introduced into one of the first theatres in Mexico? but I am chronicling the truth. In addition to all I have mentioned, we have a panorama of some sort, performances at the Diorama, regular bullfights at the Plaza de Toros, and a promise of sport in the way of cricket playing and horse racing, so you will see that such of the American people as are sojourning in the neighborhood of the "Halls of the Montezumas" have no great lack in the way of amusements.

POWER'S STUDIO AT FLORENCE.—I will not omit, says the correspondent of the Boston Atlas, to mention our visit to the studio of our countryman, Mr. Powers, justly considered one of the first sculptors in Italy. I found the execution of his pieces equal to my expectations, but the beauty of his designs surpassed them, and do him much credit. He is just finishing the third copy of *Greek Slave*, and a fourth is engaged. His first is in England, the second he has lately sent to the United States. His *Eve* is equally beautiful, and a perfect Venus. The *Fisher Boy* is a happy design, and much admired; representing a beautiful youth, holding a marine shell to his ear, in the attitude of listening to its sounds, according to an ancient superstition. His *Proserpine* has the most exquisite face of the whole. His price for any of the first three is $5000. But what interested me much was an almost colossal statue of John C. Calhoun, which is about being completed for the citizens of Charleston. It measures about seven feet high, and is represented in the Roman toga, standing in a commanding, speaking position, the right hand pointing to the pages of a volume, held open with them outwards in the left hand, which is elevated on a line with the neck. Close to the right leg is a stump of the palmetto, and beside it lies his bag of papers. You must not infer that he is making a *stump* speech, as it is only intended to *strengthen his position*, and as an emblem of his native State. The statue I doubt not will give the highest satisfaction to Mr. Calhoun's friends, and to connoisseurs as a work of art.

PLAY AWAY ON THE SLATE.

We heard a good story yesterday, says the N. O. Delta; of a popular fisherman, who a few years ago resided in this city. He was not only in good standing with his company, but in good credit with his landlord, who was the keeper of a tavern. Mine host did not register his accounts by double entry; nor make his entries with indelible ink; his ledger was a folding slate, one-half of which was covered by the debts of the generous firemen.

On a certain occasion the establishment took fire, the alarm was given, and very soon the firemen were present to suppress it. They knew that our hero was a boarder there, and for the safety of his property their anxiety was first evinced.

"Ha! Bill," says one, "throw down your bunk."

"Oh! Bill," says another, "wait there and we'll put up a ladder for you to come down by."

"Hold on there for a moment, boys, and I'll tell you what to do," says Bill;

He disappeared for a moment, and in a moment again he was at the window, holding the doubled-up slate, but now undoubled slate, in his hands before him, which bore on its face the sole record of his indebtedness to "the house."

"There! there! now," says Bill, speaking in that tone of authority which his office in the company authorised him to use, "*play away on the slate, No. 7!*"

No. 7 promptly obeyed orders, and in a very few minutes the slate was—a blank. The simple water washed away all Bill's brandies and water.

"Enough, boys" says Bill, closing up the slate, "it's a regular open and shut game. If Mrs. Mickson has any charge against me, let her produce her vouchers."

SINGULAR CEREMONY.—*Stockholm, Sept.* 27.—The day before yesterday the obsequies of the late Count Rosenbald, lord of the kingdom, and formerly minister of justice, took place. The funeral procession was composed of eight hundred persons, among them the King, the Prince Royal, and others of the nobility, who went to the church where they were present at the funeral services. After the officiating priest had thrown three shovels full of earth on the coffin, Count Beskow, grand marshal of the court, mounted on a staging, and announced in a loud voice that since the deceased had left no direct or collateral descendant for his successor, and consequently his family and name was extinct, he would proceed to the breaking of his armorial bearings. Immediately a small table of marble was placed before the Grand Marshal, on which was placed an escutcheon in crystal, on which was painted the arms of the Rosenbald family. A herald brought and handed a hammer to the Grand Marshal, and M. de Beskow struck a blow with it on the escutcheon, which was immediately broken, and fell in pieces to the earth. This act finished the ceremony, and the numerous assembly retired.—*N. Y. Ev. Post.*

DAILY NATIONAL WHIG.

WASHINGTON CITY.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOV'R 19, 1847.

For President

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Subject to the decision of the Whig National Convention

MEXICAN VIEWS OF THE WAR.

We have referred to the ultra Democratic Spirit of "La Razon," the organ of the Puros or Federalists, in the City of Mexico. The following article from that Journal of October 22, (translated by the New Orleans Delta,) may be regarded as an exposition of the sentiments of that party upon the war question. We publish it, not without any hopes that it will have any effect upon the wicked councils of the American Executive, but that the People may see how justly our enemies can reason upon the war and its consequences to themselves, even though they do not act upon such sensible deductions. As to the propositions of La Razon—a conference between the *eminent* men of both People—it is idle to hope for any result from it, for even if Mexico were to offer it formally, Mr. Polk would not agree to it, while there are any *Trists* or *Atochas* or *Slidells* to whose unskilful hands he can commit the high interest of the country.

From "La Razon" October 22.

Peace or War.

The question of life or death to the Mexican republic, which involves the social existence of the present generation, and the fate of those yet unborn, is agitated and debated by the pens of different citizens of the two contending nations, is observed with uneasiness by the European continent, and is generally denaturalized and merged in the diverse passions excited by so serious an affair. We might well wish to excuse ourselves from taking part in so delicate an affair—to which science should contribute its treasures, and patriotism its purest virtue—especially as it does not pertain exclusively to any of our most prominent factions. But what subject concerning our international organization can be touched upon which does not presuppose an opinion based upon that question which absorbs the universal attention? In the midst of the uneasiness and anguish of torment, who can preserve the calmness necessary to the complicated and tranquil consideration of domestic economy? It is not the result of stoicism, or perhaps, even of criminal indifference, to withdraw attention from the common danger, and fix it upon local interests, when even the extent of the enemy's intentions are unknown, and he preserves a mysterious taciturnity while taking advantage of the favors extended to him by the hand of prosperous fortune? What is the foundation of such flattering hopes when we are ignorant of the aid which can be extended to us, or the resistance which can be offered to any political organization.

To avoid these accusations, which candor or malice might make against us, to cause to be discontinued the accustomed and sad motto of Mexico, dictated by indolence acquired through our vicious education—"it is not yet time, we are not prepared for such excellent things"—has been the principal stimulus which has determined us to grapple with the greatest difficulty, which, in our transient journey through this world, may perhaps be presented to us.

It is possible that all our readers may not be men of education, for them we more especially write, asking the more learned to grant us their indulgence.—These latter know very well that war between nations is not exactly the expression of the anger and vengeance of two nations, prosecuted without mercy even to extermination. Some political opinion, some alarm, well or ill founded, which the operations of one cabinet originate in another; the desire of territorial extension, or of cherishing some branch of industry; and, lastly, the desire upon the part of one people of achieving some object, in the execution of which another may consider itself offended, is the origin of war.

When diplomatic science was unknown in the world, nations had no other method of salvation than a resort to physical force. Should they then succumb, they were irremediably subject to the conqueror. Thus did the empire of Assyria fall before the army of Cyrus; thus did Persia disappear before the power of Alexander; so was extinguished the empire of this conqueror, the kingdoms created by his captains, and the republic of Carthage in the conquests of Roman republic; and thus was dismembered at last the great empire of the Cæsars', by the irruptions of the barbarians of the East and of the North.

In the same manner, was formed and dissolved the empire of Charlemagne; and in this confusion the feudal ages passed, without any other title to the acquisition of power than that of brute force.

The different nations that came forth from this chaos, had limits more definitely marked, a safer policy and government, and reasons of State commerce to interfere in the disputes of nations. Their mercantile interests, and all their relations with one another were computed, so that even the most distant took an interest in the contests which were excited. In proportion with the progression of arts, of the sciences, of commerce and of industry, arms in connection with diplomacy, which is the science regulative of the common interest, decided the fate of nations.

From the time of Charles V, Emperor of Germany, we have a series of diplomatic treaties, of peace, of truce, of commerce and alliance, which have influenced the creation or extinction of dynasties, the diminution of augmentation of territory, or the greater or less influence of nations. The history of the last three centuries, during which diplomatic negotiations commenced to take that character which we now notice, presents us with a catalogue of events corroborative of this truth. The Prince of Orange would have lost all his dominions, if the treaty of Vervona concluded in 1598 had not restored to him all the provinces which the power of arms had wrested from him; and from that time to the present, from the treaty of Nimeguen in 1678 to the Congress of Vienna in 1814 and 1815, all the civilized nations of Europe have been comprehended and listened to. Those of the first order, such as England, Austria, Prussia, Russia, &c., have acceded to the propositions of France, on account of having become unable to prosecute war, from the immense losses they had suffered. The treaty of Luneville in 1803 deprived the Germanic confederation of all its territories situated on the left bank of the Rhine, and produced in the interior of Germany great territorial novelties, and substantial variations in the constitution of the Empire, such as were the secularizations. The treaty of Presburg ratified in December, 1805, transferred the kingdom of Naples to the domination of France. Prussia ceded to France the Duchy of Anspach, of Neufchatel and Valengin, part of the Duchy of Cleves, and of the Electorate of Hanover. The King of Bavaria ceded the Duchy of Berg and received in indemnification that of Anspach. By the treaty of Tilsit, concluded on the 7th of June, 1807, Prussia, after having lost in twenty-eight days its army and its monarchy, recovered, notwithstanding, its possessions on the other side of the Elbe, which were Silesia, Brandenburg, Pomerania, and the part of Poland lying on both sides of the Vistula, and totally lost its provinces between the Elbe and the Rhine, renounced all its rights over other States, and recognized Naples, Holland, and the confederation of the Rhine. In the year 1809 Austria, by the treaty of Vienna, lost more than three million and a half of inhabitants. Sajonia increased its territory by the Duchy of Warsaw. Russia acquired Gallicia, and there remained at the dispostion of France, Salsburg, the districts of the Inn, half of Carinthia, and the whole of Carniola, all of which were distributed among its allies. France itself, in 1814 and 1815, saw itself compelled to receive the peace of the allies, losing all its conquests and glories, admitting a dynasty which it detested, and whose blood had flowed, mingled with that of thousands of victims; and this peace is accepted after having seen its capital occupied by the allied armies. The Congress of Vienna, composed of the diplomatists of Austria, Spain, England, Portugal, Prussia, Switzerland, Russia, and France, made its definitive arrangements.

And now, in order to apply these historical examples with precision, let us see what is the present condition of Mexico. It is that of the most profound stupor after the most mournful undeceiving. Homogeneous armies, organized according to all the rules of tactics, and in the midst of their homes, went to combat against undisciplined masses, collected by force, heterogenous in origin, language and interest, and in a foreign country; so that whatever might have been the personal courage of the soldiers, or the ability of the General of the invaders, the means of action were so unequal that the probabilities ought to have been the same way. Six combats took place; and what was the result of all. What does the country find in its "men of war." who had cost it so many burdens and so many sacrifices. We cannot answer without finding ourselves overwhelmed with opprobrium and shame. What a picture does the country now present? That of a victim, who, in his desperation tears out his own entrails. Those men who retrocede, those who are voluntarily blind, ask with shouts the suicidal measure of the introduction of monarchy. The men of violent passions, and of limited intelligence, clamor for an insurrectionary war; those interested in the old system of anarchy, who see their interest in its continuance, and who have their plans traced for the prosecution of their system of usurpation, and depredation, invoke peace at whatever cost they are insensible to any feeling of honor, and neither the good name of the country nor its future interest entering into their plan, they would cut our Gordian knot at a single stroke. But the reflecting men, those who have material interests to preserve, and families to support, who have noble sentiments, which identify them with the country in which they were born, and which they have afterwards adopted as their own, are horrified at the appearance of the obscure future of which they obtain a glimpse, if the war should have no other result than the misfortunes inherent to this calamity of society—in the loss of some provinces, the humiliation of being conquered, and as a conclusion, the restoration of the same vices and the same disorders. These men are the chosen of the country—they sigh for an honorable way of extricating themselves from this conflict of uncertainty and violence; and at the same time they ardently desire a political theory, which shall insure peace and prosperity for the future. We believe that diplomatic science, profiting by events, can provide for the two exigencies, which, without doubt, constitute the true state of the question.

Of the four methods recognized to terminate war between nations, the first, which is an adjustment, has proved unavailing, and perhaps powerful obstacles would prevent its consummation. The second, mediation, should be rejected as impossible, because there is not upon the continent among the other republics, one which is sufficiently powerful, and has enough influence with the two belligerents, and to invoke Europe, would be the greatest rashness. The third, which is arbitration, is subject to the same objection as the previous ones. There remains then, the fourth, which consists in a conference of the most eminent persons of both nations at a certain designated place. As the formation of a protocol demands serious and prolonged discussions and consultations, which consume much time, a preliminary truce could be concluded, which would give rest to this poor nation, and would permit it to organize itself in such a manner that it should exist in prosperity, and live in peace with its neighbor. In this manner, we believe we can connect the subject upon which we have touched, with the programme of interior organization which we are going to present.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Mr. Tompkin's, *w.*, majority over Roberts, *d.*, for Congress from the 3d District in Mississippi, is 550—unnofficial.

Dr. Wilson, an English traveller, recently sounded Jacob's Well, and found it only 75 feet deep and very little water in it. When Maundrell visited it, it was 105 feet deep, and had 15 feet of water in it.

The papers in the interest of Mr. King as a Senator from Alabama, are out against the return of Mr. Lewis. The war is waxing hot upon this question.

A mule driver recently entered his name opposite a berth on a Vera Cruz steamer, and placed opposite to it the letters, M. D. Every body took him to be an army surgeon, until an officer, who knew him, let the secret out to the amusement of all the passengers.

The Plymouth is to go to the East Indies, under command of Capt. Gedney, and the St. Louis and St. Marys to the Brazil station. The Decatur arrived at Norfolk on the 16th inst. from Pensacola.

The destruction of U. States property at Vera Cruz, during the northers of the latter part of last month, will help to swell the national debt not a little.

It is said that the Rotchshilds are about to ship three millions of specie from N. York, that being the amount of bills on the U. S. Treasury cashed by them in Mexico.

Treasury notes are now beginning to be paid into the Treasury for duties—they being at par. The increase of the revenue will not benefit Mr. Walker much in this event. It will in a measure, decrease the national debt by absorption of the government due bills.

The Alexandria Gazette very truly observes that the most *wonderful* part of the Electric Telegraph is the extortionate charges which the companies make for the transmission of intelligence.

Our army on entering Mexico encountered an American prisoner, tied on a board, with the flesh flayed from his limbs, and his heart cut out, and other indignities committed on the corpse too shocking to decency to relate. Surely, such barbarians deserve the vengeance of conquest.

The last dates from Vera Cruz assert that Santa Anna had fled from Mexico, embarking on an English vessel at old Tampico.

In the battle of Atlixco we lost but one man killed and two wounded, while the enemy's loss was 519 killed and wounded. The conflict commenced between the towns of Choeula and Atlixco, and ended in the latter place after a few moments resistance.

A few days since one man shot another in Benton, Miss. and fled. In his flight he met the child of his victim, and, telling the nurse what he had done, hastened on, but his knees gave way and he was taken with the arms in his hand with which he had committed the murder.

The dead body of a young female was found a day or two ago near Doylestown, Pa. It was terribly bruised, but no clue was found as to her identity.

So far as heard from Gen. Lamar has nearly all the votes of the Counties of Nueces and San Patricio in Texas for the Legislature. Over 150 votes were thrown in the precinct opposite Matamoras, and they were chiefly Mexicau votes.

We are sorry to see the Rail Road Journal enter the lists in defence of those soulless monopolies, the Rail Road Companies, against the public condemnation for their outrageously exorbitant demands for carrying the mails.

The Patriot is a new Whig paper to be published at Lynchburg, Virginia. It supports old Rough for President, as every Whig does, who wishes to rescue the Executive from the corrupt hands of politicians.

Dallas and Jefferson Davis is a Democratic Presidential Ticket—but all in vain are these things of an hour. The public mind is filled with one name—the Heroic Taylor—and there is an end of all trouble on this point.

There is a body of Mexican lancers who call themselves the Rancheros of the Poisoned Lance, because they carry poisoned weapons. They have hitherto taken good care not to be found in any of the battles, except that of Atlixco, at which some of them were captured. Their fate may be imagined.

The road from Vera Cruz to Jalapa was open on the 4th inst.—garrisons being stationed at convenient points. The next news will, no doubt, bring us the intelligence of a free road to the Capital.

A Mexican writing to his father, says that the battle of Atlixco seemed to him like the judgment day—so terrible was the onset of the Americans, whose prowess nothing could oppose or hinder.

Mr. Slidell, it appears from a correspondence in the New Orleans papers, between him and Mr. Buchanan, closed his official relations with the government on the 2nd of April, 1846, but retained his commission up to the 26th of January, 1847, at the request of the President, tho' he did not draw any pay during the abeyance of his mission.

They have succeeded in building dams, that will not wash away, on the water courses of the alluvions of the Mississippi valley, by constructing them of brush-wood, gravel and clay.

The Charleston people have held a meeting and determined to receive Gen. Shields with all due honor on his journey to Washington. Is this a part in the programme of operations to make the General a candidate for the Presidency?

They are going to get up steam communication between New York, Bermuda, and Nassau.

The Hotspurs of Anderson C. H., S. C., have recently held an anti-Wilmot Proviso meeting. They go for the Senators and Representatives of that State retiring from Congress in the event of the adoption by Congress of the principle of that Proviso. Whew!

Two Mexicans were recently sentenced at Buena Vista to receive 500 lashes on the bare back for being accessaries in a murder of an American. This mode of punishment ought to be forbidden by law, both in civil and military life. It is disgraceful to Christian nations.

The Georgetown Advocate thinks that Georgetown ought to recover damages from Washington for the injury done to the channel of the Potomac by the causeway of the Long bridge. What has Washington to do with it? We thought that Congress built the Long bridge.

The New York Tribune takes the same view of Mr. Clay's seventh resolution as we do. It considers it as opposed to the extension of slavery in any territory which may be annexed to the Union, and claims him, therefore, as a Wilmot Proviso man.

The Anti-Gold League in England is laboring to prove that there is no reason why the precious metals should be the only solvent of debts or obligations. This league is the fruit of the present commercial ruin in Great Britain.

The Louisville Courier contends that we are not confined to the taking of territory from Mexico as indemnification for the expenses of the war, that we could make a treaty of peace by giving back Mexico all her territory, and taking her mines to work for a series of years—holding Vera Cruz, &c. in the meantime as security, &c.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin shows up with a deal of spirit the deceitfulness and folly of political meetings, and urges that they are mere weapons in the hands of office-seekers for advancing their pretensions to place.

The New York Herald advises the public that it has ascertained the policy of the Executive in regard to Mexico. It is to continue the war, till indemnity for the expenses of the war shall be paid, even if it takes the whole of Mexico to pay it.

Three thousand dollars have been raised in Pittsburg for the Washington Monument. Upwards of half this amount was taken by the working-men of the Rolling Mills.

The Humboldt is the name of the third New York and European steamship, the keel of which has just been laid.

The great Vassall case, says the Baltimore American, relating to the Vassall estates in New England, is to be argued before the Supreme Court of the United States next month. It is ordered up from the Maine District Dircuit Court, to try title under the will of Florentius Vassall, which embraces a dozen large sheets of parchment, and involves all the principles of the old English laws of testaments and descents. The heir in the U. States is Gen. John Vassall Davis, of Washington.

The Michigan Regiment was all ready, last week, and equipped for the wars. It is on its way ere this.

Mr. Berrien and Mr. Dawson are elected as Senators from Georgia.

From Yucatan.

The following letter is translated from *La Patria*, by the New Orleans Delta and contains all the intelligence of importance from Yucatan. We commend it to Mr. Buchanan and the Yucatan Commissioners now here.

CAMPEACHY Oct. 26, 1847.

Senors Editors of La Patria—By this time you are acquainted with the occurrence of the last pronuciamiento at Merida, on the 6th inst., proclaiming the "Programme" of the 8th of last January. In consequence of this the publication of *El Siglo XIX* has been suspended, and the first number of a new paper, entitled *El Eco*, has appeared, which, if possible, I will