AVOID THE CUP.

The circumstances which induced the writing of the following touching and thrilling lines, are as follows: A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for a Philadelphia paper on the subject of Temperance. Her writing was so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of being a maniac on the subject of temperance—whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow by father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn:
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive a besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be dash'd with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a lov'd father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall—
Life's fading flowers strew'd all the way—
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth—lips bath'd in blood—
And cold the livid brow;
Go catch his wither'd glance and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crush'd bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and wither'd brow—
The gray that streaks her dark hair now—
With fading frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup;
And led her down, through love and light,
And all that made her prospects bright;
And chain'd her there 'mid want and strife—
That lowly thing a drunkard's wife—
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight the drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know,
All that *my soul* hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try
When all proclaim "'tis drink and die."

Tell me I HATE the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word,
I loathe—ABHOR—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
When I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark BEVERAGE OF HELL!

Italian Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

A NIGHT-STORM ON VESUVIUS.

NAPLES, March 2, 1849.

I have visited Vesuvius twice, within a few days—the first time with a party and annoyed by a crowd of guides—the second with a single companion and in the night. I picked my way by the light of a torch over the masses of scoriæ, and followed a stream of lava from its source, as it poured slowly down the side of the mountain—now scrambling along a ridge of loose stones and ashes, which formed a bank twenty feet high, for the molten current; now actually riding on the burning river at the rate at least of a mile per hour, and now picking my way over a thin crust, and peeping through the cracks in the hardening stone at the glowing mixture below.

On the first occasion we rode to the "Hermitage," an edifice erected for the accommodation of visiters, some two-thirds of the distance to the crater. A winding road conducts you amid the vineyards and by the side of fearful ravines, and from every turn some new and varied prospect of the Bay and City of Naples, the islands and the shore, opens before you.—At the Hermitage, a crowd of miserable fellows offer the visiter canes, donkeys, and, less agreeable still, their own company and assistance up the mountain. I shook them off, and trusting to a good stick and a tried pair of legs, set out on foot. The region which succeeds is desolate beyond expression; heaps of scoriæ and ashes spread out on every side, and not a living thing shows itself among them. No Phlegethean fields could ever be so scorched or desolate. After two or three miles amid this scenery, you come to the cone, where the real labor of the ascent commences. It is in a word a scramble up a heap of loose ashes, at an angle of some forty-five degrees, to a height of a thousand feet. A small cone steeper than the first, rests upon a comparative level, and surrounds the mouth of the Volcano, which emits a constant stream of smoke. It is a most appalling and yet fascinating sight to gaze into the depths of the crater. You hear the hissing and seething below, and strain your eyes to find amid the irregular cavities which appear on every side, some evidence of the strange process, when suddenly an immense column of smoke pours up, hides everything from the view, and rolls away over the distant hills, while you start back blinded with ashes, choked with a sulphurous blast, and almost ready to turn your back and flee for life.

Facilis decensus Averno, for it is *from* Avernus here. The descent is really a pleasure; we bounded down the steep declivity like goats, leaping at one bound ten or twenty feet in the loose ashes, shouting like school boys, and exhilirated, either by the mountain air or the Lacryma Christi, till we hardly knew whether feet or head supported us—a mistake not unpardonable when moving over a surface inclined like the cone of Vesuvius.

My second visit was more full of adventures. I set out on foot from my hotel and escaped from the city after having been pursued, without exaggeration, for at least a mile and a half by two rival cabmen. Since I have been in Naples I have learned to think New York hack drivers quiet and forbearing. Here at every step they call to a pedestrian, beckon to him, solicit his attention by a most insinuating crack of their whips, and even sometimes drive directly across his path. On this occasion my friend even struck one of the rascals with his cane. We threatened them, told them we preferred to walk, without any success; still they followed, crying "Signora, Signora, carriage, carriage." At last the insulting offer of one sou, for a drive of five miles, seemed to produce an effect, and they left us.

At the foot of the mountain we took some asses. While making our bargain, for one makes a bargain for everything in Naples, even for an orange, we were surrounded by a crowd of most nefarious wretches, cut-throats to a man. It was nearly night, and I stipulated that only one man should accompany us. As we crawled slowly up the hill at a donkey pace, the night came on, the moon was covered with clouds, and we met numbers of laborers returning from the vineyards. I was reminded of the evil stories I had heard of the mountain, and of the soldier who always ascends with a party to guard them. One man passed us and took a path across the hills, and no less than four times did our guide attempt to make us turn from the beaten track into the mountains, where we felt sure there could be no road; but we kept a good watch, and trusting to our knowledge of the way, kept steadily on. At last it began to rain, and as our only resource we crept under a gateway and looked out on the clouds, and wondered what was coming next. But we reached the Hermitage safely—made our bargain for a night's rest on a settee—provided a bottle of Lacryma Christi, four eggs to roast upon the lava, and after inscribing our names on the album and drying ourselves before the fire, we laid down to rest. At 3 o'clock we set out. The first part of the walk was not a little gloomy. We picked our way through the barren region of which I spoke, over the scoriæ by the light of a torch and alone; now losing the path, now seeking for the tracks of donkeys and men, which the heavy shower had almost effaced. Once our torch suddenly went out, and for a moment, both literally and figuratively, the prospect was gloomy enough; but we succeeded in reviving it and in regaining the path after all our errors.

When we reached the other side of the cone, the torch began to pale before the glow of the lava, which lighted up the sky and the heavy cloud of smoke which rose and hung above like a burning city. The whole scene was striking in the extreme. On one side was the cone, dimly defined against the black sky, its summit concealed by a heavy mass of dark clouds; on the other the companion hill, shutting us in; behind, the only object visible was the distant line of lights, along the shore, which marked the city of Naples; while before us the ruddy glare of the red hot lava lighted up the sky. Soon we stood by the side of the current, at the orifice where it first escaped from the interior of the mountain. There it flowed slowly and steadily, seeming to press up with great force in a current about ten feet wide, and, judging from the vast quantity visible below, where the stream grew wider, 25 or 30 feet deep. Although liquid and flowing, it was much harder that it appeared, and heavy stones thrown upon it bounded off and rolled over the surface, or remained and were borne along without sinking in. Not only, too, was the central portion the highest, but it ran several inches above the rock through which it forced its way, without flowing over it, presenting the singular spectacle of a current higher than its banks.

Hardly were we suitably placed to enjoy the spectacle, when drops of rain began to hiss and sputter upon the lava and to strike upon our heads. There was no shelter within miles; we looked in vain for a cave, and at last seated ourselves close to each other by the side of a perpendicular rock, with no protection but a thin blouse, made as merry as we could with our own mishaps. For a time, I assure you, it was no laughing matter: the rain came down heavily; thick clouds covered the mountain above and below us; and every minute or two—for we were unfortunately on the leeward side of the lava—a strong wind blew the heavy sulphurous smoke and steam toward us, until we were well nigh suffocated; and I was not without a few forebodings. Only a few days before, the side of the mountain had suddenly burst open and thrown out a new current of lava, without any previous warning. Why might it not do so again? The roaring of the wind as it whistled over the rock, the hissing of the rain on the lava, seemed to me every now and then like some noise deep in the mountain—the rumbling of an earthquake it might be—and when I looked at my watch and found that, although an hour after the hour for sunrise, no light had reached us, it occurred to me that the darkness might be produced by the heavy clouds of smoke from the crater.

The rain manifested no disposition to cease and, weary of our comfortless position, we determined to have our breakfast in spite of it. We crawled on the crust, yet hot, though tolerable to our feet, and finding a spot where the heat from below still kept the rock red, placed our eggs upon it to roast, toasted our bread and cracked the bottle of Lacryma Christi. I have eaten breakfast in a more comfortable place and under brighter auspices, but I never tasted better eggs nor ate them with a better appetite. It will be a long time before I forget that meal by the light of the burning lava on Vesuvius, of a Winter's morning, before day break and in a heavy storm of wind and rain.

At last we determined that it would be as well to die by fire as by water and attempted to place the two elements in opposition to each other and see if fire would not dry faster than rain could wet. The heat was almost intolerable but our plan succeeded to perfection. We placed ourselves by the side of the fiery stream and ere long learned to laugh at the storm, for although it continued, our clothes dried rapidly. To be sure we were almost roasted, and once or twice, when the wind blew the smoke upon us, it singed our hair and eye-brows. My blouse was burnt when I laid it for a moment upon the rock where I had been standing, but it was *dried*. As the day advanced, for day did come at last, we satisfied our curiosity by examining the spot from which the lava flowed, just above it was a steep cone, yellow with sulphur, containing three craters, one choked up but too hot to remain in, although we entered it; the others emitting blasts of hot air, while from one rose the sound of the roaring furnace. Meanwhile the rain turned into snow, and while we were crawling out of an opening in the mountain too hot to hold us, and walking over a surface, which nearly burnt our shoes, a heavy snow storm was whitening the rocks and falling upon our heads. But we were at last obliged, though unwillingly, to leave so many delights and set out to descend the mountains by the side of the burning river. We had become familiar with the apparent danger and ran over the crust, which sounded hollow beneath our feet, and upon which the rain hissed as it fell, stepped across the flood and picked up masses of soft lava to stamp with a coin.

The current flowed a large part of the way beneath a thin crust, occasionally appearing again and then retiring. At one point we observed what seemed to be a new influx from the primary source, where a new current flowed in, more liquid than the other and so brilliant that it was impossible to look at it steadily. After walking by its side some distance, now scrambling over loose scoriæ, now walking upon the smooth level rock, we came to a portion where the stream bore with it and on its surface huge masses of stone which rolled along and jostled one another like something living. We thought of "living rock" and of the fable of Orpheus. After a moment it occurred to our minds that we too might be borne along like the lava, and stepping upon a large mass at the risk of burnt shoes and scorched garments, for four or five minutes we rode down the mountain as no Emperor had ever done; but it was not a method of conveyance that one could enjoy for a long time, and when it grew too hot and our carriage began to threaten an overturn upon something worse than a snow-bank, we jumped off.

The scene became more and more majestic as we descended; the current grew wider; the banks, so to speak, became higher; the descent more precipitous, till the stream of lava with which we had made so familiar was now a river twenty or even fifty feet wide, flowing between banks thirty feet high, bearing huge masses of rocks and scoriæ upon its surface and sending out a heat intolerable at a distance of thirty or forty feet. The banks also were hot, and at last so much so that we were forced to leave them. At one point the spectacle was most striking. A new branch united with the one we had followed and formed at the confluence a lava cascade some twelve feet in height. The molten mass still preserved its slow and majestic motion but bent with a graceful curve over the slope. We could perceive the line of the stream marked by ascending smoke far down the mountain and into the valley but we had seen the most interesting portion of it and were glad to relieve our burnt and weary feet by stepping upon the sand, and continuing our walk among the vineyards upon which the lava here and there intruded.

We lunched at a peasant's hut upon a cake of Indian meal seasoned with a draft of Vesuvian wine, and after a few miles more among fields green with the springing wheat were glad to terminate our excursion at the Railway station near Pompeii. I am told that for many years no eruption of lava has occurred so extensive as this, and after my experience of its extent can well believe it. I remain your obedient serv't, G. S. H.

Correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser,

PANAMA AFFAIRS.

PANAMA, March 30th, 1849.

We are anxiously waiting for the California, which has been due some time, to get off to San Francisco. Mr. Nelson, our American Consul, does every thing possible to relieve our anxieties, but hope deferred you know maketh the heart sick, especially in such uncomfortable circumstances as these. More than a hundred emigrants took passage yesterday in the British steamer for Valparaiso, going down the coast in search of vessels for California, as few ever come in here, which is 500 miles out of their way. Col. Zabriskie, his family and party, chartered a schooner of 58 tons, paying $200 each, after the Oregon left. About 500 more have secured passage in some half dozen other coasters at like prices, but over a thousand of us remain, living in hope. Some having tickets for the California sold them at an enormous advance on the cost.

Mrs. Col. Fremont, Cols. Weller and Emory, with their suites, are among the patient waiters upon Providence. Dr. Loweree, of your city, has some idea of practising here, I suppose from the fact that he is attending a number of patients with the fever of the country, brought on by the change of circumstances. But the place is healthy, and the Consul assures me is so generally, notwithstanding the reports abroad. But the unwholesome rainy season is about to open, and the Isthmus will soon be impassable. So that emigrants who have not started, would do well to take some other route. The rains continue for over three months. They commence usually in the first week of April.

At present the weather is warm and delicious, and the scenery is beyond description beautiful. The town occupies a commanding site in a bold promontory. The spacious bay in front and around, is studded with picturesque islands, that furnish the market with the most luscious tropical fruits and vegetables, and present inviting places for residences, while the shores in every direction are sprinkled with vine covered palm huts, surrounded with luxuriant and fragrant vegetation. The American flag is floating from a high mountain in the rear, and a crumbling old wall encloses the ruins and remains of what was once a splendid city. It is, indeed, an enchanting scene.

The old city, which was built at the beginning of the 16th century, about 9 miles from where I am writing, is now a melancholy waste, having been made a heap of rubbish by earthquakes. The old paved Spanish causeway remains, but the temples and walls that once echoed to human voices are all covered with the dust of centuries, and a dense thicket of briars and stinted vegetation—the home of reptiles and vermin: Our visit there was fraught with melancholy interest; not a little increased by a strange contrast—the presence of innumerable birds of rich song and plumage. Lizards, alligators, and insects also abound, and I hear that panthers are numerous in the surrounding forests.

The present city was first built in 1620. It has been twice sacked and burnt, and now retains but melancholy vestiges of former grandeur. The ravages of time are every where visible. Many houses are entirely unoccupied, and walls, churches, and fortifications are crumbling away. The vast Cathedral is the only one of the churches that has an entire roof; and it is still an imposing building, though deformed with all sorts of architectural and prelatical follies and incongruities. The twelve bells in its huge towers are rung every day, and numerous priests in their robes may be found at its altars and confessionals at all times. Some of them are rich, and attract much attention in the streets by their picturesque costume—flowing black satin gowns lined with scarlet, white trowsers, and shovel hats. The ancient monastery is a heap of ruins, but the nunnery is still inhabited by a remnant of the old sisterhood.

The two hotels on the principal street, called *Calle de la Marced*, are pretty well kept. We live at the Hotel Americano, the other being a French house, and are well served in spacious, well ventilated apartments, with cool stone walks, at about $7 a week each. Oranges, bananas, pine apples, &c. are abundant and cheap. We breakfast at 8 on chocolate and fruits, dine at 4, on poor meat and good vegetables, take tea at 9, and retire when we please. But with all this we are heartily tired of the place. The greater part of the people are black, and though there are a few cultivated families here, and in the haciendas of the neighborhood, we can have no agreeable intercourse. Take my advice and stay at home.

An Irishman writing from Ohio, says it is the most elegant place in the world. "The first three weeks," he says, "you are boarded for gratis, and after that you are charged nothing at all. Come along and bring the children!"

A letter from Carthagena, dated March 2d, confirms the death of Mr. Bidlack, our Charge at Bogota. He died on the 6th of February, after an illness of nine days.—*Balt. Amer.*

Major Walker, U. S. Marine Corps, arrived here yesterday in the steamer Osceola, from Washington City, and took lodgings at Walters's City Hotel.—*Norfolk Beacon, 14th inst.*

The U. S. storeship Relief, Lieut. Commanding Poor, was towed up to the Navy Yard yesterday morning by the U. S. Steamer Engineer.—*Ibid.*

We learn from the State Guard at Wetumpka, that Judge Chilton, of the Supreme Court, has established a law school in Macon county, at Tuskegee.

DAILY NATIONAL WHIG.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 17, 1849.

OFFICIAL.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

Officers of the Customs.

PHILIP GREELY, Jr., Collector for the District of Boston, Mass.

SAMUEL J. PETERS, Collector for the District of New Orleans, La.

BENJAMIN S. HAWLEY, Collector for the District of Apalachicola, Fla.

PHILIP HONE, Naval Officer for the District of New York.

ROBERT B. STILLE, Naval Officer for the District of New Orleans.

MANUEL J. GARCIA, Surveyor of the port of New Orleans.

By the Secretary of the Treasury.

APRIL 16.

JOHN W. CROCKETT, to be Commissioner to superintend the building of the new Custom House in New Orleans.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

J. PRESCOTT HALL, of New York, to be Attorney of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

CHARLES BINGHAM, of Alabama, to be Marshal of the United States, for the Southern District of Alabama.

JAMES SCOTT, of Indiana, to be Register of the Land Office at Jeffersonville, Indiana.

☞ We have been informed that Mr. ANDERSON, of Georgia, late principal clerk in the office of the Clerk of the House of Representatives, has been appointed Chief Clerk to the Secretary of War.

Mr. CHARLES LANMAN, formerly of New York, has been appointed Librarian of the War Department.

Mr. GEORGE P. FISHER, of Baltimore, has been appointed Librarian and Commission Clerk in the Department of State; and

Mr. GEORGE HILL, who lately filled that station, has been transferred to another desk.

These gentlemen have entered upon the performance of their respective offices.

☞ Mr. GODDARD, the Chief Clerk of the Home Department, is acting Secretary of the Interior, in the absence of Mr. EWING.

Board for the Settlement of Claims.

A majority of the Board of Commissioners, appointed under a law of Congress, to settle the claims assumed by the United States under the treaty with Mexico, met in the Aldermen's room, in the City Hall, yesterday. The Secretary read the advertisement of the State Department, giving notice of the time of the assembling of the Board. The commissions of Messrs. EVANS and PAYNE, and of W. C. JONES, the Secretary, and the certificates that they had taken their oaths to support the Constitution of the United States, and to faithfully discharge the duties of their respective offices, were read, and ordered to be entered on the record.

Mr. EVANS gave notice to claimants (a few of whom were present) that the Board will meet every day at eleven o'clock, but will not enter upon business of importance until all the members are present. Mr. C. B. SMITH, he said, may not arrive hither for three or four days, and, until that time, there will be no appointments of clerk and messenger. The Board will sit with open doors to receive motions and papers on the behalf of claimants; and the rules for the government of the Board will be promulgated as soon as they shall have been framed.

Mr. EVANS proclaimed that the Board were now ready to receive papers, and a gentleman present handed in a bundle of them.

The Secretary was directed to inform the Secretary of State that the Board had organized, and were ready to receive the documents, which, by law, are to be transferred to them from the Government archives.

COLONEL WARREN.

FITZ HENRY WARREN.—The Locofoco papers of the State, as was to be expected, are filled with articles of bitter abuse and villification of this gentleman in consequence of his appointment as Assistant Postmaster General. It is no doubt 'gall and wormwood' to the leading Locofoco politicians of the State to see one who has been so fearless and untiring in his efforts to expose their corruption, appointed to an honorable and responsible office, under the new Administration. But we can find no justification in that, for heaping odious epithets and foul-mouthed abuse upon an honorable high minded man, against whose name and character, the most unrelenting malice of the bitterest and most unscrupulous band of Locofoco politicians in the Union can sustain no specific charge.—*Keokuk (Iowa) Whig and Register, April 5.*

From all the evidence before us, we are convinced that Col. F. H. WARREN, of this State, who was one of the Taylor candidates for Electors, has received the appointment of Second Assistant Postmaster General under the new Administration. This is a deserved honor, and one that the Whigs of Iowa will feel unalloyed pleasure in seeing bestowed. Colonel Warren's services in the Whig cause have been great and self-sacrificing, and have won for him the highest regards of his co-laborers in that field. His talents admirably adapt him to his new position. His manners are quiet and unostentatious, and his habits of business systematic and persevering. He knows fully the wants of the West, and we shall expect, from his influence and attention, important improvements in the mail facilities of this most neglected section of the Union.—*Dubuque (Iowa) Tribune, March 30.*

We invite the special attention of the *Union* and its brother slanderers, to the above responses to Col. WARREN's appointment from his adopted State. The malicious journals, which have been engaged in the delectable task of hunting down an honest man, will wish that they had not attempted the game in the case of Col. WARREN, before they get to the end of the rope that is preparing for them.

JUDGE COLLAMER.

We call the attention of the reader to an able article, in another column, from the New York Tribune, vindicating Judge COLLAMER from the attacks of his opponents. Differing from the Tribune in its view of the Judge's personal demeanor, we cheerfully endorse all that is said of him by that journal, and we are sure the country will respond.

The Tribune's notice of Col. WARREN will also attract attention. It is no more than just to that honorable gentleman, who is, at the present moment, pursued by the minions of Locofocoism for his honesty and independence.

☞ One of the writers of Washington *fiction*, stated the other day in a letter to the Baltimore *Sun*, that some person was in negotiation for the purchase of the *National Intelligencer* and had offered fifty thousand dollars for it. The proprietors of that journal, referring to the statement, inform the public, that their establishment "could not, "at any time, be bought for less than twice "the sum stated, nor, at the present time, for "any amount whatever that any one, in his "senses, would be likely to offer for it."—It is no more than justice to our contemporary, that we should assist in giving currency to their correction of the piece of fiction, to call it by no worse name, which had placed them in so equivocal a position.

Thomas Fitnam has been appointed to displace Mr. Sergstack, as Warden of the District Penitentiary. This is decidedly dirty. Mr. Fitnam is an Irishman and a Whig.—*Baltimore Argus, Dem.*

This is the way the Democratic leaders speak and feel about Irishmen, when they have no farther use for their votes!

The Cabinet of Gen. Taylor is not remarkable for ability. Clayton is inferior to dozens of whig statesmen; Ewing is celebrated for his bitter partisan feeling, his prophecy in relation to our lakes, rivers, and canals, and his land speculations, and Meredith only as a lawyer. All that can be said of Crawford is, *that he is the son of his father.*—*Detroit, Mich. Free Press, Dem.*

Mr. BAGG, the conductor of this paper, has been superceded by Mr. WILLIAMS, the conductor of the Detroit Advertiser. It is very natural, therefore, that Mr. BAGG should see so little merit in the Cabinet of the Government that saw so little merit in him.

☞ The following amount of U. S. stock was issued in this city on Foreign Account, between the 7th and 13th instant, inclusive:

Loan of 1842,	- - -	$16,000
" 1843,	- - -	7,000
" 1846,	- - -	1,600
" 1847,	- - -	75,700
" 1848,	- - -	5,000
		$105,300

The issues of Coupon Stock, during the same period, were limited.

☞ How do the advocates of the Walker Tariff explain the reciprocity, which has forced the Colliers of Pennsylvania to refrain from shipping coal to market? They met at the mines on Saturday last, and determined to continue the embargo. If we had a home market, this would not be.

The Administration and its Opponents

The leaders of the defeated party, whose claims to the popular confidence were set aside at the late Presidential election, are manifesting a fixed predetermined purpose of opposing Gen. Taylor's administration, at all events. The over-wrought zeal of these ministers of partisan excitement does not promise well for their cause. It rather shows that the public mind is so little stirred, and so well disposed to judge the new administration fairly, that in order to maintain the usual aggregate of party fervor in their own ranks, the agitators must take an unusual quantity of it upon themselves. They must nurse their wrath to keep it warm.

But a violent opposition to the Administration is to be expected. Attacks from the front and on the flank will have to be repelled, and direct and indirect assailants are to be vanquished. The Alexandria Gazette, reviewing the preparations for warfare on the other side, makes these remarks:

"Since, then, the opposition party are determined to marshal their clans for a four years' war against the Administration, however much we may regret the determination, we have no other alternative, but to meet them with the same resolution we have always shown, and form our ranks also, glad that we have as our leader the gallant old patriot hero, for whom we have just gained a brilliant political triumph, and to aid whom we feel that we shall be but doing our duty. The victory will be but half gained—nay, it will not be a victory at all—if after electing Gen. Taylor, we do not give him a fair and manly support in his administration of the Government. The Whig party should strive to sustain him both in the Halls of Congress, in the State Legislatures, and in the primary assemblies of the people. The Whig party should rally together firmer and more unitedly than ever. The Whig phalanx should be as unbroken as it was on the 7th day of November last—when its serried ranks bore down all opposition, and planted their colors upon the citadel of power. We seek no banding together of office-holders, and we want no 'aid and countenance' from those at the head of affairs. We want them *to do their duty to the country*, and to let us alone. The people elected Gen. Taylor, and the people alone can uphold with their strong hands his Administration."

The truth and justice of observation which mark these concluding sentences are characteristic of the able journal from which we copy them. Nothing could be better said, or more truly said. If we are to be weakened in the coming political struggle, it will be by the officious interposition of those who love to manage too much, and who would put mercenaries to lead freemen. Save us from that! If the Administration of Gen. Taylor is to be sustained triumphantly, as we believe it will be, it must be sustained by a strength derived from its elevated spirit of patriotism and justice, and its steady adherence to a policy adapted to the true interests of the country.

Established upon such a basis, not only will the confidence of the people cleave to it, but those who fight against it will, by the causelessness of their opposition, demonstrate their own factious ends. The strength of an opposition does not consist in its outcry and noise; in its violence and bitterness; in the power of coalitions to obtain offices; but it is to be found in the errors and weaknesses of an administration; the narrowness of the basis upon which its foundations rest, and in the superior claims which the opposition may finally show to the country. There is no greater mistake that politicians commit than in undervaluing the intelligent sense and patriotism of the people. They profess to estimate both very highly, but their practice too often shows that they use such professions as the mere means of cajoling.

Now there is nothing more certain than that the general course of our public policy does ultimately and definitely take its direction from the great mass of the people, and that it does, in the aggregate, reflect the general interests of all the parts of the Union as well compromized and harmonized as the case will admit. Our statesmen, those of them who are wise, will find their account in noting this—from which they may learn that ultraisms always produce reactions; that no extremes, whether partisan or sectional, can belong to any permanent policy; and that more influence is commanded by the ascertainment and the honest and steady pursuit of a single measure of really national policy, than by all the peddlings of offices that any huckster for the Presidency ever engaged in.—*Balt. American.*

Pensions to Soldiers' Widows.

We have been so often applied to for information respecting the act of the late Session of Congress extending the benefits of the pension system to widows of those who had served the country in a military capacity that we publish the act as it has just reached us in the Official 'Acts and Resolutions passed at the 2d Session of the XXXth Congress of the U. States,'—as follows:

CHAPTER 62.—AN ACT granting five years' half-pay to certain widows and orphans of officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates, both regulars and volunteers.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That the provisions of the second section of the act entitled "An act amending the act entitled 'An act granting half-pay to widows or orphans, where their husbands and fathers have died of wounds received in the military service of the United States, in cases of deceased officers and soldiers of the militia and volunteers,'" approved July 21, 1848, shall be so construed as to embrace all widows or orphans of officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, whether of the regular army or of volunteers, who have received an honorable discharge, or who remained to the date of their death in the military service of the United States, and who have died since their return to their usual place of residence, of wounds received or from disease contracted while in line of duty, subject to such rules, regulations and restrictions as the Secretary of War, by the 3d section of said act, is authorized to impose.—Approved Feb. 22, 1849.

This act grants five years' half-pay to the widows or children of those soldiers *only* who either died in the service of the United States, or died after being honorably discharged therefrom, of wounds received or disease contracted therein. No distinction is made between those serving in the regular army and volunteers or militia. The act was intended to be liberally just, and will doubtless carry comfort to many a desolate hearth. It makes no distinction between those who served respectively in the several wars in which our country has been engaged, and those who served only in time of peace are included, provided they died in the service or of wounds received or disease contracted therein.—*N. Y. Tri.*

Post-Office Changes.

When JACOB COLLAMER of Vermont was selected for Postmaster General and FITZ HENRY WARREN of Iowa placed at the head of the Appointment Bureau of the Post-Office Department, we felt confident that the prosecution of a salutary reform in *that* branch of the public service was certain. Two men of more unquestioned devotion to the principles of the great party which triumphed last November could not be found; and while Judge Collamer would doubtless prefer to 'proscribe proscription,' he is not the man to be duped into believing that this is to be done by leaving the public offices entirely monopolized by the party of which Proscription is the boast and aliment. Called to the head of a Department which has some fifteen thousand appointments in its gift, every one worth having in the hands of the defeated party, he is the last man to be convinced that justice, principle or sound policy required the continuance of all that army in office to the exclusion of those who have been systematically proscribed and excluded for nearly the whole of the last twenty years. We infer this from the character and acts of the new Postmaster General, who is a man of few words, but whose views are indicated by his deeds. Somewhat abrupt in manner and decided in opinion, Judge Collamer brought to the country's service an integrity which malice never ventured to doubt, a rare vigor of intellect and acquaintance with the legislation and business of the Government such as few have been enabled to acquire, combined with habits of industry and application as are seldom equaled and hardly ever surpassed. He may or may not be popular with those whose business constrains them to make drafts upon his time and attention, but that his Department will be conducted with signal and generally conceded efficiency, we cannot doubt.

Col. Warren, the new Second Assistant, has been hitherto less widely known than his chief, and some of the malignity which it would be simply absurd to vent upon Judge Collamer has been freely showered upon him. It amounts to about this—that Col. Warren was once unfortunate in business in Massachusetts, and has been a sore trouble to the Loco-Focos of Iowa since he removed thither. Thus stripped of their false gloss, the charges may very likely be true. We understood some time since that the party which has finally obtained control of Iowa could have done it earlier and with much less difficulty if Col. Warren had not been among their leading opponents.—Had all those adversaries been as self-forgetful as he, Iowa would not now be represented in Congress by enemies of the new Administration, nor she the only free State whose Legislature has not passed resolutions in favor of freedom in the new Territories. And if the Whig who received a majority of the votes cast at the last election for Congress in her Western district shall be admitted to the seat, doubtless a large share of the credit of that result will be due to the exertions of Col. Warren.

The Whigs of the Union need no other assurance than the names of the Postmaster General and his Second Assistant that justice will be done them in the appointment of Postmasters; and if they *did* need any, the lists of new Postmasters in this and our last would be testimony in point. We trust there will be no constrained haste, no want of deliberation, no indiscriminate proscription, and that those who solicit changes will have sense enough to realize that even the proper and necessary changes cannot be made in a month or two. In due time all will be made right.—*N. Y. Tribune, 13th inst.*

The Department of the Interior.--The Union, &c.,

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1849.

The Union of this morning contains an attack upon the Secretary of the Interior, for an alleged violation of the law, in his construction of the act creating the department. The act is preposterously absurd.

The 11th section of the act of the 3d of March, 1849, to establish the Department of the Interior, authorizes the appointment of a chief clerk, which has been done. It also authorizes the transfer of such clerks from the Treasury Department to the Department of the Interior, as performed the duties over which the supervision and control are given by that act to the Secretary of the Interior. In compliance with this provision, two gentlemen were transferred from the General Land Office, whose duties before the transfer were peculiarly those over which the supervision and control were given, by the above mentioned act, to the Secretary of the Interior; and as the Secretary has the power to transfer from one bureau to another, either clerks or business within the same Department, as the public business or interest may require, that portion of the act having been literally complied with. Similar duties have been devolved by that act on the Secretary of the Interior, with reference to the Indian and Bounty Land Bureaus, and the act being silent with reference to the clerks in those bureaus, the necessary, proper, and only construction that could be given by any practical man of common sense is, that the Secretary has the same powers with reference to those bureaus that are given expressly with reference to the Treasury Department. Under this construction, one gentleman only was transferred from each of those bureaus.

As there was no force that could be spared from the duties of the Patent Office, no transfer was made from that bureau; but as the act was imperative, and required other duties to be performed in addition to those devolved upon the clerks, transferred as above mentioned, it was absolutely necessary that clerks should be employed for that service. Those clerks, according to the showing of the Union, have been employed, with the express understanding that the act should be sanctioned by Congress.

Here, then, is the whole matter: The Secretary of the Interior, anxious that the duties devolved upon his department should be discharged in a manner that will promote the interests of the people of the U. States, with which his office has the most intimate relation, employs seven clerks, thus directly or constructively authorized by law, and then, only by unceasing devotion of every moment is he enabled to carry on the arduous duties of his office.

Had this been a novel matter—had the construction not universally obtained, that the provisions of a preceding act, discordant with those of one succeeding, were always repealed by the latter, there might be some excuse for the attack of the Union. But with the knowledge of the fact that temporary clerks had been employed by the past administration whenever the necessities of the departments required them, the article in question can only be set down to a total and reckless disregard of the known and established usages of the Government, and for the purpose of trumping up a charge against the administration.

One great point in the Union article is, that sundry of these clerks are employed in filing and arranging the documents of the new department.—This is, however, in our opinion, one of its strongest recommendations. Whatever document may be presented to the departments by a citizen, whatever his station, is entitled to the same care and courtesy as those deposited by the mightiest and most influential; and the respectful attention paid them all, according to the Union, is deserving of high praise.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FITZ HENRY WARREN.—There is nothing like slander to bring out the good points in the character of an honest man, it operates like fire on sympathetic ink, and reveals the traces that would otherwise be unperceived. The case of Fitz Henry Warren, the Assistant Post Master General, is a remarkable case in point. When he first received his appointment he was comparatively unknown to the country at large, although he was sufficiently well known in the district where he lived; but, no sooner was his appointment announced than the opponents of the administration began to slander his character with a malignant virulence which showed that he must have been peculiarly obnoxious to them, politically, for it is not to be supposed that they have such a horror of human frailties as to pour out upon the head of every moral offender such phials of bitter wrath as they emptied upon the name of Col. Warren. The upshot of their charges were, that he had failed in business in Massachusetts before emigrating to Iowa, and that in the latter place he had circumvented the designs of the Locofocos. These charges have caused the friends of Col. Warren to come to his rescue, and so far from his reputation suffering any by the slander put afloat by his enemies, it appears that so many admirable traits of character have been developed in him, that he will probably be placed in a still higher position than that which he now occupies, from the fact of his good qualities having been made known by the very means which his enemies took to destroy him.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

FEAST OF HATRED.

If we may judge from the published reports of the speeches and sentiments flung out "in honor of Henry Clay" at the Apollo Saloon on Thursday evening, there still exists among "the cliques" a deep rooted and deadly hostility toward the administration of Gen. Taylor, notwithstanding the favor which has thus far been shown to this very faction in the dispensation of Government patronage. And to invite the President of the United States to participate in a *feast of hatred*, where all his friends, and himself indirectly, were to be deliberately and teetotally damned, is one of the most outrageous insults that ever malice devised or impudence executed. The *Express* says, (and we are sorry to find its editors in such company) that "THE LANGUAGE OF INVECTIVE WAS EXHAUSTED AGAINST THE ORIGINAL TAYLOR MEN."

Not content with persecuting us throughout the canvass, these rabid politicians seem to have sworn eternal vengeance against all those who, claiming the right to exercise an independent opinion, preferred victory with Taylor to defeat with Clay. Even the "old Boy in specs," who said he would wade through a very hot place, with the cinders up to his knees, in order to defeat Taylor, while the pap is just beginning to moisten his hoary clay, is found endorsing with his palsied applause, the bitterest abuse of the very men through whose efforts he is now receiving the bounties of a Whig administration. There are some veteran sinners who are so far gone in iniquity that it is no use to heap coals of fire on their heads, according to the suggestion of Scripture—the only fire they will ever feel is that which, "without consuming burns"—the hell-fire of a guilty conscience."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

We are informed by the Times' correspondent that Marshal Bugeaud is fond of danger. Why does not the Marshal become a guard on the Eastern Counties' Railway?

Some Excellent Thoughts.

There could little else be expected than that the administration of Gen. Taylor would find in the opposition prints much of that personal animosity, and acrimonious feeling, by which they have ever been distinguished; but, so far, the acts of the administration have been marked by so great wisdom and discretion, that even the Union, with all its partisan rancor, can see but little to censure, and directs its hostility rather to anticipations than the realities before it.

The personal popularity of Gen. Taylor is steadily progressing. His brilliant career in Mexico was bold, yet tempered with great discretion, and by a calm and wise judgment. With a mind matured by age, his experience in his new sphere of duties will find him governed by the same lofty aim, the same honesty and frankness of character, and equal wisdom and discretion.

The eminent statesmanship, the exalted character of Mr. Clayton, and his acknowledged ability, assure us that the counsel and the aid the President will receive, will be calculated to strengthen and increase the support the administration will obtain from the moderate and reflecting portion of all parties.

The temper of the public mind is favorable to a fair, moderate and impartial administration of the general government—an administration seeking honorable ends by honorable means.

The gentlemen, too, associated with Mr. Clayton, are men of ability and high character, and acknowledged private worth. Little, if any, associated with the partisan acerbities of the past, they, too, will be prudent and conciliatory, and guided by disinterested purposes and elevated sentiments, will find a warm response in the best wishes of a people tired of political management and political bitterness.

They, however, cannot hope to escape the evils attendant upon all administrations, especially one succeeding such political juggling and depravity as have marked many of the past. "Personal disappointments," says an excellent writer, "there must be—party dissatisfaction there must be—opposition and clamor, and misrepresentation of political adversaries there must be. These have attended every administration. They are the inevitable results, growing out of the exercise of power and the dispensation of patronage."

If, however, in all of these the administration is governed, as we feel assured it will be, by a sincere desire to meet every reasonable wish, and regard every reasonable consideration in the distribution of office, it will commend itself to the warm support of the people, and the more especially, if in all it is governed by a single aim to advance the true and the best interests of the country, securing ability, honesty and fidelity in the service of the public.

The Whig party is differently constituted from its opponent. The latter has, in the exercise of power, but to avoid opprobrium, and even in that it can stand what the other cannot. The former must act so as to command approval. There is circumspection necessary in the one, that has been almost wholly disregarded by the other. Such acts as marked the administration of Mr. Polk would have sunk the Whig party where, as Mr. Hannegan said, "the hand of resurrection would never have reached it."

We are persuaded that in the good sense of Gen. Taylor, and the wisdom and ability of his cabinet, there is material for a wise administration—one that, however and by whom assailed, will yet command respect and the warm approval of the people. We feel assured that such minds will travel no winding or devious paths, that they can have no purposes but such as are honorable, no designs but those that are patriotic, and not dictated to by any convention platforms, exhibited to the eye, but intangible to the touch, they will act circumspectly, deliberately and discreetly, and will look for their support to the sound common sense of the country.

We are gratified to perceive that the people are disposed everywhere to repose from the political animosities and inflamed political prejudices of the past, and to turn their attention inward to the improvement of their social condition and the development of their natural resources.

The softening influence of the new era is coming over the public press. Instead of seeking entirely arguments to sustain or elevate political partisans, its efforts are beginning to be absorbed with the immediate interests of society, and the improvement of the physical and moral condition of the people. New enterprises, new avenues to trade, commerce and wealth, are taking the place of criminations and recriminations, and a generous emulation in furthering and commending projects full of benefits in the future, is succeeding to bitter denunciation and political hatred.

It is the harbinger of better times, of nobler and better aspirations, of a glorious future.

Oh may it come to fill our country's fame
With all that's glorious in a glorious name,
A people wise, and prosperous and free,
Strong, and united in one destiny.

[*Mobile Advertiser, 7th inst.*

(From the Griffin Ga. Whig)

GEORGIA MOVING.

WHIG MEETING IN FAYETTEVILLE, GA.

Pursuant to a previous adjournment, the Whigs of Fayette county assembled on the 5th inst. Jeptha Landrum, Esq., in the chair.—The Chairman, having announced the object of the meeting, proceeded.

On motion of Geo. Ware, Esq., to appoint a committee of one from each Militia District, to report three suitable persons as delegates, to represent the county in general convention, to nominate a candidate for Governor. The committee reported the names of Edward Connor, Wm. Bennitt, and E. M. Pool, Esqrs., which report was accepted.

The meeting was addressed by A. W. Stone, Esq., who previously presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has been the usual custom, in all ages of the world, upon the achievement of any great and important victory calculated to effect great and glorious purposes, to give public utterance to the overflowing emotions of the heart.

And Whereas, We see just cause for gratitude and rejoicing in the recent triumph of the great *conservative Whig* party over the *gross outrages* and *inconsistencies* of the *self sufficient democracy*.

And Whereas, We see in the character of President Taylor, many of those shining and admirable qualities, which so nobly adorned the "Father of his Country."

Resolved therefore, That we hail his election as one of the greatest victories ever achieved by the American people—a victory over a party that has set at nought, the most sacred principles of the constitution; that have set up Executive vetoes, against the voice of legislative wisdom, that seek self aggrandizement, even at the expense of the blood and treasure of the nation; a party that can be one thing, another thing, and every thing to subserve their own selfish and contracted purposes.

Resolved, That we greet his administration, as a return of those principles for which we have so long and earnestly contended; that upon our country will no longer be heaped, the stigma, of designedly oppressing a weak and distracted neighbor; that under his judicious administration, our agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interest will be prosperous, protracted and encouraged by a wisely discriminating tariff, rendering the monetary affairs of the country, permanent and prosperous.

Resolved, That in the election of General ZACHARY TAYLOR, we have declared ourselves averse, and totally opposed to the "one man power," that we disapprove the old maxim, "the king can do no wrong;" that we discountenance and condemn, executive usurpations, sub-treasury financiering, ad valorum duties, the prosecution of an unconstitutional will to secure indemnity for the past, and security for the future, or because of the dreadful word "*Destiny*;" that we disapprove them, not because they are the principles of a certain party, but because all experience teaches them to be detremental to the interests of the country.

Resolved, That believing as we do, in the correctness of our principles, our honest endeavors shall be united to secure on all occasions, an ascendency of those principles in this our happy state; that in our coming elections, every inferior consideration shall be laid aside and all concessions concurred in, not incompatible with the general interests of the country, which may be necessary to secure the advancement of the glorious cause in which we are engaged, and the overthrow of modern *locofocoism*.

Resolved, That we consider, that particular policy of political economy, advocated by the modern democracy, to be at best, a gross mistaken policy. And so believing, it is our right and duty to make an honest endeavor for its overthrow, not impugning the particular motives of individuals.

Resolved, That believing as we do, the necessity of unity of action, and it is for principles, not men for which we are contending; that if necessary we will sacrifice preference to principle, favorite candidates to important measures, local interests to general ones; that we will vote with the party, and endeavor to keep party, what it should and ought to be.

Resolved, That we recommend the 4th Monday in June next, at Milledgeville, as the proper time and place for holding the General State Convention.

JEPTHA LANDRUM, Chair'n.

J. S. HOLLIDAY, Sect'ry.

POSTMASTER AT DETROIT. We hear, with a great deal of pleasure, that Col. Williams has been appointed Postmaster of Detroit, in the place of Mr. Bagg, the present incumbent. The Colonel is a thorough Whig, who has, for many years, devoted his best energies, in the ranks and as editor of the Detroit Advertiser, to promote the principles of his party. He also served as Lt. Colonel in the first regiment of Michigan volunteers in Mexico, and is, in every way, worthy the confidence and favor of the Administration. The gentleman whom he supercedes has gleaned a rich harvest from the political field, and will retire to enjoy in private life the ample fortune he has made while in office.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

The paragraph affirming Mr. Collamer's determination to appoint no editors to office, in his Department, is still on its journey, although there have been a dozen Editors appointed since the paragraph appeared. Among the latest and least gratifying, is that of the editor of the Delaware Express and the editor of the Detroit Advertiser.—*Ibid.*

MCGAUGHEY'S REJECTION AND HANNEGAN'S APPOINTMENT.—Since the publication of our article on the reasons for the rejection of the nomination of E. W. McGaughey, as Governor of Minesota, we have conversed with a distinguished Democrat on the subject, who had the best opportunities to know the grounds of his rejection. He confirmed our statement, that the nomination was not rejected because of the anti-war sentiments of Mr. McGaughey, no objection having been made to him or any other nominee on that ground.

Our Democratic informant signified that the question on ratifying the nomination was made a *party question*, in consequence of intimations from the Whig side of the Senate Chamber, that the Administration held the power to revoke the appointment of Mr. Hannegan; and these intimations being thrown out in a spirit and tone of defiance, the Democrats resented the implied threat by rejecting the nomination.

Owing it to candor and fairness to record this additional explanation of an extraordinary act, it is nevertheless due to ourselves and the informant on whose authority we made the previous statement, to add that this does not invalidate that. This explanation discloses a mere provocation for the course of Democratic Senators; and does not at all traverse our statement as to the treacherous conduct of the Indiana Senators, Messrs. Bright and Whitcomb, in lulling Mr. McGaughey into security and then violently opposing his confirmation in secret session.

[*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

CLAY CELEBRATION.—Certain gentlemen in New York, who belong to the party which "go for Henry Clay during his life time, and after death for his administrator," celebrated their idol's birth day at the Apollo rooms, in that city, on Thursday night. The representative of a single idea of the Whig party, who do not understand that the Whigs are not merely man-worshippers—and who shut their eyes to the claims and qualifications of every other statesman who has fought in the Whig ranks, with as much force—as much success, and as much reputation as have marked the career of their favorite—forgetting entirely that Daniel Webster has as strong claims upon the Whigs of the Union as any other Whig within the Union—these men, forsooth, get up a birth-day celebration to glorify a single man, whom the Whigs have followed, as the Frenchmen followed Napoleon, from Moscow to Waterloo—to pour out their praises upon him, as if he were the last bulwark of the liberty and the conservatism of the country. Their committee fished out a letter from President Taylor, and the company pointedly insulted him in their toast. They addressed a beautiful *non-committal* letter to Mr. Van Buren, and his reply was "like to like." Mr. Joseph L. White, who was *too good a Whig* to go for Gen. Taylor, in the Presidential canvass, and therefore went for Van Buren, most properly replied to the address to, and response from, his nearly-found tutelar Deity, mingling in his remarks all the bitter invective, and senseless charges of the lower order of the Democratic press. The annals of creeping servility might be searched in vain for a similar exhibition of personal degradation.—*Boston Courier, 14th inst.*

NO PROSCRIPTION.—The National Whig on the 10th instant, published a list of 100 post offices where changes had been made, and on the 11th of 59 more. Of course this is not proscription.—*New York True Sun.*

These constant groanings are unseemly. The locofoco party, when in power, exhibited none of the high qualities of mercy. It spared neither youth nor old age, and respected none but political service. The high and low places of the land, within the reach of the Executive, were bestowed upon the merest partisans. Whigs were as completely ostracised as if constitutionally precluded. Locofocoism assumed a perfect monopoly of the "spoils." But no Whig so far forgot his self respect as to whine over his exclusion from office. But these long fattened and still hungry leeches of locofocoism, at every removal of one of their number, distil tears as profusely as if they were "governed by the watery moon." However, as to "weep is to make less the depth of grief," we hope to find them mollified by the time these hundred are turned into thousands—as justice and public policy demand.—*Albany Eve. Journal.*

YOUNG MAN, STOP!—You, young man, on the way to the ball-alley, or billiard room, with a cigar in your mouth, and with an appetite for a mint julep—stop a moment. Are you not in a dangerous way? Will those places, or your habits, lead you to respectability or usefulness in society? Will you, by them, become more moral, more virtuous, or intelligent? If not, stop where you are, we beseech of you. You have nobleness of heart, perhaps, and a generous disposition. You may do good to those about you, if you will. Your example, if it be such as will lead to virtue, will draw others after you; or if it leads to vice or error, will also, and the more readily, lure others in the way of evil.

Then, young man, stop and think upon your course! Where is it tending? If to bad habits and low associations, stop instantly. Stand firm. Take not another step in the dangerous way, but turn back while you have the power, and seek the way of virtue, the ways of intelligence, and you may do good in your day and generation, and may be esteemed by those who enjoy your acquaintance.

Peru Affairs.

Political affairs in Peru have gone along so smoothly for the past few years, that public attention had been almost entirely diverted from her. For a country that has in times past abounded in revolutions and civil wars, it has enjoyed an extended, if not an unexpected peace.

From the last mail news from Lima, up to the 13th of March, it appears that a conspiracy had been formed against the government, and was ripe for execution, when the leaders were suddenly seized by the police, and the rebellious plan frustrated. This plan embraced the murder of the President and the usurpation of the general power. The conspirators—all men of note—were placed on board a small schooner, which sailed on the 7th of March for parts unknown, under sealed orders. One of the suspected parties, General Torrico, took refuge in the house of the United States Charge d'Affaires.

Among the arrested individuals was Gen. San Roman, one of the members of the Council of State. The government offered him a passport to any port on the Atlantic, and continuation of full pay, if he would voluntarily betake himself away from Peru; threatening, however, if he did not see fit to accept this offer, that he would be transported to other quarters that might not be so agreeable to his mind. He set up the claim of his privileges as a member of the Council, and declined the proposition. Of course he was immediately sent away, it was supposed to some port in Asia.

The sons of the individuals thus expatriated brought their complaints before the Council. The Council, according to the requirements of the law, sent three notices to the President, declaring his responsibility for thus infringing the Constitution in not putting the suspected parties on trial before the tribunals of their country, and alleging that the person of Gen. San Roman, as a member of the Council, was inviolable. From this opinion the President dissented, and set all the declarations and claims of the Council aside. An extra session of Congress was convoked for the 1st of May, which will either approve or disapprove the conduct of the Executive.

It is claimed that Gen. Castilla, the President of the Republic, is a patriotic man, wishing to forward the interests of his country by all means in his power; but that the authority of the President is too limited and confined to insure at all times the preservation of order, where the military so often threaten an outbreak. It is also said that the Revolutionists are actuated only by motives of personal ambition. If the Congress about to assemble should not think it best to approve the acts of Gen. Castilla, it is to be apprehended that Peru may become the scene of another civil war.—*Hartford, Ct. Courant.*

CONNECTICUT LEGISLATURE.—According to the Hartford Courant, the Legislature will stand thus:

	Whigs	Free Soil	Locos
SENATE	13	1	6
HOUSE	111	14	97
	124	15	103

There is one Senator still in doubt. Several of those set down as free soilers in the House, will co-operate with the Whigs.

Some of the locofoco papers speak of "the *morale* of the Connecticut election." For our part, we are unable to discover any thing "morale" in it. So far as members of Congress are concerned, it was a piece of unmitigated fraud, which will cover the "free soil" parties to the coalition with shame and ignominy.—*Albany Journal.*

A contemporary observes that the incapacity of the [English] Whigs, beggars description. This would not so much matter, if at the same time it did not beggar the country as well.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE OLD BOY IN SPECS.—Some outraged politicians were expressing their disgust at the appointment of a man to office, by the present government, who had declared that he would "wade through H—, up to his knees in lava, to defeat Gen. Taylor," when one of them suggested that the Old Boy in Specs meant only pa-laver.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM,

Of twelve years standing, completely cured by the use of Hunt's Liniment.

PASSAIC, Bergen Co., N. J., Sept. 19, 1846.

Geo. E. Stanton, Esq.—Sir: I am a blacksmith by trade, and have been affected by the Chronic Rheumatism during the winter season for twelve years, so that I was unable to attend to my business. In December last I was induced to try your external remedy, Hunt's Liniment, by the perusal of your pamphlet. I applied it thoroughly to my arm and shoulder on Sunday evening and on Monday I set 40 horse shoes and felt no pain. I followed up the use of the Liniment for five days, night and morning, continuing my work daily, and from that time to this I have not experienced the slightest pain. It is the most wonderful application I have ever known. My case is well known throughout the county, and your Liniment has become an inhabitant of every house. ISAAC A. HOPPER.

☞ Sold by all the Druggists in this city and throughout the country. Price 25 cents per bottle.

April 14 GEO. E. STANTON & CO