New-York Tribune.

BY HORACE GREELEY. "I desire you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out---I ask nothing more."—HARRISON. OFFICE NO. 30 ANN-ST.

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW-YORK, TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1841. VOL. I. NO. 21.

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE

Will be published every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at No. 30 Ann-street, New-York,

And delivered to City Subscribers for **One Cent** per copy.

Mail Subscribers, $1 per annum in advance.

TO THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC.

In the hope of securing a wide and general Advertising patronage, the favors of our friends will be inserted till further notice at the following reduced rates, viz:

FOR EACH ADVERTISEMENT OF

Twelve lines or less (over six), first insertion..... **50 cts.**
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For **Five** lines, half the above rates; **Two** lines, one-fourth of these rates—payable in all cases in advance.

CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE GOODS.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

JOHN B. PUDNEY, No. 161 Broadway, corner Grand-street, has just opened, and offers for sale, the following desirable Goods, at fair prices:
Rich Printed Mousselin de Laines.
Plain and Satin Striped do.
Black and Blue-black, Plain and Figured Silks.
French, English and American Prints.
Printed Lawns and Muslins.
Silk Shawls and Scarfs.
Scotch Ginghams, Linens, Lawns, Long Cloths, Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Gloves, &c., &c., &c. a27 1m*

CHEAP AUCTION GOODS.

TOWNSEND & MAC DOWELL, 105 Spring street, are receiving daily from auction a large and desirable assortment of RICH GOODS—among which may be found—
French Cahoons, handsome styles.
French Mourning Muslins, a beautiful article.
Figured and stripe De Laines, of every shade and pattern.
Plain Mode and blue black De Laines.
Stripe rep. and blue black Silks, uncommonly cheap.
9-4 rich silk Shawls.
Large lot of Irish Linens.
2 cases Cambric Hdkfs.
2 do plain and figd Parasols.
☞ **Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.** at a small advance. a23 1m*

GERARD & KLINCK,
No. 167 Spring-street.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY call the attention of LADIES to their stock of Dry Goods, comprising as great a variety of rich Silk Goods as can be found in Broadway, and at much lower prices. We will endeavor to convince all who may favor us with a call, that the above are facts worthy of attention.

Our assortment consists in part of the following articles, viz:

Rich China Silks	Bombazines, of every description
Damask do., new style	Printed Lawns, a superior article
Rich figured do.	Irish Linens
Plain, of all kinds	Table Damask
Black and blue-black do.	French, English and American Cahoons, Jackonets, Cambrics, &c., &c.
Silk Shawls	
Silk Scarfs	

N. B.—Just received, a superior article of Gambroons and Crape Cambletts. a27 1m*

REMOVAL.

Z. GRISWOLD & CO. respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have removed from their old stand, 96 Maiden-lane, to 53 Liberty, corner of Nassau-street, where they will keep for sale, at the lowest market prices for cash, a general assortment of

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN
DRY GOODS.

They now offer for sale the following:

40 bales No. 5 to 10 cotton yarn	4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 Cantoon matting
20 do do 10 to 21 do do	Ingrain carpeting.
20 do carpet warp.	Venitian do
200 do cotton batts.	Paper hangings.
100 do do wick.	Russia diapers.
150 do do twine.	Woolen yarns.
150 do blk and white wadding	Worsted do
White knitting cotton	Turkey red do
Spool thread.	Blue do &c. &c. m1 1m

CASH SYSTEM.

LESTER, HOLMES & CO.
167 PEARL-STREET,

ARE daily receiving from Auction and elsewhere constant supplies of new and fashionable **STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS**, which being bought with CASH, are offered to country and city merchants at unusually low prices for CASH. They invite those who wish to get a great many Goods for a small sum of money, to examine their present unequalled Stock. a17 tf

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

WM. H. PLACE, of 327 Grand-street, would respectfully call the attention of the Ladies of New-York to his stock of new and fashionable SPRING GOODS, consisting of Prints, Lawns, De Laines and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which he will sell at the lowest prices. WM. H. PLACE, 327 Grand-st

N. B. Red Back Buffalo Notes taken at a moderate discount. a26 1m

CHEAP SILKS.

RECEIVED This Day, from auction, 150 pieces of new and very rich Silks, just imported for city trade, comprising a very desirable assortment.

Ladies wishing to purchase silks, can have by calling at 251 Grand st. a large stock to make their selections from, and the prices will satisfy all who call of their cheapness. J. W. & S. BARKER. a30 tf

THE CHEAP
GRAND-ST. DRY GOOD ESTABLISHMENT.

M. HULSE, 122 GRAND-STREET, respectfully informs his patrons and the Public, that he is daily receiving from Auction a great variety of Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS, of the latest importation, which he is offering for sale very low at his Cheap Store, **122** Grand street, (between Broadway and Crosby street.)—Where the Nimble Sixpence is made to take the place of the Slow Shilling. a21 1m

CARPETINGS.

L. & M. S. BROWN, No. 161 Chatham street, have just received and are now offering for sale:

2000 yards Carpeting at	2 6
3000 " "	3 5
1800 " "	4 0
1500 " "	5 0
2500 " "	6 0 all wool.

Also, mattings, oil cloths, rugs, table covers, window shades, stair carpetings and rods, at corresponding low prices, found at this, the *cheapest* Carpet Store in the City. L. & M. S. BROWN, No. 161 Chatham st., N. Y. a26 1m

ONE PRICE STORE.

PERSONS wishing to purchase good cheap CLOTHING would do well to call at 138 Chatham st, where they will find the following prices:—Coats from $3 to $12.... Cloth Pants from $3 to $5.... Jackets—cloth, $1 50 to $5; satinet, $1 75 to $2 50.
a24 1m J. COGSWELL.

NEW GOODS—NEW GOODS—NEW GOODS.

JUST OPENED, several cases very handsome plain and colored stripe Challys of superior quality, together with a case of new style printed Lawns, and selling very low, at SUTTON & RUNDLES, 177 Spring, cor. Sullivan.

N. B. No deviation in price. a23 1m*

RIBBONS—RIBBONS—RIBBONS.

A splendid assortment of new style Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, of all colors and prices, to be had low, of SUTTON & RUNDLE, 177 Spring, cor. Sullivan.

N. B. Millinery Goods in all their variety, at wholesale prices. a23 1m*

SILKS AND MOUSSELIN DE LAINES.

JUST RECEIVED, a splendid assortment of rich plaid, figured and plain, black, blue black, and colored SILKS; a good assortment of plain and figured Mousselin de Laines. Also, American, English, and French Prints, together with a full and well selected assortment of the latest designs of Spring and Summer Goods—extra cheap at 205 Greenwich-st. HENRY WILLIAMS & CO. a22 1m*

DE LAINES—Just received, a lot of small figured crape De Laines, a beautiful article for Children's Dresses. Also, some very beautiful Mousselin de Laines for Ladies' Dresses, all for sale cheap at M. HULSE'S, 122 Grand st. near Broadway. m3 1w

TABLE DAMASK.—Just received, heavy 6-4 Linen Table Damask, at 3s. per yard; also, heavy 8-4 do., only 4s. per yard; splendid double Damask do., at 6. C. R. HULL, 71 Catharine-st. m3

GIRANDOLES, CANDELABRAS, &c.—A splendid assortment of new and elegant patterns, just received, and for sale by a26 1m MERRITT'S & PAGE, 100 Bowery.

HALL AND ASTRAL LAMPS.—Do you want a handsome Lamp? Please call at 100 Bowery, and examine the best assortment in the city. MERRITTS & PAGE. a26 1m

PRINTED LAWNS—Warranted fast colors and Paris manufacture at eighteen pence, at a23 BIRDSALL & BURROUGHS, 150 Grand st. cor. Centre.

BLACK BOMBAZINES—For sale cheap at M. HULSE'S Cheap Store, 122 Grand street, between Broadway and Crosby street. m3 1w

MATTING—At last year's prices, notwithstanding the embargo at Canton. A general assortment, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 at 150 Grand st. cor. of Centre, by BIRDSALL & BURROUGHS. a23

THE REALM OF DEATH.

BY MRS. L. H. S. CASE.

At the disinterment of the remains of Napoleon, every limb was found precisely as when laid in the grave; even the right hand, raised to kiss by General Bertrand, was found slightly elevated.—A solemn sermon on the repose of the grave!

CALM is thy rule, oh Death!
The fiercest tempests sweep
As soft, as the Summer's gentlest breath,
O'er those thou hast laid to sleep.

The earthquake's fearful jar
Shakes cities from their bed;
But may not one placid feature mar
On the face of the aroused dead.

Nations may totter down,
Earth's change her thrones o'erwhelm;
It dares not assault thine iron crown,
Thou king of the silent realm!

This quiet sleeper here
Was a giant in the land,
And the dynasties old, that men revere,
But as playthings in his hand.

O'er the sacred things of Power
His footsteps strode in wrath,
And the cowering nations shrank, that hour,
From the terror of his path.

To his clanging trumpet-blast
The world is echoing now;
But years, in their changeful flight, have passed
O'er the warrior's changeless brow.

Like the tempest-ridden wave
Was his glory-haunted life;
But night comes down, ay, the night of the grave,
On the wildest day of strife.

He slept!—Earth had no spell
To move his quiet dust:
Oh! Death is a king who watches well
The *peace* of his subject-twist!

Systems to ruin hurled,
And zephyr's lightest breath,
Are powerless both o'er thy tranquil world:
Calm is thy rule, oh Death!

New-Yorker.

From the New-Yorker.

Letters from the Mediterranean.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

No. III....GIBRALTAR, Feb. 27, 1841.

As the winds are unfavorable for my passage to the Moorish Coast, I give you a glance at the fortifications here—which, after all, no description can do justice to. Galleries scooped out of the solid mountain, batteries perched on dizzy platforms, covered ways now winding in zig-zag up the steep face of the rock—then dashing down steps that are as nearly perpendicular as steps can be—sometimes lost in the long subterranean passages only lighted by portholes cut through the solid rock, and again emerging, on a green bank, in the glorious sunshine—a little nook perhaps carpeted with thick short grass and walled in by rough frowning cliffs or other batteries, yet, so bright and tranquil that all the pageantry of iron war seemed placed there in ornamental contrast, rather than for actual use.

In good season, but not quite so early as we had appointed, our party set out. Three of us walked—the fourth a poet, only he would never take the trouble to write, as some one said of him—was on horseback, attended by a servant, one of those 'scorpion' Englishmen who could hardly speak the language. We rallied Mr. N. on his aristocracy, when we first set out, in taking a horse—a donkey was the only quadruped that in Gibraltar was thought to have a taste for the military ways we were about entering on—and in any case, much was to be seen that was too hard even for a donkey. Still, the surprising labor that has been devoted to the purpose, has enabled even horses to attain the summit of the mountain proper—though not exactly the highest peak. At an arched gateway of the old Moorish castle, we found a sergeant in the livery of his sovereign lady, Victoria, who, for a consideration, was very willing to perform the duty assigned him—that of conducting us through the 'excavations.'

Passing along a 'covered way,' which was a road sunk down so far below the surface as to hide those in it from the observation of any one a few rods off, we came to a gate in the side of the mountain. Our courteous sergeant unlocked this, and we entered a gallery some twelve feet wide and as many high. On the left were in due succession several embrasures. Some of these were moderate-sized rooms; others mere port-holes, according to the distance of the passage from the outside of the rock, which probably averaged twenty feet. In each of these embrasures was a cannon.

These apertures in the face of the rock are the only evidence of military strength that is seen on the outside of that section of the mountain. Our friend, Mr. N., kept his horse throughout the first, and most of the second gallery—occasionally dismounting to look down from the embrasures 500 or 600 feet perpendicularly into the Bay that "brightly, darkly, beautifully blue," laved the base of the mountain. I do not know whether the quotation is correct, as I have a talent for getting them wrong, but I am sure the description is. The day was calm, and the tranquil waters were smooth as a mirror. At the termination of the first 'covered way,' a narrow terrace had been converted into a battery. Nothing could be neater than the well-kept guns—the stone pavement that supported the carriages—the well-built stone wall their muzzles slily peeped over—the high pyramid of balls—and what delighted my eyes much more than all that, the green sward that filled up the rest of the narrow space. It was so still and retired, that one was almost persuaded these engines of war had got here by some accident and had been forgotten.

Another 'covered way' and another gallery nearly half a mile in length, with the same grim display of cannon, led us up to the vicinity of other batteries, at an elevation of 700 feet above the sea. We stepped out at one place on a natural platform of rock a few feet in diameter. A point of rock was in front, round which ran a very narrow balcony. Of course, we all made the circuit—not for any particular purpose, but because all travelers feel bound to crowd as much fatigue and inconvenience into a day as possible. A spiral staircase, commodious enough, but very dark, and winding down the inside of a well on a large scale, (I can think of nothing else like it) led us into the heart of the rock, as it seemed to us. But as usual, we were only a few feet from the face, though several hundred above the water, and a great depth below the surface—for you understand I hope that we have been skirting the side of the steep, and gradually ascending, with only so much of the rock between us and the day as those who planned this system of internal improvements thought would leave them cannon-proof.

I had forgotten you at the bottom of a deep well that lets you into a chamber, cut like all the rest of the hard rock, and called Lord Cornwallis' Hall. Three embrasures in this artificial cavern are manned by as many guns carrying sixty eight-pound shot. Our guide explained some peculiar merit in the construction of their carriages, and some of the party affected to understand it and look edified; but I, who never could be made to comprehend any piece of machinery more complicated than a penny-whistle, preferred looking out at the rocks that advanced on each side, high and steep, like projecting towers thrown forward to protect an entrance. There was no entrance there, however. The rock rose like a castle wall from the water's edge some 600 feet, with no other show of military defence on the outside than the windows the guns were looking out of so sedately. St. George's Hall is larger, and occupies a kind of natural tower of the rock; for the six cannon it contains are ranged on opposite sides of the hall. These are only twenty-four pounders, the general calibre of the guns.

We had traversed about a mile of these under-ground passages, and were satisfied—though we had not explored them all—to go on to the signal station in upper air. On noticing some pieces of agate that we saw in the rock, we were told that a whole skeleton, presumed to be human, was found embedded in limestone by some workmen engaged in blasting on the east side of the rock. It is certain that bones are frequently found in masses of the rock, but it does not seem quite proved that they are those of the human family. Those that have been taken for them, are by many believed to belong to the monkey tribe, who have colonized the Rock. We saw a number of them about the cliffs, but not very near. It is singular those animals should be found no where else in the Spanish Peninsula, and be so numerous here. That, and the additional circumstance of their appearing and disappearing at intervals, has induced a popular belief that they cross over to the African coast under the Straits. It is probable they take shelter at times from the rainy weather in the unexplored recesses of St. Michael's Cave.

The walk to the signal station was excessively fatiguing. We beguiled the way by gathering wild flowers and snail-shells; but after all we wished for the aid of the much-despised donkeys, and even thought our friend N. was a very sensible personage, when, by some round-about way, his vigilant servant always brought forth his black steed wherever it was possible to use him. It was offered to me, but I had started with a determination to walk, and induced the other pedestrians to do likewise: so there was no way for it but to resolutely insist that walking two or three miles up a steep hill was a delightful exercise. The road makes several sharp angles, for it has been gained with great labor from the steep hill-side, and makes several *detours* before it reaches the summit. The summit, however, once gained, the magnificent view it commands fully repays the toil. In one direction the eye wanders far to seaward, unrelieved except by perhaps a skip or two; one may be gliding along the base as you look down the natural wall. Far down the cliffs and more at the right hand is an enchanting wilderness of crags, and gardens, and quaint houses. Roads thread in a just perceptible line, and fairy bridges cross places that never seemed destined to be visited by man.

In the midst of this noble prospect, in her frame of hills and villages, lies the Bay of Gibraltar. Every thing looks smaller from our eagle's perch, and more beautiful. A hundred sail of all nations and sizes are riding like a flock of birds on the calm blue water; and when some boat passes from one to another, it looks like a nutshell. The table summit is not the least interesting part of the scene. A level space on the top of the mountain, at least 1000 feet above the sea, walled at the very brink of the precipice, just large enough to hold a little cottage and an old Moorish tower—it is the most isolated spot that can be imagined. Talk of hiding in a sweet, sequestered valley. When I turn hermit, I will establish myself on the peak of a mountain, and live alone with Nature.

The Sergeant who has charge of the signals had a bluff, good-natured face, resembling a picture I have seen somewhere of Henry VIII. before he took to improving the morals of the Church and beheading his wives. He had a great many pretty articles made from the 'rock;' among other things, a three-gun battery. The miniature cannon, carriages and platform were of the variegated agate that is found about the Rock and in the caverns in great abundance, but is not, as some think abroad, the principal material of the mountain—that is common limestone.

After some refreshment we went to St. Michael's Cave, a great natural curiosity, not far from the signal station. We were not prepared to penetrate it far, nor even see it to the best advantage. It is full of fissures and narrow passages of unfathomed mystery. Lives have been lost in attempting to explore them; and a gate has been placed at the entrance. This opened to the magic of a piece of silver, and we descended a wet but easy slope into the grand hall of the cavern. Imagine a cathedral built by giants and fallen to ruins, with all its labored carving and ornaments broken yet polished by time. Some immense pillars supported the arched dome; farther on, some seemed broken, the base still resting on the floor, and the capital adhering to the lofty roof. Ruined statues were there, too, corroded by 'Time's effacing finger,' it is true, but wonderfully in keeping with the general features of the place. One of them really bears a resemblance to a human bust on a pedestal. On the left, perhaps forty feet from the entrance, is a rude stone table. Beyond, the floor ascends, and the cave contracts into a winding corridor, with a pond of water on the left, and a wall of rock broken into fissures and recesses that extend far back on the right. The pillars are composed of petrifactions that are susceptible of a fine polish. I was charged by an esteemed friend to send a specimen home to him. I did not forget the absent, and the poor servant was loaded with spar from St. Michael's Cave.

JOSEPHINE.

A STRANGER.—We learn from the Eastern Argus that there was quite a "rumpus" among the ladies on board the steamer Portland, recently, the result of which was, that the boat brought *one* more passenger into Portland than she took from Boston. What, with the din of machinery and the whistling of the wind, the "little stranger" must have thought this was rather a noisy world. As he arrived after the bell was rung for fares, we presume he got his passage without calling at the "Captain's office to settle." His Christian name should be Steamboat.

A YANKEE BULL.—A Yankee in Brighton is said to have thus written to his friend in London:—"It was so tarnation, unheard-of cold yesterday morning at Brighton that when I took my kettle off of the fire to my tea, the *boiling* water in it was actually *froze*."

PRAIRIE SKETCHES.

THE LOST MAN.—An unfortunate trader once strayed from his companions, and was lost for five days, suffering the keenest pangs of starvation and distress. It was years ago, yet the story has only been told in oral repetition among old traders, and has never before, to our knowledge, fallen in the way of a scribe.

The man wandered away upon a sultry mid-summer afternoon, oppressed to desperation with thirst, in search of water, while the caravan was dragging slowly along the dreary and heated prairie. Making his way to a cluster of timber that appeared at no very tedious distance, he was fortunate enough to find a small cool spring gushing and rippling at the bottom of a deep rocky hollow. The fresh water, the cool shade of the steep rock and the trees above, together with the knowledge that the wagons were still moving along in sight, induced the poor fellow to yield to his weariness and suffer his eyes to close. When he awoke, the gray of evening was already deepening around the prairie, and rushing up from the hollow. His eye wandered about in vain search of his companions. He was a raw adventurer, upon his first travel, knowing nothing of how to direct his steps in the wilderness, and trusting entirely to the guidance and experience of those with whom he traveled. Hasty, impulsive and rash as he was careless, and without possessing a single quality of character to assist him in such an emergency, confused terror now at once took possession of him; and starting, as he thought, in the direction where he had last seen the wagons, he ran with headlong speed, shouting wildly at every step, in hopes of being heard and answered by his companions.

The terrified man, bereft of all thought by the fearful nature of his predicament, could not even remember to fire the rifle he held, but continued tearing his lungs with wild and desolate cries for assistance. While rushing blindly forward in this manner, the night still deepening around him, the man met a violent fall and was stunned into insensibility for hours. We are giving now the substance of the poor fellow's own relation. He came back to consciousness some time during the night, in the midst of a pack of howling wolves, and found himself lying by the side of a buffalo's skeleton, which was not yet entirely stripped by the prowling dogs of the desert. A situation more appalling to heart and nerve may not be imagined. The man doubted not but that he was aroused prematurely from his state of torpor by the hungry creatures assailing his own body, for his clothes were mauled and torn, and the scratch of a claw was on his leg, though a tooth, it seems, had not yet touched him. He had tripped upon the skeleton and struck his forehead on a horn or some other hard and stony part, as he discovered a huge lump upon his head, which also ached distressingly when he came to his senses.

The poor fellow in the heat of his terror made out to scare away the wolves from himself and escape from the spot, leaving the famished animals to return again to the buffalo's bones and give them a clearer polishing. Just escaping from one frightful danger perhaps took something from the keen horrors of his desolate and wretched condition; but the unhappy man's sensations were harrowing and fearful in the extreme. He still pressed onward, with strength failing at every step, calling in harsh and broken shrieks to his friends, and changing his course again and again, in utter and miserable uncertainty of which way to turn.

Daylight came, the sun rose, noon approached and passed, and the lost man was alone in the wide desert, famished and faint, and without a solitary hope of regaining his companions or finding the track they were pursuing!

That night the unhappy wretch sank exhausted upon the grass and slept, to awaken in a state of fear and danger more appalling even than the night before. A compact and innumerable band of buffalo came moving slowly across the region of prairie on which he lay, and he started from sleep in imminent peril of being trodden to death by the huge monarchs of the plain. As these dense masses of buffalo move, they emit sounds that rise on the air like a sea surge; and, as the vast black herd came toward him in the deep midnight, the poor trader declared that a rolling ocean seemed about to overwhelm him. Utterly paralized with his danger, the unfortunate man could but start to his feet and stand confounded, fearing either to fire or use other means to alarm the buffalo, lest by exciting their terror he should but increase his own peril. From this critical position, he likewise escaped unhurt, for the animals separated, as is their custom when a strange scent is detected, and passed on in two divisions, keeping some two hundred yards clear of the mysterious intruder in the middle. Daylight was again appearing as the last of this innumerable herd of creatures passed him, and the man was starving. He took aim with his rifle at a retreating buffalo, and missed fire, for his percussion cap was damp with the night dew. Still he was famishing, and his only hope seemed to be in the slaughter of a buffalo. He followed, crawling upon his hands and knees, and, after hours of weary watching and labor, wounded a cow at last with a successful shot; but the terrified creature limped away, and the whole band disappeared, while the poor trader fell prostrate, too exhausted and faint to make another effort in the pursuit.

The unhappy wretch lay groaning aloud, alone in the midst of the interminable waste, abandoned to desperation and despair, when the thin bark of a small prairie dog attracted his attention. Once more he charged his rifle, for the little creature was in sight, with its nose lifted just above the mound surrounding its hole. The starving man, still prostrate upon the earth, took slow and cautious aim at the dog, and was fortunate enough to knock it out of its hole with a broken back; but before he could reach the spot the dying creature had wriggled back into its hiding place again and disappeared. With his ten fingers the desperate man raked up the earth, and succeeded in dragging the dying dog out, upon the grass, where, without waiting to finish its agony he tore its warm flesh with his teeth, like a wolf, while the expiring creature was still biting impotently at his fingers!

This unnatural sustenance restored the drooping man, and he was enabled to resume his wandering, which he continued for three more days and nights, alone, desolate and miserable, until he encountered a hunting party of Camanches, whom, so far from avoiding, he rushed to embrace as though they were kindred near and dear and the best friends he could meet upon earth. They were friends as it turned out, for they set him upon the track to regain his comrades, with instructions to direct him, and buffalo meat to support him, paying themselves by stripping him of his rifle and every thing else of the slightest value he had about him.

After four days' travel the poor trader reached his friends again, and was welcome as from the grave. Upon the evening of his loss search had been made in all directions and signal guns fired from the camp, which he would have heard had he not been lying insensible by a buffalo's skeleton. Search was also continued upon the succeeding days, as the caravan moved along, but his wandering had been so irregular, tending in a far and opposite direction, that it was impossible to trace him. The five days suffering of this unfortunate man may be but faintly imagined. Deserted and lost without hope in the interminable solitude; alone in a vast domain of sky and grass; famished and tormented with raging thirst: O! terms may not be found of nervous force sufficient to thrill the natural sympathies as should such a story as this of *The Lost Man*.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—Memorandums of the weather, kept by Deacon Martin Bull, Clerk of Probate in Farmington.

May 4, 1806.—The spring so backward that the trees appear as barren as winter. On the fruit trees, especially apple trees, not a blosom to be seen. The election being on the 8th day, and none but peach trees in blossom.

March 22, 1807.—The winter very stormy and cold; the most tedious that has been for many years. But what was most remarkable through the winter, was the great multitude of robins that daily appeared, peeping and perching in the most remarkable through the winter, was the great multitude of robins that daily appeared, peeping and perching in the fields and orchards, like a spring season, until the beginning of March, and then they disappeared; those of them that had been killed were exceeding fat. There were also three great floods, in the month of February, which did immense damage. The month of May this year being so wet and cold, that but few people finished their planting before the first of June.

Hartford Courant. W. S. P.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1841.

It is understood here that Judge Bronson of the Supreme Court of your State has granted a writ of *habeas corpus* in favor of McLeod, and that personage is now probably on his way from Lockport to New-York. It is further stated that on his arrival in New-York a motion will be made by his counsel, Mr. Gardner, for the discharge of McLeod, and that it will probably be granted by the court, and this notable person be discharged, and given safe conduct to St. Johns. These facts come from an authentic source: and as this has been the subject of conversation here for a few days in private circles, I am somewhat surprised at having seen no reference to them in the public journals. The ground upon which McLeod's counsel will ask for his discharge is, that the question is now of an international character purely, since the British Government has distinctly recognized the attack on the Caroline.

General Scott has made a very full report to the President and Secretary of State of all the circumstances connected with the Caroline affair. If McLEOD should be discharged the case will be relieved of a very productive source of difficulty and exasperation; but yet it will have a very grave aspect, and we can only hope that two governments, whose sole interest and true glory it is to cultivate peace and harmony, will take care to accommodate the difficulty in an honorable and amicable manner. Thus far there has been no communication between Mr. Fox and Mr. Webster on the subject that has not been perfectly respectful, and friendly in its spirit and tendency.

What a creature is this ALEXANDER McLEOD to have thrown into a flame the bellicose spirits on both sides! Undoubtedly he had no more to do with the attack on the vessel in question than you had. His boast was a *double entendre*, meaning only to boast of his brutal triumph over a young woman named *Caroline*, whom he had seduced!—but giving the impression that he had *had boarded the Caroline*. The British officers in Canada express freely the utmost scorn and disgust for this profligate character, while they protest against his seizure and imprisonment, and would not cry out much if he were brought to severe punishment on their own side of the lines.

An extraordinary document made its appearance a few days ago in the Globe, signed "Levi Woodbury," and purporting to be a report from the late Secretary of the Treasury to President Van Buren, showing the state of the finances at the close of the late administration. If this thing was *bona fide* made to the President, why was it not communicated to Congress before the close of the session—even on the last day—for their information, and that of the public! But nobody believes it was presented to Mr. Van Buren. It is a pitiful attempt to blind the people to the bare condition in which Mr. Van Buren left the finances. The document has been a topic of conversation in all circles: and every where it has been treated with unmitigated ridicule. As a composition it is about the most cloudy and clumsy that ever came even from Mr. Woodbury. As a statement of finances there is nothing in it, from beginning to end, stated with any degree of exactness and precision. In my next I will present to your readers some *facts* as to the true state of the finances, which will show very differently from what Mr. Woodbury would have the public believe. Mr. EWING has opened "new books," and the country needs not the assistance of the Ex-Secretary to illumine now his success in keeping dark and producing confusion worse confounded for eight years past.

When Mr. Woodbury finished his speech in defence of Blair and Rives, at the extra session, Mr. Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, said, very keenly, "Well, I am quite disappointed in Woodbury. Really he is quite *intelligible*. I confess he never made a report I could understand!"

When John Calhoun was in opposition to Van Buren, he used to denounce, in his fierce way, the "unpenetrable darkness of the Treasury Reports" of Mr. Woodbury:—and this is the gentleman, who, now after the lapse of two months, sends from the hills of New Hampshire, a long, prosy pointless, contumelious string of conjectures, and "probabilities," and computations to make people believe that the Treasury was left in a most prosperous condition; and the Globe proclaims, on the strength of it, that "Mr. Woodbury could carry the Government triumphantly through the year without any additional provision"! Oh! oh!

Mr. GRANGER removed from the Post Office Department yesterday, two clerks, who had been placed there on partisan grounds, and had *retained* their places by partisan services. Removals, you may expect, will be made from time to time in the offices here, as the evidence of incompetency, or infidelity of trust, or if malversation is presented strong enough for conviction. The reform will certainly be extended to the partisan *agents*; though it may be more slowly than the Whigs desire.

I perceive that a morning paper in New York contains an attack on the Secretary of War, in the form of a letter from Washington, because he has not removed certain officers in his Department. This blow comes, if I mistake not, from a person who is particularly anxious to be Commissioner of Indian Affairs! There are many applicants for this important and lucrative place; and *when some of the many importunate solicitors clear out from Washington, Mr. Bell will perhaps make the appointment.—Verb. Sap.*

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The New-Haven Register has received from an officer of the Exploring Expedition several numbers of the Polynesian, a paper printed at Oahu, in the Sandwich Islands. A paper of the date of June, 1840, contains an interesting account of the loss of a small vessel, which was on a trip to an island about a hundred miles distant. Most of those on board were natives, several of whom saved their lives by swimming twenty or thirty miles. The following is an extract of a letter to the editor, giving an account of the calamity. Manae is the name of a native missionary, who was, with his wife, on board the boat.

"You will be afflicted to learn that friend Manae is among those who were lost. His wife was saved, and they both swam twenty-five miles together before he died. What is wonderful beyond description is, that his wife carried him when he could no longer swim himself, and carried him till after he was dead. When she found he could go no farther, she bade him hold to the hair of her head, and so she dragged him; but soon his hand slipped, and she tried in vain to rouse him. She told him he must pray; he commenced, but could only utter a sentence or two. She then put his arms around her neck, held him with one hand, and swam with the other. When within a quarter of a mile of the shore, after swimming twenty-eight or thirty hours, she found he was dead, and left him."

The Post is the name of a new Whig paper just issued at Knoxville, Tennessee.