NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

BY GREELEY & McELRATH. OFFICE, TRIBUNE BUILDINGS. PRICE TWO CENTS.

VOL. IX. NO. 194. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1849. WHOLE NO. 2685.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE IS PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED)

At The Tribune Buildings, corner of Spruce and Nassau streets, opposite the City Hall,

And delivered to City Subscribers for 12½ cents per week; or, when they prefer, they can pay in advance at the Desk for six months or a year at the same rate. Single copies, Two Cents. Mail Subscribers Five Dollars per annum, in advance. Subscriptions taken for six months. For three months $1 50. Three Dollars in advance required for all exchanges with Country Newspapers. Daily papers received at this office, whose terms are higher than those of The Tribune, are not allowed any difference.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Payment required in Advance.

Business Notices.—125 cents per line each insertion.

General Notices.—Six lines or less, each insertion, 50 cents; over six lines, each insertion, 8 cents per line.

General Advertisements.—INSIDE—Eight lines or less, each insertion, 50 cents; over eight lines, 6 cents per line each day.

OUTSIDE—Eight lines or less, each insertion, 25 cents; over eight lines, 3 cents per line per day, or 75 cents per line per month.

RELIGIOUS AND TEMPERANCE NOTICES, MARRIAGES and FUNERAL INVITATIONS and WANTS, not exceeding 36 words, will be inserted for 25 cents.

Legal Advertisements—At the rates fixed by the Statute.

All Advertisements inserted in this paper appear both in the Morning and Evening Editions.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

Closing the Canals.

ALBANY, Wednesday, Nov. 21.

The Canal Commissioners have deferred the closing of the Canals until the 5th of December.

GEORGIA.—The following is the result of the recent Election for Governor, as officially reported:

G. W. Towns, (Loco)	46,514
E. Y. Hill, (Whig)	43,322
Majority for Towns	3,192

More New Counterfeits.

There are counterfeit $100 bills on the Broadway Bank, altered from genuine 2's. The genuine 100's have "100" and the Controller's die on the left end—the altered notes have a picture of the Irving House, and read "*will pay one hundred dollars to the bearer.*" The genuine read "*will pay one hundred dollars to the order on DEMAND.*"..... 500's, on the Mechanics and Traders Bank, altered from genuine 2's—viz. blacksmith, two females, &c. 500 on upper and lower left margin, with Controller's die between them. This Bank has no genuine bills of a higher denomination than 100. [Thompson's Bank Note Reporter.

☞ The *New-Orleans Picayune* of the 12th inst. appears in a new and beautiful type, and presents one of the most splendid specimens of newspaper typography in this country. Its columns are always filled with a great variety of readable matter.

Rumors Contradicted—The Deficit in the Revenue—Col. Webb's Appointment to Austria.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Nov. 20.

I have noticed, more with regret than any serious apprehension, that the prophecies would be fulfilled, the efforts of some of the correspondents from this city to create the impression that a combination existed among a portion of the Southern members to create excitement by withdrawing from the two Houses in the event of California being admitted into the Union with the Wilmot Proviso engrafted upon her State Constitution.—There is not the slightest justification for any such foreshadowing of evil, and its repetition is only designed to widen unnecessarily the breach that already unfortunately exists between portions of the citizens of the Northern and Southern States. When the California bill was under discussion, it will be remembered that Mr Calhoun, and those who sympathized and acted with him upon the Slavery question, offered as a compromise that the whole question should be left with the people of California, and as they disposed of it, so should the action of Congress follow. The people having disposed of it according to Mr. Calhoun's own proposition, and determined with an unparalleled unanimity against the introduction of the institution of Slavery, is it even a *supposable case* that he, together with those who then acted with him, will now turn round and oppose the admission of California into the confederacy, because they have done the very thing Mr. Calhoun insisted they alone *had the power to do?* Unless Mr. Calhoun is regarded as the most inconsistent and faithless of men, he cannot do otherwise than discountenance any agitation of the question in the action the Senate may take upon the approval of the State Constitution of California, the people themselves having settled it. I regard, therefore, all the intimations given out by letter writers as to the organized opposition among Southern Whigs and Democrats, against the admission of California as a State because her Constitution contains a prohibitory Slavery clause, as the wildest gossip, unsupported by the shadow of a fact to base it upon.

Within a day or two past the same kind of panic manufacturers have been industriously circulating the report, and which was telegraphed to your city and imposed upon the guess—that serious difficulties had ensued between two or three members of the Cabinet, which would result by the withdrawal of Mr. Clayton, and perhaps another member. There is not the remotest justification for the statement either as to unpleasant or unkind feelings having sprung up between the members of the Cabinet upon any occasion, or that a change was anticipated or desired either by the President or among the Cabinet themselves. Nothing of the kind has transpired, and the *croakers* must seek some other mode of tactics to accomplish what they will signally fail in consummating, and whose motives and designs are well understood alike by the Executive and his Constitutional advisers. As I have before assured you the very best of feelings exists between the members of the Cabinet themselves, as well as between them and the President, and no change will take place in its organization, nor is any contemplated.

The large deficit that will arise in the amount of revenue to meet the expenditures of the Government during the present and succeeding fiscal years, as developed both in the *Republic* and *Intelligencer* of this morning has created some astonishment in the public mind, among those who were unacquainted with the enormous and extraordinary expenditures growing out of Mr. Polk's Mexican War. Instead of that deficit amounting to between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000, I am not without good reason for asserting that it will exceed the maximum sum given. The *Union* as well as the "*model Administration*," have placed upon record the cost of that war. But in this, as in most every other measure surrounded with the expenditure of large sums of the public moneys, they have willfully and designedly misrepresented the facts to the people, and withheld from the public the *truth* in regard to the cost of the war.—One of the very results of this deception and falsehood, is the large deficit already alluded to; and the claims springing up daily against the Government and presented for adjudication to the various Auditing Departments for settlement, show that the end is not yet. All this deception, however, will be shortly exposed from official sources, and facts and figures given that will enable the public to approximate toward a correct estimate paid by the United States for this Mexican campaign commenced by Mr. Polk and his advisers for no other than political purposes.

It is no longer matter of doubt, that James Watson Webb has been appointed *Chargé des Affaires* to Austria. It seems to give the Loco-Foco a malicious pleasure, as they anticipate a great deal of gratification in rejecting Mr. Webb, which they say they are bound to do as evidence of their sincerity in the catalogue of charges they have from time to time brought against him, both of a political and personal character. Mr. Webb however, will make his revilers swallow their own words, by confirming his nomination though they have a majority of eight against the Whigs.

Col. Benton who reached here last night from the West, looks exceedingly well, and expresses the utmost confidence in his ability to crush his opponents at home. He is perfectly satisfied with his Summer and Fall campaign, so much so, that he will renew it in the month of April or May next. "ALPHA."

From Tampico and the City of Mexico.

By an arrival here this morning of the schooner J. F. Smart, Capt. Baker, from Tampico, the 4th inst. we have received *El Noticioso* and *El Defensor*, of that port, to the day of her departure, and *El Siglo*, of the City of Mexico, to the 24th ult. both inclusive. The Chamber of Deputies were discussing the regulation of the interest debt; they would pass the act regulating the liquidation. A report was current that Señor Gomez had resigned the portfolio of finance; but it was an error. That Minister had only been confined by a severe illness.... A line of stages was about to be established between the Capital and San Juan, where the Grand Fair is annually held.... In the Tampico papers we find little to interest. A vexatious intervention by the Captain of the Port at Tampico relative to passports promises to cause much trouble to foreigners leaving Mexico by that outlet. He refuses to endorse passports if they do not come from the General Government or the Governor of Tamaulipas. In this case much delay and inconvenience will ensue to travellers. Formerly a passport from the *Gefe Político* was all that was necessary.... The news from the interior announces that all was tranquil, and the several Departments, with the exception of the ravages committed by the Camanches and Apaches on the frontiers. A party of these savages was lately routed in Chihuahua by a guerrilla band, composed partly of Americans and partly of Mexicans. [N. O. Picayune, 12th.

AN EPITAPH.... For The Tribune.

BY R. STORTS.

When Autumn violets
Were fading in a blight,
My household lily bore
A little end of light:

But e'er the frailest one
Had shed a single leaf,
A stern old Reaper plucked,
And bound it in his sheaf!

ITALY.

The Austrians in Florence ... Madness of the Reaction ... The Church and the state of the Nation ... Art and American Artists ... Power's Eve and Calhoun ... Greenough—His Studio, and what he is doing.

European Correspondence of The Tribune.

FLORENCE, Oct. 12, 1849.

It is more than two years since I left Florence, and returning to it after the Revolution I find it quite unchanged except in the feeling for the Grand Duke and the presence of Austrian soldiers. They are now everywhere in Tuscany, but only as "friends," as one of the officers said with a meaning smile. In dead old Pisa and Lucca, their rattling swords and blaring trumpets amazed all the still sunny streets, and the first thing that arrested my attention here, coming from the cars, was the band marching to the Cascine to play for the evening promenade.

There are about 5,000 Austrian troops in Tuscany. The Tuscan army is to be dissolved with the exception of a few regiments to do duties of honor. They are stationed now at the Pitti, and the other pleasure resorts. But at the gates are the white coated "Tedeschi." This influx of military makes the city very gay and brilliant. "Doney's" is crowded with them all day long, and as the various uniforms are very handsome, the city gains as picture, by their presence. Many of the officers are slight lads, of 16 or 17—but the air of the army is so much more manly and vigorous than that of the Italians, that they bring, in a certain sense, their own reason with them.

Yet that is only theoretically and historically. These gold trappings, what are they but Slavery, printed in gold? Tuscany is now the advanced guard of Austria. Austria of Russia. Russia of Night and the Devil. Supported by the "friendship" of the Austrians, the Government is in a mad career of reaction. Any person, native or foreign, who is in the least "suspect"—or, "oh! heavens, suspect of being suspect!" is incontinently ejected from the State. There being too many to kill or imprison, they are cast forth, of course Germany, dares not receive them—nor free, equal and fraternal France, nor Switzerland, which obeys Austrian invitations to expel fugitives, and very many are already flying to America. One day we shall have to fight and win the battle which they have lost. Let us propitiate Fate by welcoming the Martyrs! Meanwhile this fierce attempt to turn the world the wrong way is not without satisfaction in the observation. The contemplative mind beholding the sowing of the wind, is not without a vision of the reaping. One thing is the result of the observation and thought of the wisest and most luminous spectators of this Italian struggle. It is that the Church is the root of all the evil. The bitter vindictiveness of the Priesthood is incredible. I have heard more startling and frightful things said of it by the lowest and most superstitious class of Italians than the Dr. Cheever est of opponents ever dreamed. A friend who lived through the Roman struggle, intimately related with Mazzini and the leaders told me that the Romans wished the Priests dead, but did not want to kill them. "Yes," added another, "the difference is there. The Priests do not hesitate as the people do. They kill. In Florence a person related to me that during the street skirmish with the Leghorn troops, he saw a Priest retire from a window opposite his own, return with a gun, and shoot a man dead. But the Church is so intimately mingled with the constitution of society here, as a slow, deadly pervasive poison with the blood. And there is the despair of Italy. An old, southern race, subject by nature and habit to such a domination, will hardly ever throw it off. The magnificent Thermopylean struggle at Rome was the glorious exception. In the Carbonari history—in the Lombard war—in the success of Carlo Alberto, and the King of Naples, is the law of Italian political life. But what Mazzini said of himself when Rome fell, shall be also the word of Italian hope: "Is *this* the time to die?"

I had meant to have forgotten politics a moment in the tranquil retreats of art. Eves and Greek slaves still flower out of the marble into perfect human beauty, although Republics rise and fall and Austrians strut victorious before the Venus.

I was fortunate enough to arrive a day or two before Powers' Eve was packed for America.—Two years since he had completed the casting, but marble has a life of its own which nothing can deface. The Eve is truly the Mother of a Race. Riper, richer, larger than the Slave, it leaves perhaps, nothing to be desired. The figure stands in the coil of the serpent, holding an apple, in the right hand elevated toward the mouth. The left falls at the side, also holding fruit. The attitude and expression are those of tranquil, musing, pleased hesitation, after doubt is vanquished. The whole has something so generous and noble, the conception is so large, and the execution so perfect that I cannot hesitate for myself to call it the finest statue I have ever seen. The "Night" of Michael Angelo is a greater work, but in another way. The Calhoun is putting into marble, a figure of Roman majesty and grandeur, and he has made another ideal bust—a head of Psyche as a pendant to the Proserpine. It is in the same style, but represents greater youth and innocence. A wreath of flowers surrounds the breast. The hair waves delicately around the head and the forehead is starred with a butterfly. It is very exquisite and beautiful.

Powers' other great work in hand is the America, an allegorical statue of the country. It is as yet, only in the cast. Beside it lies the magnificent block of Serravezza marble in which it will be cut, larger than life. This is briefly the design of the Statue: A young female figure erect, supported firmly upon the right foot; the left slightly advanced, crushing a crown beneath. At the right of the figure stands a bundle of fasces, reaching to the hand, which, without resting, is in the act of offering them. The fingers are mingled in the leaves of a laurel crown which falls over the fasces. The left arm is bent and elevated at a right angle. The fore-fingers of the open hand are to support lightly a liberty cap, which falls backward upon the wrist. The figure is to be delicately draped about the loins and right leg, to fill up the too much openness around the base.

The action of this figure is remarkable. The aspiration—the radiant glow of commanding youth are fascinating. You will appreciate at once the conception. The statue says briefly: From *that*, through *this*, to *that*. The trampled crown, the fasces of union wreathed with victorious laurel. Victory, however, only upon union. Yet a crown of victory so indicating popular sovreignty and the liberty cap, emblem of no selfish personal aggrandizement. It is extremely simple and intelligible, and the treatment is so inspiring and truthful, that every American will realize in it the genius of his country.

Now that Powers stands confessedly with the first sculptors of any time, and meditates a work so largely national, perhaps it is not presumptious to hope that this, as yet, uncommissioned statue will become national property. We could now safely honor an artist who honors us so much.

At the other end of the city is Greenough's studio. It is one that he has himself recently erected, and is the ideal retreat of a classical, cultivated, ideal artist. A large, central, circular hall, hung with fine pictures, the gifts, chiefly, of artist friends is finely lighted from above and most delicately designed. Around this, upon a lower level, are smaller working-rooms, whence, through convenient doors, a large work may be studied in the central hall from a point below. The Studio is full of the beautiful labour of a scholar—of choice books, medallions, engravings—everything tempered by the most tranquil taste.

Greenough was at work upon a bas-relief. I had the good fortune here, too, of seeing a work about being sent to America, to a friend in Boston. It was also a bas relief—"The Artist's lamp lifted by an unknown hand"—an incident of personal history. The artist is a young, graceful figure bent in sleep or sorrow, and on his table before bent in sleep or sorrow, and on his table before him is a statuette of an Anadyomene [Venus of exquisite delicacy. Between him and it, a little behind, forming the hight and point of the work, is a lamp—a vase upon a long, smooth, slim pedestal, fed by a hand which emerges from a cloud over the artist's head. It is very simple and elegant—a pure little poem. So the Castor and Pollux, two mounted figures, the one ascending, the other, directly against and behind him descending. The lines of the two are harmonious as those of a horse rearing and of a horse kicking. This is Grecian and delicate. A man who would build such a studio would certainly make such things in it.

The great work upon which the artist is now engaged for the Capitol, is in a separate building. It is a group typical of the triumph of the white over the red race. An Indian, in the act of attacking a Hunter's wife and child is seized by the Hunter. There is something very large and simple in the conception and treatment of this work. Especially the figure of the Hunter is most manly and noble. Possibly a romantic sense of Indian dignity may be wounded by the helpless posture for the savage, yet that expresses not too forcibly for the fact, the hopeless extermination of the race.

The full dignity and beauty of so large a work cannot be appreciated, not even conceived, in the small studio, surrounded as it is with the necessary scaffolding. A great work of Sculpture requires distance, as a grand actor of heroism demands time, for its proper contemplation.

In a city like Florence, which has so much of the best of the best times, it is no small pride for an American to realize that his countrymen and their works must be named among those best. In artists like Greenough and Powers the first letter of the American chapter of Art is goldened forever. With them at hand, we are not altogether *Barbari* in the Uffizi and the Pitti.

LOUIS.

Description of the Port of Marseilles—Ethiopean Melodies—Cholera on the Increase.

European Correspondence of The Tribune.

MARSEILLES, Oct. 25.

In the ports of the Mediterranean I see something always to make me exclaim, America forever! This morning I had no sooner reached the wharf (this is the only port of the Mediterranean which has wharves,) than I heard breaking forth from a neighboring alley, the following well known strains:

"O, Susanna,
Don't you cry for me,
I'm a going to Alabama
With the banjo on my knee."

I accosted the singer, an Irish lad of fourteen, and asked him where he had learned to sing the airs of Virginia, and he said in London, of the negro singers that came from America. I passed a little further to the head of the basin or harbor, and there was a large and well-built ship "L'Interminable" advertised to sail for California America forever, said I, and went aboard. Sure enough, there were a score of ship carpenters fitting her up all into berths for 200 passengers; and so there are to be mingled in the population of the golden California, two hundred of the black-eyed Marseilais. Several were on board looking themselves up berths, and examining with marks of curiosity the huge copper cooking furnace that stands in the center of the deck. And what do you expect to gain in exchanging La belle France for California? said I, to a young man in whose peculiarly dark features I discovered a slight dash of Moorish blood. "Ah! Monsieur—Eh bien—Look at me, Monsieur. I am one of four. My mother is dead—my father is dead. We hold the least bit of land. For one it is good. For two it is passable. For three it is too petit. For four it is impossible. We are *four* brothers, Monsieur. We are all one, Monsieur. We cannot be separated. We cannot be one in France. We will be one in America." America forever, I inwardly exclaimed. America! Land of hope to how many in whose breasts hope has been extinguished! Thou only chast renew the light, thou land of promise, the orphans of the world turn to thee. Thou art the common mother of the oppressed, the home of the unfortunate, the asylum of the exile. This thou hast ever been, and this may est thou continue to be, for there are more despairing eyes turned to thee across the western wave now, since leagued oppression has triumphed over the old world!

I was at Leghorn the other day, and as the steamer passed into the harbor, her prow "brought up" between two large ships, one a brig marked "*Malabar*, Boston," the other a bark marked "*Mary and Jane*, Pittston;" thus reminding me of the extended commerce of the United States, a country of which no man, at the present day, need be ashamed to be known as a citizen. There is more of the "go ahead" in Marseilles than in any city on the south part of the Continent. Approaching the city from the sea, you perceive only a few large houses in one group on a little ridge of land; and, there not being a single ship visible anywhere, you begin to ask, is this Marseilles? But at length you discover that there is a passage between two forts for a ship, and into this passage you go steaming it, and in a moment you find you are in an immense dock three thousand feet long and nine hundred feet in width, and this is the harbor of Marseilles, in the very heart of the city, and large enough to contain a thousand merchant vessels; but it is found, since France has engrossed nearly the whole of the trade with Algiers, that this harbor is too small, and it is to be enlarged by what is called the new port, which is to be formed by a break water 3,500 feet long running parallel with the shore, out 1,312 feet in the water. From each end of this, moles or sea-walls run to the shore, leaving only a space for ships to pass in at each end of the break water. These when completed will thus form another oblong basin or harbor, which is to be connected with the old by a short ship canal passing in the rear of fort St. Jean. The old harbor or dock covers an area of seventy acres, with a depth of from eighteen to twenty-four feet of water, varying, and the new one is much larger. When this great undertaking, now suspended for want of money, shall have been completed, Marseilles, already the first seaport of the Mediterranean, will receive a new and powerful impetus, and its population, now numbering 200,000, may hope to become in time as large as that of New-York now is; but that must be of course at a very distant day, for everything in Europe is of a comparatively slow growth. Nothing grows up here in a day, except mushrooms.

It must be remembered that Marseilles was founded by Phocian exiles before the coming of the Saviour; that it has been besieged by Julius Cæsar, who spared it, as he said, "*magnæ pro nomine et veteratæ quam pro merito urbis*," it having taken sides with Pompey—that it is described by Tacitus—that it is mentioned by Cicero and Lucan—that it furnished St. Louis all the galleys he required to transport his army to the crusades—that it lost 40,000 persons by the plague, 400 victims by the reign of terror, 200 ditto by the furious reaction which followed, and that it is now losing eighteen persons per day by the Cholera. All this, as the readers of *The Tribune* will perceive, makes Monsieur Marseilles a pretty old citizen—say about 2,200 years of age, on this 25th of October, 1849. But the city has a population of 200,000, in spite of plague, siege, terror and reaction, and it is better built, cleaner, better paved and laid out, better aired, lighted and watered, than any place of the same latitude on the Continent of Europe. It has belonging to it 600 vessels with a tonnage of 50,000 tuns; is the chief steam-packet station in Europe; has 320 persons employed in making soap, and fifty in making steam-engines, the former being made of vegetable oil exclusively. Beside, it boasts of an arch of triumph, erected to commemorate the campaign of 1823 in Spain, and of 600 little white country houses, or "Bastides," as they are called, all belonging to its citizens, and scattered throughout its environs. They dot the light gray rocks that surround the city, like white swans mounted on the backs of large elephants. Every citizen must have a "Bastide." He is not right unless he can withdraw and fiddle there at least every Sunday evening. The rest of the week he is contented to live in the city itself.

The number of vessels touching at Marseilles, or arriving and departing, is 18,000 annually, and the size of them may be judged on the average by their tunnage, which is about 2,000,000 tuns. But the crowning glory of Marseilles is to be found in the stupendous hydraulic work, which she has just completed, surpassing in extent the aqueducts of the Roman empire and all similar works of modern days. It is not, however, an aqueduct but a canal, and its magnitude is derived from its great length, the vast volume of water it holds and the difficulties encountered and overcome in the course of its construction. It is 51 miles in length and takes its water from the river Durance at a place called Portuis. The whole tract of country through which it passes is mountainous, but not much of it broken by ridges and ravines. It passes through three chains of mountains in its course, making in all a distance of 10 miles of tunneling through rock. It is carried across the river Arc in the form of an aqueduct on three rows of arches and is continued in the same form over the ravine through which that small stream runs, in all a distance of 262 feet above the river. It is calculated that eleven tuns of water per second pass through this canal; and it reaches the city at an elevation of 430 feet above the level of the sea, which is about the same as 400 feet above the pavements of the streets, which are but a few feet above the tideless waters of the Mediterranean. A triple object was to be gained in the construction of this work; water in abundance for the city, a water power for certain branches of manufacturers; and the means of irrigating the purlieus and region around the city, where it is estimated that the value of land will be enhanced three-fold by copious irrigation. As to the first object, that of watering the city, it has been abundantly attained; for large streams of surplus water daily course along the sides of many streets. The power that can be spared for manufacturing is equal to that of 6,000 horses, and yet leaves a sufficient quantity for the third object, that of watering an extensive region of dry land. To accomplish these objects, the plan of the engineer, M. Montricher, was to divide the canal, just outside the city, into three branches, carrying the central branch into the city, and one of the others each side of it, and this plan has been carried out, except that the branch destined for irrigation is not yet complete. This work must be ranked among the grandest undertakings of modern cities, and I am doubtful whether any that has been projected in many centuries can compare with it in extent and results, though in point of expense it is small, owing to the nature of the rock, (limestone,) and the facility afforded by the ease of working the soil. The whole expense thus far has been less than two millions sterling. Thus, three cities in the world are abundantly supplied with water, viz: Marseilles, New York and Boston. But the water of the Durance is not equal to the Croton, for the Durance is a muddy stream rather, nor is it to be compared to the Croton. It is said that the Cholera is on the increase here, and I notice that the Mayor has issued an appeal to the citizens to aid the poor who are destitute of means to combat or mitigate the scourge. A. S.

Canadian Affairs—Progress of Annexation.

From our Annexation Correspondent.

MONTREAL, Tuesday, Nov. 13.

To the Editors of The Tribune.

GENTLEMEN—I have been prevented from writing to you for a longer interval than usually takes place between my communications from some circumstances of a personal nature, but still more from a desire to write nothing with reference to the important movement now going on here, that might give it a false or exaggerating coloring. As I have always, however, given your readers a guidded and sober idea of the probable growth of the annexation feeling among us, I am, perhaps, the more bound not to keep them in ignorance of its steady progress. I have, within the last fortnight, had several opportunities of judging of the opinions of the people in many parts of the country, and each of them afforded fresh evidence of this fact. Of course different men will, from frequenting different sets of society and other causes, form different estimates of the comparative numerical strength of parties. My own opinion is that even in Toronto, after all the loud boastings of loyalty rendered fervid by the temporary possession of the seat of Government, the Annexationists are not inferior in numbers to the Connexionists. The latter party, however, are, at present, for all practical purposes decidedly the strongest, as the Annexationists, from a number of circumstances are rendered too timid or too prudent for a manly, outspoken declaration of what they say in private without hesitation. The truth is, that Toronto possesses a large class of what may be called gentry,—the old official, and otherwise favored families of Upper Canada, together with the heads of the legal profession, and of the Episcopal Church—naturally attached to the present state of things. The business men are principally of the shop keeping class, and of course dependent upon the gentry. This accounts, to a great extent, for the small voice with which the Annexationists speak in that city. Nevertheless the *Independent* Annexation paper has already a list of 1,200 or 1,400 subscribers—a circulation little short of the old established journals in the same city.

The meeting of the League Convention, however, gave striking indications of the growth of the public mind on this subject. First of all, there were present only three delegates from this section Canada, the other delegates from this section having seceded in disgust, and joined the Annexation movement. Of these three, one—Mr. Wilson of Quebec—stated in the Convention, that the Treasurer and two Secretaries of the branch, by whom he was deputed, had refused to call a meeting, alleging that they had attached themselves to the Annexation movement. At Kingston, in July last, not a man could be found, with the exception of Mr. Buckers, to make any open declaration in favor of a Union with the states. At Toronto, in November, several gentlemen made no secret of their desires for this change, and a vote recommending an elective Legislative Council, which would have been followed by a similar declaration in favor of an elective Governor, was lost only by a majority of three, and could have been carried had it been taken on this first day of the meeting. The League, as far as the effecting of any object is concerned, was never anything but a flash in the pan. It is now proved that its members are indirect hostility to each other on the question between a Monarchy and a Democracy, and that the democrats have a slight advantage. This is of itself a great point gained to the Annexationists; for, however, little skill was shown in constituting the League, no sane man can deny that the date gates formed a highly respectable body, or that their constituents, though at the time in the minority, possess great influence in the country. Geographically considered, the chief seat of this democratic party is between Kingston and the Eastern Province. Among the delegates thence was O. R. Gowan, late Grand Master of the Orangemen, but always a very low churchman, with the same liberal politics that usually belong to that class. He is one of the most experienced of our public men; want for the broadest democratic institutions, and declares himself prepared to advocate Annexation, if he cannot attain his desire. His adherence to any party is valuable on account of his influence with the great portion of the community who come from the North of Ireland.

Out of the League three Legislative Councillors, Hon. Messrs. Macaulay, Hamilton and Crane, have given their adhesion to the Annexationists since I wrote to you last, and the County of Sherbrooke having called on its Representative by a requisition signed by twelve hundred voters, for his opinions, have been replied to by a letter in which their Member declares openly and boldly for the movement. This County is represented by Mr Galt. He is the Commissioner of the British American Land Company, an Association holding many thousands of acres of wild lands in the County, and, beside, the son of the celebrated Scotch novelist. His name is therefore of great weight on many accounts, both in Canada and in England, and his answer is excellent in itself. The eastern townships are quite certain to be with the Annexationists. Shefford is preparing, I understand, to put to its Representative the same question as Sherbrook has addressed to Mr. Galt. Their Member is Mr. Drummond, Solicitor-General for Canada East, who will find himself somewhat embarrassed between his constituents and his colleagues. Sherbrook, Irwin, and the other eastern constituents, with the exception, perhaps, of Megantic, may be daily expected to take the same step. Among the French we have the open adhesion of Papineau—the Papineau, and the meeting of the late ministerality of St. Roche, suburbs at Quebec. This suburb was the strongold of the party now in power in the Capital of the lumber trade, and it is Annexationist through out. The Catholic Irish of Quebec will probably be of the same side; but Quebec hopes to be the seat of Government after Toronto has enjoyed that evanescent luxury for eighteen months, and there is still a protection of 1s per load of Colonial timber so that an election there would perhaps be doubtful. The meeting at that city, which ended in a row, is generally thought to have been ended in a row, is generally thought to have been ill-judged. The Annexationists desire not to make ostentatious declarations, but to "educate the public mind," and especially to avoid violence or cause of violence.

I think I have amassed a sufficient number of facts above to convince you that the movement has proceeded with quite as much rapidity as I has ever gave you any reason to anticipate. I am convinced, though, it will doubtless be a hard and long struggle—depending greatly upon fortuitous circumstances, such as the state of the markets—yet that the desire for Democratic institutions, and especially for a union to your commercial system, has taken too deep root to be ever extirpated. The attempt of the Ministerialist organs—every one of which either has received, is receiving, or is in daily expectation of some reward, to an extent of bribery never before known to the press of this country, to ignore the existence of this rising spirit—is a sad proof of imbecility on the part of themselves and their patrons. At the moment they are pretending to affirm that there is no Annexationist feeling, the addresses of Lord Elgin are one after the other showing their anxiety by addressing letters to their friends to deprecate the movement. Simultaneously, they carry out a system of attempts at persuasion, they carry out a system of ridiculous and paltry persecution, by the extending to deprive all Annexationists of their commissions as magistrates, militia officers, &c.—threats which they cannot carry out without a manifest breach of their often recorded sentiment in favor of free discussion, and direct opposition to English practice. Still their flatteries go on, crying out that there is nothing in Annexation, although they cannot prevent the return of an Annexationist candidate, whom they have maladroitly forced to declare himself for a metropolitan county, a few months ago represented by a colleague.

There is considerable talk here about the new Judges, under the Judicature bill of last session, which, it is now said, is to be put into operation. I believe it is certain that Mr. Meredith, the largest practitioner here, is to have one of the new places, and to go to Quebec. M. Mandelet, a Circuit Judge, and Mr. Vanpelsom a Quebec barrister of long standing but no great reputation, are thus spoken of: and it is said the latter gentleman is not only to be a Judge, but Chief Justice, in place of Mr. Justice Rolland, and over the heads of Messrs. Day and Smith—a similar piece of injustice to that practiced eighteen months ago, by the promotion of the late Mr. Bedard to the prejudice of the same gentlemen. Mr. Justice Day is an American by birth, and probably after Judge Stuart the ablest man on the Bench. I should not be surprised to see him resign if he be again treated with such unmerited contumely. If so, he would probably again take a leading part in politics.

The weather here continues extremely mild and open—nothing like the traditional Canadian November. Men walk about in their Summer clothes, and we have one vessel from the sea still at the wharf. The merchants have done a very good business, and are tolerably cheerful accordingly; but other classes suffer greatly, because the merchants have prospered, not by increased business, but by a diminished business being done by a number of firms diminished to a much greater extent. I believe there are not more than one-third of the wholesale houses which were in existence here four years ago. The farmers have good crops, and a large business is going on in exports to your side of the line. Kegs are among the articles sought for for that traffic.

Later from El Paso.

[Mail Stage Sketch.... Col. Washington's Expedition.... Treaty with the Navajoes.... New Route to San Francisco.... New Discoveries, &c.

From the St. Louis Republican, 8th.

We are indebted to the politeness of a gentleman recently from New Mexico for some notes of recent occurrences in that quarter, which are of general interest. He was at El Paso at the time of the arrival of the United States troops.

Maj. Van Horn and his command arrived at the Paso del Norte on the 14th September. Col. Johnson of the Topographical Engineers accompanied Maj. Van Horn, for the purpose of making surveys to enable the Government to decide on a location for a new Fort to be established at the Paso del Norte. Maj. Van Horn has rented all the buildings upon the ranch, and has control of the ground for one mile for $350 per month. He has stationed six of the troops there, and 200 at the Presidio del Norte, about 30 miles down the river. It was not determined whether a portion of these troops should not be stationed on the Gila River, it having been in contemplation to erect a post at the old Copper Mines in the Apache country. Col. Jack Hays, in Indian Agent, was present, and was instructed to use all means in his power to effect a treaty with the Apaches, such a treaty would no doubt be signed; but whether they would observe it, was another matter.

Major Steen, of the 1st Dragoons, on the 15th of August, encountered 75 miles west of Doniana, gave battle to a party of Apache Indians. They were in a cañon, and fired from behind large rocks. The action lasted from 3 until 6 o'clock, P.M. during which the Indians were driven three miles up the cañon. Night terminated the battle, and as the Major was supposed to be mortally wounded, and as they had to return seven miles to find water, it was deemed advisable not to follow the Indians further. This is a somewhat different version from that contained in a letter from one of our correspondents, in which Major Steen was represented as compelled to retreat. Five or six Indians were killed in this engagement. Major Steen lost Sergeant Norwood, who was shot through the heart in the cañon, Sergeant Selder died of his wounds on the 14th of September. Major Steen was able to walk about on the 16th September, but the ball had not then been extracted, nor was it believed that it could be done. The Indians fought with desperate bravery, and were armed with the best of American rifles.

Col. Washington returned to Santa Fe on the 24th Sept., after an absence of forty-one days, from a very interesting expedition into the Navajo country.—The command was made up of near 400 men, and accompanied by the Indian agent, Col. Calhoun, and his party, and Lieut. Simpson of the corps of Topographical Engineers, and his party. The result of the expedition is believed to be most important. A treaty was made with the Navajos, one of the Indian scourges of New Mexico, by which they acknowledge their subjection to the United States Government, and agreed to give up the captives among them, and the property which had been stolen from the American citizens. Under this treaty, some property, and a portion of the captives, had been surrendered; and it was also agreed that an additional number of mules, and all the captives which had been sent into the mountains, should be given up to Col. Washington at the town of Jamez, on the 9th Oct. During this expedition, six of the Navajos were killed and others wounded, in an engagement previous to the formation of the treaty.

Aside from this treaty a knowledge of the country has been obtained which cannot but be of the highest value to the Government and the country. The route of the expedition was in general terms nearly due west from Santa Fé, and 300 miles in distance. Objects of great natural curiosity were discovered; the remains of ancient Pueblo towns, hitherto unknown to us, and inscriptions handsomely and deeply engraved on a stupendous rock, capped by the ruins of two towns, which cannot but have a bearing of value upon the early history of the country. Lieut Simpson visited with a portion of his party, all these interesting objects of curiosity, and made plans, sketches, and an outline—all of which, with a map of the country, will doubtless be laid before the Government as soon as they can be prepared.

By direction of Col. Washington, Lieut. Simpson and several officers of the command, visited the famous Moqui of Cañon, which he describes as one of the most interesting objects of natural curiosity he has ever seen. The treaty was made at the mouth of this canon. Martinez, the Chief of the Navajos, said it never was visited before by American troops. Lieut. Simpson represents, also, that he has discovered a route, and, as he thinks, a practical wagon route, which he believes will shorten the distance to San Francisco, from the States, some one or four hundred miles. The proposed route will take a middle course between the Gila and the Spanish trail route, which, from the southern direction of the one, and the northern direction of the other, cannot but shorten the distance immensely. This route, in all probability, was the one which Fremont, with his party, attempted last Winter to explore, and which, in a recent letter to Col. Benton, he states has been traveled by the trader Robideau.

Opinions will, of course, differ as to the permanence of this peace with the Navajos—and it will be observed that our correspondent from Santa Fé has no very favorable opinion of it—but Col. Washington acted, no doubt, under instructions from the Government. At all events, it observed at all, it will give time to the Government to make a proper disposition of the military force on that frontier, and then the Indians can very easily be held in check, and whipped if necessary.

Business in Santa Fé, up to the date of our latest accounts—the 27th of September—was very dull, and what goods were selling were sold at low prices. We are sorry to add that gambling, drinking and immorality were on the increase, and were carried to such an extent as to be a disgrace to the American character. There are exceptions to this general depravity, of course, but the exceptions are altogether too few and unimportant.

From the West Indies.

By the steamship Alabama we have received files of the *Kingston Jamaica Journal* to the 3d inst. inclusive. Things were as usual very dull in Jamaica. Although something like an amicable understanding has been patched up between the country party, which has a majority in the Legislature, and the Government, complaints are made that no business was done in the House of Assembly. Measures of retrenchment are still uppermost in the minds of that body. The judges had offered to submit to a curtailment of their salaries, but the House had not yielded to their wishes. A correspondent says "nothing but pure air is to be appreciated in that unfortunate island.....In Trinidad the disturbances had ceased, and everything was tranquil up to the 13th ult. Perturbators from the French island of Martinique were at the bottom of the late acts of disaffection.....In Demerara and other portions of the British possessions in the West Indies the Portuguese emigrants had manifested an intention to leave for the United States.....It has been proposed by the Governor of Trinidad to lay a tax of $4 a head on all persons there between the ages of 18 and 60 years, in order to raise a revenue. [N. O. Pic. 13th.

Constitution of California.

The special correspondent of the *New-Orleans Picayune*, under the date of Sept. 29, says that "quite a warm discussion occurred yesterday in Committee of the Whole on one of the miscellaneous provisions relative to conjugal relations. The section secures all the real and personal property of the wife obtained before marriage, and all acquired by gift, devise or descent; and also provides for the passage of laws more clearly defining the rights of the wife, and for the registration of her private property—this is the civil and differs materially from the common law. The section was adopted. Another section securing from seizure and forced sale a certain portion of the property of all heads of families, the homestead, not to exceed 320 acres of land, or any town or city lots not to exceed $2,000, and prohibiting its alienation by a married man unless by consent of the wife, also caused much debate, but was ultimately adopted. The Convention held three sittings, and did not intermit labor thereon until nearly 12 o'clock at night."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT CINCINNATI.—On Friday, the bookstore of H. W. Derby & Co. on Main-st. took fire, but it was immediately extinguished (as the flames had not extensively communic