From the Lynchburg Virginian.

Federalism Revised—or words not things!

Mr. Jefferson, with his usual sagacity, predicted, that, at no very distant period, federal doctrines would acquire an entire ascendancy in the national councils; and he was not less acute in foreseeing the means by which the political revolution of '93-99 would be rendered entirely abortive. In one of his letters he warns the American people that "the snake was only scotch'd—not killed," and that, unless vigilantly watched, it would eventually wind its coils around the pillars of the Constitution, undermining what it seemed to support, until the whole fabric, its foundations thus insidiously destroyed, would tumble into ruins. This result, he declared, would not be accomplished by open assaults upon the principles of the Republican party of 98-99,—for against them the people would always be forewarned and forearmed—but by the artifices of aspiring demagogues, who would assume that title, even while they trampled upon the doctrines with which it is coeval, for the purpose of promoting their own self-aggrandizement. The events which are now transpiring before our eyes, permit us to indulge but a feeble hope that this prediction will not be fully realized even before the death of hundreds who were the cotemporaries and companions, and some of them the counsellors of the prophet.

The men in power, although assuming the appellation of the party which in 1800 elevated Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency—no; we beg their pardon—they go farther—*that* name is not, it seems, expansive enough for them—they claim to be not only Republicans, but "Democratic Republicans," and we are not sure that they do not deem it heterodox to be any less than "Jackson-Van Buren-Democratic Republicans;"—the men in power, we say, although thus assuming to be better Republicans even than Mr. Jefferson and his friends, are absolutely advocating doctrines, and making them the test of orthodoxy, which equal, if they do not exceed, in their federalizing tendencies, the latitudinous assumptions of Mr. Jefferson's old antagonists. A few of the most ultra of the old federal school, it is true, may have gone as far as Mr. Van Buren and his "illustrious predecessor" have done; Alexander Hamilton, for example, who, it seems, is the author of at least one of the most prominent features of the sub-Treasury scheme—he having insisted (as we are told by the New York Whig, who quotes from the 1st vol. p. 371 of his Life) that "the national revenues should be collected by officers, appointed by the government," for the reason "that their appointment would be the means of creating, *in the interior of each State*, a mass of influence in favor of the federal government."—In other words, he was in favor of a plan of this sort, because it would exert a *centralizing* and *consolidating* influence, of which it is known he was always the warm and able champion, and to the same extent, by weakening *State attachments*, destroy *State Rights!*—The only difference between Van Buren and Hamilton, as is well remarked by the New York Whig, is, that Hamilton openly avowed his purposes, while Van Buren conceals his. The opinions of Hamilton were comparatively harmless, because their avowal, by exciting distrust and jealousy, ensured their defeat, while those of Mr. Van Buren, though not less poisonous because they are sugared over with a popular name, are dangerous in the precise ratio of his skill in thus disguising their deleterious proprieties, and securing for them a favorable reception. There is no danger that a man will swallow arsenic if he knows that it *is* arsenic; but tell him that it is an innoxious draught, and mingle with it ingredients pleasant to the palate, and he will pour it down his throat—the passive instrument of his own destruction, because ignorant of the deadly nature of the potion, until the agonies of the hidden fire begin to prey upon his vitals and to rack his system. The sub-Treasury is to the body public what arsenic is to the human system; and though it be artfully compounded and cunningly labelled, it will result in the death of the liberties of the nation that tastes the cup; unless indeed it be, that a recuperative energy shall be found to exist in its *Constitution*, too powerful for the subtle poison at once to destroy. But the people are mad, who, with the fearful and appalling example before their eyes, furnished by a past history and by contemporary events, shall consent to peril that freedom for which their fathers fought and bled, upon the issue of so doubtful an *Experiment*—especially under the guidance of men whose experiments heretofore have uniformly resulted in wide-spread confusion and disaster.

But the *ultra federalism* of the measures of the men in power is still more clearly, if possible, betrayed, by the fact, indisputable, or, if disputed, susceptible of easy demonstration, that their direct and inevitable tendency is not only to centralize power at Washington,—to weaken the State Rights principle and to strengthen the federal government,—but to consolidate all the power, thus snatched from the States, in the hands of *one man*. Their federalism, indeed, it will be thus seen, degenerates into monarchy.—The federalists of '98 contended, it is true, for a strong central government, (though certainly not stronger than that contemplated by the authors of the Proclamation and the Force Bill,)—but they were in favor of distributing its powers equally among its three great departments, Executive, Legislative and Judicial. But now, under the reign of modern federalism, which has usurped the appellation of democratic republicanism, while the central government is to be rendered supreme and omnipotent, its unlimited power is to be vested exclusively in the President! What, but this, is the direct result of the sub-Treasury system, for example, which places the *Purse* in the hands of officers not appointed by and responsible to the representatives of the people, (who are the *Constitutional* custodians of the public money!) but appointed by the President and Senate, and removable by the President alone, to whom, consequently, they are alone practically responsible, and whom, therefore, they will obey, in preference to the law or the law-making power? Nay, we might go farther back, and show that the monarchial principle stands prominently forth both in their acts and in their official papers—1st, in the removal of the deposites, against an express law of the land, by which act of usurpation and despotism legal obligations were ruthlessly disregarded by him whose duty it was to *execute* and not to *annul* the laws of the land, and by which the most marked contempt was manifested towards the law-making power, while a high judicial prerogative was exercised;—2dly, in that most odious and self-debasing act of the Senate, by which a Resolution that had received the formal sanction of that body was *expunged*,—whereby legislative independence was annihilated, and a solemn constitutional injunction disobeyed, to gratify the wrath and vanity of a popular idol;—3dly, in the refusal to execute the decrees of the Supreme Court, and in the bold threat, uttered in anticipation of one of its decisions, that, by the removal of the Marshal from office, the President could strike its precept dead in his hands; by which the Executive claimed not only the power to execute *the laws* "as he understands them," but to interpret judicial decision also, and, if he please, to set them at defiance, though made in conformity with those laws!

These are some of the Executive pretensions set up by modern 'Democratic Republicans"—pretensions, which, on their very face, are seen to be at war with the genius of our institutions which certainly never contemplated, in the organization of three "co-ordinate" departments of government, that two of them should be the slave and foot ball of the third—that the single individual, in whose hands the Executive power is deposited, should dictate to the Legislative branch, and revise the decisions of the Judicial—and nullify, at pleasure, the deliberate action of both! *All this has been done*—and yet we are told that the men by whom it has been done are the enemies of a strong government, the friends of civil liberty, and the champions of popular rights! If this be true, then the Autocrat of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Shah of Persia are all "democratic republicans," and upholders of free government—for they cannot, if they would, wield more despotic powers. We speak strongly—but we defy any man to show that we have not spoken truly.

We extract the following vigorous passage from the speech of Mr. Rives at Louisa court-house, and regret that our limits preclude us from publishing the speech entire.

From the "one feel swoop" of a million and a quarter of dollars, by the New York collector, to the petty-larcenies of some village delinquent, what have we seen, a continued and mortifying spectacle of official peculation, and dilapidation, of the public funds? Hardly a day passes that does not add some new defaulter to this already swollen list of infidelity, and public robbery.

"The ear is pained,
The soul is is sick with every day's report
Of wrong or fraud with which the land is filled."

But painful and provoking as are these fruits of the *sub-treasury policy*, while yet in "the green tree" too, and but very partially put in practice, they hardly deserve a moment's consideration, compared with those extensive and desolating inroads upon the public prosperity and liberty, which must inevitably result from its operation, when the entire system shall be fully organized, and set in motion by law. If you desire, fellow citizens, to see these ruinous consequences pourtrayed with a pencil of light, and from a source of the highest authority and impartially, let me recommend to your calm consideration a most able letter upon the subject written by President Dew of William & Mary College, to a friend in Alabama, and which, though not intended for publication, has happily, for the cause of truth and the public instruction, found its way to the press. That profound and political economist, whose opinions on this subject will surely not receive the less consideration from the fact that he who is removed from the arena, and exempt from the bias of party politics, has analysed and laid bare in the letter to which I have refered, the operation of this fatal system, with a force of logic and learning combined, which cannot as it seems to me, be resisted by any candid mind. He has shown that the system is incompatible "with the civilization of the age in which we live"—that "it is a decided movement backward towards the ages of barbarism"—that it is "an open declaration of war against the established credit system of the country," whose overthrow cannot be accomplished without laying in ruins, by the same blow, the most important interests of society—and that so far from exerting a salutary influence, as has been pretended, on the *currency* and the *commerce* of the country, it would involve the one in "constant fluctuation and insecurity," and subject the other to "violent convulsions and embarrassments," enhancing at the same time, the weight of public taxation, and putting in the hands of the *Executive* a moneyed engine of the most formidable power. On this last point, he uses the following emphatic language: "Give the President of the U. States the Sub-Treasury hemmed in and guarded by all the devices which the wisdom of a man can contrive, and I will venture the prophecy that not one generation will pass away, before the trammels will be removed, every obstacle be overcome, and your sub-treasury will stand forth, confessed to the world, a collossal Banking Institution, controlled and directed by the Executive and his minions," and "wo to that country which shall ever witness the consumation of so monstrious an alliance!" Shall we, fellow citizens, in the headlong career of a senseless party spirit, turn a deaf ear to these warnings of a far seeing and patriot philosophy, coming in aid of the instinctive suggestions of our own common sense? And yet my refusal to blindly follow the lead of the President, in support of a system so characterised by the united voice of reason and philosophy, and condemned in advance by the unanimous denunciations of his own political friends, is one of the high crimes and misdemeanors for which I am this day arraigned before you as a *traitor* and *apostate?*

Parallel of the Sexes.

The North American says there is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the author of our being has distributed to each, with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration. Man is strong, woman is beautiful; man is daring and confident, woman is diffident and unassuming; man is great in action, woman in suffering; man shines abroad, woman at home; man talks to convince, woman to persuade and please; man has a rugged heart, woman a soft and tender one; man provokes misery, woman relieves it; man has science, woman taste; man has judgment, woman sensibility; man is a being of justice, woman an angel of mercy.

The loco focos call the Whigs "a piebald party."—What manner of party are the loco focos themselves?—Can any description of it be more graphic or more true than the annexed, from the Richmond Whig?

There are *Federalists*, Wall, Buchanan, Ingersoll, Taney, Rush, Van Buren, &c. &c. *Nullifiers*—the Charleston Mercury and its squad. *Abolitionists*—Duncan, Morris, Tappan, Woodbury, &c. *Amalgamationists*—Col. Johnson and family. *Agrarians and Infidels*, Fanny Wright, Kendall, Owen, Ming, &c. *Rag-tag and Bob-tail*—Blair and the Kitchen Cabinet, and last, though not least, *Conservative* Ritchie—all bound together (in the language of Mr. Calhoun) "by the cohesive power of the public plunder."

A short and true Story.

Dedicated (without permission) to the exclusive "hard currency" folks, by one who tells it as he saw it.

SAM STANTON was a true-blue Locofoco of the "hard currency" school—catch him taking any other money but hard money. Nothing would he handle but what would, as he said, "jingle on a tombstone." *Sam* had been pretty fortunate in business; and when the period arrived to leave the Southern country, and return North for the summer, he sold out and turned all his remaining stock in trade into hard dollars, and took his passage. The first few days out from Mobile our voyage was prorperous; and many a long argument wore away the time, on the relative security of "hard money" and "paper money." *Ezra Tupper*, one of our passengers on board the "Susan and Eliza," was *Sam Stanton's* main competitor. Ezra had invested his money in good Bank drafts on the North, and Sam would jeer Ezra pretty often about his "paper promises." This is the stuff," says Sam, "that will redeem its own promises any where. No protests for non-payment here," says Sam, holding up one of the bags of dollars, weighing 56 pounds at least and tumbling it over the floor; "that's the music—huzza for Tom Bentyn and the Sub-Treasury, and down with the Bank." Well, on we went, and a few days bro't us round the point of the Floridas, and by latitude and longitude we found ourselves a litte south of St. Augustine, heading northward and homeward. The weather up to this time had been mild and amiable, and now it began look sour and squally; and Captain Crowell looked anxious, and some of the "old salts" on board began strapping ropeyarns down over their hats and around their pea jackets, and things assured "coming trouble." All that night the wind increased, and the Susan and Eliza rolled about like a little boy with the stomack ache in geen apple time. The next morning she had not canvass enough on her to cover a tent pole, and the wind whistled through the rigging, and the sait water splashed over us as if they didn't care a fig for Sam Stanton, Ezra Tupper, the Susan and Eliza, not any thing else, not even the bags of dollars, or the bank drafts.

Presently there came a real smashing sea tumbling along, and by the time Captain Crowel called out "hold on," smash it came on board of us, and swept off the cook-house, and the poor cook in it, and the hen coops and all the chickens in them, and set the pigs adrift, split and broke the rudder from its hangings, and left us in rather a *pickle*, (for all of us were soaked with salt water.) A moment after and we were told a sad leak had occurred; and the cry was to clear away the "long boat," and then came a scramble.—Every body who had any thing to save, hurried with it on deck, and up Sam Stanton with his bags of dollars, and up came Ezra Tupper, sticking a small "wallet" in his breeches pocket. The boat was by this time along side; and the Captain got a compass from the binnacle, and a big bag of bread from the store-room, and the mate rolled a cask of water, and others brought chunks of pork and beef, and others blankets and pea jackets and the boat was soon pretty well loaded. "Now jump in my boys," says the captain, "and trusting to Providence, let us hope for a safe deliverance." But when we all got in, it was found that the boat was overloadad, and the next thing was to lighten her; and now came the rub. Sam Stanton, was sitting on three considerable sizded bags in the bottom of the boat and the Captain thought they contained bread, or beef, or some other necessary of life; but on discovering that they contained *heavier ballast*, he decided at once to lighten ship by throwing them overboard. The parting scene was a struggle for Sam Stanton; but *over* they went, and *down* they went. Sam looked at Ezra Tupper, and Ezra Tupper felt sorry for Sam; and, by way of cheering him, said to the captain, "Now, Captain," says he, "since my friend Sam has made a sacrifice for the public good, I'll do as much; and if you say the word, I'll throw this wallet overboard too—it contains just as large an amount, in bank drafts, as Sam's bags of dollars amount to and I'd just as leave do it as not, for I sent duplicates on by mail before I left, and ordered the triplicates to follow by the mail after, to guard against just such *a sacrifice* as this."

It was no time for a joke; but remembering the spirited arguments we had had on the passage regarding the relative security of transmitting money on the credit system," and the "hard money" system, I was almost disposed to laugh outright; but poor Sam Stanton looked so streaked. His "hard dollars" had gone to the bottom *a dead loss*—no matter who owned them—and he hail'nt a word to say. It was concluded that Ezra Tupper should not throw his bank drafts everboard, as the weight was not material; and it was well he did not for they served on our landing to procure us means of comfort. We had a tight pull at the oars for a day and a night after leaving the wreck, and got into St Augustine. Ezra Tupper found a trader, who wanted a good draft on the North, and paid him good premium for one; and he generously supplied our wants out of it, and, upon the whole we had a merry time of it on by railroads and steamboats. The subject of *currency* was occasionally introduced; but it was evident that Sam Stanton had got a new wrinkle by the late voyage, and he was heard to say that "hard currency" was a good thing to talk about in Congress, and in political meetings, but devlish poor reliance on salt water, in a long boat; and if any man ever attempted to humbug him again in that matter he'd just tell him of the voyage he made on the brig Susan and Eliza, Captain Crowel, and if that did'nt convince him, then he might try his luck at it.—*N. Y. Amer.*

From James' "Charles Tyrrell."

Beautiful Extract.

The scenery amid which we are born and brought up, if we reman long enough therein to have passed that early period of existence on which memory seems to have no hold, sinks as it were, into the spirt of man; twists itself intimately with every thought, and becomes a part of his being. He can never cast off his body in which the spirit acts. Almost every chain of his after thoughts is linked at some point to the magical circle which bounds his youth's ideas; and even when latent, and in no degree known, it is still present affecting every feeling and every fancy, and giving a bent if its own to all our words and our deeds.

I have heard a story of a girl who was captive to an Eastern prince, and wore upon her ancles a light golden ring. She learned to love her master devotedly, and was as happy as she could be in his love. Adored, adorned and cherished, she sat beside him one day in all the pomp of Eastern state, when suddenly her eye fell upon the golden ring round her ancle which custom had rendered so light, that he had forgotten it altogether. The tears instantly rose in her eyes as she looked upon it, and her lover divining at once, asked with a look of reproch. "Would you be free?" She cast herself upon his bosom and answered, "Never!"

Thus often the links that bind us to early scenes and places, in which we have passed happy or unhappy hours, are unobserved and forgotten, till some casual circumstance turns eyes thitherward. But if any one should ask us whether we would sever that chain, there is scarcely one fine mind that would not also answer, Never! The passing of our days may be checkered with grief and care, ungladness and frowns may wither the smiles of boyhood, and tears bedew the pat of youth; yet, nevertheless, when we stand and look back, in latter life, letting Memory hover over the past, prepared to light where she will, there is no period in all the space laid out before her over which her wings flutter so joyfully, or on which she would so much wish to pause, as the times of our youth. The evils of other days are forgotten; the scenes in which these days are remembered, detached from the sorrows that neckered them, and the high misty high of life's first sunrise still gilds the whle with a glory not its own. It is not alone, however, after long years have passed away, and crushed out the gall from sorows endured, that fine and enchanting felings are awakened by the scenes in which our days have gone by, and that the thrift of association is felt in all its joyfulness acting as an antidote to poisonous sorrows which often mingle with our cup.

Marriage.

Marriage is the woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements, every thing on which she has heretofore depended for a comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sister to whom she has dared to impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor, and the counselled; and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate, all are forsaken at one fell stroke; every former tie is loosened, the spirits of every hope and action is to be changed; and yet she flies with joy into the unbodden path before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of happiness to come. Then woe to the man who can slight such fair hopes—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment, and the watchful protection a home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence that love had inspired.

WILLIAM M. PRICE IN PARIS.—A friend recently from the French capital, informs us that that bright particular star of locofocoism, William M. Price, Esq., is shining with dazzling though borrowed lustre, in the gay saloons of the gayest city in the world. He has lately purchased, for a summer retreat, a beautiful villa and grounds, about six miles from Paris, while he occupies, as his town residence, at an exorbitant rent, a splendid hotel in the most fashionable part of the *Champs Elysees*—the grand meropolitan *locale* of the French aristocracy.—Probably locofocoism has never been so brilliantly represented in a foreign metropolis. Only think, ye sons of St Tammany, of your "democratic" minister being domiciled in the quarter of the French noblesse and being called 'milord' by all the aunt sallies of Paris. Why, the universal frame of locofocoism ought to tingle with sympathizing rapture at the munificent manner in which its distinguished representative is supporting the dignity of the family. Whose splendid mansion is that? *Millard the locofoco's.* Whose elegant carriages and rich liveries are those? *Millard the locofoco's.* *Mon Dieu!* but what is a locofo? Then will come the explanation of all the peculiar *privileges* and *facilities* enjoyed by the official members of the tribe, and so shall proselytes be added thereto, and the cause gain ground among all who love "the largest liberty."

N. Y. Times.

Less than a half year ago Mr. Price was flourishing away at the Springs. Two cottages had been erected connected with, and in the rear of the United States Hotel. One of these was built for Price, and the other for Swartwout. The latter was absent, but Price was in his glory. There were those, however, even thus early, who distrusted them. On one occasion—we have the story from Col. Hise, formerly from Kentucky, but now of Louisiana—at a dinner party, the conversation turned upon the subject of government defaulters and locomotive sub-treasurers. Mr. Price talked very patriotically against them, and was so *peculiarly* earnest that Col. Hise broke forth with the exclamation—"*I'll bet you a bottle of wine that you will be a defaulter and run away yourself before the 1st of January.*" Some of the company laughed at the remark as mere badinage. Price looked rather blank, and affected displeasure at the imputation, and wished the remark retracted. But Colonel Hise persisted in the prediction, and they parted. Scarcely two months had passed, before the absconding of the one made a prophet of the other.

N. Y. Com.

SUB-TREASURY.—Of this odious measure, the New-York Courier and Enquirer, justly remarks:

"The People have passed upon the Sub-Treasury. By large majorities in most of the States, they have condemned it. Two State Legislatures of twenty-six have approved it—those of Alabama and South Carolina; the rest have rejected it by positive resolutions, or by equally expressive silence.

In various shapes it has been five times condemned by a House of Representatives, in which the administration at the outset counted a large majority.

Thrice it has passed by small majorities the Senate of United States; in every instance by the vote of eight Senators, who notoriously misrepresented the wishes, interests and opinions of their constituents.

There is no popular test then that can be applied to the Sub-Treasury which it will stand.—On all sides it is denounced and condemned. The paid presses of the administration alone, the Globe, the *Argus*, the *Post*, and the whole affiliated journalhood of pensioned patriotism and purchased Democracy sustain it.

In this state of things, Mr. Van Buren has the unparalleled assurance to stand up in Castle Garden, and to inform his "Democratic friends" that the Sub-Treasury will certainly pass, as soon as delusion passes away and unreasonableness ceases to oppose it! Is this the kind of language to be held by the Chief Magistrate of a *Republic*? Is this the way in which a President of the United States should present himself to the People?

Where is a "delusion" most likely to be found, in matters of this nature? Is it more probable that the People have been deluded, or Mr. Van Buren? Where is honest opinion to be found? Among the People, or in Cabinet? Among the people, or the office holders? Among the indepenent journals of the country, or the paid and pensioned presses of the administration?

HOPE AND DESTINY.—There are some beautiful passages in the "Gentleman of the Old School"—passages full of poetry and philosophy. Witness the following:

"It is strange—perhaps the strangest of all the mind's intricacies—the sudden, the instantaneous manner in which memory by a single signal, casts wide the doors of one of those dark storehouses in which long passed events have been shut up for years. That signal, be it a look, a tone, an odor, a single sentence, is the cabalistic word of the Arabian tale, at the potent magic of which the door of the cave of the robber, forgetfulness, is cast suddenly wide, and all the treasuress that he had concealed displayed."

This also:

"From the cottage to the place, from the castle to the hovel, through all the imperceptible shades and grades of life and station that intervene between greatness and littleness; from the sage to the idiot, from the conqueror to the worm, fate, in darkness and in silence, with moments that men seldom see and never appreciate, is spinning that small, fine, but blinding thread which weaves their common destiny into one inextricable web. It is not alone that the mouse disentangles the lion from the toils; it is not alone that the stronger saves or overtroys the weaker; but it is that every being at every step affects the destinies of millions of others, present and to come, and carries on the train of cause and event that is going on from eternity to eternity.

"The dependence of the great upon the small, and the continual reference of our fate to petty circumstances, is a consideration full of weighty moral, and is never to be forgotten."

Weekly Messenger.

The Beauties of Humbug.

We have long been sick with disgust at the way affairs have been managed in Florida. Scarcely ever do we receive a paper from that part of the country which does not convince us, more and more, of the grand humbug of the "Florida war." Is not the following a nice specimen of the way things are there regulated!

The Apalachicola Gazette of the 23d inst. says: "By the steamer Tallapoosa, Capt. Holland, we have received information of a late date from Tampa. It means that a few days before she left, an Indian called Tomoka John, who professes to be friendly, and who has been several months staying at the garrison, while partly drunk, disclosed to some of the Indian negroes, who also returned at the past, that party of the Indians were embodied in one of the hammocks in the vicinity. The report got to the ears of some of the officers, and an investigation was made. Tomoka John and the negroes were examined; but the officers, it seems, were determined to remain quiet, and were easily satisfied that there was no truth in the story, and no troops were sent out to scour the country, or any further steps taken in the matter. Some two or three days afterwards, this said John, who had been out hunting, applied to the commanding officer for permission for two hundred to come in and hold an interview. Permission was granted; the two hundred came in, saw what they wanted to see, examined the camp, its position, supplies, defences, &c. and departed with the information they had politely been permitted to obtain. The morning after their departure it was discovered that during the night 140 head of cattle had been driven off from their pen, not a quarter of a mile from the post. Pursuit was made by about forty Dragoons, under Capt. Fulton, a very active officer, who, after diligent search, succeeded in recovering sixteen head, but saw no Indians, though many of their tracks were visible. The herdsmen who have charge of these cattle are Indian negroes, who have been retained since surrender, as guides, &c. They are an extraordinary people—sagacious, vigilant, shrewd and of most marvelous flexibility in the contortions of the minds and affections, being capable, at the drop of a handkerchief, to solve their allegiance, discard their prejudices, forget all former associations and attach mate, and unite heart and hand with those towards whom, but the day before they nourished and cherished a demon as hatred, which could only be satisfied by the most bloody vengeance. These people are furnished with their horses and their business is to scour the woods, and bring up and pen the cattle which are turned to graze during the day, taking special care of course, to avoid their quondam friends, the Indians, who perchance they might meet in their daily excursions, and against whom they must, of course, be very exceedingly bitter.

Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 6.

There have been four destructive fires in New York within the last twenty hours! This city, in consequence of the destroying element, is a million and a half poorer than it was when the sun set last evening! The news of the awful conflagration in Philadelphia had but reached the city last evening, and became generally known, when our eyes were appalled with scenes of similar destruction. Night had not fairly set in, when the alarm-bell called the citizens to one conflagration on the North River, and to another in Brooklyn. This was about nine o'clock, and the fire in the city, but a prelude to those others, was soon quenched, in the dark.

Before midnight, a fire broke out in another part of the city, destroying ten or twelve buildings, and the contents of almost all of them; and, ere this was subdued, the City Hall alarm-bell called the firemen of the city, who had been toiling through the night in still another direction. The fire was now down town, and in one of the lowest parts of the city. The time was now between twelve and one o'clock, and the place where the conflagration commenced on or near Water street, near Hall's, or the United States Hotel. The particulars would fill your columns. You can form an opinion of the extent of the damage, when told that, from one o'clock till seven this morning, the fire continued without interruption. The flames were seen nearly a hundred miles off, and presented a scene of grandeur almost unparalleled. The conflagration lighted the whole city, and, but for the mildness of the weather, and the quiet of the night, it would have extended into the heart of it. As it is, an entire square, stretching from Water to Front street, and from Fulton street to Burling Slip, has been destroyed, with several valuable stores beyond the square, most of them situated on Water and Fletcher streets. The extent of the damage, the value of the property destroyed and consumed, and the amount of the insurance, cannot be known before to-morrow.—There are various estimates, from one to three millions. The truth lies between them.

A miracle almost has saved the city from a ten fold loss. The firemen were fatigued when the last fire broke out, and many of them were detained up town, where their services were most needed elsewhere. The force was, thus, divided. Many had gone up to Philadelphia, and many were in Brooklyn; and the hard services here weakened the exertions of the few who were left. Much of the shipping in port, and many of the squares near Pearl street and Maiden Lane, would certainly have been destroyed, had there been the least wind. As it was, one of the shipping was hauled off into the stream, from the vicinity of Burling Slip. I shall be able to tell the news by to-morrow, and will then send you a more particular and rather the account. How the fire originated is still a subject of inquiry. Fortunately, no lives have been lost.

The Liverpool steamer will be due to-morrow, and some are expecting her to-day.

HON. S. LAWRAN, of South Carolina, was in Syracuse on the 2d inst., attending the Conservative State Convention. He made a speech there, which is spoken of as thrilling and electrical.

The Springfield (Mass) and New York Rail road celebration on Thursday, was a splendid affair. Governor Everett, ex-Governor Lincoln, Mr. Calhoun, M. C., and other distinguished men, were present.