that by a future amendment, the past would be forgotten, and they would again become good members of the community? The tears, perhaps of true penitence flowed in vain and unheeded; and the yearnings after the opportunity of once again walking in the paths of virtue were succeeded by that obduracy too often the precursor of a life of total abandonment. Finally, there were specimens of those who had just passed the Rubicon and stept over the threshold of criminality, whose thoughts reverted to a period (a few brief months since) when, happy in the possession of friends and home, they knew not guilt—whose feelings and sentiments were not yet blunted by contact with vice, and could be easily induced to change their lives—these, too, felt deeply impressed with a sense of shame and humiliation at their fallen condition, with a gloomy retrospect to look back on, and not a vista of hope to gleam through their dark and devious future course.

A mother succeeded in procuring the discharge of an unfortunate daughter upon promising Judge Osborne that she would take her home from the city. Seven others were dismissed in consequence of the officers being unable to substantiate any charge against them, one of whom we were informed was arrested (despite her protestations of being a married woman and innocent of any crime) immediately after leaving the cars, and forcibly brought to the Station-House.

But one feeling seemed to pervade the well disposed persons who witnessed the scene—that of profound pity for the poor victims of crime, and regret that some other mode of reformation could not be adopted, than indiscriminately consigning all to the Penitentiary, whose evil associations and the conviction that they are more sinned against than sinning, will send them forth again when their term of imprisonment shall have expired, if not more hardened, but little improved.

Strictures were very freely passed upon the summary and arbitrary manner in which they were dealt with, as no examination whatever was granted them before committal.

[*New York Times.*

A Visitor from Japan.

There is at present in this city an exceedingly intelligent gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Bettelheim, who has for nine years resided at Loo Choo, and is thoroughly conversant with Japanese habits and the home-character of the people, as well as familiar with the language of Loo Choo and Japan. Dr. Bettelheim came over in the Powhattan, and his name is favorably known as that of a gentleman who rendered valuable services to the Japan expedition under Commodore Perry. His immediate object in visiting the United States is to organize a committee to take oversight of his mission now that a field for increased labor is opened. Hitherto it has been sustained by a few individuals, and some of its original supporters are now dead. Dr. B. is, we believe, of the Presbyterian or Congregational denomination, but mere sectarian distinctions are not rigidly adhered to in mission stations. The reverend gentleman, with whom we have had the pleasure of conversing, has a large fund of general knowledge respecting Japan, which would be of great value just now to the commercial community as well as to the various churches, and he might, at a public meeting or in a lecture, impart much valuable information, and doubtless would do so, privately also, if waited upon. His present address, we understand, is 200 Mulberry street.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

A Severe Sentence.

In the Oxford Circuit Court, England, the Rev. John Allen Giles, D. C. L. of the established church in England, was convicted of having represented that a Robert Pratt and Jane Green were married on the 3d of October, whereas they were married on the 5th of October, 1854; that they had been married by licence, whereas they were not; and that they were married in the presence of one Charlotte Tate, whereas they were not. Mr. Giles pleaded in defense that he had been so overwhelmed with literary labors that he had made these mistakes, but without fraudulent intent. He had worked for years past very hard, and had written and published one hundred and twenty volumes of the ancient records of his country. He was sentenced by Chief Justice Campbell to twelve months imprisonment without hard labor, and his lordship expressed a hope that upon his release he would become a useful member of society.

Tit for Tat.—The stipend of a minister of the Scotch established church is often paid partly in grain, as witness the following colloquy related by Dr. Aiton: "William, you must bring me better grain; I can't sell it, it is so bad." "It's just what the land produces, sir, and I hae naeting else to gie." "But, then, you are a bad farmer, William; you must farm better." "Tut, sir; tut, sir, that's no civil; I'll no tak' that off your han'; I attend your kirk, an' you gie just what the land produces, an' I dinna fin' faut—I dinna tell you that you are a bad preacher, although you tell me I am a bad farmer; but if I was to step into the Burgher meeting-house, I might get baith bigger measure and corn better 'dighted.' If ye'll ca' the weak corn an cauf out o' your sermons, I'll put my corn ance mair thro' the fanners."

Hanging in Earnest.—A young actor named Davis, while playing in Hornesville a few nights since, was required to undergo the ceremony of hanging by the neck until dead, dead, dead. By some means or other, the machinery became deranged, and the poor fellow was swung in earnest. As his struggles were only in keeping with the character, neither the audience nor the rest of the company could be aware of his fearful and perilous condition. In a few moments the curtain was lowered, and the actors at once withdrew to their dressing rooms, unconscious that one of their number was not only unable to help himself, but dying. And had it not been for the timely appearance of a little girl belonging to the company, who discovered him a few moments after, he must have soon breathed his last. On seeing him still hanging as in the play, with the blood starting from his mouth and nostrils, she give the alarm. He was instantly cut down, and to all appearance dead. Medical aid was immediately procured, and after some fifteen or twenty minutes he was again restored to life, but not to consciousness and rationality for several hours—*Utica Herald.*

Certain Cure for Scrofula.—Nicholas Longworth the famous millionaire and wine grower, of Cincinnati publishes the following cure for scrofula: Put 2 oz. of aquafortis on a plate, on which you have put two cents. Let it remain from 18 to 24 hours. Then add 4 oz. of clear strong vinegar. Put cents and all in a large mouthed bottle, and keep it corked. Begin by putting 4 drops in a tea spoon full of rain water and apply it to the sore. Make the application three times a day, with a soft hair pencil or made of soft rags. If very painful put more water. As the sore heals apply it weaker.

Simplicity of Dress.

Prentice, the editor of the Louisville *Journal*, speaks thus to his readers:

"Those who think that, in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly and gaudily, makes a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its fine effect by being over dressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloaded beauty. The simplicity of the classic taste is seen in old statues and pictures painted by men of very superior artistic genius. In Athens, the ladies were not gaudily, but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies ever excited more admiration. So also the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightedly by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the lines of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic goddess."

Washington Sentinel.

EDITED BY
WM. M. OVERTON, CH. MAURICE SMITH, AND BEVERLEY TUCKER.

APRIL 3, 1855.

All letters on business should be addressed to "The Sentinel Office," Washington.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO UNITE THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.

We see it given out that a curious "political conglomeration" is about to be established, by another effort to effect a *union* between the two sections of the New York Democracy. The prospects of success are not vouchsafed to us in the programme. The bans may be published, the marriage may be consummated, the witnesses may subscribe their solemn attestation, but we apprehend that little confidence will follow the incongruous nuptials.

There *was* a time when the united Democracy of the Empire State stood a bright example for the emulation of her sister States—when she gave out to them, in thunder tones, the genuine principles of the great Republican party of the Union—when looking, with a single eye, to the permanency of our institutions, it conferred upon our national councils the virtue and wisdom of her truest and best men—then true to the Constitution, true to their party, and true to themselves!

There was a time, too, *of late date*, when a large portion of this great party—known as the "*Softs*" (*no misnomer*) allured by the hope of spoils—and diseased by a lust for place, regardless of sacred pledges—of lifetime associations—of even the commonest respect for principle or honesty—broke away in a *stampede* to join and give aid and comfort to the enemy of their long-cherished principles, and against the vitality of our institutions. Their treachery met a nation's reprobation, which has not the least abated, because it had the endorsement of the *present Administration*. From one end of the Union to the other—North, South, East, and West—burst forth an indignant clamor at the unholy desertion.

All felt the blow to our party organization, not only in New York, but throughout every State in the confederacy. We felt for it a sincere sorrow, and at the time a sorrow without hope. But when the smoke from the field of Syracuse cleared away, and all eyes were turned to the firm and unshaken phalanx that stood by their colors—when the resolve "to do or die" was written upon every face—'twas then a hope, a cheering hope, inspired a nation's heart that all was not lost. Everywhere, in every State, in every county, their valor was greeted with the cheers and encouragement of distant friends, who, because they were far removed from the scene of active conflict, were not less warm and true—friends not less sacrificing and devoted—friends not less *useful* and *necessary*—friends not less exposed to the tyranny and oppression of the great federal captain and his staff, or less injured and abused by the wily arts of their sleepless intriguers from without.

No, from the waters of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico—from the familiar shores of the Atlantic to the golden banks of the Pacific, not a man, humble or exalted, who dared to raise a gallant head or stalwart arm in defense of the constitutional principles in which the National Democracy was contending, escaped the ruthless but unerring shaft of Executive proscription.

Never was a party so sustained—never was a triumph more complete—never did men—*one hundred and ten thousand men*—as their reckoning showed after their great State conflict in 1853—bear themselves more gallantly. A national rejoicing of the true-hearted Democracy ensued. Booming cannon and merry drums announced this brilliant victory over the followers of Van Buren and his "Buffalo Platform." The watchman's cry of "all's well," gladdened the hearts of millions.

Alas! for human hopes—we drop the curtain here! Our readers know the rest!

The *very* first practical *test* of the principles for which they fought and so successfully vindicated, with a few honorable exceptions, was resisted for place or spite, and, merged with their treacherous allies, they have become themselves little better than the wicked. At a *subsequent* election, Greene C. Bronson, the eminent *martyr* of Guthrie and the "*Softs*," *and their own dearly beloved candidate in whom they were well pleased*, was run as Governor and received *less* than ONE-TENTH of their own votes, and that, too, in opposition to "*Softs*," *Whigs*, *Freesoilers*, Abolitionists, and Know-nothings!!! Under these circumstances, is it to be wondered that the "Hards" seek to coalesce with the "*Softs*" whom they conquered, and for a conflict *with whom* the *Administration* have whipped them like curs! Hence they kiss the rod!

Now, we say that any attempt to engraft this repudiated political fungus upon what *was* esteemed the true National Democratic party in New York, is simply a rotten fraud, which we will never countenance or cease so to characterize—a violation of good faith, of honesty, and of every hitherto expressed political principle.

We repeat, we have no confidence in any *such* union. If the schism was good *then*, it is good *now*. If the "Softs" were false *then*, they cannot be trusted *now;* and we say openly and frankly, that we would sooner see a score only of the 100,000 National Democratic voters stand to their arms and suffer victory to pass into other hands, than *such a union* should carry with it a victory, which, if not *spurious*, would at least be *unprincipled*. *Is there not such a score* of genuine National Democrats left in the Empire State?

Board of Visitors to West Point.

The President has appointed the following Board of Visitors to the Military Academy:

Hon. Amos Wiswell, of Maine.
Hon. Isaac Davis, of Massachusetts.
Rev. Gurdon Coit, of Connecticut.
Rev. Francis Vinton, D. D., of New York.
Col. H. Shubert, of Pennsylvania.
A. B. Hanson, esq., of Maryland.
Stephen H. Lee, esq., of North Carolina.
Hon. E. W. Chastain, of Georgia.
Hon. George S. Houston, of Alabama.
Judge J. M. Howry, of Mississippi.
Prof. James Jones, of Louisiana.
Prof. W. W. Mather, of Ohio.
John C. McGehee, esq., of Florida.
Charles Negus, esq., of Iowa.
Col. Hans Crocker, of Wisconsin.

THE NEWS BY THE ASIA.

We published, in our paper of Saturday, a telegraphic dispatch, giving some of the items of European intelligence by the Asia; since which time we have received the news in detail.

There is nothing strikingly interesting, in addition to former advices. Suppositions, rumors, and speculations, prevail to a greater extent than substantial, momentous facts.

As early as last autumn, the fall of Sebastopol was reported, and the people of England and France rejoiced over the credited event; but now we learn that the Allies have re-opened their fire on that, it would seem, impregnable stronghold. A redoubt is occasionally attacked by the English and French forces, and grand accounts of victories on their part are repeatedly and imposingly paraded; still Sebastopol stands, almost invulnerable as the rock of Gibraltar. No certain day is assigned, as heretofore, for its destruction. This, it is reasonable to presume, will depend on the ability of the "outsiders" for the stupendous work!

While the Allies are recruiting their strength, it appears that the Russians are fortifying in a formidable manner the valley of Inkerman. They are also erecting mortar batteries at Kamara, and threaten Balaklava. They have sunk two more ships in the harbor of Sebastopol.

The English Government cannot, it appears, furnish from dwellers within its own domains, a sufficient number of victims for disease and gunpowder; hence the recent attempt to convert our country into a vast recruiting ground, to procure republicans to fight the battles of royalty. This, to say the least, is ungenerous, considering that Queen Victoria's Government interdicted the catching of fish by our enterprising countrymen, on the British coast of North America, having set up an unwarranted boundary.

The former advices killed the Grand Duke Michael, but the last represent him as on his way to St. Petersburg from the Crimea.

The European news represents active preparations among the belligerents. The States not engaged in the conflict are in an unsettled and feverish condition, and they, too, are not suffering their military forces to degenerate.

The arrival of the next steamer will probably bring us something more interesting than that of the last.

The New York *Herald*, of Sunday, publishes the long talked of "suppressed pamphlet" on the war between the Allies and Russia, the authorship of which was ascribed to Prince Napolean Bonaparte, and which caused so much noise in Europe. The editor of the *Herald* seems to think that the pamphlet is not the production of the young Prince—and, in "style and tendency, looks more like the work of the *Orleanists*, than of any member of the Bonaparte family." "The style," he says, "reminds one strongly of *Thiers*. The tendency of the work being to throw the responsibility of the Crimea expedition upon the Emperor, and upon him alone."

SPANISH PRISONERS—EXECUTION OF PINTO.

We copy the following interesting letter from the *National Intelligencer* of yesterday, which was received by that paper from its regular correspondent:

Havana, March 25, 1855.

The public expectation, which had relieved for the moment our anxiety in relation to the three prisoners, Pinto, Cadalzo, and Pinelo, has been sadly disturbed by the final verdict rendered in their cases. Although from other sources you may have received the correct history of these trials, I give as concise a view of the facts as possible, at the hazard of repetition, for fear that the wires may not have given the whole truth.

The court which was ordered to revise the proceedings and the sentences produced by the court martial, created for reason of the legal objections raised to the whole procedure, and the conclusion by the "Auditor of War," and for which he refused his signature of approval, was occupied with the discussion and investigation for some days. This court is known for the first time, and, I fear, may prove the means, if it establishes precedent, of determining, as policy or malignity may dictate, against justice in the hands of evil-minded rulers. Such is the fact, and it is simple: the law appoints an officer, who is supposed to possess the necessary legal acquirements and qualifications to protect the lives of subjects from any undue influences that might possibly cause the sacrifice that can never be restored; that officer discharges his high trust boldly, inscribing upon the documents the reasons which have governed him, which are beyond the reach of refutation. Upon this, which has always been the stopping place heretofore, the power to inflict the next *less penalty* than life being with the Captain General, he, instead of complying with and faithfully discharging his plainly written duties, institutes another mode of advisory power to reach the desired end, and a court of revision of *four persons* becomes the auditing power for approval and confirmation of sentence. The court did not in this case agree, being equally divided, and Gen. Concha was at last compelled to vote the determination of the revision in consequence of the original sentence, as uttered by the military commission. The Captain General commuted afterwards the sentences of Juan Cadalzo and Nicolas Pinelo to ten years' imprisonment at *Ceuta*, and the execution of Pinto was hurried forward, allowing the twenty-hours' time only that the law grants for religious offices and to family and social ties. The sentence was conveyed to Pinto in his cell at an early hour the morning of the 21st instant, having been engrossed late in the previous night after the decision of General Concha; and he was executed at seven o'clock a. m. the 22d, in the presence of an immense crowd of persons, to many of whom he was personally known. His conduct on the occasion was unmoved and tranquil; and his last words were that he was innocent, or rather "that he died innocent;" by which he intended to convey the sense that the law had found no guilt in him, I think.

Ramon Pinto was fifty-one years of age, and he has left a wife and seven children here. He was a Catalan, born in Barcelona of respectable parents; a protege of the celebrated Duke of Alegon, who was the most distinguished favorite with the King Ferdinand VII, and to whom was made the large grant of royal domain in Florida. Pinto, at the instance of the Duke, went to Madrid, and acquired his education in an institution under royal patronage. He was devoted to the priesthood by his elevated friends; but this did not fill his aspirations, and after his academic courses were concluded, he declined taking orders, and he lost advantage and position that was intended for him by his protectors. He was one of the volunteers in the battle in the streets of Madrid the 7th of July, 1820, when they repulsed with much destruction the royal guards, and took their places in the palace of the King. From Madrid he passed with the guard of the King to Cadiz, among others of the volunteers, and he was in a small fortification connected with the exterior defences of Cadiz when it was delivered to the French investing forces. The garrison was nearly all put to the sword after they had performed prodigies of valor, and Pintó was one of the five or six left alive. The subsequent changes disgusted him, and he embarked from Cadez near the close of 1820.

Yesterday the military commission took up the cases of Felix and Estrampes, which will be proceeded with as was the case with Pinto. General Concha notified the acting United States Consul that the court would take up the causes against those persons, and requested him to be present if he should desire to be so. The Consul, on arrival, found his chair placed, where he was invited to a seat, out of view of the people, and partially of the court, behind a species of lattice work. He declined the seat, when a message was dispatched to the palace to learn what was to be done next. The appropriate reply came: "The Consul of the United States will have a seat placed near the tribunal, and between it and the spectators." This position was accepted by Mr. Robertson, who stated that he wished to be near the prisoners. He was told "that the prisoners would not be brought into the hall of justice until they were called up to receive sentence!" He promptly replied, "That if such was the case he had no occasion to remain; as the Consul of the United States he could not be the witness of such proceeding with the prisoners Felix and Estrampes." Thanking the members for their civility, and requesting that his thanks might be made to the Captain General for his kindness in assigning a place for him, he retired. The demand of the Fiscal is supposed to be for the death of both prisoners; but the public proceedings were kept so close that, among many intelligent persons that I have conversed with, they do not seem to know what was done, or whether the morning was not passed in idleness, waiting instructions from the palace in relation to the predicament made by the Consul's withdrawal.

HON. THOMAS H. BAYLY.

We copy the following well merited compliment from the *National Intelligencer* of yesterday to this distinguished gentleman. Who that has watched Judge Bayly's course, and witnessed the singular attention and respect that is always rendered to him, whenever he rises to address the House, even under its most angry excitement, that does not endorse every word of the tribute paid to him by our contemporary:

"We observe with pleasure that certain members of the late Congress have offered themselves for re-election, and with regret that certain others declined to do so. The reader must, however, understand—without surprise or disapproval, we hope—that we are speaking now of *Democratic* members. In the *Whig* ranks of the late Congress it would surprise nobody that we should rejoice to see many of them returned to seats which they graced and honored. But of these, as we cannot at present name all, it would be regarded as invidious to single out any; and of the Democrats it is our purpose to speak now of but one—we mean the Hon. T. H. Bayly, of Virginia. Him we particularize because he represents a Whig district, and as no Whig candidate has been brought forward in it we feel free to express our satisfaction at his presenting himself for re-election, and to say of him that, while he is loyal to his party, he has shown himself, on important occasions, capable of rising superior to the tramels of party. There are positions in Congress where sometimes a single member, even in a body so numerous as that of the House of Representatives, may by his individual course give an important and happy turn to public affairs. And we may say without offence we hope to anybody, that to Mr. Bayly's prudence and firmness, as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, aided doubtless by his enlightened colleagues, Preston, Chandler, and other conservative members, the country is perhaps at this moment in great part indebted for its condition of peace with all the foreign world."

COLD COMFORT FOR KNOW-NOTHINGS.

The Know-nothings have been exceedingly elated respecting their prospects in the Old Dominion; boasting of the great things they intend to accomplish at the ensuing election in that staunch Democratic State. According to their prognostics, Mr. Wise, the gubernatorial candidate on the other side of the question, will be left from fifteen to twenty thousand votes behind in the great political race! To listen to their gasconade, credulous persons would be led to suppose that they intend to make a "clean sweep," to the mortification of all lovers and upholders of religious and political privileges, which are secured to the citizens of our common country by the Constitution of the United States, and by the principles on which our form of government is based.

But just see how things are actually working.

The Baltimore *Sun*, of yesterday morning, contains the following item:

"Eleven members of the Know-nothing Lodge or Council, No. 16, at Winchester, Virginia, have published a card, renouncing any further connection with the order. They state that several other cards of withdrawal will soon be announced, one already being signed by twenty members. Forty-six members of the Council at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, have also withdrawn, and publicly announced the fact. They state that forty others have withdrawn. Among the forty-six there are eight Whigs."

ESTATE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Everything connected with the earthly affairs of this great statesman, is interesting to his countrymen. We copy the following account of the sale of his estate, from the *Boston Post* of the 30th ultimo:

The sale of the late Mr. Webster's estate and stock at Marshfield, on Wednesday, by Colonel Thompson, was well attended. The right and title of the mansion house and 340 acres surrounding it was bid off by J. W. Paige for $200, and this portion of the Marshfield property will thus be kept in the family, according to the request in the will of the deceased. Mr. Webster's first wife was half sister to Mr. Paige. Lot No. 1, 64 acres, was purchased by A. C. Wetherell at $18 25 an acre, with the right of way through it to the burying ground. C. P. Wright bought the old Winslow house and 45 acres at $56 an acre. The gristmill, &c., at Green Harbor were knocked down to Henry C. Dunham at $2,025—cheap. The lots at Green Harbor brought from $4 50 to $57 an acre. The Island Farm brought $21 an acre—the famous fishing and shooting grounds. The animals did not bring remarkably high prices. A pair of half-blood six years old Devon oxen were sold for $182 50; another pair do., 8 years old, $155; a full blood three years old Alderney heifer, with calf, $155; two years old Devon bull $88; full blood Alderney bull, three years old, $76. The highest price obtained for Cheviot sheep was $12: South Downs $8 50. The Suffolk boar brought $16.

SPORTS OF THE TURF.

It will no doubt be recollected that Mr. Ten-Broeck, owner of the celebrated race-horse *Lexington*, made a match on him against time, for a bet of $20,000. Many of the "knowing ones" predicted, through the course of last summer and fall, that this trial of speed would not be made; but from the following paragraph, which we clip from the New Orlean *Picayune*, it appears that the bet was made in good earnest. The first of the present month (Sunday) the races on the Metairie course was commenced, and *Lexington* was to open the ball. Our friends of the Crescent City will have an exciting time this week, judging from the programme before us:

Metairie Jockey Club Spring Meeting.

The Spring Meeting of the Metairie Jockey Club commences on Sunday next, the 1st prox., and, as we have already observed, it promises to be one of the most exciting and brilliant ever held. *Lexington* and *Lecomte*, the two greatest horses of the day, continue to inspire their spirited owners and their respective supporters with the highest confidence and the warmest hopes. The former is to open the meeting by running his great match for $20,000, against the fastest time of four miles ever run in America; and among the closing attractions on the occasion is to be the great contest between him and his renowned and thus far successful rival. These two events alone are sufficient to stamp the approaching meeting as one of the most attractive which our city has ever offered. But they are far from being the only great races which are to be run. The list of horses, indeed, comprises the names of several which already promise to be no unworthy competitors for a share of the curricular fame which they almost exclusively appropriate, while many have to show whether they, too, cannot rival the best of their predecessors. The candidates for the honors to be so hardly struggled for are very numerous and the prizes liberal. There is every reason, therefore, to anticipate a variety and richness of sport seldom to be witnessed. So may it be.

GENERAL JESUP'S BOOK—POLITICAL AND MILITARY HISTORY.

The forthcoming work of this distinguished officer, who has so long and ably occupied the high and responsible position of Quartermaster General of the army, is looked for with intense anxiety. There are few men in the country, perhaps, who combine the high civil and military qualifications of General Jesup. He appears to have made the sciences of war and peace his peculiar study from an early period of his manhood; and it will be seen, upon perusal of his letters and papers, public and private, which stretch through a long series of years, that the views and opinions he entertained on matters of great public concernment, more than a quarter of a century ago, exhibit a clearness of intellect, foresight, and sound judgment, worthy of an American statesman, veteran in years and experience. When a very young man, he was held in the highest esteem by President Madison, and, if we are not deceived in the glimpses we have had of portions of the correspondence, he must have possessed the entire confidence, as a safe and judicious adviser of Monroe, of Jackson, of Polk, and the executives who have succeeded them. In the year 1814, he was selected by President Monroe to watch over the proceedings of the celebrated "Hartford Convention;" and his correspondence in this connection will furnish a rich and interesting page in the memoirs he is preparing for the press. His letters and advice concerning Cuba and other European southern possessions on this continent, at the time of our acquisition of Florida—his views concerning our rights upon the Northern Pacific, claiming the whole of Oregon up to 54° 40′, as well as the policy he advocated at a certain important epoch in our affairs, of taking possession of Canada and other British possessions on our northeastern border, (which would have settled the "Fishery question" at an early period,) will fill an important place in the anxiously expected national memoirs.

The work is to be called, we understand, "*Memoirs of Forty-five Years in the Army.*" The letter subjoined, written to a brother officer and early friend, on the subject of the "recognition of the independence of the Spanish colonies," recommended by President Monroe in his message to Congress in March, 1811, is the first of the series which has been published. It appeared first in the Washington *Union*.

Washington City, March 11, 1822.

My Dear Sir: One of the most important measures ever determined on by our cabinet was adopted on Friday last. The President on that day recommended to Congress the recognition of the independence of the Spanish colonies. There will, no doubt, be a majority of both houses in favor of the measure. It is impossible to conjecture the result: important changes in our relations with foreign nations will unquestionably be produced. Don Anduaga, the Spanish minister, is preparing a protest, and the whole diplomatic corps are in commotion. Timid politicians are alarmed at the consequences of a war with Spain; they apprehend that England may become a party, and that our commerce may be destroyed. The fears thus expressed are a libel upon our national character; and those who would admit them for even a moment are unworthy of the confidence of a free and gallant people. But ordinary men (and most of our politicians are now of that description) cannot look beyond the most obvious fact; they are incapable of viewing a measure in all its various relations, and of tracing principles to their remote consequences. Fear, which they call *caution*, governs them in all their determinations; but caution is the vice of decrepitude, and should never be admitted into the councils of a young and rising republic. Where there are courage and ability there will always be the requisite prudence. The policy of this nation is an obvious one. We should march on with a steady pace, regardless of the bluster or caprice of other governments. The rights of all nations should be respected, and no measure be adopted which is not based upon honor and good faith. If such be our course, we shall have nought to fear from the combined nations of Europe; for, should they unite against us, they will find that the more we are pressed the greater we shall become; and, like a man of great abilities, the greater the difficulties which surround us the higher the stimulus, and consequently the greater our efforts. The European governments are aware of our immense resources, both physical and moral, and well know that they will all be put in requisition whenever the occasion shall require.

To an individual not connected with politics this city presents, at this moment, a most interesting field for speculation. I do not allude to the vile scramble for the next presidency now going on, nor to the petty intrigues for place under the present administration; but to the many important questions connected with our constitutional system, which are now being discussed in the political circles, in the Supreme Court, and in Congress; and on the proper settlement of which, perhaps, depends the stability of the Union, as well as our future national character. Some writer, whose name I have forgotten, has attributed most of the misunderstandings and difficulties among men to an incorrect use of terms. The scenes enacting here have made me almost a convert to that opinion. The questions of State sovereignty and national sovereignty, or State-rights and national rights, for instance, which furnish the conversation of half the politicians assembled here, appear to be used by both parties without any definite or appropriate idea; and for not understanding what they mean themselves, 'tis impossible they can ever arrive at correct results.

If the term sovereignty be understood, as European political writers understand it, to mean the right to make war and peace, to coin money, to regulate commerce, and to carry on an intercourse with foreign nations, then, certainly, the general government is sovereign; for to it alone has the power been granted to perform all those important and interesting national duties. If, on the other hand, it mean the regulating of the conduct of individual citizens towards each other, and the conversation of their personal and political rights, then both the General and the State governments are sovereign, for both, in a greater or less degree, are required to attend to those duties. But I apprehend both parties have mistaken the principles upon which our government is founded. Government here is not, as in England, a party to the compact, whether State or Federal; it is representative; the people are the parties; they alone have sovereignty—they alone have rights; and that sovereignty and those rights they have delegated to no one; they have distributed among certain bodies of men certain defined duties and limited powers; they have assigned to each its particular functions, and have created a tribunal to determine, not what those functions are, but how far they extend. The Supreme Court is that tribunal; and the only check which does, or possibly can, exist to its powers of construction is a sound public opinion, constantly and energetically exercised. Whenever we refuse effect to the decisions of that tribunal, a resort to first principles, or, in other words, a dissolution of the general government, must ensue.

I am, respectfully, &c., yours, &c.,
TH. S. JESUP.

Col. Wm. McRee, Wheeling, Virginia.

MASQUERADE AT THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.

We transfer into our columns, for the benefit of the fair portion of the *Sentinel's* readers, the following account of the "Grand Mask and Fancy Dress Ball," given by the gallant proprietors of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, to their lady guests, on the night of St. Joseph's day. The affair is thus portrayed by the *Picayune* of the 25th ultimo:

Masquerade at the St. Charles Hotel.

"What if I give a masquerade? I will!
But how? Ay, there's the rub! I've got my cue;
The world's a masquerade! the maskers you!"
[*Goldsmith.*

From the long notice given by those experienced adepts in providing for the luxuries as well as the necessities of their friends, Messrs. Hall & Hildreth, of the St. Charles Hotel, it was very evident that the Mask and Fancy Dress Ball to be given by them, on the night of St. Joseph's day, to the ladies resident and sojourning within their hospitable walls, was to be something a little beyond the ordinary run of those affairs. There were several other things that combined to produce this idea. The notice being given so long beforehand, opportunity was afforded to those who were invited to provide themselves with befitting costumes for the occasion; and to "a looker-on here in Vienna," for a full fortnight before the grand event, there was no little enjoyment in silently but appreciatingly noticing the way in which a large proportion of this charming masquerade was gradually making. Certain scenes in Chartres and St. Charles street, chance rencontres among the *marchandes des modes* in that attractive region, were enough to convince the close observer that there was to be a great display of taste and liberality in the way of dress upon this exciting occasion. And it was amusing to note how warily many of those little business transactions were conducted, lest the pattern or the style of the costume should be recognized on the eventful evening.

Again, the judicious givers of this superb affair were emphatic in their requirement that this should be what they designed it, a mask and fancy dress ball, and great was the apprehension, on the part of many, as the night of St. Joseph's drew near, that, not having provided themselves with costumes, they would be shut out from the enjoyment they were so happily anticipating. And then, almost at the last moment, what ingenious transformations were devised to give a ball or party dress the air and character of a fancy costume! What rosetteing here, and tucking up there; what drafts upon female taste and invention, to make the wearers presentable! White muslins are spangled with silver, and lo,

"Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,"

shines forth in glittering array. Black lace is bestrewed with golden spangles, and straight there appears a goddess of the night, in all her sombre splendor. To an elegant brocade, deftly caught up at one side, and fastened with a bouquet, a powdered wig had but to be added, to make the wearer a perfect Pompadour, and as to a passable outfit for a peasant girl or a flower girl, it but required a straw hat and plenty of red ribbon, a wicker basket, and a few bouquets, and the costume was complete.

It was a good idea to convert the great dining room on Gravier street into the *salon de danse* upon this occasion, and to devote the other public apartments of the hotel to the purposes of drawing rooms and refectories. Thus there was "ample verge and space enough" for the dancers to figure in, for the maskers to show off their dresses to advantage, for the spectators to see what was to be seen, for the weary to rest, for those so disposed to flirt, for the hungry and the thirsty to refresh themselves; and, indeed, for everybody to do just as he or she pleased.

The great centre of attraction was, of course, the grand ball room, which was filled from 10 o'clock at night until somewhere among the small hours of the morning with a most motley mob of maskers; kings, queens, princesses, princes, emperors, lords, ladies, soldiers, priests, nuns, cardinals, jockies, punchinellos, troubadours, debardeurs, matelots, porters, dandies, fortune-tellers, flower girls, vivandieres, filles de regiment, bloomers, ballet dancers, goddesses, representations of the morning and of the night; in short, it would be as difficult to say what was not as what was represented there.

It was amusing to watch the curious combinations which the exigencies of the dance effected. In the quadrilles,

"the merry company,
In a manner of a maske, enraged orerly,"

presented some curious juxtapositions. For example, where "a friar of orders gray" in dalmatique and tonsure was performing the *cavalier seul* opposite to a Cracovienne, in a short frock and red boots, with jingling heels. Next to this couple might be seen a very well made up Paul Pry chasseeing with a nun, or right-hands-crossing with Mary, Queen of Scotts; while in the set next to them, Robert the Devil was performing *Le pantalon* with a Sister of Charity, and Cardinal Wolsey was talking soft nonsense to that pretty Bloomer, his partner.

And when they began to waltz, and to polk, and to schottische, and to sicilliene, and to varsovia, and as Mr. Swiveller would say, "to some other games of that sort," it was a feast for old Democritus, the laugher to see a Don Cæsa de Bazan whirling round the room with Norma, the Druidess, in his arms, Punch pirouetting with a Vestal, and the Ghost in "Don Giovanni" tripping off in the *valse de deux temps*, with one of Byron's beauties.

And in the supper room, too, many most amusing combinations were to be seen, affording a rich feast to the lover and appreciator of the ludicrous. The Prince of Como, "The Merry Monarch," and a Monk making themselves agreeable to Lady Teazle, a Greek peasantess, and a novice in a white veil, was one group we noticed. Prince Leopold, at another table, was hobnobbing with a black flower girl, and "*Le vieux de la veille*," (a most capital make up, by the bye,) was quite sweet on a Scottish lassie who wore her tartans that night with her usual grace.

But time and space, and our reader's patience would fail us, were we to set down here a tithe of the notable things of this kind which amused us and hundreds more, we suppose, on that memorable evening. And so with some few examples of the costumes worn and the characters supported on the occasion, we will close our reminiscences of the St. Charles Hotel Masquerade, on the night of St. Joseph's day.

The representative of *La Vestale* was "the observed of all observers." She wore her priestly robes with consummate grace, and the wreath of golden wheat and oaten straw, the emblems of the goddess of plenty, became her exceedingly. The Vestal's charm-*daughter* (such are the oddities of a masquerade!) was a beautifully attired Greek girl, and sweetly did she look the character.

Lady Teazle had a most admirable representative at this ball. The *tout ensemble* was perfection itself, and excited a wish that so good an appreciation of this coquettish character could be displayed upon the stage, where it is so often caricatured. The fair wearer dispensed with a mask, and made up her head and face in accordance with the style of the time of the "School for Scandal;" the little round black patches on the cheeks, the natty little hat, so jauntily worn sidewise, on the very apex of the peruke, &c. This was one of the best personations in the room, and attracted a great deal of attention and admiration.

There was a flower girl there, who seemed quite intent on selling her wares; and who, under the mask and dialect of a negro, concealed, we are sure, a fair face and a sweet voice. But she never lost her presence of mind, while displaying to all she met her intimate knowledge of their whatabouts and whereabouts. There was a superbly dressed Sultana, who crossed our path several times during the evening, and whose incognito we and others found provokingly impenetrable. The morning was very adequately represented by two fair sisters, in their dew-bespangled robes; and near them we saw a stately Marquise, of the time of Louis Quatorze, with expansive tournure, full bottomed wig, and powder. The King, Louis the XIV., was himself not very far off, but was searching anxiously for his runaway Queen, whom we saw not long afterwards on a sofa in the drawing-room, *tete-a-tete* with a Pope, who, by the bye, had found promotion at the ball, whither he went in the disguise of a simple friar.

Our young artist friend showed his usual tasteful discrimination in the selection and the wearing of his beautiful Neapolitan costume. It was one of the most *recherche* in the room. Claude Melnotte never looked better in his Prince of Como dress than upon this occasion. It was very elegant and was worn with a grace and a dignity we rarely see in those who assume it. We thought we saw it in very close contact with that of a fair French peasant girl, during a polka. We suppose he was one of those rustic beauties he knew when he was only the "gardner's son."

Cardinal Wolsey, with his scarlet cap and ermined robes, was most admirably presented by a gentleman, distinguished for his stately stature and dignified mein. This personation was one of the best features of the evening. Among the handsomest worn on the occasion was that of Charles the Second, the wearer of which, by the by, we thought we discovered, now and then, colleaguing with a tall officer in the uniform of the Continental Army, (what a combination!) as to the expediency of taking notes of what was going on, with an eye to business.

But we must draw these hasty and disjointed reminiscences of our happy evening to a close. We would like to describe a good many more most admirably selected and effectively sustained characters with whom we were brought in contact, upon that festive occasion. We had marked for particular observation the quack medicine advertiser, who was clad in well made garments composed of printed and illuminated placards, in the centre of which was the wearer's certificate of admission to the ball, in red letters; and the newspaper man, who was made up all of newspapers—a regular "old *file*" he looked, and very voluminous; the Down-Easter, in his cotton-bagging coat, and we do not know how many besides. But we must be content—as we hope the reader will be—with these few hasty recollections of St. Joseph's Night.

How Kissane was Detected.

It has been said that Kissane was detected passing counterfeit money, but this is not so. His detection was caused by passing altered bills, by which means he made eleven hundred out of ten hundred bills. That is, he would take ten twenty dollar bills of the same bank and make them eleven, by means of a combination. It is done thus: Suppose we take, for example, a bill and mark it in this form—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

We take the first bill up, and part No. 1 is torn off and laid aside. The bill passes, of course, as many bills are torn by accident. The second bill is torn up to No. 2 and part No. 1 is pasted on, and this bill also passes. The third bill is torn off at No. 3, and Nos. 1 and 2, which is one piece, is then stuck on. By this means eleven bills are made out of ten, the eleventh bill having just as much and no more torn off of it than the first bill had. It is not our business to explain the combination, but Kissane is an adept at this art. It is more difficult to detect a bill of this character than a counterfeit. The secret formerly was confined to Kissane, Finlay, and Cole; others are now in possession of it, and the public should carefully scan all such bills, and if there is any doubt, at once refuse them.—*Exchange paper.*

Classical Criticism.

The following bit of high art criticism is from a Detroit paper. The Fourierite and Wall street critics are beaten on their own ground:

A crowd was a poring ento Firemen's Hall
And I followed. An emense crowd was there,
A listenin to a feller as way playin on a musicle
Cupboard, which gave forth dulsett sounds.
I lingered. It was Strakorse. He went in on
Tropical fruits generally, not to mention lemons.
Then come the Assoluta and her sister, and sung
"Vedrai Carimo," or the Canine Vidder—a female
Dog as had lost her husband, and then a in-
Termission, which was the best performance to
Look at the wimmin in. The dresses of
The Assolutas was a surprisin site, in
Consequence of their dresses not coming up long
Enough on their shoulders. Old Bull, with
Better close on than he ever had before,
Came out and plade. His hair was combed good,
And his music was concorde. (That's French for
"Do
it again") and he done it. Then the short-wasted
Dresses on top sung again—and then a large coller
With Strakorse inside of it, attacked the cupboard
And tried to brake the stopples on the bottom
With his fut—and then old Bull
Cum out and done the Kanal of Venice—with-
out the drivers, which was the end of the performance, and the awjience retired, wanting
To get their dollars back agin.

The St. Mary's Beacon says that the landing of the Maryland Pilgrims on the shores of St. Mary's is to be celebrated in May next. The Hon. J. R. Chandler is to deliver the oration on the occasion.

Corn Bread and Clothes.—The best corn bread in the world is made by the negroes in the west and southwest, with the meal, a little salt, a lump of hog's lard or butter, and as much water or milk as will give it a proper consistence, and put in immediately to bake without any other ingredient whatever.

As for washing clothes, a good soak over night in soft or rain water, common soap, and a pair of willing hands, are all that is necessary to make the cleanest "linen" in the world and the sweetest; for Beau Brummel declared he knew no perfume equal to that of a well-washed garment.