THE NEW YORK HERALD.

WHOLE NO. 8948. SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1861. PRICE TWO CENTS.

INTERESTING FROM WASHINGTON.

Official Reports from Army Officers in Texas.

DESTITUTE CONDITION OF THE TROOPS.

Anticipated Attack on Fort Brown.

Important Reports Respecting Affairs at Fort Sumter.

THE NEW YORK CITY APPOINTMENTS.

The Wild Hunt for the Spoils from all Parts of the Country.

The Peculiarities of the Office Seekers and What is Said of Them.

A Graphic Description of the President's Levee, &c., &c., &c.

IMPORTANT DESPATCHES FROM TEXAS.

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1861.

Captain Chandler arrived here this morning, direct from San Antonio, with important despatches to this government. Colonel Waite, who is in command of the department, had endeavored to reorganize and concentrate the troops, but found it impossible to do it, and is compelled to carry out the orders issued by General Twiggs. The conduct of General Twiggs had completely demoralized the entire force. Captain Chandler represents affairs to be in a most deplorable condition throughout Texas. Notwithstanding there had been a large and valuable amount of government property seized by the State authorities, it would not prove to be of much value, as large quantities of the stores, supplies and mules, had already been stolen and carried off by various parties.

Col. Waite was at San Antonio, waiting instructions from the War Department. The troops would shortly be in a destitute condition, scarcely having supplies to last them until they could reach the Atlantic coast.

The War Department have just received intelligence from Capt. Hill, commanding the forces on the Brazos. He was at Fort Brown, and at the time of writing it was anticipated there would be collision between the United States troops under his command and those belonging to the State authorities. He had been restrained from making an attack by the interposition of friends.

It is believed that nearly every post in Texas is by this time in possession of the State authorities.

REPORTS RELATIVE TO FORT SUMTER.

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1861.

Important intelligence has just been received at the War Department from Charleston.

A messenger who left Fort Sumter on the afternoon of Tuesday last, reports that salt provisions remain for only fifteen days, and that only a limited amount of vegetables is left in the fortress. Supplies of all kinds are running very low.

Major Anderson, however, was still able to procure fresh meats and butter from the Charleston market.

Rumors are current that General Scott will make a report to the President stating that the supply of wood at Fort Sumter is nearly exhausted.

Also, that their bread, salt, beef, &c., will be gone by the first of next month, and that supplies obtained at Charleston cannot be depended upon for the subsistence of the garrison.

To reinforce the fort and insure its defence will require large land forces as well as a fleet, involving, probably, the loss of thousands of lives.

In a military point of view, weighing advantages and efforts, it will be advisable to evacuate the forts, and to brevet the officers of its garrison for heroic conduct.

THE NEW YORK CITY APPOINTMENTS.

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1861.

Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, informed a Senator to-day that the Collectorship for New York had been decided. Hiram Barney is the lucky man. The other New York appointments will be made early next week. Wakeman will be Surveyor, Webb Naval Officer, and Moxie Postmaster. The others have not been settled.

It is believed that General Nye will get the Marshalship.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR OFFICE SEEKERS.

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1861.

A Cabinet meeting was held this evening, but owing to the absence of Mr. Seward nothing of importance came up for action. One of the rules agreed upon in reference to appointments is, that in the Southern States the party test shall not be strictly applied, but that all applicants shall be required to furnish evidences of an unconditional Unionism.

It is now certain that all vestiges of the defunct administration will be swept out of the different departments; those especially in which peculations were carried on will be subjected to a thorough cleaning out. Quite a removal of subordinate officials was made in the Post Office and Interior departments to-day, but the heads of bureaus are as yet left untouched, in order not to interrupt the routine of business until suitable material will be found to fill their places.

The time of the Cabinet officers continues to be principally devoted to the consideration of the claims of office seekers.

D. K. Carter, of Ohio, will be probably nominated for the District Judgship of Nebraska.

There is a strong combination now being formed here to secure the election of John A. Gurley, M. C., as successor to Mr. Chase. R. Paine, Judge Ticton, and some of Ben Wade's friends favor the movement.

James Elliott makes the best showing for Collector at Cincinnati.

J. Carnett, step son of Judge McLean, will probably be nominated District Attorney for Southern Ohio.

D. A. Rawlings, Chief of Police of St. Louis, is strongly pressed for United States Marshal.

Appointments in the Pacific States will not be reached until the latter part of the present month. Judge Hinckley has a good opening for the Marshalship of Northern California, and G. H. Parker for the Post Office at San Francisco.

Gen. Rufus King, a relative of ex-Governor King, is working industriously for the Milwaukee Post Office.

Governor Randall, of Wisconsin, desires to be Commissioner of the Land Office.

The illness of Mr. Seward will prevent any further action in regard to the foreign missions until next week.

Mr. Seward has labored very hard of late, and subjected himself to a severe cold, which confines him to his home. His friends think he will be able to get out on Monday.

Schurz's friends say he will be nominated for Sardinia early next week.

The number of aspirants to consulships is steadily increasing. There is an average of at least twenty applicants for each place.

A committee of three Kansas lawyers came here to-day to claim the District Judgeship for one of their number. The first news they got here was the nomination of Mr. Williams. Their chagrin is intense, and ventilated in rather indiscreet expressions.

The several thousand applications for office received during the winter in Springfield and brought on here, will all be turned over to the respective departments.

THE VACANCY ON THE SUPREME BENCH.

There is no truth in the statement that Mr. Holt, ex-Secretary of War, is talked of by those in authority to fill the vacancy upon the Supreme bench.

DEPARTMENTAL AFFAIRS.

Governor Curtin arrived here to-day from Harrisburg, and had a private interview with the President and Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Kasson, First Assistant Postmaster General, was at the Post Office Department to-day, and assumed the duties of his office. Mr. McClellan is not yet confirmed as Second Assistant.

The Secretary of the Navy has made no removals yet, nor has the Secretary of the Treasury, except two clerks, who were incompetent. Mr. Cameron enters upon his duties on Monday.

The Postmaster General was stormed with applicants from abroad to-day. He has made no changes among the subordinates in his department yet, and will not for the present

THE PRINTING SUPERINTENDENCY.

There is no truth in the statement that John D. Defrees, of Indiana, has been appointed Superintendent of the Printing Bureau, recently established by act of Congress.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TRIP TO MOUNT VERNON.

The Presidential party were disappointed again to-day in their proposed trip to Mount Vernon by a severe storm

HOW THE SOUTHERN COMMISSIONERS ARE TO BE RECEIVED.

Mr. Crawford received a despatch from Mr. Roman to-day, stating that he would reach here by Monday.

There in no truth whatever in the statement that preliminary steps have been taken for an interview between the Commissioners of the Southern confederacy and President Lincoln. The latter will hold no counsel with those gentlemen, nor will he recognise them except as violators of the law of the land.

THE SOUTHERN FORTS.

No preliminary steps have been taken for reinforcing any of the Southern forts. All stories to that effect have been made to excite the public mind, and are false.

MRS. LINCOLN'S LEVEE.

Mrs. Lincoln was denied to all callers to-day. She determined to-day to hold receptions from two to four P. M. each day of next week.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN SPAIN AND MEXICO.

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1861.

By late intelligence received here from Europe, and also from Mexico, it is believed that Spain intends hostile movements towards Mexico, growing out of the dismissal of the Spanish Ambassador, Mr. Pacheco. It is stated that the Spanish fleet had sailed from Havana to Vera Cruz, which lends credence to this statement. Mexico is prepared and anxious for such a hostile movement on the part of Spain, as it will tend to divert attention from the internal feuds, and have the effect of concentrating the constitutional government.

The question of the recognition of the Southern confederacy has already been talked of at the capital, and application made for a legation to that confederacy. The new government, however, had taken no steps in the matter, and would wait further developements before doing so.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1861.

The Republican Panic and Precautions for the Safety of "Honest Abe Lincoln" at Washington—A Chapter of Martial Law for One Day—Public Indignation and Despondency—No Signs of Peace, but Abundant Symptoms of War—Descent of the Northern Goths and Vandals upon Rome, &c., &c.

Stirring, startling and terrible times these in Washington. Do we live under republican institutions, or is it an Austrian despotism? What extraordinary revolution has thus overturned the old established order of things? The citizens chafe as if under the yoke of a foreign Power. The party advancing into the occupation of the government comes with all the despotic precautions of an overwhelming force of regular troops, a strong regular police posse and a host of disguised auxiliaries among the people, as detectives, and spies, and reserves, armed to the teeth. A few little facts of Lincoln's inauguration:—

Surrounded by horse, foot and artillery, he was escorted to the Capitol. He was so covered and protected that no regicidal pistol or rifle shot, hand grenade or Orsini bomb could possibly reach him. To guard further against any popular *emeute*, at different points along the line of march the house tops were covered with troops, overlooking the procession. Yes, there were troops on the house tops. Arrived at the Capitol the President elect would have had to walk some fifty yards or so to reach the entrance on the side of the Senate Chamber, where he would have been exposed to danger; but here he was saved by the wise precaution of a sort of tunnel made of pine boards, nailed closely together, and in this covered way Mr. Lincoln passed with a whole skin into the Capitol. A similar arrangement protected his egress from the Eastern central portico after the delivery of his inaugural. Meantime the whole Capitol was shut on every side against all visiters, except the ladies, certain government officials, and policemen and soldiers, detectives and spies, whose name was legion. But as traitors and conspirators are full of expedients, they must be met at every point. So in this case, as there might be a Guy Fawkes with his thirty-six barrels of gunpowder under the portico from which Mr. Lincoln was to deliver his inaugural, the chief of the Capitol police, on the morning of the 4th, made a careful examination under the platform for fear of accidents. But he found neither Fawkes, nor gunpowder, nor any signs of Orsini shells, or of sapping and mining to blow up the new dynasty, and he reported all safe.

But for all this, on coming out on the said platform, Mr. Lincoln appeared very pale and a little bit nervous, while our poor old friend, Mr. Buchanan, sat looking at his own boots, like a man disgusted with the part assigned him in the play, and anxious to curse and quit, and go home. "It was a sorry sight." This platform elevated Mr. Lincoln some twenty-five feet above the mass of the people in front, and securely boarded him off from them. But your correspondent, passing in among them, soon discovered that Gen. Scott's wonderful conspiracy, and Senator Trumbull's board partitions and tunnels and causeways, locks and keys, soldiers, policemen, and special constables, afforded much disgust and not a little amusement among the people. Roger A. Pryor came in among the crowd, accompanied by two young men, looked up at the platform and left in contempt. He is the one who last fall, it was reported, promised to play the part of Brutus for Old Abe. Gov. Wise was *non est*. The Knights of the Golden Circle were missing. The Southern revolutionary army of ten thousand, if present, was outumbered, two to one, by republican office seekers, ready to fight, if need be, for the spoils. They applauded when ever Greeley gave the signal during the reading of the inaugural, and they really appeared much relieved and very thankful when Old Abe stood before them, sworn into office, without being blown up to the moon, or shot by an air gun, or quartered by a bowie knife, or spirited off "Away down South to Dixie," by the Knights of the Golden Circle, headed by the terrible Gov. Wise, or Gen. Quattlebum, of South Carolina.

But the precautions in question served only to remind one of Parisian *emeutes* and Jacobins, or of the exhibition of some wonderful wild beast, and they were, altogether, exceedingly absurd. Worse, they were offensive and insulting to this community, which, though possessing some ruffians and very low vagabonds, is a community which does not like to be treated as a mass of vagabonds, ruffians and assassins. The simple truth is, that General Scott's formidable precautions for the defence of the Capitol frightened the republicans out of their wits, Mr. Lincoln among them. Had he, on inauguration day, insisted on exposing himself freely among the people, on walking through the crowd at the Capitol, on manifesting his confidence in the good faith and honesty of the multitude, by mingling with them, *a la* Louis Napoleon, he would have achieved at once a large measure of solid popularity. He would have been admired and applauded as a man of courage and strong faith in the honesty of the people; and this idea, diffused through the country, would have been a positive triumph to his administration from the very outset. But this smuggling a President into Washington and into the Capitol, and out of it, has done much to alienate the respect of this community, and to banish its hopes of anything good from a dynasty thus coming into the government under the shelter of bayonets and cannon, and board fences and detectives, and with fears and suspicions of dangers and plots and bands of conspirators, created by the false alarms of wicked fellows, whose only object was to raise a republican panic and have a laugh over it.

But this inauguration trouble is all over. Old Buck has retired, and Old Abe has been regularly installed as the master of the White House, and "nobody has been hurt" by either a gunpowder, or a Rye House plot, or by an infernal machine of any description. What next? God only knows. Mr. Douglas translates the inaugural as the harbinger of "peace and good will to men." We shall soon know what it means. Meantime, the radical anti-slavery complexion of the Cabinet is ominous of war. The city swarms with republicans, chiefly rawboned Western men, of six feet high and upwards. It is an invasion of the genuine Goths and Vandals, stalwart fellows from the backwoods and prairies of the North and West, who have come down with Attila into the occupation of Rome. Never before, on such an occasion, was there such a spectacle here as this of the absolute ascendancy of the North and the positive expulsion of the South from Washington. The few straggling Southern men who are here appear like exiles in a strange land. They say they have no voice nor lot in Israel, and that the worst is yet to come.

Surrounded by these swarms of Northern and Western republicans, who believe in Greeley and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," what hope is there for peace from this administration? When Giddings becomes again a man of power at Washington, as he walks the streets to-day, what hope is there of peace with the South? In truth, the general aspect of things here is extremely dismal. A week or two hence it is supposed the Senate will adjourn, and then the few remaining Southern men will soon disappear from this Northern multitude of wrangling office beggars, and then, what then? But we need not go so far for the point of danger. Within the present week a bombshell may explode here on this Southern question which will rally all the Southern States under a common banner, and for a common cause, and which will compel Old Abe to call Congress together. The day, we fear, is far off when the bulls of Wall street will kick up their heels for joy. The very atmosphere of Washington is charged with sulphur, and war is surer before us if there be anything reliable in the usual signs of a gathering tornado.

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1861.

The Goths and Vandals—A Set of Western Giants—Hotel Keepers Amazed and Hack Drivers Disgusted—"Old Abe" and the Southern Confederacy—The Question Coming Home, &c., &c.

There is room on Pennsylvania avenue to walk once more without being pushed by the Goths and Vandals into the gutter. In fact there has been since Monday an astonishing exodus of the Goths and Vandals to parts unknown. Two classes of these distinguished strangers since Monday have left in large numbers; first, those who had spent all their money in getting here, and secondly, those who had none when they left us. Some, also, have left because they soon discovered they were on a fool's errand; and some under the belief that, having filed their papers, vouchers and endorsers, they had nothing more to do than to go home and wait for a letter containing the lucky prize of some nice office, with plenty of pay and nothing to do.

The new Cabinet officers having entered formally into their several departments to-day, it is supposed that the guillotine will be put into active service to-morrow, sharpened and greased, and well provided with baskets in which to carry off the heads of its victims. Mr. Seward chopped off a head or so to-day by way of experiment; but Chase, it is said, will roll up his sleeves in a day or two, and, like the premium sheep butchers of New York, will dress off his victims at the rate of twenty an hour. The pressure upon every department is tremendous. The great surging mass of the Northern barbarians has gone; but hundreds, yea, thousands, still hang on. They are, too, like the Patagonians, giants in stature, and being regular matter of fact backwoodsmen in their way of doing things, are not to be trifled with. "Old Abe" is their man—they elected him, they are bound to see him, and they walk into and explore the White House as sons of freedom and lords of the manor. They reconnoitre the departments with the coolness with which Cromwell's troops would examine the curiosities of a Catholic church. There never has been anything here before to compare with this descent of the Northern barbarians upon this devoted capital. They cross-examine the poor clerks at their desks, inquiring what they do, how much they get, what sort of learning it takes to fill such a place, how long they write every day, and how a new man wanting such a place goes about the work of getting it.

"It is an invasion of veritable barbarians," said a Southern man to us to-day, "a gathering of rail splitters, woodchoppers, flat boatmen, cattle dealers, crossroad tavern keepers, country grocers, wagon drivers, journeymen farmers and village editors, lawyers and blacksmiths, strong in the cause of human freedom, and deluded with dreams of fat offices, fine houses and all the luxuries of the Caliph of Damascus or the Great Mogul." But the hotels and boarding house keepers say that these aspiring souls, broad shouldered and six feet four, devour provisions like the sons of Anak, and deal very gingerly in champagne or extras of any kind." The astonished hackmen say "these black republicans are poor trash, for they are all walkers. They walk to the White House, they walk to the Capitol, they walk to the Navy Yard, they walk to Georgetown, they walk the avenue all day, and then walk to a ball, and walk home, and take another walk after they get there to straighten their legs before going to bed. Such chaps are good for shoemakers, but a poor set for the hackmen. One of these prairie chickens can walk down any hack in Washington. Guess they all walked in here from California."

The hackmen, by these powerful walkers, with their long legs and broad shoulders, are completely outdone. Never saw such a set in Washington before of Shanghaes and rail-splitters. Generally they pay; but generally they calculate expenses here on the scale of prices of a Western village, and so they fail short. Two hundred of them took dinner at the public soup house the other day. And all these gigantic office seekers are working and wrangling for the spoils as "if nobody was hurt" and "nobody was suffering, anything. Indeed, the President, his Cabinet and his party leaders and managers here appear to be utterly oblivious of anything and everything except their occupation of the government.

But this is not really so. Far otherwise. Old Abe and Mr. Seward are full of doubts and fears. They know not what to do. Gen. Scott lays down the law, but Mr. Seward is getting it through his hair that if he can't put this Southern confederacy off, it must be acknowledged or put down. Between the republican party on one side and the Confederate States on the other, the question is coming home. The Commissioners from the Montgomery government are here. They are drawing up their protocol; they will soon present themselves before Mr. Seward and Old Abe for a hearing; and what then? Will these Commissioners be received as ambassadors, citizens or traitors? Nice question. This day's debate in the Senate, especially the facts laid down by Senator Wigfall, will serve to edify the head and his subordinates of this administration. They evidently want light, and this overhauling of the inaugural in the Senate under a Southern exposure, may do much towards convincing Old Abe that his wagon is broken, and must be mended before he can proceed on his journey.

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1861.

The President's Position—Will the South Wait to be Attacked?—The Issue Soon to be Decided, &c.

Mr. Lincoln has not yet realized his position. He has not discovered the imminence of the danger that besets the country, or the need that exists for prompt and decisive measures of relief. Continuing to cherish the delusion that "nobody is hurt," and that "the crisis is artificial," he seeks rather to daily than to decide, and would fain persuade all classes that things will soon be right, if they be but left unto themselves.

There is another hypothesis, less damaging to Mr. Lincoln's sagacity, but seriously compromising his good faith. Assuming that he appreciates the peril, it is urged that he has his own method of dealing with it; and that the strange mixture of badinage and pathos, logic and poetry, evasion and dogmatism, composing his inaugural, is designed on one hand to deceive the Union men in the border States, and on the other to smooth over the differences which prevail in the ranks of his own party. On this supposition the President is a mere juggler, and his address a mere piece of legerdemain.

But though the President's conceptions and purposes are veiled in doubt, the estimate put upon his position hardly admits of controversy. The North sees in it a pledge of fidelity—not to the Union, as designed by the fathers, nor to the constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, but—to the Union and the constitution viewed in the light of the Chicago platform. The approbation springs wholly from partisan sources. The applause is, and is designed to be, testimony to Mr. Lincoln's fidelity to the principles and aims of the party that made him President. It is not that he has announced an intention to initiate a conciliatory policy, but that he has proclaimed his resolve to "enforce the laws." It is not that he regards the Union as an aggregate of States held together by ties of brotherly feeling and common interest, but that he accepts it in the old federal sense, as a bond to be upheld by force, and which he is prepared to uphold by all the force that the republican majority in Congress may choose to sanction. Therefore the republican press approves the declarations with which Mr. Lincoln has signalized his advent to power. And the South instinctively catches the full force of these utterances. Honeyed words have no charm for it. A dry discussion of abstract relations, or a vague profession of personal kindliness, has no attraction for States that have entered on the work of revolution, and are on the lookout for a practical solution of impending difficulties. To States so situated the reiteration of the Indianapolis federalism is a shadowing forth of war—the repudiation of the "resolves and ordinances" of secession is an intimation that war must come unless they abandon the ground they have assumed—the promise that "the laws of the Union" shall "be faithfully executed in all the States" is a promise only to be fulfilled as a consequence of war—whilst the avowed determination to retake and possess the forts and arsenals and to collect the revenue is as emphatically a declaration of war as anything can be short of actual hostilities.

In this regard the folly of the President is equalled only by the fatuity of the republicans. He and they alike refuse to recognise the facts as they exist. To all men not blinded by partisanship they are plain enough. To the statesmen and journalists of France and England they are as apparent as though they existed at their very doors. All these distinctly see that, aside from theory, the Union is already broken; that seven States have withdrawn from the confederacy; that the country is drifting rapidly into civil war, and that only immediate and vigorous action, irrespective of parties and platforms, can avert the threatened ruin. In their hungry struggle for office and plunder the republicans heed none of these things. They do not pause to calculate the value of stocks when the treasury is empty and the credit of the government shall be gone. They do not take into account the worth of office and dignity, with civil conflict desolating the land. And Mr. Lincoln seems to share their thoughtlessness. He still refuses to believe in the reality of secession. He persists in proceeding on the assumption that the seven seceded cotton States are engaged in a sort of practical joke, and will in due time quietly subside into obedience to his authority.

The misfortune is, then, that the President and his party, under the pretext of "taking time" to arrive at a definite decision, are daily rendering the vexed question worse. For their delay proceeds on the ground that the secession movement is a delusion that will work its own cure; whilst the standing threat of coercion is an irritant which renders the likelihood of reconciliation more remote than ever. And all the time the South is placing an unfavorable construction upon the sayings and doings of the new Executive. With what reasonableness could it do otherwise? It has been threatened; and here is language which more than sustains the threats. It has been held up to ridicule; and here is an address from the highest officer in the land, declaring that the Southern people have no just occasion of complaint, and that the measures of self defence to which they have resorted are "insurrectionary," and therefore not entitled to consideration. Thus, the gulf between the sections grows wider and wider.

Nor is the Lincoln policy of unlimited delay possible in the circumstances. The South will not wait indefinitely for a precise understanding of the relation in which it is hereafter to stand toward the United States. It will not defer action until Mr. Chase shall have solved the problem of collecting revenue, and Mr. Cameron shall have determined how to "occupy and possess" the forts and arsenals within its boundaries. Still less will it be disposed to tarry patiently whilst the battle on the Force bills is being waged in an extra session of Congress. Another question must be met, preliminary yet decisive. Will the government at Washington recognise the government at Montgomery? Will Mr. Lincoln, administering the government of a Union which, he *says*, does not acknowledge the rights of secession, receive the duly delegated representatives of seceded States? In other words, will a President who affirms that secession is "insurrection or revolution," pay any regard to the Commissioners of insurgents or rebels? Upon the answer to this question everything depends; and it may come in one of three forms. Mr. Lincoln may courteously decline to hold communication with the Commissioners, save as private citizens; or he may seize them and hand them over to Gen. Scott, or the hangman, to be disposed of as traitors; or he may avow his readiness, individually, to recognise the Confederate States as a neighbor and an ally, subject to the approval of Congress. The last of these alternatives is the only one compatible with the maintenance of peace, or with the ultimate reconstruction of the Union. Either of the others will be, in effect, a notification that the Southern confederacy can expect no favor at the hands of the present administration.

In a few days Mr. Lincoln will be compelled to show his hand. The generalities of the inauguration must make room for a specific revelation of the manner in which he proposes to meet the great issue of the day.

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1861.

The First Public Evening Reception of President Lincoln at the White House, with some Account of the Strange, Suggestive and Ominous Spectacle, &c.

The first evening reception or levee of the new family of the White House came off this evening. Advertised as limited to the two hours between eight and ten, it continued nearly two hours longer. It was a jam, it was a rush, it was a cram, it was a crush, it was an *omnium gatherum* of all sorts of people, an "irrepressible conflict," a suffocating pressure, an overwhelming manifestation of private interest and public curiosity in the new dynasty, without a precedent for comparison in the history of this government. We do not refer to mere numbers, for on frequent occasions this establishment, under General Jackson, Van Buren, "Old Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," Polk, Taylor, Pierce and "Old Buck" has been invaded, we dare say, by as large a force as this first public turnout in honor of "Old Abe." But this affair stands without a precedent in its predominating elements. To an old campaigner in Washington it is a new thing under the sun—a strange invasion, terribly suggestive of a great revolution in politics, parties, principles, and marking the beginning of a new epoch, a new *regime*, a new order of things, of hopes and fears, and doubts and dangers, and exultations and apprehensions, involving the tremendous results of re-union or disruption, peace or war. In this gathering we see the official installation in the White House, and the popular recognition of the national triumph of the anti-slavery sentiment of the North. Look at it. So late as the administration of poor Pierce, a certain William H. Seward at the President's receptions walked about among the visiters here like a man under the ban of public opinion, and tolerated only because of his position as a Senator of the United States. His partisans and admirers were "few and far between," and, always the subjects of reprobation, were still the subjects of pity from their melancholy isolation. Now what do we behold? We see this man and his outlawed caste of anti-slavery agitators in full occupation of this House, this city, this government, and we know if Mr. Seward were here to-night he would be "the cynosure of all eyes." We know this from the throng of worshippers around our new President and the members of his Cabinet. We see that the fountains of power and spoils have passed into new hands, and that this fearful anti-slavery agitation of forty years has, step by step, advanced into the occupation of the citadel of our political institutions.

What means this overwhelming multitude, this tremendous mass of humanity pressing in and blocking up every accessible foot of space within this late roomy, not to say gloomy, establishment? The night is cool, the windows are up on every side; there are no fires to create this oppressive heat; and yet, while feeble women are fainting from the suffocating crowd, and while strong men are perspiring at every pore, as if they had just been splitting rails upon a wager, one would suppose it to be July with every furnace of the house in full blast. What senseless folly is this which brings all these silly people here, packing themselves together like herrings in a barrel, and creating an atmosphere with but a trifle more oxygen than the black hole of Calcutta? Curiosity largely does this work. The ladies are dying to see how Mrs. Lincoln fills the place of Miss Lane; how the new divinity of the office seekers fills the place of "Old Buck;" how Madame is dressed, how she looks, how she will do; what ladies are assisting in the honors of the occasion, how they are dressed, and how they will do. Then there are many persons who come to pay their respects to the new household, as good citizens, or as dutiful officials, or as obedient servants of the government. The diplomatic corps, the Cabinet, members of Congress, officers of the Army and Navy (though we don't see General Scott among them), and clerks of the several departments, are among this general class. But there is a third class which overwhelms all the rest, and bears down all resistance, and carries everything before it. This is the advanced column of the grand army of office seekers. The supporters of "Old Abe" and "human freedom," who are here are sufficiently strong to absorb one-fifth of all the offices which "Old Abe" has to bestow. In fact, this is the republican office seekers' levee—their carnival and their jubilee. They come to pay their respects to Old Abe, so that he may know them when they call again, for every man of them has his axe to grind, and "Mahomet is his prophet."

Here we find, too, that republican members of Congress are no longer at a discount, but that each commands a premium ranging from one to five hundred per cent above par. Preston King is a power in the State. Charles Sumner, Fessenden, Hale, Wilson and Wade, of the Senate, advanced each from the tail to the head of an important Senate committee, have become the next thing to Cabinet Ministers; while John Shrman, Chairman on Ways and Means of the House, stands before these admiring Wide Awakes a veritable Lord Palmerston. Among these strange faces may be detected something of all the isms and kinks and crotchets of our Northern reformers, spiritualism, free speech, free soil, free men, free love, free farms, free rents, free offices, free negroes, women's rights, bran bread and patent medicines. The intellectual calibre of this office seeking crowd, a hostile and bigoted party man would say, is not above the average of the village postmaster. Indeed, it is apparent that the rural districts are largely in the ascendant here, and that for every post office in the Northwest there are one, two, or half a dozen or more candidates in this happy family around us.

But here we are in the presence. After an hour's crushing and pushing and suffocation in this energetic mob, fresh and strong from the body of the people, we are rewarded with a propulsive movement in the rear, which nearly precipitates our whole party of five into Abraham's bosom. Our ladies blush with shame and indignation; but promptly recovering their self possession, they are introduced to Old Abe, who shakes their hands cordially, smiles graciously, addresses them familiarly, and we pass on to Mrs. Lincoln, who, nearer the centre of the room, maintains her position with the steadiness of one of the Imperial Guard. She is neither tall nor slender in her figure, but rather below the medium height, with the well rounded proportions of a wholesome little Western matron of—yes, between thirty and forty summers of industry and the unobtrusive social life of the State capital of Illinois—dressed on this occasion in what the ladies call a Magenta (brilliant red) watered silk, with a lace cape, and with her abundant light brown hair tastefully relieved by a half-dozen red and white japonicas in a wreath behind the ears. Her sister, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. E.'s daughters and Mrs. Baker formed an agreeable body guard to our amiable and sociable hostess, and were none the less attractive from the unpretending simplicity of their costumes. The debut of Mrs. Lincoln was pronounced satisfactory by the ladies competent to decide; and by the unanimous voice of the rougher sex she was declared *comme il faut* in person, dress and deportment. Her round and pleasant face, without affectation, expressed a generous welcome to her visiters, and a charming degree of confidence that their judgment would be in her favor. The reception room is Ogles' famous elliptical saloon, and with its large, costly and luxurious chairs and lounges, its Japanese curiosities in the way of parlor ornaments, its plentiful supply of natural flowers, &c., is elegantly furnished; and, when not overcrowded with men, but conveniently full of beautiful women and tasteful costumes, presents a charming picture with its mingled fascinations of nature and art. Such was the case on this occasion when the Douglas party entered the saloon. This party consisted of Judge and Mrs. Douglas, her father, mother and some other persons. Mrs. Douglas was the admitted belle of the evening. In her simple dress of white, her tall and symmetrical figure appeared in fine relief among the darker colors around her. It is needless to say that she and the Judge were most kindly received by the President and the Executive family. And, as among the women, Mrs. D. was "the bright particular star," so among the men, the "Little Giant," next to "Old Abe" himself, was "the lion of the tribe of Judah"—that is, the republican party. What means this evident weakness of Mr. Douglas for Mr. Lincoln? Some are uncharitable enough to say that the Judge has an interest in the spoils which he is cultivating; but it is more probable that he is playing a deep political game for the conservative sentiment of the country. Should Lincoln's policy prove to be war instead of peace, Douglas will not suffer, but will be in a position to head the conservatives against the administration; while, on the other hand, should "Old Abe" prove a pacificator and a Union saver, Douglas may fall heir to the prophet's mantle, and stand first in the administration line for the succession. He has great faith in the pacific inclinations and patriotism of Mr. Lincoln, and will not believe that he intends to be led into the gulf of destruction by that dangerous Jack-o'lantern, Horace Greeley. We have heard an intelligent lady support a similar view of the inaugural with the argument that there is a power behind the throne which must not be overlooked, that Mrs. Lincoln, a Kentuckian by birth and in sentiment, sympathizes with the South, and that she would be more or less than human if she did not, with two sisters from the South, who are out and out secessionists.

But, is that Thurlow Weed, whose solemn face is just passing into the East room? It must be so. He holds on with a desperate tenacity; but Greeley has him on the hip. It is the radical republicans who now rule the roast in Congress, in the Cabinet and in the general camp, and who have taken possession of the White House. They read the *Tribune*, believe in its teachings, and are ready to follow Greeley to Charleston. It is the "irrepressible conflict" which has invaded Washington and taken possession of the Capitol and the White House, and war is close behind. They talk peace; but they are quietly preparing for war.

This has been a very remarkable Presidential reception, almost as sectional as the vote by which "Old Abe" was elected. Our Northern and Northwestern invaders have had it all their own way, and they are not the men to stand upon ceremony. Many of their wives and daughters graced the East Room without removing their bonnets, while many a Wide Awake, not finding a place for his hat and overcoat, carried the one aloft in his hand and the other on his back into the dense mass of uncomfortable worshippers, and round and round in the heaving current, till compelled from exhaustion to beat a retreat. Very few, indeed, were the familiar Southern faces of distinguished men and beautiful and accomplished women we have been accustomed to meet on such occasions. Their absence made a lamentable vacuum in this reunion, reducing it almost to a purely provincial assemblage. The ladies of the Cabinet and diplomatic corps and of Northern members of Congress accustomed to such things, and other Northern ladies who have seen something of the world, though present in respectable numbers, could not supply the vacant places heretofore so charmingly filled by the chivalry, the statesmen, the politicians and the beauty of the South. Again, notwithstanding the unusual military forces in the city, there was a deficiency at this levee of army as well as naval officers; and, notwithstanding the dependence of this city upon the powers that be, the fashionable circles of the city were but slimly represented. The people here regard the advent of this administration with distrust and alarm—they regard it as the harbinger of war, and as threatening the ruin of themselves and their families with the apprehended destruction, at no distant day, of the city itself, in the conflict of battle between the North and the South.

Our new President, like Saul among the sons of Israel, stands a head and shoulders above the crowd. He has a most amiable expression of countenance. He is fond of fun and can crack a joke with anybody; but he does not look like Gen. Jackson, a man with a will of his own. He seems to be rather a man who would like to please everybody, and who is himself so much pleased with his new position as to forget its great responsibilities. He seems to be absorbed in the honors and powers with which he is invested, and exceedingly grateful withal for his elevation. But he is believed to be firm only in his hostility to slavery and the doctrine of secession, and hence it is feared he comes to Washington the herald of disruption, war, anarchy and general ruin. Let us hope that Mr. Douglas is right, and that we are all wrong.

How many thousands were present at this levee to-night no man can tell. It is enough to know that for three or four hours the White House was filled to the point of suffocation, and that hundreds retired from the vain effort of gaining admission. But for all this, it was a monotonous affair. These strangers, on their good behaviour, walked about in comparative silence, but all eyes and ears in the midst of the strange spectacle around them. There they were, a powerful detachment of the powerful party which has brought this administration into power; but they were like the foreign occupants of a conquered city, in the midst of a subjugated people, doubtful of the final issue, but resolved upon the spoils.

LETTER FROM ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS ON DUTY IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 6, 1861.

A few weeks ago, while reading an article in your valuable paper on the anomalous position of Mr. Lincoln before the country, I noticed a sentence to this effect—That his inauguration was to take place through the agency of an armed force, and that while he took his oath of office the artillerymen would stand by the side of their guns with slow match and portfire ready for action. At the time I was inclined to consider this sentence an instance of that hyperbolic verbiage which is common in political warfare, and wondered why any person should exaggerate so much. Recent events, however, have demonstrated that the writer of the above paragraph, whoever he may be, is more of a prophet than a partisan. The guns have been loaded, the artillerymen have stood by their side, and if the slow match was not lighted it was only because its place has of late been supplied by a more effective contrivance for the purposes of war. Sunday morning, March 3, the following orders were issued to our commander:—

HEADQUARTERS ARTILLERY BATTALION, WASHINGTON, D. C., March, 2, 1861.

As precautionary measures the guards of all the stations will to morrow evening at sunset be doubled, the horses of the batteries will be kept during the night harnessed, and those of the dragoons saddled. The officers will not leave their respective commands, and the enlisted soldiers will be in readiness to act at a moment's warning. Patrols from the dragoons and the West Point battery will be sent every hour during the night; the former to visit the different stables, and the latter to go round Judicial square, examining the streets in the neighborhood, but without entering them. One-third of the West Point company, besides the guard, will pass the night at the stables. The signal from Griffin's battery, in case of an alarm from that quarter, will be fire balls. By command of Colonel Brown. THOMAS C. SULLIVAN,

Second Lieutenant First Artillery, Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS ARTILLERY BATTALION, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 2, 1861.

By command of the General-in-Chief the following disposition of the troops of the battalion and of the West Point detachment of sappers and miners will be made on the 4th instant:—

1. The detachment of dragoons and of sappers and miners will join in the procession; the former will lead the escort and the latter immediately proceed the flag, which is carried in front of the President.

2. Barray's battery will, at ten o'clock, take post in the immediate vicinity of the quarters of Haskins' company, on B street. Griffin's battery will take post in line immediately in front of the City Hall at eleven o'clock, or as soon as the street is vacated. Fry's battery will, at the same hour, take post in line on G street, its head resting on Seventeenth street. Haskins' company will support Barray's; Allen's, Griffin's; and Brooks' Fry's battery, and will be placed in their immediate vicinity

3. In case of an alarm their companies will at once proceed to the scene of action, except Elzey's company, which will remain as a guard of the Treasury buildings, while the dragoons, without delay, will proceed to support Griffin's and two volunteer mounted companies, to be designated by Major General Weightman, to support Barray's and Fry's batteries. By order of Colonel Brown. THOMAS C. SULLIVAN,

Second Lieutenant First Artillery, Adjutant.

All this looked warlike, but to tell the honest truth none of us soldiers could comprehend the exact drift of it; for a more peaceable, well disposed community than exists in the District of Columbia would be difficult to find. Towards evening, on the night of the 3d, however, a report was circulated that a large body of the Baltimore "roughs," numbering perhaps five hundred, had arrived in Washington by railway. This fact afforded a probable cue to the above orders, and perhaps justified General Scott in making the necessary preparations to quell a riot. So at seven o'clock we proceeded to our stables in rear of the City Hall, harnessed up our horses, after which those men who were detailed for that purpose mounted guard or stretched themselves on some loose straw that was scattered in an adjoining outhouse. The remainder of us then returned to our quarters.

At nine o'clock "tattoo" call was sounded, when we answered to our names and retired for the night. Like most of his comrades, your humble servant took off his coat, rolled a single blanket round