NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

GUERRILLA WAR IN MEXICO.

The Mexican Correspondence of the Missouri Republican, though its news is not always quite as late as what we receive through other channels, is usually very instructive in particulars which we do not receive so intelligibly and accurately in any other way. Such is the character of the following extracts from that correspondence, giving us a clearer and more distinct idea of the harassing nature of the war upon detachments and transportation trains of our army in Mexico than any thing else that we have read:

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MISSOURI REPUBLICAN.

JALAPA, (MEXICO,) JUNE 17, 1847.

This is the last letter I shall write you from this place, and I pen this without knowing how or when I shall be able to give it a direction that will ensure its ever reaching even the Gulf coast. On the morning of the 15th instant a train of about three hundred wagons, principally loaded with ammunition, succeeded in reaching this place. They were *fourteen days* coming from Vera Cruz, a distance of seventy miles, having been attacked by the guerrillas twelve miles out from Vera Cruz, and skirmishing from that point to the hacienda Encerro kept up during the whole way. The principal object of attack was the large amount of specie in the train—between three and four hundred thousand dollars—which had drawn together between fifteen hundred and two thousand guerrillas. They were principally commanded by three Priests (Spanish Carlists) who had been banished from their own country for their ferocity, their fanaticism, and bigotry. They gave us a great deal of trouble, and succeeded, during the entire route, in killing and wounding between forty and fifty of our men. We lost also about thirty public wagons, a number of horses and mules, and a great deal of subsistence that was thrown from the wagons with a view of lightening the loads. Our loss in property, trifling as it is—and especially when compared to the loss of men—is of course greatly magnified by the enemy, and the report is industriously circulated by them, throughout the entire country, that they have captured half of the train and killed half of the escort.

The train left Vera Cruz with an escort of about five hundred men under Col. McIntosh. An express was sent to Vera Cruz, informing Col. Wilson, in command of that post, of the number of guerrillas that were annoying the escort, and of the danger that surrounded the train. General CADWALADER, with what men he had there, immediately left to reinforce them, and reached them a short distance the other side of the National Bridge. So soon as he took command something like order and system was restored, where before nothing but confusion and alarm prevailed; and although constantly attacked by the guerrillas from their ambush, he had but little trouble, comparatively speaking, or met with but little loss after leaving the National Bridge. At the National Bridge the enemy made a regular stand, availing himself of the fort and breastworks upon the heights and sides of the hills that had been thrown up with a view of intercepting Gen. Scott in his march upon Jalapa. Here the heaviest of our loss in men occurred, and here the most obstinate attack was made upon the train by the guerrillas. To the prudence and military skill and experience of Gen. Cadwalader is solely to be attributed the route of the enemy, and the preservation of the train, specie, mail, &c.

On the 8th instant a party of citizens, with a number of discharged officers and the wounded men of the 4th Illinois regiment, left here, taking with them some five or six wagons, in one of which was contained a large and important mail. So soon as the news reached us of the number of guerrillas, and the obstinacy of their attack upon the upward train, the greatest solicitude was felt for the company of between one and two hundred men who had left here for Vera Cruz. They were at best but poorly armed, and were without any organization whatever. In the event of attack, all here concluded that the brave wounded Illinoians, and their attendants, would be abandoned, and that the whole would have their throats cut by the merciless and blood-thirsty guerrillas. At the National Bridge they were attacked, and lost five of their number, the greater portion preferring trusting to the speed of their horses rather than the prowess of their arms. Most fortunate was it for them that Gen. Cadwalader happened in their vicinity at the time with his command; but for that not one would have been left to tell of the fate of the rest. The General most kindly detached a company of cavalry, under Captain Dupere, to protect them from further attack, and the whole succeeded in reaching Vera Cruz in safety.

The above incidents will give you some little idea of the state of the road between this and Vera Cruz, and of the immense hazard a man runs, even in a large body, of losing his life in attempting to reach the sea coast. Gen. Scott is in a far more precarious situation than ever Gen. Taylor was in at Buena Vista, and if he succeeds in cutting his way through with the small number of men he has to the city of Mexico, and holding his position, the battles of Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo will sink into utter insignificance compared with such an achievement.

An express reached Colonel Childs from the General-in-chief, night before last, placing him on his guard against a contemplated attack on the part of the enemy upon the train, between this and Perote and Perote and Puebla. Gen. Bravo had been thrown upon the road, by Santa Anna, with a force of three thousand men, a portion of whom are cavalry, sent from the city of Mexico. General Scott also wrote that he was now satisfied we should have one of the severest and most obstinate battles this side of the capital of the Republic, that had yet been fought in Mexico, and he was waiting with the most anxious solicitude to hear of the arrival of more troops at Vera Cruz, and of their being on their march to reinforce him.

To-day this post is to be evacuated, and our troops take up their line of march for the advance of the army. Col. Childs, with the garrison, leaves this morning at ten o'clock, and in the afternoon, or very early to-morrow morning, Gen. Cadwalader leaves with his command. The aggregate of the strength of the two commands will not exceed twenty-two hundred men, and the number of pieces of artillery we shall take along is six. With this strength and *materiel* we expect to fight ourselves through, let the number of guerrillas be what they may. The strongest point of attack is a pass in the Perote mountains, about a day's march from here, which is said, by those acquainted with the topography of the country, to be equally as formidable a position for the enemy as was that of Cerro Gordo. The *present* object of the guerrillas is more to secure the large amount of money and the ammunition we have along than to capture or destroy the force that is protecting it. The "*hope of reward*" has induced a large number to join the guerrillas, who but for the money never would have risked their necks, even in a skirmish. When I reach Perote I will again write you, though it will be without any assurance that the letter will get off for weeks to come. It is bad enough to be so hemmed in in an enemy's country as scarcely to be able to leave the garrison of a post with safety; but to have your line of communication entirely cut off, and the means of communicating with your friends and your country, even by letter, successfully checked, is insupportable.

PEROTE, (MEXICO,) JUNE 22, 1847.

Yesterday, about noon, the entire force that was at Jalapa succeeded in reaching here in safety, and without any loss whatever to the train. The march was conducted under the immediate command of Brigadier General Cadwalader, who, although slow in his movements, is generally sure and safe. We were parts of four days in making a distance of thirty-five miles, owing to the unwieldiness of the train and the annoyance the guerrillas gave us. They had posted themselves along the heights of the La Hoya for nearly two miles, and were about a thousand strong. The pass of the La Hoya is much longer than that of the Cerro Gordo, though not so formidable in my judgment; and, in the hands of any thing like a warlike people, it would have been very difficult to have got the train through without immense loss.

On the 20th we encountered the guerrillas, and after some six hours' skirmishing, in which we took eighteen prisoners, and killed between seventy and eighty of them, they were completely and effectually routed. We threw out, in the first instance, large flanking parties, and then scaled every height both with our infantry and cavalry. Two caves were discovered by the first artillery, in which were stowed large quantities of provisions, some ammunition, and a few fire-arms. Among the former were American hams, sugar, and hard bread. After occupying the heights with our forces, so as to effectually command the pass its entire distance, the train was passed through and halted at the village of Las Vigas, a short distance this side of the La Hoya. The evening previous to our attempting to force our way through the pass in the mountains, Col. Wynkoop, who is in command at this place and the castle of Perote, hearing of the number of the enemy that had posted themselves at La Hoya with a view of cutting off the train, left at eight o'clock in the evening with the greater part of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment and Capt. Walker's company of mounted riflemen. They were engaged with the guerrillas, on this side of the pass, from eleven o'clock that night up to the time we got through the next morning, and did most excellent service. They drove the enemy for several miles back from the road, and burnt every rancho in their route, *leaving desolate the whole country over which they passed.* On our reaching Las Vigas, a pretty and flourishing little town, it was found that the dwellings were entirely deserted by the Mexicans, and it was satisfactorily ascertained that they had identified themselves with the guerrillas. With the consent of the commanding General the torch was applied to the buildings, and in a few moments the entire town was one universal scene of conflagration. *Every building in it, numbering between eighty and one hundred, was destroyed by fire*—the only one that was spared being the neat little Catholic church that adorned the town. Its solitary appearance among the smouldering ruins of the town created sensations better imagined than described; and the example set in this instance, it is greatly to be hoped, will have the effect of restraining the enemy in future in their murderous course of warfare. Our loss was, comparatively speaking, nothing.

On reaching here Gen. Cadwalader was met by an express from Gen. Scott, desiring him not to advance with the train, except in conjunction with Col. Childs's command, and the force that was to go foward from this post, as a large body of cavalry, between two and three thousand strong, with a small field battery, under the command of Generals Bravo and Alvarez, had posted themselves between this and Puebla, more with a view of securing a part of the train than in any expectation of doing much injury to our forces. We shall, therefore, have another brush with these gentlemen robbers before we reach the advance of the army; but as the country is generally a plain, we can have a fair chance at them, and cut them up more effectually than was done at La Hoya. From here we take six companies of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, under Col. Black, in addition to our force that we left Jalapa with; and the train will be materially lessened, in consequence of the number of wagons we leave here, that brought forward the sick and some subsistence designed for this post. The sick, alone, required nearly forty wagons, all of which are to remain here.

Colonel Wynkoop, with four companies of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, Capt. Taylor's battery, and Capt. Walker's company of mounted riflemen, remain to garrison the castle of Perote and this town; which, considering that it is the principal hospital and the depot of subsistence between the advance of the army and Vera Cruz, is certainly a very small force. But there is no other alternative, if Gen. Scott is ever to get to Mexico, so slow are the reinforcements in reaching him. In addition to the force now going forward under Gen. Cadwalader, it is expected that about two thousand more are now on their march from Vera Cruz to Puebla. If they arrive within four or five days after we do, they will be in time for the *big battle* that is to be fought this side of the city of Mexico.

Among the eighteen prisoners taken by us on the 20th instant at La Hoya, were two Germans, deserters from our army. There are four others among the guerrillas that I regret we could not have secured. The doom of the two captured will be that of a traitor's death.

I was in hopes we should have left here to-day, but, in consequence of the insufficiency of the quartermaster's department, we shall not get off before to-morrow, if we do then. We ought to get through to Puebla in five days, and flog all the Mexican forces besides, that are between this and the advance of the army; yet if we do not move with more rapidity than we did from Jalapa here, it will take us from eight to ten days.

The castle of Perote, next to that of San Juan de Ulua, is the strongest fortification in Mexico. It is, however, in a most filthy condition, and the sick are dying out of the hospitals in large numbers daily. Disease is making far greater havoc among our forces than is the enemy. Perote is a most miserable little place, even for Mexico, though the country that surrounds it is picturesque and grand in the extreme. The valley of Perote is a very fertile soil, and the fields of corn, barley, and wheat are immensely extensive. Upon the whole, it is more generally cultivated than any other section of Mexico for the same extent over which I have passed.

STOCK IN THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

FOR SALE, 150 shares of Stock in the line of Telegraph between Washington city and New York, and which is presumed to be the most valuable and productive of any line of Telegraph in the United States. The company has been chartered by the Legislature of Maryland. The stock will be sold a bargain. Address HENRY J. ROGERS,
july 30—3t Baltimore, Md.

ST. TIMOTHY'S HALL,

A School for Boys, at Catonsville, six miles from Baltimore, Maryland.

REV. L. VAN BOKKELEN, A. M., RECTOR.

THE extensive buildings of this Institution are now complete, and furnish ample accommodations for eighty pupils, the limited number. They have been elected specially for their present purpose, and contain all the conveniences found in similar buildings in the Northern and Eastern States. The position is renowned for its salubrity and the beauty of its scenery. The grounds contain nearly 100 acres, 20 of which are a grove of forest trees, and afford sufficient space for the appropriate recreations and amusements of youth. The course of instruction embraces every branch, from the elements of an English education to a thorough preparation to the sophomore or junior classes of college, or for mercantile law. The system of instruction in the classics is a modification of that pursued with such eminent success by Rev. T. K. Arnold, of England. The Rector is assisted by experienced teachers, who are graduates of our best northern colleges, and his effort will be to establish a school of the highest grade for instruction and discipline. All the accomplishments consistent with a christian institution can be acquired; vocal and instrumental music receive special attention, and are taught upon very reasonable terms. Physical education is systematized by regular periods for exercise, and the character of the exercise is adapted to a perfect development of the body.

Parents desiring a thorough education for their sons, under strictly religious influences, are invited to visit the hall and examine all its departments. The Rector will be pleased to have visiters pass a day in the school and notice its management in every detail. Parents from the South and West passing through Baltimore, and wishing to place their sons at school, are invited to visit St. Timothy's Hall, which it is thought will furnish all the advantages of instruction and climate which can be obtained in any of the Northern States.

Terms: $100 per session of five months. Vacations in April and October. For further information or admission of pupils, apply to the Rector. july 31

LAW SCHOOL OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

THE FIRST TERM of the Law School of Harvard University for the next academical year will open on Friday, August 27, 1847. The active labors of instruction will be shared equally by SIMON GREENLEAF, LL.D., Dane Professor of Law, and WILLIAM KENT, LL.D., Royal Professor of Law.

The design of this institution is to afford a complete course of legal education for gentlemen intending to practice in any of the United States, and a systematic course of studies in Commercial Jurisprudence for merchants and men of business. No public instruction is given in the local or peculiar jurisprudence of any particular State; but the Library, consisting of nearly 12,000 volumes, furnishes ample means for the study of local law and practice; and the students are privately assisted in these studies by the Professors as occasion may require.

No particular course of previous study is requisite for admission; but every student is required to produce testimonials of his good moral character, and to give a bond of $200 to the Steward, with a surety resident in Massachusetts, conditioned for the payment of all college dues; or, instead of a bond, he may deposite $150 with the Steward at the commencement of each term, to be retained by him till the end of the term, and then accounted for. No student is matriculated until such testimonials are produced and security given.

The tuition fees are $50 a term, and $25 for half or any lesser fraction of a term, which entitles the student to the use of the College and Law Libraries and Text Books, and a free admission to all the public lectures in the University.

Instruction may be had in any foreign language taught in the University for the additional fee of $10 a year for each language studied.

The necessary expenses of a student who resides all the year in Cambridge will not exceed the following:

Tuition	$100
Rent and care of room, with use of furniture, averaging about	75
Board from	$91 to 182
Fuel from	15 to 30
Washing from	15 to 30

Total $299 to $420, exclusive of clothes and what is termed pocket-money.

In regard to the amount of pocket-money, neither expediency nor the usages of society require that it should be large.

Students who have pursued their studies in this School for three terms, and Attorneys at Law, who, after having been admitted to the bar in States where a previous course of study for at least one year is required, have pursued their studies in this School for two terms, are entitled, upon the certificate and recommendation of the Law Faculty, and after passing a satisfactory examination, to the degree of Bachelor of Law.

Application for admission to the Law School may be made to either of the Professors at Cambridge.
july 31—2aw Cambridge, (Mass.) July 26, 1847.

DESIRABLE BUSINESS STAND FOR RENT—The three-story Warehouse on Pennsylvania avenue, north side, between 10th and 11th streets, at present occupied by B. Homans, Esq. as an auction store. Possession can be had at any moment. Apply to
july 31—3t CHAS. W. PAIRO.

SUGAR, COFFEE, DYE WOODS, &c.

50 hhds. Porto Rico Sugar
20 do do Molasses
30 bags Rio Coffee
50 barrels Domestic Brandy
60 casks Copperas
50 do Blue Vitriol
50 do Alum
30 tons Eng. Sal Soda
2500 barrels Logwood, Fustic, and Camwood

For sale low by EMACK & BAKER,
july 31—3t No. 126, Lombard st., Baltimore.

BY A. GREEN, Auctioneer.

VALUABLE TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE & LOT AT AUCTION.—On Tuesday, the 3d instant, I shall sell, on the premises, at 6 o'clock P. M., Lot No. 4, in Square No. 401, fronting on 9th, between L and M streets, with the improvements, which are a convenient two-story frame house, containing nine rooms and cellar, with some of the best fruit in the yard. It is unnecessary to give a further description of the property, as persons wishing to purchase are particularly invited to call and examine for themselves.

Terms: One-third cash; balance in one, two, and three years, for notes bearing interest. A deed given, and a deed of trust taken. Title indisputable.

Sale positive. A. GREEN,
july 31—3t (Union) Auctioneer.

VERY HANDSOME SILVER SET at Private Sale.—I have for private sale a very handsome Silver Set, consisting of the following pieces:

1 Coffee Pot, 1 Tea Pot, Sugar and Cream Dish
6 Silver Tumblers, Table and Salt Spoons, Ladle, &c.

They will be sold low if immediate application be made.
R. W. DYER,
july 26—eo3tif [Union] Auct. and Com. Merchant.

ROMANCE OF LOUISIANA HISTORY.*

From De Bow's Commercial Review of the South and West—Vol. III. No. 6, June, 1847.

Poetry is the daughter of imagination, and imagination is perhaps one of the highest gifts of Heaven, the most refined ethereal part of the mind, because when carried to perfection it is the combined essence of all the finer faculties of the human intellect. There may be sound judgment, acute perception, depth of thought, great powers of conception, of discrimination, of research, of assimilation, of combination of ideas, without imagination, or at least without that part of it which elaborates and exalts itself into poetry, but how can we conceive the existence of a poetical imagination in its highest excellence without all the other faculties? Without them, what imagination would not be imperfect or diseased? It is true that without imagination there may be a world within the mind, but it is a world without light. Cold it remains, and suffering from the effects of partial organization, unless by some mighty fiat imagination is breathed into the dormant mass, and the sun of poetry, emerging in the heaven of the mind, illumines and warms the several elements of which it is composed, and completes the creation of the intellect.

Hence the idea of all that is beautiful and great is concentrated in the word poetry. There is no grand conception of the mind in which that intellectual faculty which constitutes poetry is not to be detected. What is great and noble is and must be poetical, and what is poetical must partake in some degree or other of what is great and noble. It is hardly possible to conceive an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Napoleon, a Newton, a Lycurgus, a Mahomet, a Michael Angelo, a Canova, or any of those wonderful men who have carried as far as they could go the powers of the human mind in the several departments in which they were used, without supposing them gifted with some of those faculties of the imagination which enter into the composition of a poetical organization. Thus every art and almost every science has its poetry, and it is from the unanimous consent of mankind on this subject that it has become so common to say "the poetry" of music, of sculpture, of architecture, of dancing, of painting, of history, and even the poetry of religion, meaning that which is most pleasing to the eye or to the mind and ennobling to the soul. We may therefore infer, from the general feeling to which I have alluded, that where the spirit of poetry does not exist there cannot be true greatness; and it can, I believe, be safely averred that to try the gold of all human actions and events, of all things and matters, the touchstone of poetry is one of the surest.

I am willing to apply that criterion to Louisiana, considered both physically and historically; I am willing that my native State, which is but a fragment of what Louisiana formerly was, should stand or fall by that test, and I do not fear to approach with her the seat of judgment. I am prepared to show that her history is full of poetry of the highest order and of the most varied nature. I have studied the subject *con amore*, and with such reverential enthusiasm, and I may say with such filial piety, that it has grown upon my heart as well as upon my mind. May I be able to do justice to its merits, and to raise within you a corresponding interest to that which I feel! To support the assertion that the history of Louisiana is eminently poetical, it will be sufficient to give you short graphical descriptions of those interesting events which constitute her annals. Bright gems they are, encircling her brows diadem-like, and worthy of that star which has sprung from her forehead to enrich the American constellation in the firmament of liberty.

Three centuries have hardly elapsed since that immense territory, which extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the lakes of Canada, and which was subsequently known under the name of Louisiana, was slumbering in its cradle of wilderness unknown to any of the white race to which we belong. Man was there, however, but man in his primitive state, claiming, as it were, in appearance at least, a different origin from ours, or being at best a variety of our species. There was the hereditary domain of the red man, living in scattered tribes over that magnificent country. Those tribes earned their precarious subsistence chiefly by pursuing the inhabitants of the earth and of the water; they sheltered themselves in miserable huts, spoke different languages, observed contradictory customs, and waged fierce war upon each other. Whence they came none knew; none knows with absolute certainty to the present day, and the faint glimmerings of vague traditions have afforded little or no light to penetrate into the darkness of their mysterious origin. Thus a wide field is left open to those dreamy speculations of which the imagination is so fond.

Whence came the Natchez, those worshippers of the sun with eastern rites? How is it that Grecian figures and letters are represented on the earthern wares of some of those Indian nations? Is there any truth in the supposition that some of those savages whose complexion approximates most to ours draw their blood from that Welsh colony which is said to have found a home in America many centuries since? Is it possible that Phœnician adventurers were the pilgrim fathers of some of the aborigines of Louisiana? What copper-colored swarm first issued from Asia, the revered womb of mankind, to wend its untraced way to the untenanted continent of America? What fanciful tales could be weaved on the powerful Choctaws, or the undaunted Chickasaws, or the unconquerable Mobiliens! There the imagination may riot in the poetry of mysterious migrations, of human transformations; in the poetry of the forests, of the valleys, of the mountains, of the lakes and rivers, as they came fresh and glorious from the hand of the Creator; in the poetry of barbaric manners, laws, and wars. What heroic poems might not a future Ossian devise on the red monarchs of old Louisiana! Would not their strange history, in the hands of a Tacitus, be as interesting as that of the ancient barbarian tribes of Germany, described by his immortal pen? Is there in that period of their existence which precedes their acquaintance with the sons of Europe nothing which, when placed in contrast with their future fate, appeals to the imagination of the moralist, of the philosopher, and of the divine? Who, without feeling his whole soul glowing with poetical emotions, could sit under yonder gigantic oak, the growth of a thousand years, on the top of that hill of shells, the sepulchre of man, piled up by his hands, and overlooking that placid lake where all would be repose if it were not for that solitary canoe, a moving speck, hardly visible in the distance, did it not happen to be set in bold relief by being on that very line where the lake meets the horizon, blazing with the last glories of the departing sun? Is not this the very poetry of landscape—of Louisianian landscape?

When diving into the mysteries of the creation of that part of the southwestern world which was once comprehended in the limits of Louisiana, will not the geologist himself pause, absorbed in astonishment at the number of centuries which must have been necessary to form the delta of the Mississippi? When he discovers successive strata of forests lying many fathoms deep on the top of each other; when he witnesses the exhumation of the fossil bones of mammoths, elephants, or huge animals of the antediluvian race; when he reads the hieroglyphic records of Nature's wonderful doings, left by herself on the very rocks, or other granite and calcareous tablets of this country, will he not clasp his hands in ecstacy, and exclaim, "Oh! the dryness of my study has fled; there is poetry in the very foundation of this extraordinary land!"

Thus I think that I have shown that the spirit of poetry was moving over the face of Louisiana even in her primitive state, and still pervades her natural history. But I have dwelt enough on Louisiana in the dark ages of her existence, of which we can know nothing save by vague traditions of the Indians. Let us approach those times where her historical records begin to assume some distinct shape.

On the 31st of May, 1539, the bay of Santo Spiritu, in Florida, presented a curious spectacle. Eleven vessels of quaint shape, bearing the broad banner of Spain, were moored close to the shore; one thousand men of infantry, and three hundred and fifty men of cavalry, fully equipped, were landing in proud array, under the command of Hernando de Soto, one of the most illustrious companions of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, and reputed one of the best lances of Spain. "When he led in the van of battle, so powerful was his charge," says the old chronicler of his exploits, "so broad was the bloody passage which he carved out in the ranks of the enemy that ten of his men at arms could with ease follow him abreast." He had acquired enormous wealth in Peru, and might have rested satisfied a knight of renown in the Government of St. Jago de Cuba, in the sweet enjoyment of youth and of power, basking in the smiles of his beautiful wife, Isabella de Bobadilla. But his adventurous mind scorns such inglorious repose, and now he stands erect, and full of visions bright, on the sandy shore of Florida, whither he comes with feudal pride, by leave of the king, to establish nothing less than a marquisate ninety miles long by forty-five miles wide, and there to rule supreme a governor for life of all the territory that he can subjugate. Not unmindful he, the christian knight, the hater and conqueror of Moorish infidelity, of the souls of his future vassals; for twenty-two ecclesiastics accompany him to preach the word of God. Among his followers are gentlemen of the best blood of Spain and of Portugal: Don Juan de Guzman, Pedro Calderon, who, by his combined skill and bravery, had won the praises of Gonzalvo de Cordova, 'yclept "the great captain;" Vasconcellos de Silva, of Portugal, who for birth and courage knew no superior; Nuno Tobar, a knight above fear and reproach; and Muscoso de Alvarado, whom that small host of heroes ranked in their estimation next to De Soto himself. But I stop an enumeration which, if I did justice to all, would be too long.

What materials for romance! Here is chivalry, with all its glittering pomp, its soul-stirring aspirations, in full march, with its iron heels and gilded spurs, towards the unknown and hitherto unexplored soil of Louisiana. In sooth, it must have been a splendid sight! Let us look at the glorious pageantry as it sweeps by, through the long vistas of those pine woods! How nobly they bear themselves, those bronzed sons of Spain, clad in refulgent armor! How brave that music sounds! How fleet they move, those Andalusian chargers, with arched necks and dilated nostrils! But the whole train suddenly halts in that verdant valley, by that bubbling stream, shaded by those venerable oaks with gray moss hanging from their branches in imitation of the whitening beard of age. Does not the whole encampment rise distinct upon your minds? The tents, with gay pennons with armorial bearings; the proud steed, whose impatient foot spurns the ground; those men, stretched on the velvet grass and recruiting their wearied strength by sleep; some singing old Castilian or Moorish roundelays; others musing on the sweet rulers of their souls, left in their distant home; a few kneeling before the officiating priest, at the altar which a moment sufficed for their pious ardor to erect, under yonder secluded bower; some burnishing their arms, others engaged in mimic warfare and trials of skill or strength; De Soto sitting apart with his peers in rank if not in command, and intent upon developing to them his plans of conquest, while the dusky faces of some Indian boys and women in the background express wild astonishment. None of the warriors of that race are to be seen; they are reported to be absent on a distant hunting excursion. But methinks that at times I spy through the neighboring thickets the fierce glance of more than one eye, sparkling with the suppressed fury of anticipated revenge. What a scene! and would it not afford delight to the poet's imagination or to the painter's eye?

In two ponderous volumes, the historian Garcillasso relates the thousand incidents of that romantic expedition. What more interesting than the reception of Soto at the court of the Princess Cofachiqui, the Dido of the wilderness! What battles, what victories over men, over the elements themselves, and over the endless obstacles thrown out by rebellious nature! What incredible physical difficulties overcome by the advancing host! How heroic is the resistance of the Mobiliens and of the Alabamas! With what headlong fury those denizens of the forest rush upon the iron clad warriors, and dare the thunders of those whom they take to be the children of the sun! How splendidly described is the siege of Mobile, where women fought like men, and wrapped themselves up in the flames of their destroyed city rather than surrender to their invaders!

But let the conquering hero beware! Now he is encamped on the territory of Chickasaws, the most ferocious of the Indian tribes. And lucky was it that Soto was as prudent as he was brave, and slept equally prepared for the defence and for the attack. Hark! in the dead of a winter's night, when the cold wind of the north, in the month of January, 1541, was howling through the leafless trees, a simultaneous howl was heard, more hideous far than the voice of the tempest. The Indians rush impetuous, with fire brands, and the thatched roofs which sheltered the Spaniards are soon on fire, threatening them with immediate destruction. The horses rearing and plunging in wild affright, and breaking loose from their ligaments; the undaunted Spaniards, half naked, struggling against the devouring element and the unsparing foe; the desperate deeds of valor executed by Soto and his companions; the deep-toned shouts of St. Jago and Spain to the rescue; the demon-like shrieks of the red warriors; the final overthrow of the Indians; the hot pursuit by the light of the flaming village—form a picture highly exciting to the imagination, and cold indeed must he be who does not take delight in the strange contrast of the heroic warfare of chivalry on one side, and of the untutored courage of man in his savage state on the other.

It would be too long to follow Soto in his peregrinations during two years, through part of Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. At last he stands on the banks of the Mississippi, near the spot where now flourishes the Egyptian named city of Memphis. He crosses the mighty river, and onward he goes, up to the White river, while roaming over the territory of the Arkansas. Meeting with alternate hospitality and hostility on the part of the Indians, he arrives at the mouth of the Red river, within the present limits of the State of Louisiana. There he was fated to close his adventurous career.

Three years of intense bodily fatigue and mental excitement had undermined the hero's constitution. Alas! well might the spirit droop within him! He had landed on the shore of the North American continent with high hopes, dreaming of conquest over wealthy nations and magnificent cities. What had he met? Interminable forests, endless lagoons, inextricable marshes, sharp and continual conflicts with men little superior, in his estimation, to the brutish creation. He who in Spain was cheered by beauty's glance, by the songs of the minstrel, when he sped to the contest with adversaries worthy of his prowess, with the noble and chivalric Moors; he who had revelled in the halls of the imperial Incas of Peru, and who there had amassed princely wealth; he, the flower of knightly courts, had been roaming like a vagrant over an immense territory, where he had discovered none but half naked savages, dwelling in miserable huts, ignobly repulsive when compared with Castilla's stately domes, with Grenada's fantastic palaces, and with Peru's imperial dwellings, massive with gold! His wealth was gone, two-thirds of his brave companions were dead. What account of them would he render to their noble families! He, the bankrupt in fame and in fortune, how would he withstand the gibes of envy! Thought, that scourge of life, that inward consumer of man, racks his brain, his heart is seared with deep anguish; a slow fever wastes his powerful frame, and he sinks at last on the couch of sickness, never to rise again. The Spaniards cluster around him, and alternately look with despair at their dying chieftain, and at the ominous hue of the bloody river, known at this day under the name of the Red River. But not he the man to allow the wild havoc within the soul to betray itself in the outward mien; not he, in common with the vulgar herd, the man to utter one word of wail! With smiling lips and serene brow he cheers his companions and summons them, one by one, to swear allegiance in his hands to Muscoso de Alvarado, whom he designates as his successor. "Union and perseverance, my friends," he says; "so long as the breath of life animates your bodies, do not falter in the enterprise you have undertaken. Spain expects a richer harvest of glory and more ample domains from her children." These were his last words, and then he dies. Blest be the soul of the noble knight and of the true Christian! Rest his mortal remains in peace within that oaken trunk scooped by his companions, and by them sunk many fathoms deep in the bed of the Mississippi!

The Spaniards, at first, had tried to conceal the death of Soto from the Indians, because they felt that there was protection in the belief of his existence. What mockery it was to their grief to simulate joy on the very tomb of their beloved chief, whom they had buried in their camp before seeking for him a safer place of repose! But when, the slaves of hard necessity, they were, with heavy hearts but smiling faces, coursing in tournament over the burial ground, and profaning the consecrated spot, the more effectually to mislead the conjectures of the Indians, they saw that their subterfuge was vain, and that the red men, with significant glances, were pointing to each other the precise spot where the great white warrior slept. How dolorously does Garcillasso describe the exhumation and the plunging of the body into the turbid stream of the Great Father of Rivers!

Then comes an Odyssey of woes. The attempt of the Spaniards to go by land to Mexico; their wandering as far as the Rio Grande and the mountainous region which lies between Mexico and Texas, and which was destined, in after years, to be so famous in American history; their return to the mouth of Red river; their building of vessels capable of navigating at sea; the tender compassion and affectionate assistance of the good Cazique Anilco; the league of the other Indian princes, far and wide, under the auspices of the great king, Quigualtanqui, the Agamemnon of the confederacy; the discovery of the plot; the retreat of all the Indian chiefs save the indomitable Quigualtanqui; the fleet of one thousand canoes, mounted by twenty thousand men, with which he pursued the weary and despairing Spaniards for seventeen long days, assailing them with incessant fury; the giving up of the chase only when the sea was nearly in sight; the fierce parting words of the Indians to the Spaniards: "Tell your countrymen that you have have been pursued by Quigualtanqui alone; if he had been better assisted by his peers, none of you would have survived to tell the tale;" the solemn rites with which, in their thousand canoes riveted on the water, they, on the day they ceased their pursuit, adored the rising sun and saluted him with their thanksgivings for the expulsion of the invaders; the hairbreadth escapes of the three hundred Spaniards who alone, out of the bright host of their former companions, had succeeded in fleeing from the hostile shore of Louisiana; their toils during a navigation of ninety days to the port of Panuco, where they at last arrived in a state of utter destitution, are all thrilling incidents connected with the history of Louisiana, and replete with the very essence of poetry.

When Alvarado, the Ulysses of that expedition, related his adventures in the halls of Montezuma, Don Francisco de Mendoza, the son of the viceroy, broke out with passionate admiration of the conduct of Quigualtanqui: "A noble barbarian," exclaimed he, "an honest man and a true patriot." This remark, worthy of the high lineage and of the ancestral fame of him who spoke it, is a just tribute to the Louisianian chief, and is an apt epilogue to the recital of those romantic achievements, the nature of which is such that the poet's pen would be more at ease with it than that of the historian.

One hundred and thirty years had passed away since the apparition of Soto on the soil of Louisiana, without any further attempt of the white race to penetrate into that fair region, when, on the 7th of July, 1673, a small band of Europeans and Canadians reached the Mississippi, which they had come to seek from the far-distant city of Quebec. That band had two leaders, Father Marquette, a monk, and Joliet, a merchant, the prototypes of two great sources of power, religion, and commerce, which, in the course of time, were destined to exercise such influence on the civilization of the Western Territory, traversed by the mighty river which they had discovered. They could not be ordinary men, those adventurers who in those days undertook to expose themselves to the fatigues and perils of a journey through unknown solitudes, from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi! That humble monkish gown of Father Marquette concealed a hero's heart; and in the merchant's breast there dwelt a soul that would have disgraced no belted knight.

Whether it was owing to the peaceful garb in which they had presented themselves, or to some other cause, the Indians hardly showed any of that hostility which they had exhibited towards the armed invasion of Spain. Joliet and Father Marquette floated down the river without much impediment as far as the Arkansas. There, having received sufficient evidence that the Mississippi discharged itself into the Gulf of Mexico, they retraced their way back and returned to Canada. But in that frail bark drifting down the current of the Mississippi, and in which sat the hard plodding merchant, with the deep wrinkles of thought and forecast on his brow, planning schemes of trade with unknown nations, and surveying with curious eye that boundless territory which seemed, as he went along, to stretch in commensurate proportion with the infiniteness of space; in that frail bark, I say, where mused over his breviary that gray headed monk, leaning on that long staff, surmounted with the silver cross of Christ, and computing the souls that he had saved and still hoped to save from idolatry, is there not as much poetry as in the famed vessel of Argos, sailing in quest of the golden fleece? Were not their hearts as brave as those of the Greek adventurers? were not their dangers as great? and was not the object which they had in view much superior?

The grandeur of their enterprise was, even at that time, fully appreciated. On their return to Quebec, and on their giving information that they had discovered that mighty river of which the Europeans had but a vague knowledge conveyed to them by the Indians, and which, from the accounts given of its width and length, was considered to be one of the greatest wonders of the world, universal admiration was expressed, the bells of the cathedral tolled merrily for a whole day, and the bishop, followed by his clergy and the whole population, sang a solemn Te Deum at the foot of the altar. Thus, on the first acquaintance of our European fathers with the great valley of the Mississippi, of which our present State of Louisiana is the heart, there was an instinct that told them it was *there* that the seeds of empire and greatness were sown. Were they not right in those divinations which pushed them onward to that favored spot through so many obstacles? Greatness and empire were *there*, and therefore all the future elements of poetry.

Joliet and Marquette were dead, and nothing yet had been done to take possession of the newly-discovered regions of the West; but the impetus was given; the march of civilization once begun could not retrograde; that mighty traveller, with religion for his guide, was pushed onward by the hand of God; and the same spirit which had driven the crusaders to Asia, now turned the attention of Europe to the continent of America. The spell which had concealed the Mississippi amidst hitherto impenetrable forests, and, as it were, an ocean of trees, was broken, and the Indians who claimed its banks as their hereditary domain, were now fated to witness the rapid succession of irresistible intruders.

Seven years since the expedition of Marquette and Joliet had rolled by, Robert Cavalier de La Salle, in the month of January, 1682, feasted his eyes with the sight of the far-famed Mississippi. For his companions he had forty soldiers, three monks, and the Chevalier de Tonti. He had received the education of a Jesuit, and had been destined to the cloister and to become a tutor of children in a seminary of that celebrated order of which he was to become a member. But he had that will, and those passions, and that intellect which cannot be forced into a contracted channel of action. Born poor and a plebeian, he wished to be both noble and rich; obscure, he longed to be famous. Why not? Man shapes his own destinies when the fortitude of the soul corresponds with the vigorous organization of the mind. When the heart dares prompt the execution of what genius conceives, nothing remains but to choose the field of success. That choice was soon made by La Salle. America was then exercising magnetic attraction upon all bold spirits, and did not fail to have the same influence on his own. Obeying the impulse of his ambition, he crossed the Atlantic without hesitation, and landed in Canada in 1673.

When on the continent of America, that fond object of his dreams, La Salle felt that he was in a congenial atmosphere with his temperament. His mind seemed to expand, his conceptions to become more vivid, his natural eloquence to be gifted with more persuasion, and he was acknowledged at once by all who saw and heard him to be a superior being. Brought into contact with Count Frontenac, who was the Governor of Canada, he communicated to him his views and projects for the aggrandizement of France, and suggested to him the gigantic plan of connecting the St. Lawrence with the Mississippi by an uninterrupted chain of forts. "From the information which I have been able to collect," said he to the Count, "I think I may affirm that the Mississippi draws its source somewhere in the vicinity of the Celestial Empire, and that France will be not only the mistress of all the territory between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, but will command the trade of China, flowing down the new and mighty channel which I shall open to the Gulf of Mexico." Count Frontenac was seduced by the magnificence of the prospect sketched by the enthusiast, but not daring to incur the expenses which such an undertaking would have required, referred him to the Court of France.

To France, then, the adventurer returns with increased confidence; for he had secured one thing, he had gained one point—introduction to the noble and to the wealthy under the auspices of Count Frontenac. The spirit of Columb