From the February No. of Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MURDER HOLE.

Ah, frantic fear!
I see, I see thee near;
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly!
Collins.

In a remote district of country belonging to Lord Cassillis, between Ayrshire and Galloway, about 300 years ago a moor of apparently boundless extent, stretched several miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller by the sameness and desolation of its appearance, not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—nor a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. One 'lonesome desert' reached the horizon on every side with nothing to mark that any mortal had ever visited the scene before, except a few rude huts that were scattered near its centre; and a road or rather pathway for those whom business or necessity obliged to pass in that direction. At length, deserted as this wild region had always been, it became still more gloomy. Strange rumours arose, that, the path of unwary travellers has been beset on this 'blasted heath,'' and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent.

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath, and settled in distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty chained them to this solitary and mysterious spot. Travellers who frequented this road now generally did so in groups to protect each other; and if night overtook them, they usually stopped at the humble cottage of the old woman and her sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road, and the more timid trembled as they listened to the tales of terror and affright with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November a pedlar boy hastily traversed the moor.—Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless wastes, a thousand frightful traditions, connected with this dreary scene, darted across his mind—every blast, as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the sighs of departed spirits—and the birds as they winged their way above his head, appeared, with loud and shrill cries, to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage died away into silence, and he groped along with trembling & uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears. The promise of Scripture occurred to his memory, and revived his courage: 'I will be unto thee as a rock in the desert, and as an hiding place in the storm.'—Surely, thought he, though alone, I am not forsaken; and a prayer for assisstance hovered on his lips.

A light now glimmered in the distance, which would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman; and towards that he eagerly bent his way, remembering as he hastened along, that when he had visited it the year before it was in company with a large party of travellers, who had beguiled the evening with those tales of mystery which had so lately filled his brain with images of terror. He recollected, too, how anxiously the old woman and her sons had endeavoured to detain him when the other travellers were departing; and now, therefore, he confidently anticipated a cordial and cheering reception. His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention, but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. They think it is one of the supernatural visitants of whom the old lady talks so much, thought the boy, approaching a window, where the light within showed him all the inhabitants at their several occupations; the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strewing it thickly over with sand, while her two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked. The boy in a frolicsome mood, thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up with consternation so strongly depicted on their countenances that he shrunk back involuntarily with an undefined feeling of apprehension; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer one of the men darted out at the door & seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder dragged him violently into the cottage. 'I am not what you take me for,' said the boy, attempting to laugh, 'but only the poor pedlar who visited you last year' 'Are you *alone?*' inquired the old woman, in a harsh, deep tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension. 'Yes,' said the boy, 'I am alone *here*, and alas!' he added, with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, 'I am alone in the wide world also! Not a person exists who would assist me in distress, or shed a single tear if I died this very night.' '*Then* you are welcome!' said one of the men with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension rather than of cold, that the boy drew towards the fire, and the looks which the old woman and her sons exchanged made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among persons of such dubious aspect. Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain; and terrors which he could neither combat nor examine imperceptibly stole into his mind; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or at least, not increase the danger by revealing them. The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect; the curtains seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed and still hung in tatters around it; the table seemed to have been broken by some violent concussion, and the fragments of various pieces of furniture lay scattered upon the floor. The boy begged that a light might burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door; but they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion & were still left rusty & broken.

It was long ere the pedlar attempted to compose his agitated nerves to rest; but at length his senses began to 'steep themselves in forgetfulness,' though his imagination remained painfully active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality.—He fancied himself again wandering on the heath, which appeared to be peopled with spectres, who all beckoned to him not to enter the cottage, and as he approached it, they vanished with a hollow and despairing cry. The scene then changed, and he found himself again seated by the fire, where the countenances of the men scowled upon him with the most terrifying malignity, and he thought the old woman suddenly seized him by the arms and pinioned them to his side. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers, by what sounded to him like a cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in bed; but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavored to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest, when on glancing at the door, he observed underneath it a broad red stream of blood silently stealing its course along the floor. Frantic with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed, and rush to the door, through a chink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright, he could watch unsuspected whatever might be done in the adjoining room. His fear vanished instantly when he perceived that it was only a *goat* that they had been slaughtering; and he was about to steal into his bed again ashamed of his groundless apprehensions, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him aghast with terror to the spot.

'This is an easier job than you had yesterday,' said the man who held the goat. 'I wish all the throats we've cut were as easily and quietly done. Did you ever hear such a noise as the old gentleman made last night! It was well we had no neighbor within a dozen of miles; or they must have heard his cries for help and mercy.'

'Don't speak of it' replied the other; 'I was never fond of bloodshed.'

'Ha! ha!' said the other with a sneer, 'you say so, do you?'

'I do,' answered the first, gloomily; the Murder Hole is the thing for me,—*that* tells no tales a single scuffle—a single plunge—& the fellow's dead and buried to your hand in a moment. I would defy all the officers in Christendom to discover any mischief *there.*'

'Ah, Nature did us a good turn when she contrived such a place as that. Who that saw a hole in the heath, filled with clear water, and so small that the long grass meets over the top of it, would suppose that the depth is unfathomable, and that it conceals more than forty people who have met their death there? It sucks them in like a leech!'

'How do you mean to despatch the lad in the next room?' asked the old woman in an under tone. The elder son made her a sign to be silent, and pointed towards the door where their trembling auditor was concealed while the other with an expression of brutal ferocity, passed his bloody knife across his throat.

The pedlar boy possessed a bold and daring spirit, which was now raised to desperation; but in any open resistance the odds were so completely against him, that flight seemed his best resource. He gently stole to the window, and having by one desparate effort broke the rusty bolt by which the casement had been fastened, he let himself down without noise or difficulty. This betokens good, thought he, pausing an instant in dreadful hesitation what direction to take. This momentary deliberation was fearfully interrupted by the hoarse voice of men calling aloud, '*The boy has fled; let loose the blood hound!*' These words sunk like a death-knell on his heart, for escape appeared now impossible, and his nerves seemed to melt away like wax in a furnace. Shall I perish without a struggle! thought he, rousing himself to exertion, and helpless and terrified as a hare pursued by its ruthless hunters he fled across the heath. Soon the baying of the blood-hound broke the stillness of the night, and the voice of its masters sounded through the moor, as they endeavoured to accelerate its speed; panting and breathless the boy pursued his hopeless career but every moment his pursuers seemed to gain upon his failing steps. The hound was unimpeded by the darkness which was to him so impenetrable and its noise rung louder and deeper on his ear, while the lanterns which were carried by the men gleamed near and distinct upon his vision.

At his fullest speed, the terrified boy fell with violence over a heap of stones, and having nothing on but his shirt, he was severely cut in every limb. With one wild cry to heaven for assistance, he continued prostrate on the earth bleeding and nearly insensible. The hoarse voices of the men, and the still louder baying of the dog, were so near, that instant destruction seemed inevitable,—already he felt himself in their fangs and the bloody knife of the assassin appeared to gleam before his eyes,—despair renewed his energy, and once more, in an agony of affright that seemed verging towards madness, he rushed forward so rapidly that terror seemed to have given wings to his feet. A loud cry near the spot he had left arose on his ears without suspending his flight. The hound had stopped at the place where the pedlar's wounds had bled so profusely; and deeming the chase now over, it lay down there, and could not be induced to proceed; in vain the men beat it with frantic violence, & tried again to put the hound on the scent,—the sight of blood had satisfied the animal that its work was done, & with dogged resolution it resisted every inducement to pursue the same scent a second time.—The pedlar-boy, in the meantime, paused not in his flight till morning dawned; and still as he fled the noise of steps seemed to pursue him, and the cry of his assassins still sounded in the distance. Ten miles off he reached a village, and spread instant alarm throughout the neighborhood. The inhabitants were aroused with one accord into a tumult of indignation—and several of them had lost sons, brothers, or friends on the heath, and all united in proceeding instantly to seize the old woman & her sons, who were nearly torn to pieces by their violence.

Three gibbets were immediately raised on the moor, and the wretched culprits confessed, before their execution, to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the Murder Hole which they pointed out, and near which they suffered the penalty of their crimes. The bones of several murdered persons were with difficulty brought up from the abyss into which they had been thrust; but so narrow is the aperture, and so extraordinary the depth, that all who see it are inclined to coincide in the tradition of the country people that it is unfathomable. The scene of these events still continues nearly as it was three hundred years ago. The remains of the old cottage, with its blackened walls, (haunted, of course, by a thousand evil spirits,) and the extensive moor, on which a modern inn (if it can be dignified with such an epithet) resembles its predecessor in every thing but the character of its inhabitants; the landlord is deformed, but possesses extraordinary genius, he has himself manufactured a violin, on which he plays with untaught skill; and if any discord be heard in the house, or any murder committed in it, this is his only instrument. His daughter (who has never travelled beyond the heath) has inherited her father's talent, and learnt all his tales of terror and superstition which she relates with infinite spirit; but when you are led by her across the heath to drop a stone into that deep and narrow gulf which our story relates; when you stand on its slippery edge, and (parting the long grass with which it is covered) gaze into its mysterious depths; when she describes with all the animation of an *eye-witness* the struggle of the victims grasping the grass as a last hope of preservation; and trying to drag in their assassin as an expiring effort of vengeance; when you are told that for three hundred years the clear waters in this diamond of the desert have remained untasted by mortal lips, and that the solitary traveller is still pursued at night by the howling of the blood-hound—it is then only that it is possible fully to appreciate the terrors *of the Murder Hole.*

David, in his picture of the Coronation of Napoleon, painted Cardinal Caprara without his wig. The likeness was exact, Caprara remonstrated with David on the omission, and desired him to supply it. The painter said he never had painted, and he never would paint a wig. The Cardinal then applied to the Mininster of Foreign Affairs, and urged particularly that as no Pope had hitherto worn a wig, it might seem as if he (Caprara) had left his off on purpose to show his pretentions to the tiara. David however stood like a rock even before Talleyrand, and said that his eminence might think himself lucky that nothing but the wig had been taken off. And to this very day the wig is not to be seen in the picture.

FOREIGN NEWS.

VERY LATE FROM ENGLAND.

By the Packet Ship George Canning, Captain Allyn, arrived on Thursday morning at New York, the editors of the Commercial Advertiser have received London papers to the 23d of March, and Liverpool of the 24th, both inclusive.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

On the 17th ult. Mr. Peel moved the order of the day for the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill. A long and animated debate ensued, part of which was not heard by the reporters, on account of the noise which prevailed in the House. On the 18th, after the presenting of a multitude of petitions pro and con, Mr. Peel moved the order of the day for resuming the debate. After several members had addressed the House, the gallery was cleared, and the house divided, when there appeared,

Ayes, 353—Noes, 173. Majority, 180.

The bill was read a second time and ordered to be committed on Monday. The other orders of the day were then disposed of, and the house adjourned at a quarter past three o'clock.

DUEL IN HIGH LIFE.

A duel took place on Saturday, the 21st of March at Battersea-fields, in the vicinity of Clapham Common, between the Duke of Wellington—"the conqueror of a greater conqueror than either Alexander or Cæsar, the first warrior of his day, the victor of a hundred battles, the Prime Minister of Great Britain"—and the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. The cause of this meeting, was the following passage from a letter addressed by Lord Winchelsea to Mr. Coleridge, Secretary to the committee for Establishing the King's College, London, dated March 14, 1829:

"I was one of those, who, at first, thought the proposed plan might be practicable, and prove an antidote to the principles of the London University; I was not however, very sanguine in my expectations, seeing many difficulties likely to arise in the execution of the suggested arrangement; and I confess that I felt rather doubtful as to the sincerity of the motives which had actuated some of the prime movers in this undertaking, when I considered that the Noble Duke at the head of his Majesty's Government had been induced on this occasion, to assume a new character, and to step forward himself as the public advocate of religion and morality.

"Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High Church party, that the Noble Duke, who had for some time previous to that period determined upon "breaking in upon the Constitution of 1688," might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insiduous designs for the infringment of our liberties, and the introduction of Popery into every department of the State."

A long correspondence ensued. The Duke of Wellington demanded whether the foregoing was written by the Earl of Winchelsea, and published by his authority? The Earle replied in the affirmative. Sir Henry Hardinge acted as the friend of the Duke, and lord Falmouth as the friend of the Earl. The following memoranda are Nos. 7 and 8, in the correspondence:

MEMORANDUM OF EARL WINCHILSEA.
March 19.

Whether I may determine to give an explanation of my letter published in the Standard on Monday last, will depend upon the correctness of my belief that I had grounds for the opinions complained of by the Noble Duke as therein expressed.

I am ready to allow that I was mistaken in my view of the Noble Duke's conduct, as expressed in my public letter to Mr. Coleridge, on the 14th instant, and to state my regret at having so expressed it, provided the Noble Duke will state on his part that at the time he came forward to preside at the meeting for the establishment of King's College, London, he did not contemplate the measures which are now in progress for Roman Catholic Emancipation, or (to use Mr. Peel's words) "for breaking in upon the Constitution of 1688;" but without some statement to that effect from the Noble Duke, I cannot withdraw the expressions contained in the above letter.

(Singed) WINCHILSEA.

MEMORANDUM OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

London, March 20, 1829, in the Morning.

Sir Henry Hardinge has read me a memorandum written by Lord Winchilsea, & delivered to him by Lord Falmouth, from which it appears that his Lordship is anxious that I should justify myself from the charges against me contained in his Lordship's address to Mr. Coleridge, published in the Standard newspaper.

I may lament that a Nobleman, for whom I feel the highest respect, entertains a bad opinion of me. But I don't complain as long as that opinion is not brought before me.

I cannot admit that any man has a right to call me before him to justify myself from the charges which his fancy may suggest.

That of which I complain is, that the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham should have published an opinion that I was actuated by disgraceful and criminal motives in a certain transaction which took place nearly a year ago.

His Lordship unprovoked has insulted me by stating in writing, and authorising the publication of this opinion. For this insult I believed, and am not willing to part with the belief, that his Lordship will be anxious to give me reparation.

(Signed) W.

In No. 12, Lord Falmouth informs Sir Henry Hardinge, in answer to the Duke's memorandum, that "if by the word 'reparation' any withdrawal of Lord Winchilsea's public letter, or expression of regret for its contents, be expected he does not feel himself in a situation to comply with such expectation."

Sir Henry Hardinge then enclosed the following letter from the Duke to Lord Falmouth addressed to his principal:—

London, March 20, half past 6 P. M.

My Lord—Sir Henry Hardinge has communicated to me a memorandum signed by your Lordship, dated 1 P. M. and a note from Lord Falmouth, dated 3 P M.

Since the insult unprovoked on my part, and not denied by your Lordship, I have done every thing in my power to induce your Lordship to make me reparation—but in vain. Instead of apologizing for your own conduct, your Lordship has called upon me to explain mine.

The question for me now to decide is this—is a Gentleman, who happens to be a King's Minister, to submit to be insulted by any Gentleman who thinks proper to attribute to him disgraceful or criminal motives for his conduct as an individual? I cannot doubt of the decision which I ought to make on this question. Your Lordship is also responsible for the consequences.

I now call upon your Lordship to give me that satisfaction for your conduct which a gentleman has a right to require, and which a gentleman never refuses to give.

I have the honor, &c.

(Signed) WELLINGTON.

The Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham.

In reply to which Lord Falmouth transmitted the following letter from the Earl of Winchilsea, to the Duke, through the hands of his friend Sir H. Hardinge —

Suffolk-street, Friday Night, 11 P. M.

My Lord—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Grace's note.

I have already had occasion to communicate to your Grace, that under existing circumstances, I did not feel myself in a situation to comply with what was required of me in regard to my public letter.

The satisfaction which your Grace has demanded, it is, of course, impossible for me to decline. I have the honor to be, your Grace's most obedient humble servant.

WINCHILSEA.

To his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

The meeting took place at 8 o'clock on the following morning. The weather being fine the Duke and Sir Henry Hardinge rode on horseback to the place of meeting, where, they were joined by Dr. Hume, the Duke of Wellington's physician. Lord Winchilsea arrived in a coach-&-four, accompanied by Lord Falmouth. Preliminaries being arranged between Lord Falmouth and Sir Henry Hardinge, the latter produced a pair of pistols and loaded them in the presence of the parties, he then handed them, to Lord Winchilsea, who examined them and then returned them. Sir Henry handed one to each of the combatants, and measured the ground agreed on, twelve paces.—Lord Winchilsea re-measured the ground, and the Duke and Lord Winchilsea took their stations and were informed by Sir Henry there was nothing further to be done till he used the expression "fire." The seconds then retired, and Sir H. Hardinge gave the word "fire." The Duke of Wellington immediately discharged his pistol.—The ball struck the lappel of Lord Winchilsea's coat on the left side. Lord Winchilsea then fired his pistol in the air: the seconds rejoined their principals, and the following memorandum being handed by Lord Falmouth to Sir Henry Hardinge was accepted by Sir H. as a reparation to the Duke of Wellington:—

MARCH 31, 1829.—Having given the Duke of Wellington the usual satisfaction for the affront he conceived himself to have received from me, through my public letter of Monday last, and having thus placed myself in a different situation from that in which I stood when his Grace communicated with me, through Sir Henry Hardinge & Lord Falmouth, on the subject of that letter, before the meeting took place I do not now hesitate to declare, of my own accord, that, in apology, I regret having unadvisedly published an opinion which the Noble Duke states, in his memorandum of yesterday to have charged him with disgraceful & criminal motives in a certain transaction which took place nearly a year ago. I also declare, that I shall cause this expression of regret to be inserted in the Standard newspaper, as the same channel through which the letter in question was given to the public.

The Duke of Wellington was mobbed, on leaving the House of Lords, on the night of the 20th March. Several hundred persons, of the No-Popery party surrounded him, uttering discordent yells, and the most opprobrious epithets. They followed him to his residence in Downing-street, where they were set upon by a large body of the police, and dispersed.

Official Intelligence has been received by the British government, that an effective blockade of the island of Terceira has been declared by the "government existing in Portugal."

Despatches from Lords Strangford and Ponsonby at Rio Janeiro, dated January 6th, have been received at London. They bring the particulars of the audience granted by the Emperor of Brazil to the Portuguese deputation. It took place on the last day of December. The answer of the Emperor was; that he was resolved to act in such a manner as should show to the world his intention to uphold the rights of his daughter, the Queen of Portugal, and to enter into no compromise with the usurper of the Portuguese throne. It was supposed that this declaration would be followed by a declaration of war against Don Miguel. A Liverpool paper observes, that this determination of Don Pedro is of course onstrued into an overthrow of the object of Lord Strangford's mission.

The London Courier allows the Russians no credit for fair manly fighting, on any occasion. It attempts to make its readers believe, that the reduction of Tournoul was effected by the force of gold, as much as by that of arms.—"The Pacha who commanded at that place, and the Chief Magistrate, thought it prudent, in consequence, to remain with Count Langeron, instead of availing themselves of the terms of the capitulation. It appears that they were right, for the three other magistrates who carried the capitulation to Tchapin Oglou, were beheaded by his orders" No wonder there is a reluctance to bear ill news to those who thus reward the messengers!

The preparations making by the Porte are stated in an article from the frontier of Servia, dated Feb. 29, to "approach the marvellous" too nearly to be believed:—

On the 16th Feb. the Sultan had returned to Constantinople from his maritime excursion, apparently well satisfied with his voyage. Since his return it is observed that, the Dragoman of the Porte has more frequent conferences with the Dragomans of the European Legations, and that M. Jaubert goes more frequently to the Palace of the Porte. It is inferred from this that the negotiations respecting Greece continue.

MADRID, MARCH 5.—(Private Correspondence.) The city of Cadiz, to give a new proof of its gratitude to the King, who has just made it a free port, has made an offer to the Government to pay the expense of sending to the island of Cuba an expedition of 8,000 men which his Catholic Majesty had, it seems, the intention of sending to America. The inhabitants of Cadiz are in a transport of joy.

LONDON, March 17.

Despatches dated the 2d and 8th inst, were received this morning, at the foreign office from Mr. Matthews the Bristish consul at Lisbon. They announced that executions and confiscations were taking place with unabated vigour in that unhappy capital.

The Lisbon Gazette communicates the afflicting intelligence of the execution of five officers, who were implicated in the designs of Moreira. They were hanged and their heads afterwards exposed upon the gallows.—Two other persons who were brought out of prison with them were obliged to witness the execution of the five.—Of this event our Falmouth letter gives the following account, which is so horrible that we hope it is not true. But it says—

"On the 6th inst. a General, a Colonel, and 3 other officers were executed at Lisbon; during this tragical scene their children were compelled to walk round the scaffold, and sentenced to be banished to Africa. Several more executions were expected to take place, as gibbets were erected in different parts of the City."

Another letter of the 7th of March, giving a more particular account of the execution of these unfortunate men, says that they were in the first place condemned by the Court which tried them, to transportation for life. This however, did not satisfy Don Miguel, who insisted upon death, and after two days negotiation the judges changed the sentence.

Terceira has been ordered to be blockaded, and on the 4th inst. troops were embarked at Lisbon to attempt its reduction.

COMMERCIAL.

Liverpool, 24th March.

Our Corn Market remains without material change; wheat has been in steady good demand at rather better prices, but by the last accounts from London there was not quite so much doing in that market, and ours has been less active the last two days in consequence. Flour goes off at 38 a 39s and some small sales have been made at 40s per bbl. Indian corn continues extremely dull. The average of wheat for the week ended 13th inst. was 66s 2d per qr. and the aggregate of the six weeks 70s 5d making the duty on wheat 10s 3d per qr. and on Flour 6s 5d per bbl. but on the 28th inst. the duty will probably be 10s per. bbl. and must go higher. On Indian corn it is 13s 10d per qr.

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the Baltimore Patriot, dated

Washington, 24th. April.

On Wednesday afternoon last, one of the clerks of the 2d. Auditor, put a violent end to his existence, by cutting his throat, in a paroxysm of delirium, to which he had been disposed for several days previously He died almost instantly after the execution of the terrible deed. He had been esteemed a man of genius and acquirements. The occurrence necessarily produced an excitement of horror and sympathy intermingled.

We have daily rumours of appointments made and appointments in contemplation, which relate to distant places. The most important, on account of the high public standing of the officer, I remember at this moment, is that of Gen. William King, of Bath, to be Collector of that port. He has heretofore filled various offices particularly that of Commissioner under the late Spanish treaty, to adjust the claims, upon the fund appropriated for the settlement of the Spanish Spoliations as thereby provided.

I hear not a word whispered of the person intended to succeed Mr. Brown, at Paris; nor any thing more of the missions to the Netherlands and Mexico. The consulship at Liverpool has not yet been disposed of. I understand that several applicants are added to the former list, and that one of them has arrived in this city more effectually to press his suit. I had supposed the alternative lay between Mr. Francis Ogden, of New York, and our worthy townsman, Mr. George Winchester. The place being of the highest consideration, seems to command the measured deliberation of the President. Of the fitness of Mr. Ogden, and Mr. Winchester, there is no question, both being regarded worthy of the confidence of the government.

Another letter, to the Baltimore Chronicle, states that Samuel Swartwout, has been appointed Collector of the Port of New York. The same letter also states, that Major M. M. Noah, editor of the N. Y. Enquirer, has been appointed Naval Officer of that port.

Extract of another letter to the Editor of the Patriot, dated

Washington, 26th April.

It is understood and believed, that John M'Lean, of New York, has been appointed Secretary of the Legation to London, and will go out with the Minister just appointed successor of Mr. Barbour.

Mr. James A. Hamilton has been appointed Attorney for the Eastern District of New York in the place of Mr. Duer, and I have heard that a change of the Attorney at New Orleans, has been made. I believe Mr. Slidell is the new officer.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

John Patterson, of Ohio, to be Marshal for the District of Ohio, vice William Doherty, removed.

Samuel Perrick; of Ohio, to be Attorney of United States for the District of Ohio, vice Joseph S. Benham, removed.

John M. Davis, Pennsylvania, to be Marshal of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, Hugh Davis, removed.

Samuel Cushman, of New Hampshire, to be Attorney of the United States for the District of New Hampshire, vice Daniel M. Christee, removed.

Charles Slade, of Ilinois, to be Marshal of the United States for the District of Illinois, vice Henry Conner, removed.

Samuel M. Roberts, of Illinois, to be Attorney of the United States for the District of Illinois vice Sydney Breeze, removed.

Benjamin F. Moore of Alabama, to be Marshal of the United States for the Northern District of Alabama.

William Lyon, of Tennessee, to be Marshal of the United States for the Eastern District of Tennessee, vice John Callaway, removed.

Zephaniah Drake, of New Jersey, to be Marshal of the United States for the District of New Jersey, vice Oliver W. Ogden, removed.

Garret D. Wall of New Jersey, to be Attorney of the United States, for the District of New Jersey, Lucius Q. C. Elmer, removed.

Samuel Judah, of Indiana, to be Attorney of the United States, for the District of Indiana, vice Charles Dewey removed.

John G. Stewer, of New York, to be Attorney of the United States for the Southern Judicial district in Florida, vice William Allison McRea, removed.

Benjamin F. Lenton of Louisiana, to be Attorney of the United States for the Western District of Louisiana, vice John Brownson removed.

Frederick Dupanier, of Louisiana, to be Marshal of the United States for the Western District of Louisiana, vice Adrien Dumartrait, removed.

A number of other Removals and appointments have been made by the President that have not yet been published. Among them are the Registers of land offices at Zanesville; Chillicothe and Wooster, Ohio: and Receivers of Public Moneys, at Marietta and Delaware, Ohio, and Vincennes; Indiana.

REFORM.—The Washington (Penn.) Reporter announces that Thomas Morgan has been appointed Postmaster at that place, vice Joseph Henderson removed.

The same paper contains the following unanswerable testimony to the official fidelity and punctuality of the removed Postmaster.

From the Washington Reporter, April 20.

The following correspondence will shew in what light the official conduct of Mr. Henderson was viewed by the late postmaster General. It would be well if every officer, upon retiring to private life, could produce such a recommendation.

WASHINGTON, Pa. April 9.

Dear Sir: If you do not think it improper, will you be so good as to state how far my conduct as a public officer has given satisfaction to the Department over which you lately presided.

I remain very respectfully,
Your obedient humble servant,
JOS. HENDERSON.

Hon. John McLean,
Late Postmaster General.

Dear Sir: In answer to the above, I take great pleasure in saying, that you have faithfully performed your duties as Postmaster.—Since I have had any knowledge of the office, it has never been so well managed, as under your superintendence; and I believe that there is no office of distribution in the West, the duties of which are more punctually discharged than yours.

With great respect,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN M'LEAN.

Joseph Henderson Esq.
P. M. Washington.

Upon the intelligence of General Jackson's election to the Presidency, the city of Mexico was brilliantly illuminated, and public rejoicings took place throughout the Republic.

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