

Filled with reveries of the past—my eyes closed to every thing without—sleep had indeed overtaken me as I sat listening to the old church-clock. But my vision was not all a vision: my dream-children came not without their teaching. If they had been called up in folly, yet in their going did they leave behind a lesson of wisdom.

The morning dawned—the blessed Christmas-morning! With it came my good and dutiful, my real life-children. When they were all assembled round me, and when, subdued and thoughtful beneath the tender and gracious associations of the day, each in turn ministered, reverently and lovingly, to the old mother's need of body and of soul, my heart was melted within me. Blessed, indeed, was I in a lot full to overflowing of all the good gifts which a wise and merciful Maker could lavish upon his erring and craving creature. I stood reprieved. I felt humbled to think that I should ever for a moment have indulged one idle or restless longing for the restoration of that past which had done its appointed work, and out of which so gracious a present had arisen. One idea impressed me strongly: I could not but feel that had the craving of my soul been answered in reality, as my dream had foreshadowed; and had the wise and beneficent order of nature been disturbed and distorted from its just relations, how fearful would have been the result! Here, in my green old age, I stood among a new generation, honored for what I was, beloved for what I had been. What if, at some mortal wish in some freak of nature, the form which I now bore were forever to remain before the eyes of my children! Were such a thing to befall, how would their souls ever be lifted upward to the contemplation of that higher state of being into which it is my hope soon to pass when the hand which guided me hither shall beckon me hence! At the thought my heart was chastened. Never since that night have I indulged in any one wish framed in opposition to nature's laws. Now I find my dream-children in the present; and to the past I yield willingly all things which are its own—among the rest, the Lost Ages.

BLIGHTED FLOWERS.

THE facts of the following brief narrative, which are very few, and of but melancholy interest, became known to me in the precise order in which they are laid before the reader. They were forced upon my observation rather than sought out by me; and they present, to my mind at least, a touching picture of the bitter conflict industrious poverty is sometimes called upon to wage with "the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to."

It must be now eight or nine years since, in traversing a certain street, which runs for nearly half a mile in direct line southward, I first encountered Ellen—. She was then a fair young girl of seventeen, rather above the middle size, and with a queen-like air and gait, which made her appear taller than she really was. Her countenance, pale but healthy and of a perfectly

regular and classic mould, was charming to look upon from its undefinable expression of loveliness and sweet temper. Her tiny feet tripped noiselessly along the pavement, and a glance from her black eye sometimes met mine like a ray of light, as, punctually at twenty minutes to nine, we passed each other near—House, each of us on our way to the theatre of our daily operations. She was an embroideress, as I soon discovered from a small stretching-frame, containing some unfinished work, which she occasionally carried in her hand. She set me a worthy example of punctuality, and I could any day have told the time to a minute without looking at my watch, by marking the spot where we passed each other. I learned to look for her regularly, and before I knew her name, had given her that of "Minerva," in acknowledgment of her efficiency as a mentor.

A year after the commencement of our acquaintance, which never ripened into speech, happening to set out from home one morning a quarter of an hour before my usual time, I made the pleasing discovery that my juvenile Minerva had a younger sister, if possible still more beautiful than herself. The pair were taking an affectionate leave of each other at the crossing of the New Road, and the silver accents of the younger as kissing her sister, she laughed out, "Good-by, Ellen," gave me the first information of the real name of my pretty mentor. The little Mary—for so was the younger called, who could not be more than eleven years of age—was a slender, frolicsome sylph, with a skin of the purest carnation, and a face like that of Sir Joshua's seraph in the National Gallery, but with larger orbs and longer lashes shading them. As she danced and leaped before me on her way home again, I could not but admire the natural ease and grace of every motion, nor fail to comprehend and sympathize with the anxious looks of the sisters' only parent, their widowed mother, who stood watching the return of the younger darling at the door of a very humble two-storied dwelling, in the vicinity of the New River Head.

Nearly two years passed away, during which, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, every recurring morning brought me the grateful though momentary vision of one or both of the charming sisters. Then came an additional pleasure—I met them both together every day. The younger had commenced practicing the same delicate and ingenious craft of embroidery, and the two pursued their industry in company under the same employer. It was amusing to mark the demure assumption of womanhood darkening the brows of the aerial little sprite, as, with all the new-born consequence of responsibility, she walked soberly by her sister's side, frame in hand, and occasionally revealed to passers-by a brief glimpse of her many-colored handiwork. They were the very picture of beauty and happiness, and happy beyond question must their innocent lives have been for many pleasant months. But soon the shadows of care began to steal over their hitherto joyous faces, and

traces of anxiety, perhaps of tears, to be too plainly visible on their paling cheeks. All at once I missed them in my morning's walk, and for several days—it might be weeks—saw nothing of them. I was at length startled from my forgetfulness of their very existence by the sudden apparition of both, one Monday morning, clad in the deepest mourning. I saw the truth at once: the mother, who, I had remarked, was prematurely old and feeble, was gone, and the two orphan children were left to battle it with the world. My conjecture was the truth, as a neighbor of whom I made some inquiries on the subject was not slow to inform me. "Ah, sir," said the good woman, "poor Mrs. D—— have had a hard time of it, and she born an' bred a gentlewoman."

I asked her if the daughters were provided for. "Indeed, sir," continued my informant, "I'm afraid not. 'Twas the most unfortunate thing in the world, sir, poor Mr. D——'s dying jest as a' did. You see, sir, he war a soldier, a-fightin' out in Indy, and his poor wife lef at home wi' them two blossoms o' gals. He warn't what you call a common soldier, sir, but some kind o' officer like; an' in some great battle fought seven year ago he done fine service I've heerd, and promotion was sent out to un', but didn't get there till the poor man was dead of his wounds. The news of he's death cut up his poor wife complete, and she han't been herself since. I've know'd she wasn't long for here ever since it come. Wust of all, it seems that because the poor man was dead the very day the promotion reached 'un, a' didn't die a captain after all, and so the poor widder didn't get no pension. How they've managed to live is more than I can tell. The oldest gal is very clever, they say; but Lor' bless 'ee! 'taint much to s'port three as is to be got out o' broiderin'."

Thus enlightened on the subject of their private history, it was with very different feelings I afterward regarded these unfortunate children. Bereft of both parents, and cast upon a world with the ways of which they were utterly unacquainted, and in which they might be doomed to the most painful struggles even to procure a bare subsistence, one treasure was yet left them—it was the treasure of each other's love. So far as the depth of this feeling could be estimated from the looks and actions of both, it was all in all to each. But the sacred bond that bound them was destined to be rudely rent asunder. The cold winds of autumn began to visit too roughly the fair pale face of the younger girl, and the unmistakable indications of consumption made their appearance: the harassing cough, the hectic cheek, the deep-settled pain in the side, the failing breath. Against these dread forerunners it was vain long to contend; and the poor child had to remain at home in her solitary sick chamber, while the loving sister toiled harder than ever to provide, if possible, the means of comfort and restoration to health. All the world knows the ending of such a hopeless strife as this. It is sometimes the will of Heaven, that the path of

virtue, like that of glory, leads but to the grave. So it was in the present instance: the blossom of this fair young life withered away, and the grass-fringed lips of the child's early tomb closed over the lifeless relics ere spring had dawned upon the year.

Sorrow had graven legible traces upon the brow of my hapless mentor when I saw her again. How different now was the vision that greeted my daily sight from that of former years! The want that admits not of idle wailing compelled her still to pursue her daily course of labor, and she pursued it with the same constancy and punctuality as she had ever done. But the exquisitely chiseled face, the majestic gait, the elastic step—the beauty and glory of youth, unshaken because unassaulted by death and sorrow—where were they? Alas! all the bewitching charms of her former being had gone down into the grave of her mother and sister; and she, their support and idol, seemed no more now than she really was—a wayward, solitary, and isolated struggler for daily bread.

Were this a fiction that I am writing, it would be an easy matter to deal out a measure of poetical justice, and to recompense poor Ellen for all her industry, self-denial, and suffering in the arms of a husband, who should possess as many and great virtues as herself, and an ample fortune to boot. I wish with all my heart that it were a fiction, and that Providence had never furnished me with such a seeming anomaly to add to the list of my desultory chronicles. But I am telling a true story of a life. Ellen found no mate. No mate, did I say? Yes, one: the same grim yoke-fellow, whose delight it is "to gather roses in the spring," paid ghastly court to her faded charms, and won her—who shall say an unwilling bride? I could see his gradual but deadly advances in my daily walks: the same indications that gave warning of the sister's fate admonished me that she also was on her way to the tomb, and that the place that had known her would soon know her no more. She grew day by day more feeble; and one morning I found her seated on the step of a door, unable to proceed. After that she disappeared from my view; and though I never saw her again at the old spot, I have seldom passed that spot since, though for many years following the same route, without recognizing again in my mind's eye the graceful form and angel aspect of Ellen D——.

"And is this the end of your mournful history?" some querulous reader demands. Not quite. There is a soul of good in things evil. Compassion dwells with the depths of misery; and in the valley of the shadow of death dove-eyed Charity walks with shining wings. . . . It was nearly two months after I had lost sight of poor Ellen, that during one of my dinner-hour perambulations about town, I looked in, almost accidentally, upon my old friend and chum, Jack W——. Jack keeps a perfumer's shop not a hundred miles from Gray's Inn, where, ensconced up to his eyes in delicate odors, he passes his leisure hours—the hours when commerce flags,

and people have more pressing affairs to attend to than the delectation of their nostrils—in the enthusiastic study of art and *virtu*. His shop is hardly more crammed with bottles and attar, soap, scents, and all the *et ceteras* of the toilet, than the rest of his house with prints, pictures, carvings, and curiosities of every sort. Jack and I went to school together, and sowed our slender crop of wild-oats together; and, indeed, in some sort, have been together ever since. We both have our own collections of rarities; such as they are, and each criticises the other's new purchases. On the present occasion, there was a new Van Somebody's old painting awaiting my judgment; and no sooner did my shadow darken his door, than, starting from his lair, and bidding the boy ring the bell, should he be wanted, he hustled me up-stairs calling by the way to his housekeeper, Mrs. Jones—Jack is a bachelor—to bring up coffee for two. I was prepared to pronounce my dictum on his newly-acquired treasure, and was going to bounce unceremoniously into the old lumber-room over the lobby to regale my sight with the delightful confusion of his unarranged accumulations, when he pulled me forcibly back by the coat-tail. "Not there," said Jack; "you can't go there. Go into my snugery."

"And why not there?" said I, jealous of some new purchase which I was not to see.

"Because there's some body ill there; it is a bed-room now; a poor girl; she wanted a place to die in, poor thing, and I put her in there."

"Who is she!—a relative?"

"No; I never saw her till Monday last. Sit down, I'll tell you how it was. Set down the coffee, Mrs. Jones, and just look in upon the patient, will you? Sugar and cream? You know my weakness for the dead-wall in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields." (Jack never refuses a beggar backed by that wall, for the love of Ben

Jonson, who, he devoutly believes, had a hand in building it.) "Well, I met with her there on Monday last. She asked for nothing, but held out her hand, and as she did so the tears streamed from her eyes on the pavement. The poor creature, it was plain enough, was then dying; and I told her so. She said she knew it, but had no place to die in but the parish workhouse, and hoped that I would not send her there. What's the use of talking? I brought her here, and put her to sleep on the sofa while Jones cleared out the lumber-room and got up a bed. I sent for Dr. H—— to look at her; he gave her a week or ten days at the farthest: I don't think she'll last so long. The curate of St. —— comes every day to see her, and I like to talk to her myself sometimes. Well, Mrs. Jones, how goes she on?"

"She's asleep," said the housekeeper. "Would you like to look at her, gentlemen?"

We entered the room together. It was as if some unaccountable presentiment had forewarned me: there, upon a snow-white sheet, and pillowed by my friend's favorite eider-down squab, lay the wasted form of Ellen D——. She slept soundly and breathed loudly; and Dr. H——, who entered while we stood at the bedside, informed us that in all probability she would awake only to die, or if to sleep again, then to wake no more. The latter was the true prophecy. She awoke an hour or two after my departure, and passed away that same night in a quiet slumber without a pang.

I never learned by what chain of circumstances she was driven to seek alms in the public streets. I might have done so, perhaps, by inquiry, but to what purpose? She died in peace, with friendly hands and friendly hearts near her, and Jack buried her in his own grave in Highgate Cemetery, at his own expense; and declares he is none the worse for it. I am of his opinion.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE past month has not been marked by any domestic event of interest or importance. The principal topic of public discussion has been the character of Kossuth and of the cause he represents. Public opinion is divided as to the propriety of acceding to his request that this country should take an active part in the struggles of Europe; and somewhat, also, as to the rightfulness of his claim to be regarded as still the Governor of Hungary. But there is no difference of opinion as to the wonderful ability which his speeches display. Kossuth has continued his progress Westward, and at the time of closing this Record is at Cincinnati. He visited Pittsburgh, Harrisburgh, Cleveland and Columbus, on his way, and was received at each place with marked demonstrations of respect and confidence. Large sums of money have also been contributed in each, in aid of his cause. He has publicly declined to receive any more public entertainments of any sort, on the ground that they involve a wasteful expenditure of money and lead to no good result.

Whatever funds any town or any individuals may be inclined to devote to him, he desires should be contributed to the cause and not expended in any demonstrations of which he may be the object. His speeches have been devoted to an exposition of his wishes and sentiments, and all bear marks of that fertility of thought and expression which has excited such general admiration.

A very warm discussion, meantime, has sprung up among the exiled Hungarian leaders, of the merits of the cause and of Kossuth. Prince Esterhazy, at one time a member of the Hungarian ministry, a nobleman possessed of large domains in Hungary, first published a letter, dated Vienna, November 13, in which he threw upon the movement of 1848 the reproach of having been not only injurious to the country, but unjust and revolutionary. He vindicated the cause of the Austrian government throughout, and reproached Kossuth and those associated with him in the Hungarian contest with having sacrificed one of Kossuth's Ministers, and a refugee with him the interests of their country to personal purposes

and unworthy ends. Count Casimir Batthyani, also in Turkey, now resident in Paris, soon published a reply to this letter of the Prince, in which he refuted his positions in regard to the Austrian government, proving that dynasty to have provoked the war by a series of unendurable treacheries, and to have sought, systematically, the destruction of the independence and constitution of Hungary. He reproached Esterhazy with an interested desertion of his country's cause, and with gross inconsistency of personal and public conduct. He closed his letter with a very bitter denunciation of Kossuth, charging upon his weakness and vacillation the unfortunate results of the contest, denying his right to the title of Governor, and censuring his course of agitation as springing simply from personal vanity, and likely to lead to no good result. To this letter Count Pulszky, now with Kossuth, published a brief reply, which was mainly an appeal to the Hungarian leaders not to destroy their cause by divisions among themselves. He also alleged that Count Batthyani did not express the same opinion of the character and conduct of Kossuth during the Hungarian contest, but made himself, to some extent, responsible for both by being associated in the government with him and giving his countenance and support to all his acts. Still more recently two letters have been published from Mr. Szemere, who was also intimately and responsibly connected with Kossuth and his government, and who brought forward in the Diet, immediately after the Declaration of Independence, on behalf of the Ministry of which he was the President, a programme declaring that the future form of government in Hungary would be republican. In one of his letters, dated at Paris, January 4th, he censures Kossuth very severely for his misconduct of the war, and of his subsequent course. Referring especially to Kossuth's abdication of office and to his transfer of power to the hands of Görgey, he alleges that although it was done in the name of the Ministry, of which he was a member, he never either subscribed or even saw it. He says that Kossuth having repeatedly denounced Görgey as a traitor, ought not to have put supreme power in his hands. He charges him also with having fled to Turkey and deserted the cause of his country, while there were still left four fortresses and over a hundred thousand men to fight for her liberties; and says that the rest of the army surrendered only because Kossuth had fled. He denies Kossuth's right to the title and office of Governor, because he voluntarily resigned that position, and transferred its powers to another. Much as he might rejoice in the success of Kossuth's efforts to excite the sympathy of the world on behalf of Hungary, Mr. Szemere says that "to recognize him as Governor, or as he earnestly claims to be acknowledged, the absolute Dictator, would be equivalent to devoting the cause of Hungary, for a second time, to a severe downfall. We welcome him, therefore, in our ranks only as a single gifted patriot, perhaps even the first among his equals, but as Governor we can not acknowledge him, we who know his past career, and who value divine liberty, and our beloved fatherland above every personal consideration." But while conceding fully the justice of the censures bestowed upon Kossuth himself, he claims that the cause of Hungary was at least as pure and holy as the war of the American Revolution—that they were the defenders of right and law against the efforts of faithlessness and anarchy—that they were the heroes, the apostles, the martyrs of freedom under the persecutions of tyranny.—In another letter, dated at Paris, December 9, Mr. Szemere addresses Prince

Esterhazy directly, and in a tone of great severity. He denounces him for ignorance of the history of his country, and for guilty indifference to her rights, and proceeds, in an argument of great strength, to vindicate the cause in which they were both engaged, from the calumnies of false friends. He gives a clear and condensed historical sketch of the contest, and shows that Hungary never swerved from her rightful allegiance until driven by the faithlessness and relentless hostility of the Austrian dynasty to take up arms in self-defense. Being himself a republican, Mr. Szemere thinks that although it was honorable and loyal, it was not prudent or politic for the nation to cling so long to legitimacy: still "the heroism of remaining so long in the path of constitutional legality redounds to its glory; the short-sightedness of entering so late on the path of revolution is its shame." He closes by expressing the trust and firm conviction of every Hungarian that the harms his country now suffers will be repaired.—Count Teleki, who represented Hungary at Paris, during the existence of the provisional government, and who now resides at Zurich, has also published a letter in reply to that of Prince Esterhazy, in which he vindicates Count Louis Batthyani from the unjust reproaches of the Prince, and pursues substantially the same line of argument as that of the letter of Mr. Szemere.—Mr. Vakovics, who was one of the Cabinet, also publishes a letter vindicating Kossuth from the accusation of Batthyani.

These conflicting representations from persons who were prominently and responsibly connected with the Hungarian government, of course create difficulties in the way of forming clear opinions upon the subject in the United States. The points of difference, however, relate mainly to persons and particular events, upon the main question, the rightfulness of the Hungarian struggle, little room is left for doubt.

The proceedings of Congress have been unimportant. The sum of \$15,000 has been appropriated to the refitting that part of the Congressional library which was destroyed by fire. The subject of printing the census returns has engaged a good deal of attention, but no result has yet been attained. Resolutions were introduced into the Senate some time since by Mr. Cass, asking the friendly interposition of our government with that of Great Britain, for the release of the Irish State prisoners. Several Senators have made speeches upon the subject, nearly all in their favor, but with more or less qualifications. The Compromise resolutions, originally offered by Senator Foote, were discussed for several days, without reaching a vote, and they have since been informally dropped. The resolutions offered by Senators Clarke, Seward, and Cass, on the subject of protesting against intervention, came up for consideration on the 2d of February, when Senator Stockton made an extended speech upon the subject—favoring the Hungarian cause, but expressing an unwillingness to join Great Britain in any such policy, and saying Russia has always evinced friendly dispositions toward the United States. Senator Clarke on the 9th, made a speech upon the same subject, against any action on the part of our government. On the 11th, Senator Cass made an elaborate speech in support of his resolution, in which he vindicated the right, and asserted the duty of the United States to pronounce its opinion upon the interference of despotic states against the efforts of nations to free themselves from oppression. He opposed the idea of armed intervention on our part, but insisted upon the propriety of our exercising a decided moral influence. On the 13th Senator Clemens spoke in reply, insist-

ing that movements in Europe had neither interest nor importance for the United States, denying the justice of the Hungarian struggle, and assailing the character of Kossuth.

The correspondence between the governments of England and the United States in regard to the insult offered to the steamer *Prometheus* by the English brig-of-war *Express*, at Greytown, has been published. The first letter is from Mr. Webster to Mr. Lawrence, instructing him to inquire whether the English government sanctioned the act of the officer. The last is from Earl Granville, dated January 10th, in which he states that an official statement of the case had been received. The Vice Admiral on the West Indian Station had already disavowed the act, and denied the right of any British vessel to enforce the fiscal regulations of Mosquito, and had forbidden the Commander of the *Express* from again employing force in any similar case. Earl Granville states that these representations were fully ratified by the English government; and that they entirely disavowed the act of violence, and had no hesitation in offering an ample apology for that which they consider to have been an infraction of treaty engagements.

Official intelligence has been received of the appointment of John S. Crompton, Esq., who has been for some years connected with the British legation at Washington, as Minister Plenipotentiary in place of Sir Henry Bulwer.—It is understood that Mr. John S. Thrasher, who was convicted of sundry offenses against the Spanish authority in Cuba, and sentenced to imprisonment for seven years on the African coast, has been pardoned by the Queen of Spain, as have also all the Cuban prisoners.

The political parties are beginning to take measures concerning the approaching Presidential election. The Whigs in the Legislature of Maine held a meeting on the 27th of January, at which they adopted a series of resolutions, in favor of a National Convention to be held at Philadelphia on the 17th of June, and nominating General Scott for President, and Governor Jones of Tennessee, for Vice-President, subject to the decision of that Convention. A Democratic State Convention was held at Austin, Texas, January 8th, at which resolutions were adopted, setting forth the party creed, and nominating General Houston for the Presidency.—In Alabama a Democratic State Convention has nominated William R. King for the Presidency.

The Legislature of Wisconsin met on the 15th of January. Governor Farwell's Message states that owing to the want of funds, the appropriations of last year were not paid within the sum of \$38,283. He recommends the passage of a general banking law, and amendments of the school law, and opposes granting public lands in aid of works of internal improvement. He advises that Congress be memorialized upon sundry topics of general interest, among which are the establishment of an Agricultural bureau, the improvement of rivers and harbors, and a modification of the present tariff.—The Legislature of Louisiana met on the 26th ult. The Governor's Message is mainly devoted to local topics. He advises the appropriation of money for a monument to General Jackson.—The Legislature of Texas has been discussing a proposition to appropriate a million of dollars, of the five millions to be received from the United States, together with other funds, to the establishment of a system of Common Schools. The bill had passed the House.—A bill has been passed ratifying the classification of the public debt submitted by the Governor and Comptroller.

A letter from Honorable James Buchanan has been published, addressed to a Mississippi Democratic Convention, urging the necessity of a strict limitation of the powers of the Federal Government, and attributing to a growing spirit of centralization the evils we now experience.—Colonel Benton has also written a letter to the Democracy of St. Louis County, urging them to blot from the records of the Legislature, the resolutions in favor of nullification, adopted some time since.

From CALIFORNIA we have news to Jan. 20th. It is not, however, of much importance. The country had been visited by a succession of very heavy rain storms, which had swollen the rivers, and in some cases cut off land communication between the towns. The location of the seat of government is still undecided. The Indian difficulties had been quelled for the present at least, but fears were entertained of new outbreaks. Fresh discoveries of gold were still made. One-third of the city of San Juan de Nicaragua, the most valuable portion, was destroyed by fire on the 4th of February.

Later advices from NEW MEXICO represent the condition of the southern part of the country as most unhappy, in consequence of the violent and deadly hostility of the Apache Indians. They have been provoked by the Mexicans, and wreak their vengeance indiscriminately on the whole country. The provisions of the U. S. Government for keeping the Indians in check have been wholly unavailing, mainly from a wrong disposition of the troops. Steps are now taken to establish posts at various points throughout the Indian Country, as this has been found the most effectual means for preventing their depredations.—The silver mine discovered at Taos proves to be exceedingly rich; and the gold diggings on the Gila are as productive as ever.

MEXICO.

We have intelligence from the City of Mexico to the 28th of December. Congress was again in session, but had not completed its organization. On the 20th, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Ramirez, received the representatives of Foreign Powers, and listened to extended remarks from them in favor of modifications in the Mexican tariff. The whole subject will probably soon be brought before Congress. The Indians in the State of Durango continue their ravages; the inefficiency of the measures taken against them by the government is loudly condemned. A riot, directed against the government, occurred on the 18th, in the State of Puebla, but it was speedily suppressed. In Tehuantepec a more serious movement had occurred under the lead of Ex-Governor Ortis; it was defeated after a contest of over four hours. At Cerro Gerdo also, on the 12th, there was a revolt of most of the forces of the Uragua Colony against their chiefs, but it was soon put down.—It is stated on authority that seems entitled to respect, that Santa Anna is planning a new revolutionary movement, and that he designs to make his descent at Acapulco on the Pacific coast. A house has been built there for him, and many of the utensils of a camp and munitions for a campaign are arriving there. It is said that all the officials of that department are friendly to him, and would readily co-operate in his designs.—The Mexican government seems to be satisfied that the revolutionary movement in Northern Mexico has been completely quelled; but our advices from that quarter scarcely justify that confidence. At the latest date, Jan. 23d, Caravajal was on the Rio Grande, with a force of 700 men and several pieces of artillery, and was constantly receiving reinforcements. Several persons connected with the