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THE DAILY BEE.

Wednesday Morning, April 25, 1855.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The carrier who delivers the *Bee* in that portion of the First District situated between Canal and Julia streets, having been taken sick, and the new carrier being somewhat inexperienced, we have to request those of our subscribers who may not receive their paper regularly, to give notice of their names and residence at our office.

☞ The Northern Mail failed yesterday from beyond Montgomery.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND CUBA.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* reflects perhaps more faithfully the sentiments of the Administration than does the *Union* itself. The writer of these communications, whose *sobriquet* is Ion, but whose real name is FRANCIS J. GRUND, is an employé of the State Department, and thoroughly conversant with the policy and opinions of the head of the Government. His letters bear the stamp of semi-official authority, and may be regarded as reliable expositions of the doctrines advocated in the White House.

While the *Union* blusters and vapors at a terrible rate, evidently with a view of rendering the American people to believe that Mr. PIERCE is afflicted with a paroxysm of irrestrainable bellicosity, and that in the course of a few weeks the thunders of his wrath are to be launched at the devoted head of CONCHA, it is quite remarkable with what a sovereign air of contempt the letter writer of the Baltimore *Sun* speaks of the war rumors, and how carefully he is to demonstrate to the incredulous that a war with Spain would ruin our commerce, cripple our export trade, and throw the whole business community into a state of unexampled depression and distress. As a sample of his manner of treating the subject, take the following passages from his letter of the 15th inst.:

"Some of our newspapers, and particularly those in the chief commercial cities, are quite clamorous for a war with Spain. There are classes in every community that are to be benefited by war—it affords a harvest for contractors and creates a capital for politicians. What the producing and commercial interests of the country will gain by a war may be seen at a glance at its consequences.

Our exports and imports must cease, for the privateers under the Spanish flag will sweep our vessels from the ocean. It will afford employment for our Sloboards—for they will find American commerce an easier, as well as a richer prey, than the Spaniard. Our cotton products—and all our staples for export, which cannot be consumed at home, will rot on our levees. Our Mediterranean commerce will be at the mercy of Spanish cruisers, issuing from every Spanish port on that sea.

Spain and Porto Rico will afford asylum and nests for Spanish privateers and pirates, but we can rid ourselves easily of that nuisance, by taking Cuba and Porto Rico at once. We can do this as easily as the French and British have taken Sebastopol and Cronstadt, and of course, without more expense of life or treasure. The British and French allies of Spain are not of any practical account, and it is not necessary, therefore, to make provision for them probably. In fact we must, as the Dutchmen boast has it, go into the war without regard to cost.

Granting, then, that we may take Cuba and Porto Rico at a hop, skip and jump, we will have nothing then to do but to seize old Spain—and, perhaps the Peninsula will be a more prize worth the trouble.

It would hardly require much activity on the part of privateersmen, under the Spanish flag, to drive our commerce from the ocean, but that would soon be effectually done by the enhanced rate of insurance on American vessels, which would drive our trade into foreign bottoms.

But there is to be no war,—none at present,—none under this administration,—unless, possibly, it might be forced upon us in the manner that the public voice now loud demand it. There is no probability that Spain will make war upon us. She has no pretext for it; for it can be pretended that, on the part of this Government, any "outrages" have been committed against Spain. All the "outrages" have been on the other side.

For aught that appears to the contrary, Commodore M. Cauley has gone on an errand of peace. He may be the bearer of some intelligence which will prevent