

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

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Miscellaneous.

THE ESCAPE.

A STORY OF THE LYNCHERS.

We make the following extract from a late English publication. The reader will readily perceive that the 'Hyenas' and 'Tigers' referred to are the Regulators and Lynchers of the South West.

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and his gang are after me, with blood on their hands? 'The Regulators! I say, stranger, I can convene to this. I couldn't take you for a cord of money!'

'Push back at the peril of your life!' I replied, drawing my pistols; and aided by the three other men, I forced the unwilling ferryman to shove off.

Two of the passengers were Englishmen, and entered heartily into my interests.—Scarcely were we 20 yards off, when Herod and his gang rushed up, raining in however, some distance from the shore at the sight of our leveled rifles.

Jerry was terribly alarmed, and did all he could to get out of reach; and when the balked Hyenas fired it was too late. I then told my horrible story, which to all present seemed almost incredible, though Herod's name had a sufficient reputation to render any atrocity within the bounds of belief.

When we reached the other side, the ferryman intimated his intention of not returning to his post for some days, while the others offered to join in the defence of Judge L.—I took them up, boatman and all, to the Judge, and at once gave him the message of his daughter's former suitor.

'He shall be well received,' cried the Judge, after hearing my whole story; 'but as no man can say what will happen, you and Lucy shall be married to-morrow morning.'

Lucy and I sat in the Judge's parlor, near an open window, about 1 o'clock, watching the Tigers as they collected. They were farmers and wood choppers and hunters; all sturdy fellows, devotedly attached to Judge L.—

'Lucy,' said I, taking her hand in mine, and gazing at her soft blue eyes, 'I must turn Tiger for one day.'

'James,' she replied quickly, 'you must. But be careful and wise. My life hangs on yours.'

The look she gave me as she spoke, proved that, quiet as she was, she could feel deeply, and I felt my affection redoubled.

'James,' suddenly called the father, as the Tigers stood in good order under the window, 'tell the Tigers why I have called them out.'

I rose, and leaning against the bar of the opened window, addressed the assembly. I was reckoned a good hand at a speech, and my feelings were deeply roused. A dozen groans of horror interrupted me; and when I ended by offering to volunteer with the Tigers, a shout of applause greeted me.

—Then made me come down and write out the necessary warrants for the arrest of Herod and his gang, which he and five other magistrates signed. Scarcely had we done so, when a horseman dashed up with the news that Herod and his fellows were close at his heels, as if expecting to effect a surprise. The Tigers fell in.

—Judge L.—heading about a hundred of them, took a position in front of the house, while I, with as many more, hid ourselves in the cypress grove. Another party, equally strong, were concealed in a plantation. About ten minutes later the Hyenas came in sight, with Herod at their head. They reined up within twenty yards of Judge L.—and the line of Tigers.

'Well, Judge,' cried Herod, 'I see you've obeyed orders. You are going to regulate the country.'

'I am going to regulate a murderous thief, called Herod,' thundered the Judge.

At the same instant we sprang forward, and the astonished Hyenas saw that they were surrounded by six times their number. Not a man ventured to offer resistance save Herod, but his own people fell upon him, and the gang of ruffians were our prisoners.

Judge L.—made me pick out the thirteen members of Lynch's jury, who were heavily ironed, and marched away under a strong escort to the county prison. The rest were at once well flogged with hickory switches and turned adrift, without horses or arms of any kind; and then, all excitement and fear being over, we thought only of the more happy event of the day.

The principal Tigers remained; and a merry time we had of it. I can only add that this, my marriage, was the commencement of a long series of happy days, unclouded as yet by one cloud. I had found a good, noble, excellent girl for a wife, and I strove to be happy, so I was.

ROMAN WOMEN.—The features of the Roman women are generally regular and the shape of the face more inclined to the square than the oval. The hair, rich, black, and full, is braided and knotted in becoming and picturesque fashion.

The forehead is low, broad, and firm; answering in its expression to the lowest part of the face, which is massive and compact. The eye is large, and finely set in its socket. The teeth, arms, and bust are fine; but the hands and feet, especially the latter, large; and the whole frame somewhat sturdy and compact.

The nose is large, and almost invariably aquiline. A clever Scotch woman once remarked, in a mixed party of Italians and English, that she and her countrymen looked like restored busts with noses too small. The upper part is often shaded with something more than the suspicion of a moustache.

What is wanting in the Roman women is an expression of softness, delicacy and refinement. As the men are like women, so the women are like men. The complexion is more like the rich red of a ripe fruit than the transparent veil of passing emotions which play and vanish like auroral gleams. The eyes shine with a fixed external light, like that of glass or polished metal; and do not darken with sensibility.

The lips are firm and tremulous. I have often stopped to look at the nurses who were in attendance upon their young charges in fine weather, upon the Pincian Hill. Their heads, never defaced with a bonnet, seemed made and dressed to go into a picture. The hair, of rich, lustrous black, lay in massive braids, and was gathered into a knot behind, pierced with a silver arrow. The complexion of a glowing gipsy yellow, such as only Titian could paint, was in harmony with the gay bodice and streaming belt ribbon.

The face, square in outline, and compact in construction, wore the impressive expression of a marble bust. But the large brown eyes were animated with a strange mixture of animal tenderness and fierceness—like those of a tigress fondling their cubs. Passion and peril lay slumbering in their depths. It was a

volcanic face, which at a moment's warning might break out in explosions of love, hatred, jealousy, or revenge. Thus Semiramis might have looked while yet a shepherd's daughter—of Charlotte Borden, while dreaming in the woods of Normandy, before the air-drawn dagger marshalled her way to Paris.—Hilliard's Italy.

Reflections of Methuselah.

IN HIS YOUTH, IN MIDDLE AGE, AND IN OLD AGE. To-day I am a hundred years old. How blushing are the feelings of boyhood! My senses are acute as the tree with the shrinking leaf. My blood bounds through the veins as the river pours through the valley rejoicing in its strength.

Life lies before me like another plain of Shinar—vast, unoccupied, inviting—I will fill it with achievements and pleasure! In about sixty years it will be time for me to think about marrying; my kinswoman Zillah will by that time have emerged from girlhood. She already gives promises, I hear, of comeliness and discretion—twenty years hence I will pay a visit to her father, that I may—how she greets me; meanwhile, I will build a city to receive her when she becomes my wife.

Nearly three centuries have passed since my marriage. Can it be? It seemed but yesterday since I sported like a young antelope round my father's tent, or climbing the dark boughs, nestled like a bird among the thick cedars—and now I am a man in authority, as well as in prime of life. I lead out my trained servants to the field, and sit head of the council, beneath the very tree where, as an infant, my mother laid me to sleep. Jazed, my youngest born, a lovely babe of thirty summers, is dead, but I have four goodly sons remaining. And my three daughters are as fair as their mother, when first I met her in the Aecia grove, where now stands one of my city watch-towers. They are the pride of the plain, no less for their requirements than for their beauty. No damsel carries the pitcher from the fountains with the grace of Adah—none can dry the summer fruit like Azubah—and none can fashion a robe of skins with the skill of Micah. When their cousin Malaleel has seen another half century, he shall take the choice of three.

My eighth hundredth birth day! And now I feel the approach of age and infirmity. My beard has become white as the blossoms of the almond tree. I am constrained to use a staff when I journey, the stars look less bright than formerly; the flowers smell less odorous; I have laid Zillah in the tomb of the rock; Micah is gone to the dwelling of Malaleel; my sons take my place at the council, and in the field; all is changed. The long future has become a short past. The earth is full of violence; the ancient and the honorable are sinking beneath the youth and the victors. The giants stalk through the length and breadth of the land, where once dwelt a quiet people; all is changed. The beasts of the field and the monsters of the deep growl and press on us with uncounted fury; traditions, visions and threatenings are abroad.

What fearful doom hangs over this fair world I know not; it is enough that I am leaving it; yet another five or eight score years, and the tale will be complete. But have I in years deed, trod this earth nearly a thousand years? It is false I am yet a boy, I have had a dream—a long, long busy dream of buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage; of building and planting; of feasting and warping; of sorrowing and rejoicing; of loving and hating; but it is false to call it life. Go to—there has been a vision of the night; 'Lamech, my son, how long is it since we planted the garden of oaks beside the river? Was it not yesterday?' My father, dost thou forget? The carriages cast a broad shadow when my sister carried me beneath them in her arms and wove me chaplets of the leaves.

'Thou art right, my son, and I am old,—lead me to my mother's tomb, and there leave me to meditate. What am I the better for my past length and being? Where will be its records when I am gone? They are yonder—on all sides. Will those massy towers fall? Will those golden plants become desolate?—Will the children that call me father forget? The rears utter dark sayings on their harps, and they sing of the future; they say our descendants shall be men of dwindling stature; that the years of their lives shall be contracted to the span of boyhood, but—I have listened to the tales of paradise—nay, in the blue distance I have seen the dark tops of its cedars. I have heard the solemn melodies of Jubal when he sat on the seashore, and the sound on the waters mingled with his harping. I have seen angels the visitants of men, have seen an end of all perfection, what is the future to me?'

The Bird of Paradise.

There are few birds that have more deceived and puzzled the learned than this. Some have described it as an inhabitant of the air, living upon the dew of heaven, and never coming down to the earth. Others have acquiesced in the latter part of its history, but have represented it as feeding on flying insects. Some have asserted that it was without feet, and others have ranked it among the birds of prey.

The great beauty of this bird's plumage and the deformity of its legs, seems to have given rise to most of these reports. The savages of the Molucca Islands, of which it is an inhabitant, perceiving the inclination the Europeans had for this beautiful bird, carefully cut off its legs before they brought it to market.—Thus concealing its greatest deformity, they considered themselves entitled to use in their demands, when they offered it for sale. Deceived led to another. The buyer, finding the bird without legs, he concluded that it could only live in the air, where legs were unnecessary. The extraordinary splendor of its plumage, assisted in this deception, and as it had heavenly beauty, so it was asserted to have heavenly residence. Hence its names and all the false reports that have been made concerning it.

Error, is short lived, and time has discovered that this bird not only has legs, but very large, strong ones for its size. Soon after the discovery was made, this harmless bird was branded with the character of being rapacious, of destroying all birds of a smaller size, and from the amazing rapidity of its flight, well qualified for a vast deal of mischief. The real history of this pretty creature is at present tolerably well known, and it is found to be as harmless as beautiful.

There are several specimens of the Bird of Paradise. Some of them are as large as a pigeon, though in reality, the body is not much greater than that of the thrush. The tail, which is about about six inches in length, is as long as the body. The wings are large compared with birds of other dimensions. The head, the throat and the neck are of a pale gold color. The base of the bill and the side of the head and throat are surrounded by black feathers, which are as soft as velvet, and changeable like those on the neck of a blackbird. The hinder part of the head is of shining green mixed with gold. The body and wings are chiefly covered with beautiful brown, purple and gold feathers. The uppermost part of the tail feathers are of a pale yellow, and those under them white and longer than the former; for which reason the hinder part of the tail appears to be all white. But what chiefly excites curiosity, are the two long naked feathers which spring from the upper part of the ramp above the tail; and which are usually about two feet long. These are bearded only at the beginning and the end; the whole shaft, for about two feet nine inches being of a deep black, while the feathered extremity is of a changeable color.

This bird, which for beauty exceeds all other species of this genus, is a native of the Molucca Islands. There, in the delightful and spicy woods of the country, this beautiful creature flies in very large flocks, so that the groves which produce the richest spices, produce the finest birds also. The inhabitants themselves are perfectly aware of the great beauty of these birds, and give them the name of God's birds, as being superior to all others in existence. They live in large flocks, and at night perch upon the same tree. They fly very rapidly, and are almost continually on the wing, in pursuit of insects, which form their usual prey.

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Appeal to Parents.

Encourage your children to be orderly, and studiously to regard right. Youth are frequently tempted by the example of vicious associates to violate the rules of good behavior, and spend their time in idle mischief, or vain pursuits. As you cannot always keep them removed from pernicious influences, and depraved companions, do all in your power to form in them an abhorrence of all that is evil, and a deep regard for everything that is 'lovely and of good report.' So train them that they may come in contact with vice without being contaminated; nay, more than this, that their own upright conduct, and pure conversation, may exert a salutary influence upon those who manifest no love for virtuous acts.

Improve every fit opportunity to impress upon their minds the ruinous consequences of vice and idleness; and, at the same time show them that, 'Wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' Teach them to avoid trifling deviations—to do right at all times and on all occasions, because it is right, and because, by so doing, they will be more happy and useful. Teach them that it is better to 'suffer wrong than to do wrong; and that the fact, that wrong has been done to them, is no reason why they should do wrong in return. Tell them that kindness will allay wrath, and that it is more noble and manly to return 'good for evil' than to give 'reviling for reviling.' Teach them to feel that if they would be truly wise, and great, and happy, they must first be truly good.

Encourage your children to be studious, by manifesting an interest in their lessons. Improve every suitable occasion to converse with them concerning their studies; and do all you can to convince them that the more diligent and faithful they are now, the brighter will be their prospects for future usefulness and happiness. Do all in your power to inspire them with a love for knowledge, as a source of gratification and improvement. In the morning enjoin upon them the great importance of diligence through the hours of school; and at night, enquire respecting the studies of the day, and ascertain what new ideas have been acquired, what facts have been stored up, what difficulties overcome, what kindly acts performed. Induce them to examine, to investigate, to think. In a word—do all you can to cause them to feel the great advantages of education, and the necessity of patient application to obtain it. You will thus increase their interest, and cause them to regard with pleasure exercises that would, otherwise, appear dull and unimportant.

Cultivate, in your children, habits of true politeness and courtesy. True education requires the full development and exercise of the better feelings of the heart, and the proper culture of these will exhibit themselves in outward actions and expressions. Indeed we are much inclined to form an estimate of those with whom we meet or associate, from their mode of address, and from external appearances. If they are coarse and rude in their manners, rough and undignified in their salutations and remarks, or unaccountable and abrupt in their answers, we are inclined to avoid them, and regard them as unkind and uncompanionable. We do not expect to find much that is attractive in them; and if they possess some worthy qualities, their first appearance is so repulsive, that we are hardly prepared to witness any subsequent evidence of real humanity and goodness.—Teacher and Parent.

To feel old age coming on, will so little mortify a wise man, that he can think of it with pleasure; as the decay of nature shows him that the happy change of state, for which he has been all his life preparing himself, is drawing nearer. And surely it must be desirable to draw nearer to the end and the reward of his labors. The ease of an old man, who has no comfortable prospect for futurity, and finds the fatal hour approaching which is to deprive him of all his happiness, is too deplorable for words to represent.

THE PRAYING BOY.—A gentleman was not long since called upon to visit a dying female. On entering the humble cottage where she dwelt he heard in an adjoining room an infant voice. He listened, and found that it was the child of the poor dying woman engaged in prayer.

'O Lord, bless my poor mother,' cried the little boy, 'and prepare her to die! O God, I thank thee that I have been taught to read my Bible, and there I learn that 'when my father and mother forsake me, thou wilt take me up!'

This comforts me now that my poor mother is going to leave me: may it comfort her, and may she go to heaven—and may I go there too! Oh Lord Jesus, pity a poor child! and pity my poor mother, and help her to say, 'Thy will be done.'

He ceased, and the visitor, opening the door approached the bedside of the poor woman. 'Your child been praying with you,' said he, 'I have listened to his prayer.'

'Yes,' said she, making an effort to rise, 'he is a dear child. Thank God he has been sent to a Sunday-School. I cannot read myself, but he can, and he has read the Bible to me, and I hope I have reason to bless God for it.—Yes, I have learned from him that I am a sinner. I have heard from him of Jesus; and I do, yes I do, as a poor sinner, put my trust in him. I hope he has forgiven me! I am going to die, but I am not afraid; my dear child has been the means of saving my soul. Oh, how thankful am I that he was sent to a Sunday-school!'

'We see it but in part,' in the beautiful language of the Bible, is well and forcibly illustrated in the following: A traveller, as he passed through a large and thick wood, saw a part of a huge oak which appeared mis-shapen, and almost seemed to spoil the scenery.

'It,' said he, 'I was the owner of this forest I would cut down that tree.'

But when he had ascended the hill, and taken a full view of the forest, this same tree appeared the most beautiful part of the whole landscape.

'How erroneously,' said he, 'I have judged while I saw only a part.'

'This plain tale,' says Dr. Olin 'illustrates the plans of God. We now see but in part.—The full view, the harmony and proportion of things, all are necessary to clear up our judgment.'

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ALLEGORY.—A humming bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

'I cannot think of it,' was the reply, 'as you once spurned me and called me a drawing dolt.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed the humming bird, 'I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you.'

'Perhaps you do now,' said the other 'but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar.—So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors.'

There was once a man who came into a country store with an egg, which he wished to exchange for a darning-needle. To oblige him, the store-keeper agreed to the trade. The bargain over, the egg-dealer asked, 'Don't you treat when you have driven a trade?'

'Not for so small a trade,' answered the merchant.

'A trade's a trade, whether its for an egg or a thousand.'

Against the man's meanness, the store-keeper complied, and asked, 'what will you take?'

'I'll take a glass of wine with an egg in it!' answered the mean man.

The store-keeper said nothing, but took the egg which he had just received from the man, and broke it. It happened to be a double-egg.

'There!' exclaimed the mean man, 'now you must give me two needles, cause that was a double-egg I gin you.'

Lewis, the fun-loving Editor of the N. M. Union, is a candidate for the Legislature. In the last number of his paper, he publishes a Circular his to fellow-citizens of eight columns. Whereupon he says:

It may be asked why I write so long a Circular. An anecdote will illustrate my answer. Once upon a time an old lady sent her grandson out to set a turkey. On his return the following dialogue took place.

'Sammy have you set her?'

'Yes grandma.'

'Fixed the nest all up nicely?'

'Mighty fine.'

'How many eggs did you put under her?'

'120, grandma.'

'Why Sammy what did you put so many under for?'

'Grandma I wanted to see her spread herself.'

My opponents will pitch into this Circular—hope they will have a good time in making a large percentage of it. A short one would be as much as they could get over, but I want to see them spread themselves.

We hope the Tishemingo boys will spread themselves for Lewis; if they don't 'we shall always think that they ought to'—that's all. Aberdeen (Miss.) Independent.

HAPPINESS.—Those who, in pursuing their various occupations, have gathered, in their journey through life, all the happiness which it can afford, have not proposed happiness as their end. They aspire to some object more precise, more definite, to which, had it been necessary, they would have sacrificed happiness itself. It is thus they proceed in their pathway through life. Not only is the search for happiness illusory, but it retards us in the pursuit of what is valuable.

The impossibility of forming to ourselves a clear idea of happiness is the reason that our imagination substitutes pleasure in its stead.

Nothing of an earthly nature, when closely considered, can fully satisfy the soul.—Madam Sussure.

General News.

Correspondence of the Mobile Register.

HAVANA, Oct. 15, 1853.

I believe it is time that the South should be waking from her lethargy; and be looking calmly for self preservation at things which, with rapid strides, are approaching them. There is no doubt of the fact that England has forced upon Spain the necessity of adopting the apprentice system, which has been in secret cogitation for a long period. A secret convention has been considered by Spain, England and France, growing out of British suggestion, and it has only been delayed until Spain could fabricate the appearance of consent of the people of Cuba, which has been accomplished, and left by the last steamer, 8th instant, for Cadiz. The question was referred to a named junta, who would sell their souls under the authorization of power.

Free importation of negroes from the coast of Africa is to be permitted as apprentices, and the term of years made so convenient that it will be a species of servitude worse than slavery. They are to have a reasonable time for emancipation of the present stock and the following generation; in compensation for which England and France are to protect Cuba against all other pirates. Some of your Southern gentlemen have been instrumental in preparing and moulding opinion for this change here, by their restricted notions of injury to the Southern interests, should Cuba by accident become a free and independent State. They never can look back a few years, when the banks of the Mississippi and many of its tributaries were unutilized. They forgot that, numerically, we are more rapidly increasing in consumption than it is possible to proportion supply, with all the sugar lands of Cuba and Louisiana. They have now to count the value of two evils—if, with political freedom, there be evil—and decide, and that right promptly. As soon as the articles of agreement can be discussed and submitted to the three powers, they will be signed, and the fleets of England and France will be here to enforce the edict, which, under the name of enlightened philanthropy, is to shackle our Cuba forever. If the introduction, for which large preparation is now making, and at least forty vessels already upon the waters for Africa—should be allowed to proceed, the fate of St Domingo may wait on the planters of Cuba.

There is enough in the matter, which ever way it may turn, to enlist the serious attention of our statesmen, and to take those idlers from the 6 1 4 cent fishing grounds, and the humbugery of entertainments of parties, to the millions involved in this question, if not the very life-blood of the Republic.

The North-western Passage.

The Philadelphia American cites as one of the most interesting items in the late foreign news, the following from the office of the British Admiralty, showing that the problem of the North-west Passage has been solved at last, and that a ship has actually sailed round the American continent through the Arctic Ocean. Commander McClure carries off the honor of this remarkable exploit:

ADMIRALTY, Oct. 7, 1853.—Commander Ingfield, who, it will be remembered, was despatched in her majesty's ship Phoenix in the spring of the year, with supplies to Sir Edward Belcher's squadron, arrived at the Admiralty on dry, having left the Phoenix at Thurso, New Brunswick.

Commander Ingfield brings no intelligence of Sir John Franklin's expedition; he has, however, succeeded in depositing the supplies as directed, and we are happy to say, is accompanied by lieutenant Crosswell of the Investigator, with despatches from Commander McClure, who sailed in December, 1849, in search of Sir John Franklin in her Majesty's ship investigator, and from Captain Kellett who sailed in the spring of 1852, in her Majesty's ship Resolute, on the same mission.

We regret to say that no traces towards success in the main object of their mission have been discovered; but we have been favored with a communication of a letter from Commander McClure, dated Her Majesty's ship Investigator; Bay of Mercey, Baring's Island, April, 1853, which announces his success in accomplishing the long problematical enterprise of the North-western Passage.

The gallant writer states that during the winter of 1850 his vessel wintered in pack without sustaining any damage, (and surprising to say, he was to report the same result at the end of the third winter, and without the loss of a single man of his crew) in the frozen waters called Prince of Wales Strait, and communicating with Barrows, as he ascertained on the 26th of October of that year. In July, 1851, he states, 'such a body of ice came down upon us with a strong east wind, and set the vessel so far to the south, that we determined to attempt a passage by the east end of the cliffs of Banks Land, forming the north entrance of the large Island under which we now are.'

The difficulties and dangers of this passage may be estimated from his statement that the ice floes encountered measured from 46 to 70 feet beneath the water, only 6 or 7 feet above.

The London correspondent of the American stated, in addition to what is contained in the above, that natives have been discovered further north than ever have been seen before—at Woollaston Sound, at Victoria Cand, and Prince Roberts Land. Copper of the purest description was found in lumps, and the natives who were friendly, were much amused at seeing the sailors run to pick up the lumps of metal with which they edged their spears. Commander McClure is coming home by Ballin's Bay.

STOCK OF GRAIN AT ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis Intelligencer of the 12th says: We notice an unusual amount of wheat, corn and oats in store. When we say unusual, we mean more than there has been at any time before the present or past season. We have no definite statement of the amount, but would say there is at least eighty thousand bushels of wheat, perhaps as many of oats, and half the quantity of corn. The most of this is held by speculators, who anticipate a further advance in prices and consequently a handsome profit.

The widow of Louis Philippe, with the Prince and Princess de Joinville, have gone to Lisbon.