The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,
EDITORS.

T. J. HOLTON, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

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Poetry.

FUN BY THE TYPES.

The following represents a love-sick poet, who has received a copy of the village newspaper containing the first effort of his muse—a love-ditty to his gentle Anna. The types, it will be seen, played sad havoc with his verses:

Ah! here it is! I'm famous now—
An author and a poet!
It really is in print! Ye gods!
How proud I'll be to show it.
And gentle Anna! what a thrill
Will animate her breast,
To read those ardent lines, and know
To whom they are address'd.

Why, bless my soul! here's something strange,
What can the paper mean,
By talking of the "*grateful brooks*
That gander o'er the green."
Ah! here's a "*t*," instead of "*r*,"
Which makes a "*tippling rill*;"
"*We'll seek the shad*," instead of "*shade*,"
And "*hell*," instead of "*hill*."

"*Thy look so*"—what! I recollect,
'Twas "*sweet*," and then 'twas "*kind*;"
And now, to think, the stupid fool,
For "*bland*" has printed "*blind*."
Was ever such provoking work—
'Tis curious, by the by—
How any thing is rendered blind
By giving it an eye.

"*Heat thou no tears*," the *t*'s left out,
"*Heat thou no ears*," instead;
"*I hope thou art dear*" is put,
"*I hope thou art dead*."
Was ever saw in such a spree
So many blunders crammed,
"*Those gentle eyes bedimmed*," is spelt,
"*Those gentle eyes bedamned*."

"*The color of the rose*" is "*nose*,"
"*Affection* is" *Affliction*;"
I wonder if the likeness holds
In fact as well as diction?
"*Thou art a friend*," the "*r*" is gone—
Whoever would have deem'd
That such a trifling thing could change
A "*friend*" into a "*fiend*."

"*Thou art the some*" is rendered "*lame*,"
It really is too bad;
And here, because an "*i*" is out,
My "*lovely maid*" is "*mud*;"
They drove her blind by poking in
An eye—a process new—
And now they've gouged it out again,
And made her crazy, too.

"*Where are the moses fled, that thou*
Shouldst live so long unknown?"
This read my version—here it is—
"*Shouldst live so long unknown?*"
"*The fate of woman's love is thine*,"
An "*A*" commences "*fate*;"
How small a circumstance will turn
A woman's love to hate!

I'll read no more! What shall I do?
I'll never dare to send it;
The paper's scattered far and wide,
'Tis now too late to mend it.
Oh, fame! thou chest of human bliss!
Why did I ever write?
I wish my poem had been burnt
Before it saw the light.

Let's stop and recapitulate:
I've damn'd her eyes—that's plain—
I've told her she's a lunatic,
And blind, and deaf, and lame.
Was ever such a horrid bash,
In poetry or prose?
I've said she was a fiend, and praised
The color of her nose.

I wish I had that editor
About a half a minute,
I'd "*hang*" him to his heart's content,
And with an "*h*" begin it.
I'd "*jam*" his body, eyes and bones,
And spell it with a "*d*."
And send it to that "*hell*" of his—
He spells it with an "*e*."

Miscellaneous.

MAX STOLPRIAU.

A TALE OF BASHFULNESS.

There is a certain misfortune in the world, not usually enumerated in the list of common misfortunes, but which, nevertheless, ought to be. I afford a living illustration of the truth of my assertion.

My father, God rest his soul, sent me diligently to school; there I gained some knowledge, although our city schools at that period were none of the best.

Every one said, "Max has talent, but he is shy and awkward, cannot adapt himself to the ways of the world, is unacquainted with the usages of society, and never knows what to do with his hands and feet; otherwise he is a good and clever fellow enough."

Such was the general opinion of me. Reader, do you percieve my failing? My worldly education was defective. Diligent at school and in the workshop, I was uncleanly and negligent of my attire; was civil, obliging, and honest, but bashful withal, so that I ran off when unknown persons approached; my eyes never knew where to look for a resting place when addressed by a stranger, and if called upon to meet a lady with civility and politeness, I became rooted to the spot, speechless, and stiff as a ramrod.

Enough—politeness and ease of manner, as they are called, are concerns no less pertaining to life and life's comfort, than bread, potatoes, or a glass of water.

Many young gentlemen, as I have often observed, are greatly wanting in these respects. Many a one on going into society is sadly at a loss how to dispose of his extremities, and would, one can easily perceive, have much rather left them at home. Many such an unfortunate knows not where to quarter his hands, thrusting them at one moment into his waistcoat, at another into his breeches pockets, then in despair raising one or other to his occiput, there to scratch by way of variety.

Among other ill luck entailed by my awkwardness, may be reckoned that of being still a bachelor, of having reached my fifty-second year without being blessed with a wife.

No sooner was my old aunt dead, and I, her sole heir, thereby rendered comparatively affluent, than I, then in my thirtieth year, was led to seek the hand of a young lady, who, to other qualifications added beauty, virtue, amiability, and wealth besides.

I was well pleased with my pretty Barbara; matters were quickly arranged, and nothing remained but to cultivate the acquaintance. I was accordingly to meet her at the house of her cousin, and an invitation to dine was forwarded to me.

Of large parties I had a perfect horror; my aforesaid defective education making me shy and timid, but then what will not man do to secure the favor of a pretty Barbara? So I put on my best Sunday suit, white silk stockings, a bran new hair bag, an apple green coat, with large pearl buttons—in a word, made myself smart as a bridegroom.

On reaching the door of the cousin's house, however, my heart began to thump against my ribs, as though I had a smithy within my breast. "If I could only feel assured there will be no party," thought I—"would to heaven it were over." Fortunately I found the cousin alone, making up an account in his study. "You are somewhat late, friend Stolpriau," said he. I made twenty inclinations right and left and laughed in a perfect agony to look agreeable, for the fear of meeting a large party engrossed every thought.

The cousin, having finished, looked round for some sand. Anxious to be of service, I rushed forward, seized, as ill luck would have it, the inkstand instead of the sand-box, and poured a whole stream of the best black writing fluid over the neatly kept ledger. I thought I should have immediately fainted with sheer fright, and in my confusion hurriedly drew forth my snow-white pocket-hankerchief to wipe it up.

With an exclamation of "What on earth are you doing there, friend Stolpriau!" my entertainer smilingly interposed, and pushing me and my black and white kerchief gently aside, quickly put things to rights, then led the way to the apartment where the company were assembled. I followed, but with a troubled spirit, and on looking down was horrified to observe an ink-blot as large as a florin on my left white silk stocking. "Help me, heaven!" I mentally groaned, "what will the company think?"

The room door was opened. I, awkward, blockhead booby that I was, thinking to show myself light and graceful, as well as clever and gallant, sprang forward, bowing right and left, backwards and forwards, scraping first with one foot, then with the other, in all directions, and not perceiving a female domestic just before me who was in the act of dishing up a pie, dashed my head with such force into her back, as to send the pie flying out of the dish on the floor, and so with compliments and ducking and bowing I blindly advanced. I felt as though I were in battle, and about to rush on the enemy's guns.

What civil things were said on the part of the company I know not; as yet I had not the courage to look up, but continued, like one possessed, bowing and scraping, and ejaculating "your humble servant," in all directions, until cut short by a fresh mishap.

I had in fact reached the pie which still lay there, for the servant had not sufficiently recovered from her fright and loss of breath, and stood staring at the masterpiece of cookery dashed to pieces on the floor, without an effort to remove it.

All at once, while engaged in making a fresh inclination, my unfortunate left foot wandered into the pastry. I saw nothing, for all had become dark before my eyes.—Disgracefully, but natural enough, my foot slid from under me; in an instant personal and political balance was lost, and down I came, measuring my whole length, just five feet seven, on the floor, to the no small alarm of the large and worshipful company there assembled.

In falling, I brought down two chairs, which I had seized hold of in order to save myself, together with a young and pretty female, who in all probability was at that moment about to seat herself but now with a speed equal to that of her chair, came rolling on the floor beside me. Gracious heavens! it was my Barbara!

A terrible clamor arose, and as I lay there, I roared lustily too, for seeing in addition to myself and the two chairs, a lady stretched on the floor, I felt persuaded that a shock of an earthquake had taken place. To my great relief I soon found that no earthquake had caused the melancholy fall, but as already narrated, only a veal pastry.

We got up. The cousin treated the whole affair as an excellent joke. It was very well for him to joke, but I could have wept, nay, died with shame and vexation. I went to the mantle-piece, without offering one word of an apology, but as all were laughing and giggling around, I laughed too, and threw from time to time stolen glances at the cause of my misfortune.

At last we took our places at the table. The cousin was so gallant as to place me next to Barbara. I had rather have been situated near to a volcano than at the side of this amiable and pretty creature. I felt most extraordinary sensations while thus in juxtaposition with my future bride. Of the assembled guests I ventured only to take a rapid glance at intervals.

Soup was served round. Barbara offered me some—but how could I accept it?—She herself was yet unprovided. Compliments were exchanged, and I already foresaw that some new evil would arise out of these abominable civilities. Hence I became more and more pressing, and looking imploringly into the face of my charmer, forgot the plate altogether. The consequence was that I poured the burning soup into Barbara's lap and over her clothes, and in endeavoring hastily to withdraw it sent the remainder into my own lap, deluging alike my garments and my finger napkin. It was a fraternal division. I shall never forget it. I remember all as though it had occurred but yesterday. It was crab soup.

The charming Barbara left the table. I stammered out sundry apologies. The guest endeavored to console me, and a fresh plate was handed to me. Meanwhile my pantaloons were streaming from the inundation. Barbara was obliged to have her dress changed. She returned, and I endeavored again and again to excuse myself as well as I could.

On perceiving that she smiled graciously, I felt somewhat reassured, and began to brush the cold perspiration from my face, of course not with my hand but with my pocket-handkerchief.

Alas, amidst the accumulated disasters that had since occurred I had clean forgotten the ink business. In drying off the perspiration, I rubbed in the ink so thoroughly, that on replacing the handkerchief in my pocket, the whole company were amazed to find me converted into a perfect blackamoor.

Tittering and roars of laughter succeeded. Politeness compelled me to join in the laugh, and I did so heartily for some time, without knowing why or wherefore, until I found that some of the ladies were becoming alarmed at the blackness of my visage, and now for the first time I perceived that my handkerchief had got me into a fresh scrape, and what an appearance I must present.

In alarm I rose precipitately from the table, and commenced a retreat towards the kitchen, in order to wash myself, and while so doing, I had inadvertently buttoned a corner of the table cloth instead of the table napkin to my waistcoat, down came plates and dishes, boiled and roast meat, salad, spinach, bottles and salt cellars, flesh and fowl, knives and forks, spoons and glasses. All rushed after me with a fearful crashing and clatter. The guests, on witnessing all the good things thus suddenly withdrawn and many a delicacy on which they had set their hearts come full in career after me, sat open-mouthed and riveted to the spot with astonishment.

At first, on seeing the plates and dishes closely following at my heels, I could attribute the freak only to witchcraft, but the cousin springing with both feet on to the cloth, brought it together with the attached button, away with a jerk, and brought me to a sense of my situation.

I sought, as fast as my legs could carry me—not the kitchen—but the stairs, flew across the street, and did not halt till I reached my chamber. For four weeks not a soul did I admit to my presence, and I never thought of matrimony without a sensation of giddiness; and as to large parties, the bare idea brings on a fit of ague.

I now laugh myself at my helplessness. But my history may serve to many, not indeed for an example, but for warning and instruction.

MORALS OF A MERCHANT.—Some years ago a manufacturer, carrying on rather an extensive business in a town in Stratmore, took it into his head that his affairs were all going wrong, and, rather than face his creditors, he decamped one day, and no one knew to where he had gone, leaving a buxom wife and young family behind.—Years passed away, but there were no tidings of the lost one. At last, after hope had fled, a gentleman belonging to the same town happening to be in New York, and taking a stroll in Broadway, some person tapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and, in a norland accent, asked him, "Hon things were deeing in the auld town." Instant recognition followed, but as it was impossible to discuss the affairs of the guid town of —— in a short time, an invitation was given by the runaway to dine at his country house, when, punctual to time, our norland arrived at a snug little box, a few miles from the city, his curiosity excited to learn something more of its owner since his flight. He was not long left in suspense, for his host entered the room with a lady, whom he introduced as his wife. Nor was this all; the lady was accompanied by some sweet little pledges. Our norland felt at a loss what to think or say, for having seen the first Mrs. —— only a few weeks before, but made no remarks, and the evening passed most agreeably—of course not the most distant allusion having been made during the whole time to the wife and pledges left in the old country. Our runaway had surely left his norland prudence with his debts, or he might have foreseen that such ongoings would be duly reported in the proper quarter. Such, in fact was the case, for no sooner had our traveller arrived at home than the story came out, and madam was not long in packing up her traps and wandered forth to find the perjured man, and turn out his imposter of a wife. She sailed a short time ago from Glasgow, and we may imagine, if her husband finds her in Broadway, he will not tap her on the shoulder and ask the news frae the north, but will be more likely to cut and run for California, leaving the two ladies to arrange matters in the best way they can. We have not heard the result.—*Edinburgh Evening Post.*

HANDSOME PRESENT.—Kate Lawrence, daughter of Hon. Abbott Lawrence, has been presented, it is said, with a most magnificent silver service of plate by George Peabody, Esq., of London. It is to be manufactured in London, at the cost of $12,000. Miss. L. is about to be married.

THE SUBMARINE TRANSLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

This great scheme for connecting the Old and New Worlds, which originated with some of our enterprising countrymen some three years ago, is still talked of by leading capitalists. We believe that the project was first broached by petitions, which were simultaneously presented to the Parliament of Great Britain and the Congress of the United States; but it was not until Lieutenant Maury's report was received that people thought the accomplishment of such an enterprise within the bounds of possibility.

The report, our readers will remember, was published in the month of February last, and is in fact a London scheme. From Cape Ray, Newfoundland, to Valentia Head, Ireland, the distance is only one thousand six hundred and eleven miles, and the bottom of the sea between the two places is a plateau, which is precisely what is required for the purpose of holding the wires of a submarine telegraph and keeping them out of harm's way. It is neither too deep nor too shallow; yet is so deep that the wires being once landed will remain forever beyond the reach of vessels, anchors, icebergs and drifts of all kinds; and so shallow that the wires may be readily lodged upon the bottom. Thus the great difficulty apprehended was discovered to be no difficulty at all. Lieutenant Maury suggested the propriety of an offer of a national prize to the company through whose telegraphic wire the first message should be passed across the Atlantic. We do not doubt that such a suggestion would not be lost sight of in the proper quarters; and, if so, we have reason to believe that it will ere long be bestowed upon the New York, Newfoundland and London Electric Telegraph Company.

A bill has already passed the Colonial Legislature to incorporate a company under this designation, with a capital of fifteen hundred thousand dollars, in shares of one hundred dollars each, with power to increase the stock to three millions. It grants to the company, on the completion of the line to Cape Ray, or to any other point on the west coast of Newfoundland, land in blocks not exceeding five square miles, to the extent of fifty miles square. It gives the company, on the construction of every hundred miles of roads and bridges, eight feet wide, from St. John's to Cape Ray, and Trepassy £1,500, to the amount of £5000. It exempts all materials reported for the telegraphic works from all duties. It gives the company the sole and exclusive right to build, occupy, take, or work this or any other line of telegraph (except the existing line between St. John's and Carbonear) for fifty years—the Colony having the right to purchase the lines of telegraph and property of the company, after twenty years, at a fair valuation. It guarantees the interest, by the Colony, of five per cent on the company's bonds of £1,000 sterling, each, the bonds payable in twenty years in London, the Colony having a prior lien on all the telegraph lines, property and works of company in the Island to the continent of America. The bonds to be delivered to the company as follows: Ten when they begin operations; ten when the telegraphic bridges are completed to Cape Ray; and the remaining thirty when the telegraph is completed from St. John's to Prince Edwards Island or Nova Scotia.

It provides that the directors of the company may be indiscriminately citizens of the United States or subjects of her Majesty the Queen, and that the meetings of the stockholders and directors shall be held in New York, in London and in the Island as the directors may from time to time determine, but there shall always be a local manager in the Colony.

The act also provides that "so soon as a message shall have been actually trasmitted by the said company across the Atlantic Ocean, by means of a submarine cable or wire, the company shall receive a grant of fifty square miles of land, to be selected by the company, in addition to the grants preciously mentioned."

The St. John's Morning Post, from which we have gleamed the foregoing particulars, is in ecstacy at the realization of its hopes. I says truly:—"From this time we may date a new era in the History of Newfoundland; the present forms the starting point from which she enters upon a career of progress and improvement which will throw behind where her shadow falls any of the other colonies which had given promise of heading us so fast and far as to lose sight of us altogether." The same paper adds:—"It is understood that the Governor's assent will shortly be given to the bill, which will then become a law—the wisest, the best, and the most important law ever passed in Newfoundland." Of this there can be little doubt, seeing that it is the most stupendous scheme that genius ever suggested or enterprise dared to carry out.

A DEACON'S QUOTATION OF SCRIPTURE ON THE USE OF WINE AND COLD WATER.—Mr. Secretary Marcy recently told an anecdote at a dinner party in this city which runs thus: He said that a few weeks since Gov. Seymour, of New York, wrote to him, that since he had vetoed the liquor law he had received letters in various parts of the State, both approving and disapproving of his course in the premises. Among them was one from an honest deacon, who resided in the centre of the State which commended his action in the strongest terms. The old gentleman alluded to, informed the Governor that he was deeply interested in the debates of both sides of the question and did not let one "jot or tittle" escape him. He had too, he said, "looked up" his bible from Genesis to Revelation, in order to see how the liquor question was there treated and after mature deliberation he came to the conclusion that all the great and good men, as Noah, Moses, David, Solomon and Jesus, not only were partakers of the "rosy," but recommended it to others; in a word, in his researches he only found one instance (that of "Dives")—where a man called for cold water, and that he was in h—l, *where he ought to be.*—*Washington Star.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

We publish below further details of the news brought by the Europa.

From Madrid we make the following extract from the letter of the correspondent of the London Chronicle:

MADRID, April 2.

Having sent you the Spanish version of the affair of the Black Warrior, I may state that the American version varies very widely from the former. Another special messenger arrived yesterday, with despatches, at the American Legation here, and will leave again to-morrow. I believe that the pecuniary demand will be considerably reduced, the sum first spoken of having been demanded before it was known that the vessel and cargo had been given up, but that the demand for the dismissal of the different authorities who took part in the seizure of the Black Warrior will be persisted in.

It is stated on the American side that no fraudulent intention was ever imputed to the captain or consignee of the Black Warrior until it was broached in the recent article of the *Heraldo*; that this steamer had entered the port of Havana thirty-six times, and that the captain inquired on his first entry there how he was to designate his vessel, and was told that if he brought no goods for Havana, and did not embark goods there he might state it as in ballast, and had continued to do so all along; and in short, that letters from the consignee, from the passengers on board, from all sides, are entirely opposed to the Spanish view of the case as stated in my last letter.

A case of seizure of an American vessel, the Empress, took place at Malaga, in 1843, under similar circumstances, and government of that day dismissed the intendent, Senor Gaminde, who caused the seizure to be made, the American minister here, Mr. Washington Irving, having demanded the same.—Senor Gaminde's case was submitted to the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, which gave its verdict in his favor, while the Audiencia of Grenada declared the forfeiture of the vessel and cargo valid. There was this in common in both cases—that the laws of the country has been left in disuse, and practices tolerated which were at variance with the regulations of the port. In the case of the Black Warrior, the Americans contend that there was no fraudulent intention whatever, while a custom, which lasted for thirty-six voyages, might seem to give a prescriptive right to its continuance. On the other hand, Spaniards contend that the disuse of a law gives no right whatever to its infraction. It is against the Intendent of Finance and Superintendent of Customs that the American government is particularly hostile, because it entertains the impression that the seizure was made by them in order to participate in their portion of the spoils.

The same correspondent, writing on April 28, says: The dispute between the Spanish and American governments, occasioned by the seizure of the Black Warrior steamer at Havana, excites some sensation here, and, whatever the merits of the case may be, there is a strong feeling here in favor of the Spanish view of the subject. In fact, it seems very generally the opinion that a pretext has been sought for a quarrel, and the Espana, to-day, arguing on the supposition that such is the case, which however, it says, would be unworthy of a great nation, and highly impolitic, remarks:

That conduct, in the first place wounding our national pride to the quick, would cause the most lively sentiment of anger, of noble and wholy indignation, to burst forth in the breast of all Spaniards. We are sure that in such a case there would not be a single voice that would not raise its clamor to the heaven; there would not be a single party, from the Carlist to the democratic, that would not join the government to avenge the outrage; there would not be a single hand which would remain closed to the exegencies of the finance for the maintenance of the war; there would not be, in fine, any one who would refuse to shed the last drop of his blood in defence of the country. The period of 1808 would be renewed, as if by enchantment, since there is nothing which more raises the spirit of a poor and helpless, but noble and sensitive nation, than to see itself despised up to the point that reason and equity are despised, in order to offend it—up to the point that the aggressor, confiding in his force, disdains the appearance of justice.

This same reason would make our cause more popular in Europe, more sympathetic in the eyes of the civilized world; because in the offence offered to Spain all would see the offence to common right.

The Espana concludes by inferring from these reasons that no serious conflicts can arise out of the present dispute, and calling on the government to act with firmness, and at the same time with generosity and tact.

A correspondent of the London News, writing from Madrid on April 28, says: "The birthday of Queen Christina has been celebrated with the usual pomp—salutes of artillery, parades of troops, and illuminations—on the preceding day. A grand reception was also held on the occasion by Queen Isabella at the Palace, and was attended by all the *corps diplomatique.* A letter notices that at this ceremony the Minister of the United States wore a 'black velvet coat embroidered with black silk,' and it says that its 'elegant simplicity' attracted general attention, and produced a striking effect amidst the brilliant uniforms by which it was surrounded. The same letter complains that lithographic sheets containing libels on the public and private life of several official personages were in circulation."

OPERATIONS IN THE BALTIC.—A letter from Copenhagen, April 27th, states that Sir Charles Napier, with the line of battle ships under Admirals Corry and Ch s, were keeping up a rigorous blockade of the Gulf of Finland, which would render the escape of a single Russian ship impossible. Cruisers were stationed off Revel, Riga, Memel, Dantzig, Stockholm, Gothland, Bornholm, in the Sound of Cattegate, and Gulf of Kiel, so the whole Baltic sea and coasts are under strict guard. Numerous prizes had been taken. The same letter says that the report of the abandonment of Aland by the Russians required confirmation. The Danish government lingers on the side of Russia; the Swedes are decidedly in favor of the allies. One Swedish line of battle ship and four frigates were in commission at Copenhagen, and more were being made ready.

A most formidable force of row boats is being organized by the Russians to harass the invading fleet from the shallow waters. Eight hundred armed boats are already enrolled. All the boats of the Neva Yatch Club are placed at the service of the State. A considerable number of these are assembled at Sweborg and Cronstadt. Sir Charles Napier is so well aware of the formidable nature of this force that he has hastily applied to his government for a fleet of small steamers that may penetrate wherever row boats can.

THE DANUBE.—The following important despatch was telegraphed from Vienna, of date May 3:

It circulates in Bucharest, that, on the 18th or 19th of April, Omer Pacha advanced with 70,000 men towards the Dobrudscha, and a battle took place with Luder's corps, between Silistria and Rassova. During the night Omer Pacha had detached a division in the direction of the Black Sea, and, when the battle was at its height the next day, this crops attacked the Russians in the rear, causing unexampled confusion and consternation. Gen. Luders retreated towards Czernavoda, and it is said the Russians lost many guns, ammunition, stores and baggage waggons, and even their military chest.

On the 20th a Turkish flying corps crossed the Danube below Silistria, in order to destroy the Russian strand batteries. They advanced to Kalurneh, where there was hard fighting for hour. The Turks fought bravely, but being overmatched, were ultimately forced to retire.

The Paris Patrie has received accounts that the Russian army in the Dobrudscha has suspended its march in obedience to the orders of Prince Paskiewitch. It appears that the orders given by the Emperor of Russia were, that the Russian army instantly on entering the Dobrubscha was to march on without delay to Shumla, and strike a blow before the allies could come up. It had not been anticipated that the Turks could arrest their progress.

THE CUBA SLAVE TRADE.—In the House of Commons, on the 4th of May, Sir G. Eschell asked Lord John Russell if any information had been received that the government of Spain had issued certain decrees relative to the abolition of the slave trade in the Island of Cuba, and to its resolution to enforce the observation of the treaties with this country; and if so, whether the reduction of the number of the cruisers on the coast of Cuba (as appeared by a recent return from the Admiralty) had taken place with reference to those decrees?

Lord J. Russell said, it was quite true that information had been received that the government of Spain had passed certain decrees with a view to a strict observance of the treaties with this country in respect to the slave trade. Those decrees were of a very satisfactory nature, and her majesty's government trusted that they would provide to a great extent for the suppression of the slave trade. (Hear, hear.) He might mention one of the decrees, which, if duly carried into effect, would operate very much to produce that effect; and that was a provision for the registration of the slaves now in Cuba. (Hear.) Thus persons subsequently found in the condition of slavery, and not registered, would be taken to be free and would be liberated. (Hear, hear.) With respect to the reduction of the number of cruisers, that measure [we understood the noble lord to say] was determined on before the intelligence of the decrees was received in this country, and only as a temporary reduction.

Mr. Hume trusted the noble lord would lay the papers on the subject before the House.

THE REPORTED CAPTURE.—The London Mercantile Gazette of the 5th says: "Intelligence has been received by the Admiralty that an American clipper, the Grapeshot, has captured a French merchant ship off Land's End. The Grapeshot cleared out of New-York on the 22d of March, for St. Thomas, with 1,500 packages on board, professedly of hardware; but really containing 500 muskets, and supposed to be bound to Finland, and, failing debarkation there, to the Mediterranean.

The vessel captured was the brig Villa de Marseilles. Lloyd's agent writes that Garton Tongue, mate of the captured vessel, arrived at St. Jost, and reports his having escaped by swimming from a Russian frigate which had taken his vessel twenty leagues from Cardiff, having first hoisted the English, then the French colors. The master and part of the crew tried to escape in the boat, but were fired into, when the master and three men were killed.

This goes far to prove it was not an American vessel which made the capture after all, although the English press contend that the statement of the mate is a gross fabrication.

The Crescent City, at New York to-day, reports seeing the Grapeshot riding at anchor, near New Orleans, on the 12th, therefore she could not be off England.

BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA.—HOUSE OF LORDS.—In reply to the Marquis of Clanricarde, respecting the attack on Odessa, Earl Clarendon read the following despatch from the British Consul at Belgrade:

BELGRADE, May 14.—Admiral Dundas announced, through Her Majesty's Consul at Vienna, that the Division of steamboats of the combined squadron destroyed, upon the 22d of April, the imperial Mole and Russian ships at Odessa. The Mole and quarantine, and foreign ships, and the city itself, had not been injured, great care having been taken with regard to private and neutral property.

The Pacha of Belgrade stated yesterday that the great powder magazine had been blown up, and that the land batteries had been entirely destroyed; that the loss sustained by the allied fleets did not exceed eight men killed and 18 wounded. I am informed that the fleets, immediately after the attack upon Odessa, sailed towards Sebastopol. [Cheers.] The ship Irene, from London, bound to Melbourne, had been destroyed by fire.

In the House of Commons, Sir J. Graham moved for additional navy estimates. Contrary to many expectations, it had been found possible to raise ten thousand additional seamen for the navy within a month, and it was intended to ask for leave to levy four thousand more, so as to carry on the war without reducing the naval force of the country in any part of the world.

In the course of his exposition, he said that twenty-five thousand British troops had already left for the East. All supplies were voted unanimously.

FRANCE.—INCREASE OF THE ARMY.—Large bodies of troops continued to march in the direction of Toulon for embarkation for the Levant.

An imperial decree calls into active service, on land and afloat, 80,000 men, from the 140,000 of the class of 1853.

It is again positively asserted that the French army of the East will be augmented to 100,000 men. The formation of a camp of 60,000 at Boulogne, with a view to an expedition to the Baltic, is also spoken of. As another proof of the disposition of the government to carry on the war in a manner befitting a great nation, it is intended to propose to the Chamber a demand for authority to raise another loan of 250,000,000 francs, in case circumstances require it.

Admiral Baubier de Tinan, who has been cruising off the eastern coast of Greece, is to proceed with a portion of his division to Algeria, to embark several regiments for Turkey.

The long expected decree for the formation of a new Imperial Guard has not yet appeared in the Moniteur. The guard will number 12,000 picked men.

PORTUGAL.—Lisbon dates are to April 28. There was no truth in the report that the Portuguese Minister was to be recalled from London. The Committee of Deputies had reported an approval of the financial budget; also in favor of the new coinage and regulation of the relative value of the gold and silver currency upon the same basis as in England. The recent rains in Portugal, which so much improved the prospect of the grain and hay crops, had been accompanied by the re-appearance of the grape disease in the vicinity of Lisbon, as well as in the Douro.

Lisbon exchange, on London, three months' bills, 54½ a 54¾, with little doing.

PRUSSIA.—The Czar has offered to Prussia a treaty of commerce on the most favorable terms. No commercial treaty has been made between the two countries since 1826, and it was suffered to expire in 1836.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor is extremely active, and goes backward and forward between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg almost incessantly.

Several Regiments of guards are ordered to Finland.

Prince Paskiewitch had granted permission to neutral ships, at present in the different mouths of the Danube, to depart freely until the 20th of May.

THE VERY LATEST.

PARIS, Friday evening.—The following intelligence has been received from Belgrade:

On the 22d ult., twelve steam vessels of the combined fleet commenced the bombardment of the military port of Odessa.

In a few hours they had destroyed the fortifications, the batteries, and the military magazines of the Russians.

The powder magazines of the enemy blew up during the action, and twelve ships of war were sunk.

The commercial harbor was spared, and the merchant ships in it escaped destruction.

The loss of the allies only amounted to five killed and ten wounded.

The whole of the combined fleet has sailed from Odessa for Sebastopol, and thirteen Russian ships, laden with munitions of war, have been taken.

The French funds rose again to-day. The three per cents at 91f. 30c., for the end of the month.

PARIS, May 6, 1854.—A letter appears in the Moniteur of to-day, from the Baltic fleet. Sir Charles Napier was still at anchor about four miles from Stockholm.

The ice was breaking up, and it was expected that Cronstadt would be opened by the end of April.

BUCHAREST, May 2, 1854.—The Turks have issued a very tranquilizing proclamation. None are to be prosecuted for political opinions. Every one is to continue his usual occupations, and it is promised that everything is to be paid for.

Three thousand killogrammes of rice are to be distributed to the poor.

The Bishop of Krajova goes to meet the Turks at the head of a deputation.

Since this morning there is a report of the evacuation of Great Wallachia.

In Odessa it was reported, on the 28th, that the Russian fleet left Sebastopol on the 24th or 25th.

BERLIN, Friday.—The resignation of General Bonin, Minister of War, has been accepted.

Count Waldersee, Commander of the Federal Garrison at Frankfort, is to be his successor.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Again has the mail anticipated the lightning in bringing us foreign news. The Franklin arrived at New York on Tuesday last, with dates from Liverpool to the 10th inst.

LIVERPOOL, May 10.—The sales of cotton for the last three days amounted to 25,000 bales. Baltimore flour has advanced 1s.; corn has advanced 1s.

Richardson's circular quotes Baltimore flour at 39s. a 44s. Corn 30.

Hollingshead reports the cotton as dearer and quite active, there being considerable demand for export.

McMahin's circular quotes Baltimore flour at 37s. a 37s. 6d.

The Manchester market was quiet.