

The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 8.

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HOLTEN & WILLIAMSON,
EDITORS.

T. J. HOLTEN, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment is deferred for three months, and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square 16 lines or less, this sized type for the first insertion, and 45 cents for each subsequent insertion. For long advertisements, and for those of a more permanent character, the rates will be made to suit the advertiser. A discount of 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 25 per cent. will be made from the regular price, for advertisements for the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at 10 per cent. for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

All letters on business must be directed to the Editors. Letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

Payments can be made to either.

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Poetry.



"True in God, and Persevere."
Brother, is thy life's morning cloud,
Has the sunlight ceased to shine?
Is the earth in darkness shrouded,
Wouldst thou turn thy back to resign?
Cheer up, brother, let thy vision
Look not on, see 'till light is near,
Some will come the next transition,
Trust in God, and persevere."

Brother, has life's hopes receded,
Hast thou sought thy joys in vain?
Frosts proved false when mostly needed,
Foes rejoicing at thy pain?
Cheer up, brother, there is a blessing
Waiting for thee—never far,
Foes forgive it, sins forgiving,
Trust in God, and persevere."

Brother, all things round are calling
With a voice, "be strong, be strong,
Toughen the sinews of thy arm,
Be as a rock, be as a rock,
Yes, my brother, though life's troubles
Drive thee near to death's despair,
Some will come the next transition,
Trust in God, and persevere."

Brother, there's a quiet slumber
Waiting for thee in the grave,
Brother, there's a glorious summer
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when we first saw her; if he is the person we suppose, he must be struck with the likeness. My mind misgives me strongly, but I think he only came here to die."

"I hope he will render justice, before he goes to his great account, returned the zealous matron."

"He will, he will!" replied her husband; "there is that in his face which speaks a broken spirit; and he has a contrite heart, depend upon it; if it is him he will do justice as far as he can."

The next morning the stranger was much indisposed, and "Fanny," who had returned from an excursion, was sent by her grandmother, as she called Mrs. Jeddson, to his apartment with some refreshment. The guest started as she entered, and as she drew near he became dreadfully agitated. Fanny was alarmed, but unwilling to leave him thus, remained riveted to the spot where she stood. At length the invalid, conquering his emotion, made an effort to receive the refreshment from the unconscious cause of his agitation, and as if impelled by some irresistible motive, inquired her name. "Fanny, sir; Fanny Jeddson," answered the agitated girl, as blushing and curtseying she withdrew.

"It is her image!" murmured the guest; "who is this girl? how came she here? so beautiful! so fair! to conjure up remembrances so painful!—re-calling a form never to be forgotten."

In a few moments he had summoned the landlord, who was prepared by Fanny's strange agitation, to hear interrogations which he resolved to answer in his own way. The gentleman, requested Jeddson to be seated, said he was lonely, and should like a little chat, and after a few preliminary remarks, inquired of his companion, if the pretty girl he had just left was his daughter or grand-daughter.

"She is neither," answered the old man, "but I love her as much as if she was."

"But she bears your name," resumed the stranger.

"She does," returned the innkeeper, "because, poor thing! she has no other. However, it is an honest name, and never was coupled with a treacherous deed; so perhaps suit the child as well as another."

"She is then an adopted child?" inquired the invalid in a humid voice.

"Why, sir," replied Jeddson, "I'll tell you the story, and how I came by the girl, and if you do not join me in saying that her father was a villain you will be the first who has differed from me in that opinion. But as I said before, I'll tell you the story."

"It was about the time when the British were about leaving Boston—I did not live here then, sir—I kept an inn on the Boston road; and some where about that time, one evening, a chaise drove into our yard, and an officer, sir, a British officer, alighted, and of which my lady, a sweet pretty creature, appeared melancholy, and somehow my wife and I thought she did not look like an officer's lady, but just like one of our own New England young women, so modest and unassuming. Well, the officer called for a room and supper, and desired that his horse might be taken care of, as they were to go on directly. Curious, you know, sir, is natural to women; people say, to New England women in particular. However, the young woman who went into the stranger's room to lay the cloth, and wait on the table, said, when she came out, that she had looked sharp at the lady, and that she kept crying all the time, and never tasted a morsel of supper. My wife, who is as stout as a lion in the cause of her sex, could not rest a minute; she was afraid the poor girl was unhappy; perhaps going away against her will; and speak to her she would! So she took an opportunity when the officer went out, to go into the room where the young lady was, to ask her if any thing troubled her. The poor young thing said she was grieving at the thoughts of leaving her home. "Then, why do you go, my dear," inquired my good woman. "Is the gentleman a relation of yours?" "Is my husband," said the girl; and she looked up so innocently, that my wife was comforted about her, and consented herself with giving her all the consolation she could, about leaving her home since she was going with her husband—and my good woman contrived to speak a few words to the gentleman, and begged him to take great care of such a gentle creature, and he promised he would. On going away, the young lady came to my wife and said softly, "If you hear any one speak of Eva Hayward, tell them she has gone to England with her husband." My wife promised she would. They drove off, sir, and we never expected to see them again; but my good spouse could never forget the circumstance; and often spoke of the young girl, and said her mind misgave her that she was not happy. Well, about two years afterwards, it was in winter, sir, a young woman got into a wagon that passed that way, and came out our house. She had a babe in her arms, and was crying bitterly. The wagon, it seems, had taken her up three miles beyond, and she asked to be set down at it. It was the girl who went away with the British officer! She knew us too, as ill as she was, for she was nearly dead. She told us her pitiful story—She had lived with her uncle, who was her only relation living in Boston, where she became acquainted with this officer. Her uncle hated the British, and forbade her to speak to one of them. But this one, sir, she loved; and when a woman loves, she is ready to forsake everything to follow her husband. He stole her away from her uncle's house, and married her privately. They were on their way to embark for England, when they stopped at our house. Well, sir, they arrived in England, and she says she appeared to idolize her, and she was so happy; but it was not to last. After some strange conduct on his part, he at length told her that he could no longer conceal from her that he had been married previous to his coming to this country—that his wife was living, and he could not entirely estrange himself from her; that his violent passion for her had induced him to do as he had done; that she repented and should always love her alone. I shall not repeat all that poor Eva said, sir."

And the result was, that she

scorned his promise of supporting her and her child in affluence, and resolved to quit the villain who had so basely deceived her; she chose a time when he was absent, and secured her passage in a vessel bound for home. She applied to several, but sailed in the one which was ready first. When she arrived in Boston she determined to throw herself upon her uncle's mercy, but when so far on her journey to him, she was obliged to stop and gather strength and courage to proceed. We made inquiries about her uncle; he was dead, and his estate left to strangers in his will. Poor Eva and her baby had no friend and no home! We kept her with us; God has blessed our means, they have both been treasures to us. We removed to this town, and have lived here eight years; the girl you saw is Eva's child."

"And her mother!" gasped out the stranger.

"She, too, is here and still dwells upon the wretch who has never made one inquiry about her or her child."

"I am he—I believed them dead," exclaimed the unhappy invalid, "bring me my child! I will explain, I will atone for all!"

The proud officer was humbled before the simple innkeeper—he saw and blessed his wondering daughter, and not daring to ask to behold her mother, he in terms of deep contrition informed Jeddson that Eva was in reality his wife, that after his arrival in England, he was urged by his friends to fall an engagement with a wealthy lady to whom he had long been betrothed, and his marriage was only delayed on account of his enforced departure—that, dreading the resentment of his family, and overwhelmed with shame for his inconstancy, he had at length resolved to impose on Eva the tale of his previous marriage, trusting that her devotion to him, and her destitute situation among strangers, would induce her to be content with possessing his love, while another bore his name. But on returning after a temporary absence, and learning her departure, his grief and remorse knew no bounds. He inquired concerning all the ships that sailed for America, and learned that a female and a child, answering to his description of Eva and her babe, had gone in one of them. That vessel was wrecked, and the miserable husband and father believed himself bereft of those he had so fondly loved and deeply injured. He never fulfilled his marriage contract or lost the remembrance of his first and martyred wife. He had been for many years an invalid, and at length resolved to visit the land and birth place of his lovely victim of his craft. He knew, that the gentle Eva saw, pined, and for a while her infant husband, and health and happiness again visited the reunited pair; and the worthy Jeddson with his excellent wife, were sharers of the happiness they had been the means of promoting; and the father of the beautiful Fanny never forgot the impressions made by the innkeeper's story.

PLAYING ON THE JACKASS.—On board the steamer Indiana, in one of her trips down the Mississippi, were a large number of good-natured passengers. They were packed into the cabin, and for a while they were all in a state of good-humor, and would have gotten on very well but for one annoyance. There happened to be on board a Hoosier from the Wabash, who was going down to Orleans, and he had provided himself with an old violin, fancying that he could fiddle as well as the best man, and planting himself where he could attract notice, seraped away. The fellow could not fiddle any more than a setting hen, and the horrible noise disturbed his fellow passengers excessively. A Frenchman, of very delicate nerves, and very fine musical ear, was especially annoyed. He flattered, rebuked, and swore at the "saucy" fiddler. The passengers tried various expedients to rid themselves of the Hoosier and his fiddle; it was no good—he would fiddle just as long as he—d—d pleased!

At last, a big Kentuckian sprang from his seat, saying, "I reckon I'll fix him," placed himself near the amateur fiddler, and commenced braying with all his might.

The effect of the noise was beyond description. Old Kentuck brayed so loud that he drowned the screeching of the fiddle, and, amidst the shouts of the passengers, the disgraced Hoosier retreated below, leaving the victory of the unequal contest to the Kentuckian, and his singular impromptu imitation of Balaam's friend.

The next morning after breakfast, the passengers were startled by the discordant sounds of their old tormentor—Hoosier had discovered that the coast was clear, and was bound to revenge himself on the passengers.

Loud and worse than ever screamed the fiddle. The Frenchman, just seated to read his paper, on the first sound, rose, looked anxiously around, shrugged his shoulders, and then shouted—"Vare is he? Vare is he? Queek! queek! Mon Dieu! Vare is Monsieur Kentuck, et man vat play on de Jackass?"

A LIVE YANKEE AMONG THE BRITISH.—A committee of the British House of Commons, while seeking some information from Colonel Colt, lately asked him where he was born. He answered, "In Connecticut, one of the sovereign and independent United States!" "Is it an enterprising State?" asked the chairman. "Yes," said Sam, "it embodies more enterprise than is contained in Great Britain and France combined." The committee was satisfied without asking further.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—J. L. Brown was recently nominated for the Legislature in Pacific county, Washington territory, but died very suddenly the day before the election.

Mr. Scudder was then elected, and he died suddenly a few days after. A special election was then ordered, and H. Fies chosen to fill the vacancy. The late steamer brings news that Mr. F. proceeded to the seat of government, and on the next day fell dead in the House.

CRONSTADT AND THE BALTIC FLEET. Those who anticipate a "dashing blow" at Russia in the Baltic would do well to read the first paper in Fraser's Magazine for May, which simply describes the naval and military geography of that twisted sea. The paper, indeed, is much more than an ordinary magazine article. Composed by one who has an intimate and detailed knowledge of the ground, who has been able to survey it, too, from the historical point of view, and from the most advantageous position accessible to an Englishman in Russia, it possesses an authenticity commonly allowed only to official papers; it is thoroughly practical in its purpose—clear and graphic in its language.

An English fleet entering the closed sea will not encounter its difficulties at the intricate entrance. The difficulty which our fleet had in venturing to pass the Sound with its shallow waters, the necessity for taking the more circuitous route by the Great Belt, formed only a foretaste of the obstructive navigation, which increases as the capital of Russia is approached. Passing by the cliffs of Holstein, the sandy shores of Pomerania, the granite rocks of Sweden—leaving out of account the ice which walls up the water way to the upper part of the Baltic the greater part of the year—let us take only what might be considered vulnerable points. We need not dwell much upon the entrance to the Dana, strongly fortified, though imperfectly manned, and not at present armed enough against attack, but without terror at the name of Napier.

The two parts of Russia that would seem to invite the desired blow are Finland—for its supposed disposition to return to Sweden, and its importance in a military point of view for approaching Russia by land—and the Gulf of Finland, the Road to St. Petersburg. As to Finland, the province so dishonestly taken from Sweden in 1809, a priori, it might be supposed that the inhabitants, whose ethnological sympathies with the Moscovites are small, would be ready enough to shake off the yoke, and return to their original fealty; but it will not do to trust in a priori reasoning. The Fins have a constitution secured to them for fifty years after the cession; they have several privileges; and there is no positive evidence of their Swedish tendencies. Moreover, their approaches are fortified by nature and by the sea. The entrance to the Gulf is gated by that group of eighty islands which go by the general name of the largest, Åland; an archipelago of islands, straits, reefs, bays and banks, which laugh at the entrance of any craft but the galleys and galleons of old world warfare. To the east, on the Finnish coast, lies Helingsfors, and the fortified works which pass by the general name of Sveaborg; and here lies a prize which might tempt the appetite of Napoleon—eight miles of the line, a frigate, a corvette and three steamers of the Russian Baltic fleet.

But how to get at them? Through the single passage of Helingsfors Bay, between Langens and Vester Sær, a passage two hundred yards in width, raked by a fire from the two islands, with other batteries to be passed, and commanded by the great works of Sveaborg, a pile of batteries such as Sir Archibald Alison says the writer, can alone describe; such, it would seem, as a John Martin alone could paint, under the inspiration of some military furor. Each series of works is complete in itself as regards stores of all kinds, and bomb-proof cover. The batteries are formidable, both because they are unassailable in the balance of the rocks from which they are carved, and because they have the heaviest ordnance. Between Sveaborg and Revel lies the narrow entrance to the Gulf of Finland, whose shores recede from each other to meet again nearer Cronstadt, at the entrance of the estuary of the Neva. Well, if the fleet lying in the Bay of Helingsfors cannot be fired, let the blow be struck on St. Petersburg itself, and the Scandinavians of the Baltic provinces taught to know that their Coast is not invulnerable, may be shaken from their allegiance by that evergreen art of Napoleon—queer daring. But how to get in? There is, no doubt, the choice of two channels; but the northern is closed with a double or triple row of piles, five or six miles in length, which renders it accessible only to small craft. It is Holson's choice, therefore; and, taking the other channel, the adventurous sea-captain, on invasion here, will have to steer his ship between Port Alexander on the left, and Ribbank on the right, each eight hundred yards distant, each built of granite and bristling with heavy guns; there come Fort Peter and the timber part of Cronstadt, the last of no formidable character; but then again the adventurer enters the "Middle Road," a passage two hundred and fifty yards wide, commanded by Cronstadt and Mole Head, and the cube granite built Fort Mennikoff, with a very large number of guns. Beyond, in the narrow channel, lies a sixth of land fortifications not practically important; no fleet in goose's bill is likely to enter there; save as the Russian admiral effected his entrance into Helingsfors, when a Swedish admiral capitulated, by force of golden artillery. Here, then, is the strength of Russia. She is a great hebegeho.

Her means of offence is not alarming; seventy-two ships of all sizes, in her Baltic and Bosphorus fleets, commanded by generals, with captains who wear spurs, and gunners with plate less than one shot in a dozen—a Napier could easily put such a fleet under a gun, and present it to the British Museum. But to be conquered, Russian ships must come out, and they show no impatience to be conquered. Russian fleets steal victories from English foes by stopping in-doors; and it is a winning game for the spurred sailors. A minnowlike hebegeho, with a trial than rhinoceros hide of granite, Russia cannot easily be made to feel blows. Perhaps she may be loked up and starved, until her very intestine rebel; but this is tedious work, even to those to whom victory is promised in reversion. The only strength that can conquer inert, dagger, shaftless obstinacy, is unflagged patience, for steady, patient, passive patience in a public, guarded against harassing its own servants by expecting and demanding impossibilities.

MR. SOULE'S DEMANDS. The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing under the date of the 3d instant, states that the Madrid correspondence of the London Times, in explanation of the proceedings of Mr. Soule on the Black Warrior affair, are ridiculously untrue. The facts of the case, he says, are as follows: Our readers may take what margin for fancy they chose:

On the arrival of the special messenger, Mr. Winslow, with instructions, Mr. Soule prepared and sent to the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Calderon de la Barca, a very calm, clear, firm demand, containing two propositions: first, indemnity; secondly, guaranty for the future, by the appointment of a diplomatic agent at Havana, with powers to meet these cases. This was delivered to M. Calderon, with a request for a prompt response, but not specifying the time which was allowed to make the response. At the end of twenty-four hours, Mr. Soule, receiving no reply, another note was sent, in substance the same as the first, and adding that if at the end of twenty-four hours a response was not received, he should take it for granted that the Spanish government approved the action of the Cuban authorities, and should act accordingly.

This was delivered by the Secretary, Mr. Perry, in person. When Mr. Calderon had finished reading the note, Mr. Perry coolly drew out his watch and said:

"Your excellency will please observe that it is now 12 o'clock; at 12 o'clock, to-morrow, precisely, I shall be here for a reply."

"Holy Virgin! young man, what do you mean?" exclaimed the Minister, "holy week and a Sunday intervening; it is impossible!"

Mr. Perry left. Before the termination of the twenty-four hours, Mr. Soule receiving a response from M. Calderon, stating that it was out of the power of the government to act in the matter, inasmuch as they had received no official intelligence from Cuba to guide them in their negotiations, and adding that the manner of Mr. Soule clearly indicated that the government of the United States was much more anxious for a difficulty than for a settlement.

To this Mr. Soule responded, again reiterating his first demand, and adding—rather impudently, it must be admitted—that he was satisfied that full information had been received from Cuba, and that in reference to the designs of the United States they sought only a prompt settlement of the difficulty, in order to preserve the peaceful relations which existed between the two countries; that the continued insults which the Cuban authorities had offered the United States had so exasperated the people that a prompt settlement would be found the surest guarantee of continued peaceful relations.

At this stage of the proceedings, the Queen sent for Mr. Soule, who, it may be well to here repeat, is in favor of the palace, while, on the contrary, Calderon is hated by her. Her object, who indulges in a very strong diet, into which brandy and cigars enter largely, and who is not very choice in her language, wished to know of Mr. Soule what she might expect between him and M. Calderon. On Mr. Soule stating the case, she stamped her foot violently on the floor, and said that Calderon was a d—d fool; and she wished Soule would manage the affair so as to get her rid of him, and she advised him to persevere.

It is generally thought in diplomatic circles in Paris, that between Mr. Soule and the Queen Calderon will be brought to a conclusion of some kind.

REMOVAL OF THE MAIN BONE IN THE LEG OF A BOY.—John Raja, a lad 15 years of age, son of a widow lady of Allegheny city, had received, some six months ago, an injury of the leg by a fall in consequence of which the whole shaft of the bone had become decayed. To save the limb Dr. Walter removed last week what the boy was under the influence of chloroform, the main bone of the leg from the knee by extirpation. Incredible as it may appear to the non-professional, that a limb could be saved and made useful by the removal of the whole of its main bone, still experience has taught that a new bone will be rapidly regenerated in childhood, and that the shape, length, and usefulness of the limb will be preserved. This is a triumph of modern surgery thus to save a limb while it is a blessing to the afflicted to be restored without mutilation. The boy is doing well, free from pain and his recovery appears to be certain.—Pittsburg Journal.

IMMENSE EMIGRATION FROM EUROPE.—The foreign papers received by the Europa inform us that as many as twenty-two emigrant vessels took their departure, during the month of April, from Liverpool, bound for the various parts of the United States. These twenty-two vessels carried away fifteen thousand and three hundred and forty-two persons. Of these, ten thousand eight hundred and twenty-five were Irish, two thousand and two hundred and eighty were Scotch, and eighteen hundred and forty were natives of other European countries; but the last number was made up almost entirely of Germans. During three days, counting from Thursday last, there arrived at New York from different European ports twenty thousand seven hundred and sixteen emigrants.

ADVANTAGES OF PAYING FOR A NEWSPAPER IN ADVANCE. One of the facts put in evidence, on a trial in the supreme court, to sustain the will of the late William Russell, was, that only a few days before he made the will he called at the office of the Democrat and paid for his paper a year in advance, thereby saving fifty cents. This fact was dwelt upon at length by counsel, and commented upon by the judge in his charge as one of great importance. The verdict of the jury would seem to sustain the position, that a man who has mind and memory enough to pay for his newspaper in advance, is incompetent to make his will.—Fayette Democrat.

A Riot in Boston. A riot took place in Boston on the 20th ult. A gentleman from Alexandria went on and had a runaway slave of his arrested under the Fugitive Slave Act—this caused a meeting of the abolitionists, who were addressed by Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and others, who urged upon them resistance to the law. The result was, their advice was followed and one of the aids of the Marshal was killed in the attempt to rescue the fugitive. Then, when these miserable scamps found that the friends of the murdered man were about to wreak their vengeance on them, they called upon the city authorities to protect them from the violence of the Irish. We give the extracts below from Boston papers: The Post says:

A large meeting assembled in Faneuil Hall last evening, called by the appeals in behalf of the fugitive slave Burns, now in custody. The meeting was presided over by George R. Russell, of Roxbury, supported by a list of vice presidents of the most unquestionable abolition stamp. Speeches were made by Wendell Phillips, who would have the slave set free in the streets of Boston, and congratulating the audience that the city government was with them, had instructed the police not to interfere; that to-morrow must show whether we will do our duty; that there is no law in Massachusetts, and the sovereignty of the people must begin; that the audience must keep their eyes on the fugitive, and never lose sight of him in the street, but be on perpetual guard; that Boston must receive herself the stain for allowing Sims to be carried off to the South; and concluded by reiterating his caution to keep his eye on them—and by Theodore Parker, who commenced by calling the audience "fellow subjects of Virginia," because there is no north, the line of the south running away to Canada; that there are two laws, the slave law and the popular sovereignty; that Boston once resisted law on the ground that what was not just was not law, and arguing that they were bound to resist the law and rescue the slave, moving that when the meeting adjourns it adjourn to meet in Court square next morning at 9 o'clock.

Voicerous cries were raised of "To-night! to-night!" and Mr. Parker, after vainly endeavoring to bring the audience to adopt his motion, moved that they go to the Revere House, and call upon the slave catchers to-night. The mob spirit seemed to be up, which the ones who had conjured it would fail away, and Phillips again took the stand, to endeavor to throw the aid of his eloquence on the troubled waters.

The crowd had scarcely reached Court square when several men with axes and a stack of timber were in the door on the west side, opposite the office of the United States marshal. They were resisted on the inside, when several guns or pistols were fired, and one of the officers of the marshal, James Batchelder a trackman, was shot through the bowels, dying almost instantly. The bell upon the court house was rung, a large detachment of the police were brought together immediately, and a number of the rioters were arrested. The mayor was sent for, and orders were issued to Col. Cowdin for two companies of his regiment, who were forthwith detailed for duty in the preservation of the peace of the city.

Meanwhile, great excitement prevailed about the court house, missiles were hurled, and some of the officers knocked down. Gradually the crowd dispersed, and at midnight but a few people remained in the square.

The Boston Bee has the following account: At about half-past nine o'clock, an armed mob rushed through the streets from Faneuil Hall to the Court House, and immediately commenced an attack on that building, with axes and other destructive weapons. One of the doors on the west side was demolished, and the mob were about rushing into the Court House to rescue Burns, the slave, when several loaded pistols were discharged, one of which, we regret to announce, proved fatal.

The Court House bell was immediately rung, and the most intense excitement prevailed. The whole square was thronged with people.

The windows of the Court House were broken by stones and other missiles, and various demonstrations of a most disgraceful nature were made.

The name of the person killed was James Batchelder. He resided in Charlestown, and leaves a wife and two children. He was a trackman in the employ of Peter Dunbar. At the time of his being shot he was within the Court House, endeavoring to keep back the mob. His death created great sorrow throughout the city.

That the mob demonstration was as premeditated, as it was a most diabolical affair, may be inferred from the fact that seven axes, new ones, were distributed among the rioters for active use. These, with pistols, knives and other deadly weapons indicate a desperation that we could not have believed had we not been an eyewitness to it.

The murderer of Batchelder contrived to make his escape. He can, however, be identified by several persons. One of the reportorial corps saw him shoot the deadly weapon. The shooting down of an officer by a reckless mobster is a crime tantamount to a riot, there is no greater.

There were some half dozen pistols discharged by the mob during the riot, injuring several persons, but none fatally, save the above case.

When any portion of our citizens thus meet in Faneuil Hall and instigate a mob to the shedding of blood and the destruction of property, as was done in this case, it is time that they be made to suffer the penalty of their acts.

The meeting last evening is allowed, on all sides, to have been the most recklessly insane of any ever held in Boston—like disgraceful to the city, and melancholy to its result. Let the blood of Batchelder teach us a lesson that fanaticism must be crushed at once, at any and every price—that the mob shall not with impunity march down the very temple of justice itself.

Boston, May 28.—The case of the fugitive slave Burns has caused a Sabbath of great excitement in our usually quiet city, and continues to agitate the public mind.

The Court House square was cleared last night, and the Court House surrounded with fence, &c.

A detachment of one hundred United States troops are garrisoning the Court House, and two companies of Boston militia are quartered in the City Hall.

Handbills were circulated today denying the reports that Colonel Smith had sold Burns. It says he offered to sell Burns for \$1,200, and the money was raised and offered him, when he demanded more, and the bargain was broken, though the Commissioner advised him to keep it.

Printed notices were left in every church and pulpit this morning, requesting the prayers of the congregation for the escape of Burns from his oppressors.

The abolitionists are very active in getting up secret meetings. Large delegations are expected from Salem, Worcester, New Bedford, and other places to-morrow.

One thousand pistols, principally revolvers, are said to have been sold by the dealers of this city on Saturday.

An inflammatory printed circular, addressed to the yeomanry of New England, has been widely circulated in the country, by the vigilance committee of Boston. The country people are requested by it to come to the city to-morrow to witness the sacrifice, and then go home and take such action as manhood and patriotism may suggest.

The funeral of James Batchelder, who was killed during the riot on Friday night, took place this afternoon. But few were present except the immediate friends of the family.

Boston, May 29, 12 M.—The case of Burns commenced at 11 in the presence of a dense crowd. Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker were present.

The counsel for the defence protested against proceeding with the case under the extraordinary circumstances surrounding them.

At this juncture, a procession of some six or eight hundred men from Worcester, carrying a banner upon which were inscribed the words "Worcester Freedom Club," marched into Court Square amid tremendous cheers. The confusion occasioned by this event interrupted the