

FOREIGN NEWS.



The Caledonia arrived at Boston on the 5th inst. The following is the principal news which she brings:

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 19, 1847. Parliament is prorogued to the 11th Dec., when it will be then further adjourned till January for the despatch of business.

The Lord Mayor of London gave a splendid entertainment to the Duke of Cambridge, and a large company, on Saturday week. Invitations were extended to his excellency the American minister, and three Polish princes. Mr Bancroft's health was proposed, and his address was very warmly received.

Ferrara is about to be completely evacuated by the Austrian troops, and the Pope will be preserved undisturbed in his career of civil and administrative reform.

The civil war in Switzerland is impending, and serious disturbances have taken place in the Two Sicilies.

In Spain, Espartero has been suddenly displaced from the head of the new ministry, and Narvaez installed in his stead. French influence has been again successful in that country.

The prospects for Ireland during the approaching winter are gloomy enough; famine in an aggravated form has already reappeared, and the queen has issued a letter commanding general collections to be made in the church establishments.

The Britannia arrived on the morning of the 15th.

P. S. 2 o'clock.—The markets up to this moment are losing ground; flour cannot be quoted beyond twenty-six shillings per barrel, and Indian corn shows no tendency to rise above thirty shillings.

The stoppage of the Liverpool Banking Company is just announced; its liabilities are not heavy.

Cotton market is much depressed. The disastrous monetary pressure recorded in our last advices has, during the last fortnight, continued to rage with unabated severity, involving several additional failures, and diffusing a deep and impenetrable gloom throughout the whole commercial community of Great Britain.

To such a point of intensity has the inaccessibility of money now arrived, that there is scarcely any one house which can be looked upon without suspicion, no matter how exalted its position. We may avoid further annunciation, by stating that altogether 35 houses have broken down or suspended since the departure of the last steamer.

Yesterday it was announced that the royal bank had been compelled to suspend payment.

Agricultural lectures are about to be delivered in various parts of Ireland, at the suggestion of the lord lieutenant.

A deputation of the Society of Friends is now in Dublin negotiating for the purchase of 250,000 of waste land on the coast of Donegal, for the purpose of promoting an extensive lobster fishery.

A four-horse coach has actually been started to run from Cambridge to London and back, in competition with the railway. A vast crowd assembled at Cambridge to witness this novelty.

A violent snow-storm commenced at St. Petersburg on the 2d, and continued with little interruption to the 5th. The mass of snow which fell was immense.

THE FRENCH COD-FISHERY.—The French accounts from Newfoundland state that their cod-fishery has proved nearly a failure this year—the number of fish caught scarcely exceeding one-sixth of the quantity taken in former seasons.

The trials of the Poles and other persons implicated in last year's conspiracy have been resumed. Two have been condemned to hard labor in the fortresses, while forty have been pardoned and set at liberty. Amongst the latter is the youthful Count Ney.

American Flour sold at \$5 50 per barrel. Wheat, \$1 50 per 70 lbs. Corn, \$6 00 per 450 lbs. Corn meal, \$3 per bbl. Some forced sales made under these prices.

LATER.—By a later arrival, we perceive cotton has fallen again half penny on the pound.

THE HARMONIOUS WHIGS.—The whigs need not stultify our divisions. They have enough of their own to embarrass and annoy them. What an amusing spectacle, for example, do they exhibit in the legislature of Tennessee! They were to elect a United States senator in place of Mr Jarnagin. They commenced the work on Thursday, the 28th October. We cannot undertake to guess when they will complete it. On that day they had not less than five ballots; and their three whig candidates (Messrs. Reese, Netherland, and Topp) were not within leagues of the coming-in pole. Mr Topp was the highest of all; and in the successive ballotings his vote stood 17, 17, 18, 18, 19—not higher than 19; while the scattering vote stood at the unprecedentedly large number of 39, 60, 55, 54, and 49. We venture to say that the scatterings never so far exceeded before the vote for the regular candidates. Hitherto, it has consisted of a few scattering votes; but in Tennessee they swallowed up all the rest—so little united are the universal whig party upon any one candidate, by the last accounts.

CRUELTY TO SOLDIERS.—We have frequently seen in the newspapers extracts written by soldiers in the army in Mexico, complaining of improper treatment on the part of the officers. We fear there is cause for these complaints. A letter from an officer in the army, published in the Union, says—"Congress meets soon. I pray you to use your influence to cause the speedy enactment of a law to prevent the maltreatment of soldiers by officers of the army. For example, thinks nothing of giving the first fifty lashes, and of clubbing, gagging, &c., the latter. At an appropriate period I propose to make all this manifest, if necessary."

COL. WILSON.—We find in the last Raleigh Standard, an interesting letter from the Surgeon who attended the Colonel in his illness. This letter was elicited by a friend of Col. Wilson's in Tarborough:

VERA CRUZ, Sept. 30, 1847. Sir: In accordance with your desire to have a statement made of all the particulars in relation to the sickness and death of Col. Wilson, I have the honor to report that for the benefit of fresh air and agreeable location, Col. Wilson, from the period of his arrival at Vera Cruz, had spent his nights on board of the U. S. ship American, lying near the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa.

During the day he was constantly and assiduously engaged, frequently with great exposure, in expediting the departure of the train under his command.

On the night of the 5th of August, after every arrangement had been completed for the departure of the train, he was attacked with the Yellow Fever at midnight, he being then on board of the ship American above alluded to.

I was not apprised of his illness until morning, when I hastened on board the ship, and as soon as possible had him removed on shore, and placed in the care of the most kind, skilful and attentive female nurse in the city of Vera Cruz.

I need not add that every exertion was made, which an experience and familiarity with the treatment of yellow fever for 20 years past, enabled me to employ; but the high state of excitement which accompanied the entire period of his disease, seemed to bid defiance to all the remedies applied, and he continued gradually, but steadily, to decline, until the 12th of August, when he expired at about 4 o'clock, p. m.

I attribute Col. Wilson's death, not so much to the yellow fever with which he was attacked, as to the high state of excitement under which he labored, arising from his disappointment in not being able to accompany the train under his command; he being in possession of despatches which he believed to be of immense importance, and which he informed me he had promised to deliver with his own hand to Gen. Scott.

He had repeated interviews with Major Lally, who eventually commanded the train, and frequently and urgently insisted on being placed in an ambulance and sent along with the train, as he was, but this would have been insanity.

He made no communication of any kind in relation to his own affairs—in fact; he spoke of nothing but the departure of the train without him, and it is to that circumstance that I cannot but attribute the eventual fatality of his malady.

Of the necessity or utility of the departure of the train at that precise moment, under another command, it is not a part of my province to speak.

The remains of Col. Wilson, were removed at my suggestion, by the Colonel Commandant to the Palace, and were deposited in a zinc coffin enclosed in one of mahogany, and interred with military honors in a vault of the Cemetery, where they can at any moment be removed by the desire of his friends, though I would recommend that it be postponed for a month from this period.

The above comprises all that I can recapitulate in relation to the last illness of Col. Wilson.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant, J. S. McFARLANE, Surgeon U. S. Army.

To Col. Henry Wilson, Governor of Vera Cruz.

From the Washington Union. Mr. Webster.—The following statement of Mr Webster's self-contradiction is not more striking than the one we gave yesterday—of his having insisted, in his Philadelphia speech, on the necessity of providing supplies for our soldiers and seamen, as we were now engaged in war; and of his higgling in his Springfield speech about stopping the supplies:

From the Albany (Ga) Patriot. MESSRS EDITORS: In Mr Webster's late speech in the Massachusetts Convention, in one column as published, we find the following sentiments: "I say that, in my judgement, after the events of 1846 and the battle of San Jacinto, Mexico had no reason to regard Texas as one of her provinces. She had no power in Texas, but it was entirely at the disposition of those who lived in it. They made a government for themselves. This country acknowledged that government; foreign States acknowledged that government; and I think, in fairness and honesty, we must admit that in 1840, '41, '42, and '43, Texas was an independent State of the Union. I do not admit, therefore, that it was any just ground of complaint of the part of Mexico, that the United States annexed Texas to themselves."

In another column of the same speech we find the following: "Sir, I have alluded to the declaration of Mr Calhoun, that if there had been no annexation of Texas, there would have been no war. I now choose to say, sir, that I agree in your sentiment, expressed in your forcible way in your place in the House of Representatives, that the direct consequence of the act of iniquity in the annexation of Texas, is the war in which we are engaged."

SUGAR CANE.—We have been presented by Mr Alfred Smith, of Whiteville, Columbus County, with a couple of fine large Sugar Canees, grown by himself. They are about 6 feet long, and look as though they were full of the choicest syrup. Mr Smith informs us that he is satisfied, from actual experiment, that he can raise as fine an article in this line in Columbus, as the Sugar planters of Louisiana can produce. We hope to see the day when the cultivation of Sugar will be extensively and profitably introduced amongst the farmers of the Old North State.—Wilmington Journal.

We notice that the Hon. Isaac Van Zandt, formerly Minister from Texas to this country, and one of the present candidates for Governor of that State, died at Houston on the 11th inst., of yellow fever.—Wilmington Journal.

From the New Orleans Delta. A HARD CASE: or, a lost beau and fiddle.

Among the persons in the Recorder's dock yesterday, was a tall, full-faced, black-haired, and on the whole, good-looking fellow. He seemed:

"Who never in virtue's ways did take delight; but spent his days in riot, most uncouth, and vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of night."

Among those in court, but out of the dock, was a lady in a semi-mourning suit, whose face was shaded by a green veil, through which, notwithstanding it might be seen that she was passing fair but not forty. She oscillated from side to side, pendulum like, in her chair as ladies sometimes do when o'er pressed with ills that flesh is heir to. The lady would sometimes look through her veil at the prisoner whom we have described above, and the prisoner, pushing with his hand a profusion of black hair off his forehead, would occasionally glance at the lady. It was not long till the Recorder called "Anthony Blake." In response to which the prisoner rose, who, by-the-way, had something of a military air about him, and whose dress may best be described by the disyllable—seedy.

"Your name is Anthony Blake, is it not?" said the Recorder.

"That, sir," said the prisoner in a half Dublin half Galway brogue, "but that, sir, is my spurious appellation; but I am, generally called 'Tony' by my friends for the sake of brevity, and very often Lieut. Blake, having had the honor to serve her Catholic Majesty, the Queen of Spain, in that military grade, under Gen. Evans."

"Then Lieut. Blake," said the Recorder, "you are charged by this lady, Madame Defere, with having feloniously taken and carried away from her a fiddle of the value of twenty dollars."

"Yes, yer Honor," said Madame Defere, "and my poor departed husband, Mr Defere—Dickey, I used to call the dear man, for he in playful affection never called me anything but Fan—Dickey always said he wouldn't sell it for forty dollars, and that we should always keep it as an heirloom in the family."

Blake.—[Aside, in a kind of stage whisper.]—Yes, and you thought when you were giving it to me that you were weaving a matrimonial web with it.

Recorder.—Well, Mr Blake, what have you to say to the charge?

Blake.—That, your Honor, it has no other foundation, in fact, than what has been suggested by the monster with the verdant optics. To drop metaphor, your Honor, it all proceeds from jealousy—downright jealousy.

Here Mrs Defere applied a white handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbing in broken sentences, said something about "deceit"—"a poor lone widow"—"base ingratitude," &c.

Recorder.—Inform me, Mr Blake, if you have taken the fiddle—if you have the fiddle—and if you have it not, what it is that you have done with it.

Blake.—I shall categorically reply to your honor. The fiddle I did not take, for she gave it to me; the fiddle I therefore have had, but the fiddle I have not now; so, whatever the fiddle is, the case is a plain one. To be candid with your honor, the lady labored under the delusion that I was her beau, and fancying, I presume, that the proper place for the fiddle was with the beau, she presented it to me and I presented it to a relative of mine in a moment of financial embarrassment. So at present, she has not the beau nor is she likely to have; I have not the fiddle, and you are in possession of the case.

Mrs Defere.—O, Anthony, this treatment I did not expect from you. Little did I think that when you used so sweetly to play and sing—"Sweetest love! I'll not forget thee,"—"Oh, doubt me not," that you would so soon forget me—that I would so soon have cause to doubt you—that, in fact, you were all the time but trifling with my affections.

Blake.—Mrs D, if I have unconsciously inspired you with the tender passion, permit me to say, that you are not singular in that behalf. It has been my misfortune to be deeply, intensely, wildly, madly loved by others than you, whose affection, as in your case, my sense of the sublime and beautiful, did not permit me to reciprocate; but, oh! ever adored Helen! a-hem: what was your honor about to remark?

Recorder.—I did not mean to interrupt you, sir; but now I would ask, who is this relative to whom you gave the fiddle. May he not give it back?

Blake.—Why, your honor, he is my uncle, one who boasts of but few of the virtues of the family, who will take the pledge at any hour in the day, and his brandy and water five minutes after.

Recorder.—In plain language, you pawned it.

Blake.—Exactly so, your honor, sent it up the spout, as we used to say in Dub., and I doubt if it will be down with even the next shower.

Recorder.—Blake, have you any visible means of support.

Blake.—Sir, besides the ancestral estate in the west of Ireland, from the proceeds of which, I pledge you my honor, I never received the first cent, though fully half a dozen Dublin attorneys have made fortunes out of it; besides this, I say, I give lessons on the violin, instruct belligerent young gentlemen in fencing and the noble art of self defence, and put, young ladies through Spanish and the Mazourka.

Recorder.—Why, you are in yourself an academy of compliments, and now, since you'll no longer be the beau of Mrs Defere, you must at least restore to her her fiddle; to do which, I will give you three days, when if it is not then done the information against you will be sent up to the criminal court, govern yourself, therefore, accordingly.

Blake bowed and left—the widow cursed and followed.

From the Phil. Penny-Cuon. A REBUKE FROM THE RIGHT QUARTER. A few days ago we pointed to the fact that the enraged soldiers at Buena Vista—the field made immortal by their stubborn valor—had burned in effigy that famous federal senator, Thomas Corwin, of Ohio whose speech was copied into the United States Gazette; of this city, in February last, and circulated by that ardent Taylor print among its numerous readers.

But we have a rebuke of federalism before us, which, if not quite as significant as that meted by the soldiers on the battlefield of Buena Vista to Corwin and co-peers, is no less expressive and unequivocal. We extract it from the army correspondence of the "North American," as it appears in the letter from that favorite writer, "John of York," or William C. Tobey, esq., in yesterday's number of that paper. When we consider that Mr Tobey is the regular correspondent from Mexico of the North American, and that he is aware of the strong anti-war tendencies of that journal, we confess our surprise at the frankness and the boldness of his language. That it appears in the columns of that paper at all, is a marvel, and is more to be attributed, we presume, to accident, than to design. At any rate, it is worth an attentive perusal.

Anti-war Polks.—There are now in Mexico many thousands of your fellow citizens, who, at the call of their own government, left homes, kindred, all that was comfortable and productive of happiness on earth, to sustain the decrees of that government and the honor of the nation. Whether the war is wrong or right, this is not the time to discuss it. If wrong, it must be brought to an honorable termination, and to do this all should be united. The people we war against need not your encouragement to lay in wait for your brothers and murder them with the feroceity and treachery of the wolf to the lamb. We need your aid and support; we need your encouragement to sustain us in the trials and hardships we encounter in this unfriendly climate. Our love of country and our patriotic impulses are as strong as yours, and we can bear all the burdens war imposes without murmuring; but we cannot brook your cold sneers at our sufferings, and your hypocritical prayers for our defeat. Thousands now here will never see their kindred again, the hall-storm of battle and the unhealthy climate will thin our ranks more than even you may desire, though your veins swell full of tory blood. Even should it be clear that the President was wrong in the course he has pursued towards the Mexicans, is it fair, is it patriotic, to urge the hall-storm of battle upon him, and aid our enemy to destroy us? We here, know no party; we know no faction; no political considerations influence us; and why should they influence you at such a time? We care nothing for Mr Polk as a man, and it is he who wrongs me, and not the United States. I do not wish to see you, and you are not afraid to do that you wish done for our foes. If you want to flog Mr Polk, go ahead, but do not cut our throats in the doing of it; for there are a pretty snug party of us here who may have a quarrel to settle with him, and his administration when this war is ended, shall not be when Mexico is thoroughly whipped; and, as it will not take us long to do that, her friends in the United States will find the few that are left of us ready and willing to do them the same favor on our return home. Desiring you to understand that the American volunteers have generally minds to appreciate your efforts, and excellent memories, I shall not waste paper by saying anything further to you while in Mexico. I expect that the foregoing paragraph is so much lost time and paper, but I feel very much at present like taking a grand round through the Massachusetts Legislature and walloping the entire grocery, from the speaker to the spittoon cleaners. The sentiments so long and so loudly together here are but the echo of what is felt and spoken by every man in the army.

On the other side of the paper in which this bitter rebuke appears, are the usual comments of the North American against the Executive and the war, and only three days before it uttered the following sentiment: "The country hates the war—hates its objects—hates its inevitable results and inevitable sacrifices; and the people, by their representatives in the popular branch of our national councils, will close it."

Is it surprising that Gen. Scott should exclaim against the conduct of the federalists at home, or that the correspondents from his army should denounce them? Is it surprising that the federal leaders are burst in effigy on the famous field of Buena Vista?

The N. Y. Globe thus explains the difficulties which lie in the way of the whigs in the Empire State: "The whigs go into power under many disadvantages in this State. They have to organize under the new constitution—a most delicate and trying operation. They have, in the first place, to decide whether the credit of the State is to be preserved, or some ten millions are to be added to the public debt, to meet the clamors of those who insist upon more money being expended on the canals. They have to adopt measures in relation to banks and currency. They have to settle the anti-rent question, which mostly affects the property of their own friends; and have, in short, so many embarrassing political and fiscal points to settle, and there are also so many dividing issues on men and measures in the whig ranks, that if they get through their labors without great dissensions, it will be a rare occurrence."

A SWEEPING PROTEST.—At the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends, held at Baltimore last week, they protested against wars in general, and war with Mexico in particular—against the institution of slavery and its further extension, and against Odd Fellowship, Free Masonry, and secret institutions generally, as well as a paid or hired ministry.—N. Y. True Sun.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—Many people might love at first sight, for all the love they ever had was no better than an idle fancy. Nevertheless, we believe that there is such a thing in the case of a hungry man that sees a roast turkey. One

INDIAN RUBBER SADDLES.—Indian rubber is now used for saddles—to which its elasticity, durability, and other qualities peculiarly adapts it.

From the Wilmington Chronicle. WILMINGTON AND RALEIGH RAILROAD COMPANY.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders in this company will be held in this town on the 11th inst.

Having had an opportunity of looking over the report of the Examining Committee on the last years operations of the company, (the year ending Oct. 1st, 1847,) we are able to furnish some particulars in regard to those operations, which will be of interest to the public generally as well as to the stockholders:

Receipts for the year. Rail Road \$191,128.89 Steam Boats 137,351.31

Expenses for the year. Rail Road \$140,995.82 Steam Boats 118,917.23

Nett profits \$331,450.20

Comparative statement of the Annual Receipts, Expenditures and Profits of the Company, together with a statement of the Rates of Fare.

Table with 5 columns: Years, Receipts, Expenditures, Profits, Rates of fare. Data for years 1841-1847.

It will be seen by the preceding comparative table that the receipts of last year were considerably larger than those of any former year, notwithstanding the fare was very much lower.

The desertion of a number of men from the American army, and their capture and execution near the City of Mexico, has given rise to many remarks calculated to reflect on the patriotism of certain adopted citizens of this country. It has been thought, and we confess that this was the impression left on our minds, that the battalion alluded to were mostly from the Emerald Isle. The New York Police Gazette contains the names and nativity of that infamous set of scamps, from which we are sorry to learn that a large portion were Americans. They are classed as follows:—Americans 64, Irishmen 54, Germans 16, Scotch 4, and one each from England, Nova Scotia, France and Poland. We publish this account that unjust reproach may be taken from the shoulders of those who do not merit the censure. Let all bear their part—Raleigh (N. C.) Register.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.—We are in the midst of that most delicious season of the whole year, which is called the Indian summer. The hazy temperature is as genial as that of the spring; and more agreeable, because it is not so relaxing. Accompanied as it is by the various and beautiful colors of the foliage of the trees, the improved health which succeeds to the autumnal attacks, and the other accompaniments of the season, it is justly considered as the most pleasant period of the year. The air is balmy and refreshing; and instead of cooping oneself up in the house, chained to a chair and a writing-desk; one is disposed to plunge into the open air and bathe in the sunbeams. Fenelon, in describing the island of Calypso, never dreamed of such an atmosphere as is now enjoyed by the Americans. The "old women's summer," (as they called it,) which they sometime enjoy in the north of France, in Sweden, and in Russia, cannot compare with our Indian Summer.—Union.

83. Jacob Barker, in his speech at the Commercial Exchange, on the 10th inst., said that slavery was a curse which was ever inflicted on the South, and that every intelligent planter would abolish it. Mr Barker is endorsed by the Courier, the lead organ of that city, as a fit person to represent Louisiana in Congress.—Journal.

Mr Barker is "a Taylor, sugar protection, United States Bank" democrat—and is allied to the whig party in all else than the name he has seized on to serve his purpose. He was, we believe, many years ago, in New York an active member of the democratic party, but he also belonged to the faction that are now going over to the whigs of that State on the Wilnot proviso question.—Montgomery (Ala.) Flag.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—The Annual Fair of the Mecklenburg Agricultural Society was held in this place, according to appointment, on Thursday last.

The amount of articles exhibited for premiums were not so numerous as at some former exhibitions of the Society;—but the good effects of competition produced among the members, in the improvement of stock, and in the culture of the soil, was very plainly visible.

In the forenoon, the Society was highly entertained by a very able address on Agriculture and its kindred subjects, by one of our most enterprising and intelligent farmers, David A. Caldwell, Esq.—Mecklenburg Jeffersonian.

The first pair of Revolving Pistols turned out by Mr Samuel Colt, at his armory in Hartford, were made by order of the President of the United States, for his brother, Maj. Polk, of the 3d regiment of Dragoons, who is now in Mexico.

A Yankee in Connecticut is manufacturing what he calls "Patent Liver Complaint." It is said to possess several advantages over the old kind. He depends upon the West for a market.

JAIL FOR SALE.—The Whig, published a Middletown, Frederick county, Md., calls the attention of neighboring towns, in want of a second-hand jail, to one advertised for sale in that place, by a constable. The sale, it appears, is at the suits of Dr W. H. Creager, and Wm. J. Ross, administrators of Thomas C. Worthington, deceased, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements, of the corporation of Middletown.