arranged, but in a most extraordinary manner. The British Government may, indeed, say that it has obtained all it demanded, but not from our Government, for its outrageous demands have been resisted by the latter to the end.

The judgment of the court at Panama, in the affair of Russell, was carried up to the supreme Court of Magdalena, and by this Court remitted to the Court of Panama, with an order for a new trial. The judge consulted his associate, (assesseur,) and in accordance with his opinion, declared himself to be without jurisdiction of the case. Russel was consequently set at liberty, and immediately took refuge on board one of the British vessels.

His release becoming known, the British Admiral required the Governor of Carthagena to pay him $5,000 as indemnification for Russell; which the Governor refused. But the Administrative (*Junta de Hacienda*), being informed of the demand, thought proper to pay the money on its own authority, and the blockade was immediately raised.

Our Government has strongly condemned the conduct of the judge in denying his jurisdiction, and, has directed proceedings to be instituted against him for having, under this pretext, refused to fulfil his duty; and for having released Russell without security for his return to prison if so required in the end. The members of the Administration Council will be required to pay the $5,000 out of their own pockets."

*From the Baltimore Chronicle.*

## MR. STEVENSON, THE GLOBE AND THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER.

The prayer of the editor of the Richmond Enquirer has been heard—the Globe has consented to "*forbear*" its strictures, and the official has, with great condescension, informed "the opposition" that it is not likely that Mr. Stevenson will be recalled. The minister is, however, admonished to "clear his skirts" of the Whigs, and then he will find the editors of the Globe "as much his friends as before."

Mr. Stevenson may, therefore, for the present, be considered safe, and the venerable editor of the Enquirer is, no doubt, entitled to all the credit of preventing his recall. By way of salvo to the feelings of the minister, Mr. Van Buren has disclaimed any participation in the attack of the Globe on him; "although," say the editors, he had greater reason to be hurt, he "had more charity in construing the correspondence."

There is another fact which this controversy has brought to light, and that is, that Mr. Stevenson has been in the habit of writing "toad eating" letters to the editor of the Richmond Enquirer, which were intended, no doubt, to propitiate the party here, whilst he has affected, in his conversation with Americans in London, a perfect independence of all party, and proclaimed himself the representative of his whole country. For the necessary proofs to convict him of this double dealing, he is indebted to the editor of the Enquirer, whose indiscreet zeal to excuse Mr. Stevenson induced him to publish a private letter of that gentleman, which bears internal evidence that he *has* had to do,—although in another letter, *intended for publication*, he denies it,—"with our party strifes and divisions at home,' since he has been in London.

Let us examine the subject: In the letter written by Mr. Stevenson, dated in London, Dec. 31, and which was the one that elicited the strictures of the Globe, the following passages occur:

After stating his indignation at the intimation that he was the author of the letter attacking the Bank of the United States, published in the Globe last fall, and now acknowledged to have been written by Mr. Rush, Mr. Stevenson says,

"Who the writer of the letter is, to which allusion is made, I certainly cannot say; but that it was written by, or "with the knowledge, advice, or sanction "of any one in this Legation, or in any "manner connected with it, is wholly "untrue."

And again he says, "indeed, so far "from having had any agency myself in "writing or causing any such letter to be "written, I knew nothing of it until I "read it in the Globe a few weeks since. * * * "Nor is there any better foundation for supposing that I had "any agency or direction in the republication here of Mr. Van Buren's letter "about the bank of the United States. "The first intimation I had of its republication was the appearance of the pamphlet itself".

This is certainly explicit enough; but, not satisfied with disclaiming all connection with the letter to the Globe, the republication in London of Mr. Van Buren's letter to Sherrod Williams, or knowledge of the author of either of these movements, Mr. Stevenson takes the following high ground:

"My course, as the representative of "my country, since I have been here, "has been open and straightforward, and "requires, I flatter myself, neither concealment nor justification. * * *

"Since I have been here, I have had "nothing to do with our *party strifes and "divisions at home*. However determined I may be in my political and party "opinions, and devoted to my political "friends, (and few men are more so,) I "feel that here, as the representative of "my country, I can know no party.—"My political friends neither wish nor require it I am, at this Court, the representative of no political party, the advocate of no particular interest, but the "Minister of my whole and undivided "country; equally desirous to promote the "prosperity and happiness, and honor, "not of a part, but the whole. I came "here to fulfil other and higher duties in "relation to my country and myself, *than "such as the editor of the Commercial* [in "charging him with writing such letters as that of Mr. Rush,] *has been pleased to "ascribe to me*. Upon what authority, "and with what motives, he has made "his charge, I leave the public to judge. "Of one thing I am quite certain, that "if such conduct is not reprobated by the "liberal and enlightened men of all parties, it can have no other effect than to "humble our country at home and disparage it abroad."

There is a spirit of indignant patriotism manifested in the above extracts, for which Mr. Stevenson deserves honor. But mark the facts. A little more than a month before the letter was written, from which we take the extracts, that is, on Nov. 26, 1836, Mr. Stevenson wrote thus to the editor of the Richmond Enquirer:

Mr. Vail's retirement added heavily to my labors. I am, however, getting well over it, and the business of the Legation in good order, as *my friend Rush*, who is here, could tell you." "I dare say, do all we can, we shall be abused; but I cannot help it. By the bye, you must not credit half you hear or see in the newspapers, without proof." All that I have to ask of *my friends* is, to ascertain what is true, before they undertake to judge or condemn. Do what I may, I *will* be condemned, I know; but shall nevertheless try and do what is right." "*We see a great deal of Mr. Rush; he is with us daily.*" We have just heard that Pennsylvania has gone for the Republicans, *and the Whigs are down*. Will the bank not go?" (*Mark that!*)—says the Enquirer.

Can any one reconcile the facts stated in their letter with that of Dec. 31? Here he is shown to be in daily conversation with Mr. Rush, "his friend." He just heard that the Van Burenites "have succeeded in [the October election] Pennsylvania and that the Whigs are down," and then, (proving the tenor of his conversation with Mr. Rush,) he significantly asks "*Will not the Bank go down!*" And yet the man who writes this, says he knew nothing of Mr. Rush's intention to publish Mr. Van Burens's letter, although he was daily in conversation with him! Who that knows the loquacity of Mr. Rush will believe this? Who that knows his adulation of power & how readily "he crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee, where thrift may follow fawning," can believe that he would have dared to make such a publication without consulting the minister, the representative of his party in London, whose relations towards him were such that the minister views him as a friend, and refers to him to say that the business of the Legation is in good order? No candid man can doubt that the circumstances, stated by Mr. Stevenson, are all against him. And again, what is it that he asks his friends to be first fully advised of before they join in his condemnation? Is not the inference clear, that it was his conduct with reference to the Bank of the United States. The context proves this. He is preparing to disclaim all connection with Mr. Rush's letter, knowing that a belief of that kind would lower him with the public men of England. He therefore, affects to believe that his conduct would give dissatisfaction to the opposition, when he knew that if he did stand aloof from Mr. Rush, and not participate in his attempts to destroy the credit of the private corporate institutions of his country, he would receive their approbation. He throws an anchor ahead. He writes to the editor of the Enquirer, for this purpose, a letter which cannot fail to give great satisfaction to his Anti-Bank friends in Virginia. Having thus placed in the hands of his friend, to be used no doubt privately, evidence of his orthodox opinions on the subject of the Bank, he writes his letter of Dec. 31,—a letter intended for publication,—and which no reader, who places reliance on its statements, can fail to construe highly favorable to his patriotism as an American, his honor as a man, and his character as a minister. Judged of by it alone, Mr. Stevenson would indeed occupy high ground. But, unfortuntely for his fame, the letter he intended to be private has been published. In it he has exposed himself. He shows that instead of feeling a holy horror at the wickedness of Mr. Rush's scheme to destroy the credit of the Bank abroad, he himself is meditating the same thing, and rejoices in the prospect of the bank "going down" as a consequence of the success of the Van Burenites, in Pennsylvania.—"Will not the bank go down?" is his question to the editor of the Enquirer. Mr. Rush was at his elbow, perhaps, when he penned the question, and no doubt answered it to Mr. Stevenson's satisfaction, "*whose wish was father to the thought.*" His private letter shows another thing. It proves that whilst he affected indignation at having been charged with writing a letter, of which Mr. Rush was, as he knew, the author, he was *daily* in conversation with him, was his "genial confidant," his friend!

What are we to think of such a man? He declares, in terms, the course pursued by Mr. Rush in England, to be disgraceful and dishonorable,—He declares himself ignorant of what Mr. Rush is doing and yet he is his confidant & friend! He condemns the re-publication in London of Mr. Van Buren's letter, and charges the man, who intimated he was privy to its re-publication, with falsehood and calumny, and yet he hugs Mr. Rush, who did cause its republication, to his breast as if he were worthy of all honor. He tells the world, that whilst in London, as the representative of his "whole country," he can know nothing of "party differences" at home, yet he is writing private letters to his correspondents here, breathing a hostile spirit to the Whigs, who, he learns, no doubt with great pleasure, "are down," and prompts the party to put down the Bank also! He blows hot and cold with the same breath. He ministers to the avarice and personal malevolence of his party—he encourages them in their attempts to break the plighted faith of one of the sovereign States of the Union, and yet he begs the world to believe that whilst he is minister of the United States in London, he can "know nothing of the party differences at home!" Mr. Rush is a sycophant and makes no effort to conceal it; he worships power, and prostitutes his talents to party purposes—boldly and recklessly. In so far he is superior to Mr. Stevenson—in all else they are equal.

## FROM MEXICO.

Intelligence has been received from Metamoras to the 20th ult. Gen. Bravo with his army, consisting of abut 3,300 men, had commenced crossing their camp equipage. They would march on the last of March, and had abundant provisions by arrivals from New Orleans. The Mexican government had contracted for a loan of $1,500,000, to be advanced in monthly payments of $150,000.—Thirteen of the prisoners, lately confined at Metamoras, had arrived at New Orleans.

The French Minister at Mexico had received orders from government, by the last English packet, to insist upon the reimbursement of all the forced loans imposed on the French citizens; and in case of refusal, to demand his passports.

The English vice counsul at Tampico, Mr. Crawford, will shortly pass through New Orleans, on his way to Texas, where he is ordered by his government, in order to make a report as to the state of the country.

The warlike message of President Jackson has been received very coolly at the capital.

The Chronicle of March 31 says "Business continues dull. Transactions are limited, and made with scrupulous precision. The fatal want of confidence and money operates alike on all descriptions of trade. Our city has been thronged with planters and merchants from the country for a number of days past, all desirous of purchasing their stock of summer goods. They have come here with their cotton which is not now as valuable to them as if it had arrived in market at an earlier day. The commission merchants, from want of banking facilities, cannot find them cash, and even good paper is doubtfully received.

Mexico.—The Globe of this morning says: We have had a few moments' conversation with Lieutenant Tatnall, of the navy, who conveyed Santa Anna to Mexico, and learn from him that the reported *cold reception* given to Santa Anna was altogether a misrepresentation. He was welcomed with great enthusiasm by the great body of his countrymen. Lieutenat Tatnall remained a week with Santa Anna after he landed; during which time, the news of his return had reached the capital, and many other important points, from all of which, letters giving account of demonstrations of great joy for the deliverance of Santa Anna, were received by him.

Lieutenant Tatnall believes the invasion of Texas will not be repeated. The military preparations of Bustamente are considered by intelligent persons as intended to maintain his authority at home, against the popularity of Santa Anna with the people—*Nat. Int.*

## GREAT BRITAIN & CUBA—IMPORTANT.

For some time past, there has been a rumor that the British Government was about to receive a pledge or mortgage on the Island of Cuba, as security for a loan to be advanced to the queen of Spain. Such a course would infallibly throw this important Island into the possession of the British, which, when we consider the extent of our coasts in the Gulfs of Mexico and Florida would be a dangerous advantage in the event of war. It should also be remembered that nearly all the Foreign commerce of Cuba is transacted with the United States. For the year ending September, 1836, our

Imports from Cuba were $11,346,615
Exports do do $5,506,803

We have naturally felt some little anxiety about this affair; and, if we may judge from the following paragraphs, it will be inferred, not only that the rumor is incorrect, but that such a measure would be absolutely unpopular in England. The Madrid Gazette remarks:

"The Espanel of the 8th, referring to different foreign journals, speaks of a new treaty which is shortly to be concluded between England and Spain, and by virtue of which the former power will take possession of Cuba. This news is false. The government could never have conceived such an absurd project. We are not astonished that malevolence or ignorance should propagate such rumors in foreign countries: but that a national journal should circulate them without vouching for the truth of its statement, sufficiently proves its intention of throwing discredit on the government at the risk of treating with blackest ingratitude a friendly nation which so generously aids us in the present struggle. If the journalists who repeat such absurdities do not give credit to them, why do they publish them at all?"

One of our latest numbers of the London Morning Chronicle, which we would remark is the Government organ of Great Britain, contains an article from the editor on the subject. It is important, and details disadvantages which would result to the old country from the possession of Cuba, that have never, probably, occured to our politicians—at least they have never been published on this side the Atlantic. The editor says:

"The American papers generally evince great jealousy of supposed British interference in the affairs of Cuba; and the Mardrid papers contain the statement that a protest has been presented to the Spanish Government by the American Minister against an imaginary project of transferring that island to England as a security for a loan proposed to be contracted by Senor Mendizabal. Of the value of Cuba, as a colonial possession and as containing the largest quantity of fertile soil and the finest harbor in the West Indies, there can be no doubt; but even if ceded *gratuitously* by Spain, it would be a costly acquisition to England. That Island contains upwards of 400,000 slaves, who could not be retained in slavery under the principle now recognized in all British colonial possessions; and to compensate their owners for their emancipation, on a scale similar to that already established in the adjoining West India Islands, would be, in other words, *to levy a new contribution of eight or ten millions sterling on the people of Great Britain.*"

WASHINGTON, Feb., 1837.

DEAR SIR:

Having written three letters to the Secretary of War on the subject, I called to day in person to see the President, to protest against any further draft on Middle Florida, and to suggest that they would have enough to do to protect their own frontiers. He declared he did not believe that Jesup had made any draft or a call for one; wanted evidence of the fact; denied that Florida, had ever had a Brigadier General's command in the field, and then becoming excited, he said, "Let the damned cowards defend their country," that he could take fifty women, and whip every Indian that had ever crossed the Suwanee, and that the people of Florida had done less to put down the war, or defend themselves than any other people in the United States. He said they ought to have crushed it at once, if they had been men of spirit and character. He said if five Indians had approached into the white settlements of Tennessee and Kentucky, not one would have got out alive. He said the men had better run off or let the Indians shoot them, that the women might get husbands of courage, and breed up men who would defend the country. He maintains that there never were 600 Indians.

When he had finished his harangue, which, of course, was not very agreeable to me, I said to him, your Army and all your Generals, have been in the field, why have they not conquered these 600 Indians? and why are the people of Florida thus reproached for not doing what all your regular troops, and Tennesseans, have failed to accomplish?

I told him, the Tennesseans at Wahoo, as I was informed, had some difficulty to get their wounded off the field. Said he, "it is a lie!?" I answered I was not there, and did not state it on my personal knowledge. He then said if they had not got out of provisions, what they would have done. I told him they always got out of provisions, and were hungry in sight of the enemy.

We came to no understanding. He required proof that Jesup had called for men, and I cut out of the newspaper the Report of the Committee of the Legislative Council, who waited on the Governor, and enclosed it to the Secretary.

Among other things, I told him that if he would mount his war horse, after the 4th March, I thought he could soon put an end to the war, but that it was not every son of Achilles, who could wear the armor or wield the sword of his father.

I am, &c. &c. JOS. M. WHITE.

J. Knowles, Esq.

## THRILLING NARRATIVE.

The following affecting account of a visit to the barn near Hempstead beach, where were collected the dead of the barque Mexico, was written by a gentleman in this city to his friend in Boston. We copy from the Mercantile Journal:—

On reaching Hempstead, I concluded to go somewhat off the road to look at the place where the bark Mexico was cast away. In half an hour we came to Lou's tavern, some four or five miles this side of the beach where the ship lay, and here, in his barn, had been deposited the bodies of the ill fated passengers which had been thrown upon the shore. I went out to the barn. The doors were open, and such a scene as presented itself to my view, I certainly never could have contemplated. It was a dreadful, a frightful scene of horror.

Forty or fifty bodies, of all ages and sexes, were lying promiscuously before me, over the floor, all frozen as stiff as marble—and all except a few, in the very dresses in which they perished. Some with their hands clenched, as if for warmth, and almost every one with an arm crooked and bent as it would be clinging to rigging.

There were scattered about among the number four or five beautiful little girls, from six to sixteen years of age, their cheeks and lips as red as roses, with their calm blue eyes open, looking at you in the face as if they would speak.

I could hardly realize that they were dead. I touched their cheeks, and they were frozen as hard and as solid as a rock, & not the least indentation could be made by any pressure of the hand. I could perceive a resemblance to each other, and supposed them to be the daughters of a passenger named Pepper, who perished together with his wife and all the family.

On the arm of some were to be seen the impression of the rope which they had clung to—the mark of the twist deeply sunk into the flesh. I saw one poor negro sailor, a tall man, with his head thrown back, his lips parted, and his now sightless eye balls turned upwards, and his arms crossed over his breast as if imploring Heaven for aid. This poor fellow evidently had frozen, while in the act of fervent prayer.

One female had a rope tied to her leg, which had bound her to the rigging—and another little fellow had been crying, and thus frozen, with the muscles of the face just as we see children when crying.—There was a brother and a sister thrown on the beach locked in each other's arms; but they had been separated in the barn. All the men had their lips firmly compressed together, and with the most agonizing expression on their countenances I ever beheld.

A little girl had raised herself on tiptoe, and thus was frozen just in that position. It was an awful sight—and such a picture of horror was before me that I became unconsciously fixed to the spot, and found myself trying to suppress my ordinary breathing, lest I should disturb the repose of those around me. I was aroused from the reverie by the entrance of a man—a coroner.

As I was about to leave, my attention became directed to a girl, who I afterwards learned, had come that morning from the city to search for her sister.—She had sent for her to come over from England, and had received inteligence that she was in this ship. She came into the barn, and the second body she cast her eye upon was hers. She gave way to such a burst of impassioned grief and anguish, that I could not behold her without sharing in her feelings. She threw herself upon the cold and icy face and neck of the lifeless body, and thus with her arms around her, remained wailing, moaning, and sobbing, till I came away; and when some distance off, I could hear her calling her in the most frantic manner.

So little time had they to prepare for their fate, that I perceived a bunch of keys and a half eaten cake fall from the bosom of a girl whom the coroner was removing. The cake appeared as if a part of it had just been bitten and thrust into her bosom, and round her neck was a ribbon, with a pair of scissors suspended.

And to observe the stout, rugged sailors, too, whose iron frames could endure so much hardship—here they lay masses of ice. Such scenes show us indeed how powerless and feeble are all human efforts, when contending against the storms and tempests which sweep with resistless violence over the face of the deep. And yet the vessel was so near the shore that the shrieks and moans of the poor creatures were heard through that bitter, dreadful night, till towards morning the groans died away, and all was hushed in death, and the murmur of the raging billows was all the sound that then met the ear.


AMERICAN

CHRONICLE.

Cambridge, Maryland

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 15, 1837.


The report, that a convention was about to be held in Texas, which several distinguished men of this country, among them Senators Preston and Calhoun, were to attend, is said by those who know, to have no foundation.

The Mobile and New Orleans papers give gloomy accounts of the markets—Cotton is said to be at a low price, & there is very little demand for what is in the market.

A public dinner has been tendered Gen. Scott in New York, and he has accepted the invitation.

An inquiry has been instituted in the British Parliament, as to the subsisting relations between the United States and Mexico, and the Republic of Texas.

The letter of the Hon. Joseph M. White, to the editor of the Florida Watchman, will afford some idea of the true character of the late President, to those who have been in the habit of regarding him with feelings of veneration. We commend the letter to their attention. Mr. White, we believe, is not a party man; and on that account what he has stated, may be safely relied upon.

Great Modesty.—The Van Buren members of the Virginia Legislature have passed resolutions of censure upon Mr. Leigh.—The preamble declared that "the voice of the people (meaning the Van Burenites) was the voice of God"—These words were, however, with becoming humility, stricken out.

Let any man read the article entitled a "parallel," which we transfer to our columns, from the Washington Reformer, and whatever may be the complexion of his political sentiments, however blinded he may be, by party prejudice, he cannot refrain from an acknowledgment, that it is just and perfect.

The course pursued by that corrupt minister of England, Sir Robert Walpole, when an inquiry was moved against him, was precisely that, upon which the late administration struck, when an investigation of its abuses and corruptions was suggested.

The following preamble and resolution were offered in the Legislature of Virginia as a substitute for those presented by a Van Buren member, which declared the Treasury Circular, not only a wise, but a Constitutional measure, of the President. The wisdom of that act is manifested in the late and continuing embarrassed situation of our large commercial cities; in fact, the policy of ALL the measures of the late administration, in relation to the currency of the country, is sadly attested by their unhappy effects upon the business of the mercantile and trading portions of society; and the Constitutional power of the Executive to issue the Treasury Order, is founded upon the right conceeded to him by all the "faithful," to do just as he pleased, in all matters pertaining to currency, finance, and whatsoever else he thought proper to bring within the range of his unbounded prerogative.—

The subjoined preamble and resolution were of course rejected, & those, for which, they were proposed to be substituted, were adopted; inasmuch as General Jackson was infallible—and could do nothing unwise, nor assume any power, not granted by the Constitution.

'Whereas Andrew Jackson, late President of the United States, did, in defiance of the Constitution, and of all right, issue, or cause to be issued, a Treasury circular, the effects of which are now beginning to be felt throughout the whole commercial world; and whereas the National Legislature, being sensible of the impolicy, illegality, and unconstitutionality of the aforesaid Treasury circular, did, by a vote of two-thirds of both houses, repeal the same: and whereas the said Andrew Jackson did thereupon not only refuse to sign the said law, but did pocket the same, in defiance of all law, decency, and common courtesy, and thereby prevent defeat the action of Congress on the subject:

Resolved, therefore, That the conduct of said Andrew Jackson deserves the censure of the whole People, in the strongest form in which it can be visited upon him."

Important Decision.—The supreme court of Massachusetts, have decided, that a bond binding an individual not to carry on a given business, is illegal and void, upon the ground of its being against good policy and the public interest.

The resolutions lately introduced into the Legislature of Virginia, assert that the Treasury order of July last, the fruitful source of so much disturbance in the currency of the country, "was legal, constitutional and wise," and that a repeal thereof would be "an abandonment of the policy of the last administration." It is devoutly to be wished, that the mad, wild and ruinous policy of the last administration, were indeed speedily abandoned. What good can come out of it, in common with others, we are unable to discern; and it would puzzle the most sagacious and discriminating advocates of that policy, to point to a single proof of its utility, or advantage to the country. On the other hand, not a day passes by, without affording in our large, commercial cities, NEW evidences of the bad effects of Jackson's disastrous measures. Why is it, that Mr. Biddle, the able, efficient, active, and energetic President of the Bank of the United States, has been called upon to interpose his aid, if distress does not exist in the commercial community, and derangement in the monetary system of the country? And whence comes this derangement, but from the foolish measures of the last administration, pertinaciously adhered to, by Mr. Van Buren? And why does Mr. Van Buren cling to a policy which he KNOWS to be pernicious, except from a base, unmanly, grovelling fear of the consequences to HIMSELF, which may flow from a contrary course of action? Jacksonism did not die with the expiration of General Jackson's administration; it still lives, directs, guides, awes, and intimidates, in the executive management of the affairs of the Republic. The spirit that lately ruled with despotic sway, is yet alive and busy in the administration; and the country will not be relieved from its domination, until, in the course of events, the "malign influence," shall cease to exist. Time will bring about a state of affairs, more auspicious, to the prosperity and happiness of our great and growing country; but a change of measures and of men, must precede the return of the halcyon days, that once benignly smiled upon our favored land.

The Baltimore Chronicle in reference to the appointment of Judge Caton of Tennessee, to the bench of the Supreme Court, holds the following language—

"The nomination of this man, in the very last hours of the Presidency of General Jackson, to the important office of associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was in keeping with the despotic character of the late President.—Objectionable as was the time chosen for this nomination, it appears, from an article in the Nashville Banner, that still stronger objections lie against the man, which, if known to the Senate, ought to have prevented their approval of his appointment. From the Banner we learn that he is a discarded Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, having been removed from that office for his "arrogant and imperious and, at times, insolent deportment on the bench." "It is this, says the Banner, "that has rendered him, and justly, one of the most unpopular judges that ever presided in Tennessee. A reference to the yeas and nays on the Legislative Journals will show, that, on the occasion of his defeat when last a candidate for the Supreme Bench of Tennessee, he found in the Van Buren ranks—his own political coadjutors—his most vigilant, influential and uncompromising enemies. So exceedingly unpopular had he rendered himself to the Bar, that men of all parties united to displace him."

He is moreover deficient in a correct knowledge of the English language; his diction is barbarous and unique and full of numerous vulgarisms, that wholly unfit him for the station he has been appointed to fill.

## NUMBER ONE.

The keepers of hotels, boarding houses, restaurats, bars, and houses of public entertainment, are petitioning the Councils of New Orleans, to pass an ordinance, that all steamboats and other vessels arriving in that city, shall immediately put out their fires—that is, no cooking shall be done on board. A good idea for the boarding houses and tavern keepers.

## FRANCE.

The most important item of news is the defeat of ministers in the chamber of Deputies, by the rejection of the disjunction bill, viz: to provide for the trial of political offences by military traitors, before a military tribunal. The majority against the bill was 2; the vote being 209 for, 211 against.

It was not thought, however, that the ministers would resign, unless they should also be defeated on the appanage bill, and the new demand for secret service money, which was not thought probable.

The following anecdote connected with the defeat of this measure is from the *Times*:—"A curious, but not unprecedented circumstance occurred in this division. M. Goldberry (one of the deputies) had been, during four days, confined to his bed, but had entreated a colleague to come for him when the Chamber should be about to vote on the bill.—His friend called upon him at the appointed time. The sick man caused himself to be taken out of the bed, wrapped in warm clothing, and carried to the Chamber. On mounting the steps of the tribune to deposit his ballott in the urn he nearly fainted. His vote decided the question.

The trial of Meunsier had not yet commenced. More arrests had been made.

There is nothing of interest from Spain.

*Office of the Georgian,*
SAVANNAH, March 31.

## LATEST FROM FLORIDA.

The steamer Essayons, Capt. Peck, arrived here yesterday afternoon Black Creek. From Capt. Twiggs. U. S. A. a passenger in her, and who left Fort Dade on the evening of the 22d inst. we learn that a rumor, which was credited in camp, prevailed that Philip, Powell, and Sam Jones had sent in a runner to Micanopy, (who until a few days since was at Fort Dade,) with the intention of ascertaining the truth of his being with Gen. Jesup's army, and whether a treaty had been actually signed, and further desiring an interview with him.

Micanopy had gone to Big Cypress Swamp with a view to collect his people, and also, it is supposed, to have an interview with the three chiefs above named. Micanopy would then proceed with his people direct to Tampa.

Cloud had already gone to Tampa. Tiger-tail was about to proceed there in a few days, with 75 to 100 Indians.—Jumper was still in the camp, passing to and fro—as also Abraham.

The impression at the camp was, that Philip, Powell, and Sam Jones would come in, in a few days.

We were infinitively amused with a story that was told us the other day—a story unquestionably true. All our readers know with what extreme readiness and with how little examination the legislature granted divorces during its late session. Certain wags at Frankfort, it appears, took advantage of this easy disposition of the General Assembly, and played off a practical joke upon that honorable body. They handed in an application for the divorce of a certain couple and the bill. as usual, was passed without particular enquiry. Some days afterwards, a gentleman in a distant part of the State, having read the columns of the Frankfort Commonwealth, closed the paper in surprize and hurried off to his neighbor, a venerable old citizen, and exclaimed—"Why, neighbor, I am astonished; I never heard of any quarrel between you and your wife! I am lost in amazement!" "A quarrel between me and my wife!" ejaculated the old man—"what do you mean?" "I mean no offence Sir," replied the first, "but I read your divorce in my paper and was puzzled to account for it. I supposed of course that you and Aunt Betsey had quarrelled." "Hark ye, Sir. reponded the old man, "I am seventy years old and my wife is sixty-eight—we have lived together forty-nine years and raised thirteen children—and there has never been the first illnatured word between us in all our lives. Divorce? DIVORCE? I divorced from my OLD woman? why what the devil has sent you here with such a story?

The neighbor made no reply but coolly took the paper from his hat and handed it to the old man, who, with the aid of his spectacles, then and there read, to his utter dismay and astonishment an official statement of the dissolution of the matrimonial bonds of himself and his wife by the sovereign authority of the State. The agonies of the poor old couple, at finding themselves two, can readily be imagined. That night they wept on separate pillows, but early on the following day, the good old souls trudged off for a marriage license, paid the fee, went before the nearest magistrate, and were duly joined a second time together, each fervently praying, that the Legislature would never again interfere with their connubial ties.—*Louisville Jour.*

## PASSIONATE TEMPER.

The indulgence of a passionate temper is perhaps one of the most unhappy of human vices; because there are few others which so perpetually prey upon the peace and serenity of the mind. This strong, sturdy enemy to human enjoyment, in the vast majority of cases, is left to grow with our strength until the ascendancy is complete. It progresses in its dominion step by step; every indulgence adds to its power, and every acquisition of power increases its thirst for its indulgence.—Yet it can be controlled and brought into perfect subjection. He who is not master of himself, no matter what else he is master of, is a slave; and whatever efforts can be addressed by the consideration of liberty, peace, happiness, and comparative exemption from a thousand dangers to which passion exposes us in life, should be made to guard ourselves in this particular. Never indulge in passion until you have considered the end,

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