The Daily Crescent.

FIFTEEN CENTS A WEEK. NEW ORLEANS, MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1849. VOLUME II.....NUMBER 91.

THE DAILY CRESCENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY—SUNDAYS EXCEPTED—
BY A. H. HAYES & CO.
A. H. HAYES..J. C. LARUE..S. F. WILSON..WM. WALKER.

Office—No. 95 St. Charles Street.

TERMS OF THE CRESCENT.

DAILY—*Fifteen Cents a Week*, payable to the carriers, weekly.... or, *Eight Dollars per year*—half yearly and quarterly at the same rates—in advance.....Single copies, *Five Cents*........ The office will receipt for all subscriptions exceeding one week.

THE WEEKLY CRESCENT will be furnished to single subscribers at THREE DOLLARS per year; to clubs of four or more, directed to the same Post-office, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year each; Postmasters and others who may act as Agents, and send orders, paid, for ten copies, will receive one copy in addition for their compensation. *Payable in all cases in advance.* Single papers or packages, in wrappers, can be had at the office of publication, No. 95 St. Charles street.

ADVERTISEMENTS—not exceeding twelve lines, in Agate type, $1 for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Those of greater length in proportion. Notices on the second page, of ten lines in Pearl type, $1 each insertion.

Advertisements published weekly, semi-weekly, tri-weekly or monthly, are charged $1 per square for every insertion. ☞ A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

NEW ORLEANS:

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1849.

Correspondence of the Crescent.

Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

Description of Country--The People--Manners, &c.

VERA CRUZ, Mexico, June 7, 1849.

Mis. Crescent—Called here by business in April, inclination, as well as the desire for information, led me to take a trip down to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and across to the Pacific. Thinking it may perhaps be of interest to your readers, I send you a sketch of my journey. I left here on the 19th of April, on a small coasting schooner, for the Coatzacoalcos river, about 120 miles below Vera Cruz. What with putting into Alvarado and baffling winds it was nearly a week before we arrived at our destination. The coast where the Coatzacoalcos enters the Gulf runs about east and west—the river almost north and south. Found 12 feet water on the bar and the entrance easy. In the river was a Dutch brig—the Christian, of 200 tons burthen—loaded with mahogany, and bound for Bremen. Eight leagues up is the small town of Minatitlan, for which place our vessel was bound. There were two schooners here from Campeachy, loaded with salt. Between the two places there is some little traffic—salt being bartered for Hides, Frijoles (beans), Peloncos (sugar) and Ixtla a species of hemp made from the Cactus. On inquiry, I learnt that I could proceed up the river above this place to the Paso Sarabia, and thence across by land to Tehuantepec. I accordingly made my arrangements, hired a canoe and two Indians, and obtained an interpreter in the mate of the schooner, who volunteered for the service. All things ready, we left Minatitlan on the morning of the 6th May. The manner of proceeding was by poling along the shore, which was done by the boatmen, while my companion and myself steered. Our progress was necessarily slow and tedious—very seldom making more than a league an hour. The river in the course of this day continued broad and deep, affording sufficient water for any vessel that could cross the bar. By night we had accomplished ten leagues, and got to a village called Almagres. The name is derived from a kind of red earth, used by the Mexicans for marking purposes. Here we rested for the night. I found at this place an old Frenchman, who treated me kindly, offering me the hospitalities of his house. He was one, as he informed me, of the remnant of a colony that came out from France in 1830. Disease and disappointment (many returning home) have reduced them from 700 to 15 or 20, who are scattered in the little villages of the country.

The mosquitoes here abounded, as they do all along the river. Fortunately I had a bar, which I found to be very useful. An early start was made next morning. Before getting off, however, old Raynal came down to the boat with two large bunches of Plantains, which he begged me to accept. Thanking the old man, we pushed off. The morning was cool and pleasant. The banks of the river overgrown with rich and luxuriant vegetation; the tall and graceful Palm, with its column like stem and umbrella top, towered above all its forest compeers. Then there was the spreading Mahogany, so valuable in commerce, and thousands of other tropical trees new to me. The birds made the woods vocal with their music, although some of the sounds were rather dissonant, such as the screeching of the Parrots and Macaws. The plumage of the latter is beautiful. There were hundreds of Monkeys gamboling about in the branches of the trees. They were not the least disturbed by the boat, but would allow us to approach quite near. The river, with its rapid current, flowed on clear and transparent as a mountain brook. I could see the pebbly bottom below as the canoe glided over it. In this climate all labor must be performed in the morning and evening. The heat of the day is too excessive to admit of exertion. We laid up under the shade at mid-day and killed the hot hours by bathing, dining and sleeping. I never knew before the luxury of a bath. there is no describing the refreshing and invigorating sensations experienced in plunging into the crystal waters of the river sheltered from the rays of old Sol by some overhanging tree. When the sun got pretty well in the west we proceeded on our way, and had made 12 leagues when we encamped for the night.

I will not enter into further detail of my canoe voyage. We arrived at Paso Sarabia on the sixth day from Minatitlan—a steamer could have accomplished the same in one. Above Almagres there are no settlements, except some few camps of Mahogany cutters. The river will admit a small steamer drawing three feet water to within twenty leagues of Sarabia, at its present stage, being its lowest. I was informed by one of the boatmen that it commenced rising in June (the beginning of the rainy season) and continued full to March, during which time it was frequently above its banks. Below Paso Sarabia for 10 or 15 leagues it becomes narrow and shallow, with innumerable falls, over which it was with difficulty we could force our canoe. There was no settlement at Sabaria, it being nothing more than a place of embarkation. The road, or more properly mule path, starts from here to Tehuantepec, distant some 30 leagues.

We were per force obliged to foot it for 10 leagues to the first village, Boca del Monte, where we expected to obtain horses. It was a weary walk through the woods, over hill and dale. The two Indian boatmen (who were to remain at Boca until I returned from Tehuantepec) took it easy; they were used to such things, but the mate and myself were nearly used up. We stopped frequently to rest at an arroza or small stream by the way. At last, about sundown, one of the men ahead cried out "*Llanos*" (Plains), and we soon issued out of the dark woods upon one of the most beautiful prospects I had ever beheld. Before us in the distance, bounding the southern and western horizon, rose the tall peaks of the Sierra Madre, tipped with the setting sunbeams, and at whose base on the other side rolled the waters of the Pacific Ocean—of course shut out from view by their intervening heights. From where I stood on the borders of a thick forest to the main chain of mountains, stretched a rugged and broken expanse—the spurs of the great spine of the continent. About a mile off smoke was ascending from a cluster of cottages. This we knew at once was our resting place for the night—Boca del Monte. It was a welcome sight, conjuring up visions of good cheer and sound rest. Arriving at the village we soon found the casa of the head man, Don Bartolo, to whom I had been provided with a letter. He was sitting before his door enjoying a cigarrito in the cool twilight. The old man gave us a cordial welcome, and ordered supper to be prepared immediately. Fatigue had overcome me and stretched out upon the grass plot before the house, I had nearly fallen asleep when called to supper. There was an irresistible charm in the word to one who had walked 30 miles and not eaten since morning. We did justice to the old man's board. Tortillas smoking hot, soup from the Gallapago, (turtle,) Fish, Frijoles and Chicken were washed down with Coffee raised on his own estate. In a word, our inner man felt considerably better after the meal which was followed by a sound night's rest. The next morning, entering into conversation with Don Bartolo, I gleaned the following:—He was the owner of the Hacienda of Boca del Monte. The men were his mozas or laborers, employed at from $4 to $6 per month. He raised every thing he consumes except Salt, viz: Sugar, Coffee, Cocoa, Corn, Fruits, and also Indigo. He had lived on the spot 22 years and had but one child, a young "greaser" whom he pointed out to me, the heir apparent of the estate. Don B. took much interest in the proposed road across the Isthmus, and talked of the benefit that would ensue to the country when it should be completed.

Distant from Boca 10 leagues is a small place called El Barrio. Thither we rode this day, the 13th. Our reception here was unique as it was hospitable. There are no fondas or public houses in the country, and we had been referred to the house of the Señora Calderon. Dismounting at her door we were received by an elderly lady as follows: "How do you do, gentlemen? Come in. You are strangers I perceive. I am the friend of all strangers. Command me—make my house your home. Order any thing you wish—you have had no dinner. I will have some prepared immediately." All this was spoken at once. We returned thanks to the old lady for her kindness; told her that she was right about our not having had dinner, and that we were very hungry. This was enough. She left us, and in a short time after our appetites were satisfied.

We remained at the Barrio that night, and left early next morning for Tehuantepec. The mules which we had ridden from Boca, were sent back, and horses and a guide obtained here. The latter was an old Indian of probably 60 years, but tall and robust—raised in the mountains and inured to all hardships. He walked on before us at a pace that kept our horses on a trot, and after a day's journey of fifteen leagues did not seem in the least fatigued. As the old fellow jogged on, with his body slightly bent, and his long locks flowing, I could not help being reminded of the picture of the Wandering Jew in Sue's work. His trade is certainly not profitable, for all he asked was two bits a day.

Our road from the Barrio, for a short distance, lay over the last of the tallest ridge of the Sierra. The highest elevation attained was about 6000 feet. Some of the precipices were frightful—the path winding along on the very brink of chasms, to look down which, almost made one dizzy, and where, to have made one false step, would have been perdition. At last we descended to the plain, where the road was excellent. At midday we stopped to rest in the village of Chihuitan. We fell in here with a Frenchman, by name, Don Juan Condier. We dined with him, and found him very sociable. From this gentleman I obtained much information about the country and people. The productions were nearly all consumed by themselves—there being but little commerce with the rest of the world. The little there was, was carried on with the cities of Oajaca and Guatemala, by mule carriage. There were no coasting vessels, and no port of entry, nearer than Acapulco. It was a rare thing to see a vessel off the coast. I was shown some coarse blankets, Rebosas, and cotton fabrics, made in the State, (Oajaca).

Leaving Don Juan, we set off for Tehuantepec, and entered that city about sunset, while the bells were ringing for Oracion. Inquiring for the casa of Doña Guadelupe Rodrigues, (to whom we had been referred,) and finding it, we were soon installed in the most comfortable house we had been in since leaving Vera Cruz. It is strange, in a place the size of Tehuantepec, (16,000 inhabitants,) that there is not a single Inn, but such is the case, and travellers are obliged to depend upon the hospitality of private houses for accommodation. This I impute to there being so little communication with other parts. Tehuantepec is rather a romantic looking place, situated on both sides of the river of that name. There are tall hills rising up on each side of it, sprinkled with houses. The Plaza is the same as in all other Mexican towns, with a church on one side, and the Governor's Palace (as it is called) on the other. The market, which we strolled through the next morning, was well stored with fruits—fish from the coast, and good beef. The Indians here are of the race called Zapoteca. They are well made, and have remarkably fine features. The women are beautiful. The river is a shallow, rapid stream—men, women, and even children of ten years, were wading across it. In the morning early, the whole population turn out to bathe in it—women and men, *nudis naturalibus*. I had been furnished with a letter to Don Miguel Petrez, the Secretary of the Governor. In the course of the day I called upon this gentleman at his office, and found him a young man of far more liberal and extended views than the generality of his countrymen. He was enthusiastic about the Isthmus becoming one day the highway between the two oceans. A friend of his had a copy of Moro's survey, which he sent for, in order that I might see it. Showing our passports, he requested us to walk to the house of the Governor with him, that he might sign them for our return. This we did, and a short walk brought us to the house of Col. Muñoz, the Governor. In the verandah were lounging some half dozen Mexican officers, who stared at us as we entered. Ushered into the presence of the Governor, we found him a portly, middle-aged man, in uniform. He bowed to us, examined our passports, and signed them—after which, we departed. There were 200 soldiers of the line in the place. As the sun was too hot for exercise, we returned to our quarters, and in the evening rode down to the sea, four leagues off. I shall never forget this, my first view, of the old Pacific. As I stood upon its shore, and looked over the broad expanse of waters, glancing in the evening sun, I felt that that hour compensated for all the toil and travel I had endured. A good bath, you may be assured, did my companion and myself have, and long we sported upon the billows, tearing ourselves away, only when the night approached. We remained for the night at the hacienda of Zuleta, near by, and returned to Tehuantepec next morning.

I forgot to mention that we beheld a sail in sight. Not a usual thing on this coast. The spot visited was a small bay, and would prove an excellent anchorage for vessels.

I must hasten to a close with my description. After remaining a few days longer in Tehuantepec, we returned by the way of Inchitan, (a considerable town,) the hacienda of La Venta, near lake Superior, through the Paso Tarifa, and on to the Barrio; thence back to the Coatzcoalcos, and down to Minatitlan, where we found the schooner ready to to sail for Vera Cruz. Embarking, we reached the latter place in two days, last Sunday. Let me enter into a short recapitulation of the advantages of this route.

A steamer can reach the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos in four days from New Orleans. A small steamer, drawing two feet, can run the river at nearly all seasons for fifty leagues up—making it in thirty-six hours; thence across by land, thirty-five leagues, the distance can be made in two days by coaches, as soon as the new road is finished, now about to be undertaken by Don Cazetano Moro and the house of Manning, Mackintosh & Co. Say four days across the Isthmus, and four more from New Orleans—making in all, eight days from that city to the Pacific, and at a point 900 miles above Panama. The superiority of this route is visible at once, and I do not hesitate to prophecy that it will be the only one used, after it gets opened, between the United States and California. Yours, etc., T. C. J.

Louisiana Interior.

The Police Jury of Natchitoches, adjourned on Thursday, the 7th. The jury adopted a resolution to memorialize the Legislature to pass a law authorizing the levy of a road tax.

SUICIDE.—John Moralos, a Spaniard, on the 7th, deliberately took off his hat, walked into Red River, opposite Natchitoches and drowned himself.

POLITICAL.—A mass meeting of the democrats of Natchitoches was held on the 5th. George W. Moore presided....A democratic meeting was held Many, Sabine parish, on the 30th ult....A meeting of the democrats of St. Martin was held on the 3d. They appointed delegates to the Alexandria convention favorable to the renomination of I. E. Morse.

THE CROPS.—The season from first to last, (says the Alexandria Republican of the 9th,) has been unfavorable for the corn crop, and it will be very short in this part of the country. The cotton crop too is unpromising. The cold weather of March and April hurt it a good deal, and the continued rains have prevented planters from cultivating it to advantage. The sugar crops are as good as could be hoped and expected. The seed, it will be recollected was bad, and few obtained good stands, but what have is good. The ratoon cane is excellent....The editor of the Shreveport Journal has received from the plantation of Mr. John Sullivan, a cotton bloom which opened on the 31st ult.

DROWNED.—On Monday afternoon last, (says the Baton Rouge Advocate of Wednesday,) a little boy named William, the son of James M. Elam, of this city, slipped into the river and was drowned, while fishing from a raft, near Mr. Arbour's saw-mill. The body was recovered by means of a drag line with hooks, after some hours labor.

ALABAMA NOMINATIONS.—The Democratic State Convention, which met at Montgomery last week, nominated for Governor Henry W. Collier, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. There were fifteen ineffectual ballotings, the votes being scattered between Chapman, the present Governor, and four or five other gentlemen. Chapman several times received a majority, but the two-thirds rule had been adopted, on his own assurance that he would accept no nomination made by a less number. After the fifteenth ballot, all other candidates were withdrawn, and Judge Collier was nominated by acclamation. He was presiding in the Supreme Court at the time, but instantly accepted the nomination, and withdrew from the bench...Mr. H. W. Hilliard, the whig representative in the late Congress, who is a candidate for reëlection, has opposition in his own party. J. J. Pugh, a Taylor candidate for Presidential elector is out, and it is said the democrats will run a candidate.

FROM BUENOS AYRES.—The ship Talma has arrived at Boston, with dates from Buenos Ayres to the 18th April—twelve days later than previous accounts. A French steamer had sailed for Bueca, having on board the Banda Oriental Chargé d'Affaires, with important dispatches for President Oribe, relative to the late diplomatic arrangements. The French Admiral would await the return of the steamer. Doubloons had been as low as 3.08, but on the 17th had advanced to 3.13.

LATE FROM TEXAS.

RECENT AND INTERESTING NEWS FROM SANTA ROSA.—In the Victoria Advocate of the 1st we find the following news from Santa Rosa, brought by Mr. S. W. Norman in a letter from Mr. W. Whitehead, a California emigrant, dated at Santa Rosa, Mexico, May 3, 1849. Mr. Whitehead is from the Parish of St. Helena, La. Mr. W., after speaking of their passage from San Fernando, and the health of the company, makes the following remarks:

"The Mexicans here are now working a very rich silver mine. Yesterday they smelted 3000 pounds of the ore, which yielded $1000 in pure silver. The authorities at this place told us that very rich gold mines had been found on the river Gila, and that a number of poor Mexicans who had gone there, and also to California, had returned independently rich. The authorities at San Fernando paid us a great compliment. They came to our camp, six miles from town, and remained with us all night. In thus leaving their posts they incurred some danger of having a heavy fine imposed upon them for leaving without permission from the Governor. They have been kind to us, and treated us more like brothers than strangers."

SUGAR CROP ON THE BRAZOS.—A correspondent of the Galveston News furnishes a statement of the Sugar crop of six plantations on the Brazos River, as follows:

	Hands.	Acres.	Hhds.	Bbls.
P. D. & S. McNiel and L. H. McNiel	60	450	710	1400
J. G. McNeel	35	250	392	500
A. E. Westall	17	110	160	250
J. P. Caldwell	17	160	250	300
R. & D. G. Mills	100	450	750	1100
Total	229	970	2262	3550

The above is the second crop made on five of the plantations. J. P. Caldwell was partially engaged in it two years previous. In addition to the crop of sugar and molasses, they raised an abundance of provisions for the plantations, such as corn, potatoes, pork and beef. Most of the planters paid a few hands during the busy season.

RANGERS.—The Adjutant General has authorized a company of Rangers to be raised, and employed for the term of three months. The members of the company were to rendezvous at Corpus Christi, and organize on the 10th inst.

CHOLERA.—The cholera, we learn, has nearly or quite disappeared from the city of San Antonio. Its ravages there, considering the amount of population, are almost unexampled upon this continent. It is stated by those who took the trouble to ascertain the number of interments, during the prevalence of the pestilence, in the cemeteries and other places, that not less than 700 had fallen victims! This must have been about one-third of the whole number who remained in the city and were exposed to its attack. At New Braunfels the cholera has broken out with considerable virulence. When the stage left on Monday morning, the 28th ult., some 17 deaths from the disease had occurred. The inhabitants were leaving the town, and seeking safety in the neighboring hills and mountains.

There is a rumor in circulation here, says the Matagorda Tribune of the 4th inst., that the cholera has made its appearance in La Grange. The same paper mentions a rumor that the worm had appeared on the Caney plantations.

WHEAT CULTURE.—The experiment of wheat growing on the San Marcos and in the vicinity of Austin has been attended with considerable success. We see it stated in the Victoria Advocate, on the authority of a letter dated San Fernando, Mexico, April 25th, that the rumors heretofore received of the destruction of Capt. Veatch's party of California emigrants by Indians are confirmed. Of the thirty-four composing the party, but one escaped! The Indians (Camanches, Lipans and Apaches,) numbered 500. The Americans killed 100 in the fight. The misfortunes of Capt. Veatch's party are ascribed to their separation from the remainder of the company. They were too weak in numbers to withstand the overwhelming force which attacked them.

MEMPHIS CONVENTION.—At a meeting held at Houston on the 4th inst., fifteen delegates were appointed to the Memphis Convention. They are: Dr. Ashbel Smith, Capt. Henry Austin, Col. Ebenezer Allen, Col. James Morgan Mr. Ennis, Col. Clark, L. Owen, J. G. McNeill, Col. John Caldwell, Col. H. C. Kinney, Gen. Thos. J. Rusk, Col. Wm. C. Young, Rev. W. C. Harman, Gen. Sam. Houston, and Gen. Thos. J. Chambers.

A dozen delegates were appointed by a meeting held at Galveston.

We learn from the Rusk Pioneer that the District Court for Cherokee county, after a close and thorough investigation of the charge against Dr. Charles B. Raines, for the killing of Dr. McKay, acquitted him.

A public meeting was held in the town of Nacogdoches on the 28th day of April, when resolutions were passed commendatory of the course of Gen. Rusk on the Southern Address of Mr. Calhoun.

THE NEW ROUTE TO EL PASO.—We learn from the Victoria Advocate of the 8th, that the United States Topographical Engineers have returned in safety to San Antonio, after an absence of 160 days. We expected, (says the Advocate,) to find the official report of Lieut. Whiting in the Western Texian, received by the last mail from the West, but we were disappointed. We have conversed with Mr. Dawson, of Matagorda, who was a member of the Engineer corps, and learn from him that they went out to El Paso *via* Fredericksburg, (Col. Hays' route,) and found much difficulty in pursuing that route, water being very scarce, and the distance between water holes so great, that it is entirely impracticable for wagons to travel it. The party were without water for four days at one time. They left San Antonio in February, and suffered much from the severe northers. Their horses also suffered severely for food, as the grass had not sprung up.

Lieut. Whiting has succeeded in finding a route which affords abundance of water and wood; the greatest distance between water holes does not exceed thirty miles. The distance from San Antonio to El Paso by the new route is about 500 miles. The road will pass principally over a level country, but the ravines will have to be worked on, and in some cases the rocks will have to be dug out of the hills, and even blasted, before wagons can pass along. This will be done by the army as it passes along, and will necessarily detain it some time in making the road, but when the road is once opened it will be the nearest and best route to California. Mr. Dawson reports that the Indians manifested a war-like spirit towards them at first, but that by talking with them, they succeeded in pacifying them, and were in no instance afterwards molested.

FROM SANTA FE.—The Corpus Christi Star of the 2d says that Harry Love, the celebrated express rider, arrived at that place on the 29th ult. from San Antonio, to which place he accompanied the U. S. Topographical Engineers from El Paso. Mr. Love is thus the first man who came by the direct route from El Paso to the Gulf Coast, which trip he says can easily be made in twenty days to this point. He represents the country around Santa Fé as being entirely overrun with hostile Indians. So bold had they become, that a party of Apaches had entered the corral of the U. S. troops stationed at Don Llano, sixty miles above El Paso, and stolen thirteen American horses, under the very noses of the sentries. Dr. Kearns and Bill Williams, the celebrated trapper and hunter, who had returned in search of the scientific instruments and other property lost by Col. Fré.mont, were murdered by a band of Utah Indians.

Bent's Fort was besieged by five or six hundred Indians, but as it was well watered and provisioned, no fears were entertained for the inmates. Col. Washington had organized two or three companies of the Mexican citizens, to make head against the Indians until he could be reinforced from below. There was a pressing want of troops in the Department.

Mr. Love made the trip from Fort Brown to Santa Fé alone, through Mexican territory. The whole way from Parras to Chihuahua the country was devastated by the Indians, and at the latter place he was advised by the American residents to take an escort, as several Mexicans had been slain within a few miles of the town by the Apaches. This he refused to do, however, and although he was twice chased by armed bands of Indians, he succeeded in getting through in safety. He met a party of Mexican lancers on the way out from Chihuahua, who were coming in on foot, their horses having been stolen by the Indians. The Mexicans, he says, do not think of leaving their towns except in large caravans. Most of the ranchos have been burned and the stock driven off, and the country is almost destitute of inhabitants.

The day before Mr. L. left San Antonio, news had been received there of several murders having been committed in the vicinity of the town by Indians, and Gen. Harney had sent out a party of dragoons in pursuit, with orders to *take no prisoners*. This is the way to serve them. A war of extermination is the only means left to protect our frontier. Mr. L. left on Thursday for Fort Brown.

Exciting Foreign Accounts.

The mails of the steamer Europa, reached New York on the 7th. There are no details of the great Hungarian victory—but the glorious fact is confirmed—and there are good grounds for believing in other and very important victories over the Russians. We hasten to copy what we find in our exchanges of this exhilarating intelligence, as well as some gratifying news of the successful stand of the Romans in Italy:

The *Zeitung Constitutional* publishes Kossuth's proclamation, giving an account of the recent defeat of the Russians by him. In this engagement 36,000 Russians surrendered to the Hungarian forces. All their arms, ammunition, and cannon, were also taken possession of by the Hungarians. This confirms the previous news of the Russian defeat, but no authentic details are received.

The accounts state that the Russian force, placed in an attitude for operations in central Europe, amounts to 350,000 men, with 600 field pieces. The left wing of this army, consisting of 65,000 men, was beaten by the Hungarians, as reported. The Russian loss was 6000 killed and 36,000 prisoners.

A letter from Vienna, of the 18th, in the *Breslauer Zeitung*, states that the Hungarians have occupied Carlovitz, the chief town of the Servian principality. The news of the occupation of Temeswar, Arad, Carlovitz and Panishova, by the Hungarians, is confirmed. A rumor was current at Raab, on the 16th instant, of the Russians having entered Hungary, near Dukia, and of their having suffered a defeat from Dembinsky, who engaged them between Bartfeld and Eperies. The news of the defeat of the Russians, by Bem, is confirmed, though we are still in want of authentic details of that important action.

Surrender of Ofen.—At Presburg the positive intelligence was brought on the 17th inst., by travelers quitting Pesth, that Ofen had surrendered at discretion. The booty which fell into the hands of the Magyars consisted of the military chest, 20,000 muskets, 10 batteries, and a considerable amount of ammunition. The garrison, about 3000 strong, was conveyed to Comorn. Eight tenders, towed by tugs, brought succor to the Hungarians at Raab. The news of its capture is therefore not confirmed. Gen. Benedek had, after a retreat of more than 200 miles along the Carpathian chain, effected a junction with the brigade of Vogel in Tyrnau. The bombardment of Pesth from Buda, and of Buda from Pesth, continued to the 12th; the former town suffered greatly, the latter less. [Buda, or Ofen, is situated on the west bank of the Danube, opposite Pesth.] At Pesth great enthusiasm continues to prevail. The people feel certain of being able to resist the Russians as well as the Imperialists. The females have resumed the old Hungarian costume. Kossuth has nominated his sister General Superintendent of all the Military Hospitals, and she has addressed a proclamation to all ladies, calling on them to join in her labor of charity.

Arrival of the Russians.—A letter from Vienna of the 15th says: "Persons who arrive from Odenberg say that no idea can be formed of the crowding on the Ferdinand Railway from that town to Prerau, occasioned by the conveyance of the Russians. To the corps of 12,000 men which has been since the 11th at Goding, and in the neighboring villages, there has been added a division of 9000 men, placed by Gen. Berg in the environs of Hradich, on the two banks of the Morave; and another corps of 18,000, under Rudiger, was to be at Tyrnau two days ago."

VIENNA, May 14.—The transport of the Russian auxiliary troops by the Railroad, through Moravia to Austria, has been stopped. Georgey's intention of making an irruption into Gallicia and Posen, by way of Silesia, is the probable cause of this change. The first column is commanded by Gen. Sass, so celebrated in the Circassian war.

The Vienna letters of the 18th inst. in the *Constitutionelle Zeitung* state that strong entrenchments are being thrown up round Vienna, to enable the capital to stand a siege in case of need. The Russian auxiliaries do not come in such strong corps as would be necessary to operate successfully against the Hungarians; besides, it is positively stated that they suffered from Gen. Bem's attacks in the defiles of Rothenthurm; 10,000 Russians are at Stradish, where the inhabitants begin to grow tired of them—for, in spite of the Czar's disinterested protestations, these Russian troops eat to any extent and pay to none.

Probable Defeat of the Croats.—There is reason to believe that the corps of the Ban of Croatia must have been routed, for troops of stray Croats are to be met with almost every where on the scene of war, while the Hungarian Chief, Perczel, against whom it was the intention of the Ban to operate, makes his unresisted progress through the South.

Victory on the Servian Frontier.—The latest accounts from South Hungary state that Perzel entered Panscova with his Magyars on the 11th inst., but found the town deserted. He issued a proclamation, promising amnesty and protection of the Servian nationality. All capable of bearing arms were swept without remission into his corps. Between Becskorek and Panscova, in the valley of the Temes, he had collected in this way 2000 recruits. The fate of Semlin was no longer doubtful. All the inhabitants of that city were sending their property, and flying themselves, to Belgrade. The overflow of the Danube would retard the operations of the Magyars for a few days.

The Hungarian Leaders.—According to news received from Debreczin of the 9th of May, the President of the Hungarian Council and the Ministers of Justice explained their views to the Upper Chamber. They said they were ministers of the Revolution, and desire to give a revolutionary direction to the country, and to establish a Republic based on a Democracy. Kossuth has declared his intention to retire into private life as soon as he has accomplished his purpose of freeing his country. Georgey has addressed a letter to the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrians calling on him to treat his prisoners with humanity; but he adds, that all Hungarians found in arms against their countrymen will be put to death.

Bem's Victory in the Rothenthurm Pass.—There is no direct and positive intelligence from Bem's army concerning the defeat of 30,000 Russians on the frontier. We find, however, in our continental exchanges, the same story coming from so many sources, that there is good ground for receiving it as authentic. The account states that the Russians were met by the Magyars at all points of the Carpathians, from the Jablinska Pass, between Cracow and Olmutz, to the Pass of Rothenthurm, on the eastern border of Transylvania. Their defeat at Rothenthurm is admitted by all authorities, but it is stated by some that the Jablinska Pass was finally forced by the Russians.

The Cologne Gazette says it has received intelligence from Vienna, though it cannot place implicit reliance it, that Bem had surprised a Russian force of 30,000 men, and disarmed them; also, that many of the Russian officers had joined the ranks of Bem. The Hungarians captured sixty guns, and a great quantity of ammunition and forage. Bem's headquarters are also said to be at Miklos, a small town in the country of the Szeklers, on the frontier of Moldavia. The disarmed Russians are said to have been driven across the frontier. The *Kozlong*, a Hungarian journal at Pesth, contains the same account, and adds that 8000 Russians were killed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Various Rumors.—We translate the following from French ond German journals:

It was stated in Vienna on the 14th of May that a Hungarian force had penetrated into Moravia.

It is also said that a Magyar corps had made an irruption into Gallicia. If it is of sufficient strength to press the peasants of that district into its service, the corps will soon be quadrupled.

The Emperor of Austria is not satisfied with his troops. It is even reported that he wept on noticing the pitiable equipment of several regiments in the camp at Presburg.

The number of Russian troops at different points in Gallicia is 128,000 men, with 20,850 horses.

The *Presse* of Vienna says that the theatre of war will now be in the North. Gen. Weldon is concentrating his army around Presburg. The greater part of the Magyar army lies three leagues from Szerdahely-Somerim, between which and Welden's forces a battle is expected.

RUSSIA.

The Imperial Manifesto.—The following ukase, relating to the Russian intervention in Hungary, has been published in St. Petersburgh:

By the grace of God, We, Nicholas I, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, etc., declare to the nation, having, by our manifesto of the 14th of March, 1848, informed our subjects of the miseries which afflicted Western Europe, we at the same time made known how we were ready to meet our enemies wherever they might show themselves, and that we should, without sparing ourselves in conjunction indissoluble with our sacred Russia, defend the honor of the Russian name, and the inviolability of our frontiers.

The commotions and rebellions of the West have not since then ceased. Guilty delusion, enticing the thoughtless crowd with visionary dreams of that prosperity which can never be the fruit of wilfulness and obstinacy, has entered the East and the dominions contiguous to us, subjects of the Turkish Empire, viz: Moldavia and Wallachia. Only by the presence of our troops, together with those of Turkey, has order been restored and maintained; but in Hungary and Transylvania the efforts of the Austrian Government, distracted already by another war with foreign and domestic enemies in Italy, have not yet been able to triumph over rebellion. On the contrary, strengthening itself by hordes of our Polish traitors of 1831, and of others, foreigners, outcasts, runaways and vagrants, the rebellion has developed itself there to a most threatening degree.

In the midst of these unfortunate events the Emperor of Austria has addressed himself to us with the wish for our assistance against our common enemies. We shall not refuse him.

Having called to the assistance of this righteous enterprise the Almighty Leader of Battles and Lord of Victories, we have commanded our armies to move forward for the extinction of rebellion, and the destruction of audacious and evil intentioned men, who endeavor to disturb the peace of our dominions also.

Let God be with us, and who shall be against us?

So—we are convinced of it—so feels, so hopes, so aspires our God-preserved nation, every Russian, every true subject of ours; and Russia will fulfil her mission.

Given at St. Petersburgh, the 26th day of April, in the year from the birth of Christ, 1849, and the 24th of our reign.

(Signed) NICHOLAS I.

ITALY.

The Roman Republic.—Intelligence has reached Paris from Marseilles, that the Duke D'Harcourt, the Minister of the French Republic at the Court of Rome, had arrived from that city as the bearer of a convention concluded between the Roman Republic and that of France. All hostilities had been for some days suspended, and it was believed that the news was substantially correct.

Rumors.—The unlucky King of Naples seems to be still in a state of blockade at Albano; he has got fifty pieces of artillery with him, which are considered by the Romans as a regular contribution to the future resources of the young Republic. Col. Rossilli with 4000 Romans, is still in his rear.

Letters from Rome state that M. Lesseps, (an envoy from the French Government) accompanied by Signor Accursi, arrived at Palo on the morning of the 15th. Gen. Oudinot's head quarters were at Brevetta. Letters from Civita Vecchia state that a deputation of the Roman Government had proceeded to Palo, on the night of the 18th, to the camp of Gen. Oudinot, to treat respecting an armistice; but as an armistice already existed in fact, it was supposed that the establishment of preliminaries for a final pacific arrangement was the real object of the mission.

The Fall of Bologna.—The Milan Gazette of the 18th announces the surrender of Bologna by capitulation on the 16th (not on the 15th), after an almost uninterrupted conflict of eight days. On the 15th, the general bombardment of the town commenced. After half an hour had expired, a white flag was seen waving from the Apostolic Palace, which is the seat of Government, and soon afterward similar flags were seen on all the churches. An hour afterward a deputation reached headquarters, asking for a cessation of hostilities. An answer was returned that if, on the next day (the 16th), the town had not surrendered at 5 P. M., the bombardment would recommence. On the 16th, at 5 o'clock, a more numerous deputation, with Cardinal Oppezoni at its head, made its appearance, bringing the submission of the city. A capitulation was then signed, by which the gates of San Felice, Gallieno and Castiglioni were at once given up to the imperial forces; all the guns of the town were to be transferred and kept at the Apostolic Palace, where they were to be guarded by the troops of the line, the carabineers and the Civic Guard; the regular troops to take the oath of fidelity to Pius IX; all fire-arms, etc., to be brought to the Castiglioni gate, where they were to be received by a special commission, composed of Austrian officers and inhabitants of Bologna. None of the inhabitants were to be molested by the Austrian troops. All the stipulations of the capitulation were carried out.

There is another account which says: "The surrender of the City of Bologna is contradicted. It is now said that the city still held out. It had been bombarded almost to ashes, and the loss of life had been frightful."

Venice.—Radetzsky wrote to Manin on the 6th of May that all negotiations were at an end, and Venice must suffer the fate of war. The Venetians will hold out to the last. The Austrian General Haynau, stationed before Mestre, has notified to the British and French consuls at Venice that he cannot permit the vessels of those, or any other neutral powers, to stay in the waters of Venice, in consequence of the blockade.

Austrian Massacre at Leghorn.—The accounts of the Austrian capture of Leghorn by assault are fully confirmed. The resistance made by the Livornese does not appear to have been very obstinate. The Austrians, in the accounts published by some of the French and Italian journals, are said to have tried and shot great numbers of the defenders, and to have committed great excesses in the town. The Austrian troops had the order to make no prisoners, but to shoot all those (with arms in their hands) they took in the houses they stormed. The Austrians may have lost in the streets about 15 killed and 195 wounded, and in the streets and houses about 70 or 80 insurgents were killed—among them was one officer, and a priest who was shot near a church, with six insurgents who had fired from the steeple.

The three forts of Leghorn were occupied by the Austrians, after little resistance. A quarter of an hour after the last shot was fired an immense crowd appeared in the streets, who shouted their "Viva" to the Austrian army. But soon afterward this first enthusiasm was superseded by the most extraordinary business. From the sacristy of the Duomo some shots were fired at an Austrian general, when he entered the building, not hitting him but killing a soldier and a horse; and the Modenese battalion, who entered the town with the Austrian troops, and which stood nearest to the building, opened their fire at it without being ordered. The horses of their heavy guns were frightened, and ran without their riders, with the guns, over the Piazza d'Armi, entirely covered with troops, who themselves ran off in all directions, not knowing what was the matter. They thought that the shots fired from the Modenese troops were those of the insurgents from the windows, and discharged their muskets at the windows closed with shutters, without doing any harm, but a great number of Austrian soldiers were seriously hurt by the horses and guns. Guerazzi, Petracchi and Combelli had arrived prisoners at Leghorn. It was expected that they would be shot.

The Massacre at Palermo.—We have received intelligence of the 9th from Palermo. The city is now in the hands of the King's Government. On the previous day the citizens had induced the Mountaineers and Free Corps to go outside the town and attack Filangieri; but the moment they had got rid of such unpleasant visiters, the National Guard closed the gates against them, and refused to let them reënter. In the meantime the Neapolitan troops came up, and it is said a dreadful massacre of the Republicans took place, who fled on every side, and were pursued by the royal troops; the King's flag was then hoisted; the city has now made its formal submission, and the civil war is at an end.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.—John, undo his tail. There, ladies *and* gentlemen, is the wonderful boy constructor—so called because he constructs many pleasing images with his serpentile form. The constructor is a long animal, as you will perceive, and is very long lived. He lives a hundred years or more, if he do n't die beforehand. He is of the wormy species, and worms himself along the ground without legs. He is capable of climbing the highest trees, which he is fond of concealing himself in the branches whereof, that he may impose upon the benighted traveller, or other beast, whereby to assatiate his hunger. He mashes his victuals before he eats 'em, and then swallows them head first, for which he is provided with great strength for the purpose. He is sometimes called the *bow* constructor, from an ignorant idea that he ties hisself into bow knots; but I am intimately acquainted with the creature, and he never does it. I suppose he could do it if he tried, but there would be no use of it. Some naturalists suppose that the boy constructor is the same personage that deceived our grandmother Eve, and that he stayed upon the land for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood, and his relatives took to the water and became sea serpents. This may be paregorical, or it may not. I am not acquainted with the sea serpent, having never been introduced to him. Besides, the sea serpent is much larger, though I think the boy constructor could lick him, for he is full of pluck, and very spunky. Prick him, John, and make him hiss. When he hisses, he is very angry, and cares very little what becomes of him. This is because he is weak-minded, and has a small head. He has, however, a very large belly, and when it is full he is good-natured. But even then he is not a pleasant companion, for he is stupid. I cannot say that I love the boy constructor, although he has brought me a good deal of money. He has a lovely skin, but he is very ugly tempered. He is very sulky and lazy, and he is so spiteful it is a mercy he can't talk. I have took care of this mighty snake for three years, but he shows no gratitude. He is a glutton, and likes to stuff himself, and then go to sleep. If John do n't stir him (stir him again, John!) he would never wake up, except to his victuals. I do n't know 's I ought to blame him, though; because nature is nature, whether in Boston or the rude valleys of Bengal. The boy constructor is a resident of Bengal—a far off country, which produces tigers and spices, and is nearest to the sun. I have an uncle who has lived in Bengal, and a brother who never was there. My uncle tells me he has seen ten thousand boy constructors at one time, a-frolicking in the forest and eating each other up. My brother does not believe it—but then he has not seen it. My uncle may be depended upon. He was a missionary once, and sold rum and sugar to the Injuns. He is the only man in the world who ever sold liquor to the boy constructor. This is the one that he gave it to. He first got him tight, and then boxed him up. The boy will never forgive him. My uncle owns part of the show. Here comes my uncle. He is the man with the red nose and the gold watch. The watch was a present from the Princess of Injees.—*Boston Museum.*

DUELLING MONOMANIA.—The hero of the action we are about to record was Mr. Mathew, the proprietor of the estate of Thomastown, Tipperary, where Dean Swift paid a visit of four months. The rental of the estate was £8000 a year, and Mr. Mathew desiring to spend the whole in the exercise of hospitality, had the resolution to live abroad for seven years at an annual expense of £600, that he might accumulate enough of money to build a commodious house for the reception of visitors. This house contained forty apartments for guests, where each might take his meals by himself, or invite his friends to join him. Or they might meet at a daily ordinary in the common parlor, where the only rule was, that there was no one master of the house. In addition to these accommodations, there was a place fitted up like a coffee-house, where the guests might obtain refreshments at any hour of the day; and likewise a tavern, where such of the guests as were addicted to intoxication might indulge themselves without the reserve which would be occasioned by the presence of more abstemious persons, among whom Mr. Mathew himself was one.

When Mr. Mathew returned from abroad, the duelling-mania was at its height. There were in London at that time—towards the conclusion of Queen Anne's reign—two gentlemen, a Maj. Pack and a Capt. Creed, both of them accomplished fencers, who hearing of the daily exploits in duelling which took place in Dublin, repaired to that city in quest of adventures. Here they learned that Mr. Mathew had the reputation of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe; and Pack, firing at the news, insulted him by jostling one of his chairmen as he passed, and boasting of the exploit in a tavern as an affront which Mathew had not had spirit enough to resent. This brought about the desired consummation; and Mathew, accompanied by a friend, Macnamara, repaired to a tavern where they knew Pack and Creed were to be found. The sequel we give in the words of Mr. J. B. Burke, in his recent work, "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy." "After securing the door, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said that in cases of this nature he never could bear to be a cool spectator. "So, sir," continued he, addressing himself to Creed, "if you please, I shall have the honor of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed made no other reply than that of immediately drawing his sword. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their anagonists. Upon this occasion Mr. Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind. Creed had fallen first, on which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed! are you gone?" "Yes," replied Mathew with the utmost calmness, "and you shall instantly *pack* after him," at the same time making a home-thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never known in his life, either before or after, to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seemed most miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed to it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion, "Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of, but, to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best disposition, except in this extravagant idea of duelling, of which, however, they were now perfectly cured."

MOTTO ON THE BRIDAL RING.—A young gentleman of fine intellect and noble heart was suddenly snatched by the hand of death from all the endearments of life. Surrounded by every thing that could make existence pleasant and happy—a wife that idolized him—children that loved him as they only can love, and friends devoted to him, the summons came, and he lay upon the bed of death. But a few short years ago, she to whom he was wedded placed a bridal ring upon the finger, upon the inside of which he had a few words privately engraved. The husband would never permit the giver to read them, telling her the day would come when her wish should be gratified, and she should know the secret. Seven years glided away, and a day or two since, conscious that he must soon leave his wife forever, he called her to his bedside, and with his dying accents told her that the hour had at last come when she should see the words upon the ring she had given him. The young mother took it from his cold finger, and, though heart-stricken with grief, read the words, "I have loved thee on earth, I will meet thee in Heaven."

☞ Aristotle once gave alms to a very wicked man who was in distress. On being reproached for so doing, he said, "I pity not his *character*, but the *man*."

RICHMOND, VA.—There were eight new cases of cholera, and four deaths, at Richmond, on the 9th.