

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, EDITOR.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

ALFRED L. PRICE } PROPRIETORS.
AND
DAVID FULTON }

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TERMS

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DAVID FULTON,
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GILLESPE & ROBESON

Continue the AGENCY business, and will make liberal advances on consignments of

Lumber, Naval Stores, &c. &c.

Wilmington, August 1st, 1845.

The Observer and the North Carolinian, Fayetteville, will copy six months and forward accounts to this office.

John S. Richards,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

AND

GENERAL AGENT,

Wilmington, N. C.

Respectfully refers to

Messrs. J. & E. Anderson, } Wilmington, N. C.

R. W. Brown, Esq. }

Messrs. Woolley & Woolsey, } New York.

Richards, Bassett & Aborn, }

A. Richards, Esq. } 41-4f

June 27, 1845.

EDWARD HEALY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Hall & Armstrong's Wharf,

Wilmington, N. C.

June 13, 1845. 39-ly

CORNELIUS MYERS,

Manufacturer & Dealer in

HATS AND CAPS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,

Commission and Forwarding

MERCHANT,

LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

BATTLE & COOKE,

General Commission Merchants,

AND

Receiving and Forwarding Agents,

Next door North of the New Custom-house,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

ROBT. G. BAINBRIDGE,

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends

in New York.

September 21, 1844. 1-f.

WM. SFAW,

Wholesale & Retail Druggist,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOHN HALL,

Commission Merchant,

One door So. of Broten & DeRosset's, Water-st.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

BROWN & DEROSSET

OFFER FOR SALE,

264 BBLs. N. O. clarified Molasses,

100 do. " sugar House do

75 HHDS. Cuba bright retarding do

10 do. Porto Rico Sugar,

do. N. Orleans "

5 12 barrels Porto Rico "

75 BBLs Coffee; Cuba, Rio and Laguira,

8000 pounds N. C. Bacon, assorted,

50 HHDS. Western Sides, of prime quality,

50 bbls. Mess Pork,

" Prime do

75 30 kegs N. C. Lard,

BBLs. " do

150 175 kegs and Jars prime Butter,

BBLs. Superfine Flour,

15 half bbls. Canal Flour,

350 BUSHELS Maryland Oats,

15 bbls. American Gin,

120 " Baltimore and Philadelphia

Whiskey,

100 BBLs. Apple Brandy,

3 " San Lucar Wine,

1 BBL. Scuppernon do

20,000 Spanish Cigars—various brands,

50 CASKS fresh beat Rice,

40 bbls. purified Lard Oil,

do refined Whale do

20 30 boxes Adamantine Candles,

half bbls. "

35 boxes " Scotch Snuff—in bladders,

50 BOXES manufactured Tobacco—vari-

ous kinds,

200 GRINDSTONES—assorted,

350 kegs Dupont's Powder—assorted,

10 BALES Rockfish 4-4 Shirding,

10,000 R. O. hhd. Staves—dressed.

July 11, 1845. 43-4f

PLANTATION CLOTHING.—A few cases

just received and for sale by

Aug. 1, 1845. BATTLE & COOKE, Ag'ts.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mr. Caudle has not acted "like a husband" at the Wedding Dinner.

"Ah me! It's no use wishing—none at all; but I do wish that yesterday 14 years could come back again. Little did I think, Mr. Caudle, when you brought me home from church, your lawful wedded wife—little, I say, did I think that I should keep my wedding dinner in the manner I have done to-day. Fourteen years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat with bright buttons, and your white watered satin waistcoat, and a moss rosebird in your buttonhole, which you said was like me. What! You never talked such nonsense? Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you talked that day; but I do. Yes; and you then sat at the table as if your face, as I may say, was buttered with happiness, and—What! No, Mr. Caudle, don't say that; I have not wiped the butter off—not I. If you above all men are not happy, you ought to be, gracious knows!"

"Yes, I will talk of fourteen years ago. Ha! you sat beside me then, and picked out all sorts of nice things for me. You'd have given me pearls and diamonds to eat if I could have swallowed 'em. Yes, I say, you sat beside me, and—What do you talk about?—You couldn't sit beside me to-day? That's nothing at all to do with it. But it's so like you, I can't speak but you fly off to something else. Ha! and when the health of a young couple was drunk, what a speech you made then! It was delicious! How many made every body cry, as if their hearts were breaking; and I recollect it as if it was yesterday, how the tears ran down dear father's nose, and how dear mother nearly went into a fit! Dear souls! They little thought with all your fine talk, how you'd use me! How have you used me? Oh, Mr. Caudle, how can you ask that question? It's well for you I can't see you blush. How have you used me!"

"Well, that the same tongue could make a speech like that, and then talk as it did to-day! How did you talk? Why, shamefully. What did you say about your wedded happiness?—Why, nothing. What did you say about your wife! Worse than nothing; just as if she were a bargain you were sorry for, but were obliged to make the best of. What do you say? And had she the best? If you say that again, Caudle, I'll rise from my bed. You didn't say it? What, then, did you say?—Something very like it, I know. Yes, a pretty speech of thanks for a husband! And every body could see that you didn't care a pin for me; and that's why you invited 'em, to insult me to their faces. What! I made you invite 'em? Oh, Caudle, what an aggravating man you are!"

"I suppose you'll say next that I made you invite Miss Prettyman? Oh yes; don't tell me that her brother brought her without your knowing it. What! Didn't I hear him say so? Of course I did; but do you know I'm quite a fool? Do you think I don't know that that was all settled between you? and she must be a nice person to come unasked to a woman's house? But I know why she came. Oh yes; she came to look after her. What do I mean? Oh, the meaning's plain enough. She came to see how she should like the rooms—how she should like my seat at the fire-place; how she—and if it isn't enough to break a mother's heart to be treated so—how she should like my dear children. Now it's no use for your bouncing about at—but of course that's it; I can't mention Miss Prettyman, but you fling about as if you were in a fit. Of course that shows that there's something in it. Otherwise, why should you disturb yourself! Do you think I didn't see her looking at the cyphers on the spoons as if she already saw mine scratched out and hers there? No, I shant drive you mad, Mr. Caudle; and if I do it's your own fault. No other man would treat the wife of his bosom in what do you say? You might as well have married a hedgehog! Well, now it's come to something! But it's always the case! When ever you've seen that Miss Prettyman, I'm sure to be abused. A hedgehog! A pretty thing for a woman to be called by her husband! Now you don't think I'll lie quietly in bed, and be called a hedgehog—do you, Mr. Caudle?"

"Well, I only hope Miss Prettyman had a good dinner, that's all. I had none! You knew I had none—how was I to get any!—You know that the only part of the turkey I care for is the merry-thought. And that, of course, went to Miss Prettyman. Oh, I saw you laugh when you put it on her plate! And you don't suppose, after such an insult as that, I'd stand another thing upon the table? No, I should hope I have more spirit than that. Yes; and you took wine with her four times. What did you say? Only twice? Oh, you were so lost—fascinated, Mr. Caudle; yes, fascinated—that you didn't know what you did. However, I do think while I'm alive I might be treated with respect at my own table. I say, while I'm alive; for I know I shant last long, and then Miss Prettyman may come and take it all. I'm wasting daily, and no wonder. I never say anything about it, but every week my gowns are taken in."

"I've lived to learn something to be sure! Miss Prettyman turned up her nose at my cursanders. It isn't sufficient that you're always finding fault yourself, but you must bring women home to sneer at me at my own table.—What do you say? She didn't turn up her nose? I know she did; not but what it's needless—Providence has turned it up quite enough for her already. And she must give herself airs over my cursanders! Oh, I saw her mincing with the spoon as if she was chewing sand. What do you say? She praised my plum-pudding? Who asked her to praise it! Like her impudence, I think!"

"Yes; a pretty day I've passed. I shall not forget this wedding day, I think! And as I say a pretty speech you made in a way of thanks. No, Caudle, if I was to live a hundred years—you needn't to groan Mr. Caudle, I shall not trouble you half that time; if I was to live a hundred years, I should never forget it. Never! You didn't even so much as bring one of your children into my speech. And—dear creatures!—what have they done to offend you? No; I shall not drive you mad. Every body says so."

"And you suppose I didn't see how it was managed, that you and that Miss Prettyman was always partners at what! How was it managed? Why, plain enough. Of course,

you packed the cards, and could cut what you liked. You'd settled that, between you.—Yes; and when she played a trick, instead of leading off a trump—she play whist, indeed!—what did you say to her, when she found it was wrong. Oh—it was impossible that her heart should mistake! And this, Mr. Caudle, before people—with your wife in the room!"

"And Miss Prettyman—I won't hold my tongue. I will talk of Miss Prettyman: who's she, indeed, that I shouldn't talk of her? I suppose you think she sings? What do you say? She sings like a mermaid? Yes, very—very like a mermaid: for she never sings, but she exposes herself. She might, I think have chosen another song."

"I love somebody" indeed; as if I didn't know who was meant by that "somebody"; and what the room knew it, of course; and that was what it was done for—nothing else."

"However, Mr. Caudle, as my mind's made up, I shall say no more about the matter to-night, but try to go to sleep."

"And to my astonishment and gratitude," writes Caudle, "she kept her word."

The Longest Ladder in the World.

On approaching the roads of James Town, in the island of St. Helena, your attention is attracted by an enormous ladder, that extends from the town beneath to a fort directly over the town, on the summit of a hill 800 feet high. On inquiry, I found that sentinels were placed both below and above, for the purpose of preventing any one ascending or descending without an order from the town major.—This regulation was adopted in consequence of the number of accidents, attended with fatal consequences, that had occurred. Together with a companion, after dinner, I rambled down to the guard house, and having found the town major there, we obtained an order to permit our ascent.

The ladder is composed of steps more than three feet in width, and some four inches in breadth, firmly fastened in sides of great strength. On either side is a hand rail, of such a width that you can conveniently lay a hand on either side. The steps are upward of 18 inches apart, and great numbers of them much decayed. At regular distances are small seats for resting places. On one side, without the ladder, a disposition of slide has been formed, along which pulleys are fixed, for the purpose it would seem, of raising from the fort above. The face of the hill, against which the ladder is erected, is extremely steep, so as utterly to preclude the idea of any ascent without artificial means; in places there are perfect precipices, the rocks completely overhanging.

At the bottom we found no sentry, and so proceeded to ascend at once, but had not attained above the height of one hundred feet when we heard a voice hailing us, and perceived a sentry calling on us to return, who in his walk had been concealed from us when below by an intervening projection. Down we had to go, and having shown our pass, and satisfied the Cerberus, commenced our ascent again. At first we proceeded rapidly, but soon found that not to answer, the height of each step causing considerable exertion. More slowly then we moved along, attained the third resting place, where we seated ourselves, and turned to view the town beneath, with its narrow streets and confined situation, covering, as it were, between the mighty hills that seemed to press it on either side.

Aloft we turned our eyes, anxiously wishing ourselves at the top, but we had the best part of the ascent yet to accomplish, and to our task we once more went. As we attained a greater height, we found the steps getting more and more out of repair, in some places two or three steps together broken, so that we had to clamber up the best way we could.—On, on we went, with alternate rests; the town, the bay and the shipping beneath gradually became more minute, the moving bodies seeming almost mites. When we reached within a hundred feet of the top, the unusual fatigue almost overpowered us;—the dizzy height so affected us that we felt as if we could scarce preserve ourselves from falling—yet we persevered, and did succeed in reaching the top.

A moment later one human being would have passed into another world. My companion, who was before me, had scarce passed the gate at the top, when he fainted completely overcome, and he afterward declared to me, that for the last hundred feet or so, nothing prevented his physical energies from being overcome by the fatigue and the position he was in, but the immediate prospect of reaching a place of safety. Many lives have been lost on this ladder, particularly those of passengers, whose curiosity induced to attempt the ascent. The artillerymen and garrison of the fort are not, however, used to going up and down, exempt from casualties, and it was only the very week before my visit to St. Helena that an artilleryman was killed in attempting to descend the ladder against time for a wager. Ladder Hill fort completely hangs over the bay; it is of great strength, and commands the roadstead beneath.

In the batteries are mounted generally 18 twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, but there are some few guns of a larger calibre. A singular accident happened a few years previous on this battery. A passenger from one of the ships in the bay had ascended to the fort, and looking from the ramparts of one of the batteries, perceived his vessel beneath, and thought he could reach her with a stone, but in his attempt to do so, overbalanced himself and fell from the awful height, being dashed literally to pieces in the fall. After passing an hour at the fort, we descended, but by the road, which is cut in a zigzag manner in the side of the hill.—[From "Reminiscences of a Nine Years' Travel," in the Liverpool Times.]

A Delicate Lady.—Mrs. Spriggs will you be helped to a piece of the turkey? "Yes, my dear Mr. Simpson, I will." "What part would you prefer, my dear Mrs. Spriggs?" "I will take a couple of the legs, some of the breast, the side bones, some filling, and a few dumplings, as I feel very unwell to-day." Simpson fainted, and when he came to himself he called for the market basket.

Laziness.—It is very astonishing that we publish men for drunkenness, swearing, lying and the ordinary branches of thieving, and let every one go free; though guilty of the crime of laziness the cause of most of the rascality and misery in this world.—Agriculturist

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

From the N. Y. Evening Mirror.

What the writer has seen of this world for twenty-four days. The passengers of the Britannia. The differences between the American and English Custom house officers. The working classes. Female dress—Bustles—Writing against the doctor's orders, etc.

My DEAR MORRIS—All I have seen of England for the last twelve days, has been the four walls of a bed room, and as all I saw of the world for the twelve days previous, was the interior of a packet's stateroom, I may fairly claim, like the razor grinder, to have 'no story to tell.' You shall have, however, what cobwebs I picked from the corners.

If the Britannia had burnt on the passage, and a phoenix had arisen from its ashes, the phoenix would have been a well compounded cosmopolite, for—did you ever see such a variety of nations in one ship's company, as this?

From England,	16	From Mexico,	1
Scotland,	6	West Indies,	2
Ireland,	3	East Indies,	3
Wales,	1	Br. Guiana,	1
Canada,	2	Gautimale,	1
U. States,	12	Denmark,	1
France,	4	Poland,	1
Spain,	1	Germany,	9

Of the Germans, 2 were from Hanover, 2 from Hamburg, 1 from Baden, 1 from Lubec, 2 from Bremen, and 1 from Heineault.—Mr. Robert Owen was one of the Scotchmen, and he was the only one on board, I fancy, for whom fame had made any outlay of trumpeting. Six clergymen (!) served as our protection against the icebergs. I doubt whether the Atlantic had, ever before, such a broad wake of divinity drawn across it. Probably, the true faith was in some one of their keepings!

I wish to ask a personal favor of all the friends of the Mirror who are in the offices of American Custom Houses, viz: that they would retaliate upon Englishmen in the most vexatious manner possible, the silly and useless impediments thrown in the way of passengers landing at Liverpool. We dropped anchor with a Custom House steamer alongside, and our baggage lay on deck two hours, [time enough to be examined twice over] before it was transferred to the government vessel. We and our baggage were then taken ashore, and landed at a Custom House. But not to be examined there! Oh, no! It must be put into carts, and carried a mile and a half to another Custom House, and there it would be delivered to us, if we were there to see it examined! We landed at ten o'clock in the morning, and with my utmost exertions, I did not get my baggage till three. The cost to me, of portage, fees, etc., was three dollars and a half, besides the theft of two or three small articles, belonging to my child. I was too ill to laugh, and I therefore passed the matter over to my resentments. I trust my particular share will be remembered in the coming wars of Oregon.

During the four or five hours that I was playing the han-gar-on to a vulgar and saucy custom-house officer at Liverpool, one or two contrasts crept in at my dull eyes—contrasts between what I had left, and what was before me. The most striking was the utter want of hope in the countenances of the working classes—the look of dogged submission and animal endurance of their condition of life. They act like horses and cows. A showy equipage goes by, and they have not the curiosity to look up. Their gait is that of tired donkeys, saving as much trouble as lightening as possible. Their mouths and eyes are wholly sensual, expressing capability of a want above food. Their dress is without a thought of more than warmth and covering, drab covered with dirt. Their voices are a half note above a grunt. Indeed, comparing their condition with the horse, I would prefer being an English horse to being an English working-man. And you will easily see the very strong contrast there is, between this picture and that of the ambitious and lively working-men of our country.

Another contrast strikes, probably, all Americans on first landing—that of female dress. The entire absence of the ornamental—of any thing indeed, except decent covering—in all classes below the wealthy, is particularly striking and particularly un-American. I do not believe you would find ten female servants in New York without (pardon my naming it) a "bustle." Yet I saw as many as two hundred women in the streets of Liverpool, and not one with a bustle! I saw some ladies get out of carriages who wore them, so that it is not because it is not the fashion, but simply because the pride (of those whose backs form but one line) does not outweigh the price of the bustle. They wore thick shoes, such as scarcely a man would wear with us, no gloves of course, and their whole appearance was that of females in whose minds never entered the thought of ornament on week days. This trifling exponent of the condition of women in England, has a large field of speculation within and around it, and the result of philosophizing on it would be vastly in favor of our side of the water.

As this letter is written on my first day of sitting up, and directly against the doctor's orders, you will give my invalid brain the credit of coming cheerfully into harness.

Yours faithfully,
N. P. WILLIS.

EXECUTION BY THE GUILLOTINE.

The Parisian correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, describes the execution of a man, which he lately witnessed, and the instrument by which it was performed, as follows:

On a platform erected four or five feet above the ground, supported by legs, and surrounded by a railing, was a frame work rising to the height of between eight and ten feet.—Those who have witnessed the operation of a spile driver will conceive a very good idea of its action and appearance. The whole was painted red. The cutting instrument resembled a yankee hay cutter, except that it was much larger. One corner being placed lower down than the other, facilitated its operation. The axe or knife was fixed into a heavy block of metal, and drawn up nearly to the top of the frame. There it remained dull and sullen, like revenge, awaiting its opportunity.—Two companies of mounted municipal guards, and one of foot, with some twenty Sergeants de ville, kept the square open till 8 o'clock, the fixed hour. In the mean time the crowd augmented, and the number of women began

to be quite numerous. One old woman was peddling about a biography of the victim, and another endeavoring to let her stands and chairs, both screaming their merchandise at the top of their voices.

At eight o'clock precisely, came the guard of cavalry, at a fast trot, surrounding the covered cart, which contained the prisoner and a priest. The vehicle was backed up to the scaffold, the door behind was opened, the priest descended, and after him the criminal. The latter mounted the scaffold, accompanied by two officers, with a firm step. He was clothed in his usual dress, a blouse of blue cloth, but without a hat. The hair was cut short, that it might form no impediment to his speedy exit from the world. The officers quickly drew the blouse over his head, and he stood exposed with naked shoulders. He then began to scream, with the intention of making himself heard by the crowd, as I tho't, but like many unaccustomed orators, ignorant how to use his voice. It might have been an ebullition of either anger or fear. In France the liberty of speech is not permitted, and he was interrupted by the officers, bending his neck and placing it in the groove destined to receive it. The collar, which was intended to check the least movement, was adjusted, and like the weight in the spile-driver on our wharves—the axe was drawn up to the top by the officers. It was instantly disengaged, and dropped, the head disengaged completely fell into a basket, and this officer's duty being finished, he descended. Two minutes did not elapse from the time he arrived, till his head was detached from his body. Without the smallest loss of time it was tumbled into a vehicle similar to a hay cart, his body tipped in after it, a small guard escorted it beyond the barrier, and in five minutes from the entrance of the prisoner he was borne away, and the place left nearly vacant. The body was conveyed away for interment without the city, for some hour or two, to be dug up again and carried to the dissecting room for anatomical purposes.

BURYING ALIVE.

In a recent article with this heading, the Richmond Whig says: "There can be but little doubt that burying alive is much more frequent than the world supposes or has any inclination to believe." Of the truth of this terrible announcement, we have not the least doubt. Awful as it is, we have good and sufficient reason for believing it to be correct. From a personal knowledge of facts, and other good authority, we believe that many an individual whose spirit is supposed to have departed from the body, is borne away from the midst of weeping friends to the sepulchre, and left in that last and lonely repose of all men to await the horrors of a situation which can neither be described or imagined. Recovered to animation and consciousness, the unfortunate sufferer has realized the dreadful truth that he has been consigned to the place of the dead a living being, and he has died in torture unknown to the millions who pass from life amid the living throngs. The Whig refers to the late distinguished Philip Doddridge, who fell into a state so precisely resembling death that life was supposed to have become entirely extinct, and preparations were about to be made for his funeral. He laid without the power of motion and with perfect consciousness, of what was going on around him. He heard his death announced, and the outburst of grief that followed, and the directions that were given to prepare him for his burial. The effect was horribly exciting, but he was compelled to endure the pain, not having the power of motion over a single muscle. He was restored by a spoonful of brandy administered by his wife, and lived some years afterwards. A case similar in many respects to that of Dr. Doddridge, occurred some years ago in this city. The wife of a clergyman was declared by his physician to be deceased, and the preparations were made for her sepulture. She was laid upon the board in her shroud, and every arrangement completed but the last for her burial. Suddenly, to the surprise of all around her and to the fright of some, she raised herself up from the board and asked to be relieved from her uncomfortable situation. We do not remember to have heard of the death of this lady, and the probability is that she is still living.

We speak with confidence in relation to our confirmed convictions that many persons are buried alive. We have seen the head of an exhausted corpse a short time after burial turned up its side in the coffin. And this was one out of three or four that we have looked upon in the process of decay which the body undergoes in the grave. And in further proof of the appalling declaration, we have the testimony of the sexton of one of the largest and most respectable congregations in this city. He is a man of the most sterling character, and his word may be relied on in the utmost confidence. In the course of his official duties he has frequently to remove the corpses of the buried persons from their place of temporary repose in the public vault, to be buried in the ground. And in doing so, his custom is to open the coffin and examine the corpse. In the course of his ministrations to the dead he has discovered that either three or five bodies, we do not now recollect which is the correct number, were turned completely over on one side—perhaps in one case the corpse has been lying breast downward. This is the experience of a single sexton, and if he has discovered, say the smaller number, three upon their sides, how greatly would the number be increased if all the sextons were in the same habit and were to make a joint report upon the subject. Surely the account would be startling, if all sextons were to relate what they have the opportunity of knowing upon this fearful subject.

What we have to say further is that there is generally too great haste practiced in the burial of those who are supposed to have departed this life. We are too anxious to get the dead out of our sight and out of our way. The pale corpse of even a beloved friend is hidden from us, and we seize upon the earliest possible moment to bear it away to its burial. And we seldom think when we are engaged in these solemn duties that we may be conveying a living friend to the place of the departed. To avoid an act which is so revolting to our sensibilities, and at which humanity is so terribly shocked, we should retain the bodies of our friends in possession as long as possible, and ascertain with certainty that life is extinct before we commit them to the dust. Baltimore Sun, 25th ult.

From the Louisville Democrat.

WHIGERY EXPIRING.

When an entire race of animals is likely to become extinct, naturalists recommend some extraordinary means to save a few, as memorials of a species that once was. The entire race of modern whigs is about to pass off, and it is a subject of some consideration whether any specimens should be preserved for the edification of posterity. Some think, to be sure, that there is nothing interesting about them, and it would be just as well to let