From the London Athenæum.

British and American Steamers.

In an age like this, when the real rivalries and contests of nations are carried on not so much by regiments and frigates as by means of the shuttle, the railway and the steamboat,—it is curious and important to note the progress of different countries in those practical arts and sciences which more immediately promote these friendly national contests. European statesmen have all watched with wonder, and not a few of them with alarm, the tremendous accession of power which the rapid development of railways, telegraphs and steam navigation in the United States has given to the people of North America:—an accession of political and material influence in the affairs of the world which seems to stand in almost startling disproportion to the mere weight of the masses of population. The Brazils, by nature far richer than the northern States in all the raw materials of power, have no more voice in determining the direction of great historical events than a petty German or Italian principality. Belgium, covered with railways and dotted with manufactories, has already more active influence in Europe than the once powerful and magnificent kingdom of Spain. Science multiplies the resources of nations in an extraordinary degree; and older games of ambition are so far gone out of modern fashion, that statesmen with the true instincts of the future about them care less and less about drilling regiments, and more and more about promoting science. The trials of strength in this noble contest lie at present chiefly between the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race. England by insular position; and America by her geographical remoteness, stand tolerably free from the wear of intellect and waste of material means which are daily seen in the political struggles of continental Europe; and they are, as regards each other, therefore, on equal and fair terms of competition. With the shuttle England might be conquered,—even while her hearts of oak defied the world. A French army on the coast of Devonshire or Kent might prove a passing evil,—but a combination of natural and mechanical advantages secured to the workshops of the United States would be utter and irretrievable ruin. Thus far, the shuttle of Manchester beats the shuttle of Lowell;—hitherto, the steam-vessel of Liverpool has outsped that of New York. But the forces are so nearly matched as to lend all the charm of an uncertain issue to the struggle. Especially is this the case with the ocean steamers. In river, lake and coast navigation, America has long carried away the palm of victory. The boats on the Rhine, the Elbe, the Clyde, the Thames, and the Scheldt are not for a moment to be compared with the "floating palaces" on the Hudson, the Delaware and the Potomac, either for rate of sailing or for magnificence of fitting up. We have been credibly told of vessels steaming down the Mississippi at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour! But in ocean navigation, longer practice and equal enterprise still keep us slightly ahead of our energetic descendants. We are proud of our rivals—as they are proud of our rivalry. To the general reader at home, it is next to impossible to convey an adequate idea of the interest which the contests between the English and American Mails excite in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Each run is carefully noted and compared,—fears are excited, hopes raised by every voyage—and half a dozen hours in the length of a trip of three thousand miles is thought a considerable variation. The struggle for mastery at this moment lies between the English mail Asia and the American mail Atlantic,—and the recent voyage of the Asia was the quickest ever yet performed. This passage from New York to Liverpool was made in 10 days, 4 hours and 5 minutes,—being 4 hours and 15 minutes less than the best voyage eastward made by the Atlantic. The New Yorkers are building still more powerful vessels for this line of service. The prize is a great one. The fleetest vessels *must* carry out letters, orders, news, Government despatches,—and, having the prestige of scientific excellence and success, will generally command a choice of the passenger traffic. In this rivalry the Americans possess a great advantage over us in being less fettered in their action by Government jobbing and monopoly.

Daring and Silly Feat of Horsemanship.

At the steward's ordinary, at the White Hart Hotel, Aylesbury, after the aristocratic steeple-chases, yesterday week, the conversation turning on the feat of bring a horse up into the dining-room in which the company were then assembled, which was once done by Lord Jocelyn and Mr. Ricardo, during the meeting of the Royal Hunt some few years ago, Mr. Charles Symonds, of sporting notoriety at Oxford, offered to bring a grey horse of his up stairs and lead him round the table. No sooner was this said than done, for off he started, fetched the animal from the stable, and very shortly announced his progress by a loud clattering on the old oak staircase. In a few minutes the horse was gazzing on the assembled company. His owner then led him over a flight of chairs, whished he jumped beautifully. Nothing then would satisfy the company but that he must jump the dining tables. Mr. Fowler, proprietor of the hotel, fearing lest some serious accident might occur, as the room is of great antiquity, having been built by the Earl of Rochester in the time of Charles II, made strong objecttions; but he was overruled, and the horse was leaped over the table, everything standing. The champagne glasses rattled, the plates quivered, the candlesticks shook, but nothing was displaced; back again he went, clearing everything at a bound; whereupon a most ardent sportsman, Mr. Manning, of Wendover, volunteered to ride him bare-backed over, and to the astonishment of all present, he accomplished it without bridle or sadle. The celebrated gentleman jock, Captain Barlowe, next essayed, and managed to make a smash of one table with its contents. This was only a temporary check, for in the face of a tremendous fire and the cheering of all present, he achieved the feat gallantly. It was now time to desist, and to get the horse down stairs: this was sooner said than done, for the stairs and passages being kept polished, the gallant grey slipped about dreadfully, and was evidently afraid of the descent. At length, at the suggestion of a worthy baronet, he was blindfolded, and thus descended into the entrance hall, but managed to break about a dozen of the carved oak banisters in his progress.

[*Bucks (Eng.) Chronicle.*

Five Weeks' Sickness in California.—We observe, by the "Placer Times" of the 12th December, that amongst the accounts presented for adjustment to the City Council of Sacramento, is the following bill of expense attending the illness of the late Mayor of the city of Sacramento, who was wounded during the squatter riot:

San Francisco, Nov. 29, 1850.

Hon. H. Bigelow, Mayor of Sacramento city,

To J. W. Stillman, Dr.

To cash advanced for sundries during his illness at my house	$480 00
To cash paid out for washing clothes soiled by his wounds	165 00
To five weeks use of the best and largest room in the house at $100	500 00
To one carpet ruined by chloride of lime used in sick room	77 00
To cash paid for pair boots	16 00
To sundries, bandages, extra candles, extra refreshments, wines &c, for self and attendants at night, &c, five weeks	500 00
To five weeks' attendence of Mrs. Stillman night and day	500 00
	$2,536 00

Bay State Shawls.—The ladies will be interested to learn that the Bay State Mills in Lawrence, are now running the whole of their machinery in the manufacture of Bay State shawls. They employ nineteen hundred hands, and daily use the wool of more than three thousand sheep. This latter fact, says the Lowell Courier, may assist the reader who is unacquainted with the details of manufacturing, in forming some conception of the immense amount of raw material requisite to keep such a vast establishment in motion, and the capital, energy, and enterprise engaged in it.

Jesus Judged by the Jews.—Dr. Raphael, of Birmingham, (the same distinguished and learned gentleman, we suppose, who has been lecturing in this country lately,) says:

"While I and the Jews of the present day protest against being identified with the zealots who were concerned in the proceedings against Jesus or Nazareth, we are far from reviling his character of deriding his precepts, which are, indeed, for the most part, the precepts of Moses and the prophets. You have heard me style him, 'the *Great Teacher of Nazareth*;' for that designation I and the Jews take to be his due."

Boz in Russia.—Dicken's Dombay and Son has been translated into Russian and published at St. Petersburgh.

The Frozen Ship.

At this period when so much anxiety prevails respecting the fate of Sir John Franklin, everything relating to the Polar Regions is of interest. The following sketch is one of the most thrilling extant:

"One serene evening, in the middle of August, 1775, Capt. Warrens, the master of the Greenland whaleship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs in about 77 degrees of north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, these were closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-colored peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time.

"About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding, and crashing noises, gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment; for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Capt. Warrens found to his great joy that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked, with surprise, that the accumulated icebergs, which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

"It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon.—The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Capt. Warrens from distinctly seeing anything but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then, grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

"Capt. Warrens curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat, with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching, he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port-hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining on a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eye-balls. He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus:—"Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief—"

"Capt. Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female, reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore-part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs.—Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered any where, but Capt. Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done.—He therefore carried away the log-book, already mentioned, and returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed, of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes.

"On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of those with information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice."—*Westminster Review.*

John James Audubon.

This distinguished man, whose death in New York was announced in the Ledger yesterday, was one of the most remarkable men of the age. An ardent student and admirer of nature, he early prepared himself by his studies for that brilliant career as a naturalist which has marked his whole life. He was born in Louisiana, of French parents; in Paris, which he visited in boyhood, he learned the art of painting. With a mind full of romance, roused to enthusiasm by his studies, and being well provided by art with the power to picture the ornithological varieties which people the American forests, he set off early with his family to find a home in the Western wilds, where he could pursue to the greatest advantage his favorite studies. He took up his residence in Kentucky in 1810, traversed the forests and sailed down the streams, sketching and describing the various birds which attracted his notice.

For twenty years he continued these perilous and romantic excursions, enduring all kinds of vicissitudes and privations. His great work, the Ornithological Biography, is the result of these labors, one thousand dollars each, paid him the price of his labor. Eighty of them were taken in our own country, the rest were subscribed in Europe. His fame as a naturalist had preceded him in Europe, and in 1824, when he went to that country to publish his work, Herschel, Cuvier, and his old friend Humbolt, who had penetrated the same tropical regions with him, were delighted to honor him. At the age of sixty he had all the sprightliness and vigor of a young man.

In person he was tall and remarkably well made. His aspect sweet and animated. His whole head was remarkably striking. The forehead high, arched; the hairs of the brow prominent, particularly at the root of the nose, which was long and aquiline; chin prominent, and mouth characterized by energy and determination. The eyes were dark gray, set deeply in the head, and as restless as the glance of the eagle. He had no faith in genius, but believed that a man could make himself whatever he pleased; and if all possessed his energy and determination perhaps they could. As an illustration of his decision of character, the following are given:

On one occasion, when some great and perilous adventure was proposed to him by a friend, he decided to undertake it. On being asked when he would commence his journey, he replied, "To-morrow!" When the sun arose, Audubon was on his way.—Another illustration quite as significant will be found in his own writings. It was at a period when he had lost all—nearly a thousand—of his drawings—by fire, and no means of replacing them but by the renewal of the labors which had created them. He has said of that event, "The burning heat which rushed through my brain, when I saw my loss, was so great I slept not for several nights, and my days were oblivion—but I took up my gun, note book, and pencils, and went forth to the woods as gayly as if nothing had happened. I could make better drawings than before—in three years my portfolio was filled."

Phil. Ledger.

Mr. Morse, M. C., from Louisiana, thinks newspapers have deteriorated for the last ten years, and if high postage will stop there circulation, it will be better for the public. Mr. M. lives away down on the Bayou Teche, where the only newspapers are printed on the skins of dead alligators, where whiskey is two cents a quart, where the gospal don't shine but once in seven years, and where every man who can read or write is sent to Congress, to the Legislature, or to the Penitentiary.

An English Schoolboy, having in his Latin exercises the words *equus marinus*, (a sea-horse,) translated them "a *horse-marine*."

Lame Jim Jones says when he was in South Carolina, one summer, it turned very cold, and snow fell on the 9th of August at least six inches deep; when the sun came out, it was so hot that the snow never got a chance to melt—*it cooked a brown crust upon it.*

Beautiful Elegy.

She sleeps that still and placid sleep
For which the weary pant, in vain;
And where the dews of evening weep,
I may not weep again;
O, never more, upon her grave,
Shall I behold the wild flower wave!

They laid her where the sun and moon
Look on her tomb, with loving eye,
And I have heard the breeze of June
Sweep o'er it—like a sigh!
And the wild river's wailing song
Grow dirge-like as it sweeps along!

And I have dreampt in many dreams,
Of her—who was a dream to me,
And talked to her by sunny streams,
In crowds and by the sea—
Till in my soul she grew enshrined,
A young Egeria of the mind!

'Tis years ago!—and other eyes
Have flung their beauty o'er my youth,
And I have hung on other sighs,
And sounds that seem like truth,
And loved the music which they gave,
Like that which perished in the grave.

And I have left the cold and dead,
To mingle with the living cold—
There is a weight around my head,
My heart is growing old!
O, for a refuge and a home,
With thee, dear Ellen, in thy tomb.

Age sits upon my breast and brain,
My spirit fades before its time,
But they are all thine own again,
Lost partner of their prime!
And thou are dearer, in thy shroud,
Than all the false and living crowd!

Rise, gentle vision of the hours
Which go—like birds that come not back!
And fling thy pall and funeral flowers
On memory's wasted track!
O for the wings that made thee blest,
To "fly away and be at rest!"

The Indians of Homboldt.—We have been informed by a gentleman of intelligence and observation, of some interesting facts relative to the Indians in the vicinity of Eureka, on Humbold Bay. The men go entirely unclad, all the females slightly clothed. The latter are said to be vestals in point of virtue. The dead are buried after the manner of christian burials. Formerly a spot of ground in the immediate vicinity of Eureka, was their burying ground. At present they bury their dead farther up the bay, whither they transport the deceased in a canoe, followed by a long line of others, the train of mourners chanting the Indian dirge, while they paddle their slight crafts along the waters to the final resting place. A grave is dug, a red-wood plank or board placed upon the bottom, one at the head, another at the foot, one on each side. The body is then deposited, a plank placed above, and then the grave filled with earth, heaped up and rounded off after our manner, leaving the boards at the head and feet, like two grave stones.

They are said to be worshipers of the Sun. In the morning the old men or chiefs go down to the bay, sit down into the water, when the young men pour sand upon their head, after which it is washed off.—They are said to keep Sunday religiously, and will not visit the white settlements on that day; from which circumstance our informant thinks that California is the land of Ophir of Solomon. He says they could not have derived their religious belief from the Jesuits of Franciscan friars, as they never dwelt there. But this would not account for their keeping Sunday, instead of the Sabbath of the Jews. We are promised some very interesting items upon this subject.

San Francisco Alta California.

The Duke of Wellington.

The Duke is the creature of method. He suffers nothing to disturb the even tenor of his course, either in official or in houses hold existence. There is no occasion for him to weigh himself every day, or to take a greater amount of exercise to-day than he did yesterday, for the equilibrium of his health is rigidly preserved through the uniformity of his regimen, the unvarying duration of his rest, and the punctuality of his hours of equitation. Rising at four o'clock in the morning, he lights his own fire, performs his own toilette, and proceeds to read or write—if that can be called writing which has become to the unpracticed eye a mass of curious hieroglyphics. But these are not the materials of Apsley House.—Beneath the road which runs under the archway, contiguous to the Duke's residence, is a great excavation, walled in with the strongest masonry above, below, and at the sides. It is divided into apartments papered, warmed, and kept dry by means of flues, with hanging lamps. In each subterranean apartment are shelves, drawers, and cupboards, all locked and secured after the most approved methods. To one chamber are devoted all the documents connected with the Duke's early career, before he went to India; in another all the documentary illustrations of his Indian life; a third contains the papers (and how voluminous they are) referring to the Peninsular war; the fourth is appropriated to the operations in the Netherlands—the occupation of Paris by the allied armies; a fifth to the Duke's missions; and a sixth to his political life at home. All this vast mass of documents is arranged with precision, endorsed, lettered, numbered, and indexed, so that when the curtain shall fall upon the great man who has imparted to England a military character, and who has occupied more space in the cotemporary world's thoughts than any other in the whole range of history, the biographer and historian to whom he may bequeath the office of writing his remarkable life, shall know where to lay his hand upon every paper that may serve to elucidate the most striking and the most insignificant events.

A Dry Parson and Bad Brandy—An Authentic Anecdote.

What a vast difference education, association and habit make among men of all sorts and sizes, trades, grades and professions! How very few are the evils of society which are so regarded by all; how much of everything, especially of opinion, takes its color from the eye of the observer, without reference to the real nature of the thing! But we don't intend to write an essay, but merely to tell an anecdote to illustrate what we have been saying—an anecdote which has at least the merit of authenticity, and a small spice of drollery. Several years ago two English clergymen of the society of "Independents" as the congregationalists are termed in England, came as delegates from the home churches to the churches in the United States, for the purpose of inquiry respecting the religious condition of the new world. Both of them were persons eminent for learning and piety, but neither of them had ever known anything of temperance organizations *per se*, and, though of good personal habits, they were by no means "teetotalers"—being, in short, very much in this respect like the American clergy thirty years ago. One of them stopped some weeks with a distinguished Presbyterian divine in Philadelphia, a strong total abstinence man, and a violent hater of grog in all its forms. The Englishman, getting nothing "to drink" at the table of his host, and feeling the need of something, went out one day to the nearest gin shop and helped himself. On returning to the house of his friend, he addressed him as follows: "My dear brother, what sort of a shop, may I ask—what sort of a house is that about the corner?" "I don't know what house you refer to," said the other. "Why, a sort of alehouse, you know, just about the corner." "Why, sir," said the Philadelphian, looking rather surprised at the question, "why, sir, that's the lowest *grog shop* in the city!" "Indeed!" said the phlegmatic Englishman, "well, I thought so, from the bad quality of brandy they keep there." "I am astonished," said the other in unfeigned amazement, "that you should visit a house of that description!" "Well, for that matter, so am I, rather," replied the Englishman, "but, being a stranger in town, you know I couldn't readily find a better; but of course, with the knowledge I have of the villanous brandy, I shan't soon go there again, though, to say the truth, the tavern looked well enough to have been a respectable house." The Philadelphian saw at once the man would never understand him—gave a deep sigh—and turned the discourse to other matters.

Boston Post.

The Periodical Literature of the United States.—Amongst the valuable acquisitions which will be obtained through the agents for taking the seventh census, will be a complete collection of every periodical publication in the Union, whether newspaper, magazine, or other—each deputy marshal being instructed to transmit to the census bureau four copies of every periodical publication issued in his district.

Steam Frigate Susquehanna going to the World's Fair.—We find the following article in the N. York Herald, but are unable to say whether the report is correct:

"It is now ascertained that a petition of the Philadelphia mechanics to the government, has caused an order to be given for the outfit of the war steamer Susquehanna, to go direct to London. This vessel is one of the most beautiful war steamers afloat, and will compare favorably with the best in the British service. The ship carpenters of Philadelphia may well be proud of her, and we have no doubt that she will attract much attention on the bosom of the old Thames.

We learn that Captain S. W. Downing has been ordered to the command of the U. S. Sloop-of-war Jamestown, now fitting out at Norfolk Navy Yard.

MARRIED.

In Pittsboro', on the 15th ult., by Rev. Dr. Wheat, Maj. N. M. Hill, of New Hanover, to Miss Kate, youngest daughter of Hon. John D. Toomer.

In Fayetteville, on the 21st ult., by Rev. Geo. Benton, Wm. M. Shepp, Esq., of Rutherfordton, to Miss Catharine Lafayette, second daughter of the late Hon. John A. Cameron.

In Richmond county, on the 22d ult., Mr. J. H. McLean, of Robeson, to Miss Catharine L. Murphy, of Richmond.

DIED.

In this town, on the 1st instant, of small pox, Mrs. Sarah Bannister, daughter of Major Joseph Lamb, deceased.

In Brunswick county, on the 5th ult., Mr. H. Matthews, in his 73d year.

In Robeson county, very suddenly, on the 19th ultimo, Mr. John Powell, aged 90 years.

Commercial.

Newbern, Feb. 4th.—Naval Stores.—Yellow dip $2 10 scrape $1 30 a $1 35. Pork 5½ to 6c. Corn 73 to 75c. Cotton 11½c. Meal $1 per bushel. Bacon 8 a 8½c. Lard 9½c Sweet Potatoes 45 to 50c.

Charleston, Feb. 4.—Cotton—There was quite an active demand for Cotton yesterday, the sales having reached 3,380 bales, at extremes, ranging from 10¼ to 13½c. The market has been sensibly affected by the steamer's accounts, holders having submitted to a decline of ⅛ a ¼c.

New-York, Feb. 4, 6 P. M.—Flour $4 75 a $5. Corn Meal 3 a $3 18. Rye flour 3 75 a $3 87. Corn 66 a 68 cts. Oats 46 a 48 cents. Rye 75 a 78c. Mess Pork $12 a $12½; Prime $9 25. Lard 8½c. Rice 3½c. The Cotton market is depressed under the news. Holdeos are anxious to sell, but cannot find buyers except at a considerable decline. No sales to day. Whiskey is selling at 25 cents in bbls.

Philadelphia, Feb. 4, 6 P. M.—Flour $4 56¼ a $5 25.—Corn Meal $2 87. Wheat 1 a $1 12. Corn 60 a 67c. Oats 42 a 46c. Rye 75c. Mess Pork $13; Prime $9 56. Lard 8½ a 8¾c. Rio Coffee 11¼ a 11½c. Rice 3¼c. The Cotton market is dull; no sales; prices declining. Whiskey 24 a 25 cents per gallon.

Baltimore, Feb. 4.—Flour $4 50. Corn meal 2 87½ a $3. Rye flour $3 75. Wheat 98c. to $1 12. Corn 60 a 67c. Oats 42 a 44c. Rye 68 a 70c. Old Cloverseed $4 75; new prime $5. Rio Coffee 11¼ a 11½c. per lb. Rice 3½c. per lb. Mess Pork 13 a $15 per bbl. Lard 8½ a 8¾c. per lb. Whiskey 24 a 25½c. per gall.

New York, Feb. 1.—Naval Stores—We notice sales of 400 bbls. North County Turpentine at $2 87½; 250 bbls. Spirits at 37 a 38, cash; 300 bbls. Common Rosin at $1 30, in yard; 300 bbls. No. 1 Rosin a $3; 180 fine white at $3 37½; and 200 bbls. No. 2 do. at $1 50, cash.

Boston, Jan. 31.—Naval Stores—There have been further sales of Spirits Turpentine at 40c. per gallon, cash. Tar, in lots, at $1 87½ a $2 per bbl., 6 mos. In Rosin, sales of common at $1 56 a $1 60; and 150 bbls. No. 1 at $3 per bbl., 6 mos Pitch is scarce.

Foreign Markets, per Steamer Canada.

Liverpool, Jan. 18.—Cotton—The Cotton market has been depressed, and prices have again declined ¼ to ¼d. per lb. The market, however, closed steadily on Friday at 8d. for fair Orleans; fair Mobile, 7¾d.; fair Uplands, 7¾d.; middling qualities, 7¾ to 7⅞d.; ordinary, 7 a 7¼d. The sales of the week are small, amounting to only 22,095 bales.

The Havre cotton market was very quiet on Thursday, with sales of less than 300 bales up to 2 o'clock in the day.

Breadstuffs—The market for breadstuffs has been dull, prices tending in favor of buyers. American flour has declined 6d. to 1s. per bbl.

Indian Corn has declined fully 6d. per quarter of 480 lbs., closing with a dull market. In white, not much doing, with a declining market.

Provisions—The market for Provisions has been rather quiet, though a tolerably fair business has been done, and prices were generally well supported.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts report trade as steady, but rather a limited business doing.

Marine Intelligence.

PORT OF WILMINGTON, NORTH-CAROLINA.

ARRIVED.

Jan. 31—Schr. Julia Hallock, Smith, from New York, to E. J. Lutterloh; with mdze. to sundry persons.

Schr. S. E. Parker, Beatty, from Charleston, to E. J. Lutterloh; with 500 sacks salt.

Schr. Elouise, Robinson, from New York, to E. J. Lutterloh; with mdze to sundry persons.

Boat Hard Times, Jack, from White Hall, to Miles Costin; with 146 bbls. spirits, and 139 bbls. fine rosin.

Schr. May Flour, Foster, from New York, to DeRosset & Brown.

Brig Lucy, Watts, from New York, to DeRosset & Brown.

Steamer Henrietta, Fennell, from Fayetteville, to A. D. Cazaux; with cotton, yarn, &c.

Feb. 2—Schr. Gazelle, Snow, from Philadelphia, to Geo. Harriss; with mdze. to sundry persons.

Schr. Fidelia, Garwood, from Philadelphia, to Geo. Harriss; with mdze. to sundry persons.

Bark Stamboule, Kingman, from Boston, to Adams, Brother & Co.; with hay, &c.

Schr. Champion, Barlett, from Boston, to Adams, Brother & Co.; with mdze. to sundry persons.

Schr. J. P. Lofland, Chapman, from New York, to E. J. Lutterloh.

Schr. Courier, Kirwins, from Baltimore, to Ellis, Russell & Co.; with mdze. to sundry persons.

Schr. Coquette, Bennett, from Charleston, to Adams, Brother & Co.; with 250 sacks salt.

Schr. A. R. Wetmore, Westerrelt, from New York, to Leighton, Chadbourn & Co.; with mdze. to sundry persons.

3—Schr. Enterprise, Bibber, from Baltimore, to Ellis, Russell & Co.; with mdze. to sundry persons.

Schr. Volant, Whitehurst, from Onslow county, to DeRosset & Brown; with naval stores.

4—Steamer Chatham, Hurt, from Fayetteville, to T. C. Worth; with mdze. to sundry persons.

Hanoverian Galliot Amstel, Kerukamp, from New York, in ballast, to DeRosset & Brown.

Brig Mary H. Chappell, Haud, from N. York, in ballast, to E. J. Lutterloh.

5—Schr. L. P. Smith, Stutes, from New York, to DeRosset & Brown.

Schr. Leesburg, Boon, from Charleston, to DeRosset & Brown.

Schr. J. F. Tobias, Huna, from Charleston, S. C., in ballast, to Geo. Harriss.

Schr. Castellan, Hanson, from Charleston, to Thos D. Barry; with sack salt.

Schr. H. Price, Rice, 72 hours from N. York, to E. J. Lutterloh.

Br. brig Purchase, McMullen, from Trinidad, to Miles Costin; with specie and ballast.

Br. Schr. Vine, Kelly, from Turks Island, to Ellis, Russell & Co.

Schr. Lake, Lake, from Charleston, to Geo. Harriss; with 150 sacks salt.

CLEARED.

Jan. 30—Brig Buena Vista, Myers, for New York, by A. H. VanBokkelen; with 665 bbls. turpontine, 300 bbls. rosin, 154 bbls. spirits turpentine, 92 bales cotton, 7 bales sheeting, 10 bales yarn, 680 bushels pea nuts.

Br. Brig Portland, (of St. John's, N. B.,) Scott, for Havana, by A. H. VanBokkelen; with 36,000 feet S. S. Lumber, 34,000 feet hewn timber, 400 hhds. shooks, 60 bbls. tar, and 40 bbls. pitch.

31—Schr. Empire, Murch, for New York, by Miles Costin; with 1103 bbls. naval stores, 66 bales sheeting, 205 bales cotton, 4 hhds. sundries, 19 bags fruit, 4 boxes do., 200 boxes raisins, 700 bushels pea nuts.

Schr. Emeline, Johnson, for Havana, by Miles Costin; with 100,000 feet S. S. Lumber, 300 shooks.

Brig Ella, Bryant, for New York, by Miles Costin; with 800 bbls. rosin, 200 bbls. spirits turpentine, 15 bales cotton, and 2 bales wool.

Schr. Lamartine, Turner, for New York, by Geo. Harriss; with 702 bushels pea nuts, 41 bales sheetings, 8 bales yarn, 154 bales cotton, 1050 bbls. rosin, 11 bales rags, 8 bags fruit, 2 bales tow cloth, 26 bbls. spirits turpentine.

Schr. Palestine, Andrews, for Baltimore, by J. & D. McRae & Co.; with 45 tons iron, 70 bbls. spirits turpentine, 74 bbls. rosin, 5 bbls. varnish, 5 boxes fur, and 16,000 feet lumber.

Steamer Chatham, Hurt, for Fayetteville, by T. C. Worth; with mdze. for sundry persons.

Feb. 1—Schr. Geo. Harriss, Somers, for Philadelphia, by Geo. Harriss. This vessel cleared, on the 2d ult., but striking on Shoals put back and under went repairs.

3—Brig Ava, Adams, for Boston, with naval stores, by Adams, Brother & Co.

4—Steamer Chatham Hurt, for Fayetteville, by T. C. Worth; with mdze. for sundry persons.

5—Schr. Tangier, ——, for Boston, by Potter & Kidder; with 100 bbls. tar, 83,000 ft. lumber.

Steamer Henrietta, Fennell, for Fayetteville, by A. D. Cazaux; with mdze. for sundry persons.

Schr. Senator, Kirby, for New York, by Miles Costin; with 234 bbls. spirits turpentine, 939 bbls. rosin, 210 bales cotton, 75 bales cotton goods, 500 bushels pea nuts, flax seed and Dried fruit.

6—Br. Brig Waterloo, Parker, for Porto Rico, by Potter & Kidder; with 75,000 ft. lumber, 5,000 staves.

Steamer Gov. Graham, Evans, for Fayetteville, by T. C. Worth; with mdze. for sundry persons.

Schr. R. W. Brown, Hulse, for New York, by DeRosset & Brown; with cotton, naval stores, &c.

Schr. Aleyona, Whitaker, for Philadelphia, by J. H. Flanner; with naval stores, &c.

7—Schr. James G. King, Wainwright, for Charleston, by Leighton, Chadbourn & Co.

From the Journal Slip of the 2d inst.

LOSS OF STEAMER AMERICA.

The new steamer America, Capt. Broadwell, bound from Philadelphia to Mobile, to take her station on Lake Ponchatrane, was lost on the night of the 30th ult., off Cape Hatteras Light bearing N. W., supposed about ten miles distant, in 7 fathoms water. Six of the crew were picked up at sea on the following morning, by the Schr. Champion, Captain Bartlet, from Boston, and arrived here last night. The remainder of the crew, 16 in number, have not been heard of.

The following report of the loss of the steamer has been furnished us by Capt. Bartlett: The starboard after guard was started by heavy sea, which caused the boat to leak badly; at midnight broke the expansion pipe, which entirely disabled the engine; then kept the boat before the wind for 3 or 4 miles, and anchored in 7 fathoms water, with 5 feet water in the hold. The crew then picked their boats and the first boat with 6 of the crew on board, left the steamer about a quarter past two o'clock in the morning. The other two boats with the Captain and the ballance of the crew had not yet left, but is supposed to have done so in a very short time afterwards.

The following are the names of those that have arrived at this place: John S Lodge, 2d Eng.; Staten Morris, 2d Pilot; Alfred Thomas, Watchman; Charles C. McDonald, and Jacob Harriss, deck hands; and John Hallman, fireman.

New York Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store.

A. B. ALLEN & CO., 189 and 191 Water-street, N. Y., have constantly on hand the most extensive assortment of the best and latest improved Agricultural and Horticultural Implements, and Garden Seeds, ever offered for sale in the United States, embracing every Implement, Machine, or Seed, desirable for the planter, farmer, or gardener.

Also—Guano, Bone Dust, Poudrette, Plaster, &c.

A. SHERMAN, Travelling Agent for the N. Y. Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, 189 and 191 Water-street.

January 24, 1851 20-4t*

LIST OF LETTERS,

REMAINING in the Post Office at Wilmington, N. C., 31st January, 1851.

☞ Those whose names appear on this List will please ask for advertised Letters.

Allen, E	Firth, S H	Nixon, James
Armstrong, A	Garrett, Elwood	Nehl, Henry
Atkinson, John K	Greenlaw, Sam'l	Nutt, Hager
Adams, J	Garry, A J	Newton, W S
Arnold, LeRoy	Gerdes, H	Orrell, Rebecca
Aikerman, J	Griffin, P A 2	Orrell, James
Baker, E	Grotiohanns, Jno H	Oat, George
Brintley, Susan	Gay, Simon	Orrell, mrs Mualey
Boön, Elisha	Garrett, W B	Peer, Francis
Bradley, Anthony	Gilkey, Jacob	Padrick, F
Barber, Rachel	Hanks, Benj F	Petters, William
Boon, Henry	Heckman, H 5	Page, John
Bunn, G W	Holmes, Ann Lovie	Price, Geo
Black, John	Hersmann, J 2	Page, James H
Bunn, Larkin F	Hicks, Wm	Parish, John
Brantly, J J	Holt, Elizabeth	Robbins, Benj
Bacon, Edw'd W 2	Henderson, John 2	Ruggles, Mary Ann
Barry, Geo	Head, Edward	Roberson, W
Baldwin, S R	Hodges, John	Rowe, W H
Bryant, J L 2	Hall & Son,	Rider, J A
Brookshire, Thos F	Hotchkiss, Susan	Radcliffe, Wm
Burr & Brothers, 2	Hewetson, Ralph	Radcliffe, Samuel
Boyan, P P	Hutton, James	Robinson, Jacob F
Brumble, Wm H	Jean, B W	Robbins H S
Blatchford, Joseph 2	Jellett, B H	Smith, mr
Bryan, A	Johnson, Sophia	Smith, W A
Brandt, J F	Jones, Oliver	Smith, Ann
Bridgen, Mary	Jarman, John	Snow, James
Brantly, Jacob	Johnson, Lary	Sandelin, Edw'd
Burns, J W	Jordan, Sam'l	Stratton, E L
Cohn, Robert	James, Jacob	Sulivan, F
Carey, Wm 2	Kilcrease, W E 2	Spurling, Enoch
Coanehlsgen, C	Kerns, James	Stramboy, P
Clark, Benj	Leigh, John	Stearnes, S
Coney, C	Lause, Joseph	Slaughter, F & J W
Collins, Eliz'th A	Lochart, Andrew	Skipper, Susan Ann
Condiet, Hortan & Co	Lee, Savage & Co.	Suydam, W
	Larkins, Aron	Telegraph Office,
Copes, Caroline	Laroque, Wm	Pibbetts, C H 2
Creery, John	Lord, C A 2	Thompson, Mr
Chestnut, A B	Landerford, Martha	Thally, Hugh
Chasten, Rich'd	Locke, Catharine	Thully, Joshua
Cannon, R H	Larkey, John	Taylor, J W
Connine, Mary	Leary, Jane	Thompson, Mary
Connor, D	Mercer, John	Thomas, John F 2
Crenshaw F B	Mosely, Wm	Taylor, R W
Doherty, J 2	Marshall, Wm P 2	Turner, John H
Dauphin, E	Murrill, C	Turner, Isabella
Dudley, Creed H	Morse, Ross	Taylor, Samuel T
Dailey, miss L	Mallett, Wm	Westcott, Thos
Davis, Mary Ann 2	Moore, E & C	Wall, E
Downing, John E	Mallett, C W	Wane, Wm
Edmonston, Chas	Mince, John H	Wass, R F
Ellis, Freemand 2	McKay, J A 3	Wilkins, J B
Everitt, John	McGrath, George	Waterford, H
Ensry, Noah	McGary, Eliz'th	Wiswall, H
Foyles, Dan'l M 2	Mckay, J J	Willis, D W 2
Forsythe, Robert 3	McNeill, J 2	Williams, W J
Fox, Cathrine	McIntire, David	Webber, Reed
Freeman, Joshia	McLeod, miss M M	Wass, A H
Foy, John	McFarlan, Rob't	Wainright, Edw'd
Far, Elizabeth	McCarty, Timothy	Whitidge, S B
Freeman, Lucy	Norris, William	Wiscott, M
Featherston, E M 3	Nicholas, Wm	Wilson, Samuel
Fountain, J J 2	Newby, John