the relative value between gold and silver coin by reducing the intrinsic value of the latter. The opinion of the officers of the mint (in which judicious persons, whose opinions are entitled to great weight, concur.) is, that this change could be advantageously made, by making our dollar weigh three hundred and eighty-four grains, and the smaller coins in proportion; so that eight hundred ounces of such coin should be worth by tale exactly $1000. The director of the mint, in a communication on the subject, says: "If such a scale of weights were adopted, the relation of silver in such pieces to gold would be as 14.884 to 1; and if the present true relation of bullion value is about 15.675 to 1, the new proposed silver coin would be over-valued by law about five per cent. a very small advance, and far less than in British silver, or in the worn Spanish coin which now monopolize our circulation."

In the adjustment of this subject, it will be necessary to consider the depreciation in the value of gold which may have taken place already, or shall hereafter occur, in consequence of the immense additional supplies which have been, and will no doubt continue to be thrown into circulation from California, Australia, and other countries. This consideration might justify a much greater present over-valuation of silver coin, as the future depreciation of gold will probably soon overcome the limit of the present proposed advance.

If this plan is adopted by Congress, it of course will involve the necessity of making silver coin a legal tender only for debts of small amount, say not exceeding ten dollars, which is about the same limit (forty shillings) which has been established in Great Britian.

The subject of a change in the coinage of the country is one very great importance, and involves consequences which require the most serious consideration and deliberate action. That the present relative value of our gold and silver coin requires some change there can be little doubt; and I have, therefore, deemed it my duty to bring the subject to the notice of Congress.

The great increase in the amount of bullion which now come to the United States for coinage, compared with former times, seems to require the establishment of branches to the mint at those points where the largest amounts of bullion and foreign coin are received. Any transportation of those articles beyond the places where they are produced, or received from abroad, is attended with delay, risk, and expense, which should be avoided, if possible, without too great expense to the government.

The State of California is now producing gold dust certainly equal in amount to seventy-five millions of dollars, and probably equal to one hundred millions of dollars a year. The information in possession of this Department warrants the opinion that this product will not be diminished in amount for many years to come.

The distance from San Francisco, by way of the Isthmus of Panama and New York, to the mint at Philadelphia, is about 6,250 miles. The precious metals there found have, therefore, to be transported that distance and back, at great risk and expense, before the owner can receive its equivalent in the legal coin of the United States. Such a burden-one tax upon the interests of California should be removed by the establishment of a branch mint at the most eligible point in that State.

Nearly all the importations of specie and bullion concentrate at the port of New York: two-thirds of all the customs duties collected in the country are there paid in specie. Sound policy demands that at that great commercial and financial centre a branch mint should be established, which should be the custodian of the large amount of public moneys there collected, and which will enable foreign coin and bullion to be converted most speedily into our own currency, without the risk, delay, and expense of transportation to any other point.

It is believed that the establishment of such an institution at that point would not charge much additional annual expense upon the Treasury. The Treasurer thereof would supersede the office of Assistant Treasurer. The branch mints at Dahlonega, Georgia, and Charlotte, North Carolina, may be converted into assay offices, whereby several superfluous officers might be dispensed with. The deposits of bullion at those establishments have been regularly declining, without any decrease in the annual expenses. The transportation from thence of bars and ingots, the values of which would be attested by Government assayers, would be easily effected at little risk or expense.

For these and other reasons, heretofore expressed by my predecessors, I earnestly recommend the immediate establishment of branch mints at New York and San Francisco, and the discontinuance of those in North Carolina and Georgia as mints for coinage, retaining them as assay offices, under such regulations as to the number of offices, &c., as Congress may deem proper.

The expenses of the Mint and branches have, of course, greatly increased since the accession of California, and will be still further augmented in case Congress should determine to establish the two additional branches at San Francisco and New York. I would therefore suggest, for the consideration of Congress, the propriety of authorizing a small seigmorage on the bullion deposited by corporations or individuals, for the purpose of covering the actual expenses of coinage, instead of allowing the latter to remain as an exclusive charge upon the Treasury. This, it is believed, is the universal usage at all other national mints, and the charge would be but one mere fractional per centage, amounting only to a very few cents per ounce.

The Washington *National Inteligencer*, speaking of the French Generals recently arrested by Louis Napoleon, states that each of them at his arrest acted out the peculier traits of his character. Bedeau entered into argument with his captors, and endeavored to reason them out of the arrest. He then arrayed himself in his best uniform, to try its effect upon those whom he should chance to meet. Changarnier presented his pistols and threatened to fire. The officer very coolly told him that he might kill a coupe of his captors, but that the house was full of soldiers, and he could not escape. Besides, he himself would at once suffer a disgraceful execution. The General then submitted. Cavaignac, upon being aroused from his slumbers and informed of his arrest, said that it was just, but begged for time to complete his toilet, which he did in all its perfection, and then told the officers that he awaited their pleasure. He addressed a letter to the lady to whom he was engaged, and offered, under the circumstances in which he was placed to relinquish that engagement; but the lady replied that she felt herself bound to him more closely than before. Charras refused to get up and dress, and declared that if they took him at all, they must take him in his shirt. They did so, and rolling him up in the blankets, carried him to prison. Lamoriciere resisted, but was overpowered. There are different accounts given of his resistance.—Some say he killed several of his captors; others, that no one was hurt.

Gen. Cavaignac, as will be perceived by reference to a synopsis of the Atlantic's advices, to be found elsewhere in this morning's issue, has been released, and returned to Paris on the 19th ult. Relative to the engagement of the General with Mademoiselle Olier, the Paris correspondent of the New York Express tells the following romantic tale:—*Charleston Cour.*

"The General has long been a friend of the family, and had often seen and conversed with the young lady, without ever paying especial attention, or entertaining other ideas than such as intimacy and friendship might warrant. One day at dinner, the engagement of a gentleman of 50 to a girl of 18 was mentioned, and Cavaignac took occasion to express his strong disapprobation of such misalliances. He said that he believed that nothing could counteract the injurious effect of such disparity of age, and that happiness in a match of the kind was out of the question. Hardly had he uttered these words than Mademoiselle Olier, turning pale, fell back in her chair, and was carried fainting from the room. For many days she concealed the truth, ascribing her illness to the heat of the room, &c. But at last she told a friend, that she had for a long time looked upon Cavaignac as her idol upon the earth; his fame as a General, his rank in his party, his control, for many months over the destinies of France, and more than all, his noble and generous character, had won her heart, and she had suffered herself to believe that she should one day be his wife, till he had expressed his disapproval, in such strong language, of marriages between persons of greatly different ages. Cavaignac was nearly fifty, she was not yet twenty; it was evident that the General would consider such an alliance as highly improper, and not for a moment to be thought of. Cavaignac was made acquainted with the cause of the young lady's faintness at table, and after deliberation, waived his scruples and abandoned his principle. On the night of the 1st of December, Cavaignac played whist at M. Olier's house till one o'clock in the morning; the next he was on his way to Ham."

Lilly Lee.—BY ALICE CAREY.

I did love thee, Lilly Lee,
As the petrel loves the sea,
As the wild bee loves the thyme
As the poet loves the rhyme,
As the blossoms love the dew—
But the angels loved thee too.

Once, when twilight's dying head
Prest her golden sheeted bed,
And the silent stars drew near,
White and tremulous with fear,
While the night's repelling frown,
Strangled the young zephyr down,
Told I all my love to thee,
Hoping, fearing, Lilly Lee.

Fluttered then her gentle breast,
With a troubled sweet unrest,
Like a bird near the net,
Which the fowler's hand hath set;
But her mournful eyes the while,
And her spirit speaking smile,
Told me love could not depart
Death's pale arrow from the heart.

Hushing from that very day,
Passion pleading to have sway,
Folding close her little hand,
Watched I with her till the sand
Crumbling from beneath her tread,
Lowered her softly to the dead,
Where in peace she waits for me,
Sweetest, dearest, Lilly Lee.

As the chased heart loves the wave,
As blind silence loves the grave,
As the penitent loves prayer,
As pale passion loves despair,
Loved I, and still love I thee,
Angel stolen Lilly Lee.

An Angry Bridegroom.

The following, which we find in one of our exchanges, is good enough for the Bunkum Flag Staff:

Some individual, once an editor, who, in writing his recollection of the Crabtown Clarion, recounts the following incident, which had its origin in the employment of a drunken compositor, one day, while he (the editor) was on a spree.

The reader may suppose the door of the editor's sanctum flung violently open and a stranger rushing in, bearing in one hand a copy of the Crabtown Clarion, and in the other a huge family umbrella, *a la* battering ram.

Stranger (ferociously)—"You're the editor, are you not?"

Editor (blandly).—"Sometimes, sir; take a seat."

Stranger—"Confound your overtures, sir. I'm from Goshen—a respectable attorney, sir. Don't stir," [shaking the umbrella menacingly:] "you shall hear me through, sir," [and then drawing himself out an extra inch] "depend confidently upon a flogging. I am just married, sir, not a fortnight since—and on the happy day," [here the umbrella quivered sympathetically.] "I forwarded you a notice of the same. Though I have hitherto been above poetry, thank Heaven, I added, in a moment of weakness, an humble verse of my own composition, fitting, I thought, to the occasion. Here's the correct version, sir." [Repeats from memory.]

Married—In Goshen, February 28th, A. Conkey, Esq., to Miss Euphemia Wiggins.

"Love is the union of two hearts,
That beats in softest melody,
Time with its ravages imparts
No bitter fusion to its ecstacy,"

"Not much; still poetry, still rhyme. Next week I got your paper and carried it to my Euphemia; we opened it, and turned our eyes together to the marriage list. Blood and thunder, what do we see?—An abusive, atrocious—but no sir—I am cool," [umbrella giving the lie in every rib.] "Here's your infernal sheet. Hear what it says, sir; I am cool, sir, and tremble." [Opens the paper and reads:]

Married—At Goshen, February 28, A. Donkey, Esq., to Euphemia Piggins.

"Love is an onion of two heads,
That beets its soft and mellowy,
Time with its cabbages in carts,
No better feeded to an extra day."

"What do you think of that, sir?" [umbrella raised.] "Donkey, eh? Piggins, is it? My poetry, eh? It has unnerved me—driven me mad. I can't take a walk but that the small boys, mere infants, ring the hideous chorus in my ear. Some scoundrel has altered the name on my sign to suit your infernal orthography. Don't apologize—I won't listen to anything: my house, just painted, is scrawled over by horrid portraits and emblems; and all owing to your accursed work."

"You're cornered, sir; don't move, on your life. You're the destroyer of my happiness—my life, and my Euphemia."

With the fond name, the lasting string of moleration snapped. He advanced a step, struck an attitude, and then the editor, we almost said—but no; just as the family umbrella was midway in the blow, the door opened, and some visitor entered. The injured man hesitated. Here were witnesses. Visions of an action for assault and battery, with big damages, and cost, rose in his mind, and the umbrel a dropped harmless to the floor. The lawyer triumphed over the man. He turned on his heels, and strode out of the room, muttering as he went: "Failed this time—one thing left—libel suit—catch."

Spiritual Rappings Scientifically Explained.

The mystery which so intensely interested a large portion of society in this country, not a few of whom were in this city, is now in the hand of a man evidently highly learned, and conclusively a master of the most abstruse sciences, so triumphantly explained and in a manner so clear and enlightened, that all who wandered, but sneered, and all who trembled, but believed, will absolutely laugh at their own short-sighted folly in peeping into the mysteries of the spirit-world, without the aid of science. Dr. Darius Dump thus lifts the veil that had so darkened the visions of tender brethren and weak sisters.—The elegance of his language is only exceeded by the scientific clearness of its elucidation:

'The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for the taps, is the physiological defects in the membranous system. The obtuseness of the abdominal abdicator causes the carrtilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm, and depresses the duodenum into the flandango. Now if the taps were caused by the vogation of the electricity from the extremities, *tympanun* would also dissolve into spiritual sinstum, and the olfactory ossificator would ferment and become identical with the pigmentum. Now, as this is not the case, in order to produce the taps, the spiritual rotundum must be elevated down to the spiritual spero. But, as I said before, the interior ligaments must not subtend over the digitorum sufficiently to disorganize the sterieclетum.'

DARIUS DUMP.

Dump! D'ye 'gin eout?'—*Cincinnati Enq.*

Praying to a Purpose.

An Alabama cotemporary gives the following as the "Exordium" of an exhorter at a camp meeting in the old Bay State. How much he has improved on the original it becometh not us to say:

Brethren! I was out on Ripshin Mountain yester-day, and I come across a bar-pen, and it had a bar in it, and thinking he might git out, I took a sharp stick and punched his eyes out. I thought, if he did get out *then*, he'd have rough travelling down the mountain. I thought it might be brother McCoughe's or brother Moses' or some of the brethren, and I come down to-day to tell the brethren about it. Let us pray:

O, Lord! have massy on the whole world—have massy on the people who live in the North Cove, the Turkey Cove, the Linsick Cove, and all the little adjacent Coves. Blessed be God! Have massy upon them who live on the Catawba river, and more parti-cu-lar-ly upon them who live about Jim McDowell's. Have massy upon them who live on Buck Creek up to where Billy McClung lives, who married my dartur, and who is a holy man; Lord, have massy, and then taking the Dividing Ridge between Dick's Creek and Garden Creek over to Muddy Creek, where Billy McCloud lives, who married my 'tother dartur, and who is another holy man—praised be God! and then revolt back to Jim McDowell's Spring Branch and up his Spring Branch to where my son Joshua lives, who is a living monument after thine own heart, blessed Lord! and then taking up to where my son Baxter lives on Black Mountain—Lord have massy! he is a fine boy, a clever boy, he killed a turkey on day before yesterday, a fat buck on yesterday, and, O, Lord! may he kill a big bar on to-morrow.

DESTRUCTION OF LETTERS.—The Philadelphia Bulletin state that some 90 000 letters remaining in Blood's Despatch Office at the time of the fire were consumed. It is supposed that large sums of money have been destroyed in them.

DAILY MORNING NEWS OFFICE,
SAVANNAH, Jan. 11.

The steamer *Magnolia*, Capt McNulty, exploded her boiler at St. Simons Island, on Friday afternoon. Capt. McNulty, Thomas Condy, and eleven hands were killed. All the passengers were saved. John Austin, the engineer, of New-York, and ten others were injured. The whole of the forward part of the boat was blown out, and she sunk in ten minutes after the explosion.

Kossuth and the Mississippi.

An attempt has been made, in more than one quarter, to revive the story that Kossuth, on board the Mississippi, was guilty of insolence to Captain Long. It is even said that the State Department contains despatches which leave no doubt of the matter at all. The accusation, when first made, was, it will be remembered, almost immediately denied; and we have no doubt that the same fate will attend this interested revival of the charge. The story, it is our deliberate opinion, is a mendacious libel; that great element of successful slander. Fortunately for Kossuth, it lacks an air of probability. Of all men now alive, the great Magyar is the last person to be guilty of such petty folly. To say nothing of his sense of dignity, which, it is clear, would have prevented him from engaging in any low altercation with Captain Long, his wonderful tact, which he has exhibited on so many occasions, could not have allowed him to fall into the error alleged. Since he landed in New York, he has been beset by all sorts of parties, factions, cliques and persons, each desirous to use him: but, with remarkable dexterity, he has avoided being entrapped by any, and this without either displaying rudeness or seeking refuge in retreat. It is, therefore, simply absurd to say that, on board the Mississippi, he was the reverse of all this. The Kossuth of the famous *attache's* letter is a peevish, conceited, weak-minded pretender; the Kossuth of real life, the man we have all seen, is courteous, sensible, earnest, humble. The charge carries the stamp of error on its face. It is either a deliberate lie, or has arisen out of a strange misconception of what was due to him, and what *from* him.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Marshals of France.

Marshal Soult was the last of the eighteen marshals created by Napoleon, the 19th of May, 1804, the day after the proclamation of the Empire. The following is the order in which they died:

Lannes, duke of Montebello, killed in 1809.
Bessieres, duke of Istria, killed in 1813.
Berthier, prince of Wagram, and duke of Neufchatel, died June, 1815
Count Brune, massacred at Avignon in August, 1815.
Murat, grand-duke of Berg, afterwards King of Naples, shot October, 1815.
Ney, prince of Moscow and duke of Elchingen, shot December, 1815.
Augereau, duke of Castiglione, died in 1816.
Massena, prince of Essling and duke of Rivoli, died in 1817
Marquis of Perignon, died in 1818.
Count Serrurier, died in 1819.
Kellerman, duke of Valmy, died September 13 1820.
Lefebvre, duke of Dantzic, died September 14, 1820.
Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl and duke of Auerstaedt, died in 1823.
Count Jourdan, died in 1835.
Mortier, duke of Trevise, killed by Fieschi in 1835.
Moncey, duke of Conegliano, died in 1842.
Bernadotte, prince of Ponte Corvo, died whilst King of Sweden, in 1844.
Soult, duke of Dalmatia, died in 1851. Soult was created, in 1847, Marshal General of France, an office similar to that of Marshal-General of the camps and armies of the King, conferred successively, under the ancient monarchy, upon marshals Turenne, Villas, and Saxe. Soult was marshal of France, for forty-seven years and a half, and there is only one example in the history of the country, of an officer retaining for so long a time so eminent a situation. This was Henry, Duke of Montmorency created marshal by Charles X in 1566,—High Constable, by Henry IV. in 1593, and died during the reign of Louis XIII, 1614

Two other marshals have held the badge of office for more than forty years, viz:—Anne of Montmorency, father of the preceding marshal in 1522. High Constable in 1538, who was killed at the battle of St. Dennis, in 1567; and Francois Annibal, duke of Estries, brother of the beautiful Gabriel, marshal in 1526, and who died at the age of one hundred, in 1670.

Death of a British Nobleman.

The New-Orleans Crescent of the 31st ult says—"the Coroner yesterday held an inquest on the body of Lord J. Loughborough, found dead on board the schooner Mary Elizabeth, lying at the First Municipality wharves. The deceased was a British nobleman, and was only twenty-three years of age. He had taken passage at Havana for this city, in the Mary Elizabeth, and died while the schooner was coming up the river. The evidence before the jury showed that he had been drinking very freely for some days past, and that his nervous system was prostrated from that cause; the immediate cause of his death being conjestion of the brain. A gentleman and a servant accompanied him on the voyage, and gave him every attention during his illness. The British Consul yesterday took charge of his body and effects, to wait the direction of relatives in England. His remains were placed in a leaden coffin, and will be placed in the vault of one of our cemeteries until demanded by his friends.

SCENE AT A DISTRICT SCHOOL.—First class in philosophy—step out—close your books. "Hobbs, what is meant by the animal kingdom?' 'Lions, Tigers, elephants, rhinocerosses, hippopotamuses, alligators, monkeys, jackasses, hack drivers, and school masters.' '*Very well*—but you'll take a licking for your last remark.' 'Giles, what is the mineral kingdom?' 'The hull of Californey.' 'Walk straight up head.' 'Johnson what is the vegetable kingdom?' 'Garden sarse, potatoes, carrots, ingyons, and all kinds of greens that's good for cooking.' 'And what are pines and hemlocks, and elms—ain't they vegetables?' 'No sir ree—you can't cook 'em—them's saw logs and framin' timber.' 'Boys give me a piece of apple and you can have an hour's intermission—except Hobbs.' Class in Mathematics 'Dawson, six times six' 'Is thirty six'—'Are—plural' 'Are thirty-six.' 'King, nine times nine.' 'Am eighty one.' 'Am they?' 'Yes they be'—(refering to his tables for proof of his assertion.) 'Give me your slate—I'll teach you that English grammar is a very important part of mathematics (write) Here do this sum in Rule of Three before you leave this school house. Problem—If Tom Hyer whipped Yankee Sullivan in seventeen rounds who struck Billy Patterson?' *I had to leave.*

NEW STEAMER.—A fine steamer was launched on Monday from the ship-yard of Messrs. Cooper & Butler, Baltimore, intended to run between that port and Norfolk. She is called the North Carolina, is about 850 tons burthen, and of the following dimensions: Extreme length, 250 feet; beam, 33 feet 10 inches; and 11 feet hold; she is about 60 feet over the guards, and her wheels have about 9 feet 6 inches surface.

COST OF LIVING ABROAD "OFFICIALLY."—The State Department at Washington, in pursuance of a resolution of Congress, has addressed circular letters to American ministers and consuls, inquiring the expense of living. Mr. Lawrence answers, not by saying what it costs him to live in London, because he fortunately is able to support any style that he chooses, but by showing what it costs an American minister to live respectably, ending with a conclusion that the present salary is not quite half adequate. Mr. L. pays $6.000 a year for house rent, and over $1.000 for carriages, horses, coachmen, &c. This leaves but $3,000 for all other expenses.

Balt. Sun.

UNPRECEDENTED OCEAN STEAMING.—The steamship Pacific Captain Nye, Collins line, has made twenty-two passages across the Atlantic: Longest, twelve days eight hours; shortest, nine days nineteen hours and thirty-four minutes.

The latter is, no doubt, the shortest passage, mean or true time, ever made. The average of all her passages is under eleven days.

The steamers of the Collins line have done better this winter than ever before. Their passages lately have been astonishing. Crossing the Atlantic to the westward in the middle of winter in less than eleven days is wonderful. The company, however, find it a losing business. Their expenses are enormous, and the income from the Government and passengers too small to prevent serious loss. If the Government does not come forward and give this line substantial aid, it will be abandoned. The Emperor of Russia has signified a desire to purchase these magnificent steamships to form a nucleus for a powerful steam navy. Cannot something be done at once to prevent these vessels from falling into the hands of a foreign government?—*New York Herald.*

A SHORT COURTSHIP.—The Newburyport Union says a marriage was recently consummated in that city under the following circumstances: A young woman called at the house of a widower to obtain a situation as housekeeper. On making inquiry, the gentleman replied that he was in more want of a wife than a housekeeper, and if she was willing to take the former situation, she could be installed at once. The young lady made but little hesitation, and they were soon united.

1852.

Suitable to the time and our theme (says the New York Evening Post) are the following lines of a German poet, which we are pretty sure the American public has never before seen, at least in English, and with which we take our temporary leave of our readers, and our final leave of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one:

A hoary monk, beside the way,
Sat with a rosary on his knee;
No forest cliff, with mosses gray,
Seemed ever half so old as he.

I only saw the beads he told;
The rest from human sight were hid;
Each sphere from out of shadow rolled,
And slowly into shadow slid.

And all with bloody stains were red,
And foul with blots of sable hue;
And that gray beadsman sighed and said
A prayer with every bead he drew.

"Look well," a solemn voice began,
"On him who counts those sliding spheres;
His hands are measuring out for man
And nations their appointed years."

I looked again, and fondly deemed
The gliding rosary whiter grew,
The crimson stain less frequent seemed,
Less foul the blots of sable hue.

Even now, my friends, with sigh and prayer,
The beadsman drops another sphere,
Alas, I see the blood-stain there,
And there the blots of guilt appear!

Sicily.

This is the largest and most remarkable island in the Mediterranean, and measures 755 miles in circumference. The ancients denominated it the "Island of the Sun," and the land of the Cyclops. The Greek poets, on account of its extraordinary beauty and and fertility, styled it the "Garden of Hesperides." The number of houses upon the island is estimated at 268.120, and the population at 1,787,771. The mass of the people are poor and without education. It is subject to the King of Naples, who governs it by a Viceroy.—The government is very exacting and oppressive, and affords scarcely any encouragement to agriculture, manufacture or commerce. Sicily has always been distinguished for the remarkable luxuriance of its soil, and even in its present imperfect state of cultivation one good crop, says Brydone, would be sufficient to maintain the island seven years. In the spring the flowers of the island are fragrant beyond description, and the air is so loaded with their perfume that dogs lose their scent in hunting over its heaths. The works of Homer, Virgil, Cicero, and Milton, abound with many beautiful allusions in reference to Sicily. The shape of Sicily is that of a triangle, and on this account has been called Trinacria; it is full of mountains and valleys and fertilizing streams. In the early ages, the Sicilians assiduously cultivated poetry, sculpture and painting. Fabricius gives a list of seventy Sicilians who have been celebrated in antiquity for learning and genius; there are still able and gifted men scattered over the island, but they are silent and in the shade. The absolute character of the government and the arbitrary censorship of the press prevent them from being either seen or known—their works are seldom, if ever, published and their voices are unheard.

No paper is issued in Sicily, except a price current, and the only authorized journal in circulation, is that entitled "Journal of the two Sicilies," published at Naples, under the official sanction of the King.

In spite of wars, earthquakes, tyranny and superstition, the natural beauty of the island is still the same; but the people are not happy, because they are without freedom, without which, the richest blessings of nature are little value.

The Diplomatic Corps at Washington.

One of your cotemporaries, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Express, has a very alarming big-lettered paragraph upon the Terror, Affright and Indignation the whole European Diplomatic Corps are in here; and we are gravely told, they threaten to demand their passports, in case Kossuth has the usual "We'come" here, and go mad home!—This is, about all, a figment of the brain. M. Bodisco, the Russian, gives good and interesting diplomatic "sories" on the heights of Georgetown, all undisturbed. The Russian Bear does not even growl, but smiles complacently over all the scenic exhibitions in your goodly city. Mynheer Hulsemann, the Austrian, a quiet bachelor, flirts and frisks, as usual, among ladies fair. The Frenchman, Monsieur Sartiges, gives good, grand, French-cooked dinners, also of many courses—and although from his short residence here, he does not quite comprehend the exaggerations and the big toned adjectives of the American language, he understands the English very well, yet he does not seem to be at all scared just now. Senor Calderon, the Spaniard, is in a world of trouble—not because of causes or events here, however, so much as from attacks of "La Cronica," in New York, upon him, for not thundering, and lightening, and flashing enough against the United States, its government, and all the horrible "pirates" that invest it. Hard hold of the helm, and storms from Cuba, storms from Madrid, and storms from here, the good Palinurus is, no doubt, in real trouble! Mr. Crampton, the Englishman, understands both the English and American tongue too.—He has lived here so long, that when he hears the patriots roar, they mean, he knows, only a gentle wooing of some distant and distrustful Buncombe. Monsieur Sartiges has not learned where that place is yet. He (Crampton) quietly looks upon the tumultuous uprisings of Europe, Asia, and especially Africa, in your Babel—Gotham—as only another Yankee *fresh*, that all the native Editors and Orators embark on, just to glide into some fat official port.

AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT OF 1568,—Wanted, a stout active man who fears the Lord, and can carry two hundred weight.

From authentic statistics collected by the Philadelphia American, it appears that the anthracite coal production of the present year in Pennsylvania will amount to 4,400.000 tons, an increase over the previous year of 1,067,386 tons, or over 31 per cent.

Eugene Sue is among the political prisoners at Paris.

A MERRY MOURNING.—A young lady of Cincinnati, step-daughter of a well known merchant tailor on Main street, has just received the *painful* information that a relative in England has taken leave of all sublunary things, and left her a little legacy of $500,000.

PENNSYLVANIA WHEAT CROP, 1850.—The wheat crop of Pennsylvania, in 1850, was the greatest in the Union. The returns were as follows: Pennsylvania, 15.482,191 bushels; Ohio, 14.957.056; Virginia 14.516.900; New York, 13.073,000; Michigan, 4,918,000; Maryland 4.494.680

Why are kisses like the Creation? Because they are made out of nothing, and all very good.

CLAY FOR CASS.—The New York Herald has it from "unquestionable authority," that Hon. Henry Clay has written a letter in favor of Gen. Cass for the Presidency.

A BLACK EYE.—Whenever you get a black eye by a fall on the ice, or from running against the bed-post, apply the cloth wrung out of very warm water, and renew it until the pain ceases. The moisture and heat liquifies the blood, and sends it back to the proper channels. Use warm or hot, never cold water to the bruise.

A "COLOURABLE" ANSWER.—A connoiseur happening to be in a celebrated artist's studio, an animated discussion arose as to the color of immaterial objects. "Thus," said the one, "how would you color a tempest, supposing there were no clouds?" "Why," replied the artist promptly, "I should say—the storm *rose*, and the wind *blue*"

New and Rare Inducements.—Richland, Onslow County.

THE subscribers respectfully inform the inhabitants of Onslow, their customers and friends, that they have opened a store at Richlands, where may be had the cheapest and best selected stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods that has ever been imported in this or any other place. Also, an elegant assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING, of the latest fashions and superior workmanship. BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and CAPS of all qualities and prices; together with a large stock of HARDWARE & GROCERIES, FLOUR, CHEESE, COFFEE, SUGAR, &c., with a variety of other articles in this line, which they offer at Wilmington wholesale prices. Spun Cotton of all Nos. In fact, every article that is usually kept in a country store, may be found at this establishment. They respectfully call the attention of their friends to their stock, and solicit their examination of the same before purchasing elsewhere, as they feel confident that they can offer better bargains than have ever before been offered in this market. Come and try, and you will be convinced that the cheapest store in this State, is that of

STERN & BROTHER.

Richlands, Onslow Co., January, 1852 19-2mw

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to me up to January 1st, 1852, are informed that their bills are ready, and a settlement will be required in all cases.

Jan. 15. C. MYERS, Hatter.

MARRIED.

In this town, on the 14th inst., at Orange street Baptist Church, by Rev A. PAUL REPTON, Mr. EDWIN AKEY, of Fayetteville, to Miss MELVINA, youngest daughter of the late WM. C. WILLIAMS, Esq., of this place.

In Fayetteville, on the 6th inst., by the Rev Adam Gilchrist, Dr John L. Meares, of Wilmington, to Miss Betsey A Holmes, daughter of the late Owen Holmes.

DIED.

In this town, on the 12th inst., Mr. D. C. HAGGERTY, aged about 37 years, a native of Ireland, but for several years past a resident of this place.

In this town, on the 13th inst., Mr. CHARLES WELLS, aged 35 years, a native of Detroit, Michigan, and seaman belonging to Br Brig Triumph.

Near Richland, Holmes county, Miss., on the 25th Nov., in the 40th year of her age, Mrs. MINERVA LOTY, wife of JACOB J. LOTY, formerly of Onslow county, N. C.

Wholesale Prices Current.

BACON, per pound.		NAVAL STORES,	
Hams,	$ 00 a $ 12	Turpentine, per bbl. 280 lbs.	
Middlings,	00 a 11½	Yellow Dip,	2 20 a 2 25
Shoulders,	00 a 11	*Virgin Dip,	0 00 a 0 00
Hog round,	00 a 10½	Hard,	0 00 a 1 30
Western,	7 a 10½	Tar,	1 00 a 1 05
BEANS, per bush.		Pitch,	0 00 a 0 00
White,	a 1 25	Rosin, No 1,	0 00 a 2 00
BEESWAX,		Do. No 2,	0 00 a 1 00
Per pound,	00 a 23	Do. No. 3,	0 87½ a 0 00
BUTTER,		Spts Turp., per gallon,	27 a 28
Per pound,	18 a 22	Varnish, pr gal	20 a 22
BEEF, per bbl.		OIL, per gallon.	
N. Mess,	12 50 a 00 00	Sperm,	1 00 a 1 50
Do. Prime,	0 00 a 0 00	Linseed, N C.,	75 a 1 00
BEEF CATTLE,		Neats Foot,	00 a 1 50
Per 100 lbs.,	4 00 a 4 50	PEAS, per bushel.	
COTTON,		Ground,	80 a 0 85
Per lb...nom	0 a 7½	Black Eye,	00 a 80
CORN,		Cow,	75 a 0 00
Per bushel,	a 65	PORK, per barrel.	
Meal, bush,	75 a 80	Mess,	17 00 a 17 50
COFFEE, per lb.		Prime,	00 00 a 15 00
Rio,	8 a 9½	POTATOES.	
St. Domingo,	9 a 9½	Irish, bbl.	0 00 a 3 00
Laguyra,	10 a 10½	Sweet, bush,	50 a 00
Cuba,	00 a 00	POULTRY.	
Java,	14 a 15	Chickens, live,	15 a 25
CANDLES, per lb.		Do. dead,	15 a 25
Tallow,	12½ a 14	Turkeys, live,	50 a 1 00
Sperm,	45 a 50	Do. dead lb	10 a 0 12½
Adamantine,	25 a 30	RICE, per 100 lbs.	
EGGS, per doz.,	20 a 25	Clean,	3 00 a 0 00
FEATHERS,		Rough, bush.,	70 a 75
Per pound,	37½ a 40	SALT, per bushel.	
FLOUR, per barrel.		Alum,	00 a 00
Northern	5 00 a 7 50	Liv'l sack,	1 10 a 1 15
Baltimore	4 25 a 5 00	SOAP, per lb.,	4 a 6
Fayetteville	4 25 a 5 00	SHINGLES, per M.	
HAY, per 100 lbs.		Common,	0 00 a 3 25
North River,	00 a 00	Contract,	4 50 a 5 50
Eastern,	0 75 a 00	STEEL, per lb.,	12 a 25
IRON, per lb,	4¼ a 5½	STAVES, per M.	
LARD, per lb.		W. O. barrel, rough	00 00 a 00 00
No. Carolina,	00 a 10½	Ash Head'g	0 00 a 00 00
Western,	10 a 10½	R. O. hhd., dressed	00 00 a 15 00
LIME, per barrel.		Do. rough	00 00 a 00 00
Thomastown	0 00 a 0 00	SUGAR, per pound.	
LUMBER, River, per M.		New Orleans,	6 a 7¾
Floor. B'ds	00 00 a 00 00	Porto Rico,	5½ a 7½
Wide do.	0 00 a 0 00	St. Croix,	0 a 0
Scantling,	a 0 00	Loaf,	10¼ a 11
LIQUORS, per gallon.		TIMBER, per M.	
N. E. Rum,	33 a 34	Shipping	00 00 a 00 00
Gin,	31 a 35	Mill, prime	11 00 a 13 00
Whiskey, rec.	26 a 27	Do ord'y	7 00 a 10 00
Apple Brandy	00 a 40	Do inf'r	0 00 a 0 00
Peach do none	a 00	TALLOW,	
MOLASSES, per gall.		Per round,	7 a 8
Cuba,	20 a 22	WINES, per gallon.	
New Orleans,	30 a 33	Madeira,	70 a 5 00
MACKEREL, per bbl.		Port,	1 25 a 4 00
No 3	6 00 a 0 00	Malaga,	40 a 60
MULLETS.			
Per barrel,	0 00 a 6 00		
NAILS, per lb	3½ a 3¾		

NOTE.—River Lumber, Tar, and Turpentine, sold in the water, are subject to the expense of landing, inspection, cooperage, &c.; say on Lumber, 80 cents to $1 per M.: Tar and Turpentine about 10 a 15 cents per barrel—and for naval stores, when brought per railroad, about the same expenses are incurred. *For dry Virgin or mixed Turpentine, a deduction is made according to quality.

FREIGHTS:

TO NEW YORK.			
Turpentine, Rosin, and Tar, per barrel,	$ 25	a $	30
Spirits Turpentine, do	00	a	50
Rice, per 100 pounds, gross	00	a	12½
Cotton, per bale,	1 25	a	1 50
Cotton goods and yarns, per foot,		a	6
Flaxseed, per cask,	00	a	90
Ground Peas, per bushel,		a	6
Lumber, per M	4 00	a	5 00
TO PHILADELPHIA.			
Turpentine, Rosin, and Tar, per barrel,	25	a	30
Spirits Turpentine, do	00	a	50
Ground Peas, per bushel,		a	8
Lumber, per M., as to size	4 00	a	5 00
Cotton goods and yarns, per cubic foot,	6	a	0
TO BOSTON.			
Turpentine, Rosin, and Tar, per barrel,	40	a	45
Spirits Turpentine, do	60	a	65
Lumber, per M	0 00	a	0 00

Wilmington Bank Rates of Exchange.

Baltimore	1 per cent.	Philadelphia	1 per cent.
New York	1 " "	Virginia	½ " "
Boston	1 " "	Charleston	¾ " "

REVIEW OF THE WILMINGTON MARKET,
FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 15, 1852.

BACON.—The first arrival of new N. C. Bacon of importance, was received last Tuesday, consisting of about 1900 lbs., from Duplin county. It was a prime article, and was readily taken by retailers at 10½ cents, hog round. To-day, several small parcels have been brought in, say about 1200 lbs, of very good quality, for which 10½ cents have been offered, but sellers were asking higher prices. For Western old, see table for extremes of prices as to quality, in hhds., with a fair stock for the season.

CORN.—There has been no corn received for several days, except small parcels per Railroad, which sold at 65 cents per bushel, delivered at the depot. A few cargoes would sell readily, the stock being very light, and the article wanted.

MEAL.—We hear of no wholesale transactions. The market ranges about as quoted in table.

BEEF CATTLE.—The market continues very well supplied with beeves of an inferior quality, and we continue last week's quotations—4 to 4½ for ordinary to good, and 5 to 6c. per lb. for extra prime. None of the latter arriving.

COFFEE.—There is a fair stock of Coffee in market, and light sales in lots to suit at quotations. See table