THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., MONDAY, FEB. 2, 1852.

Authorized Agents for the Journal.

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JOSIAH JOHNSON, Clinton, Sampson county.
JOSEPH R. KEMP, Bladen county.
Dr. SHERWOOD, Strickland's Depot, Duplin county.
B. BARNES, Black Creek, Wayne county.
LEWIS JONES, Pink Hill P. O., Lenoir county.

A Lazy Article.

All of us hurry too fast through this world.—It is just about as well to take it easy, since the sum total is the same in the end. All must die, and the great majority get buried. We were struck more forcibly by this in glancing over a letter of Bayard Taylor's written to the New York Tribune from Egypt. A voyage up the Nile between palms and Acacias under the balmy sky and hazy atmosphere of the Delta; the monotonous song of the Egyptian sailors, the absence of excitement, the quietude of nature, with just sufficient novelty to prevent *ennui*, and too little of boldness to startle the mind, or awake it abruptly from its pleasing somnolence, all these form a scene, for the realization of which many of us have sighed when worn down by the struggles of a busy world or sick of the constant rivalries and competitions which make up the life of the Ishmaelite of civilization, where every man's hand is figuratively if not actually against his neighbor.

To the American or Western European the emotionless life of the Turk might seem little less than a vacuity; but it may fairly be questioned whether the constant change, turmoil and uncertainty of a super-refined civilization is at all preferable in its effects upon human happiness. "God is great," says the devout Moslem, and with this pleasing consolation he submits his neck to the bowstring in a quiet and gentlemanly manner without making any indecent fuss. No presidential elections disturb his tranquility; the rise or fall of stocks trouble him not, and he is seldom hen-pecked. As for his multitudinous domestic establishment, that is a matter of fashion and opinion. He owns most of his wives, and therefore it is matter of private concern with which the rest of mankind have nothing to do.

Some English literary character, we forget the name, placed his *summum bonum* in lounging on a sofa and reading novels. As this is about the nearest to doing nothing without actually being so, it is perhaps as easy a let-down to a tired or sick man as may be. We tried it yesterday afternoon and can recommend it. Mayne Reid's novel of the Scalp Hunters was read clean through, raw-heads, bloody bones and all, without any stopping to reflect upon the moral or any hurrying on to get at the plot.—The "big Indian" and the trapper with no ears, and the pretty girls and the devoted lovers and all that sort of thing came and went as easy as lying, until finally we dropped asleep and dreamed that we too were "big Indian," and were mounted on black horse with a switch tail and a bad temper, which said ugly brute contrived to throw us over his head and we found ourselves—lying on the flat of our back on the floor where we had fallen, the tumble having waked us up with a bad cold and not feeling "big Indian" a bit.

☞It is now pretty well agreed that the Whig National Convention will be held *after* that of the Democrats, and they will thus have a chance of gaining any advantage which may be hoped for from the mere choice of men; and as our Gubernatorial candidate is already known, the Democratic party can have nothing to do with mere personal considerations in their subsequent action. This is as it should be. Let our nomination for the Presidency be made upon broad national grounds and principles, and we must succeed. We cannot help it. The Whigs may see our hand just as long as they please, if *that* will help them. The people *must* do so, or it would be no triumph, and a triumph we are bound to have.

Biennial.

Regular as the time comes round the Newbernian, or somebody in that paper, nominates Hon. William H. Washington as the Whig candidate for Governor, and he as regularly declines. There is nothing strange and certainly nothing wrong in the matter, but its stated and inevitable occurrence have become somewhat amusing. It has got to be looked upon as "inevitable." Mr. Washington we presume would run as well as almost any other Whig.

HUMBUG.—The National Union Convention, to be held sometime in June next, in the City of Washington.

MANCHESTER RAILROAD.—No business was transacted at the annual meeting of the stockholders on Wednesday last, on account of a majority of the stock not being represented.

"The Live Giraffe,"

Is the somewhat eccentric name of a new paper just started at Raleigh, N. C., and of which the first number is before us; W. Whitaker, Editor and Proprietor. *The Giraffe* is to be devoted, we presume, to fun, frolic, and things in general We wish the publisher success in his bold undertaking. A professedly funny paper is the most difficult of any to sustain; and if Mr. Whitaker succeeds in establishing his upon a permanent basis, he will have achieved a triumph. Terms $2 per year.

Congress.

The chief topic in the Senate has been a resolution authorizing the President to open a correspondence with the British Government to effect the release of Smith O'Brien and the other exiled Irish patriots; this will most probably pass. The Irish vote is very strong. Foote's foolish resolution declaring the compromise acts to be a definitive settlement of the Slavery question also helps to disturb the Senatorial body. It will soon be got rid of in some way.

In the House the bill making an appropriation for the payment of the last instalment of the Mexican Indemnity has been passed. All amendments regulating the mode of payment having been negatived.

The matter of the Census printing is still before the House. The "lowest bidder" system has turned out so badly, and the public printing done in that way has been so miserably executed, that it seems to be generally conceded, that some other plan should be adopted in this case. It is proposed to give the job to the "Union" establishment, and as that paper is the organ of one of the political parties, the vote and discussion on the resolution to that effect has become purely partizan. We presume the Union will get it though.

The Kossuth excitement in Congress has pretty much died away for the present.

Kidnappers arrested in Weldon, N. C.

On the 27th inst., two men, bearing the names of Banks and Beach, left Portsmouth, Va., and arrived at Weldon, where they remained until the succeeding afternoon, when a telegraphic dispatch was received there, stating that said men had kipnapped two small negro girls from Portsmouth, and requested their arrest. The girls were found in their possession, and the Sheriff of Halifax county being present, arrested them, and committed the whole party to the jail of said county.

FIRE.—We are sorry to learn that the steam saw mill of Edward Lewis, Esq., at Lumberton, was destroyed by fire a few days ago. The loss is probably $5000 to $6000. It is supposed to have been fired by an incendiary.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

Correspondence between Mr. Webster and Mr. Rives.

We lay before our readers the following official letters, being part of a somewhat voluminous correspondence between the State Department and the American Minister in Paris, in relation to recent political events in France. which was communicated to the Senate by a special message from the President on Wednesday last:

Mr. Rives to Mr. Webster.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
Paris, December 18, 1851.

SIR: The troubles which have broken out in the departments since the presidential *coup d'etat* of the 2d instant have, it is understood, been almost entirely suppressed. Not less than twenty-five departments have been successively declared in a state of siege and put under martial law since that event, and the whole number of departments now in that condition is about thirty out of the eighty-six into which the territory of the republic is divided.

The public tranquility in this city has not been disturbed in the slightest degree since my last despatch. The government has, nevertheless, as a measure of precaution, dissolved and disarmed two of the legions of the National Guards here; and this morning a circular of the Minister of the Interior to the prefects of the departments is published, by which the prefects are authorized, at their discretion, to suspend or dissolve the National Guards in their respective jurisdictions; to disarm citizens in whose hands the possession of arms may not be considered as a guarantee for the preservation of order; and also to fill vacancies among the officers by appointments to be made by the prefect, instead of elections by the National Guards themselves, as heretofore practised. Instructions of the same minister to the prefect of the police of Paris are also published, by which that officer is enjoined to take prompt and vigorous measures for the execution of the decree mentioned in my last despatch, respecting persons placed under the surveillance of the haute police, which applies equally to all persons convicted of belonging to or being connected with any secret society. Both of these classes of persons are required to be immediately expelled not only from Paris, but, if need be, from France: and it is announced, in connection with these orders, that the government will have ready in fifteen or twenty days, five vessels of war, capable of transporting to the penitentiary colony of Cayenne more than two thousand persons.—These measures sufficiently mark the unrelenting spirit in which the government pursues its system of repression.

Since the 2d day of December presidential decrees have taken the place of laws; and the legislation as well as the administration of the country has been by the sole authority of the President.

To palliate, in some degree, this appearance of autocratic government, what is called a *commission consultative*, consisting, as it is definitively constituted, of one hundred and seventy-eight persons, named by the President, has been organized under the vice presidency of Monsieur Baroche, the former Minister of Foreign Affairs. This commission, as its functions are defined by the decree establishing it, is to give its opinion on such *projets* of decrees in matters of legislation as may be submitted to it by the President, and is also to perform, in general, the functions of the *council of State*, as that body was organized previous to the revolution of 1848. It is specially charged to sum up and verify the votes of the people at the polls to be opened on the 20th and 21st instant, for the prolongation and enlargement of the President's powers, on the returns from the departments.

I send you herewith the decree by which the consultative commission has been definitively constituted, and which contains the list of all the names which now compose it, embracing one hundred and thirty-five persons who were members of the National Assembly, some twenty generals, several persons who have belonged to former cabinets of the President, as well as the members of the present, and a few names belonging to the judicial magistracy. A former decree promulgated the composition of the commission, not so numerous, but yet compromising the names of several distinguished persons who refused to serve upon it, some of whom notified their refusal in terms of lofty independence or proud disdain.

In my last despatch I mentioned to you that, since the late extraordinary events here, I had abstained from appearing at the usual weekly receptions of the President, while the rest of the diplomatic corps, with the exception at that time of the representative of Switzerland, had pursued a different course.—Since the date of that despatch the representative of Switzerland, under instructions from his government, has followed the example of the rest of the diplomatic corps, and I am now the only foreign diplomatic agent of any grade who has not attended the President's receptions since the revolutionary *coup d'etat* by which the constitution was overthrown.

In pursuing this course I have taken counsel not merely of the feelings and sentiments natural to the bosom of an American citizen under such circumstances, but also of those higher considerations of principle and duty which should control the conduct of a public agent. Representing, as the U. States do before the world, the great cause of free, popular, and republican institutions, it seemed to me that it would be in some measure to betray that cause if a person intrusted to act or speak in their name should go forward with an appearance of indecent haste to salute a dictatorial power which had risen by violence on the ruins of a written republican constitution, however defective here. On the other hand, the President having appealed to the nation to ratify his illegal acts, and pledged himself, in the event of an unfavorable decision, to surrender at once the position he now holds by no tenure but that of force, he can have no just cause of complaint if the representative of a foreign power thinks proper to await the decision of the only rightful tribunal in questions of interior political organization, whose judgment has been formally invoked.

These are the principles which, in the absence of instructions from my government, I have assumed as the proper guides of my conduct in a novel and delicate situation, rendered the more responsible by the opposite course taken by all the rest of the diplomatic corps. I trust they may meet the approbation of those to whom alone I am accountable.

I have the honor to be, with great respect. your most obedient servant,
W. C. RIVES.

Mr. Webster to Mr. Rives.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, January 12, 1852.

SIR: Your despatches have been fully received up to the 24th of last month. The movement made by the President of the republic of France on the 2d ultimo created surprise here as well as with you, not only by the boldness and extent of its purposes, but also by the secrecy with which preparation for it had been made, the suddenness of its execution, and the success which appeared to have attended it.

It was quite natural that you should be in no haste to appear at the public receptions of the President after the overthrow of the written republican constitution of France. You sympathize, in this respect, with the great body of your countrymen. If that overthrow had become necessary, its necessity is deeply to be deplored, because, however imperfect its structure, it was the only great republican government existing in Europe, and all Americans wished it success. We feel as if the catastrophe which has befallen it may weaken the faith of mankind in the permanency and solidity of popular institutions.—Nevertheless, although our own government is now the only republic ranking among nations of the first class, we cling to its principles with increased affection. Long experience has convinced us of the practicability to do good, and its power to maintain liberty and order. We know that it has conferred the greatest blessings on the country, and raised her to eminence and distinction among the nations; and if we are destined to stand the only great republican nation, so we shall still stand.

Before this reaches you the election will be over; and if, as is probable, a decided majority of the people should be found to support the President, the course of duty for you will become plain. From President Washington's time down to the present day, it has been a principle always acknowledged by the United States, that every nation possesses a right to govern itself according to its own will, to change its institutions at discretion, and to transact its business through whatever agents it may think proper to employ. This cardinal point in our policy has been strongly illustrated by recognising the many forms of political power which have been successively adopted in France in the series of revolutions with which that country has been visited. Throughout all these changes the government of the United States has conducted itself in strict conformity to the original principles adopted by Washington, and made known to our diplomatic agents abroad, and to the nations of the world, by Mr. Jefferson's letter to Gouverneur Morris, of the 12th March, 1793; and if the French people have now substantially made another change, we have no choice but to acknowledge that also; and, as the diplomatic representative of your country in France, you will act as your predecessors have acted, and conform to what appears to be settled national authority. And while we deeply regret the overthrow of popular institutions, yet our ancient ally has still our good wishes for her prosperity and happiness, and we are bound to leave her to the choice of means for the promotion of those ends.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant.
DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Ice in the North River—Thrilling Scene.

The New York Journal of Commerce of Tuesday evening says:

The severe weather of the last few days has filled our rivers and harbors with ice, to such an extent as greatly to impede navigation, and at some stages of the tide to interrupt even steam communication.—Early this morning, hundreds of people crossed the East river, between this city and Brooklyn, on the ice. When the tide turned, the ice gradually gave way, and several persons, including two women, were floated down the stream upon it, until taken off by small boats. Their situation as the ice parted, was frightful in the extreme.

Others were carried down the river to the Bay—Three of these were rescued from their perilous situation by Chas. Thomas, custom house boatman, and Jas. Murphy, one of our news boatmen, who ventured to their assistance in a small boat, at the risk of their lives. Several others (boys) were rescued by the Whitehall boatmen. We understand that some were injured, but can ascertain no particulars. During the siege, the steam ferry boats were of course unable to run.

The Commercial Advertiser says:

At the Fulton ferry, there was a complete ice bridge, upon which thousands crossed without farther inconvenience than a cold walk. This was commenced at about day-light, a few making the experiment first, and the numbers gradually augmenting until there was a continuous column extending from shore.

As seen from an elevated position, the river presented an animated and beautiful spectacle. As far as the sight could extend, the water was entirely hid from view by its icy covering, sparkling and shining in the rays of the morning sun. In all directions were little knots of the adventurous few, struggling along, and picking their way, the exception being at the Fulton ferry, where an animated line extended from one shore to the other, including ladies not a few. It is estimated that fifteen thousand persons crossed there during the morning.

The breaking up of the ice in the middle of the river was rather suddenly. We saw one large field float off, with three or four persons on it, but they were all taken off by a boat from Governor's Island.

We conversed with a gentleman this morning, who had lived in Brooklyn nearly fifty years. So far as his remembrance extends, there has been no such difficulty heretofore in the navigation of the East River. Large cakes of ice have been frequently wedged between the shores, so that there was crossing on foot, but this was for a short time only.—Three hours has generally been the extent of the detention, but he has never known the river to be entirely frozen across, as at present.

There were rumors that some lives were lost, but this was not positively ascertained.

The Model Statesman.

A powerful writer for one of our Sunday journals thus depictures the qualities and elements of statesmanship necessary to meet the demands of the progressive spirit of the times in which we live. Try our public men by the standard here established, and how many would fall lamentably short of the mark!

"The age now demands statesmen who can feel and practice *fraternity*, not only among nations, but among the people themselves. Better be born to poverty, ignorance, degradation, and the doom of the felon, than wear on your brows garlands studded with precious stones dipped in the heart's blood of a plundered people. Men chosen for the cares of government must dedicate their lives to the people, to humanity, to honesty, to labor, to universal rights. In a public station, no man has a right to garner for himself. The moment he accepts a public agency, he is the public's slave. No thought of himself must cross his mind. His country, the people, the human family, must engross all his soul, all his days, all his nights, all the heavings and throbbings of his heart.

"If public abuses exist, he must labor to reform them. If contracts of government are fraudulent, he must detect the villains and bring them to punishment—not pander to and patronize foul doings on the public treasure, because committed by scrip swindlers or cotton dukes."

Here is a before-and-after marriage anecdote that we commend to the attention of all those who are dissatisfied with their lives of "single blessedness."

"Dearest Ellen, do you love me?" asked Dr. Beeswax of the pretty little Miss Willow, a few weeks before marriage.

"Aye, better than life, better than home—you are my very soul, parted from you I should wither and decay, like the flowers in autumn."

Said the doctor in reply, "I swear you are to me an angel; none so peerless as you. May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if it ever crossly speaks to you."

After the doctor had been married six months the following confab might have been heard between him and Mrs. Beeswax:

"Ellen, why don't you get up? You are decidedly the laziest woman I ever saw. There's not starch enough in my dickey, and it's no use talking to you. I don't believe you'd wash your face, if it wasn't for shame's sake."

"There you go again, you cruel brute; always flying at me. I lead the life of a dog, and will go home to mother."

"Go and god riddance to bad rubbish."

"Don't talk so to me, sir; I won't stand it; take that!" and Mrs. Beeswax, jumping out of bed, caught up a cricket to throw at the old gentleman's head. The doctor ran down stairs at a 2:40 pace.

Congress.

WASHINGTON, JAN. 28.—IN SENATE.—Nothing of interest transpired in this body to-day. The French Spoliation Bill was made the order of the day for the third Monday in February next.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—In the House the debate on the manner of paying the Mexican indemnity was continued Several propositions were rejected—one of which was that it be paid in the mode most acceptable to Mexico.

Duel Between Messrs. Johnston and Daniel.

WASHINGTON, JAN. 28.—Messrs. Johnston and Daniel exchanged shots, without effect, this morning, at about 10 o'clock, a few miles North of this city, on the grounds of F. P. Blair, Esq. After the first fire Mr. Gentry interfered, when the difficulty was amicably adjusted by the friends of the parties.

Loss of the Steamer De Witt Clinton.

MEMPHIS, Jan. 27.

The steamer De Witt Clinton, from New Orleans, bound to Pittsburg, was snagged near this city, and sunk immediately. Ninety-five lives were lost. The boat was insured.

Dr. Togno.

We regret to learn that our esteemed friend Dr. Togno met with severe injury at the hands of a negro in his employ at Diccoteaux, on yesterday morning. It seems that the negro neglected his work, and on being reprimanded, became insolent, whereupon the Doctor struck him slightly, when the negro turned and with a hoe or implement, gave the Doctor a blow on the forehead and another on the back part of the head.—The Doctor finally succeeded in grasping the fellow by his arms and wresting the hoe from him, when with the aid of an assistant (a white person) he was secured, and is now in jail. The negro is owned in Fayetteville, we believe.

The Doctor's injuries are severe, but we trust not so serious as was at first supposed. He has the sympathy of the public in his misfortune.

Herald, 31*st*.

Oregon Farming.

"SOME TATURS."—A correspondent of the Oregon Spectator, writing from Puget's Sound, gives account of a yield of potatoes, which exhibits a fecundity truly astonishing. The crop was raised by Uncle Sam's troops, stationed at the post of Steilacoom. From a space of twelve acres nearly 5000 bushels have been gathered.

On one stalk one hundred and fifty-nine good sized potatoes were counted.

A white ash is the sign of a good cigar—as a fair memory of a good life.

From the London Times, Jan. 1.

Coronation of Louis Napoleon.

"Those who live longest," says the proverb, "see most;" but what the longest liver five years ago never dreampt of seeing was the installation of another Napoleon within the walls of Nortre Dame. At the moment these lines meet the reader's eye there will be passing in Paris an exact repetition of the scene which was enacted eight and forty years ago. We may reasonably presume that the representation will be perfect, since not only are all the conditions substantially similar, but the most studious care will be exercised to preserve every feature of a ceremonial intended to carry a much deeper significance than a mere state parade. Like his uncle, Louis Napoleon assumes to have "vanquished the elements of anarchy and disorder." Like his uncle, he promises "the rehabilitation of society;" like his uncle, he has conciliated the army and the Pope; like his uncle, he founds his pretensions on millions of affirmative suffrages; and, like his uncle, he is now proceeding "on a cold frosty morning" from the Tuileries to Nortre Dame, through a dazzled and bewildered multitude, to celebrate by a religious festival his election to supreme power. It is even possible that a portion of the *cortege* may be identical with that of 1804, for the old soldiers of the Consulate and the Empire are to be collected, we are told, from all parts of France, and arrayed in their original uniforms, to give not only a novelty to the procession, but a moral to the pomp.

A goodly sprinkling of our countrymen, we cannot doubt, will have repaired to Paris for the spectacle, exactly as their forefathers embraced a like opportunity just half a century ago. In 1802, a Bonaparte was placed with kingly power at the head of a national Republic, and the Peace of Amiens had opened the capital of France to English sightseers. We shall soon, probably, read remarks very like those of Mr. Fox, for Mr. Fox has his followers in those who conceive that a reign of true and genuine liberty has at length been inaugurated in the absolutism of a single man. This opinion, indeed, appears to be entertained, though with a somewhat different import, in more quarters than one; and very interesting it is to observe that a political question has at length been found on which our most liberal contemporaries and the Emperor of Russia are precisely of one mind. His Imperial Majesty has transmitted the Order of St. Andrew to decorate the breast of a brother autocrat, and the organs of the purest English Radicalism are equally lavish of homage and applause.

It is certainly wonderful to see how things come round. French history has long been characterized as "cyclical," that is to say, as reproducing events in a certain nearly definite circle. We cannot manage such revivals in England. A Waverly Ball at the Palace—the mere delusion of a night, is as much as we can do by way of approximation to the past. We should think it very extraordinary if a Wilkes suddenly turned up in the city, got elected for Middlesex, defied the reformed House of Commons, and set the nation by the ears again. We cannot even go back as far as 1846, and fancy ourselves as paying the old tax upon bread. We do not observe either that the Americans make monarchical revolutions or that General Samuel Houston is likely to be crowned after the style of George II. But the French are perpetually at the work of reproduction. In 1789 they dressed themselves in the costume of Louis XIII, and met in assembly of the old States-General. In 1791 they sped the doings of our Great Rebellion, and the next year they borrowed the language and the apparel of the old Roman Senate. In 1804 Napoleon arrayed himself for the ceremony of to-day in the fashion of Francis I, borrowing a sceptre from Charlemagne and device from Childebert. The fleurs-de-lys were not ancient enough, and so the velvets which, as on the present occasion, were taken from the Garde Meuble for the decoration of Nortre Dame, were studded with golden bees, after the true Merovingian pattern. This morning Paris returns to the times of the Empire; red lancers, consular guards, Chasseurs de la Garde, and Grenadiers-a-Pield will stalk about the streets in the identical costume of forty years since. Nothing, in fact, but a genuine Hamlet will be wanting to the representation of the play.

To say of the French ruler that he resides in the Tuileries and gives thanks at Notre Dame is enough to indicate the true nature of his authority. What it may please Louis Napoleon to style himself is at present a mystery, and perhaps a puzzle. There are not many titles at hand. "King" would be awkward, and "Emperor" might prove a misfit. "President" has been pretty well disgraced, and "Consul" is a grade too low. "Regent" has been talked of, and the word certainly runs smoothly enough with "Prince," but perhaps France, for a turn, as European styles are exhausted, may prefer an Oriental designation. As the Grand Signior made a great difficulty of recognizing even Bonaparte's Imperialism, it might possible offend a Court just now very popular if the title "Sultan" were adopted, but "Shah," or "Khan of the French," would have a very striking sound and be by no means inexpressive of the authority exercised. "Young France," too, might come out in entirely new guise, and the whole conception, in fact, would admit of being very forcibly worked out.

This morning's coronation—for coronation it virtually is—is the first that has been solemnized without either king or crown. Louis Napoleon, however, knows what he is, and by the grace of what he so became. The salute from the cannon at the Invalides will be about quadruple that assigned to common Royalty, and each report is to be considered as expressing the acclamation of 100,000 voices in favor of the new chief. The old cathedral is finished just in time; but little could King Louis Phillippe or the municipality of Paris have foreseen for what ceremony they were preparing their metropolitan church. The new painted glass at St. Denis represents a visit of Napoleon to that famous edifice, and as the decoration of Notre Dame proceeds, perhaps a window may be found to commemorate an exhibition which will certainly be not the least remarkable in the history of Paris. The Archbishop of the province, it seems, is both disaffected and intrepid, for he has been bold enough to condemn the acts by which the supreme power was seized, and to object to a solemnity in honor of the transaction. But Louis Napoleon has even surpassed his uncle in compounding for past misdeeds by practical orthodoxy, and the simple protest of a conscientious prelate will be lost in the applause of a body which knows well how to render aid for aid.

In the *resume* of French revolutions contained in our correspondence of Tuesday, there is one point to which the reader's attention may be serviceably directed. The sketch referred to included the successive replies of the French people to the appeals periodically made by authorities in power. Sometimes it was a Convention which appeared as appellant, sometimes a Directory, sometimes a Senate, sometimes a Consul, sometimes an Emperor. At one period the people were asked to confirm a republic, at another an empire, at another a monarchy, at another a charter. The vote required might be of an aristocratic, democratic, or republican tendency; but there is this remarkable feature in every chapter of the history, that whatever was the proposition an affirmative vote was always forthcoming, and by a majority of millions. Never were 50,000 suffrages found in the whole French nation *against* any proposal of the powers in being, and it was rare indeed to find 5,000. Either because the appeal was never made till it became superfluous, or because the people were perfectly indifferent to the form of government, or because they were ignorant of the meaning of an election—for some reason or other, the result of an universal poll was invariably what we see it now.

A PREDICAMENT AND AN ESCAPE.—All who have been over the Connecticut river railroad remember the high, narrow, uncovered bridge over the Deerfield river, just this side of Greenfield. It was the theatre of what our heading describes, as the afternoon train came down on Saturday. The cars, behind time, were pushing rapidly ahead, and a footman found himself near the middle of the bridge, as they approached with lightning speed. He could not get off the bridge at either end before they would be upon him—the space at the side of the track was too narrow, and sloped too precipitately to make it a safe resort—the jump to the ice below even Sam Patch would have shrunk from—the shrill alarm of the thundering engine warned our hero that he must think and act quick; there was a trough-like space under the track—he dove into it between the rails, and hugging his narrow retreat, the train swept over him and left him unharmed. But what must have been his emotions between the discovery of his danger and its passage! How thought must have quickened and the blood chilled? Not all in his situation would have had the presence of mind that secured the only safe retreat left him.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Selected.

Far out at sea—the sun was high,
While veered the wind and flapped the sail,
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea.

The little stranger who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew,
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue,
Far out at sea.

Above, there gleamed the boundless sky:
Beneath the boundless ocean sheen;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit life in this vast scene,
Far out at sea.

Away he sped with shimmering glee!
Dim, indistinct, now seen—now gone;
Night comes, with wind and rain, and he
No more will dance before the morn,
Far out at sea.

He dies like his mates I've seen,
Perhaps not sooner, nor worse crossed;
And he hath felt, and known and seen
A larger life and hope—though lost,
Far out at sea.

A Live Yankee "Snored" Out.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Reader—do you snore in your sleep?

You don't? Well, I suppose not! I never yet met the individual who would acknowledge the corn

Shall I tell you a little adventure I was once witness to with a "snorer?"

The varieties of the genus "Snorer" is very extended. There is a quiet, sighing, unobtrusive snorer, who always has a "good time" at it, and troubles nobody. There is your wheezing, chuckling, squeaking snorer, who makes a regular business of it, but who keeps it "all in the family," and peradventure, annoys only the partner of his joys and sorrows. There is also your nasal grumbler, (who sleeps in the next room!) who mumbles and grunts, and gets over it.

But if there be under Heaven any object of pity—one that should excite the sympathy of the benevolently disposed—more than another, commend me to your out-and-out snorer!

To appreciate his follies fully, you should be fatigued and restless yourself—after three days journey over a thumping bad road, and you shall run athwart him, where the steamboat line connects at a late hour in the night. You shall retire to one of the few cots left—which you find stretched in the centre of the cabin for the accommodation of the last comers—and after the jolting you have passed through for the previous twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as the case may be, you shall regale yourself imaginatively, (during the process of undressing) with the prospective enjoyment which nature's sweet restorer has in reserve for you?

Your weary head touches the pillows; but an unusal nervousness troubles you, and despite your most earnest endeavors, it is midnight before you can compose yourself. You are at last worn out with tossing and turning—and though the night is warm and the vermin are active, you are determined to sleep.

For the last half hour you have been listening to what you imagined distant thunder, (you are afraid of lightning,) and at the instant you have concluded to resign yourself to the embraces of Morpheus, your eyes suddently agap—wide open—and as your brow is slightly knitted, you involuntarily ask yourself—"What's that?"

In reply to your interrogatory, a sort of explosion takes place—a miniature eruption of Vesuvius, a blast—"whoo———of p!" and the sound rolls away in a long drawn unearthly sigh, like the last effort of a suffocating man to recover his breath and all is silent again.

In such a plight and at such a time some years ago, I remember to have met a Yankee in the cabin of a crowded canal packet.

It was midnight when he came on board, at Pittsburg, from one of the Ohio river steamers. He was a plain man, and had been "out west," so he said—and was satisfied to go home again.

The cabin was crammed and an "upright" was allotted to him in the middle of the floor, with some others. He was like Yankee—and occupied considerable time in undressing, securing his watch, adjusting the bed clothes, and caring for his tin—which he stowed away under the pillow.

He finally mounted the piece of furniture which some lady-writer compares to a fence rail covered with two strips of tape, and stretched himself out for the night.

For a long time he tossed uneasily in his cot, muttering to himself something about being 'shelved up between heaven and airth'—but he finally turned over, as I supposed for the last time—when a fellow on his right, near the door, who had evidently been getting ready for some minutes—burst out with—

"Ara———r-r-roo———whic—u!"

Had a thunderbolt struck the Yankee upon the crown, he wouldn't have reached the cabin floor quicker than he did as it was. And there he stood "in his tracks," his teeth chattering, his eyes distended, with both hands grasping the side rails of his cot—as he yelped out—

"Hel-low!"
"Pho—o!"
"Wot's that?"

The unconscious sleeper was relieved momentarily—and he vouched no answer.

The Yankee gazed about the cabin cautiously—but his fellow-lodgers were all sound asleep apparently, and the quiet rippling of the water against the sides of our frail boat was all that now broke the silence.

Again he mounted the cot, and the moment I supposed he had at least gone to the 'land of nod' for the night, another

"Ker-r-r—ethe—woo!" burst from the throat of the snorer on his right, who had now got the steam well up. While the stranger started up to look for the cause; a

"Per—shee—shwela—ooh," escaped the grunter, and our Yankee could contain himself no longer.—With one bound he sprang to the floor, with—

"Hel-low—I say——"
"Ah peoo!"
"Thunder and earthquakes!"
"Wh—e—w!"
"Wot is it?"
"Ar-ker-ker—sloo—oo—"
"Don't!"
"Tchoo——"
"No, it ain't me!"
"Er—y—hou!"
"Blast yer pictur—it ain't!"
"Ah—tisk!"
"I say yer lie!"
"Er—a—hou!"

"Wy, it's you—yourself," continued the Yankee, approaching him cautiously, 'and yer've made noise enough to skeer the devil, or stop a camp meet'n!"

As he placed his hand on the snorer's breast, a sudden "whoof!" escaped him, and the Yankee could bear no more!

"Help, yere!"
"Pshe—eu!" said the snorer.
"Do?"
"Ah—shoo—"
"For Heaven's sake!"
"Hup—kir"
"Cap'n—help yere! The man's dyin'—I say Mister—murder! help!"

By this time the cabin was in a roar—for the scene in its early stages had awakened most of the crowd, who had enjoyed it right heartily. The snorer turned over on his side and the effort awakened him.

"What's the row, neighbor?" he inquired of the Yankee, who stood over him with a light.

"Raow? Thunder and lightnin'!—ain't yer dead yet? Wall, I reckon yur's one of 'em stranger!—Michigan thunder's a fool to yonr snorin'—by grashus! Ef I sleep in this yere coop to-night, hang my pictur?" he added; and in spite of the captain's assurances, he went upon the deck, where he lay till morning.

At day-light we landed—and as he parted with the captain, he declared that he had heern powerful thunder in his time, but that chap's snorin' beat all the high pressures he ever heard.

BILL OF THE FRENCH PLAY.—Theatre Francais Elysee! Sole manager, M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.—Every day, until a farther *coup d'etat*, will be presented the laughable farce, entitled "The French Republic; or Freedom in Fetters!" Principle characters by MM. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Rother, Turgot, St. Arnaud, Ducos, etc., and Mlle. Fortune; together with a large *corps* of supernumeraries. In addition to whom, the performances will be supported by the entire strength of the French Army!! To give every facility for criticism, and the excercise of unbiased opinion, the free list, without the exception of the press, is entirely suspended!!!

In preparation, and will be duly anounced, a revival of the grand serio-comic comic-melo-dramatic spectacle, "The Empire!!! Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! No money returned."

True Charity.

We find in the New York *Journal of Commerce* the following touching instance of genuine charity. Not that kind which pompously parades itself on public subscription lists, but of that purer kind which "does good by stealth" from sympathetic feeling. The *Journal* says:

The letter of which the annexed is a copy, enclosed three dollars for the family of Captain Berkovitz, which we handed over to him, though we doubt if he is *now* more needy than the benevolent donor. We would have returned the money to her had we known her address. Such warm hearted sympathy towards a stranger, is honorable to our nature.

BALTIMORE, January 21st, 1852.

To the Editor of the New York Journal of Commerce.

DEAR SIR:—Inclosed you will find the small sum of three dollars, which I wish you to give the poor lady whom you spoke of, in our *Sun* of the 20th, as being the wife of a Polish officer, who now occupies a small room in the garret of a small house in your city, and who has four children. I sympathize so much for her and her little children, it was my thought all the night. I now send you three dollars, half of what I have; but still I have everything comfortable around me, and have friends that will not see me want So if the little sum will be of any service to that poor woman and her dear little children, she is heartily welcome to it, and as much again if I had it

MRS. E. C.

MARRIED LIFE.—An editor out West, who has been married about a couple of years, thus lets off:—Tears—punches in the ribs—got up every five minutes in the night—hunted out of bed in the morning—dark, cloudy, dreary—go to market—turnips, potatoes—Whew!

An Eccentric Suicide.

The following paragraph appears in the French papers:—On a well dressed body, discovered this morning, hanging from a tree on the road from Versailles to Sceaux, the following letter was found—"Those who shall discover my body swaying itself at the impulse of the winds, as did those formerly suspended to the gibbet at Montfaucon, will, no doubt, feel terror struck or moved with pity. 'Behold,' they will exclaim, 'another victim of wretchedness or grief.'—They will be mistaken. I have always been perfectly happy. I feel that with old age will come infirmities, and it is to avoid the slightest pain, the most petty annoyance, that I have determined to put an end to my life. This may appear absurd, but I am of opinion that when one has lived comfortable for more than sixty years, one ought to have had enough of life. I am alone in the world. I was not an inhabitant of Paris: I therefore think it will be impossible to know who I am. Besides, I have taken every precaution for insuring this; and if the last wish of a dying man commands any respect, I entreat that no inquiries may be made on the subject. I left my home after selling everything, and giving out that I was starting for a foreign country. My property is all realized, and the bank notes which it has produced, will have yesterday reached the hands of an honest father of a family, whom it will render happy. I have so managed that he should be ignorant of their source. Having no further business in this world, I am going. Good bye! (Signed,)—An Original."

An editor in Vermont having received two gold dollars, in advance, in pay for his paper, says "that he allows his child to play with other children as usual."

Marine Intelligence.

PORT OF WILMINGTON, NORTH-CAROLINA.

ARRIVED.

Jan. 29—Schr. Statesman, Fitzgerald, from Boston, to J. & D. McRae & Co.; with lime.

Schr. H. Westcott, Milton, from Port au Spain, Trinidad, in ballast, to Geo. Harriss. Experienced heavy weather during the passage:—lat. 34 21, long. 74, boarded Barque Scythia, of Baltimore, 41 days from Rio de Janeiro, bound for Baltimore.

Boat Mike Cronly, from Fayetteville, to E. J. Lutterloh; with spirits turpentine, rosin, cotton, &c.

30—U. S. Mail Steamer C. Vanderbilt, Sterett, from Charleston, with 70 passengers.

Jan. 30—Steamer Chatham, Evans, from Fayetteville, with boat Telegraph in tow, to T. C. Worth; with cotton, naval stores, &c.

Brig Prairie, Upton, from Salem, to Adams, Brother & Co., with bricks; experienced heavy weather on passage.

Steamer Brothers, Banks, from Fayetteville, with boat Jas. Cassidey in tow, to D. Banks; with 340 bbls. spirits turpentine and rosin, to A. Martin.

31—U. S. mail steamer Wilmington, Bates, from Charleston; with 32 passengers.

CLEARED.

Jan. 29—Steamer Gov. Graham, Hurt, for Fayetteville, by T. C. Worth; with boat Cumberland in tow, with mdze.

30—U. S. Mail Steamer Gladiator, Smith, for Charleston, with 50 passengers.

Brig Ellen Maria, Snow, for Boston, by Adams, Brother & Co.; with 1012 bbls. rosin, 114 do. spirits turpentine, 1,643 bushels pea nuts.

Brig Holton, Barker, for Cuba, by Adams, Brother & Co.; with 100,000 feet lumber.

Brig H. F. Ryder, Ryder, for Cadiz, (Spain,) by Adams, Brother & Co.; with 125,000 feet timber, 170 bbls. rosin.

Jan. 30—Steamer Brothers, Banks, for White Hall, with boats D. Lewis and Stevenson in tow, by D. Banks; with mdze.

Brig Annawon, Almey, for Havana, by J. Hathaway & Son; with 78,000 feet lumber, 20 bbls. spirits turpentine, 60 do. tar, 51 empty hhds.

Schr. Elouise, Robinson, for New York, by Miles Costin; with 226 bbls. spirits turpentine, 643 bbls. rosin, 68 tierces rice, 53 bbls. do., 19 bales sheeting, 26 bales cotton, 29 bales yarn, 4 bales rags, 57 empty beer bbls., 21 empty half do., 404 bushels flax seed, and 76 bushels pea nuts.

31—U. S. mail steamer C. Vanderbilt, Sterett, for Charleston; with 55 passengers.

Schr. Luck, Best, for Elizabeth City, N. C., by Miles Costin.

Schr. A. J. DeRosset, Brewster, for New York, by DeRosset & Brown; with cotton and naval stores.

COMMON AND FINE TOBACCO. Just received a large lot. For sale by WILKINSON & ESLER.

LATE ARRIVALS AT THE HAT STORE!! I am now prepared to exhibit to my friends and customers, a very superior *Kossuth Hat*, with plumes, or without, to suit the taste; warranted equal, if not superior to any north or south of the Cape Fear. C. MYERS, Hatter.

TOBACCO AS IS TOBACCO. Just received, a lot of that A No. 1 superior Jenny Lind Twist. Call at the sign of the Turk, Front street. D. L. BURBANK.

ORANGES, ORANGES. 25,000 fresh and sweet. For sale low, by WILKINSON & ESLER.

APPLES, APPLES. 50 bbls. just landed. For sale by j30 WILKINSON & ESLER.

SUPERIOR GRINDSTONES AND FIXTURES.—For sale by J. M. ROBINSON.
Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 3, 1851 23

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

THE undersigned having bought the *Carriage Factory* formerly carried on by N. S. NEALE, on the corner of Princess and Third Streets, opposite the Livery Stables of H. R. NIXON, Esq., respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to execute all work in the above line, in the most fashionable, substantial and neat style.

He is also prepared to *Shoe Horses*, in a manner that will give satisfaction. He is also prepared to execute all *Smith work* connected with riding vehicles; also, to repair Drays, Carts and Waggons of every description.

He has now been carrying on the above business for several months, in Wilmington, and believes that he has given general satisfaction, and hopes by strict attention to his business to receive a liberal continuance of patronage.

**All vehicles to repair, or horses to shoe, sent by servants, must be accompanied with a written order, or they will not be attended to. JOHN H. LANE.
Wilmington, N. C., Sept. 15, 1851 6-11m

REMOVAL.
Removed to Mulberry Street, between Front and North Water Streets.

THE subscriber continues to keep on hand a large and general assortment of CARRIAGES of his own manufacture, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms; among which may be found **Rockaways, Barouches, Dunhams, Buggies, Wagons, Gigs, Sulkeys, &c.** Also, **Harness** of all kinds.

Purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as I am determined not to be undersold.

N. B. **Repairing** done at short notice, and in the neatest and best manner. ISAAC WELLS.
Wilmington, N. C., July 4, 1851 43-tf

New Livery Stables.—Fire-Proof.

HAVING completed my new Livery Stables, I am now ready to receive Horses at livery, by the day, week, or month.

My Stables are situated on the corner of Princess and Third Streets, directly opposite the Court-House, and very convenient to the business part of the town. They are built of brick, and covered with tin, which makes them entirely FIRE-PROOF. They are large, commodious, and well constructed; and in every respect as comfortable and convenient as any Stables in the United States

I also have (for the accommodation of Drovers,) a large and comfortable Lot, together with a basement under the Stables sufficient to hold one hundred horses, and shelter them well and comfortably.

HORSES, CARRIAGES, and BUGGIES, kept constantly for hire.

My Hostlers cannot be surpassed in any country, and I therefore feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to those who favor me with their custom.

I feel grateful to my friends and the public for their liberal patronage heretofore, and hope to merit a continuance of their custom. H. R. NIXON.
Wilmington, N. C., June 27, 1851 14-tf

LUMBER and Timber. Always on hand, a large quantity of River Sawed Wide Boards, Flooring, and Scantling. For sale by MILES COSTIN,
Feb. 21, 1851] London's wharf.

TOBACCO, TOBACCO. Something extra for the retail trade, at the sign of the Turk. D. L. BURBANK.