THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1853.

Authorized Agents for the Journal.

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From the Washington Union.

Death of Mrs. Fillmore.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of this excellent lady—the wife of ex-President Fillmore. Mrs. Fillmore had been suffering from an affection of the lungs for several weeks past, but her condition had not, we believe, been regarded as critical till a short time before her death, which took place yesterday morning. This melancholy event, while awakening the sympathy of the whole country in the affliction of ex-President Fillmore and his bereaved family, will also be received with deep sensibility by a large circle of friends who have witnessed Mrs. Fillmore's benevolence of character and unassuming urbanity of manner in the high social station which she so lately occupied.

Immediately upon receiving the intelligence of the sad event, President Pierce addressed to Mr. Fillmore the following letter of condolence:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 30, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: Information has just reached me of the death of Mrs. Fillmore. I beg you to accept the assurances of my earnest condolence in this great bereavement.

Yielding to my deep feelings of sympathy, and in testimony of respect for the memory of the deceased, I have directed the meeting of the cabinet this day to be suspended, and the public offices to be closed.

I am, with great consideration, your friend,
FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Hon. MILLARD FILLMORE, Washington, D. C.

We learn also that the President yesterday directed his private secretary to communicate unofficially the melancholy intelligence to the Senate, and to inform that body that he should in consequence have no further communication to make to them during the day. Before this message of the President reached the Senate, however, Mr. Seward, the senior senator from New York, had already announced the afflictive event, and the Senate had thereupon adjourned in token of its respect and sympathy.

"All Fool's Day."

The 1st of April should, beyond all question, be a highly popular anniversary, since common consent has dedicated, devoted and set it apart for the express use and behoof of a large, influential and increasing class of the community—here and elsewhere,—a class which is destined never to be properly enumerated or duly appreciated, since natural modesty prompts each person to omit his own name from the census thereof.

This idea of appropriating one whole day for the express purposes of folly is something akin to the German custom of concentrating the coughing, sneezing, etc., of a whole congregation into certain allotted stops in the services, when the preacher sets the example by drawing forth his handkerchief and blowing his nose, the whole congregation following suit. The custom is founded upon philosophical considerations.

Most respected and respectable patron Saints of this most sunshiny day—we would offer you our very profound obeisances if we could only find you or any of you, but of course none of you read the "Journal." The perusal of that most sage and erudite periodical places the peruser instantly beyond the pale of your ancient and honorable fraternity, and affords such conclusive evidence of good taste and discrimination, as forever after to ignore any claims that might be set up for admission. We can only say to our readers "keep cool"—be not frightened by the deterioration of your raiment, for verily rents will be discovered in your coat and "bloomers" by observing friends, and unexpected streaks of black will decorate your countenance, and sundry other serious and portentous things will occur; and you will be demonstrated April Fool, by small boys, with thumb on nose, & fingers expanded; for all which and much more you must not lose your temper, neither permit your spirit to be perturbed, since there is no profit to be realized thereby, neither is there any money to be made.

MORE OF THE MAILS.—We hear every day of money being lost chiefly on the various routes between the East and the central and Western portions of the State. The Hillsboro' Recorder of the 31st ult says that a "daring case of robbery of the mail occurred last week somewhere between Chapel Hill and Salem. On Friday morning, a bundle of papers was found in a fish trap in New Hope creek, near the Chapel Hill road, which was found to contain nine or ten letters, addressed to various individuals, with the post bills and the envelopes in which they had been enclosed. The letters had been broken open, and after having been rifled of all that was valuable, were thrown into the creek. The date of one of the post bills and the finding of the bundle, renders it certain that the robbery was committed on the trip down on Thursday, and this circumstance, it is hoped, will lead to the detection of the robber."

CANING AN EDITOR.—On Tuesday last the Democrats of Norfolk presented to Mr. Sawyer, of the Argus, a handsome gold-headed ebony cane, in token, as the inscription upon it says, of his "services in the campaign of 1852." Sawyer bore the application of the cane with a great deal of patience and christian fortitude.

☞The steamship Niagara, arrived at Halifax on the 31st ult., with dates to the 19th. We find little of interest in her political news. In the British Parliament, Lord John Russell referred to Austrian proceedings towards Sardinian subjects in consequence of the Milan insurrection. The Sardinian Government had requested British interference against the sequestration, and the latter had, in consequence, addressed a strong letter to Vienna upon the subject. France was quiet. The Pope's presence at the Coronation was considered uncertain.—The Budget for 1854 estimates the surplus for that year at nine millions of francs, equivalent to about seventeen hundred thousand dollars.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope, state that arrangements were in progress for peace between the British and Kaffirs. The steamer Mississippi sailed thence on the 2d February for Japan.

U. S. FUNDS.—From the Treasurer's statement, we learn that the net amount in the Treasury, subject to draft, on the 28th ult., was $18,054,297 90, of which there was in the depository at Wilmington, N. C., $11,679 40.

The Illustrated Magazine of Art, for April, is at hand, containing 31 engravings and 73 pages of letter-press. Published monthly, by Alexander Montgomery, 17 Spruce Street, New York, at 25 cents per No.; $3 per annum, or $1 50 for six months.

Health of Hon. W. R. King.

We learn from a gentleman who came as passenger yesterday in the schooner Midas from Havana (says the New Orleans Delta of March 23) that he visited Mr. King on the 13th inst., in company with our consul, Judge Sharkey, and found his health very much improved. Mr. King's friends felt great confidence that his health would be entirely restored in a very short time.

DEATH OF DR. DUNCAN.—CINCINNATI, March 24.—Dr. Duncan, injured yesterday by being run over by a wagon, died last night. It is thought that he fell from the wagon in a fit of apoplexy, as his wounds were not such as to cause death.

Later from Buenos Ayres.

Dates from Buenos Ayres to 2d Feb., state that the civil war was still raging; an attack on the city was expected. Gore, the British Charge had been expelled. The British Minister at Rio Janeiro is dead.

NEW SILVER COINAGE.—The following official letter on this subject has been addressed to a New York House:

MINT OF THE UNITED STATES.
PHILADELPHIA, March 23, 1853.

Gentlemen:—In reply to your letter of yesterday, I have to state (in the director's absence) that under the new silver coinage law, the mint is not permitted to receive silver on deposit by individuals for re-coinage, but must purchase the silver and re-coin it for the United States, to be sold for gold to applicants.

In the absence of definite instructions from Washington, (now daily expected,) I am unable to say when we shall commence purchasing silver, and at what price. This information will probably be made public within a few days.

Very truly your ob't serv't,
ROBERT PATTERSON, for Directors.

Humboldt.

It is now several years since we had the pleasure of meeting this illustrious man. This was in the Cafe Procope, Paris, where he was in the habit of breakfasting during a visit to the French capital in the winter of 1847 8. Our reminiscences of his personal appearance have been forcibly awakened by the following accurate description of the great philosopher.

N. Y. Illustrated News.

"Humboldt," says his last biographer, "now lives wherever his friend (the present King of Prussia) lives. There are apartments for him in Berlin, Potsdam, in all the royal palaces, and not a day passes that he does not see the King. In spite of his eighty-one years, he works unweariedly in those hours not occupied at the court; he is active and punctual in his immense correspondence, and answers every letter of the humblest scholar with the most amiable affability. The inhabitants of Berlin and Potsdam know him personally, and show him as much honor as they show the King. With a slow but firm step, a thoughtful head, rather bent forward, whose features are benevolent, with a dignified expression of calmness, either looking down or politely responding to the greetings of the passers-by, with kindness and without pride; in a simple dress, frequently holding a pamphlet in his hand, resting on his back; so he wanders through the streets of Berlin and Potsdam, alone and unostentatiously—a noble *picture of a blade of wheat* bending beneath the weight of its *numerous rich golden* ears. Wherever he appears, he is received by tokens of universal esteem, the passers-by timidly step aside, for fear of disturbing him in his thoughts; even the working man looks respectfully after him, and says to his neighbor, 'There goes Humboldt!' And whosoever has had the happiness of conversing with him never forgets the force of his lucid, simple, natural, and unaffected conversation; for, in everything he says, depth and learning, clearness, and unbounded knowledge are revealed, without any of the pride of learning, the stiff pedantry and preciseness of many German men of science. Humboldt has evidently been educated in the highest society; his manner is dignified, open, unaffected, and frank; he has lived with all nations, and adopted and united in himself the advantages of all."

A most extraordinary circumstance took place a short time ago, in the way of trading in human flesh by parties in Canada. A man named Smith, residing in the township of Trafalgar, entered into a speculation of this nature with two young negroes. The agreement was that they should go South; that Smith should dispose of his partners in the speculation in the slave market; they relying on the ability to escape from the servitude into which they were to allow themselves to be fraudulently sold; after which the booty was to be the common plunder of the three strange conspirators. This arrangement was no sham: for the journey was undertaken and the sale was actually made; but the escape has to be heard of. Probably the acting partner, who has returned to Canada, with the cash in his hand, is not anxious to see the arrival of the two missing claimants to share in the ill acquired booty; but the mother of the lads, who are brothers, is greatly concerned about her sons, and refuses to be comforted, believing they are not. A kindred case of baser hue has come to light. A free negro recently came here to take a wife of his own color. The girl's father was reputed to possess, and does possess, considerable property. He gave the daughter in marriage, but, like a prudent man, kept his cash. This did not suit the matrimonial speculator—for such the fellow proved he—and he resolved to make something out of the match. Will it be believed, he took his bride to the slave shambles, sold her, and, putting the proceeds in his pocket, went along his scoundrel way. The father has left this city in seach of a daughter whom he regards of inestimable value.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ENGLISH ARMY AND NAVY.—The whole English Army proper amounts to 130,000 men. Of these 30,000 are in India, necessarily employed, 40,000 in Malta, the Ionian Isles, Canada and other colonies; the remaining 35,000 are at home, but much scattered in various fortresses of England, Ireland and Stotland.—The British artillery amounts to about 20,000 men only; and 120 guns well horsed and mounted. In addition to the regular army a peace establishment, as it is called, or milita system, has lately gone into operation, 30,000 men were, in conformity with this system, armed and disciplined in twenty-one days the last year.—Adding these troops, if such they can be called, the whole home effective force of Great Britain at the present time, is 75,000 men. According to the militia system, 55,000 more of disciplined troops will be added the coming year. The naval force of Great Britain amounts to 40,000 men and 540 vessels; of these 150 are steamers and 60 ships of the line. Some additions are to be made the coming year, both in men and steamers.

The commercial intercourse of the country with the Pacific is growing rapidly. It is said that there are twenty five to thirty vessels in the port of New York up for California alone, embracing a large number of the most splendidly built clipper ships. There are also eight fine vessels up for Australia, and all fitting at satisfactory rates. Those loading for California are taking in valuable cargoes, consisting chiefly of flour, lumber, provisions, machinery, and assorted goods.—To Australia, the chief articles consist of flour, lumber, tobacco, rice, spirits, and assorted merchandise, suitable for that distant market.

A capital letter from Paris, showing the numerous claims which have been made to Dauphinhood, with reference to the Eleazar Williams pretence, contains the following paragraph:—"They" (the *quasi* Dauphins, Hervagault, Naundorf, Richemont, Breman,) "all have one common feature in their cases, namely, the Bourbon nose, which certainly is a strong feature and a royal one. I say a royal one, for while these pretenders to royalty all stand on their noses, I have observed that our republican candidates for Congress or other high places are fond of representing themselves as standing on their own bottoms—an equally incredible feat in the physical sense, but happily symbolizing the superiority in breadth of base of republican over royal institutions."

DAVID CROCKET.—An anecdote is related of this remarkable man which does him infinitely more honor than any office he ever held. Before he was a candidate for Congress, or expected to be, there was a season of scarcity in the Western District, where he lived. He went up the Mississippi, and bought a flat load of corn, and took it to what he called "his old stamping ground." When a man came to him to buy corn, the question he asked was, "have you got the money to pay for it?" If the answer was in the affirmative, Davy's reply was, "Then you can't have a kernel. I brought it here to sell to people who have *no* money." It was the foundation of his popularity.

WILD CAT MONEY.—An Indiana paper thus describes a bill of the Wild Cat currency in that State:

"The vignette is a nigger shearing a hog, supposed to be squealing. The president of the bank stands near, assisting to hold the hog. The *dear people* may be discovered a good ways *behind*.—Thunder and lightening in the foreground. The picture of a seedy individual, "secured by stock," through which his feet run, adorns one corner.

"A man with a very blank countenance, supposed to be the auditor of State, and being rode upon a rail by a couple of Wall street sharpers, is seen in another corner. The phiz of Governor Wright, thunder gathering on his brow, and lightning flashing from his eye, adorns the centre of the bill. On one side of the Governor is a hawk, on the other side a buzzard. He holds in one hand the scales of justice, one side of which is evidently very light; the other is holding a document, his last message, from which he appears to be reading to a crowd of disconsolate individuals below, who refuse to be comforted."

If you are disquieted at anything, you should consider with yourself is the thing of that worth that for it I should so disturb myself and lose my peace and tranquility?

A Beautiful Story.

THE FIRST CROSS WORD.

"You *seem* happy, Annette, always. I have never been in a house where the husband and wife *seemed* more so."

"Well done, Kate," said Mrs. Huntington, laughing, "you have used the word *seem* only twice in that short sentence. And, now, you have a begging way about you, as if you were really in earnest to hear something about married life before taking the fatal leap. It is well Harry is not here to see the look of sadness in the eye of his bride elect. He might fancy her heart was full of misgivings, instead of wedding finery."

"Don't laugh at me, Annette; talk with me as you used to do. I love Henry, you know, and yet I have many misgivings about married life. I see so few who are really happy in this relation—I mean happy as I should wish to be. You seem to come nearer to it than any one else. Do you ever qua—"

"Quarrel? No, not often now. We had our breaking in. I believe it must come to all, sooner or later."

"Do tell me all about it, will you Annette!"

"Yes, if you are very desirous of it. You may learn something from it."

"I was a romantic girl, as you well know, Kate. Some few friends I had, whom I loved dearly; but these friendships did not quite satisfy my heart.—Something more it craved. I hardly knew what, until I loved my husband. When we were married, I used sometimes to ask myself—do I find in this life all that I expected to find? am I as happy as I thought I should be? My heart has always responded yes, and more so. With us, the romance of married life, if I may so call it, held on a long time. For my part, I was conscious of a pleasurable excitement of feeling when we were together. I enjoyed walking and riding only with him. The brightest hours of the day were those in which we sat down alone together, to talk or read. For a long time, I felt a gentle restraint in his presence. I liked to be becomingly dressed. When dull, I made an effort to be social and cheerful if he was present. I had a great fear of getting into the way of sitting down stupidly with my husband, or of having nothing to talk about but the children and the butcher's bill. I made a business of remembering every pleasant thing which I read, heard, or thought, to tell him, and when all these subjects were exhausted, we each of us had a hobby we could ride, so that we were never silent for want of something to say. Thus we lived for a year or two. I was very happy. I think people were often surprised to see us continue to enjoy each other's society with so much zest.

"But there was this about it—as yet I had nothing to try me. We were boarding. I had no care, and his tenderness and interest was a sovereign panacea for the little ails and roughness which must fall to us in our best estate. This could not last, however, forever. He became more and more occupied in his business, and I, at length, had a house and baby to look after. Then, for the first time, our mutual forbearance was put to the test. Hitherto, we had been devoted to each other; now the real cares of life pressed upon us so as often really to absorb our energies. I was the first to feel the change. It seemed to me as if something was overshadowing us. Sometimes I would get sentimental, and think he did not love me as he once did. As I look back now, I am convinced that here was my *first wrong step*. Indulgence in these moods weakened my resolution. It was an injustice to him, of which I ought not to have been guilty. It left me, too, with a wounded feeling, as if I had been wronged, which began to affect my spirits.

"Once, I had for some time, carried about this little sore spot in my heart. I kept the matter all to myself, for I was in part ashamed, and in part too proud to speak of it. Here was another wrong step. There is no security of happiness in married life, but in the most perfect confidence.

"There came a season of damp, chilly weather. One morning I got up feeling very irritable. I had taken cold; my head ached; and my baby had been worrisome during the night. In my kitchen I had a cross, ignorant servant girl; and on this particular morning she had done her very worst for breakfast. The beef-steak was burned to a cinder; the eggs were like bullets; the bread was but half baked; and, the coffee, which was our main stay, was execrable. My husband was very patient with all this until it came to the coffee, and this upset him. He put his cup down, & said in a half-vexed tone, 'I do wish we could have good coffee. Annette, why cannot you have it made as my mother does?' This was a drop too much for me, and I boiled over.—'You never think anything on our table fit to be eaten,' said I, and I almost started at the sound of my own voice—'you had better live at home if you are not satisfied, or else provide me with decent servants. I cannot do everything—take care of my baby all night and get breakfast too."

"I did not know before that I was so very unreasonable," said he in a tone of injured feeling. He sat a few minutes, then rose, left his untasted breakfast, put on his hat and went off.

"When I heard the door shut behind him, all my temper left me. I went into my room, locked myself in, sat down and cried like a child. This was the first cross word I had ever spoken to my husband.—It seemed to me as if some sudden calamity had befallen us. I worked myself up to such a pitch of feeling, that I walked about the room wringing my hands.

"Oh! it is all over with us,' thought I; "we shall never be happy again in this world." This thought made me unspeakably miserable. I felt as if a black pall had fallen around me, and in the future there was only black—darkness. In my misery, I sought to comfort myself by blaming him. 'He need not have spoken so to me, at any rate,' said I, out loud; 'he might have seen how I felt; it was too much for any one to bear. It really was not one bit kind in him. It is plain enough that he does not care for me as he once did. Then, to be always telling me what nice things his mother cooks, when he knows I am trying to do my very best to learn to please him! It is really too bad."

"Don't look so dreadfully sober, Kate. My baby cried at this time, and I had to run before I was through with my catalogue of grievances, yet I had gone far enough to get well on the wrong track again. I began to calm myself with the reflection that if there had been a great wrong done, I was not the only one to blame for it. I was very sorry that I had spoken cross to him, but I thought he ought to be sorry too. Before my baby had finished crying, I came to the conclusion that I would not exhibit signs of penitence until I saw some in him.

So I bathed my face, that no traces of tears might remain, dressed myself with unusual care and went down to old Bridget, to give some very particular direction about the dinner. I did this with a martyr-like spirit. I meant to try my best to make him sorry for his injustice. I resolved to reproach him with a first rate dinner, one as good as his mother could cook. To whet the edge of my delicate reproof, I made with my own hands, a most excellent cup of coffee.

One o'clock came at last, though I thought it never would; the door opened, and I heard his step in the hall. Of all things in this world—he was whistling! He came to the table with a bright face, from which every trace of the morning's cloud had disappeared and he sat down and looked around with a pleased expression.

"Why, Annette," said he, "what a nice dinner!"

"I am glad you are pleased," said I in a subdued tone.

"Capital," said he, "the best roast we have had this season."

He was so much taken up with my delicate reproofs as not to notice that I was out of spirits. I was half pleased and half provoked, but I kept rather still, making little conversation, except in reply to him. After dessert, I handed him a cup of coffee. He was quite astonished. "Why, Annette," said he, "I do believe you went to work to-day to see what you could do."

He had hit the truth, though without the least suspicion of the cause. My first impulse was to be honest and out with it by asking—is it as good as your mother makes? This would have given the key to the whole story—he would have ferreted it all out, and we should have settled it there; but I felt ashamed to. I sipped my coffee in silence. The golden moment passed, and my good angel took his flight. Pride had the day. I even began to be vexed at his enjoying a good dinner so much and so easily forgetting what had caused me so much suffering. He was very busy on that day and did not stay with me as long as usual to chat, but went off whistling even more cheerfully than when he come.

I went up into the nursery to think it over. Baby was asleep; the rain was pattering against the windows; the wind was rising, and to me the world looked dreary enough. I had tired myself out getting up such a dinner, and now the excitement was over and I felt the reaction. I began to ask myself what I had got for it. Just nothing at all. My husband either did not or would not see that there was anything to be reconsiled about. I blamed him for his insensibility. "Once," thought I, "he would have noticed any change in my voice, or any shadow which came over my spirits; now, I can really be cross to him and he does not mind it at all."

I had a doleful afternoon of it. I was restless enough; trying first one employment then another, but nothing would suit. I went down to tea, further, if anything, from the right point, than I had been at noon. I sat dejected and silent. My husband tried once or twice to engage me in conversation, without success.

"Annette," said he, at length, in a kind tone, "do not you feel well to-day?"

"Not very," said I, with a sigh.

"What is the matter?"

"My head aches; the baby kept me awake almost all night." This was the truth, but only in part, and I felt guilty as I said it. Then he begged me to go and lie down on the sofa, in the parlor, and said he would read to me anything that I would like to hear.

I felt this was kind in him. It was like old times; the new times you see, had been but that day, but to me it seemed very long; but this was not what I wanted. I wished to have the trouble cleared away, not bridged over; and I determined to hold out until it could come to this, and he should see and feel that I could not be made happy after a cross word, without a sense of mutual contrition and forgiveness; so I would not stay and be read to, but told him I must go to bed. I left him in his easy-chair, and his study-lamp and book and bright fire, in regular old bachelor style, and went off into the nursery and then to bed, and cried myself to sleep. You laugh Kate, as if you thought I was a fool. I think so myself, now.

"How did it all end, Annette?"

"I held out a week, becoming every day more and more sad—sulky, I may as well call it. When I was left alone, I used to take my baby up and cry over him as if my husband was dead, and the child was all I had left in the world. Dear me! how unhappy I was, and every day added to it. I would find something in his conduct to pain me every time we met. He was either too attentive or not attentive enough; talked too much or too little.

He bore my moody ill-humor most patiently, thinking I was ill. One day he came home and told me he had obtained a week's leave of absence, and had engaged a carriole, and I must pack up myself and baby and be ready to start in an hour as he was going to take me home to my mother.

"We may as well have a journey as pay a doctor's bill, Annette," said he, "and as to have you drooping about in this style any longer, I am not going to. We will send off old Bridget, lock up the house, run away from all care and have some fun."

He looked up so kindly, I could have fallen upon his neck and wept my heart out, to think how sulky I had been; but there was no time then to talk it over. I hurried away to pack, but before I was half through with the packing, I resolved that I would tell him the whole story from beginning to end. The moment I came to this determination, the load was gone; my heart seemed light as a feather; the expression of my countenance and the tones of my voice changed. I was conscious of it and he noticed it as soon as I joined him, at the appointed hour.

"Why, Annette," said he, "getting ready has cured you. We may as well stay at home now."

"That will do, Kate, the rest of the story will sound sentimental to a third party."

"No, no, Annette, that would be leaving out the very cream of it. Tell us how you settled it."

"Well, we rode on, enjoying the change until towards dark. Baby then fell asleep. It was a very quiet hour—every thing about us was beautiful and peaceful. I felt deeply, and I longed to have all my heart pure and peaceful. Tears of real penitence came into my eyes, and before I knew it, they were dropping down upon my baby. My husband turned and saw them."

"What is the matter, Annette," said he?

"O, I am sorry," said I.

"Sorry for what, love," said he, "are you not happy? Does anything trouble you?"

"I am sorry that I have been so sulky this week," said I.

"What do you mean," said he looking more and more puzzled.

"How can you help knowing?" said I. Then I began at the beginning and told the whole story.—How I rose, feeling irritable, and was provoked to say the *first cross word*; how he told me my things were not as nice as his mother's and went off vexed: then how he got over it and forgot all about it, and would not help me to feel good natured by saying he was sorry. How I had brooded over it all the week—how it had festered away in my heart and poisoned all my enjoyment. What torrents of tears I shed when alone, as I thought it was all over with us, and we should never love again as we had once loved.

He heard me through without making a single remark, and then he burst into a loud laugh. "I want to know, Annette," said he, "if that is what ailed you this week?"

"Yes," said I. Upon this he checked the horse and began to turn round.

"What are you going to do?" said I.

"Going back," said he, "if that is all which is the matter with you."

I laughed heartily as he did, for now my sin was confessed. I felt very happy; but I pulled the other rein and drew the whip over the ears of the horse, and away he went like a bird, towards my mother's home.

But, we made a resolution then, Kate, that if either had aught against the other, it should be settled before the sun went down, so that we might go to sleep, if not at "peace with all the world," at least at peace with each other, forgiving and forgiving.

This resolution we have faithfully kept, and I have never seen another week of such misery as I have been telling you about, and I trust I never shall. I hope you will find in your new relations, Kate, all the enjoyment we do. This is the best wish I can offer you—and that your FIRST CROSS WORD may also be your last.

Americans in Paris.

A Paris letter of 7th ult, says—

The first presentation of Americans to Louis Napoleon, since he has been Emperor, and to Mrs. Bonaparte, since she has been Empress, took place at the Tuilleries, on Thursday night. About sixty Americans and seventy English were introduced to their Majesties. The ceremony is briefly this:—The gentlemen and ladies to be presented, form a double line, the gentlemen on one side, and the ladies on the other, as if they were to dance a Virginia Reel. Space enough is left between for their Majesties to pass easily. The Americans had one-half of the presentation room, and the English the other. The practice of the Emperor would seem to be to address some remark about every third person, as the names of the presentees are mentioned to him, those of the ladies by their ambassadress, and those of the gentlemen by their ambassador. The American portion of the ceremony was easy, graceful and highly successful; their Majesties were gracious in the extreme. Lord Cowley made a botch of the English introduction; and an incensed Lord was heard to remark, "Those Americans always do everything better than any one else; we cut no figure at all next to them." The Emperor looked well; better, indeed, more at ease, more desirous of pleasing, than I have ever before seen him. The Empress wore white flounces, both in her hair and scattered in tasteful profusion over her dress. She had a necklace of large pearls around her neck, but not a single diamond. The American ladies that had put on all their folcanties, to complete with her Majesty, shone in undimmed brilliancy. We made a very striking display. I doubt whether thirty handsomer women were ever collected on an occasion of the kind. More than once the Emperor seemed to single out a lady of more than ordinary beauty, and call the Empress's attention to her. After the presentation there was dancing and a supper. Their Majesties waltzed together, and were once or twice bumped in a most unseemly manner by Americans who had grown dizzy, and had lost the power of properly guiding their footsteps. It was past one when their Majesties retired. The festivities continued, however, after their departure, and when the clock struck three the company had not yet left.

The tea trade which is transacted at New York is represented to be the most lucrative business in the U. States.

When you see a good looking young widow promenade the street daily, don't imagine she wants a second husband. Oh, such an idea never enters her head.

A lady said to her beau, after fifteen long years courtship, "Charles, I am going out of town to-morrow."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"When are you coming back?"

"Never."

"What are you going for?"

"I am going to look for something which you have not, never had, and yet can give me without any loss to yourself."

"You are very welcome to it, I am sure, but what is it?"

"A husband!"

"Why, you might have had that fifteen years ago if you had only said the word; but I was afraid to begin."

STATISTICS OF DRUNKENNESS.—In the city of London, the numbers were in 1851—drunkards arrested, 280; disorderly persons arrested, 681. Edinburgh, with 140,000 inhabitants in 1841, shows 4,824 arrests for drunkenness and disorderly conduct in that year; and in 1851, when the population was 166,000, the arrests were only 2,793, while Glasgow, with 333,651 inhabitants in 1853, had in that year 10,012 arrests.

Marine Intelligence.

PORT OF WILMINGTON, NORTH-CAROLINA.

ARRIVED.

March 31—Schr. Belle Creole, Farnsworth, from Camden, to J. & D. McRae & Co.

Schr. D. P. Woodbury, ——, from Little River, to DeRosset & Brown; with naval stores.

Steamer Chatham, Evans, fm Fayetteville, to T. C. Worth.

Steamer Zephyr, McRae, from Fayetteville, to J. & D. McRae & Co.

Schr. Mary Abigail, Charlotte, from Shalotte, to DeRosset & Brown; with naval stores

31—Brig Charles Thomas, Saunders, from Boston, to Pierce & Dudley.

Schr. Kenduskeag, Haskill, from Boston, to Pierce & Dudley.

Schr. Gazelle, Coombs, from Searsport, to Pierce & Dudley, with Ice.

April 1—U. S. Mail Steamer Gov. Dudley, Lawton, from Charleston, with 42 passengers.

April 1—Steamer Fanny Lutterloh, Stedman, from Fayetteville, to E. J. Lutterloh.

Schr. Dixon Swindell, Douglass, from Hyde co., to Miles Costin; with 1500 bushels corn.

Schr. Marinah N., Boon, from Charleston, to Geo. Harriss; with 1200 sacks salt.

Steamer Maj. Wm. Barnet, Barber, from Fayetteville, to E. J. Lutterloh.

2—Steamer Rowan, Rothwell, from Fayetteville, to E. J. Lutterloh.

2—U. S. Mail Steamer Gladiator, Price, from Charleston, with 42 passengers.

CLEARED

March 31—Schr. Ann Elizabeth, Brownley, for Baltimore, by Ellis, Russell & Co.; with 12 bales warp, 68 do. cotton, 352 bbls. rosin, 16 do. spirits turpentine, 3 do. wine, 20,000 feet lumber.

Steamer Douglass, Banks, for Fayetteville, by J. Banks.

April 1—U. S. Mail Steamer Vanderbilt, Burns, for Charleston, with 68 passengers.

Schr. Lillie Sanders, Corson, for Philadelphia, by Geo. Harriss; with naval stores, &c.

Schr. Henrietta, Keen, for Matanzas, by M. Costin; with lumber.

Schr. Mary Abigail, Charlotte, for Shalotte, by DeRosset & Brown.

April 1—Schr. Julia Eliza, Thompson, for Philadelphia, by Geo. Harriss; with lumber and naval stores.

Brig Ellen Hayden, Smith, for Havana, by J. Hathaway & Son; with 16 bbls. spirits turpentine, 25 do. rosin, 86,000 feet lumber.

Steamer Chatham, Evans, for Fayetteville, by T. C. Worth; with one boat in tow.

2—Schr. Edward Stanly, Spencer, for Hyde co., by DeRosset & Brown.

Schr. Washington, Patterson, for Boston, by J. H. Chadbourn & Co.; with 256 bbls. rosin, 44 do. pitch, 71,617 feet lumber.

Schr. Agnes H. Ward, Parker, for Plymouth and a market, by Rankin & Martin; with molasses.

Steamer Zephyr, McRae, for Fayetteville, by J. & D. McRae & Co.

Schr. Alcyona, Whitaker, for Philadelphia, by J. H. Flanner; with 1,500 bbls. rosin.

2—U. S. Mail Steamer Gov. Dudley, Lawton, for Charleston, with 48 passengers.

NEW YORK, March 30—(3 previous days)—Naval Stores—Turpentine continues very quiet at our quotations, and no transactions have come to our knowledge. Spirits Turpentine was a little firmer yesterday, with a good retail demand a 62 @ 63 cents, cash. The sales since our last are 500 bbls. Spirits Turpentine wholesale, at 60 @ 61½ cents cash, and 62, 30 days; 5 @ 600 Tar, $2 43½ @ $2 50, in yard 1490 Wilmington Common Rosin, $1 60 delivered for ordinary, and $1 65 in yard for large barrels; and 2400 North County, $1 40 @ $1 50 in yard. White Rosin is inactive.

Rice.—We notice sales of about 500 tcs. at $3 81½ @ $4 50 cash. The market is firm, and prices are well supported.

LIVERPOOL, March 19.—Provisions were dull, and transactions small. Mess Beef 97s. 6d. @ 112s. 6d. Gardiner quotes at 100@115s. Pork dull at 87s. for Easton. Mess Bacon firm, and tending upward. Sales at 54@56s. Lard quiet at 52@55s.

Rice dull and declining. Sales of the week of 60 tierces at 21s. 6d. @ 22s. 6d.

Rosin was a shade lower. Sales of 700 bbls. Spirits Turpentine quiet at 63s.

Breadstuffs.—Hollingshead's circular says the corn market is better, closing steady, with an advance of 1d. in wheat: 3d. @ 6 in flour, and 6d. in corn. Western canal flour 23s. 9d @ 24s. 3d; Baltimore and Philadelphia 24s. 6d. @ 25s.; Ohio 24s. 6d. Wheat—White 7s. 3d. Brown & Shipley quote white at 7s. 2d; red 6s. 8d; mixed 6s. 7d.

Cotton—Hollingshead says that the advance is owing to the natural reaction after a few weeks of depression, and the circumstance that spinners had run themselves out of stock. McHenry quotes cotton as closing only 1-16th dearer than at the end of last week; whilst common and leafy lots accumulate.

LONDON, March 18.—Faring & Bro. quote sugar and coffee very active at firm rates. Tea firm and tending upwards. Cotton firm at ¼d advance. Flour and wheat dull. Canal flour 23s. 6d.; Ohio 25s. 6d. Corn quiet. Lard dull and declining. Oats at 54@56s. Rice quiet—sales of the week 100 tierces at 23s. 6d @24s. Iron firm. The money market was unchanged. Consuls had fluctuated from 99¾@ 100¼, closing at 99¾ for money. The bullion in the bank had increased £700,000. Baring quotes small transactions in United States and State stocks—holders asking an advance. Bell & Son report large sales of State stocks at firm rates.—U. S. 6's, '62, 104@105; do., '68, 110@111; do., '67 and '68, 108¾@109¼; Pennsylvania 5's, 87@88; Maryland 5's, 95@98; Kentucky 6's, 97@98. Trade at Manchester had declined.

HAVRE, March 17.—Cotton has advanced under the Arctic's news. Sales to-day of 2,000 bales at 92s. for Orleans *tris ordinaire*. Rice opened active, but fell off at the close; sales of the week 250 tierces at 31@32s.

FANCY ARTICLES.—12 doz. Lubin's Extract, 3 dozen Poncine Soap, 1 gross Brown Windsor Soap, 6 dozen Shaving Cream, 3 dozen Wash Balls; 3 doz. Buffalo Combs. (superior;) 1 gross Wax Matches; a large assortment of Hair and Tooth Brushes. C. DuPRE,
ap2 Market-st., Wilmington, N. C.

PAINTS, OILS, &c. &c.—8000 lbs. Pure Extra and No. 1 Lead, 8 bbls. Linseed Oil, Pure, 150 lbs. Chrome Green, 60 lbs. Paris Green ground and in Oil, 6 boxes Chrome Green, (Dry,) 4 boxes Am. Vermillion, 5 bbls. Lamp Black, 500 lbs. Spanish Brown, (in Oil,) 2 casks Venitian Red, (English,) 500 lbs. Venitian Red, (in Oil,) 150 boxes Window Glass, American and French, at C. DuPRE'S,
Drug Store, Market st.

SPRING STYLE

OF Gent's Black Dress Hats, now open at the new Hat Store, No. 1, Granite Row, Front st. Please call and examine them. C. MYERS, Hatter.

IN STORE.—40 bags Rio and Laguaryra Coffee; 50 bbls. Canal and Fayetteville Flour; 30 bbls. Sugar, Soda and Pilot Bread; 10 hhds. Molasses; 50 bbls. Yellow Planting Potatoes; 20 boxes Stewart's hard Candles; 10 do Colgate's Pearl Starch; 40 bbls. best Coffee Sugar; 5 half bbls. Rye Flour; 15 do. do. Family do.; 2,000 lbs. N. C. Bacon, Hog Round. Low for cash at GEO. H. KELLEY'S.

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK.

At Home Again, under Mozart Hall, Front Street.

JOHN KYLE has just received a large and well selected stock of French, English, Irish, Italian, Swiss and American DRY GOODS, which, having selected with the greatest care, he is determined to offer at unusually low rates.—Among which may be found—

Superfine Broad Cloths;
do. Drap d'Ete;
Black and fancy Cassimeres;
Blue, bl'k and gray Sattinets;
Plain and striped Tweeds;
Plain, striped and gold mixed Kentucky Jeans;
Black satin silk Velvet and other Vestings;
Cravats and Scarfs;
Spring Cassimeres;
Tally Velvets;
Marseilles Vestings;
California stripes & cottonades
Bleach & bro. Domestics;
Bed Ticking & Apron Checks;
Table and Bird Eye Diapers;
Cotton and Russia do.
8-4 brown damask do.
8-4 Damask Table Cloth;
White Linen Drill;
Gent's Panama and Leghorn Hats;
Boys Straw & Panama Hats;
Fine Boots and Shoes;
Porte Monaies and Purses;
Large supply Looking Glasses

FOR LADIES WEAR.

Super black Grodarine Silk, 36 inches:
Super black Broc. do.
do. col'd do. do.
Plain and fancy do.
Green and blue Boraige;
Fig'd and plain do.
Lawns and Muslins;
Superfine Armenian do.
Large emb. Crape Shawls;
Canton Crape Neck do.
Silk do. do.
French Habit Collars, worked do. morning do. fronts;
Neck, Bennet, & Cap Ribbons;
Black and col'd Kid Gloves;
do. silk Mits and do.
Col'd " " " do.
Cotton " " do.
Buttons, Gimp & Trimmings;
Muslin Skirts;
Gossimer, Belgrade, Reef Edge, Black, Bombazine, and Silk Bonnets;
Black Silk Mourning, or superior Silk Lace Bonnons;
Child Pearl Hats;
do. do. do. Feathers;
Swiss Trimming;
do. Edgings and Insertings;
Jaconet do. do;
Embroidered Cambrick Hdkfs;
Linen Cambrick do.;
Swiss, Mull & Book Muslin;
Plaid and Striped do.;
Jaconet and Cambric;
Bl'k, White & Col'd Cotton Hose;
Bl'k and White Silk Hose;
Misses White & Col'd Cot. do

Together with a large stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING; besides a variety of other articles too numerous to mention

Also, a large supply of Cross Creek YARNS, at wholesale.
Wilmington, N. C., March 18th, 1853. 11

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, &c.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

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