

Morgantown Mirror

A Family Newspaper—Independent of Party or Sect—Devoted to News, Literature, Agriculture, and sound Morality.

26 FRIED, Editor and Proprietor.

MORGANTOWN, (Va.) SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1852.

VOLUME III—NO. 146.

TERMS:

MORGANTOWN MIRROR IS PUBLISHED SATURDAY MORNING, AT THE FOLLOWING TERMS:—
10 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE;
50 IF NEVER PAID, without coercion; paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid up, except at the option of the subscriber.
Subscription taken for a shorter period months.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
Square, 3 weeks, \$1.00
Additional insertion, 0.25
Square, 3 months, 3.00
6 months, 6.00
1 year, 10.00
1 column, million type, 1 year, 30.00
Coupling Candidates, each name, 2.00

Poet's Corner.

THE SAVIOUR'S PRAYER.

From God's Lady's Book.
BY THE LATE HARRIET J. HECK.

"I went up into a mountain apart to pray; when the evening was come, he was there."
—Matt. xiv. 23.

In the cloister's dungeon walls,
Or in the stately fane,
The tinged smile of sunset falls
In rainbow through the pane;
Where light streams and heaven's eyes
Gaze on the mountain gray,
One head was pillowed in the shade—
The Saviour knelt to pray.

When morning flung the light of hope
Far o'er the hurrying throng,
To see his soul went up
With morning's smile and song;
When pale evening round his heart
Drew round her dim array,
He sought a place apart—
The Saviour knelt to pray.

Was not life or death—the case
That life or death could bring;
More of human happiness,
Or less of suffering;
For unshrinking heart to bear,
All that might crush the clay,
A long distress, the last despair—
The Saviour knelt to pray.

Wings of angels gathered it
To wait the prayer to God;
And angel eyes to diamonds lit
The dew drops on the sod;
His lips hushed their hymns to hear,
In silence wrapped the throne,
And angel-visions sped that prayer—
"Father, Thy will be done."

To wonder that the earth is bright,
And pure the sky above,
Which opened on that brow of light,
Lived in that heart of love!
'Tis all an altar, every spot
Is hallowed to thy knee—
Who'er thou art, what'er thy lot,
The Saviour prayed for thee!

I LOVE MY NATIVE LAND.
I love my native land,
My relatives, my friends,
When I love them more than Christ,
My hope for heaven ends.
With love to Christ from these I part,
Thou' objects dear and near my heart.

Go, stand where I have stood,
Go to a heathen shore,
Where pagans in their idols trust,
And gods of wood adore;
Thou wilt fully understand
The wants and woes of such a land.

Go, see what I have seen
Where superstition reigns,
Go, feel as I have often felt
In error's dark domains.
There heathen in their blindness die,
When death appears no hope is nigh.

There, millions die in sin,
Nor know the God above,
And never have the story heard
Of Jesus' dying love.
Among them O may I proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name!

From this I would not cease,
Work glorious and divine!—
To wear a monarch's glittering crown,
And call his power mine;
For harvests rich in endless day
Will bless my toil, when crow was decay.

Three Important Facts.—Never be influenced by external appearances in forming your judgment of a person's worth. This is an important rule; for many a noble spirit is covered with habiliments of poverty, while not unfrequently a showy exterior conceals a villain of the basest kind. Dean Swift says, that nature has given to every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and where there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who by a very few faults, that they may correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable. The world would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an interchange of friendship. But money engrosses all our delerence; and we scarce enjoy social hours, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of

COUNTY PULASKI.

AN INCIDENT AT HIS QUARTERS.

On the night of the battle of Brandywine I was sent with a message from General Greene to the Count Pulaski, the Polisher, who took a promise in our freedom. He was quartered at a farm house near the upper ford. His business was finished, the Count came to take some refreshments, and the same time he called out, "Mary, Mary—Mary!"

In an instant a rosy-cheeked girl entered, her face beaming with joy, it would seem, at the very sound of his voice.

"Did you call me, Count, she said, very timidly.

"How often have I told, little love," he said, bending his tall to kiss her cheek, "not to call me Count; call me your dear Pulaski—this is public, my little favorite; we have Count, you know."

"But you are a Count, sir, when at home, and they say you come a long way over the ocean to fight us."

"Yes, yes, Mary, true, I did come a long way; but on my way why was I had to come, in a hurry. Now, can you get for this gentleman and myself a little refreshment? has a long way to ride to-night."

"Certainly, sir," she went out of the room like a flash.

"A fine little pliant girl," said Pulaski. "Would that I had the wealth I once had; I would give her a portion that would send half a dozen youths hereabouts after her sweet face."

The girl soon returned with part of a fine boiled ham, no delicious fresh rye bread and butter, and a few little trifles that I had not expected.

After refreshment myself to my satisfaction, I took my departure, and rode speedily to the main camp.

On the morning of the 11th of September, 1777, the British army advanced in full force to Chadds Ford, for the purpose of crossing to Brandywine creek, and bringing on an action with Washington.

The Hessian General Knyphausen, with a large force advancing up the side of the creek and uniting with Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the left wing of the army, crossed at the upper forks of the river and creek. It was late in the afternoon, when the reality of the fight commenced; and as the action progressed from right to left, Greene's division, to which I belonged, was brought into the midst of the conflict, commanded by Washington in person.

It happened that during the raging of the conflict, I carrying orders, I passed immediately in the direction of Pulaski's quarters; and had visited the night before. Situated as the house was in the midst of the battle, curiosity induced me to ride up. Suddenly a sheet of flame burst forth. The house was on fire!

Near the door-step lay the body of a poor Mary, her head cut open by a sabre, and her brains oozing out from the terrible wound! I had not been there more than half a minute when Pulaski, at the head of a troop of cavalry, galloped rapidly to the house. Never shall I forget the expression on his face as he shouted like a demon on seeing the inanimate form.

"Who done this?"

A little boy that I had not before noticed who was lying amid the grass, his leg dreadfully mangled, said, "they're gone." He pointed to a company of Hessians, or Anspach grenadiers, then some distance off.

"Right wheel, men—CHARGE!"

And they did charge; I do not think one man of that Hessian corps ever left the field. The last I saw of Pulaski on the battle-ground of Brandywine, he was bearing in his arms the lifeless form of poor MARY.

Do you Honor your Parents?
I knew a little boy at school, whose father was dead. He was one day writing from the copy; "Honor thy father and thy mother." He wrote a few lines and then laid down his pen and began to write.—He began again, wrote on a few lines more, but his memory was at work, recalling to his mind the happy days he had passed with his dear father, and he wept anew. He could not get on, but sobbed aloud. "What is the matter my boy?" said the teacher. "Oh, Mr. —, I cannot write this copy, my father is dead!—Please give me another page and cut this leaf out. I cannot write it."

Morgantown, Va.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1852.

KOSSUTH AT WASHINGTON.

We are gratified to perceive that the conduct of the Press at the National Metropolis has been enabled to retain their senses amid the furor attendant upon the movements of the great Hungarian. The idea of plunging our nation into the vortex of European politics, at the present portentous crisis, is not to be cherished for a single moment, by an intelligent friend of our institutions. So say they all, even with Kosuth in their midst. The following are the remarks of the editors of the leading Washington papers on the subject:

The Washington Union says: "A promise of aid from the government of the United States to the oppressed people of Europe, on a contingency which is likely to happen, would be a source whence could scarcely fail to be turned to the account of the powers which are complained of. It would be a warning to the existing governments of Europe, which would precipitate the issue before the people could be organized, and which would therefore scarcely fail, as in 1835, to identify the liberal party with influences which are inconsistent with the principles of liberty and order. Material aid from the United States would be weak in proportion to its distance from the theatre of its application. We do not make these suggestions from any want of sympathy with the great champion of the cause of freedom, who is to-day to be seen at the front of the struggle. Far from it. We wish rather to show him that this sympathy is felt by all parties in our land, and is co-extensive with our limits; and that if it does not produce the material aid he has looked for, it is because that aid is withheld for exigencies in our national career, which are imperative, and which, ultimately, will be far more decisive of good for that liberty in whose cause his countrymen have so nobly bled, than that it can now be made if offered to him."

The Washington Republic has the following: "There can be no doubt that throughout his stay in this city, Kosuth will receive all the attention that is due to his services as a patriot, as well as to his character and talents as a man. We venture to add, however, that this attempt to commit this country to an attitude of hostility towards Europe, and which, ultimately, in Washington. They will receive favor in no quarter that is entitled to consideration as an indication of the feeling of any large portion of the Union."

The National Intelligencer speaks thus: "From the tenor of the Harrisburg resolutions, and of speeches delivered on several late occasions by citizens of the United States, it cannot be doubted that there are persons, and among them those who ought to be learned in history, in the laws of Nations, and the legislation and policy of their own Government, who have become so unprincipled of their duties as good citizens, as to profess to be ready, at all hazards, to plunge this Government into the vortex of European politics, with the prospect of the almost certain wreck of every principle on which its existence depends. Against combinations so reckless, so regardless of the public welfare, so contemptuous of the wisdom of our ancestors and the highest interests of all time present generation and of posterity in all time to come, we here enter, for so much as it is worth, our solemn protest."

Adulation Extra.

During our long residence in Pennsylvania we often had occasion to regret, and sometimes to reprove, the excessive praises bestowed, sometimes by Ministers on favorite pupils, and at other times, by members of churches upon their Pastors. If this praise was always predicated upon merit—and upon those able to bear it—and did not too often give way, suddenly, and without sufficient cause, to the severest reprobation, the harm would be less.—But, as too often happens, the same multitude that one day is ready to shout "Alo-sananna" will ere long cry "away with him—crucify him!" Human applause is one of the most evanescent things on earth, and should always be dealt out and received among the followers of Christ, with extreme caution, if at all.

Where led to these remarks by reading, in the Christian Chronicle, a "letter from Lewisburg" in which the writer says, among other things:—"Our President is the very man for the post assigned him, and with such a man at the helm aided by a faculty so well qualified for their respective duties, as ours, (&c., &c.) cannot fail to be eminently successful." And again,—"These meetings (the student's prayer meetings) are rendered very interesting by the presence of Dr. Malcomb, &c."

We have no personal acquaintance with Dr. Malcomb, but we doubt not that he is sorely grieved to see such remarks as those above quoted, connected with his name in a religious paper. Glad we are to learn that he attends the student's prayer meetings; we had rather heard that those meetings were "rendered very interesting by the presence of the Master of Assemblies, and the reviving of the Holy Spirit."

We noticed not long since, the discontinuance of the *Fellowship Democrat*, for want of patronage. The same fate has befallen the *Preston County Herald*, printed at the same place. These papers were attempted to be published at one dollar a year, a price entirely too low to do justice either to publishers or subscribers.

Mr. O'Bannon, of the Fairmount Iron Virginian, has taken into partnership with him, Mr. Benjamin F. Beall. The latter will publish while Mr. O'Bannon will edit the paper. Its interest and utility, already considerable, will doubtless be increased by this arrangement.

Beer Drinking in London.

The London Dispatch says that one-eighth of the wages of the London poor is expended for beer; and that beer according to authentic accounts, is composed in part of cocculus indicus and other poisonous drugs.

RESULT IN THE STATE.

Below we give a table of the vote for Governor, thus far received, which is as nearly correct as we can now make it.—It shows that Johnson's majority is 7,001—and five Counties yet to hear from.

| Democratic Vote. | Whig Vote. |
|--------------------------------|------------|
| Accomack, 64 | 00 |
| Albemarle, 1079 | 1173 |
| Alexandria, 455 | 703 |
| Allegheny, 210 | 174 |
| Amelia, 31 | 00 |
| Amherst, 196 | 00 |
| Appomattox, 498 | 233 |
| Augusta, 1307 | 2019 |
| Barbour, 611 | 335 |
| Bath, 185 | 196 |
| Bedford, 1003 | 961 |
| Bekeley, 900 | 677 |
| Botetourt, 630 | 458 |
| Braenton, 125 | 820 |
| Brooke and Hancock, 190 | 00 |
| Brunswick, 290 | 136 |
| Buckingham, 442 | 452 |
| Cabell, 377 | 479 |
| Campbell, 977 | 1305 |
| Caroline, 250 | 00 |
| Carroll, 116 | 00 |
| Charles City, 63 | 136 |
| Charlotte, 371 | 381 |
| Chesterfield, 654 | 253 |
| Clarke, 346 | 279 |
| Craig, 234 | 89 |
| Culpeper, 514 | 464 |
| Cumberland, 00 | 17 |
| Danville, 378 | 315 |
| Doddridge, 150 | 00 |
| Durham, 143 | 150 |
| Elizabeth City, 208 | 269 |
| Essex, 00 | 5 |
| Fairfax, 944 | 907 |
| Fauquier, 00 | 200 |
| Fayette, 00 | 40 |
| Floyd, 00 | 460 |
| Fluvanna, 417 | 460 |
| Franklin, 923 | 507 |
| Frederick, 1379 | 1116 |
| Giles, 00 | 136 |
| Glimmer, 380 | 160 |
| Gloucester, 67 | 00 |
| Goochland, 334 | 138 |
| Grayson, 00 | 4 |
| Greenbrier, 289 | 919 |
| Greene, 414 | 73 |
| Greensville, 102 | 36 |
| Halifax, 400 | 00 |
| Hampshire, 973 | 755 |
| Hanover, 658 | 544 |
| Hardy, 432 | 511 |
| Harrison, 895 | 865 |
| Henrico, 00 | 90 |
| Henry, 395 | 293 |
| HIGHLAND, 415 | 188 |
| Isle of Wight, 503 | 96 |
| Jackson, 54 | 00 |
| Jefferson, 864 | 938 |
| Kanawha, 376 | 1580 |
| King George, 224 | 144 |
| King William, 150 | 00 |
| King & Queen, 125 | 00 |
| Lancaster, 23 | 00 |
| Lee, 250 | 253 |
| Lewis, 468 | 1695 |
| Loudoun, 615 | 00 |
| Louisiana, 225 | 00 |
| Lunenburg, 466 | 218 |
| Madison, 400 | 00 |
| Marion, 00 | 80 |
| Marshall, 00 | 23 |
| Mason, 00 | 93 |
| Mathews, 165 | 274 |
| Mechanicburg, 514 | 250 |
| Mercer, 00 | 250 |
| Middlesex, 155 | 00 |
| Montgomery, 150 | 703 |
| Montross, 540 | 524 |
| Monroe, 451 | 290 |
| Morgan, 258 | 500 |
| Nansemond, 432 | 617 |
| Nelson, 131 | 155 |
| New Kent, 130 | 925 |
| Nicholas, 1176 | 178 |
| Norfolk County, 1176 | 178 |
| Northampton, 150 | 10 |
| Northumberland, 150 | 10 |
| Nottoway, 216 | 1410 |
| Ohio, 905 | 227 |
| Orange, 315 | 239 |
| Page, 889 | 279 |
| Patrick, 376 | 590 |
| Pendleton, 117 | 965 |
| Pittsylvania, 580 | 126 |
| Pleasant, 153 | 133 |
| Pocahontas, 250 | 183 |
| Powhatan, 248 | 152 |
| Preston, 650 | 470 |
| Prince Anne, 8 | 00 |
| Prince Edward, 279 | 203 |
| Prince George, 284 | 263 |
| Pulaski, 00 | 70 |
| Putnam, 00 | 00 |
| Randolph, 75 | 26 |
| Raleigh, 41 | 438 |
| Rappahannock, 537 | 456 |
| Richmond, 00 | 135 |
| Ritchie, 345 | 00 |
| Roanoke, 118 | 00 |
| Rockbridge, 1012 | 1124 |
| Rockingham, 2915 | 4710 |
| Russell, 00 | 266 |
| Shenandoah, 1861 | 00 |
| Scott, 197 | 474 |
| Southampton, 110 | 00 |
| Smyth, 36 | 520 |
| Spotsylvania, 535 | 00 |
| Stafford, 150 | 00 |
| Sully, 16 | 00 |
| Sussex, 220 | 71 |
| Taylor, 281 | 327 |
| Tazewell, 526 | 403 |
| Tyler, 21 | 00 |
| Upshur, 00 | 105 |
| Warren, 310 | 80 |
| Warwick, 00 | 00 |
| Washington, 269 | 00 |
| Wayne, 240 | 284 |
| West, 400 | 00 |
| Westetzel, 00 | 40 |
| Wirt, 00 | 137 |
| Wood, 103 | 00 |
| Wythe, 188 | 277 |
| York, 158 | 530 |
| Norfolk City, 737 | 586 |
| Petersburg, 916 | 1758 |
| Richmond City, 58 | 44 |
| Williamsburg, 58 | 44 |
| Total vote in 121 co's, 51,747 | 44,748 |

Johnson's maj. thus far, 7,001
The following 5 counties are yet to hear from, viz: Boone, Logan, Prince William, Westmoreland, Wyoming.
The Senate will consist of 34 Democrats and 16 Whigs—and the House of Representatives and 64 Whigs. Smyth county yet to hear from.

The Hindoo Woman and her God.

"I asked several the other day, What God they worshipped? One poor old woman who seemed to think more than the rest, said—'Vanketahourdoo.'" "Well," I said, "many years you have worshipped him, for you are very old, what has he done for you?" With a look of painful dismay, she replied, "What has he done—Nothing!"

A grey-haired woman, bent with years,
Who knelt at Bramah's shrine,
Stood looking at me through her tears—
I said, "What God is thine?"
She told me, and I asked again,
"What has he done for thee?"
All thy life long, what has he done
To ease thy misery?"

A sad, sad look the woman cast,
"The years have come and gone,"
Said she, "but he from first to last,
For me hath nothing done."
This heart hath ached, these eyes wept sore,
Again, and yet again,
And prayers I've breathed a countless store,
But I have prayed in vain."

Then by my side there stood a child,
Born in a Christian land,
His countenance grave, yet sweet and mild;
I took him by the hand,
And said, "My boy, not yet hath life
Carved wrinkles on thy brow;
Thou hast no dream of tears or strife,
Joy is thy plumed now:

Tell me, has God above the skies,
Done anything for thee?"
Oh! brightly gleamed the boy's blue eyes,
And his voice was bold and free;
"Oh! what has God, my Father done?
'Twill take my life to tell;
It was for me He sent His Son,
Jesus, on earth to dwell:
The Bible, too, for me he wrote,
It is my guiding star
O'er the great sea on which I float
To my blest home afar!"

My little boat is just afloat
On life's tempestuous sea,
And yet already has my God
Showered countless gifts on me.
There's not a want I e'er shall know—
He will my wants supply—
And if sad tears one day should flow,
He'll wipe them from my eye,
Ask me the same when I am old,
My answer will be then—
'His love hath been my priceless gold,
For three-score years and ten.'

What has he done?" Oh! by and by,
Amid joy glorious throng,
Pill wave my palm of victory high,
And answer with a song—
Blessing and glory, power and might,
Ever to him be given,
Who washed my robes, and made them bright,
And brought me safe to heaven!"

YOUTH'S REPOSITORY.

Roast Pig.

We have always admired Charles Lamb's account of the origin of roast pig in China. Ching Ping, it seems, had suffered his father's house to be burned down; the out-houses were burned along with the house, and in one of these, the pigs, by accident, were roasted to a turn. Ping, who (like all China besides) had hitherto eaten his pig raw, now for the first time tasted it in a state of torrefaction. Of course he made his peace with his father by a part (tradition says a leg) of the new dish.

The father was so astonished with the discovery that he burned his house down once a year for the sake of coming at an annual banquet of roast pig.

A curious, prying sort of a fellow, one Chang Pang, got to know of this. He also burned down a house with a pig in it, and had his eyes opened.

The secret was ill-kept—the discovery spread—many great conversions were made—houses were blazing in every part of the Celestial Empire. The insurance officers took the matter up. One Koung Pong, detected in the very act of shutting up a pig in his drawing-room, and then firing a train, was indicted on a charge of arson. The chief justice of Peking, on that occasion, requested an officer of the court to hand him a roast pig, the *corpus delicti*, for pure curiosity, led him to taste; but within two days after, it was observed that his lordship's town house was burned down. In short, all China apostatized to the new faith; and it was not until some centuries had passed, that a great genius arose, who established the second era in the history of roast pig, by showing that it could be done without burning down a house.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—Our Clergy have been delivering a series of very able lectures upon the subject of temperance, in our various churches, during the past week. Their object seems to be to awaken the friends of temperance and enlist their power and influence with the next Legislature, in order that the present licentious system may be abolished, and a law enacted that will effectually prohibit the sale of liquor within the borders of this State.—Harrisburgh Union.

Pittsburg elects a Mayor about the 1st of January. Joe Barker is a candidate. The Democrats will re-nominate the present Mayor, Guthrie, but it is not known who the Whigs will nominate.

The Minister's Son.

If the son of a minister turns out badly, some are ready to say it is so with all ministers' sons. E—R—, the son of one of the best pastors in New Hampshire, was fast confirming the false proverb. He grew up, and left home with no religion. All the faithful instruction and prayers of his devoted parents seemed to fall powerless on his rocky heart. His father on his deathbed, wrung with grief that his son has outbraved all parental tears and warnings, prayed most fervently for his salvation; but left the world with nothing in him to encourage his hopes.

When I first saw him, it was in Northern Vermont. He had married an amiable lady, and lived on a farm. I gave him the tract, "Quench not the Spirit," saying to him, that if he was yet a stranger to God, he might find it contained a message for him. At length, I noticed him at a meeting where I was to preach. He had come a long distance. At the intermission, I made my way to him, and soon found that his mind was tender; that his great concern was for his soul.

Not many weeks after, I went to see him. He was rejoicing in hope, and his wife was in distress of mind for herself. I asked him to tell me what awakened him. He went into the other room, and brought me that tract. When I first read it he said, it seemed a message from God. He read it again and again. Then, said he, all the warnings and prayers of my good old father came before me. I felt that I had sinned them all, and had grieved the Holy Spirit to leave me for ever. But I took up my long-neglected Bible, and read and begged for mercy. And now I rejoice in the Lord.

In a few days, his wife too was led to Christ; and both rejoiced in the great salvation. They are now members of the church, and adorn their profession.

Brethren in the ministry, let us at all times be furnished with tracts; after having read and pondered the burning truths they contain, let us boldly yet courteously, approach the sinner on all suitable occasions, giving him a word of warning. Many, in the great day, shall we meet in heaven as the final result.

Messenger.

Style in Public Speaking.

The pithy writer who calls himself "Old Gilbert," in an essay on the subject of speech-making and preaching, gives some of his views in the following paragraph:

We confess our likes for effective pulpit style. A minister is not a pulpit essayist. A minister is not a philosophical lecturer. A fine book is not a fine pulpit style. The heart is the minister of the desk. The best style is that which brings the intellect down through the heart, and melts all its precious metals in that hot furnace. If you want a specimen, take good old South—what edge is in all he said. Playful but not light; sharp but not sour—imaginative but not dramatic—using common words with uncommon power—speaking to you as if he expected to convince you—full of earnestness—decided without dogmatism—witty but not vulgar.—All his words would strike like torpedoes.

Others are real artillery men—thundering and blazing. No objection to artillery men, if they will only throw balls; but it is rather funny to fire loud guns, and have very small shot.

Let every man keep his own natural style. All preachers can't preach alike. Personal taste should be rectified and then become personal law. How would Milton's old Gothic architectural style suit the simple-hearted Cooper? How would Charles Lamb look in Coleridge's Germanic idioms? How would Hall look in Chalmers' garb? How would Wesley appear in Harvey's gaudy robes?—Let every man be natural. Nature is a very indefinite word now-a-days. If you have the volume of water of Niagara, then you may become a cataract, but a bucket full won't answer. If you have electricity you may afford to thunder, but not without.

Barnum is exhibiting, in New York a Panorama of the Great Exhibition. It is characterized as excellent—giving the spectator a very good conception of that wonderful assemblage of all nations.

A continuous line of railroad will probably be in operation between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, early in the spring. The two cities are now only twenty-four hours apart.

General Belknap recently died on the Brazos in Texas. This is the tenth general who has died since the Mexican war. General Belknap was in the principal battles under Taylor in the Mexican war. At the Battle of Buena Vista he was adjutant-general and commanded the advance.

Among the fashionable novelties getting up in New York for the holidays, are "French crying babies," that is dolls, that make a noise like an infant crying. There is no need of the sham article about our house.—Phil. Sed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The royal mail steamer Africa arrived at New York on the 2d inst. with Liverpool dates to the 20th ult. We give an abstract of the news she brings.

FRANCE.
The advices from Paris are of a peaceful character. The President had distributed an immense number of the Legion of Honor, and had ordered a large sum of money to be distributed among the disabled soldiers.

Gen. Cavaignac had been liberated unconditionally and was about to leave France for Holland. The other incarcerated Generals are to be released upon their agreement to become voluntary exiles. Victor Hugo was at Brussels.

The partisans of the President were getting up a