

It is even wise to abstain from laws, which, however wise and good in themselves, have the semblance of inequality, which find its response in the heart of the citizen, and which will be evaded with little remorse. The wisdom of legislation is especially seen in grafting laws on conscience.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SALICETTI'S ESCAPE.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF ABRANTES.

The insurrection of the 1st Prairial (18th of May, 1795) having resulted in the discomfiture of the ultra democratic or Mountain party, a number of its members were of course enrolled upon a proscription list, and among them Salicetti. On the following day a small company, including Bonaparte, had been invited to dine at the table of Madame de Permon, who was to depart in a few days to join her husband. About six o'clock when her guests were expected every instant, she was told by a confidential servant, that there was a person waiting to speak with her in her chamber. She immediately repaired thither, talking with her daughter Laurette, and found Salicetti. He was pale as death, his lips were colorless, and his black eyes were shining like two pieces of burning coal. "I am proscribed," he said in a low and rapid tone, "condemned to death, and had it not been for a friend whom I met on the boulevard I would have been lost."

Intense was the anxiety, as may well be supposed, of those whose lives were endangered by the asylum granted; but it was destined to be increased by a severe indisposition which Salicetti was attacked, and during which, though it did not continue long, he became delirious. I was partly occasioned by the agitation of his mind, brought on by receiving intelligence of the death of several of his proscribed associates. They were six in number. As they were on their way to execution, one of them, Bonaparte, drew from his pocket a large penknife, with which he stabbed himself in the heart; and the same instrument was plunged in rapid succession into the bosoms of the five others. Bonaparte and two of his companions fell dead, but the rest did not accomplish their design. Although grievously wounded, they reached the scaffold

still alive, and there were barbarously murdered. The sickness of Salicetti, says Madame de Abrantes, "was a horrible thing. All that he said, all that he imagined he saw, cannot be conceived. I have read many romances in which similar situations are painted; but how faint the pictures appeared in comparison with my recollections. Never have I read anything that approached to them. Salicetti had no sentiment of religion, a circumstance which increased the horror of those fearful scenes. It was not a lamentation, but a continual blasphemy. The death of his unfortunate associates had made a terrible impression upon him. It was perpetually presenting itself to his mind under the most frightful aspects. There was one of those unfortunate persons especially whom he saw often than the others. That spectre neglected his bed-side—he spoke to it, listened to it, answered it. Sometimes he thought he was in a chamber entirely red. But the circumstance which shocked her the most, was the low and modulated sound of his voice in the gravest accents. It is probable that the sentiment of fear predominated over every thing else, even the acute suffering. I cannot describe in any words the effect which is produced upon me by the remembrance of that pale, sick man uttering words of anathema and damnation in a low tone, and with a dismal monotony of voice. He recovered, and a passport such as was desired was obtained, but in the interim Bonaparte had intimated to her that he suspected the refuge Salicetti had found. As soon as feasible, they set off from their residence—Salicetti mounted upon the box of the travelling carriage of Madame de Permon, in a suitable dress, and they passed the barriers of the city without difficulty. They reached the end of the first stage, and were about to pursue their route, when a man rode up and asked for "la citoyenne Permon." On her answering to her name, he handed a letter. It was from Bonaparte, though the writing was that of another person, whom our author afterwards discovered to be Junot. This singular epistle we translate literally from the volume before us.

"I have never liked to be taken for a dupe, but I should be one in your eyes, were I not to tell you that I have known for twenty days past, of the concealment of Salicetti at your residence. Recollect my words, Madame Permon, uttered on the very day of the 1st Prairial. I had then almost a moral certainty of the fact, but now I know it positively. Salicetti, you see, that I could have repaid you all the harm you have done me, and by doing so, I should but have revenged myself, whilst you have injured me without my having given you any cause of offence. Which is the finest part at this moment, yours or mine? Yes, I have been able to revenge myself, and I have not done so.—Perhaps you will say that your beneficence serves as your safeguard. True, that consideration is powerful; but, alone, disarmed, proscribed, your head would have been asked for me. Go, seek in peace an asylum where you may return to better sentiments for your country. My mouth shall be shut with regard to your name, and shall never be opened. Repent, and, above all, appreciate my motives. I deserve it, for they are noble and generous.

"Madame Permon, my best wishes follow you and your child; you are both weak, without any defence. May Providence, and the prayers of a friend be with you. Be especially prudent, and never stop in large cities. Adieu; receive my friendly salutations.

After Madame de Permon and her daughter had perused this letter, it was given to Salicetti, who became much more alarmed at the idea of Bonaparte's being possessed of his secret, than encouraged by the magnitude of his feat. But the latter was true to his word, and Salicetti accomplished his escape. He took leave of his generous saviours at Metz, where he embarked in a vessel for Genoa.

From the Banner of the Constitution.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

Mr. Editor: This truly national work will remain a lasting monument of the learning and industry of the Author; but, like all human works, it has its imperfections. In the definitions and explanations of words and phrases, Mr. Webster is not always accurate, or, to speak more correctly, he does not in every instance give us the last popular meaning. This is not the fault of the Lexicographer, for who can anticipate all the "parallel ramifications" of the "radical idea," which in the progress of science daily suggest themselves to the discursive minds of statesmen and philosophers? The great American System, to which we owe so much wealth and happiness, has not been less prolific in this "coinage of the brain;" but as it is of very recent growth, Mr. Webster has not been able to enrich his Dictionary with its vast treasures of thought. Doctor Johnson, in some instances, labored under the same disadvantages. Thus, when he first published his Dictionary, the word "Racine" was not understood; but, in the late editions of his work, this most popular dissyllable has been reinstated in all its just rights. So, with us, the word "Tariff" has been undergoing a change of meaning, which, out of respect to its great utility, ought to be noted for the information of the rising generation.

What I propose, is, to give you some of the meanings of words and phrases as used in the restrictive philosophy of the day. They may serve as hints for the second edition of Webster. I deem it quite unnecessary to produce authorities. Those who are familiar with the writings of Niles and Hamilton, (who is not?) with the Tariff Addresses, and the Speeches of Governors and Members of Congress, will be at no loss for examples.

Custom-House—A National Institution, where money is received for the support of capitalists and master-manufacturers.

Cotton Manufactory—A Charitable Institution, here children are taught to work and say their prayers, free of expense.

Smuggling—Fraud upon Monopoly. Surplus Revenue—Excess of income above expenditure; intended to erect hospitals for sturdy beggars.

Tariff—Monopoly. Tariff of 28—Bill of abominations. Labor—Machine moved by Congress.

Agriculture—Unprofitable mode of making bread. (Noble obsolete.) To Regulate Foreign Commerce—To Build Manufactories.

To Regulate Domestic Industry—To make people work for me, and not for you. To Foster Industry—To make people work as I please, not as they please.

Judicious Tariff—As much Tariff as the people will bear without rebellion.

Great Interest of the Country—\$100,000 of Lowell's Waltham Stock. To Encourage Domestic Industry—To put the labor of the Country at the disposal of the Master-Manufacturers.

To give a Profitable Direction to Labor and Capital—To make my occupation profitable at the expense of yours.

To Provide a Market for the Surplus Produce of the Country—To lessen the amount of the products of Agriculture.

To be Independent of Foreign Nations—To be dependent on certain classes of Capitalists and Master-Manufacturers.

Nation—The Tariff Convention at New York. Consumer—A person employed to wear coarse cottons.

Iron—A hard black substance, useful principally to Iron-Masters, or Soldiers in time of war. Molasses—A sweet liquid, used by the friends of Temperance in making Rum.

Syrup—Liquid Sugar; a fraud upon the Sugar Planter. Duty on Wool—New mode of raising Sheep and Weavers.

Duty on Iron—Encouragement of Blacksmiths.

Duties—Moral Obligations. Now used to estimate the profits of Manufacturing Industry.

American System—A mode of raising the wind without blowing the bellows; wealth by act of Congress.

Constitution—Will of the Majority expressed in Proverbs. Enterprise—Speculation encouraged by Law.

Imports—National loss. Exports—National gain. Free Trade—Unproductive mode of exchanging commodities.

I have thus given you a "taste of my quality." If you approve, and the next Tariff should further alter the meaning of the King's English, you may hear again from X.

The Bastinado.—If I was out of luck on this occasion, I was fortunate on another; this was nothing more nor less than the bastinado, bestowed upon some of our boat's crew, who having very unceremoniously seized a Turk by the turban, a row ensued, and two of our tars were lodged in a small goal close to the market place. I happened to pass, and over-hearing words much like unto the following, I ventured in: "I say Jack, what's that Turk going to do to you?" "D—ne if I know—but he seems to have taken a fancy to my shoes." I just came in-time to see the two wretches thrown upon their backs, and two stout Turks commencing a most regular hammering on the soles of their feet with sticks resembling those carried by Juniasarics. Jack roared in no common style, which seemed to astonish the Turks; for they stand the bastinado with apparent indifference accounting it rather an honor than a punishment, although they seldom solicit a continuation of such favors. I shortly had our men released, but they walked tenderly for at least a week afterwards.

Life of a Sailor.—The Metropolitan.

Labor.—There is a kind of man who thinks nothing is labor but that which is accomplished by bodily strength. To satisfy such a one that you are industrious, you must blast rocks, or dig the earth. I am convinced that corporeal toil is by far most favorable to happiness, because, however tiresome, its intervals are delicious. The most violent labor possible is that which requires an exertion of the mind at stated intervals. For example, the necessity of writing an essay by a given time; the necessity of it—dreadful thought!—These heavy penalties entailed upon us by the nature of civilized society, cause much suffering in the mass. I have known an actress compelled to go through a smiling and light hearted character, when her thoughts were actually engaged by domestic scenes of woe and death! This is what I call labor.

Effects of Fear.—The Courier des Etats Unis gives the following account of an experiment said to have been recently made at St. Petersburg. Six condemned criminals were placed in a hospital, and confined in the same rooms which had been occupied by sufferers from the cholera. This fact was unknown to them and they remained in good health for three weeks, making use all the while of the same beds which had been used by those who died of that disease. Their sentence of death was then announced to them with a promise of pardon, if they would enter a hospital which had been used for the cholera patients, and should escape the malady. They asked nothing better, and were conducted to a place where the cholera had never been. In a few days they were attacked from fear by the cholera. Four of them died—only two survived.

Murder.—On Wednesday night, the 23d ult., a mulatto slave, named Bill Herrington, belonging to Samuel N. Richardson, Jr. Esq. of Bladen county, was shot whilst in the act of entering his house with a torch in his hand the light of which enabled the murderer to take sure aim. Thirteen buck shot were lodged in the lower part of his body, which caused his death in about half an hour. We have received a statement of the particulars which we think it advisable to withhold. Fayetteville Obs.

Bank of the UNITED STATES. The Souther Review places in its true light that part of Mr. McDuffie's report in which he endeavors to show the constitutionality of the Bank by the argument that paper is coin. The following is the statement and the reply: Mr. McDuffie says in substance— "Coin is currency; paper is currency; therefore, paper is coin." To which the Review answers—"A watermelon is food; a roasted fowl is food; therefore a roasted fowl is a watermelon."

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

Jo L. is a wag in his own way, and is always seeing off the odd end of some smoking pipe or other. Jo carries his breed by vending drops of "arc-ture comfort;" or in other words, he keeps a small grocers store. A short time since we called at Jo's store to taste some of his new invented, double distilled, Burn-proof Lemonade, when after expressing our admiration of its flavor, he amused us with the following fact: "One hot day last summer," said Jo, thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets and giving his right eye a leeward lurch, while his left looked straight forward, as if to attend to all the business of his shop at once, "a couple of good-looking chaps, but rather hard-favored, and dry withal, whom I knew to be influential members of a Temperance Society, in a neighboring town, called in to moisten their tongues with my Burnproof. Good! says I to myself, I'll try your judgment touching matters of a spiritual nature;—so I added a gill of clear Brandy to the dose, which they swallowed with enormous satisfaction. About half an hour after, in came one of my gentlemen puffing and blowing like a Gulf Stream Parrot, and sweating like M. Chaubert, after an oven experiment. I dodged behind a Cotton Bale, expecting to here my brains beat out for the trick. I was not a little relieved to hear my temperate friend in a voice in which I could distinguish the rich quaver of his former portion eagerly demanding another glass of my Lemonade, and 'be careful, says he, to fix it just as you did the other, for that quenched my thirst most prodigiously."

Value of Time.—People often waste time because they do not know how to save it, or how to use it. The day and the year are the same length to us all; but to look at what some contrive to do in a day or year, one would think they had more time allowed to them than other people have, or they knew how to live without sleep. The secret is, that they never waste any time; they do not pass an hour in doing nothing, because half an hour is not an hour; and a few half hours put together almost make a day.

CENSUS.

The official returns of the United States, present the following results:—

Table with 2 columns: Category and Value. Total number of White Males: 5,258,730; do do Females: 5,127,799; do Male Slaves: 1,014,338; do Female Slaves: 995,384; do Free Blacks: 319,457.

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