Merch

We know not the author of the following beau tiful tale, which we are sure no one can read without intense interest. Poor Mignonne! she cannot but calist the sympathies of every reader.]

During the enterprizing expedition into Upper Egypt, General Desaix, a provincial soldier fell into the power of a tribe of Arabs, called Maugrabine, and was by them carried into the deeert, beyond the cataract of the Nile. In order to place a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Maugrabins made a forced march and did not stop till night closed in.-They encamped around a fountain surrounded by palm trees. Not supposing their prisoner would attempt to escape, they contented themselves with merely binding his hands; and after having fed their horses, and made their supper upon dates, they all of them slept soundly. As soon as the French prisoner was convinced of this fact, he began to goaw the cords that bound him, and soon regained the liberty of his hands. He seized a carbine, and took the precaution to provide himself with some dry dates, and a little bag of grain, and armed with a scimetar, started off in the direction of the French army.

In his eagerness to arrive at a place of safety he urged the already wearied horse until the generous animal fell down dead, and left his rider alone in the midst of the desert. For a long time the Frenchman walked on with the perseverance of a runsway slave, but he was at last obliged to stop. The day was finished; notwithstanding the beauty and freshness of oriental nights, he did not feel strength enough to pursue his journey. Having reached a little cluster of pulms, which had gladdened his heart at a distance, he laid his head upon a stone and slept without taking any precaution for his de-

feuce. He was awakened by the pitiless rays of the sun, which fell upon him with intolerable fervor; for in his weariness he had reposed on the side opposite to the morning shadows of the majestic palms. The prospect around filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eye but a wide ocean of sand, sparkling and dancing like a dagger in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left the imagination nothing to desire. Not a cloud obscured its splendor, not a zephyr moved the surface of the desert. The earth and the heavens seemed on fire-they met at the horizon in a line of light, as fine and glittering as the edge of a sword .-There was a mild and awful majesty in the universal stillness! God, in all his infinity, seem-

ed present to the soul ! The desolate wanderer thought of the funntains and roses of his own native province, and wept aloud. He clasped the palm, as if it had been a living friend. He shouted to relieve the forgetfulness of utter solitude. The wide wilderness sent back a sharp sound from the distance; but no echo was awakened! The echo was in his heart!

With melancholy steps he walked around the eminence on which the palm trees grew. To his great joy, he discovered on the opposite side, a sort of natural grotto formed by a pile of granite. Hope was awakened in his breast .--The palms would furnish him with dates for food, and human beings might come that way before they were exhausted. Perhaps another party of Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to have some charms for his imaginationor he might hear the noise of approaching cannon-for Benaparte was then passing over Egypt. from the deepest despair to the wildest joy .-He occupied himself during the day with cutting down some of the palm trees to defend the mouth of the grotte against wild beasts, which would probably come in the night time to drink at the rivulet flowing at the foot of the palms. Not- ty and fondness of the present moment. withstanding the eagerness produced by fear of being devoured in his sleep, he could not finish his fortifications during the day. Toward evening, the mighty tree he had been cutting, fell to the ground with a crash that resounded thro' the desert, as if solitude had uttered a deep

The soldier trembled as if there had been a supernatural voice in the air. But like an beir who soon ceases to moura over a rich parent, he immediately began to strip off the broad and beautiful leaves to form his couch for the night. Fatigued by his exertions and the extreme warmth of the climate, he soon fell into a profound slumber. In the middle of the night his eleep was suddenly disturbed by an extraordinary noise. He raised himself and listenedand amid the deep silence he distinctly heard the loud breathing of some powerful animal.-The sound fell upon his heart like ice. The hair started upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. He caught the glimpse of two faint yellow lights at a distance from him; he thought it might be an optical delusion, produced by his own earnest gaze, but as the rays of the moon entered the chinks of the cave he distinctly saw an enormous animal lying about two feet from him. There was not sufficient light to distinguish what species of animal it was; it might be a lion, a tiger or a crocodile; but the strong odor that filled the cave left no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

When the moon rose so as to shine directly upon the opening in the grotto, its beam lighted up the beautiful spotted hide of a huge pan ther ! This lion of Egypt slept with her head upon her pawa; with the comfortable dignity of a great house dog. Her eyes which had opened from time to time, were now closed. Her face was turned toward the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the soldier's bosom. His first idea was to shoot his enemy through the head; but he saw that there was not room enough for that; the ball would inevitably have passed her. He dared not make the slightest movement, lest he should awake her; nothing broke the deep silence but the breath of the panther and the besting of his heart. Twice he put his hand upon his scimitar, but the difficulty of penetrating her hard rough skin, made him relinquish his project. To attempt her destruction and fail in the attempt would be certain death. At all events he resolved to wait for daylight. Day came at last, and showed the laws of the alceping panther covered with blood.

"She has esten lately," said the Frenchman to himself. "She will not awake in hungey."

She was in truth a beautiful monster. The fur on her throat and legs was a dazzling whiteness; a circle of little dark spots like velvet, formed pretty bracelets around her paws; her large muscular tail was beautifully white, terminuted by black rings; and the soft smooth fur

on her trody was of a glowing yellow, like un-wrought gold, richly shaded with dark brown spots in the form of roses.

This powerful but tranquil hostess reposed as graceful an attitude as a puss eleeping on a footstool. Her head stretched on nervous outstretched pawe, from which her long white smellers spread out like silver threads. Had she been in a cage, the Frenchman would certainly have admired the perfect symmetry of her dark form, and the rich contrast of colors, that gave such an imperial brilliancy to her robe; but alone, and in her power, it was a very different hing. At the mouth of the cannon he had felt his courage rise with increasing danger; but it was sinking now. The cold sweat coured from his forehead, as he watched the sleeping panther. Considering himself a dead man, he waited his fate as courageously as he could. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes -stretched out her paws and gaped, showing a and as rough as a file. She then shook herself and began to wash her bloody paws, passing them from time to time over her ears, like a kitten .-Very well done," thought the soldier, who felt his gaiety and courage returning-"She does her toilet very handsomely." He seized a little dagger which he had taken from one of the Arabs-"Come, let us wish each other good norning," thought he. At this moment the panther turned ber head toward him suddeny, and fixed a surprised and earnest gaze upon

The fixedness of her bright metallic eyes, and their almost insupportable brilliancy, made the soldier tremble, especially when the mighty boast moved toward him. With great boldness and presence of mind, he looked her directly in the eye, having often heard that great power may be btained over animals in that manner. When she came up to him, he gently scratched her head, and smoothed her fur. Her eyes gradually softened, she began to wag her tail, and at last she purred like a petted cat; but so deep and strong were her notes of joy that they resounded thro he cave like the rolling of a church organ.

The Frenchman redoubled his caresses, and when he thought her ferocity was sufficiently tamed he attempted to leave the grotto. The panther made no opposition to his going out; but she soon came bounding after him, lifting up her back and rubbing against his legs, like an affecionate kitten. · She requires a great deal of attention," said the Frenchman, smiling. He tried to feel her ears and throat; and perceiving she was pleased with it, he began to tickle the back of her head with the point of his dagger, hoping to find a favorable opportunity to stab her; but the hardness of the bones made him tremble, lest he should not succeed.

The beautiful Sultana of the Desert seemed to empt the courage of her prisoner, by raising her head, stretching out her neck, and rubbing against him. The soldier suddenly thought that o kill her with one blow, he must strike her in the throat. He raised his blade for that purpose; but at that moment she crouched down gently at his feet, looking up in his face with a strange nixture of affectionate and native fierceness-The poor Freuchman leaned against the tree eating some dates, and costing his eye anxiously round the desert, to see if no one was coming to free him from his terrible companion, whose strange friendship was so little to be trusted. He offered to feed her with some nuts and dates ; but she looked upon them with supreme contempt. However, as if sensible to his kind intentions she licked his shoes and purred.

"Will she be so when she gets hungry !"hought the Frenchman. The idea made him tremble. He looked at the size of the panther. She was three feet high, and four feet long, without including her tail, which was nearly three feet more in length, and as round as a great

Her head was as big as a lion's, and her face was distinguished by a peculiar expression of cunning. The cold cruelty of the tiger reigned there: but there was likewise something strangely like the countenance of an artful woman, in the gaieseemed almost like Nero drunk. She had her fill of blood, and she wished to frolic.

During the whole day if he attempted to walk away, the panther watched him, as a dog does his master; and never suffered him to be far out of sight. He discovered the remains of his horse which had been dragged near the mouth of the cavern, and he easily understood why she had respected his slumbers.

Taking courage from the past, he began to hope he could get along very comfortably with his new companion. He laid himself by her, in order to conciliate her good opinion. He patted her neck, and she began to wag her tail and purr. He took hold of her paws, felt her ears, and rolled over the grass. She suffered him to do all this; and when he played with her paws, she carefully drew in her claws, lest she should hurt him. The Frenchman again put his hand upon his weapon, with a view of plunging it in her throat, but he was still held by the fear that he should not succeed, and that the animal would tear him to pieces in her agony. Besides, he really began to have an unwillingness to kill her. In the lonely desert she seemed like a friend. His admiration of her beauty, gentleness, graceful activity, became mixed with less and less of terror. He actually named her Mignonne, in remembrance of a lady whom he had loved in his youth, and who was abominably jealous of him. By the end of the day he had become so familiar with his dangerous situation, that he was almost in love with its exciting perils. He had even taught the panther her name. She looked up in his face, when he called "Mig-

When the sun went down she uttered a deep melancholy cry. "She is well educated," exclaimed the gay soldier. "She had learned to say her evening prayers." He was rejoiced to see the panther stretch her-

relf out in a drowsy attitude.
"That is right my pretty little blonde," said Florida Ter.

he-" You had better go to sleep first." He trusted to his ewn activity to escape during her slumber. He walted patiently; and when he seemed sound asleep, he walked vigorously towards the Nile. But he had not gone a quarter of a league over the sand, when he heard the pasther bounding after him, uttering at intervals

loud sharp cry. "Of a truth," said he, "her friendship is very flattering : it must be her first love." Before she came up, the Frenchman fell into one of those dangerous traps of loose sands, from which it is impossible to extricate one's sail. The panther seized him by the collar, and with incredible strength brought him to the other side of the ditch at a single bound.

"My dear Mignonne !" said the soldier, caressing her with enthusiasm, " our friendship is for life and death."

He retraced his steps. Now, he had a creature that loved him, to whom he could talk, it seemed as if the desert were peopled. Having made a signal flag of his shirt, he concluded to wait pa-tiently for human succor. It was his intention to have watched during the night, but sleep overpowered him. When he awoke Mignonne was gone. He ascended the eminence to look for her, and soon perceived her at a distance clearing the desert, with those long high bounds, peculiar to her species. She arrived with bloody jawa— When receiving his caresses, she purred aloud,

upop him with even more fond. and fixed her eyes ness than usual. The soldier patted her neck, and talked to her as he would to a domestic aniand talked to her as he would to a cating some mal-"Ab, ah, Miss t you have been cating some mal-"Ab, ah, Miss t you sahamed 1 Nevof the Mangrabins. Ain't you ashamed ! Nev-er mind—they are worse animals than you are But please don't take a fancy to grind up a French-man. If you do, you woo't have me to love you

This animal was so fond of caresses and play that if her companion sat many minutes without noticing her, she would put her paw in his lap to

attract attention. Several days passed thus. The panther was always successful in her excursions for food, and always returned full of af-fection and joy; she became used to all the in-flections of the soldier's voice, and understood the expressions of his face. Sometimes he amused his weary hours by counting the spots on her golden fur, and observing how beautifully they were shaded; she showed no displeasure even when he held her by the tail to count the splendid white and black rings, that glittered in the sunshine like precious stones. It was pleasant rightful row of teeth, and a great tongue as hard to look upon the graceful outlines of her ferm, the glossy smoothness of her neck, and the majestic carriage of her head. She delighted him most when she was in a frolic. Her extreme gracefulness and agility as she glided swiftly a-long, jumped, bounded, and rolled over and over was truly surprising. When she was darting up the rocky eminence at her swiftest speed, sh would stop suddenly and beautifully as the Frenchman called " Mignonne."

One day a very large bird sailed through the air over their heads. In the desert, anything that has life is intensely interesting. The Frenchman quitted the panther to watch the flight of the pird, as he slowly and heavily fanned the air. In a few minutes the Sultana of the Desert began to growl. "She is certainly jestons," the "She is certainly jeslous," tho't he soldier, as he looked at her herce and glittering eyes. They gazed intelligibly at each other. and the proud coquette leaped as she felt his hand upon her head; her eyes flashed like lightning and she shut them hard.

"The creature must have a soul !" exclaimed the Frenchman.

This account was given by the soldier himself. while I was admiring the docility of the powerful animal in the menugerie at Paris. "I know," continued the parrator, what I had done to displease Mignonne so much-or whether the resture was merely in sport-but she turned and snapped her teeth at me, and seized hold of my leg. She did it without violence-but thinking she was about to devour me, I plunged my agger into her neck. The pior creature rolled over, uttering a cry that froze my heart. She made no attempt to revenge my blow, but look ed mildly upon me in her dying agony. I would have given all the world to have recalled her to life t was as if I had murdered a friend-Some of the French soldiers, who discovered my signal, found me some hours afterward, weeping by the side of

her dead body.
"Ah, well," said he after a mournful silence, I have been in the wars in Germany, Spain, Prussia and France-but I never have seen any. thing that produced such sensations as the desert-oh, how beautiful it was !"

What feelings did it excite ?" asked I. "Feelings that are not to be spoken," replied the soldier solemnly. "I do not always regret my cluster of paint trees and my panther; but sometimes their remembrance makes me sad : in the desert there is every thing and there is no-

What do you mean by that?" "I cannot tell," waid he impatiently—after a pause he added, "God is there without man."

MR CLAY AND HIS FRIENDS.

Henry Clay is not President,-but he is some hing better-he is right in the opinions of the mass of intelligent Americans. Failing to elect him to the chief magistracy, they could not rest content without some further testimony of their respect and regard than their votes afforded .have already recorded the fact that by means of a quiet subscription-started in this city-Mr. Clay was relieved of considerable embarrassment | with gratified pride. At his own table, too, the incurred through his generous aid extended to a relative. We since learn that the amount raised to gather, for the grace and dignity with which for Mr. Clay is about fifty thousand dollars, of which about thirty five thousand dollars have been appropriated to the removal of all eucumbrances from his estate. Ashland therefore stands free, and its noble owner has besides a moderate sum remaining from the offerings of his friends. The testimonial was alike unsought and unexpected -a tribute to worth which the donors rejoiced in their ability to make. May the venerated object of the tribute live long to know that the thousands who profess friendship for hun feel it sincerely,-true alike in triumph-or defeat to him, who through a life of long and arduous service has been true to the honor and interest of the country .- North American.

GOVERNORS OF THE STATES FOR 1845. GOVERNORS. STATES. TERM EXP. May 1846 Hugh J. Anderson New Hampshire, John H. Steeles June 1845 "William Slade, Vermont, Massachusetts Jan. 1846

\*George N. Briggs, James Fenner, May 1845 Rhode Island. Roger S. Baldwin, May 1845 Connecticut, Silas Wright, Jr. Jan 1847 New York, Charles C. Stratton Jan. 1848 New Jemey. Francis R. Shunk, Jan. 1848 Pennsylvania, Maryland, Thomas G. Pratt. Jan. 1848 \*Thomas Stockton, Jan. 1849 Delaware. James McDonald Jan. 1846 North Carolina \*William A. Graham Jan. 1847 William Aiken, South Carolina George W. Crawford, Nov. 1847 Georgia, Benjamin Fitzpatrick. Alabama Dec. 1845 Albert G. Brown, Jan. 1846 Jan. 1847 Alexander Mouten Arkansas Thomas S. Drew, John C. Edwards, Nov. 1848 \*James C. Jones, \*William Owsley, Kentucky, Sep. 1845 Dec. 1846 Indiana. James Whitcomb. Dec. 1847 Mordecai Bartley, Dec. 1846 John S. Barry, Jan. 1846 tJohn Branch, tN. P. Tallmadge,

tJohn Chambers, \* Whigs 12. Locofocos 14. & Appointed by the President.

RHODE ISLAND. The Legislature of Rhode Island met and wa luly organized on Tuesday last. On the next day bills of general amnesty were introduced in both branches. They provide for the liberation of Thomas W. Dorr and all other persons now in prison for offences against the sovereign power of the State, and restore them to their former rights and privileges. They also propose to re-mit all fines and penalties incurred under the act of 1842, and direct that no prosecution shall be hereafter commenced for the offences therein mentioned. It is intimated that this measure will not pass in its present shape. Yet, all par-ties being tired of Mr. Dorr and his crime and punishment, there is little reason to doubt of his being released before this session of the Legislature closes.

General Dawson (one of the Representatives in Congress from Louisians) has reached his hone from Washington "in such a precarious state of health that he is hourly alternating between this world and the grave." So says the St. Francisville Chronicle of the 26th ultimo.

ONLY A TRIFLE.

fi's only a title, uncle, said Harry Stuyves-ant to his guardien. Miss Boyd may be as you say, careless; but it's only a trifle, and outweigh-

ed by her beauty and brilliant talents.
You may live to think differently, Harry,"
said the old gentleman. I have seen thice your years, and depend upon it, the happiness of a mar-ried life rests on the little things rather than the reat ones. You can't all the time be thinking f your wife's beauty, but will sometimes recur o the comforts you once enjoyed in a tidy house, and before a year has gone over your head, you will be willing to sucrifice her brilliant talents for an amiable disposition. Give me the woman who has the tact to percieve and gratify one's lit-fle peculiarities of taste or habit—who knows tien to have the suppers warmed, how much to cook the joint of meat, in what way to do up one's linen, and to attend to all these other little, every day comforts. You may despise these trifles now. but they have more to do with the happiness of a married life than any thing else."

Harry kept silent a moment, looking at the key of his watch, which he kept whirling; for felt that his uncle was eyeing him keenly! At

ength he spoke-But, granting what you say—how do you know that Ellen Boyd will not attend to all these trifles ! Cannot a woman of genius make a kind and considerate wife !"

" Certainly— a few may-" 'Then, interupted Harry, exultingly, ' that is giving up your case. I'll run the risk; she'll be few-and who wouldn't rather have a beauty and a bel esprit than a mere humdrum, and with these words he bowed himself out of his uncle's office.

The old gentleman shook his head sadly, as he

gazed at the young man.
'It is no use arguing with him, I see,' he said to himself-the bey's crazy with love, and is determined to throw himself away. I can only give him advice, and advice wont move him. let him try the experiment. As he makes his bed, so he must lie.' And with this homely proverb, the old gentleman turned to his deal, and resumed the examination of his papers.

Ellen Boyd was a beauty and a wit; but her emper was high, and she was both by nature and education selfish. The gratification of her pleasure was all she cared for, and to this she managed to make everything and everybody subservient. Her splendid face and figure, united to her really brilliant powers of conversation, made her a favorite in every circle in which she moved, and procured her constant admirers, who fed her self-love with flatterry. At home, she was considered the prodigy of the family, and in consequence had been speiled from her childhood. Her plainer sisters had learned to sacrifice a portion of their own wardrobes, to render that of their sister more splendid; and often they, as well as their mother, labored all day to adjust the dress that Ellen was to wear at a ball in the evening, for the family were not wealthy, and even had some difficulty, rumor said, to make ends meet at the close of the year. While her sisters were thus occupied, the proud beauty was usual ly lying on a sofa reading the last novel, or, perhaps, ill-humoredly finding fault with them for not performing their task more to her taste .-But all these things were borne meekly, for Ellen was expected to make a grand affiance, and besides, despite her many faults, her mother and sisters doated on her.'

Her most successful lover was Harry Stuyve sant, and he was wealthy, and moreover of one of the best families of the State; people said it would be a match. His uncle, more than once, expostulated with him, but these arguments generally ended as the one we have recorded, and finally it became publicly known that Harry was to be married early in the Autumn.

Harry took his young wife to a handsome house in the city, where he intended hereafter to reside during the winter; and for a while no man was more happy. The beauty of his bride was the theme of praise in every assembly where she appeared; he saw himself envied in the possession of such a treasure; he was almost bewildered most celebrated men of the country were proud Mrs. Stuyvesant presided, and the brilliancy of her conversation, were extelled by all. For two

months Harry was at the pinnacle of bliss. But he soon began to find that the cup was mixed with other ingredients than those of happiness. If to see his wife shine in company afforded him such pleasure, it was, alas! the only gratification her society afforded him, for at home she was always tired and silent, and even grew

pettish when he sought conversation. About three months after their marriage Harry returned home one wet evening, tired and exhausted by a day of unusually laborious business With a sense of relief he deposited his wet umbrella in the rack and opened the drawing room door. But instead of the cheerful fire he hoped to find there, all was cold and comfortless. He then went up stairs to his wife's sitting room, but she was not there. A little annoyed at finding her out, he rang the bell for a servant; but he had to repeat the summons before any one appeared. At last the cook entered. Where is Mrs. Stuyvesant ?'

'Gone out,' was the reply. 'She has been out all day."

· Humph ! Are you the only servant about ?' Yes, sir. The rest have all gone out toothey didn't expect you back so soon.' Isn't there any fire in the house!' said he sharply checking himself in a severe animadver-

sion on the servants.
'There comes John,' said the cook, as the gate was heard shutting, 'he will soon make up the fire, sir, and missus will be home by'm bye. In no very good humor Harry had to walk up and down the hall until a fire was made, and even after that, quite half an hour elapsed before the carriage drove up with his wife. She came in, complaining of excessive fatigue, and with a fit of peevishness, for the milliner had disappointed

her; and her husband spent one of the most un-

pleasant evenings of his life.

Aug. 1847

Sept. 1847

Another mouth passed on, and Harry's pleasure in witnessing the triumph of his wife's beauty continued to wear away beneath the thousand petty annoyances of home. He still, at times, loved her as passionately as ever, and often at an evening assembly, he would stand apart lean-ing against a pillar, contemplating like a young lover the effect produced by her transcendant loveliness. At other times he would hang, a charmed listener, on the words with which she was enchanting a circle of dignified and renowned statesmen. But when he entered his home, all his happiness had vanished. His wife belonged to that class who seem to think that it is to much trouble to dress for a husband, and accordingly she met him as breakfast and dinner, unless when there was company, in an old slovenly dress, and a manner that was sure to be indifferent, even if it was not ill-humored; for as Eller had married bim for his wealth alone, and that was now assured to her, she no longer considered it worth her while to consult his comfort. In the same way she met every ad-

novel or slept on the sofa. Sometimes Harry ventured to expostulate, but this only produced alterestions, and he was wise enough to give it up. Scenes like that which we have recorded, when he would return home and find everything comfortless, servants negli-

vance for an evening's quiet enjoyment when

there was no ball or soirce to attend, though this occurred but rarely. Instead of striving to entertain her husband, she usually took up a

gent because the mistress of the he careless, became too frequent. Harry, at length fore, in like circumstances—he sought abroad for that comfort he could not find at home.

There is not now a more unhappy couple than Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant. She still shines in public, the admired of all observers, but her beauty is already falling a victim to her ill-tem-per, and it is rumored that her hysband's fortune begins to feel the result of his gambling life, and that daily scenes occur between the two, in consequence of his refusal to supply her extravagance as before.

"I feared it would be so," said Harry's uncle,
"and I said, from the beginning, that Ellen's
selfishness would make her disregard his comfort. Ah! my dear, it is because you have paid so much attention to the every day trifles married life that we have been so happy."

Ladies' Nat. Mag.

REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS

FROM THE WILMINGTON DISTRICT. It may gratify some of our readers (says the Wilmington Chronicle) to see a list of the names of those who have represented this district in the Congress of the United States from the time the State entered into the Union. We have, therefore, compiled one, which is hereto annexed, with he time of service of each Representative.

When North Carolina acceded to the Union in 1790, she was by the Constitution of the United States entitled to five Representatives, until an enumeration of the inhabitants should take place, when, in common with the other States, she was to have one Representative for every thirty thousand inhabitants. To choose the five the General Assembly divided the State into five districts, each one embracing two judicial districts. The Cape Fear Congressional division, the third, was formed of the Wilmington and Fayetteville judicial districts. We have not been able to ascertain what Counties belonged to these two districts. To sepresent this third division, Timothy Bloodworth, of Wilmington, was chosen in Feb. ruary 1790; he served in the second and third sessions of the first Congress. In the second Congress, the division was represented by William B. Grove of Fayetteville; whether Mr. Bloodworth declined, or was beaten by Mr. Grove, we are not informed. In 1792, after the first census had been taken, the General Assembly laid the State off into ten Congressional districts, that being the number of Representatives to which she was entitled according to the ratio of thirty thousand. The sixth, or Wilmington district was composed of the counties of New Hanover, Brunswick, Bladen, Sampson, Duplin and Onslow .-The county of Columbus was afterwards taken off from Bladen, and the seven counties continued to form the district until the last districting of the State under the census of 1840, when Robeson, Jones, and Lenoir, were added, and the district numbered the sixth, as it was originally. It was the fifth under the census of 1830.

REPRES	ENTATIVES.		
		IN.	Ott
Timothy Bloodworth," o	New Hanover, 1	790	19
Wm. B. Grove, "		'91	79
James Gillespie, "	Bladen,	'93	.99
Wm. H. Hill, "	New Hanever,	'99	180
James Gillespie, "	Bladen,	'03	'0
Thomas Kenan, "	Duplin.	'05	'1
Wm. R. King,†	Sampson,	11	, 1
Charles Hooks,		16	'1
James Owen, (theu "		'17	'1
Charles Hooks, "		'19	15
Gabriel Holmes,†	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 1	'35	100
Edward B. Dudley, 6 "		29	35
James J. McKay, "		'31	74
It is observable that		s fu	rnisl

years of the fifty-three since its formation.

\* Mr. Bloodworth was a member of the Congress of the Confederation in 1786 and '87. In 1795 he was elected U. S. Senator, and served a full term of

William Hooper and Cornelius Harnett, both also of Wilmington, were members of the General Conress previous to the adoption of the Articles of Confederation, the first from 1774 to

t Now Minister from the United States to France. Afterwards Governor, elected by the Legislature. 6 Elected Governor by the people in 1836, the first nder the new Constitution.

NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1845.

There has been a slight improvement in prices at the stock market since the arival of the last steamer from England : the rate of money is some what lower. The operations are mostly in fancy and railroad stocks.

The punishment of death was inflicted yesterday in the prison yard of the Tombs, in Centre street, upon James Eager, an Irishman by birth, convicted some weeks since of murdering a man named WILLIAMS. The culprit died with firmness, after responding reverently to the prayer made by the clergyman in his behalf. He expressed a wish some moments before his execution to shake hands with Babe, the pirate, also nuder sentence of death; and said to the latter as they parted, "good bye, you must soon prepare to follow me." The advocates of the abolition of the death penalty have made active efforts to save Eager; but Governor Weight did not see any good and sufficient reasons why mercy should be extended in this case.

There was a large and spirited meeting of the Central Committee, of the New York Clay Clubs at the Howard House last evening, at which a letter from Mr. Clay, in answer to the recent address of the committee, sent to him enrolled on parchment and enclosed in a silver case, was read The letter is brief but appropriate; and its reading was followed by loud and enthusiastic demonstrations of applause from the audience.

Broadway has been a stir all the forenoon in onsequence of the appearance of four huge elephants, two abreast, barnessed to a car containng a band of music, and marching through our principal streets to the inspiring sound of windnstruments. They form part of a menagerie which arrived here this morning-from Philadelphia. It was an interresting sight to see these lephants make their way out of the ferry-boat at the foot of Courtlandt street. The cautious man. ner in which they tested the strength of the planks over which they were to walk, by first pressing their trunks against them, and then carefully throwing their weight upon one foot before venturing the body, was a wonderful exhibition of the instinct of those huge animals.

N. Y Cor. Nat. Int.

Or Geology .- What is Geology ? The scince of breaking stones. What is a geologist's capital? A pocket full of

What description of stone has been most sought fter! The Philosopher's.
Has it ever been found! Frequently. Where ! In a horn. Where deposited? In a hat. From what does it proceed ! Quartz. What is a Petri-faction ? Rather a hard party. Where does granite lie! In beds.

What is a stratum ! A layer of any thing. dention one. A hen. Another. A shipays ton. Mention a better. A layer of wagers. What is a flint ? A miser's heart. Can you break it 1 Yes. How 1

What is chalk ? The milk of human kindness Also, the organic formation of a score, whether applied to a slate or the end of a billiard one.

THE CONDITION OF THE WHIG PARTY
IN VIRGINIA.
This is the time to test the strength of Whig
principles on the part of those who have hereto-

fore professed to entertain them.

Within five months the party in this State have sustained two defeats, and for nearly four years they must, if they remain Whige, give up all hope of participating in the patronage of the Federal Government. Now, the question is, will they "remain Whigs?" Will they steadfastly adhere to those principles which they have declared to be inseparably connected with the happiness and liberties of the country ! Will they be content to do their duty with the expec-tation of no other reward than that of an approving conscience, and the abiding hope that they will yet see the day when the Government will be administered in such a manner as to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number of its citizens!

Every true Whig-every member of the party who really entertained the principles he professed, will give a hearty affirmative response to these questions, and will show by his conduct that defeat has only served to incite him to renewed exertions-that as there is more to do. he will do more, and never rest until the patriotic ends of the party are attained.

From those who were never true Whigs-men who joined the party without appreciating its principles, and who looked to the spoils of office as the only reward of exertion, we may expect a different line of conduct. They will desert to what seems the strong side, and, Swiss-like, offer their arms to those who can best pay for their

But, thank God! we believe there are not many of this latter description of Whigs. The party was pretty well purged by Tyler's administration of the waiters on Providence; and those who stood to their colours in the great battle of November will, we believe, when the time for another struggle comes, be again found marching under them.

The elections this Spring furnished any thing but a test of the real strength of the Whig party in Virginia. Mortification at the defeat of their great Champion and Leader paralyzed their exertions, and while few Whigs counted on such a defeat as we have sustained, we cannot believe that there was one in the State who counted on a victory this Spring. As time goes on, causes which now operate

against us, will cease to produce an effect, and we confidently look forward to the time when the party will not merely regain, but greatly increase its strength. Like that sterling Whig, the Editor of the Alexandria Gazette, we are yet buoyant with hope, and like him, we can with truth say, " we are in sober, earnest seriousness, when we say, that our confidence is unwavering in the recuperative energies of the Whigs, even of Virginia. A better day will bring forth better fruits." - Petersburg Intelligencer.

THE EMPIRE CLUB.

Mr. Brownlow, of Tennessee, lately in New York, gives a sketch of the prominent characters attached to the famous Empire Club in New York. We find the account published in the Richmond Whig. The head of the Club. ed Representatives for the district for twenty four he says, is a refugee from justice in Albany, for a late riot and attempt at murder. He was once arrested in Washington for stealing Treasury notes in New Orleans, by order of the President, The lieutenant of the Club was tried for the murder of a man named Londa, and was saved from the penitentiary for life by a hung jury. He was since arrested for stealing Treasury notes. One of the members was once convicted of manslaughter, and served out his time for the offence in the penitentiary. Another was convicted of theft and burglary, and pardoned out of the penitentiary by Gov. Bouck. Another was once arrested in New Jersey as a pickpocket, and after escaping because of some informality in the arrest, he came and joined this Club. Another, besides being a common thief, was once sent to the penitentiary for the murder of a man by the name of McCny. Andther vagabond is of the low order of gamblers. and has been twice arrested for riots. Another was once acrested for stealing a pocket-book and another time for stealing goods. Another has been once arrested for stealing, and frequently indicted as a gambler. Another never was known to commit but one capital offence, and that was stealing a clock, for which he was indicted and tried. And another has been arrested three times in the last two years for stealing goods of various kinds. This statement is put forth by Mr. Brownlow to corroborate the statements to the same effect heretofore made by the New York Express and other New York papers, and by Mr. Clingman in his speech in

the House of Representatives. Alexandria Gazette.

THE CANVASS IN TENNESSEE. GOY. JONES AND SENATOR FOSTER.

The canvass in Tennessee is progressing with great activity, and the gallant spirits who head this article, are again doing battle in the good cause. Ephraim H. Foster, it will be remembered is the Whig candidate for Governor, and Jas. C. Jones has accepted the nomination for Congress, in the 7th Congressional district. Let the people of Tennessee place their gate

lant Jones in Congress, and our word for it, Gov. Polk will find that he will be better known on the floor of Congress than ever before; though he has occupied a seat there hunself. Perhaps, there are no two men in the country, who know each other so well as President Polk and Gov. Jones .- Richmond Whig-

"THE VOICE OF THE WEST ON OREGON.—We have collected together a number of articles from some of the leading Western papers indicative of the public sentiment with regard to this great question. It is gratifying to see the cordial unanimity of opinion with which it is taken up, and the universal determination that our rights to the territory should stoutly and ably advocated. There is but one sen timent and one voice on the subject. What is clearly ours will be so claimed and maintained, let Grest Britain take offence as she may."

New York Evening Post.

Undoubtedly. " what is clearly ours" ought be " so claimed and maintained," at a proper tin and in a proper manner. But the very question at issue, in this case, between the United State and Great Britain, deemed a fit subject for neg tiation by all previous Administrations of Government, and now admitted by the present be such, is. What is clearly ours? The "oversal determination," the Evening Post a grant, cannot determine a question of right. The same a question of colors to be determined to the colors of the same and the is not a question of feeling, but of fact; to be cided not by popular demonstration, but up evidence.—National Intelligencer.