MY FIRST AND LAST SPEECH.

My parents were respectable hard-working people—myself their dear son. In an evil hour my poor father became convinced that his son Hiram Hock was born to be a great man. After mature deliberation and many misgivings and doubtful shakes by the head of my kind and affectionate mother, it was finally decided that I should study the law. At the age of seventeen, therefore, I commenced curving my spine upon a hard chair, with my heels upon the mantle-piece in winter, and the window-sill in summer, perusing at intervals the lyrical effusions of the gay and witty Coke, the facetious Fearne, the romantic Blackstone, and the irresistible and inexhaustible Chitty, that Beranger of the law. At the expiration of four years, with a stomach shrivelled up like parchment, weak eyes, and a confused notion of ten thousand conflicting principles associated with books bound in yellow calf skin, I was presented by my preceptor with a diploma for starvation. That worthy individual in spectacles I shall never forget; he was what is called a "thorough-bred lawyer"—as a practitioner and special pleader, he was eminently renowned, and, at the age of seventy-three, had acquired not only a subsistence, but some thought even a sufficiency in case of his demise, to prevent his widow from keeping a boarding house. All his actions were squared by rules of law, and the principles of his science. In his intercourse with mankind, he conceived the first duty to pay a fee; any dereliction from this important ceremony was a crime equivalent to high treason. Several rules had been served upon him at different times, and notices to quit this transitory life, in the shape of blindness, deafness, and temporary paralysis; but he still remained firm at his vocation, and not in the slightest degree intimidated by the severity of the attack. By means of an antiquated process familiar to himself, but utterly unknown to the medical faculty, termed "the suffering a common recovery," he was again absorbed in the studies of his captivating science, never intermitted, except to receive the "honorarium," all other literature in his estimation being not worth the snap of a *fi fa*. For nearly half a century this worthy gentleman had been seated upon an arm-chair adorned with a leather cushion, of which there was a faint tradition, that it once had been stuffed with hair, but now flat as a pancake, and as totally destitute of that excrescence as the shining bald pate of the distinguished sedentary. Empires had been overthrown by terrible revolutions, moral and political changes had occurred unnoticed by this excellent man. An occasional innovation upon the revered common law would sensibly affect his usual equanimity, and it is reported that it was several days before he could recover from the shock occasioned by the passage of a law, permitting a writ of partition to be sued out by the remainder man in fee, before the death of the tenant for life.

He was just in all his dealings and strictly pious in all his thoughts and actions. Conscious of a vested remainder in the future dependant upon a particular prior estate created at the same time and by the same instrument, (Co. Lit. 49, a,) coupled with comfortable assurance of an equity of redemption as decided in the case of Pulk vs. Clinton, 12 Vez. 59, his mind was perfectly prepared and tranquil upon all spiritual matters. And yet he had his bar jokes and reminiscences of ancient jests served upon a brother lawyer long since gone to final judgment, and on motion days would wrinkle up his sedate countenance into something that faintly resembled a smile, when reminded of these traditionary jeux d'esprit by a facetious judge who had received his quarter's salary. Under the auspices of this worthy personage, I nailed a piece of tin upon the front window shutter of a small room in the noisiest and most disagreeable part of the town, and with heroic patience for many a long month bode my time. I will pass over that weary interval. How often did I determine to abandon the profession and plunge into the active business of life, but habits acquired during my preparation for practice, and subsequent listlessness, with an entire separation from men of business, had utterly unfitted me now for any other pursuit. I was chained to the oar—the die was cast. O! that I had only had the courage to throw aside the hateful books and seize hold of the honest calling of my father—who was an eminent little calf butcher.

An opportunity at last occurred; a client, with lingering steps and slow, absolutely engaged *my* services to defend his cause in the Criminal Court. Why this infatuated individual appealed to me in preference to five hundred others, it was impossible to imagine. Afterwards it came to my knowledge that he had applied to several others for professional aid, but vainly, not having it in his power to perform that very important ceremony so agreeable to my venerable preceptor, and without which it was impossible to comprehend the plainest proposition; but the moment it was pocketed, every thing was as clear to his perception, as the noon-day-sun—by-the bye, the only figure he ever indulged in, with the exception of one other, with which he concluded an argument to his own mind perfectly irresistible, that "there was not a loop to hang a doubt upon." Without any fee or reward, vested or contingent, behold me preparing for the trial of this mighty cause. As I passed through the streets on my way to the Court House, I was impressed with the idea that the whole world was gazing upon me. Cæsar's procession to the Capitol was nothing to the heavy forebodings which shook my frame. Upon taking my seat within the bar, in vain did I assume an air of affected indifference; my heart beat almost to bursting, my mind became confused, all the blood in my body had rushed to the inmost recesses of my heart, leaving my face pale and clammy as a cold muffin. I felt very ill, and once or twice was upon the point of retiring under a sudden indisposition. I was awakened from this general paralysis by an appeal from one of the Judges of "Go on, sir, with your case."

My professional opponent, in manner, spirit and action, formed a strange contrast to myself. He was a pettifogger in the most unqualified sense of the word; uneducated, scarcely able to articulate three words of English correctly, and with about as much knowledge of the principles of the science as a Hottentot or Siberian Cossack, yet bold, forward and impudent, past all belief.

The swaggering air with which this gentleman of the bar confronted a timid witness elicited great applause from the spectators, and one or two roaring speeches with violent gesticulations and divers appeals to the fearless integrity of his own conduct, so overcame the sympathies of the tipstaves and the court loungers, that every oyster house resounded with his praise. Independent of these professional excellencies, he was a pot-house politician of great renown; between him and the Judge, therefore, there existed a kindred sympathy of feeling, the latter having arrived at that eminent station by reason of the same meritorious services.

Diffident of my own abilities, fearful of the sound of my voice, and embarrassed by the manner of the Judge, who was rollicking back in an arm chair, with his hand before his mouth, sliding something into the ear of his associate, which appeared to me a jest upon my person, or some stale joke entirely unconnected with the administration of justice—the curious enunciating in a bold, confiding manner, of what my opponent asserted to be law, and which he felt confident the court would hear him out with in their charge, so overwhelmed and distressed me, that I scarcely knew whether I stood upon my head or my heels. I, however, summoned up sufficient courage to rise and utter the following words:—"Gentlemen of the Jury"—these words had no sooner passed my parched lips, than the concentrated rays of twenty-three eyes were brought to bear upon my person—for one of the panel had lost one of these organs, but the remainder was a piercer—so that I immediately felt the full force of my perilous position, a target for the whole sworn twelve to fire at. It was awful; my limbs trembled beneath me, my hand shook till the paper fairly rattled as I held it forth. As I was about to reiterate the words just spoken, the silence which pervaded the Court room was interrupted by a cry of "stand back, clear the way for the Grand Jury," and in stalked the whole array and took their seats. The ceremony of receiving bills from this formidable body was finished, burglaries, larcenies, grand and petty, with one murder as a trump, were shuffled over by the Judge and then handed to the Attorney General, accompanied with a remark that they were all right—and after much shoving and cries of "clear the way, and make room for the Grand Jury," order was again restored and the twenty-three eyes again commenced mesmerizing me. "Gentlemen," says I, (a long pause) "Gentlemen—if there is one of you that will"—"*a-a-t che, ee!*" came from the one-eyed juryman, like the explosion of a keg of powder: such a sneeze was never heard before, nor never will be heard again; it startled the whole assemblage; some dozen loafers dozing upon the back seats gazed for a moment about them with a vacant and bewildered stare, then sunk back again into slumber, to dream of pots of beer, smoked sausages and Grand Juries. The twenty-two eyes of eleven were withdrawn from me and bent with curious gaze upon their twelfth one-eyed associate, from whose nostrils had issued that tremendous and supernatural blast; that gentleman's head buried for some time beneath the rail was not visible; my own impression was that it had dropt off or been hurled off, for he was very busy seeking for something upon the floor. Our apprehensions upon that point were quickly relieved, for up it rose again, slowly, as if drawn by some powerful machine, the mouth wide open from ear to ear, his right eye shut as tightly as the one which some amiable play mate had gouged out in youth—onward it went, until bent as far back as the natural structure of those parts of the body would permit, every energy of that individual juryman apparently concentrated into the effort to give forth a sneeze that would astonish all mankind. Judging from the involuntary specimen of his powers already given, there could not 'be a loop to hang a doubt upon,' as my preceptor would say, but that his forth-coming effort would realize the most sanguine expectations of the audience. Bench, bar, tip-stave and spectators, as one man, with suppressed breath and staring eye-balls, awaited the awful explosion—there it comes—there was a slight preliminary gasp—a preparatory heave—the eye opened, the mouth shut, and the nostril ejaculated a slight "hitche," not much louder than the chirp of a tomtit. This was worse than the other; disappointment pervaded the whole assemblage, with no small mixture of popular indignation. There was something, however, so irresistibly comical in the whole exhibition, that with one accord the gentle world of general sessions roared with laughter—all except I, who was now doubly confounded; all my pathos, the preparation of my weeks, was sneezed away by that infernal one-eyed juryman; and though silence was cammanded in every variety of cadence and emphasis, from the snap-snap of the newly fledged constabulary to the deep growl of the old crier, who was famous for the imperious demands upon the public for that which he could never maintain in his own domicile, I was utterly gone, dumb foundered, and, with one or two spasmodic efforts at articulation, gave up, and sank into my seat covered with confusion.—What transpired afterwards, I have no recollection of. Upon looking over the columns of a newspaper some days after, I saw that my client had been convicted, notwithstanding a most powerful speech by Hiram Hock, Esquire.—This was my first effort, with every probability of its being my last.

From the German of Jean Paul.

THE DREAM ANGEL.

Once the bright angel whose duty it is to watch over the happiness of men—the guardian angel of the world—drew near the throne of the Heavenly Father and prayed:

"Give me, O Father, a means by which I may teach man a way how to avoid, in part, at least, the many sins and temptations which the fall hath entailed upon him; for man is not always bad. At times his heart is ready to receive the good which a light external might fix upon him!"

Then the Father spoke to the angel, and said:

"Give him the Dream!"

The sweet angel flew over the world, with his sister, the Dream.

Far and wide they spread the gentle influence, and the hearts of life-weary mortals were rejoiced But the soft breathings of the Dream Angel fell not alike on all.

To the good and gentle, who had sunk to rest amid the blessings of their loved ones, and whose slumber was deepened by the toil of good deeds which they had done, there came soft and silent glimpses of the far land of light. Forgetting the narrow prison of the world, their souls rose up, and spread broad and wide over the land of visions, and gazed with eagle eyes upon the glories. But as the night waned, their dreams grew dim, and the outer influence of the soul gently closed upon them, even as the corolla of the night-flower closes about it, and shuts from its gaze its best loved starry heaven.

To the toil worn, sunburnt husbandman, who has fallen asleep in despair, and who ever feared lest some grim accident might destroy the fruit of his labors, the sweet dream came like a soft summer shower upon the parched and dusty fields, and, as he dreamed, he saw the green corn rising in goodly ranks, and gazed with joy upon the small, soft ears—which, at first no larger than flower buds, seemed, as he beheld them, to expand to ripe maturity.

There are certain dream phantasies, and strange sleep changes, that are to be found only in the deep, unbroken slumber which results from extreme bodily fatigue, or in the light irregular rest of a fever—even as the grotesque blue dragon-fly and the strange water flitter are found only on the surface of the deep, silent pool or the shallow brook. And as the husbandman slept on, the fantastic spirits who attend the dreams flitted about him, and spread a gay confusion over the happy vision; for as he gazed upon the golden ears, a purple and scarlet cloud seemed to overshadow him, while round about he heard the pealing of bells, the ringing of familiar voices, and the lowing of cattle, and in the intervals there came the shouts as of glad friends at the harvest home.—Then the purple cloud gathered again about him, but the dream spirits with their long and shadowy arms drew him through it, and now he stood before a well filled granary, and the tears of joy ran down his cheeks. His wife and loved ones gathered round him, and their blessings and praises sank into his heart, and mingled with the hymn which rose like a golden cloud from the ocean of his soul. And he awoke from the sweet dream, and blessed it for the hope which it had inspired him with.

But the dream flew on to a guilty prisoner, who had fallen asleep cursing his judges, his doom, and the black, damp fetters which clung like cold adders to his limb; and as he dreamed, the prison was opened, the cold chains fell away, and remorse and rage no longer fixed their poison fangs upon his heart. Bright light shone upon him, and blessed thoughts of mercy, repentance and reconciliation flitted through his mind, like golden winged butterflies through a summer garden; and he awoke trusting in release, with his heart filled with love and kindness. Did the cold damp fetters fall from his limbs? Were the prison doors opened? The fetters fell not away, the prison doors remained fast; and worn down by famine and sickness, he perished alone in the narrow dungeon. But the blessed hope which the gentle dream had left in his heart gladdened his last hour, and as he died, he exclaimed: "Not my will, but Thine, O Father!" Behold, there was joy in heaven!

It has been said that Hope alone is left with mortals- but with her abideth her sister, the Dream, who maketh her known to us; for by dreams men are led to hope—and by Hope shall we be saved.

The New York Courier asks, is Senator Douglas mad? And the Washington Sentinel asks, about the anti Nebraska meetings in New York, "does madness rule the hour?" We trust that there is to be sanity preserved all around.

JONATHAN AS A NEUTRAL.

The truth of the homely and threadbare adage that "it is an ill wind which blows nobody good" is strikingly illustrated in the prosperity enjoyed by commercial neutrals, during the continuance of a general war fiercely waged by the principal belligerents. From fields drenched in blood, from starving troops and beleaguered cities, the neutral reaps his richest harvest of gold. The fruits, however, of his enterprise, like the apples of the Garden of Hesperides, are difficult of access, and guarded by a thousand dangerous laws and regulations. It is difficult for a ship to sail too near the great Maelstrom, without being swallowed up; it is hazardous to sport too near the Falls of Niagara, and escape being dashed to pieces; and it is equally unsafe to have too many dealings with enraged national belligerents, blinded by the furious passions of a long and fierce war.—And now that the European horizon is lit up with the flames of war, and the din of preparation is heard in every quarter, thousands of keen, adventurous Americans are preparing to push their fortunes in every port, and, protected by the flag of the Republic, to take the cash of all the belligerents and the ill-usage of none. And as the citizens of this country, about the commencement of the present century, profitted largely by the exercise of their privileges as neutrals, during the wars of Napoleon, the yankees of the present generation regard those national scourges, War, Pestilence, and Famine, as Providential afflictions, so long as their blessings are confined to "the rest of mankind!"

The New England people are opposed to war only when that calamity diminishes the weight of their purses and forces their young men into uniform jackets and strange lands. They delight to see the "*thunderin old monkies of Urope*" plunged to their eyelids in the boiling waters of internecine strife. Their thrifty souls expand over the fires of a general European conflagration; for it raises the price of freight, adds new value to codfish, imparts vitality to the mackerel business, and renders horse-beans and "notions ginerally" remarkably saleable. They don't like to be the principals in a great national set to—not that Jonathan fears gunpowder—but the bayonet don't pay, nor are bullets the kind of pills that agree with his constitution; but he delights in the position of a neutral.—He shrinks (honor to his refined and gallant nature) from a leading part in the disgusting Tom Hyer exhibitions of which Russia and Turkey are fond; but the pacific position of bottle-holder and sutler delights him hugely. His generous, philanthropic heart swells with delight when he deems it his duty to supply the belligerents with bread and meat. Jonathan is a pacific individual, and under such circumstances helps the needy nations in the same benevolent spirit that Shylock aided the Venetian merchant. Famished belligerents are not particular, in matters of diet, and all the fragrant and artificial articles of food which we benighted savages of the South refuse—such as mackerel, with an ancient and fish-like smell, and the ligneous hams, and the indigenous nutmegs of Connecticut—take prodigiously with the hungry citizens of a besieged town. Hence, Jonathan is now dancing and grinning with as much humane delight around the bubbling, simmering cauldron of European affairs as the frightful witches in Macbeth capered around their famous pot of nourishing, but somewhat eccentric, soup. His sails will soon whiten the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and his goods will find their way to all needy Russians, Turks, English and French who can pay well. Jonathan, when he gets to the Dardanelles, will be all things to all men. He will change the complexion of his political sympathies with every port, and swear by the Crescent when he wants to sell his cod-fish, and by the Cross when he desires to get rid of his rum.

But whilst we wish Jonathan great success in his position of a commercial commissary, we trust that he will be careful in respecting with religious awe the laws relating to neutrals.—Protected, as he will be, by the flag of a great nation, he should not presume too far upon that fact. The slightest false step might involve this country in the war which will probably soon shake Europe like an earthquake. If the cupidity of our sailors and merchants should tempt them to forget honesty and violate the laws of neutrality, the flames of war would leap across the Atlantic and involve this country in the general conflagration. If Jonathan gets to selling contraband gunpowder and illicit muskets, and the keen lynx-eyed belligerents discover the crime, it will blow up all his prospects for reaping a fortune from the European war. Or if he dabbles, as he is rather fond of doing, in the plunder and privateering business, he will be ignominiously kicked out of every port of Europe. It is dangerous for a neutral, however great, to tamper with belligerent nations, when they are excited by all the vile passions with which war renders hideous and heartless the human heart. They would care no more for our stars and stripes than the enraged and wounded bull cares for the red flag of the Matador.

England still denies the doctrine of expatriation, and the fifty thousand unnaturalized English seamen in the commercial marine of New England will, in all probability, give us much trouble. For English naval officers, we regret to say, do not hold long-sided, nasal-toned, scripturely-named yankee skippers from Salem, Nantucket, Boston and New Bedford, in high esteem; and when exercising the detested right to search, in time of war, will examine the contents of a suspected American vessel, for contraband goods and English deserters, about as gently as a tornado pries into the affairs of a forest of thick scrub oaks.

A neutral has to submit to insults; for angry men deal out rough usage to neutrals as well as to enemies. Jonathan, if he wishes to make money in the Mediterraean and the Black Sea, must, like the passive Jew, expect to have his gaberdine much spat upon. Indeed, we fear that the Russians, Turks, English and French, will make a perfect spittoon of him if he practices smuggling in tobacco too boldly.

The maintainance of peaceful relations with belligerents will depend upon American neutrals having nothing to do with the political affairs of Europe. If they meddle with the concerns of any of the nations engaged in the war, we will be forced into the fight. However deeply we may sympathise with the Democracy of Europe, and however cordially we might rejoice at the success of a united struggle for independence among the people, as a neutral, protected in our trade by the law of nations, we should do nothing to promote revolution and insurrections among the people of Europe.

Fervently as every friend of liberty may pray that the people will seize the opportunity, which a general war among kings will offer, for the triumph of Democracy in Europe, yet, as neutrals, our hands are tied. If our New England brethren, therefore, whilst they are eagerly pressing their fortunes in the Mediterranean and Black Seas, interfere with political matters, they will be forced, much against their wishes and interests, to assume the highly honorable but dangerous position of principals in the great war from which they hope to extract so much profit, as thrifty neutrals.—*Rich. Dispatch.*

COL. MAGRUDER.—The Washington *Star* publishes a denial from the brother of this distinguished officer, of the recent story set on foot in that journal, that he had entered the service of the French Emperor. He says it is Col. M.'s intention to proceed to the Danube, for the purpose of witnessing the military operations of contending armies in that country, with the view of acquiring information in the art of war, for the sole purpose of benefitting our own country and the service to which he belongs.

AN EDITOR IN LUCK.—The Hon. Nathan Preston, a gentleman belonging to an old revolution and puritan family seated at Litchfield, Conn., has just died, leaving a large fortune, amounting to from $130,000 to $200,000, in money, stocks and lands in various parts of the country, but principally, it is said, at Pittsburg. It seems that Mr. Preston was an uncle, on the maternal side, of Mr. Jos. A. Scoville, editor of the *Pick*, of New York, who is the only legal heir to this vast estate.

From the London Times, March 1.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE WAR.

The time is now come, when the near approach of the season for naval and military operations and the establishment of a complete understanding between the four great Powers of Europe, opposed to the aggressive policy of Russia, render it expedient, that prompt and effectual measures should be taken to bring the question of peace and war to an issue. The Governments of England and France have therefore resolved to address to the Emperor of Russia a formal summons, calling upon him to give within six days from the receipt of that communication a solemn promise and engagement that he will cause his troops to evacuate the Principalities of the Danube on or before the 30th of April. The couriers who are bearers of this dispatch from London and Paris started on their journey yesterday morning. They will pass through Berlin and Vienna, whence it is understood that similar demands will be forwarded at the same time by the Cabinets of Prussia and Austria. The refusal on the part of Russia to comply with this just demand, or to return a fitting answer, will be regarded by the Powers as a declaration of war. It is calculated that this communication will reach St. Petersburg in nine or ten days. Very possibly the Emperor Nicholas will not avail himself of the formal term of six days which has been extended to him, as there can be no doubt of the purport of his answer; but, at any rate, in less than three weeks that answer will be known, and the forces of the allied Powers, which are in fact already on their way to their respective destinations, will by that time be in a position to commence immediate hostilities.

Upon the arrival from the Tagus of Admiral Corry's squadron, which was seen yesterday evening outside the Isle of Wight, and has now cast anchor at Spithead, Sir Charles Napier, the commander of the fleet, transfers his flag to the Duke of Wellington. That portion of the naval forces which is already completely ready for active service will shortly assemble in the Downs, and proceed early in March to the Kattegat, where it will await the opening of the Baltic, which is seldom accessible for maritime operations before the latter part of the month of March, so that the presence of the fleet off the shores of the Baltic will coincide in point of time with the period at which the definitive answer of the Emperor of Russia to the *ultimatum* of Europe can be received. The Russian Baltic fleet consists of three divisions of about nine line-of-battle ships each, which are now lying in the three naval ports of Revel in Esthonia, Helsingfors in Finland, and Constadt—all within the Gulf of Finland. Of these three stations, Revel is commonly free from ice ten days or a fortnight before the upper part of the Gulf, and it is of course important that the divisions of the Russian fleet which are thus separated should not be enabled to re-unite under the guns of Constadt. Helsingfors is protected by the fortifications of Sweaborg, built on three islands opposite the mouth of the harbor, and mounting 800 guns, and barracks and casements for 12,000 men. The Isles of Aland, which were seized by Russia when she effected the conquest and annexation of Finland in 1809, are also an important naval station, as they command the Gulf of Bethnia, and threaten even the capital of Sweden, to which kingdom they ought rightfully to belong. It would be a wise and politic measure, well calculated to check the immoderate ascendancy of Russia, if the events of the war enabled the allied Powers to restore these islands to the Scandinavian monarchies, with which they are intimately connected by race, religion, past traditions, and national spirit; and we cannot but hope that the gallant people of Sweden may take advantage of this conjuncture in affairs to recover the provinces which were so shamefully wrested from them nearly half a century ago.

The arrival of the forces already on their way to the East will precede by very little the period which may now be assigned for the cessation of all suspense. The first two French columns, of about 8,000 men each, will embark simultaneously at Toulon and Algiers, while the British division is making its way up the Mediterranean. We learn at the same time, by telegraphic dispatches from Constantinople of the 13th instant, that the Porte has acceded to the convention proffered to it by England and France; so that on their arrival in the Turkish territories the troops will be received under the provisions of a specific engagement with the Turkish Government As a further proof of the excellent understanding and cordial union which exist between the French and English Governments, we cannot omit referring with great satisfaction to the circular addressed by the Ministers of these two great empires to all their agents and officers abroad, directing them to use their utmost endeavors, in all parts of the world, to protect the property and interests of each as they would those of their own countrymen. This is a most striking proof of the united policy and common intention of the two great States, and in all the various emergencies to which a state of war may give rise in different parts of the globe, it is alike honorable and useful to both nations that they should afford a joint protection to the interests of their subjects abroad.

The Emperor of Russia is driven to very different expedients to express the annoyance and irritation which he feels towards his former allies. The regiments in his army which bore the names of the Austrian and Prussian Sovereigns have been commanded to change their designations. The Military Commissioner or Envoy of Russia who has habitually resided at Berlin is ordered to join his regiment on duty, and Russian officers are not to wear Austrian and Prussian decorations. This last hint is not undeserving of imitation in Germany and elsewhere, where the badges of servility to Russia are but too common. Within the last few weeks the chief Ministers of Bavaria and Saxony have actually received and accepted the Russian Order of St. Alexander Newsky; and what is still more extraordinary, General Castelbajac, late French Minister at St. Petersburgh, who has just been recalled in consequence of the impending rupture, thought himself justified in accepting the same decoration from the Emperor whose Court he was about to leave. The nomination of Prince Pashkewitch to the command of the army on the Danube, is a measure which gives no very high idea of the resources of Russia in her superior officers. Prince Pashkewitch was at no time a General of great eminence; his military reputation was gained by beating the Persians; and in the Hungarian campaign he displayed neither activity nor fertility of resource. He is now, moreover, considerably above 70, and infirm for his years; we do not take Prince Pashkewitch to be the man to extricate the Russian army from the great difficulty in which it is placed, with an enemy in strong positions behind a great river all along its front, and the probability that it will shortly be menaced on both flanks by an European army composed of the best troops in the world. It is, in fact, difficult to conceive what operations can be attempted with success by any army in such a position, threatened as it is on all sides and on its line of operations; and, although we certainly do not anticipate that the Emperor of Russia will engage to evacuate the Principalities in deference to the summons of the other Powers, we have yet to learn how he can hold them against their will.

LACONIC.—The following is a copy of a dispatch said to have been sent to the White House by an intimate friend of President Pierce, when the result of the New Hampshire election was known at Concord:

Dear Sir—Your old ward has been carried by the opposition, and even the State itself has gone to ——————!

Some of the Clergy and Professors at the North, are so violent against the Nebraska bill, that they talk about "taking up arms." Well, let them. "Who's afraid?"

GENIUS.—A Yankee has invented a machine for extracting the lies out of quack advertisements. Some of them are never seen after entering the machine, as only the truth comes out.

SUPPLYING FOOD IN FRANCE.

The Emperor Napoleon, in his recent speech to the French Chambers, thus explained the operations of the Government in relation to a supply of breadstuffs during the past winter, and the policy that will continue to be preserved:

"The insufficiency of the harvest was estimated at about ten millions of hectolitres of wheat, representing a value of nearly three hundred millions of francs, and the lading of 4,000 vessels. Could the Government undertake the purchase of these ten millions of hectolitres on every point of the globe, in order to sell them afterwards in all the markets of France? Experience and prudence affirmed clearly enough that such a measure would have been encompassed with embarrassments of an insurmountable character, and with inconveniences and dangers without number. Private enterprise alone possessed the financial and material means of effecting so great an operation. The Government consequently adopted the only course that was practicable; it encouraged freedom of transactions, by delivering the corn trade from every impediment. The elevated price of an article so necessary to the general alimentation of the country is, without doubt, a calamity; but it was neither possible nor desirable to evade it as long as the deficiency was not provided for; for, if the price of wheat had been lower in France than in the circum-adjacent countries, the foreign markets would have been supplied at the expense of ours.

"That state of things was nevertheless certain to produce a situation of difficulty which could only be combatted by activity of employment or by private charity. The Government therefore applied itself, from the commencement of the year, to opening credits which, exceeding by a few millions only the resources of the budget, will, with the co-operation of the communes and of the various companies, ensure the execution of a mass of public works estimated at nearly four millions of francs, without reckoning two millions appropriated by the Minister of the Interior to charitable establishments.

"I recommend above all to your attention the system now adopted by the city of Paris; for, if it extends, and I trust it will, to the whole of France, it will for the future prevent, in the price of corn, those extreme variations which, in times of abundance, cause agriculture to languish in consequence of the low price of wheat, and, in years of scarcity, force the poorer classes to suffer so greatly from its excessive dearness.

"That system consists in establishing, in all the great centres of population, an institution of credit, under the name of Caisse de Boulongerie, which can give, during the months of a year of dearth, bread at a price infinitely inferior to the official quotation, on condition of paying a little dearer for it in years of fertility. These latter being in general more numerous, it is easy to conceive that the compensation between the two can be effected with facility. In addition, this immense advantage is gained of founding societies of credit, which, in lieu of gaining so much the more when bread is dear, are interested, like every one else, in its becoming cheap; for, contrary to what has existed up to the present time, they make their profits in seasons of fertility and lose money in seasons of scarcity.

"I am happy now to announce to you that seven millions of hectolitres of foreign wheat have been already delivered for public consumption, independently of the quantities now on their way and in store; and that, consequently, the most difficult moments of the crisis are past.

"There is one circumstance which has made a profound impression on me, and that is, that during all this severe winter, not an accusation has been directed against the Government, and that the people have submitted with resignation to sufferings which they were just enough to impute to circumstances alone—a new proof of their confidence in me, and of their conviction that their well-being is, before everything, the object of my constant pre-occupations.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. Maule, agent for Berford's Express, has placed us in possession of a number of San Francisco papers, which we have been reading with much pleasure and profit. If there is any one thing more than another, which tends to give a correct idea of the amazing development of the extraordinary city in question, and of the wonderful country in which it is situated, it is the number and character of the journals which it supports. They indicate, not only that there must be a great population and great wealth in the community in which they live and flourish, but that the intelligence which requires them must be far above the average.

We have before us, 1st, The "Alta California," a double sheet of precisely the same dimensions with the New York Times, which it singularly resembles, in its general appearance and "getting up,"—the paper being apparently the same, and the type and arrangement being so much alike, that it is hard to distinguish them at the first glance. Its columns are crowded with news and advertisements, and it has about it that unmistakeable business air which denotes prosperity, and the demand is so great that it is issued twice a day. It has, besides, a weekly paper, and a paper for the steamers. 2d. The San Francisco Sun, a paper about as large as its Baltimore namesake, and resembling it very much in other respects. This is, we think, edited with more spirit than any other paper we have seen from the same city. 3d The California Chronicle. 4th. The San Francisco Herald; and, 5th. The Weekly Journal. There are several others, which we have not now before us, but all of which indicate a high degree of prosperity.

No other people in the world, we venture to say, would have so soon felt the want of gas-lights and supplied it with so little parade as the San Franciscans have done. Their works have already been completed: three miles of pipe have been laid—and the city basks in a perfect flood of light, while all around it is as dark as the darkest nights in the year can make it. True, they pay $15 per cubic feet for the luxury: but, if they have a plenty of money and no poor kin, what is it to us? Besides, the President of the company, at a grand jollification given on the occasion of lighting up the streets for the first time, proved to the satisfaction of all whom it may concern, that though they paid $15 and New Orleans ony $8, yet they were getting the gas cheaper than the Orleanians. As we were not one of those whom it concerns, we paid not enough attention to the curious process which resulted in the proof that $15 was less than $8, to grasp the method of reasoning. It must have been very strong reasoning, however, to have established so knotty a point, and very convincing withal, for it seems to have satisfied everybody.

Another proof of the high civilization to be found on the Pacific consists in the number of places of amusement, and the just appreciation of every species of histrionic talent, by which the community of San Francisco is distinguished. In this respect, there appears to be no difference between the great Western city and any of its older sisters upon the Atlantic board. Several artists, of various descriptions, have made fatal mistakes, in conceiving themselves to be acting before the inhabitants of a remote provincial town. They have found out, to their cost, that the audience is highly appreciative, and not disposed to be satisfied with anything worse than their very best acting.

These are things which do not strike the eye so much as the immense crowd of shipping always in the harbor, and the huge business transactions of which San Francisco is every day the scene. But they are highly significant, nevertheless, and, in connexion with its business, justify us in pronouncing San Francisco to be the most extraordinary city of which we have any account.—*Rich. Post.*

WHY NOT?—On the books at Willard's Hotel, Washington, is the following recent entry:—"Mrs. Lewis and husband, Buffalo." Why not? Mrs. Lewis may be much the better man of the two.

JUDGE BRONSON AND THE NEBRASKA BILL.

The Richmond Enquirer, which had occupied the unnatural and graceless position of defending the President for the removal of Collector Bronson, because he would not associate with himself, in the business of his office, the friends and followers of Martin Van Buren, snapped up, the other day, with precocious and uncommon satisfaction, a floating paragraph which represented Judge B. to be hostile to the Nebraska bill. The Enquirer felt certain from the first that the ex-collector was a freesoiler—and now that the fact was established, like the old woman when told that the turkey had eaten up the grind-stone, it could not forbear the self-complacent exclamation: "*I told you so.*" It is almost a pity that the Enquirer's triumph should be so short-lived. The next mail, but one, brought an extinguisher to its joy, in the shape of a letter, written more than a month ago—a spontaneous tribute from Judge B. to the author of the Nebraska bill, and a voluntary and complete endorsement of its provisions. We give it, as published in the Washington Sentinel;

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1854.

DEAR SIR:—Allow me to say that I have read with great satisfaction your very able speech on the Nebraska bill, now pending before the Senate; and I should have said as much some days since, if my engagements had not prevented. You have placed the measure upon the broad and safe foundation of excluding the slavery question from Congress, by referring it, as well as other questions of self-government, to the decision of the people of the Territory. This fully accords with the spirit of our institutions. If Congress had never attempted to legislate concerning the domestic policy of the States and Territories, we should have escaped the slavery agitation, which at one time threatened the stability of the Union. The sooner we retrace our steps and allow other people to manage their own affairs, the better it will be for the country; at least, such is my judgment.

While I fully approved the great principles which you advanced, there was one point on which I feared the bill, which I have not seen in its present form, failed to carry out your own views. I thought an unqualified repeal of the Missouri act of 1820 might have the effect of reviving the law applicable to the territory when we acquired it from France; and thus Nebraska might be made slave territory, *by the action* of Congress, instead of leaving the question open, and allowing the people of Nebraska to make their own laws on that as well as on other subjects. But the amendment which you submitted yesterday has entirely obviated that objection; and the measure now stands on a ground which cannot be successfully impeached, though it may be assailed by those who feel themselves bound in conscience to keep the slavery question in motion.

There has been some diversity of opinion about the expediency of bringing the matter before Congress at the present time; but, since the question has been made, I do not see how it can be doubted, especially by any sound democrat, that the measure ought to be adopted. We shall have slavery agitation until that is done But when Congress shall fully assert the great principle of non-intervention in the local affairs of the States and Territories, the people will be satisfied, agitators will lose their occupation, and new strength will be imparted to the pillars of the Union. Such are my views, in few words; and, without troubling you further, I am, very truly and sincerely yours,

GREENE C. BRONSON,
Washington, D. C.

Hon. S. A. DOUGLAS.

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☞ We are prepared to execute all descriptions of JOB PRINTING, at reasonable rates, with neatness and dispatch. Our office is supplied with the very latest styles of

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PROGRAMMES,

LARGE POSTERS, BLANKS &C.,

In as neat style as any other Establishment, and in any quantities.

MRS. MAYNARD would inform the public that she has recently rented and fitted up the large white house on Hillsboro' street, three hundred yards West of the Capitol, and in the immediate neighborhood of the late residence of the Rev. Dr. Mason, and opposite that of Mr. Courts, near the line of Railroad that connects the Raleigh and Gaston and Central Road, which house she respectfully presents to the public as a

BOARDING HOUSE.

She would be glad to accommodate and use every effort to please the travelling community, day boarders, and monthly boarders. Her table shall be supplied with the best luxuries the market affords, and every comfort added to those who may choose to stop.

She would also state that she has recently built some thirty or forty stalls, for the accommodation of horses, which she will board by the day, week or month, at as moderate prices as can be afforded. Ostlers attentive and accommodating, and will be ready at all hours to obey the public call.

MARTHA MAYNARD.
H. PENNINGTON, Supt.

Jan'y 20, 1853. 7—w&sw

WHOLESALE DRYGOODS TRADE, SPRING, 1854.—W. C. & E. G. JAMES & CO., have just received a large and beautiful assortment of French, English and American Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS, for Spring and Summer wear, of the newest and handsomest designs, embracing almost every article usually found in their line of business—all of which have been purchased on the most favorable terms, and selected with great care and attention, and with special reference to the wants of the North Carolina and Virginia trade.

They respectfully solicit an examination from Merchants visiting this city for their Spring supplies, before making their purchases, assuring them that every inducement will be offered to secure a portion of their patronage, and that they will find a Stock as complete and desirable in every department as any in this or any of the Northern markets.

Their terms will be made as liberal as those of any similar establishment.

W. C. & E. G. JAMES & CO.,
Powell's Row, opp'te West Hill Warehouse,
Petersburg, March 7, 1854. 2m—20

CARD.

MR. FRENSLEY takes this opportunity of informing his friends, and the public generally, that his School (in the Hall opposite that of the Odd Fellows) will be open, on Friday, March 24, from 1 till 4 o'clock P. M. and on the day following from 2 till 6, P. M., for reception of Misses and Masters who may wish to join his class. On the evening of the same days, the Hall will be open from 7½ till 9½ o'clock, for the reception of gentlemen.

Mr. F. promises to use the same exertions to give that satisfaction which has secured to him on former occasions so liberal a patronage.

All the new and beautiful dances both of this country and Europe will be taught, comprising, in part, for Misses and Masters, El Bolero, La Jota Aroganesa, Broad Sword Hornpipe, A La Tambrine, Postillion Polka, La Tarrentella, Grand Flower dance, Grand Scarf Dances, Characteristic Dances, &c.,

Persons wishing to enter the class had better do so on the days named, as Mr. F. will fulfil other appointments, if a class is not formed by the above date. The class will be taught during the Session, on Friday and Saturday of each week. Any notice left at the Post Office, or at the Yarboro house, for Mr. F., will be attended to.

March 17, 1854. 23 2t

SPRING, 1854.

WHOLESALE BOOT AND SHOE TRADE,

PETERSBURG, VA.

WE take pleasure in announcing to the Merchants of Virginia and North Carolina, that one of our house has just returned from the North and East, where he has purchased an extensive and commanding stock of Boots, Shoes, Brogans, Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valises, Wrapping Paper, Lacings, &c., and all other articles belonging to our branch of business.

Our assortment this season will be much larger and more varied than heretofore, in order to meet the demands of a rapidly increasing trade. Our goods have all been bought of FIRST HANDS, and selected with great