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F. C. HILL, Editor and Proprietor.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

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From the Cincinnati Daily Gazette.

INTERPERANCE.—A SKETCH.

"Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend make less the sin."

"Sergeant Jones take Brown to the guard house!" was the order that came from an officer of an infantry regiment stationed some years ago in the south of Ireland, whilst directing the imprisonment of a young soldier who had returned to his barracks at night intoxicated. The victim was immediately seized by the guard, and forcibly conveyed to the barracks prison, uttering imprecations on his self made enemy in his ineffectual struggles to escape. He was hurried along by the guard from a charitable regard, to save him from committing himself still further than he had already done. Arrived at the guard house, he was placed for the night out of reach of doing any further harm. It was almost a needless precaution, for within the last hour he had earned for himself a terrible doom!

The night is passed, and the sunbeams enter the prison bars of the yet senseless victim of interperance. He is not, as was usual with him, the first in the barracks to be up and cleaning his accoutrements for the morning's parade! His humble cot does not this morning require to be "made up" with scrupulous care and neatness; its regular occupant was absent; the hitherto orderly and attentive soldier, had for the first time in his life, taken up his abode within the walls of the barracks guard house—a prisoner! His feverish and disturbed slumber is broken—he moves, slowly and languidly he opens his eyes, and the rays of light cause him to close them in pain; his senses are yet bewildered, he knows not as yet that he is an inmate of a prison. He feels his clothes have not been removed; he tries to collect his scattering senses.—A glimmering recollection of the closing scene of the previous night's drunken revel breaks on his mind—after which, all is blank! A feeling of dread, of he knows not what, takes possession of his mind.

"Uncertainty,
Fell demon of our fears,"
adds to the "night mare" like sense of wretchedness that now overpowers him; he feels a presentiment that great evil has befallen him. His soul quails within him as the prison door opens and the sergeant of the guard enters. He raises himself on his elbow, as with one desperate effort he resolves to hear the worst:

"Sergeant Jones, for Heaven's sake tell me what I have done, or how came I here?"
A few words from the Sergeant served to explain to the prisoner the cause of his confinement. It was his conduct to the officer of the guard the night previous.—He returned to his barracks intoxicated—he had been directed to retire to his room, when instead of complying he became abusive to the officer, and at length offered violence to his person!

Two days have elapsed, and the prisoner is standing before a Regimental Court Martial, being tried on a mitigated charge of his offence, for had he been brought before a General Court Martial, and had been found guilty, as he undoubtedly would have been, his punishment would have been death, as according to the "Mutiny" act of the English Army, "any soldier offering violence to a superior officer, merits death." And well, indeed, would it have been for him, had it been so! As it was his previous good character served to screen him from the effects of such a Court Martial. He was brought before one whose power did not extend to the taking of life by sentence.

The evidence is closed for the prosecution, the prisoner is called upon for his defence! Alas, he has none to offer that will avail him; his excuse, "He was drunk and knew not what he did," served but as an aggravation of his offence.

At an early hour on the following morning the regiment assembled for a "Punishment Parade," the drummers are employed erecting a pair of triangles, the military rack of torture—three posts placed in upright, triangular position on the ground; across two of them are two boards with strong cords hanging loosely over them, the one about eight feet from the ground for the arms to be bound to—the other beneath to serve to secure the legs of the victim; within a short distance of the triangles lay half a dozen pair of "cat o' nine tails" an instrument of torture, constructed

of strong whip-cord, nine lashes of about two feet each in length, thickly knotted close to the end, and fastened to a handle of about eighteen inches in length, of some hard wood, and generally ornamented by the drummers in their leisure hours.

The bugle sounds the "Assembly," and the troops march into open column. The morning reports are collected by the Adjutant, and the whole wheel into "line." "A hollow square" is now formed, the troops facing inward; within the square stand the "triangles" already described, the preparations for punishment are completed, the prisoner is escorted into the square. He is a tall, finely proportioned young soldier, erect and soldier like in his bearing but his eyes shrunken with grief and anxiety, his cheeks blanch as he casts a brief glance at the instruments of torture that are awaiting their victim. The commanding officer directs the reading of the proceedings of the Court Martial before which the prisoner had been tried. He does so. The order for the assembling of the court, the charge, and plea of "guilty," the evidence for the prosecution and defence, the finding of the court, the sentence, "three hundred lashes," on the bare back!" and he concludes. "The prisoner is directed to strip; he takes off the cap, coat, and stock; he pauses; the braces are undone and slowly wound around his waist. An innate feeling of delicacy causes him to pause again; he is again directed to "strip;" the next moment and with flushed cheeks, his back is bared to the view of the whole square, his brain swims—a dizziness takes possession of him, as, more dead than alive, he staggers across to the triangles. He is now seized by the drummers, who, fiend-like, are ready to pounce upon their victim; they tie him up, hands and feet, to that dreadful rack upon which he is about to suffer. The Adjutant directs the drummers to do their duty. An old veteran in the horrible trade steps forward, one whose back has been often bared to receive that which he was now about to inflict; one whose heart had been so hardened by sin and its consequent punishment, and the expression of whose countenance, as he took his stand, and gave the "cat" a preparatory flourish, while it whizzed through the air; and brought it diagonally upon the back of the unfortunate culprit with all his strength and energy, he could possibly apply to it, betrayed a feeling of pleasure perfectly diabolical.

The first blow is struck, the flesh is mark'd the brand is made, the blood seems struggling to escape, and the man is degraded for life!—blind, mistaken policy!—that would correct error or vice, by the infliction of punishment, that serves but to harden the heart, to steel it against all other correctives, destroying all vestige of that self-respect, that, whilst it remains, leaves room to hope for reformation. Again the drummer proceeds, the stroke is repeated again and again; the cords of the lash become glee together with human gore! they are separated by the fingers of the executioner being pressed through them; twenty-five lashes are given, and a fresh drummer takes his stand. As yet no murmur has escaped the prisoner; naught save the convulsive workings of the flesh, as the "cats" cut their way to the bone, betrays the torture he is enduring, the lash again ascends and a groan of deep, heart-sickening anguish escapes the victim—the back from the tip of the right shoulder down to the waist, in a diagonal line, and above 6 inches in breadth, is now free from flesh, yet not half the punishment is inflicted—still the drummer proceeds—stilled groans of agony are now distinctly heard from the prisoner—he begs a little water—it is furnished him. Again the torture proceeds until the victim is almost maddened with pain—his cries for mercy and pardon are heard all over the neighborhood—but there is no mercy, no pardon for him!

"Blood! 'tis spilt
To punish the example, not the guilt."
And for example's sake he must suffer. The punishment proceeds; at every twenty five lashes a fresh drummer takes his stand. But why proceed—why draw upon this atrocious mode of correcting evil!—The scene at length draws to a close; the prisoner is unbound, and with a spirit broken by a sense of shame and irreparable degradation, he is removed to the Hospital of the Regiment, there to drag out the next few months in fruitless waiting and suffering.

A month had elapsed from the close of the last scene, and a Military Band was seen to issue from the Hospital of the Garrison, playing the Dead March in Saul followed by a party of Military, with "arms reversed," preceding, with slow and solemn step—a coffin, covered by a long black pall, and borne by a party of unarmed soldiers, on the top of the coffin was placed a soldier's "Shako"—the procession took the direction of a neighboring Churchyard, where a grave had already been prepared to receive its victim,—the party reached its side, and the coffin is placed on the mound of fresh earth, the service of the dead is ended by the Chaplain of the Garrison, and the military prepare to do the

last honors (!!) to the deceased soldier—every thing is still, save the "ready!" "present!" of the commanding officer, and the quick, sharp report of each "volley," until the third one has been discharged. The Band once more takes the lead, the drums strike up, the party take up the step, to "O'er the hills and far away, and naught more is thought of young Brown, whom they have just deposited in his long home with "Military honors (!)—him whom they "flogged to death" a short time before, a victim at once to Intemperance and Military discipline!

E. K.

From L'Audience, Paris Journal.
THE COURT OF JUSTICE DE PAIX
PARIS.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.—PLEASANT INCIDENT.

A stern-looking matter-of-fact sort of a bookseller named Regnard, was summoned before the judge of this Court by one of the most engaging little milliners that would be seen in a day's march—so innocent, so prepossessing, so full of sentiment, the spirit of poetry, and the affections of the heart, that she at once engaged the sympathies of all who were present. She had summoned the bookseller to restore a book containing a "Forget-me-not," which was her property. "Forget-me-not! How many delightful remembrances does not this phrase give rise to! What poetical associations does it not recall! "Forget-me-not! Words which our lips have pronounced with so much emotion and warmth, when for the last time pressing the hand of a dear friend whom the wide ocean has snatched away from us, perhaps for ever. Forget-me-not! is the phrase which our eyes have expressed in kissing that pretty little nicely-gloved hand which we had secretly placed upon our heart. Oh, sacred words in the life of a young man! Oh, soft and tender petition of a fond heart and elevated soul! Forget-me-not—what sweet memories dost thou call back to our mind!

But alas! in spite of this prayer of youth, a prayer so full of sentiment, hope, and confidence, it is rare that we are not forgotten, notwithstanding. Our friend has had every desire to keep our image present in his memory. But he is about to become a husband, the father of a family, an active man of business, or a political partisan.—Your mistress has sworn to be *fidèle*, but the very day of your departure an individual of the ruder sex arrives, who discovers that she is charming—who on the morrow tells her so, and before the end of the week convinces her that he has told a very agreeable truth in a very agreeable manner. And this is the very way to obliterate the past from a girl's memory, as far as you are concerned.

However, Regine is an exception to this rule; the pretty little pale and trembling Regine, who now advances towards the judge, has kept her promise. To her—"Forget-me-not" is binding as a sacramental oath. To disregard the injunction is a sin against society—a sin against sentiment! Indeed it is in defence of this part of her creed that she has summoned M. Regnard before the judge of this court.

The Judge—M. Regnard, you are summoned here to produce a book belonging to this young person, called "The Pious Hours of Christian Ladies." *Heures pieuses, ou de Dames Chrétiennes.*

Regnard—Oui, Monsieur. I bought it with a number of other books. But it is not a very saleable book. I prefer such books as "*La Petite Cuisinière Bourgeoise*," or "*Les Œuvres de Piron*," which are much more in the spirit of the present age (Laughter).

Regine stated that she had been apprenticed to Madame Duval, a milliner, to whom she became very much attached.—Unhappily she had lately died, and her grief for her beloved mistress was so great, that it made her ill and she was laid upon a sick bed. In six weeks afterwards she went to the house of the late Madame Duval to claim her little effects when she found that every thing had been sold off for the benefit of the creditors.

Regnard—Well, that is an affecting story of yours and reminds me of Paul and Virginia which, by the bye, is a book which has had a great sale (Laughter).

The Judge (to Regine)—Did you then demand the restitution of your property?

Regine—Only of the one book in question, Sir, which I was desirous of having on account of its being a "souvenir."

Regnard—I have brought, Monsieur, a book called "*Les Heures pieuses des Dames*." It is a good edition, bound in red morocco. Here it is; I am ready to give it up, if Madame Duval will consent to give me the three francs which it cost me when I purchased it.

Regine—I am willing to reimburse you for the book, provided you will furnish me with my own copy. That is not my copy; and it was for the restitution of my own book, and not for an ordinary copy of it, that I summoned you.

Regnard—How do you know that this is not yours? It is the same edition, has the same binding, and the plates are precisely what you describe.

Regine (sorrowfully)—Oh! I know my own poor little book. It always opens in the same place; and besides it has been more used than this.

The Judge—A book has been delivered to the officer of the Court, Monsieur Regnard, very like that which you produce.—Your wife, it appears, found it in the shop (taking it from the *hissier*.) Look, Madame, in this your book?

Regine—trembling with joy—Oh, mon Dieu, c'est lui, oh! yes, yes, that is mine.

Regine—It always opens at the same place. Hereupon Regine took the precious little volume in her hands, which at once, almost of its own accord opened in the centre, and at the mass indicated, disclosing to view a little dried specimen of the *myosotis*, or "Forget-me-not."

Judge—Did you place the flower there?

Regine—Oh, Monsieur, if I had placed it there, think you that I should have set such a value upon the book? Oh no, it was placed there by my dear mother, only two short weeks before she descended to the silent grave; and I have so often wept upon that page when praying for her repose that the book always opens in the one place.

All present were much moved by the unaffected simplicity and affection of the poor girl; and indeed the book seller himself had allowed his feelings to be so much wrought upon, that he refused to receive the three francs which he had paid for the book. "Take it," said he, handing her the volume, "take it and keep your money."

When you are married give it to your children; and to set them an example of virtue and affection, you will only have to point to that flower and say, "*Ne m'oubliez pas.*"

From the New York American.

PRESENTATION AT COURT.

PARIS, JANUARY, 1841.

Since our last letters we have been presented to the Royal Family. It was intended that the American gentlemen should have been presented on last Sunday; but our Minister not approving of that day, induced a postponement to Wednesday which brought the period subsequent to that of the presentation of ladies, and led to this awkward result, that they were obliged to go through the ceremony without the support of their husbands and beaux. It is the etiquette of the Court that none can accompany the ladies that have not been previously presented. The manner and course of presentation on the part of the gentleman, of whom I believe there were some dozen or more, was as follows: At half past seven in the evening, by previous notice from General Cass, we proceeded in our carriages, in full court dress, to his Hotel; whence, after waiting about an hour, we drove in line to the Palace of the Tuilleries, preceded by the Minister, the Charge d'Affaires, and the Attaches.

At the gate of the palace we were received by a company of dragoons in charge, and thence passed along a file of soldiers to the grand entrance. Alighting upon a carpet of mats placed before entrance, we proceeded to the grand staircase, in the interior, guarded by the palace guards. Here our names were announced & recorded; and the servants in waiting, dressed in scarlet embroidered coats, with small clothes and white silk stockings, and wearing swords and cocked hats, conducted us up the stairs; at the head of which we were received by another person in waiting, and ushered into the large saloon. Adjoining were a suite of three rooms, including that in which was the throne. The walls of these were highly ornamented with gobelin tapestry, and portraits of the Marshals of France; and the ceilings, which were high, were fancifully and historically painted. The wood work was brilliant with burnished gold leaf, and the furniture principally of ottomans, arranged along the walls, covered with scarlet velvet and plush.

The mantels were of the fashion of former years; the fire places large, and by no means elegant, though well filled with burning wood. The throne was covered with gold and scarlet velvet; and upon the raised platform of two steps, was placed the chair of State, richly gilded. Within these rooms were arranged the gentlemen to be presented, in line, along the sides; all under the charge of their respective ambassadors, who introduced the several persons to the King as he advanced. The King, with his family, entered one end of the suite of rooms about nine o'clock, and proceeded, accompanied by his son the Duke of Joinville, along one of the lines, followed by the Queen and the other members of the Royal Family. He addressed a few words in a pleasing and affable manner to each person as introduced. He speaks in pretty good English, and generally puts questions in relation to your country, your voyage, your residence, or your contemplated tour.

It is not etiquette to address any question to the King, and if done he moves on without making reply. I was introduced to him as a resident of New York, and he immediately remarked, "New York is a

large and prosperous State. The City of New York grows very fast; is a very fine city, and must soon cover the whole island. I hope you find your stay here agreeable." Then followed the Queen; she spoke some time, but whether in broken English or in French I did not know; and as I could understand nothing, I could merely bow to her remarks. After passing me a little, and addressing another, she turned back and remarked that the King talked very good English; to which I responded a complimentary answer. Next came the King's sister, a pleasant looking old woman, who spoke a few words of French. Then came the Duchess de Nemours, a pretty, young, and interesting woman, the wife of the Duke de Nemours. She spoke English with great propriety, and inquired how long I had been in Paris—when I lapsed—the length of my voyage—and hoped I had passed my time pleasantly in Paris.

Following her, and last in the train, came the Duke of Orleans, the heir apparent, a tall, fine looking personage, in military costume. Perfectly self-possessed he had an intelligent countenance, and a manly bearing. He put to me a few common place questions and passed on. This ended the interview, and my first introduction to Royalty. The family all passed out into their private apartments. The company separated, I passed again through all the rooms, and particularly examined their arrangements. The furniture was confined to red silk plush covered ottomans, and a few X's, all considerably worn.—The return was through the same apartments we had passed on our entrance, and down the grand staircase to the gate of the center, where our carriages were in waiting.

As the Americans have no court presentation, so they have no court dress; but one has been adopted to which it is now necessary to adhere. It consists of a blue coat of broad cloth, with straight breast and standing collar; the cuffs, collar and pocket flaps, heavily embroidered with gold, and the buttons of gold with the eagle impressed, chapeau, black, fringed with ostrich feather; stock and vest of white satin, pantaloons of white kerseymer with broad gold lace casing the outside seam, fastened under the boots, which are made of varnished leather. This dress has decidedly a more beautiful appearance than any court dress I saw in the rooms. In personal appearance throughout, the Americans were not surpassed. The English military uniform of red cloth was very conspicuous. I question the propriety of the Americans thus assuming a court dress; and think it would be more correspondent to the simplicity of their Government to be presented in the apparel of gentlemen only.

There is no good reason why they should adopt a dress not sanctioned at home.—It was not so formerly, and the innovation, I believe, and so understood at the Palace, was introduced with the consent of our present Minister, who dresses in the military costume of a General of our Army.—Some who have militia appointments at home, have brought their uniforms here and appeared at the presentation. Laughable incidents have occurred by this means. The French know nothing of our militia system, and the King asked one of these officers where he had served, which you will think was rather a difficult question to be answered; another, if his costume was military, to what corps he belonged, and the number of it. These questions led to confused answers and unpleasant remarks. I am sorry to see so little of that independence of character among Americans abroad, which the present & growing importance of their Government would seem to authorize, without any change of assumption.

The Presentation of the Ladies has excited much remark; and the highest compliments are passed upon the beauty and taste of the American fair.

THE PAINFUL BOMB-GUNS.—These are a modern improvement in the art of destruction. They turn on a pivot, or circular rail way, so as to traverse nearly three fourths of a circle, and are said to weigh upwards of eight tons.—The French and English have had them in use in their Navy for some time. Our Navy Department are about to introduce them into the national vessels.

The social feelings have not been unaptly compared to a heap of embers, which when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, placed together, they glow with a ruddy and intense heat.—*Private Life.*

ALMOST A ROW.—Under this head, the Harrisburg Chronicle states that, on Friday, the second day of its session, a considerable "breeze" was raised in the loco loco State Convention for nominating a candidate for Governor, in Van Buren having offered a resolution laudatory of that gentleman's administration and public acts. It was stoutly opposed by Gen. Cameron, as uncalled for and calculated to disgrace the honest Porter men who voted for Gen. Harrison. He said there was no disguising the fact that they (the locos) were in the minority in this State, and it should be their study to win back these "recrudent democrats." After a good deal of confusion, and fluttering, the resolution passed.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

A writer in one of the Foreign Encyclopedias calculates that if the natural resources of the American Continent were fully developed, it would afford sustenance to 3600 millions of inhabitants, a number five times as great as the entire population of the globe. The writer, after advancing this proposition, goes on as follows:

"And what is more surprising, their is every probability that this prodigious population will be in existence within three or four centuries. The imagination is lost in contemplating a state of things which will make so great and rapid a change in the condition of the world. We almost fancy it is a dream, and yet the result is based principles quite as certain as those which govern the conduct of men in their ordinary pursuits. Nearly all social improvements spring from the reciprocal influence of condensed numbers and diffused intelligence. What then will the state of society in America two centuries hence, when a thousand or two thousand millions of civilized men are crowded into a space comparatively so narrow, and speaking only two languages, as well as doubtless be scarce? History shows that wealth, power, science, literature, all follows in the train of numbers, general intelligence and freedom.—The same causes which transferred the sceptre of civilization and the weight of influence from the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile to Western Europe, must, in the course of no long period, carry them from the latter to the plains of the Mississippi, and the Amazon.

AUTHORS INSERTED TO THE BIBLE.—A writer in *Bible Repository* and *Princeton Review*, says with a good deal of truth, that the writers of fiction are deeply indebted to the Bible for many of their chief excellencies:

"De Spring has said with equal truth and force, 'There is not a finer character nor a finer description in all the works of Walter Scott, than that of Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*.' And who does not see that it owes its excellence to the Bible? Shakespeare, Byron and Southey, are not a little indebted for some of their best scenes and inspiration, to the same source.

At the suggestion of a valued friend, we have turned our thoughts to the parallel between Macbeth and Ahab—between Lady Macbeth and Jezebel—between the announcement to Macbeth of the murder of his family, and that to David of the death of Absalom by Joab—to the parallel between the opening of the Lamentations of Jeremiah and Byron's apostrophe to Rome, as the Nile of nations—to the parallel between his ode to Napoleon, and Keat's ode on the fall of Seneschalch—and also to the resemblance between Southey's chariot of Carrhala, in the *Curse of Kehama*, in the *Curse of Behemoth*, Ezekiel's vision of the wheels; and have been forcibly impressed with the obligations of this class of writers to the Sacred Scriptures."

FRANCE.—Francis I of France was the first monarch who introduced ladies at his Court. He said, in a style of true gallantry—that a drawing room without ladies was like a year without the spring; or rather, like the spring without flowers.

No time of life should a man give up the thought of enjoying the society of woman. "In youth," says Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses, at a riper age our companions, in old age our nurses, and in all ages our friends."

Fontenelle being one day asked by a lord in waiting at Versailles what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied—"A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

THE SCREW PROPRIETY.—Both the Admiralty and the Great Western Steam Ship Company have openly avowed its adoption; and several vessels upon this principle are constructing in different quarters, by private individuals. A company has been formed at Bremen for building two steam screw ships, to run between the West and New York; and another association is engaged in introducing the screw upon the canals and rivers of Belgium and Holland.—*Liverpool Advertiser.*

A STEERING CHARGE.—An able Judge was once obliged to deliver the following charge to the Grand Jury.—Gentlemen of the Jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unimpeachable; the witnesses on both sides are incredible; and the plaintiff and the defendant are both such characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict.

TAXATION.—Suppose there be a brain tax and that each man make out the assessment for his own intellect. The revenue from such a tax, we opine, would be very large.
And why not lay a tax too on our ships; let it be so much the hour; it would have the effect to expedite the business, save much time and more nonsense, and what is better still, it would be immensely popular with the ladies.—*North American.*

The Government Steamer now building at the Navy Yard in this city, will be launched about the middle of next month. She is of beautiful model, and judging from a hasty examination of her last week, she is strong as oak and iron can make her. Preparations are making for getting her engine on board, and her hull is nearly finished. Her copper is on and the painters are at work on the bulwarks, and men are preparing the "ways" for the launch. We learn from the *Journal of Commerce*, that her iron centre shaft and cranks are now on board of a tow-boat in the North River, being the first attempt at making these parts of the machinery of wrought iron. The shaft is 19 inches in diameter and 10 feet long, and weighs 12,461 lbs. They are from the West Point Foundry.—*North American.*