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BY
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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ELIZABETH CITY, N. C. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1849.

TO THE EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS OF THE UNITED STATES—M. VATTENARE wishes to place in the "American Library," which is now being formed in the City Hall, at Paris—
"A COLLECTION OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS, Presented to the City of Paris, By the Journalists of the United States, July 4th, 1849."
He will thank all editors and publishers to send to the "Boston Daily Bee" (the Editor of which has undertaken to form the collection) a copy of their paper published on the Fourth of July, 1849, with a copy of each semi-weekly and weekly which they may issue during the first week in July. Papers published in other American nations, and old or rare newspapers, will also be thankfully received. Acknowledgments will be made through the Bee of all donations received.
[?] Editors will please "copy the above notice, and bear it in mind on Independence Day.

THE RUSE DE GUERRE. AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MURAT.

Translated from the French by JACOB JONES, of Richmond, Va.

While Italy was in possession of the French, a mutiny broke out in one of the regiments stationed at Livourne. Napoleon, when he heard of it, determined to make an example of the offenders, and commissioned Murat to punish the ringleaders.
Murat soon arrived at Livourne, and ordered the seditious regiment to parade in the place; he then told the soldiers that he had been commanded by the Emperor to punish them for their misconduct, and that he would have every tenth man in the regiment shot. The force of his gestures and language, coupled with the authority of his name, caused the men to submit at once. They became greatly alarmed, threw themselves on their knees before him, and prayed for mercy; but he was inflexible. He ordered the regiment to be confined in the citadel until the day appointed for the execution. While there, the soldiers sent deputations continually to Murat, beseeching him to intercede for them with the Emperor. They seemed so penitent, that at last Murat sent them word that if they would select three men to be shot, he would pardon the rest. The victims were soon designated; and their execution was appointed for the next morning. In the mean time, the rest of the men remained close prisoners. In the middle of the night, the three soldiers, who were to die the next morning, were sent for by Murat. When they came, he said to them—
"You will be shot to-morrow. I hope you will endeavor, by dying bravely, to remove the stain from your names. I will promise to convey your last wishes to your parents. Have you thought of your mothers? Tell me!" (Sobs choked their utterance.) "They would have been proud of you if you had died on the battle field; but here—oh! unhappy men!—go! I will send you a priest to offer you the consolations of religion. Think of God and France—you are no longer of this world!"
The soldiers threw themselves at his feet, not to ask for their lives, but for his pardon before they died.
As they were going out, he called them back.
"Listen," said he; "if I give you your lives, will you be honest men?"
"No, we want to die," answered one of the soldiers; "we deserve death—let us be shot."
"But if I don't wish you to die, will you still say so? I have never shed blood but on the field of battle. I have never ordered my own soldiers to be shot at, and I do not wish to have you killed, for you are Frenchmen, and my brothers, although criminals."
The soldiers could not restrain their tears.
"Listen to me," continued Murat. "you have committed a great crime, but as you seem so penitent, I will spare your lives. You must, however, be considered dead, especially by your own regiment. To-morrow, before day, you will be conducted to one of the gates of the town—there you will be shot at by a file of men; you must fall as if dead; your regiment will then pass by. As soon as the last file has turned into the cross street, a man whom I have bribed will place you in a cart and carry you to the country; there you will find some sailor's clothes and 1000 francs for each of you. You must secrete yourselves somewhere for three days, in that time an American vessel will be ready to sail for New Orleans, you must go in her. I hope you will become honest men. Go! I will take care of your families."
The soldiers bathed his feet with their tears, and declared he should be satisfied with them.
Everything happened as Murat had foretold. A severe example was given to the regiment, and Napoleon thanked Murat for having sacrificed only three men. The Emperor was happily deceived, and never became cognizant of the ruse played off upon him. Murat's plan was known only by a few of his friends, and was not revealed till after his death.

FROM FOREIGN PAPERS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN COURIER.

SINGULAR RENCONTRE.

A short time since a poor woman, residing in Manchester, had the good fortune to learn that a legacy of £200 had been left her by a deceased relative. Her husband had gone to America, and finding it was necessary before the money could be paid to her that she should be present, she wrote to inform him of the event, and to request his return. They met by appointment in Liverpool, not many days ago, and drew the money. The wife, foreseeing now no difficulty in the way of accompanying her husband back to the land of his adoption, since his only excuse for leaving her behind on the previous occasion was poverty, expressed her intention of becoming his fellow-voyager. The husband could urge no objection to the proposal apparently so reasonable, and the day was fixed for their departure. The husband, however, having the greater part of the £200 in his pocket, gave his wife the slip, and she wandered long through the neighborhood of the docks in Liverpool expecting that he would rejoin her. At the door of a house she was passing at length she attracted the attention of a female who, like her, appeared to be awaiting the arrival of a second party, and who, observing her wearied appearance, invited her to rest in the house.—Having accepted the invitation, she was pressed by her good natured entertainer to take some refreshments, of which there seemed to be in the house a greater abundance and of a better quality than might have been expected in a house of the kind, for it was but an humble lodging house; and, to encourage her to partake, the stranger observed that they had been making merry. She said she and her husband had recently come from America, in consequence of a legacy of

the house of a compatriot.
"Yes sir," replied the old lady, "we are French people. My son is in the garden—I will call him," she continued.
"Your son is French also?"
"Yes sir," replied the old lady hesitatingly; "he has been established here for a long time, and thanks be to God he has not repented it. That young woman is his wife. We live respected and happy. The master of the house now entered.
"This gentleman," said his mother, "has done us the honor to stop for a little while under our roof until the rain is over; he is one of us, a Frenchman."
The farmer made him the military salutation and welcomed him. He seemed singularly struck with his figure, and was so much moved that he could not speak. However, at length he stammered out—
"Sir, you will, perhaps, consider my question impertinent, but I am obliged to ask your name, your figure?"
"My friend," interrupted the young huntsman, "that is the only question which I cannot answer. I could easily deceive you by giving a false name, but I prefer to be silent. However, although I refuse to give my own, can I ask your name?"
The farmer sighed, but did not answer.
"It seems," said the young man, "that you are obliged to be silent also."
"Yes sir, the name I bear is not my own; but what good will it do you to know it? Here I am called Claude Gerard."

"At all events," said his mother, "it is not necessary for the young gentleman to imagine that my son has disgraced his name; there are reasons which—"
"It is so with me," said the hunter; "I do not wish to tell my name except to those who deserve to know it—but as I believe you are worthy people, I will tell you. I am Achille Murat, the son of the King of Naples."
Claude Gerard and his mother fell on their knees and wept. The Prince, seeing them weep, knew not what to think of it. Claude, as soon as he could speak, showed the Prince a portrait of the King of Naples, and cried—
"Behold this, my benefactor and the guardian saint of this farm—your glorious father; I owe all to him—he saved my life."
"On the field of battle?" asked Prince Achille.
"No," replied Claude Gerard; "I was condemned to death. Two comrades as guilty as myself were to be shot with me. We were led out to the gate of Livourne; we were shot at—we fell. It was your father who arranged all this; with his money I came to America. My two comrades died two years ago in New York. I have worked, and have now a competence. My mother, who believed her son dead, received a letter from him calling her to America. The poor woman nearly died with joy at recovering me. Now if the son of my royal benefactor wishes for my life, my goods or my arm, they are all at his service."

Bonaparte's opinion of Christ.

A foreign journal lately published a conversation, related by Count de Montholon, the faithful friend of the Emperor Napoleon.
"I know men," said Napoleon, "and I tell you Jesus is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force; and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words or actions unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited in himself a perfect example of his precepts. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his proofs are miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. In fact, leaning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of Heaven, and the laws of the Spirit."
"Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires; but on what foundation did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love; and at this hour, millions of men would die for him."
"It was not a day, or a battle, that achieved the triumph of the Christian religion in the world. No, it was a long war—a contest for three centuries—begun by the Apostles, then continued by the flood of Christian generations. In this war, if all the kings and potentates of the earth were on one side—and on the other I see no army but a mysterious force, some men scattered here and there in all parts of the world, and who have no other rallying point than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross."
"I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth, to become food for the worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ which is proclaimed, loved and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth! Call you this dying? Is it not living rather? (The death of Christ is the death of God!)"
Napoleon stopped at the last words; but Gen. Bertrand making no reply, the Emperor added:
"If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong to appoint you General."

VERY AFFECTING.

A sentimental youth, having seen a young damsel shedding tears over something in her lap, took the first opportunity to be introduced to her; and made no doubt that she was a congenial spirit.
"What work was it that affected you so much the other morning? I saw you shed a great many tears. Was it Bulwer's last?"
"I don't know what Bulwer's last is," returned she, "but I assure you I was engaged at something which always almost kills me. I was peeling onions."
A NICE HUSBAND.
"Ah! John, you won't have me much longer. I shall never leave this bed alive!"
"Please yourself, Betty, and the'll please me," returned John, with great equanimity.
"I have been a good wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman.
"Middlin', Betz, middlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband,

FEAR A PREDISPOSING CAUSE OF CHOLERA.

Dr. Edwards, of Ohio M. C., in a communication to the National Intelligencer, relates the following instance of the effects of fear as a predisposing cause of cholera: "I embarked from Louisville on board the Meloda for St. Louis, with a large concourse of passengers—officers of the Army, several gentlemen from the East, and many emigrants bound for Oregon and California. We ran over the Falls, and had not been out one hour before I ascertained the illness of one of the pilots. His case was mild and yielded to treatment. I also ascertained that seven deaths had occurred from cholera on the trip from St. Louis to Louisville. Impelled by a sense of common danger, the passengers and crew very willingly consented to report the first indications of illness, and but few cases of manageable diarrhoea and cholera morbus occurred until we reached Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio. Indeed, with the fine band of music, the general hilarity and sense of security, I have never seen a happier or jollier set of passengers on a boat.
We reached Cairo late in the evening, just as the America from New Orleans was leaving the wharf, and there ascertained that she had buried 32 of her passengers from cholera on the trip; that the Captain was taken ashore in a dying condition; and that one passenger under the sufferings of cholera, had jumped overboard and was drowned. The effect of this intelligence was highly detrimental to our crew. Faces an hour before joyous and happy were now elongated. Eucher and whist—a table at which they played the eternal poker of the Mississippi, were all deserted, and eight gentlemen had attacks of decided cholera—without nausea, without diarrhoea, without spasms, and but very slight if any modifications of the pulse or animal temperature. These imaginary cases were relieved by brandy toddy; and were followed by confession in the morning of sudden and remarkable developments of memory of prayers long forgotten, and hearty promises of moral amendment. I have never seen so decided manifestations of the moral and physical depression of fear. From Cairo to St. Louis but very few escaped either nausea or diarrhoea, or a combination, but in no case had we a full developed case of cholera.—My room-mate, Ser. Wilder, from Massachusetts, President of a California emigrant party, was attacked at one o'clock at night, and one discharge from the bowels, all occurring in thirty minutes, was prostrated and cold with great suffering and sinking. A sinapism promptly and thoroughly applied over the abdomen; the recumbent position, and after the impress of the sinapism, sixty drops of laudanum, followed in twenty minutes by half grain of morphiae, and small pieces of ice, tranquilized every symptom; the second morning thereafter he was in usual health."
Dr. Edwards deduces from these facts the following observations:
"1st. The influence of fear. I will neither discuss nor mention its modus operandi. All understand the sentiment, and all have felt the enervating influence. I doubt not that, of all the known exciting causes of cholera, it ranks predominant. A calm, self-possessed man may have cholera; an excited and nervous one can scarcely avoid it, when it is epidemic. A reliance upon that Being 'who doeth things well, and a faithful performance of those duties which all intelligent beings owe their God, does more to fortify the system than any or all means of prevention. 2d. To ask confidence in the now universally entertained opinion of medical men, that there are no premonitory symptoms; that is, that the diarrhoea, stomach, and bowel irritation, now so rife, are all cholera, and should be designated the curative cholera, in contradistinction from that collapse which supervenes from one hour to ten days upon the mild or curative form. I have seen no case, have conversed with no physician who had seen a case that was not, in its inception, curative; and I fear the promulgation of the idea of premonitory symptoms has done much to direct the public attention from the proper time of medical interference. I shall consider myself most fortunate by this communication, if I can aid in the propagation of the opinion of medical men, that the heretofore called premonitory symptoms are the disease itself; and that cholera in that stage is amenable to proper medication; whilst a neglect, by proper treatment, in which diet and rest are largely included, of diarrhoea and nausea, may and will ultimately in collapse as incurable as death."

POWER OF AFFECTION.

A man who had struggled with a malignant disease, approached that crisis in its stage on which his life seemed to depend. Sleep, uninterrupted sleep, might ensure his recovery. His anxious wife, scarcely daring to breathe, was sitting by his bed; her servants, exhausted by constant watching, had all left her. It was past midnight—a door was open for air; she heard, in the stillness of the night, a window open below stairs, and soon after approaching footsteps. A moment more, and a man with his face disguised, entered the room. She instantly saw her husband's danger, and anticipating the design of the unwelcome intruder, she pointed to her husband, and pressing her finger upon her lip to implore silence, held out to the robber her purse and keys.—To her surprise, he took neither. Whether he was terrified, or charmed by the courage of her affection, cannot be known. He left the room; and without robbing a house sanctified by such strength of affection, he departed.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Why is it," said Mr. T., a distinguished lawyer of a city of New England, to his friend, Dr. H., a clergyman of high reputation in the same place, "why is it that you ministers, who are professedly the light of the world, are always quarrelling with each other; while we lawyers, wicked as we are represented to be, are remarkable for our courtesy, and seldom disagree among ourselves?"
"Is it possible that so fine and classical a scholar as yourself, Mr. T., should be under the necessity of asking that question? Hear what an answer Milton gives you:
"Devil, with devil damned,
Firm concord hold; Men, only, disagree."

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

An old clergyman, and a rather eccentric one withal, whose field of labor was a town in the interior of New England, one Sunday, at the close of his service, gave notice to his congregation, that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission—on a mission to the heathen! The members of the church were struck with alarm and sorrow, at this sudden and unexpected announcement of the loss of their beloved pastor, and one of the deacons, in great agitation, exclaimed—
"Why, my dear sir, you have not told us one word of this before! What shall we do?"
"Oh! brother —," said the parson with the greatest sang froid, "I don't expect to go out of town!"

INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS.

Speaking of the duties, the rights, and the responsibilities of the public press, the Columbia South Carolinian says:
"It has often amused us, while quietly sitting in our sanctum, to read occasionally a letter from a subscriber, ordering his name to be stricken from our subscription list on account of some of our opinions, and we fancied that we could see that subscriber anxiously awaiting our next publication day, big with importance, and with the firm belief that the withdrawal of his subscription would put an end to the existence of the paper. And then we have fancied him in his astonishment, as week after week glided past, and he saw the proscribed journal still issuing its thousand as usual, without any outward signs of decay or dilapidation, because such a mighty supporter and prop of the discontented subscriber had been taken away. "Stop my paper" are three of the most foolish words ever written by any journal dictated by a mere whim. The journal which advances its opinions so boldly and candidly as to offend one such subscriber, has sterling worth sufficient to supply his place with half dozen new ones."

ACCIDENT AT NIAGARA FALLS.

A distressing accident is stated to have occurred at the Falls of Niagara, a few days ago, in consequence of three men attempting to cross the river in a skiff.
As they neared the middle of the river, the current, which at present is unusually rapid in consequence of the projection of the coffer dams on either side, speedily overpowered their efforts to resist it, and rising, as if to view the inevitable death before them, they were swept, stern on, into the rapids. Their boat, tossing from one rock to another, in a few moments was seen to capsize; the men rose, clinging to the gunwales, and were hurried on, until an opposing rock dashed the boat into fragments. Two disappeared at once; the other was seen erect, the water to his knees, but in a moment after he was hurled down and seen no more.

COMING IT BOLD.

The Ladies are getting to wear large overcoats with big sleeves, and standing linen collars. We thought we saw one, the other day, with a pair of what-you-call-'ems on, and high-heeled calfskin boots, but we are not certain.—New York Paper.

DEFALCATIONS.

A letter from Washington says:
It is said that several of the parties who have been turned out of office have supplicated Father Nicholas not to mention their cases—being afraid the Administration would divulge the causes which led to their dismissals. It is a matter well known that defalcations have been discovered among officials to a great extent. When Congress meets, the information can be called for, and it will doubtless be promptly furnished. It will then be discovered that some of the worst cases of proscription are those of persons who have dishonestly used the trust committed to their charge.—Norfolk Beacon.

THE CHURCH DISPUTE IN ALEXANDRIA.

The Alexandria Gazette says:
The public have been informed by advertisements which have lately appeared, that a difficulty has existed in Alexandria, in which the right of property in the Methodist Church is involved. We learn that on Thursday both parties to the dispute agreed to deliver the meeting house into the hands of the sheriff, to be retained by him until the whole matter is finally settle by the legal tribunals.

DEFAULTING.

In a report to the Legislature of Ohio, the Attorney General states that since he entered upon the duties of his office, fifty-seven defaulters from the Locofoco ranks, have been sued, thirty-six of which have passed into judgment, and as to the balance that suits are depending. The amounts of judgments against defaulters is \$17,377 81, of which \$8,691 03 have been collected.—Republican.

A LOCOFOCO PAPER TELLS ITS READERS THAT THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY HOLDS TO A POLITICAL CREED WHICH IT WOULD BE AS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY MAN TO CHANGE "AS FOR THE LEOPARD TO CHANGE HIS SPOTS."

"Mr. Showman," said a greenhorn at the menagerie, "can the leopard change his spots?"
"Yes sir," replied the individual who stirs up the wild beast, "when he gets tired of one spot he can easily go to another.—[Dayton Journal.

THE PITTSBURGH GAZETTE AGAIN NOTICES THE LOCUST VISITATION.

We paid a visit to the country in the early part of this week, and were really astonished at the countless millions of locusts which swarm in all directions.—The woods resound with their not unpleasant hum, and the coverings which they cast off, on assuming their wings, adhere in great quantities to the fences.—The common notion, that these insects injure vegetation, is now, we believe entirely exploded. The locust, as is the case with the silk worm, when it emerges from the chrysalis state, eats nothing until it dies, having accomplished its mission by laying the eggs destined to bring into existence a future swarm, after the lapse of seventeen years. Locusts are greedily eaten by fowls and many kinds of our insectivorous birds.

YANKEE GALLANTRY.

A "notion" seller was offering Yankee clocks, finely varnished and colored, and with a looking-glass in front, to a certain lady not remarkable for personal beauty.
"Why, it's beautiful," said the vender.
"Beautiful, indeed!—a look at it almost frightens me!" said the lady.
"Then marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better buy one that han't got no lookin'-glass."
The Hannibal Journal gives the following as the superscription of a letter which lately passed through the post office of that town—
"to my dear ant Sally
She Cawgar
Elinoize
I had a short ager spell to-day."

AN IRISH EXPEDIENT.

"Dennis, darlint, och, Dennis, what is it you're doing?"
"Whist, Biddy, I'se trying an experiment!"
"Murder! what is it?"
"What is it, did yer say? Why, it's giving hot wather to chickens I am, so they'll be aither laying boiled eggs."

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SINGULAR RENCONTRE.

A short time since a poor woman, residing in Manchester, had the good fortune to learn that a legacy of £200 had been left her by a deceased relative. Her husband had gone to America, and finding it was necessary before the money could be paid to her that she should be present, she wrote to inform him of the event, and to request his return. They met by appointment in Liverpool, not many days ago, and drew the money. The wife, foreseeing now no difficulty in the way of accompanying her husband back to the land of his adoption, since his only excuse for leaving her behind on the previous occasion was poverty, expressed her intention of becoming his fellow-voyager. The husband could urge no objection to the proposal apparently so reasonable, and the day was fixed for their departure. The husband, however, having the greater part of the £200 in his pocket, gave his wife the slip, and she wandered long through the neighborhood of the docks in Liverpool expecting that he would rejoin her. At the door of a house she was passing at length she attracted the attention of a female who, like her, appeared to be awaiting the arrival of a second party, and who, observing her wearied appearance, invited her to rest in the house.—Having accepted the invitation, she was pressed by her good natured entertainer to take some refreshments, of which there seemed to be in the house a greater abundance and of a better quality than might have been expected in a house of the kind, for it was but an humble lodging house; and, to encourage her to partake, the stranger observed that they had been making merry. She said she and her husband had recently come from America, in consequence of a legacy of