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From the Union of August 8th.

The "Elite."

"The Whig papers, in the absence of any tangible facts, or respectable arguments, with which to defend the administration against the assaults of the Democratic press, have seized hold of the expression at the head of this article, which they seem to regard as real god-send, upon which they are ringing the various changes in the Whig gamut. They have snatched it up as though it were a real 'knock-em-down' answer to any thing the Union can say against the present corrupt and imbecile administration. We are rejoiced that our Whig brethren have even such a sorry consolation. Our expression is a correct one. By *elite*, we mean the genuine, true, and faithful Democracy, in contradistinction to the corrupt, faithless, and treacherous, such as those who have sold themselves to the Taylor cabinet for a price. We should be very far from regarding William C. Rives, Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, John Norvell, and others we could name, as the *elite* of the Democracy, although they now, since they have been cast off by the Democracy, seem to be the *elite* of Whiggery. On the contrary, we regard every true Democrat, whatever may be his calling or station in life, as one of the *elite* of our party. All such are truly deserving of that appellation. *Elite* is a French word which signifies 'choice' or 'best.' Therefore, every true man in our ranks we regard as choicest and best of our party. We should be glad to convert over to our faith every honest man in the ranks of Whiggery, and thus make him one of the Democratic *elite*. The organ of the cabinet, lacking sense, endeavors to content its readers with mere sound; hence the constant ringing of its changes on the word *elite*. Its conductors seem to flatter themselves that it is a good substitute for their own emptiness, and a fair offset to the blunders of the cabinet touching the Sir John Franklin expedition, or the appointment of Monsieur Heudebert, the distinguished caterer of frogs and oyster soup, to the consulship of Lyons."

Here we have the old leaven of the Richmond aristocracy showing itself in an article designed to repudiate the idea of aristocracy. The senior editor could not slip the chance of giving a hit at the "low" and "vulgar" vocation of poor Heudebert, the French emigrant, unfortunately not "known" in Richmond a dealer in frogs and soup—who has been placed by the present Administration in the post of Consul at Lyons—a place with 300 dollars a year at the outside, and not at all above the capacity or deserts of a man of the humblest means and acquirements. There is no impeachment of the poor emigrant, honesty and capacity, not at all; but it is the matter of the frogs and the oyster soup that is revolting to the silk-stocking and white-kid glove ideas of the sole organ.

Our friend should be more considerate. He should remember that there are millions as well as leviathans in the political ocean; that there are those who revel in their \$277,486 per annum, and buy gold mines out of the profits of a year's public service; and that there are humble men who are content to take less, with humble consulship of \$300 a year. Yet they are not, therefore, to be despised. Nor should arrogant \$277,486 sneer at humble \$300, and exhibit so much horror at the thought of frogs and oyster soup coming betwixt the "wind and his nobility." We dare say that the humble French emigrant will earn his \$300 a year as honestly, and expend it as discreetly, as others have earned and expended their hundreds of thousands.

We will never agree that the frogs and oyster soup form any sort of objection to Mr. Heudebert. This keeping of an eating house is pretty safe business, at all events. It is not like keeping a commercial house, to be sure, where you can throw away \$155,000 in commercial speculations, and nobody to blame for it. It is humble—but it is safe. It is a cash business—like that which the late administration promised to do, and did not, under the Sub-treasury law.

The sole organ certainly gives a very lucid explanation of what it means by using the term *elite*. In our innocence we supposed that it meant the "upper crust," "tip-top," "A. No. 1," "double-refined," F. F. V.s—your men who had held the Speakership of the House with a commission as ambassador in their pocket;

The Old North State.

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"ERROR IS HARMLESS, WHEN TRUTH IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."

No. 26.

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et; your BROCKENBROUGHS, STEVENSONS, and men of that stamp—the men who could get together in a hack-parlor, half a dozen of them, and decide over their "frogs and oysters" that MARTIN VAN BUREN should or should not be the President of the United States. But it seems that we were mistaken. The sole organ meant no such thing. By the *elite* of the distinguished Democrats" it meant every "true Democrat, whatever may be his station or calling in life;" always excepting, we suppose, the keepers of eating-houses. They are excluded, of course. No vender of frogs and oyster soup can be recognised as either "fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring," among the *elite* of the Democracy. This was settled in *Heudebert's case*, by the full court—judge \$277,486 presiding—after solemn argument, full deliberation, and several *cur. adv. vults*. It is no longer an open question.

We have no doubt that the explanation given by the sole organ of what it intended by the word *elite* will be perfectly satisfactory. Our columns are always open to these questions of privilege. We shall never refuse the opportunity of personal explanation to our venerable contemporary. We have therefore copied his defence at length, and shall never refuse space in our columns to all similar effusions.—*Republic*.

CALIFORNIA ITEMS.

The number of arrivals of passengers at San Francisco in June, by sea, was about 1000 per week. By land, at the mines, from Lower California, Sonora, Durango, and Mexico generally, the immigration is computed about 15,000, with many thousand mule loads of merchandise, which has thus found its way into California duty free, to the great dissatisfaction of the seaboard merchants.

Coin was scarce at San Francisco, being absorbed by the custom house for duties. The average price of gold dust was \$15.50 to \$16 per ounce. It is computed that on the 20th of June, 100,000 dollars worth of flour was exposed in open air, and more than 500,000 dollars worth of other merchandise, chiefly dry goods, for want of storage. Storage was from \$1 to \$3 per barrel per month.

Buildings were springing up very rapidly, mostly of the cheapest character. At present, one-half of the population live in tents. The population increase slowly, as the departures for the mines about equal the arrivals. The risk to property at San Francisco from fire is very great. The buildings are all of the most frail and combustible description.

Good order in general prevailed both at the bay and mines. As a general thing, property is respected, evil doers being kept in check by fear of Lynch law.

Colonel Fremont and lady had arrived, and left for a rancho below the Puebla de los Angeles, which he had purchased for \$200,000. It is well stocked with cattle, some 10,000 head, and has good buildings on it. He will probably be a candidate for the Governorship.

Many shipments from the U. States and Europe will prove a total loss, not paying expense of landing. Scow hire per day, taking but one load, is \$150; men to discharge, \$15; sailors receive \$100 to \$200 per month; mates and captains, from \$300 to 600 per month.

An immense amount of lumber was ready at Oregon for shipment to San Francisco. Every vessel that could be got to sea, even at an expense of \$500 per month, was sent to the river. By September and October a very large amount, besides framed buildings, will have been landed from Oregon. Mechanics will be in great demand at this season, to erect buildings to shelter the mining population during the winter.

Ship James Monroe, loaded at Honolulu at \$20 per ton freight for San Francisco, took back a portion of her cargo at \$10 per ton, without landing. Consignments of vessels and cargoes are daily refused.

Mrs. Partington read over to herself the list of removals and appointments in a newspaper, several days ago, till she came to the following: "A. F. Perry to be post master at Columbus, vice S. Medardy, removed."
"Vice," she soliloquised, taking off her specs, "vice is a monster, as the poet says, and people ought to have more sense than to name their children after the horrid creature. Vice S. Medardy! No wonder Gen. Taylor removed him—the name's perfectly audacious!"—and the old lady blessed her stars that she had given "Scripture names" to a numerous offspring.—*Dayton Journal*.

THE MOSQUITO KINGDOM.

The Providence Journal gives the following history of the events which have occurred, within the past three or four years, in a strip of country in the neighborhood of Honduras, and which have occupied the attention of the press of this country for some time past:

England and the Mosquito Kingdom.

There appears to be trouble brewing in a quarter where few have dreamed there would ever be a point of contention between England and the United States. Allusions to the subject have appeared in two or three instances in the public prints, during the last year, but as our readers may not be familiar with the case, we lay it before them.

A few years since, a British mercantile house at Jamaica, doing business with the Indians on that part of the coast of Guatemala most contiguous to that Island, contrived to get some of the chiefs deeply in their debt, whether justly or not does not appear, and to extort from them a mortgage on a considerable portion of the territory occupied by them. What the nature of the lien or mortgage was, which these traders had obtained, is not known to us; but it seems that the British government thought it a favorable opportunity to step in, acknowledge the claim, as well as the security held by the traders, and seize on the territory so mortgaged. A man-of-war suddenly appeared off the town of San Juan, sent its armed boats on shore, and forcibly took possession. To strengthen their claim, a consul was sent to the British government, who endeavored to get an acknowledgement from the adjoining states of Costa Rica and Nicaragua, of the territory seized upon by them from the so-called Mosquito chief, with the promise of some commercial advantages at the port of San Juan. Costa Rica joins New Grenada near the Isthmus of Panama and stretches towards Nicaragua lake, with a long line of the Pacific coast.

To obtain advantages of a port of entry on the opposite coast was a most desirable object, in whatever way they might be obtained. And, if England, under the plea of supporting the sovereignty of a petty Indian chief, called the "Mosquito King," would grant these advantages, simply by receiving from Costa Rica an acknowledgment of her claims to a portion of the territory belonging to the state of Nicaragua, she would do so. But to the people of Nicaragua the "Mosquito King" was a new personage, and bore the same relation to them as the Indian chiefs, Black Hawk, Ocoela and Red Jacket, did in their day to the U. States. To acknowledge, therefore, the transfer of a large tract of country, the navigation of their principal river, and their only seaport and harbor, to the British government, by one of their Indian chiefs, was too ridiculous to be considered. The consul or delegate to his "Mosquito Majesty" was not acknowledged by the authorities of Nicaragua, nor any claims which he made to their territory.

The country claimed by the British, over which they pretend to exercise jurisdiction in behalf of this Indian chief, extends from the mouth of the river San Juan to the Machuca falls, about sixty miles up that stream toward Lake Nicaragua; and along the coast between three and four hundred miles northward. As to the extent inland, it is probably as far as Guatemala will permit them to go, or rather we might say, as far as they choose to go, for what can this feeble republic do against England?

It is not the seizure of this territory under the miserable pretence of sustaining the sovereignty of the so called "Mosquito King" that gives alarm, but it is the forcible possession of the only port and river through which a ship canal can be constructed by the way of Lake Nicaragua to the Pacific. And what makes the cause particularly annoying at this time is, that the state of Nicaragua has just granted to an American company the privilege of constructing a ship canal from this port to San Juan.

GREENOUGH, THE SCULPTOR—A letter of an American gentleman now traveling in Italy, says: "Greenough's great group, illustrative of the early settlement of our country, is a fine conception, and its execution admirable. It represents a backwoodsman, one of the original stock of the pioneers of the West, in the act of rescuing his wife and children from the impending peril of the tomahawk of an Indian. The ferocity of the savage, the shrinking amazement of the child, the resignation of the wife, and the noble bearing of the husband, are truly expressed. The group is highly spoken of by Italian artists, as well as connoisseurs in Florence, and I think it will be so admitted in the United States, as that will be considered a great acquisition to the Capitol."

Marseilles, via Richmond.

The Union is growing shrewd. It intimates that it is not so green as to be caught "defending dishonest defaulters." If we are to judge of its "cunning at fence" from the severe thrust it has made at Judge MASON, in DENBY's matter, the late administration may well pray to be relieved from the peril of its protection. The Albany Evening Journal thus notices its defence of Mr. DENBY. After quoting the paragraph of the sole organ in explanation of the late "defunct in the accounts" of Mr. DENBY, late Navy Agent at Marseilles, the Journal adds:

"When was it found either necessary or convenient to send money to Marseilles, in France, by way of Richmond, in Virginia? It may be that this loss is the result of the failure of this 'house in Richmond,' but it is equally true that the Secretary of the Navy had no business to allow this 'house in Richmond to have anything to do with these funds."

"The apology of the Union only makes the matter worse. If it had allowed the whole weight of the transaction to fall upon the shoulders of the defaulting officer, no others would have been directly implicated. But in endeavoring to shield DENBY, the Union implicates two other 'ardent sons' of Virginia. The ex-Secretary is most seriously compromised. We shall wait impatiently for his explanation. Meanwhile the public will find the Union as brazen-faced in its defence of defaulters as it is in its libels upon honorable men. Its editorial columns, for a week to come, will be found employed one-half in proving Mr. Denby a 'martyr,' and the other half proving General Taylor a 'knave.'"

WIDDERS—A young Tipperary widow, Nelly McPhee, I think he called her, was courted and actually had an offer from Tooley O'Shane, on the way to her husband's funeral. "She accepted of course," said Grossman. "No she didn't," said Smith. "Tooley, dear," said she, "ye're too late; four weeks ago it was, I shook hands w' Patty Sweeney upon it, that I would have him in decent time after poor McPhee went underboard."—"Well," said Grossman, "widows of all nations are very much alike. There was a Dutch woman whose husband, Diedrick Von Fronk, died and left her inconsolable. He was buried in Copp's Hill.—Folks said grief would kill that widow. She had a figure of wood carved that looked very much like her husband, and placed it in her bed, and constantly kept it there for several months. In about half a year she was interested in a young shoemaker, who took the length of her foot, and finally married her. He had visited her not more than a fortnight when the servants told her that they were out of kindling stuff, and asked her what should be done. After a pause, the widow replied in a very quiet way:—'May be it ish well enough now to shpit up old Van Fronk, vat ish up stairs.'"

YOUNG MEN, HELP YOURSELVES—"Providence," we are told, "helps those who help themselves." A true proverb, and worthy to be stamped on every heart. Passing on through life, you will find many a stream that will cross your path—but don't sit down and mourn. If you can't wade across, throw stones to stand upon, or bring forth a dead tree from the forest, and you will soon make a bridge and be safe on the opposite side. To-day you are opposed in your project. Don't stop—don't go back—meet the opposer—persevere—and you will conquer—Providence will assist you. You have failed in business—come out from under the lead stool of despondency and try again. Zounds! if you don't help yourselves and persevere, you will do nothing, and be punished at every beggar and every pauper on crutches, who passes along. Your friends have died; bury them—but don't linger in the church yard mourning because they are gone; you may go next. Up with you; wipe off your tears and be happy—'tis the only way.

In fine, help yourselves in all places; at all times; and Providence will assist you, smile on you, and make life a scene of actual enjoyment and real pleasure.

BURIED ALIVE—A gentleman was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance.
"She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries.
"Vanity," returned the other, "she buried herself alive, in the arms of an old fellow of seventy with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

Punch says he knows a man so fat that they grease wagon wheels with his shadow.

A GREAT MANS PATRONAGE.

Canti was embarrassed for want of money—would to Heaven that the want were confined to the Prince of Canti! People refused any longer to trust him. His coachman came to him one morning and said:
"The horses, my lord, want hay and corn!"
"Give them hay and corn, then!" said the Prince.
"But, my lord, the farmers and the corn chandlers refused to supply me any more till their accounts are discharged."
"Ah, that alters the matter," quoth the Prince, very gravely.
"But your highness, what shall the horses have?"
"Have!—call my Steward."
The steward appears.
"So, the corn chandler and farmer refuse us credit—the rascals—do they?" said the Prince.
"Yes, my lord."
"Humph! who does give us credit?"
"No one, your highness."
"No one?"
"Yes, now I think of it, my lord, the pastry cook does."
"Honest fellow, we must encourage him!" cries the Prince. "Coachman your affairs is settled—give the horses cheese-cake and custard."

TITLES.
Some few years since there was a young English nobleman figuring away at Washington. He had not much brains, but a vast number of titles, which, notwithstanding our pretended dislike to them, have sometimes the effect of tickling the ear amazingly.—Several ladies were in debate, giving over the list:—"He is Lord Viscounts and so, Baron of such a county," &c. "My fair friends," exclaimed the gallant Lieut. N. "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten." "Ah!" exclaimed they, "what is that?" "He is *Barren of Intellect*," was the reply.

A clergyman in Connecticut was reading to his congregation the beautiful and poetical psalm of David, wherein he says: "mercy and truth are met together. Righteousness and peace have kissed each other." At this passage a little girl in the assembly manifested a great interest, and whispered to her mother:—"That's just as true as you live.—I see Righteousness Hill a kissing Peace Peabody behind the smoke-house—but how did the minister know it."

A DIALOGUE.
"Crow, I want to ax you a conundrum."
"Well, Julius, succeed, I's open for de queshum."
"Can you tell me why de art of self-defence am like a ribber at low tide?"
"No, Julius, I doesn't see no similarity in de two subjects, so darfor I guvs um up!"
"Well, den I'll tell you—it is simply becase it developes de muscles! You is de most ignominous nigger I nebber seed!"
"Yah-yah. I knowed all de time what dat was, only I didn't want to say nuffin; jiss ax me agin, an' see if I can't told you."

A LONG PAUSE—An old gentleman riding over Putney bridge, turned round and said—"Do you like eggs, John?"
"Yes, sir," was the reply.
Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman, while riding over the same bridge, that day twelvemonth, again turned round and said—
"How?"
"Boiled, sir," was the answer.

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which was observed by a yankee joker sitting near, who bawled out, "I say, friend, don't make that are hole in your countenance any larger for goodness sake, for the rest 'on us will starve by jingo."

A young lady said to her gallant, "please clasp my cloak." "Certainly," said he, putting his arms around her, "and the contents also."

A writer in an Irish newspaper, after mentioning the wreck of a vessel near Skerry, rejoices that all the crew were saved except four hogheads of molasses.

Mrs. Partington says that a man fell down the other day in an applejack fit, and that his life was extirpated.

An Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner convicted of murder—"You are to be hanged, and I hope it will be a warning to you."
"I yielded to his earnest persuasion," as the young widow said after angling two years to catch an old bachelor.
A Frenchman wishing to tell a fat lady that she was very considerable, said, "Madam, you are very considerable."

PREMATURE BURIALS.

We assure that the following is true in every particular. A poor man, residing in the upper part of the city, left home at the usual hour some days since, to perform his daily labor; and on returning in the afternoon, found that his wife had been seized with cholera during the forenoon and conveyed to the Hospital in 13th street. He immediately went there, and as he entered the place, six coffins were carried out to be conveyed to Potter's Field. The poor fellow proceeded to the room and inquired for his wife, when he was informed that she was dead, and that one of the coffins he had passed contained her body, but which of them they could not tell, as no marks are placed upon them to distinguish one from the other. The man, in agony of grief, started in pursuit of the conveyance, and accompanied it to Potter's Field, when he pleaded so hard to be permitted to look once more upon the face of his wife, that permission was given, and the coffins were opened. When the body of the woman was exposed, he seized it frantically in his arms and pressed it fondly to his bosom. For a moment he fancied he felt the beating of her heart, and seized her wrist, he exclaimed, "My God, she lives!" At that moment the woman opened her eyes and recognized her husband; she was conveyed home, and is now quite recovered.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

PROGRESS OF GENERAL TAYLOR.
We have been furnished with the following interesting account of the progress of Gen Taylor from Baltimore to Harrisburg. It will be seen that the old Hero was received with the greatest enthusiasm at all the points on the route—the people turning out in immense crowds, all eager to catch a glimpse of the man whom they had elevated to the highest office within their gifts:

Presuming that the readers of the Patriot would be gratified with a sketch of Gen. Taylor's tour from Baltimore to Harrisburg, I have hastily written the following which is at your service. It is not necessary for me to say whether the writer is a Whig or Democrat. He happened to be the General during the trip,—and had a natural curiosity to hear and see what was going on; and amid the "noise and confusion" took a few notes. He saw a great many people, and heard Gen. Taylor make eleven public speeches in two days! Do not think I am exaggerating as to the speeches. What I have said, and what I am going to say, is true to the letter.

We left Baltimore at nine on Friday morning. In the car specially appropriated by the Baltimore and Annapolis Rail Road Company for the accommodation of the President and his company, we noticed Dr. Wood (Gen. Taylor's son-in-law), Mayor Stansbury, Col. Kane, also Messrs. Yellott, Barnum, Poudler, McCormick, Herr and Cockey, a committee of Directors of the Rail Road Company.—Mr. Maddox, our Post-master, Mr. Fendall of Washington, J. H. Clay Mead, Esq., Col. Wesley Cowles, Judge Nesbit, R. Taylor Alison, Esq., Messrs. Henry Snyder, Elias Ware, Grinnell, Weirman, McCubbin, and several other gentlemen of our city. You will perceive from the above names that some of our prominent Democratic friends belonged, at least for a day, to the "Taylor party." Messrs. Barnitz and Morris, of the York Committee of Reception, were also on board. The day was delightful one,—and the whole company seemed in the best humor imaginable. No one thought to ask his neighbor whether he had voted for Cass or Taylor.

From Baltimore to the Pennsylvania Line, at all the stopping points, we found the road lined with men, women and children, who had come from far and near to get a sight of the hero of Buena Vista. At each point, the General was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Whenever the cars started off, up went "three cheers for Gen. Taylor."

At the Pennsylvania Line, we were met by Governor Johnston, accompanied by a large number of distinguished citizens of the Keystone State. Byreuxes of Maryland Committee, Coleman Yellott, Esq. introduced Gen. Taylor in a brief address, and concluded by "suscending him to the hospitalities of Pennsylvania." Gov. Johnston responded,—giving their distinguished visitor a hearty welcome to their State. Gen. Taylor replied in appropriate terms. "He expressed his high gratification at the cordial welcome which had been extended to him. He had heretofore been honored with the confidence of Pennsylvania. He come now to mingle with her citizens, and to obtain a more intimate knowledge of her great agricultural, mining and manufacturing interests. He would now say, that he would endeavor to show, by his future conduct that the confidence of the Keystone State had not been misplaced." This is Messrs. Cochran of the York Republican, who were present, obtained correct reports of the several speeches, and I must refer you to them for a more minute detail of company of "crossing the line." They say that, at six, the ceremony is a very disagreeable one; but here it was quiet pleasant to all concerned.

About one o'clock we reached York! Here was a parade of the military—and a mighty "gathering of the people." The cry had been heard, "Old Zack is coming," and lo! the "avalanche of the people" was there. The chief Burgess received the President in a very neat address—the procession formed, and march-