

# WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

ALFRED L. PRICE  
AND  
DAVID FULTON PROPRIETORS.

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TERMS

**WILMINGTON JOURNAL:**  
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Sept. 21, 1844. 1-1f

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Second brick building on Water, South of Mulberry Street,—up stairs.

**JUST RECEIVED.**  
Per Sch. J. D. JONES,

50 PLOUGHS, No. 1 & 11,  
20 Shares and Mouldboards,  
20 Boxes pole saws,  
10 do. John Ender's Tobacco,  
20 Bbls. Canal Flour,  
20 Half do do.

For sale by JAS. I. BRYAN.  
Feb'y 7th, 1845.—[21-1f]

**LIST OF BLANKS**

ON HAND, and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

County and Sup. Court Writs  
do do Subpoenas  
do do F. Pas.  
County Court Scire Facias  
Apprentice's Indentures  
Letters of Administrators  
Jury's Tickets  
Peace warrants  
Constable's bonds  
Notes of hand  
Checks, Cape Fear Bank  
do Branch Bank of the State  
Notes, negotiable at bank  
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Certificates of Justices attending Court  
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Any blank wanted and not on hand will be printed with the utmost despatch.

Officers of the Courts and other officers, and all other persons, requiring blanks, or any other work in the printing line would do well to give a call, or send in their orders. We are determined to execute our work well, and at the cheapest rates for cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE, S. E. cor. Princes & Front-sts., One door above the Hanover House.

**MOLASSES.**  
100 hds., prime new crop, just received per brig N. F. Frothingham, for sale by G. W. DAVIS.  
Feb'y 21.—[23]

**COAL.**  
50 hds., and 20 Tons loose, for sale by GEO. W. DAVIS.  
Feb'y 21.—[23]

**Taken Up.**  
AND committed to the Jail of Bladen county, about the 10th of January last, a negro man, whose name is Dublin. Said negro, is about 5 feet 8 or 10 inches high, and about 22 years old. He says he belongs to some one in Alabama. He was sold by Duncan Lewis, Esq., of Bladen county, N. C., to his present owner. The owner of said boy, is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law requires.  
G. W. MELVIN, S'g'r.  
Feb'y 7, 1845 21-6f

During my absence for a few weeks from Wilmington, Mr. John S. Richards will act as my authorized agent. WM. COOKE.  
Feb'y 18, 1844.—[23]

12 COPIES TO CLUBS FOR \$20.  
THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE FOR 1845.

EDITED BY JOHN INMAN & ROBERT A. WEAT.  
Prospectus for the Second Year.

At the close of his second volume, the Magazine having been commenced on the first of January, 1844, the publisher finds himself irresistibly called on to express the satisfaction and gratitude with which he has been filled by the brilliant and unexampled success that has attended his endeavors to win the public favor. Notwithstanding the difficulties, disappointments and vexations that almost invariably follow the establishment of a new periodical, in the production of which there must be the harmonious co-operation of many hands and many hands—notwithstanding occasionally short-comings, especially in the pictorial department, which no care or diligence could avert and no expenditure prevent, the Columbian Magazine has gone on steadily increasing in support and popularity from the opening number, and if the unthoughtful testimony of the press may be received as unswayed by partiality and unbiassed by friendship, the efforts of contributors and editor have been satisfactory to the public and accepted as fulfilling the promises made for them at the commencement of the enterprise.

The publisher undertook the work with a firm conviction that the great city of New York was the best and the true home for a magazine of general literature; that notwithstanding the failure of many previous attempts to establish such a work, there could be no impossibility of success with sufficient capital, perseverance and the right system of management both by publisher and editor; stimulated by this conviction he embarked in the enterprise and the result of the first year has proved that his judgment was correct.

It has long ceased to be necessary, or reasonable, that we should speak of the Columbian as an experiment. At all events, it is now an experiment substantially tried. We feel ourselves upon as firm a basis as any similar journal in the world.—Our principal cares now regard not so much the securing what ground we have gained (for we consider this sufficiently secure) as the extension of our sphere of action and utility—not so much, even, the mere enlargement of our subscription list, as the most suitable modes of catering for the amusement (and shall we say occasionally for the profit) of our subscribers in the present and in the future—the many whom we have, and the many more we shall undoubtedly have as time rolls on.

We have made arrangements which will enable us to present our friends with embellishments of very superior taste, style and finish. In this respect it is our firm purpose, if possible, to outvie all competition. Our music and engravings, we confidently believe, will not be equalled—very certainly they shall not be surpassed in real merit by those of any other magazine. We propose to give each no two or more super engraving, independently of two pages of music, by the most eminent composers, and a plate of authentic facsimiles of the hieroglyphic and cuneiform inscriptions.

Regarding the literary and editorial conduct of the Columbian, the publisher does not feel called upon to say more than a very few words. The general management of this department is, as heretofore, entrusted to a gentleman possessing every qualification for the task, and who has given abundant evidence, not only of the highest ability to put forth a magazine exactly adapted to the tastes of our readers. The publisher, therefore, has every confidence that what has already been done for the literary value of the journal will be done again. We are perfectly willing that our future in this respect shall be estimated by our past. The subjoined list of those who have furnished articles for the Columbian during the foregoing year will satisfy, we feel assured, the most fastidious that we are resolute to spare in no particular their merited exertion or expense.

Mrs L. H. Sigourney H P Grattan  
Mrs Kirkland 'The author of the "Widow of Bruges"  
Mrs A. S. Stephens H T Tucker  
Mrs F. N. Osgood James F Otis  
Mrs E. O. Smith Robert L Wade  
Mrs A. C. Mowatt S D Patterson  
Mrs E. F. Ellet E S Gould  
Mrs M. Stearns Loud Eba Smith  
Mrs J. G. Brooks T. E. Fry  
Mrs J. Hull C Fenno Hoffman  
Mrs M. P. Hunt C D McLeod  
Mrs H. Lightfoot Wm H Willis  
Mrs G. H. Butler Walter Whitman  
Mrs E. C. Ensbury Rev F C Woodworth  
Mrs Cary Isaac F Shephard  
Mrs E. R. Steele T B Read  
Mrs M. A. Erving Wm O Bourne  
Miss M. L. Lawson R G White  
Miss Colman H A Clark  
Miss Isabel Jocelyn C Wilkins Eimi  
Miss M. Russell E J Porter  
Miss Emily E. Chubbuck E Parnly  
Miss J. M. Baucner H Myers  
Miss F. Forester M C Hill  
Miss M. G. Quincy Author of "Summer Pro-Me Wilson  
Author of "Summer Pro-Me Wilson  
J K Paulding J Boughton  
Wm C Bryant C McLachlan  
Fitz G Halleck 'The Author of "Time's Loins"  
E A Poe A M Ide Jr  
John Neal O G Warren  
Henry W. Herbert Augustus Snodgrass  
H H Weld J T Bradley  
Park Benjamin F L Hagadorn  
Wm Cox H B Hirst  
Geo W Kendall T S Arthur  
H S Schoeller

With the aid of these contributors, (of whom it is needless to say one word in the way of commendation,) and of numerous others perhaps equally meritorious if less celebrated, who have promised us their support, we flatter ourselves that, as a literary work, the Columbian need be under no apprehension of being excelled.

But what we have done is already before the public, who will not fail to judge us with impartiality, and in respect to what we intend to do, it will be both wiser and more becoming (although less fashionable) not to boast. We may be permitted to assure our friends in brief however, that we have matured numerous plans (for the third volume) with which we feel confident they will be pleased. It is our purpose to put forth every energy; and it will be no fault of our own if the Columbian shall not be found at least equal to any magazine, of any class or price, in America.

DEALERS IN PERIODICALS throughout the United States and the Canada, who wish to become agents for the Columbian Magazine will please apply to the publisher immediately. The usual discount will be made to them.

**Terms of the Columbian Magazine.**  
One copy one year in advance, \$3  
One copy two years, 5  
Two copies one year, 3  
Five do do 10  
Eight do do 15  
Eleve do do 20  
Address ISRAEL POST,  
3 Astor House, N. Y.

**HAY.**  
100 bales prime Eastern Hay, for sale by GEO. W. DAVIS.  
Feb'y 21.—[23]

**FLOUR.**  
100 barrels fine and superfine, for sale by G. W. DAVIS.  
Feb'y 21.—[23]

**OLD NASH BRANDY.**  
10 bbls. warranted 10 years old, for sale by G. W. DAVIS.  
Feb'y 21.—[23]

**Liquors.**  
50 BBLs. N. E. Rum,  
10 do. New Orleans do.  
5 do. American Brandy,  
5 do. do. Gin,  
10 do. Baltimore Whiskey,  
8 do. N. Orleans, do.  
3 do. very old Rye, do.  
1 pipe and 3 eighths casks Holland Gin,  
3 eighths casks French Brandy. For sale by BARRY & BRYANT.  
Feb'y 28, 1845. 24-1f

**Outcarts' Stuff.**  
6 HALF bbls. Scotch Snuff, in Bladders,  
1 do. and 2 kegs in bulk. For sale by BARRY & BRYANT.  
Feb'y 28, 1845. 24-1f

**State of North-Carolina,**  
COUNTY OF NEW-HANOVER,  
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,  
December Term, 1844.

Rachael James  
vs  
Nicanor James, Sarah Willford, John James, Hester Pickett, Spicer Padget, and wife Eliza Padget, John Chadwick and wife Lodiska Chadwick, Jacob James, Samuel James, Nancy James, Isaac James, Prescilla James, Dennis Laneer, Thomas Laneer, John Bostick, and wife Emma Bostick, Frederick Manning, and wife Sarah Manning, Amos Rochell, and wife Sally Rochell, Jesse Wood, and wife Nancy Wood, Charlotte Laneer, David Sholar, and wife Hannah Sholar, Heagar Laneer, Mary Laneer, Emma Ann Laneer, David L. Laneer, Brantley Laneer, James P. Laneer, Bryant Meredy, and wife Catharine Meredy, Isaac Rochell, and wife Sally Rochell, Gray Padget, Spicer Padget, Nelson Padget, John Rochell, Jacob Rochell, Benjamin Rochell, Anna Rochell, Riley Jones, and wife Mary Jones, and James James.  
PETITION FOR DOWER.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Frederick Manning and his wife Sarah, Gray Padget, and Nelson Padget are citizens of Alabama, and James James is a resident of the Territory of Florida, it is ordered that publication be made for three weeks in the Wilmington Journal, for the said Frederick Manning, and wife Sarah, Gray Padget, Nelson Padget, and James James, to appear at the next term of this Court, to be held at the Court-house in Wilmington, on the 2d Monday of March next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the Petition filed in this case, or the same will be taken pro confesso, and heard ex parte as against them.

Witness, LEWIS H. MARSTELLER, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, at office, the 2d Monday of December, A. D. 1844, and in the 69th year of American Independence.

Teste, L. H. MARSTELLER, C'k.  
Feb'y 21, 1845.—[23-3f Pr. adv. \$5 62]

**State of North-Carolina,**  
COUNTY OF NEW-HANOVER,  
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,  
December Term, 1844.

Rachael James, Nicanor James, Sarah Willford, and others distributees of Jacob James, deceased,  
vs  
Frederick Manning, and wife Sarah, Gray Padget, Nelson Padget, and James James, Isaac James, and Prissilla James.

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Teste, L. H. MARSTELLER, C'k.  
Feb'y 21, 1845.—[23-3f Pr. adv. \$3 75]

**100,000 Acres Valuable**  
TIMBER LANDS FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has purchased all the Land belonging to the Estate of Abram Dubois, dec'd., lying principally in Robeson County, and on both sides of Lumber River, the different surveys containing over One Hundred Thousand Acres; a large part finely Timbered, and convenient to Lumber River, where a large quantity of Timber is now rafted to the Georgetown market. These Lands are very valuable, and will be sold at a low price, and in quantities to suit purchasers.

Information respecting the title can be obtained by applying to the Hon. Robert Stranges, James C. Dobbin, Esq., or A. A. T. Smith, Esq., (Attorneys at Law.)

I understand there are many trespassers on these lands, to all of whom notice is hereby given, that the law will be enforced against all such offenders.

Application for any part of the Lands can be made to myself, or to John Windlow, Esq., who will be duly authorized to make sale of the same.

THOS. J. CURTIS,  
Fayetteville, N. C. Feb. 28, 1845.—[24-2m]

**LOST.**  
ON the 3d of Jan'y last, a valuable CLOTH CLOAK, was carried off on the train from Warsaw, and has not been heard of since by its owner, the subscriber. The Cloak was a very large one, and made of Invisible or Bottle Green Cloth, faced throughout the front with black silk Velvet, and having a cape covered with the same material. Any person finding the same and leaving it at Warsaw, with Mr. Pearce, or Mr. Love, or forwarding any information to myself, should said Cloak, will be amply compensated.

JOHN SELLERS,  
Clinton, Sampson Co., N. C., Feb. 28, 1845.—4f

**BANK WARRANTS**—for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

**Something to Die For.**  
Prent was sick, single and singular. It was of no use to do anything for him; he was going to die; that is, he was coming to his end. Of what? Will you have the answer of last month, or last year? It's quite unimportant to me which. Last week he was dying of consumption; last month of apoplexy; last year of cancer; and it was as likely the year before to have been an aneurism as a palsy. But he thought of dying, and had thought of it off and on (generally on) for three years. Three years—till finally he reduced it to a certainty (he feared) and himself to a shadow; and a pretty distinct shadow it's true.

He looked at his hand one day; there was a little blue spot on it. Mortifying, no doubt very. What would become of his penmanship? Off hand at least. Four and twenty hours relieved him: all right; just a stain.—He walked in perspiration of delight to the open window; but where was his happiness, when two minutes after he put his hand upon his brow and felt cold drops standing there! Oh! where was it! Going in a consumption; last stage—hasty at that; named in two words, cough and coffin.

Bed, blood root and a blister. Prent was a whig and a wag, and both together sometimes—unsteady. "Not so much my feelings as my friends," said Prent feebly; "nor my pains as my principles, I grieve for. What'll become of the party? not that which comes to—" (tea he was about to say, but growing short of breath got out "it" instead, which was just as well,) but which goes to the polls? I'm going, and my friends know it: it's expectation with me, but not with them.

"No no," said his friend Prattle, the lawyer; "don't give way to such feelings. Cheer up." "Cheer up!" said Prent, "what? Spirits of nitre!—poor cheer, I take it." He did; and as for giving way, there's no help for it nor from it. I tell you my friend, I'm a gone coon!" He smiled feebly. "I've felt like it ever since the last election." "Stuff!" said Prattle "stuff!" "Which?" asked Prent; "my medicine or my meals? I haven't eaten any thing so large as a cracker since yesterday. I'm an unsound liver, though not bilious." "Well," said Prattle, "if you really think so, I will send for the doctor; and, suggested he, perhaps I'd better make out your will!" "The best thing you can do; and give me your testament," said Prent.

"Won't you sign this petition?" said Prattle; "it dates a week back, and you can sign it at the head." "A week back," said Prent, "contains a complaint does it? Well, yes; I'll sign the petition and say my prayers. But look here, don't send for the doctor; it's no use." "Yes," said Prattle, imploringly. "No," said Prent decidedly; and coughed. Coughing loudly, for a sick man, he frightened Prattle into making out his will immediately, for there was some danger of its shaking his intentions.

The will was drawn up in due form, and without ceremony. As Prattle sat by the bed, he thought during the intervals between Prent's remarks; and when Prent said, "I feel easier now," he thought "so do I." "In my mind," said Prent. "In my pocket," thought Prattle. "I'll lengthen my life full twelve hours," said Prent.

"And my purse full twelve shillings," thought Prattle. After half an hour Mr. Prattle went away, and after him went a week from that date. Not so Prent; he got so he could sit up and take things—so that he could stand. "It leaves me with a rheumatism," said Prent; "I wish it had left me alone." "Ah!" continued he, "I'm only twenty-five, but I've a presentiment that I shan't live long. I'm a single man, too; nothing to mar my happiness.—Why should I die? I haven't done any thing very bad, save that last painting. Well, thought Prent, "if I've got to die, I'll get married and have something to die for; I will." And he would have done it directly, only that the rheumatism attacked him just then; but at the first opportunity, that is, as soon as he could, he took the preliminary step. He took the steps to a three-story house.

"Mr. Prent!" said the waiter. "That's me," said Prent, walking into the parlor.

"How is Miss Bachelor?" "Miss Bachelor was a young lady of about thirty, with a very fresh countenance and a very red nose—exceedingly red; she bore the appearance of one having the influenza all her life, and never using anything for it but her pocket-handkerchief." "Miss Bachelor was 'Pretty well as common, thank you,' and 'Miss Latelle,' said Prent to a very pretty niece of Miss Bachelor's.—How are you?" "Very well," she warbled.

Prent was the only gentleman present. He sat himself down, and in five minutes thereafter was in town, as the saying goes. He felt happy and he looked happy. He thought perhaps he would have some difficulty in getting Miss Latelle, but even that produced a pleasurable excitement. The reasons for his belief were good too. He was not handsome, and Miss Latelle had refused three already. But she was the first girl of his acquaintance, and he determined to commence at 'A No. 1,' and try down to 'net,' with no number.

To his surprise he advanced rapidly; from the weather to love in a single leap; to matrimony in one more. "How well I feel," thought Prent. He was about proposing, when Miss Bachelor said, in a voice to which a coffee-mill would have been music; "I declare, I feel quite chilly!" There was no doubting her veracity, but it was. Prent thought awkward to say so at the moment. Suppose she was!—it wasn't his fault. He wished her in the south of France, or the kitchen-stove rather than there.

"It is, rather chilly," said Prent. Miss Bachelor was troubled with teeth.—Prent knew it. "I'm told," said he, "that a slight chill in the air is worse than really cold weather, for the teeth. Have you heard it?" "Dear me! No," said Miss B.—"I must n't stay here then." She ascended the stairs with rapidity, and they heard no more of her for the evening. Mr. Prent wasted no time, but proposed without delay. Miss Latelle accepted—all

comfortably. Now it puzzled Prent to know how to act. It struck him rather forcibly that he ought to say something sentimental. But what? He was new to the business and felt awkwardly. He had heard that 'actions speak louder than words,' and he acted. Acted admirably; on the supposition that he must be love-sick he kissed her, and repeated the dose at intervals; but it had no visible effect; and after the very last, she said Oh?

Ten o'clock Prent was almost ready to leave. Half-past—the same. Eleven ditto; half-past—one more kiss. Well then Oh! Twelve. A desperate effort, and then two kisses. "Oh! oh! gone." "My dear fellow," said Prattle. "You don't mean to say you are married?" "Of course I do," said Prent. "Married, eh?" Hadn't Prattle eaten suppers with him for all his pleasure, regularly, and as regularly told him, the next day, it was unhealthy, but humored him by helping him to eat another every evening; drank with him, smoked with him, and performed various like disinterested services? He had. Well then, there could be no doubt of his friendship, and he told Mr. Prent it was a foolish idea.

"And your object is to have some one to bother you while you live?" said Prattle, "or grieve when you're dead? Something to die for?" "It is," said Prent. "If you believed you were destined to live twenty years, don't you think you would be better off single?" "I think I should," said Prent. He answered this, as Prattle asked it, in view of late hours and champagne suppers.

"Hum!" said Prattle, and straightway went to a doctor friend of his. "Lies in the stomach; it's disordered," said Prattle, "take this note and say I sent you. He's rich and his name's Bill; foot it!" "It's of no use, doctor," said Prent; "it's destined." "What are the symptoms?" asked Physic. "Various," answered Prent. "Instance," said Physic. "Rheumatism; palpitation; cold sweat; pain in the chest, etc., etc.," said Prent. "Let me try to remove them," said Physic; "it's eating that does it."

"No," said Prent: "I've experimented on that." "Drinking, perhaps?" suggested Physic. "I thought it might be," said Prent, "and left off beer and drank nothing but brandy-and-water. No use tried it for a week. Took to bearagrain, and dropped alcoholics. It wouldn't do. No, no; the fact is, it's constitutional. I wish it wasn't. I'd have it before the Judge in less than a week."

"Do you think you have a standing complaint?" asked Physic. "No; I rather think it's seated," said Prent. "Try me one month," said Physic, "and I'll cure you." "I've no objection to trying anything," said Prent. "Well, one blue bill every night for a week; sciditz-powder in the morning; diet, crackers and cold water."

"Stop! stop! doctor; I couldn't live so." "Only for a month," said Physic. "Say one potato and half a glass of wine at dinner." "You'd better not," said Physic; "but you may alternate days commencing to-morrow." "I'd rather commence it every day," said Prent. "Won't do!" said Physic. "It is strange, but Prent stood it 'like a man' for a month. It was much stranger to him, that at the end of that time, his arms, hands, legs, and feet, all seemed to be sound. He breathed more freely, and didn't wake up at nights, and bear strange sounds, and his fingers were less inclined to travel 'round every article he endeavored to handle."

"What was the matter with me?" asked Prent of the doctor. "You injured the coat of your stomach," said Physic. "And it couldn't make a shift to use its shirt-sleeves?" muttered Prent. "You're not well yet," said Physic. "So it is," said Physic; "but live moderately, or you'll bring it on again; and by and by there will be no curing you. Air, exercise, and temperance, or hypochondria; those are the tickets."

"And the last shan't receive my suffrage," said Prent. "That night he drank a glass or two on the strength of it; then one or two hours temperately." "I'm sorry," said Prent, "that I'll have to marry," hiccup. "You can break it," said Prattle. "Supposing she sues for breach," said Prent. "Supposing she does?" said Prattle; "better try the breeches before marriage than after.—She can't prove it!" "Well, I'll!" "Yes!" "I'll see you (hiccup) to-morrow."

"To-morrow Mr. Prent felt the symptoms again. "I guess I'll take a wife," said Prent. "Better take a blue pill," said Prattle. "But this; and all he could say, did not turn Prent on hair's-breadth. He was married. What was better, he got well; sacrificed his suppers, and wasn't at all sorry. Instead of dying, he lived. Lived as a man, having something to live for—a fire-side and a home."

From the Edinburgh Review.  
**Origin of the Jesuits.**  
On the dawn of the day on which, in the year 1534, the Church of Rome celebrated the feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, a little company of men, whose vestments bespoke their religious character, emerged in solemn procession from the deep shadows cast by the towers of Notre Dame over the silent city below them. In a silence not less profound, except when broken by the chant of the matins appropriate to that sacred season, they climbed the Hill of Martyrs, and descended into the Crypt which then ascertained the spot where the Apostle of France had won the crown of martyrdom. With a stately though halting gait, as one accustomed to military command, marched at their head a man of swarthy complexion, bald-headed and of middle stature, who had passed the meridian of life; his deep set eyes glowing as with a perennial fire, from beneath brows which had procreancy then been born, she might have portrayed in her leafy style, but which,

without her aid, announced a commission from from on high to subjugate and rule mankind. So majestic, indeed, was the aspect of Ignatius Loyola, that during the sixteenth century, few if any of the books of his order appeared without the impress of that imperial countenance. Beside him in the chapel of St. Denys knelt another worshipper, whose manly bearing, buoyant step, clear blue eye, and finely chiseled features, contrasted strangely with the solemnities in which he was engaged. Then in early manhood, Francis Xavier united in his person the dignity befitting his birth as a grandee of Spain, and the grace which should adorn a page of the Queen of Castile and Aragon. Not less incongruous with the scene in which they bore their parts, were the slight forms of the boy Alphonso Salmeron, and of his bosom friend Jago Laynez, the destined successor of Ignatius in his spiritual dynasty. With them Nicholas Alphonso Robadilla, and Simon Rodriguez—the first a teacher, the second a student of philosophy—prostrated themselves before the altar, where ministered Peter Faber, once a shepherd in the mountains of Savoy, but now a priest in holy orders. By his hands was distributed to his associates the seeming bread, over which he had uttered words of more than miraculous efficacy; and then were lifted up their united voices, uttering, in low but distinct articulation, an oath, at the deep significance of which the nations might have trembled or rejoiced. Never did human lips pronounce a vow more religiously observed, or pregnant with results more momentous.

Francis Xavier.—It was in the year 1506 that Francis Xavier, the youngest child of a numerous family, was born in the castle of his ancestors in the Pyrenees. Robust and active, of a gay humor, and ardent spirit, the young mountaineer listened with a throbbing heart to the military legends of his house, and to the inward voice which spoke of days to come, when his illustrious lineage should derive new splendor from his own achievements. But the hearts of his parents yearned over the son of their old age; and the enthusiasm which would have borne him to the pursuit of glory in the camp, was diverted by their counsels to the less hazardous contest for literary eminence at the university of Paris. From the embrace of Aristotle and his commentators, he would, however, have been prematurely withdrawn by the failure of his resources, (for the Lords of Xavier were not wealthy,) if a domestic prophetess (his eldest sister) had not been inspired to reveal his marvellous career and immortal recompense. For a child destined to have altars raised to his name throughout the Catholic Church, and masses chanted in his honor, or till time should be no longer, every sacrifice was wisely made; and he was thus enabled to struggle on at the College of St. Barbara, till he had become qualified to earn his own maintenance as a public teacher of Philosophy. His Chair was crowded by the studious, and his society courted by the gay, the noble, and the rich. It was courted, also, by one who stood aloof from the thronging multitude; among them, but not of them. Sordid in dress but of lofty bearing, at once unimpassioned and intensely earnest; abstemious of speech, yet occasionally uttering, in deep and most melodious tones, words of strange significance, Ignatius Loyola was gradually working over the mind of his young companion a spell which no difference of taste, of habits or of age, was of power to subdue. Potent as it was, the charm was long resisted. Hilarity was the native and indispensable element of Francis Xavier, and in his grave monitor he found an exhaustless topic of mirth and raillery. Armed with satire, which was not always playful, the light heart of youth contended, as best it might, against the solemn impressions which he could neither welcome nor avoid. Whether he partook of the frivolities in which he delighted, or in the disquisitions in which he excelled, or traced the windings of the Seine through the forest which then lined its banks, Ignatius was still at hand to discuss with him the charms of society, of learning, or of nature; but, whatever had been the theme, it was still closed by the same awful inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul?" The world which Xavier had sought to gain, was indeed already exhibiting to him its accustomed terrors; but with his self-government had stolen from him his pupils and encomiums. Ignatius recruited both. He became the eulogist of the genius and the eloquence of his friend, and as he presented to him the scholars attracted by these panegyrics, would repeat them in the presence of the delighted teacher; and then, as his kindling eye attested the sense of conscious and acknowledged merit, would check the rising exultation, by the ever-recurring question, "What shall it profit?" Impudence squandered these new resources; but nothing could damp the zeal of Ignatius. There he was again, though himself the poorest of the poor, ministering to the wants of Xavier, from a purse filled by the alms he had solicited; but there again was also the same unvarying demand, urged in the same rich, though solemn cadence, "What shall it profit?" In the relaxing grasp of the strong man—at once forgiven and assisted, rebuked and beloved by his stern associate—Xavier gradually yielded to the fascination. He became, like his master, impassive, at least in appearance, to all sublunary pains and pleasures; and having performed the initiatory rite of the Spiritual Exercises, excelled all his brethren of the society of Jesus in the fervor of his devotion and the austerity of his self-discipline.

His Death.—But his earthly toils and projects were now to cease forever. The angel of death appeared with a summons, for which, since death first entered our world, no man was ever more triumphantly prepared. It found him on board the vessel, on the point of departing for Siam. At his own request he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach, with the cold blast of a Chinese winter aggravating his pains, he contended alone with the agonies of the fever which wasted his vital power. It was a solitude and an agony for which the happiest of the sons of men might well have exchanged the dearest society and the purest of the joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a far more awful work endured for his deliverance; and a solitude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their bright and lovely aspects to the wounded and dying eye of faith; and audible to the dying mar-