

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

ALFRED L. PRICE
AND
DAVID FULTON PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 1.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1845.

NO. 35.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

TERMS

WILMINGTON JOURNAL:
Two Dollars and fifty cents if paid in advance, at the end of three months, \$3 00 at the expiration of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers. No subscription received for less than twelve months.
ADVERTISEMENTS
Inserted at one dollar per square of 16 lines or less, for the first, and twenty-five cents for each succeeding insertion. 25 per cent will be deducted from an advertising bill when it amounts to thirty dollars in any one year. Yearly standing advertisements will be inserted at \$10 per square. All legal advertisements charged 25 per cent higher.
If the number of insertions are not marked on the advertisement, they will be continued until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.
Letters to the proprietors on business connected with this establishment, must be post paid.
OFFICE on the south-east corner of Front and Princess streets, opposite the Bank of the State.
A. L. PRICE, Printer.

PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Neatly executed and with despatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

CORNELIUS MYERS,
Manufacturer & Dealer in
HATS AND CAPS.
Wholesale and Retail,
MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANT,
LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

WILLIAM COOPER,
Receiving and Forwarding Agent,
AND
General Commission Merchant,
Next door North of the New Custom-house,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GILLESPIE & ROBESON,
AGENTS
For the sale of Timber, Lumber, and all other kinds of Produce.
Sept. 21, 1844.

ROBT. G. RANKIN,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends in New York.
september 21, 1844.

Wm. Shaw,
Wholesale & Retail Druggist,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOHN HALL,
Commission Merchant,
Second brick building on Water, South of Mulberry Street,—up stairs.

Marriage of a Deaf and Dumb Couple.
We clip the following account of the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple from the N. Y. Eve. Post:

Married on Monday evening in the Presbyterian Church, Aliden street, Mr. JENNINGS, to Miss REEVES.

We have seldom witnessed a more imposing and solemn ceremony than this; both parties being deaf and dumb. At eight o'clock they entered the church with their attendants, who were also similarly afflicted, and kneeling before the altar, the service commenced by the Rev. Mr. Cary, who, after the usual announcement, performed the ceremony in the language of the deaf and dumb. At this moment the silence which prevailed was painfully impressive, not a whisper was heard throughout the large audience assembled, all eyes were directed to the Rev. gentleman who was performing the ceremony, which was to unite two beings, deprived of the great blessing the most of us enjoy unappreciated; the exhortation and prayer (made in their own language, and to which they seemed to pay great attention) was impressive and affecting even to the audience. They seemed fully aware of the responsibility they were incurring. After the service concluded, the Rev. Mr. Cary presented the bride with a beautiful Bible, they then took a position within the railway of the altar, the audience forming a procession as they passed, saluted the fair bride, who received their congratulations with the ease and grace that would have done honor to the *bon ton*.

The bride was a very interesting looking young lady, prettily attired in plain white, without ornament, save a white rose in her hair. The happy couple soon took their departure; and doubtless could we have known their thoughts, they would at that time have been those of sincere thanks to their teachers, and fervent gratitude to the founders of an institution which had conferred on them the inestimable blessing of communicating with their fellow beings, and without which they would have been dead to life and love.

It is a fact not generally realized that the extent of Wisconsin Territory is as great as that of six of the large States of the Union. The extent of the line of jurisdiction cannot be less than twelve hundred miles, the whole territory occupying an average of two hundred miles wide and twelve hundred long.

An Ancient and Venerable Egg.—We have been presented, by a friend in New Bedford, with an Egg, of which the following inscription, which is borne upon it, gives the history: "Presented by Captain R. R. Crocker, of New Bedford, Mass., April, 1845. This is the Egg of a Penguin, taken from the Island of Ichatou, in December, 1844, fifty-eight feet below the surface of Guano; and allowing the accumulation to be one eighth of an inch per ann., (the island being half a mile long, & a quarter of a mile wide,) it must be 6408 years old."—*Boston Atlas.*

Daddy Biggs' Scrape at Cockerell's Bend
BY THE "CHICKEN-MAN;"
The author of "Simon Suggs," "Taking the Census in Alabama," etc.

Cockerell's Bend is a well known rendezvous for the hunter and fisher of the Tallapoosa; and a beautiful place it is. The upper end of the curb is lake-like in its stillness, and is very deep; while a half mile below, the river spreads itself to double its usual width, and brows among rocks and islets fringed with the tall river grass. The part above is resorted to by those who fish with the rod, and that below by seiners. Opposite the deep water, the hills come towering down to within twenty yards of the river, the narrow intervening strip being low-land, covered with a tremendous growth of gum, poplar and white oak. Late in the afternoon of a warm May-day, this part of the Bend is a most delightful spot. The little mountains on the South and West exclude the sun glare completely; and the mere comfort-seeker may lay himself flat in the bottom of old Indian canoe he finds moored there by a grape vine, and float and look at the clouds and dream—as I have often done—with no living thing in sight to disturb his meditations, except the muskrat on the end of the old projecting log, and the matronly summer duck with her brood of tiny ducklings swimming close huddled, in the shade of the huge water-oak, whose overhanging limbs are covered with a close network of muscadine vines—whereof, (of the vines I mean.) I have a story of my friend, Captain Suggs, which will be related at the proper time. Take care, ye little downy rascals!—especially you, little fellow, with half an egg-shell stuck to your back!—true, there are not many or large trout in the Tallapoosa, but there are some; and occasionally one is found of mouth sufficient to engorge a young duck!—and almost always in a cool quiet shade just like—his! snap!—there you go, precisely as I told you! Now, old lady, quit that fussing and fluttering, and take the "young 'uns" out of the way of that other one that isn't far off! Titration in a trout may seem most unpleasant, one would think!

It chanced once that the writer encamped for a day or two on the narrow strip spoken of, with a company of the unsophisticated dwellers of the rough lands in that region, of whom the principal personage was "Daddy Elias Biggs," sometimes called "Daddy 'Lias," but more commonly "Daddy Biggs." We were on a fishing expedition, and at night hung a short line or two from the branches of the trees which overhung the water for "eat." One night, as we had just done this and were gathered around the fire, a gallowig passing from hand to hand, "Daddy Biggs"—who was a short squat man, rosy cheeked, bald and "inclined to three-score"—remarked, as he extended his hand towards a long, gaunt fellow, with a very long nose, and a very long black beard—

"Boys, ain't you never heard 't a terrible scrape I had here, at this very spot, last year? Billy Teal, let me have a suck at that yearthen-war, and I'll tell you all about it."

The old man took a "suck," smacked his lips and began his relation:

"You all 'member the time, boys, when them Chatohopas fellows come here a fishin'! Darn 'em, I wish they could fish about home, without goin' twenty miles to interrupt other people's range—well, they camped right here, and right here they *seed the Devil!*"

"Seed the Devil!" exclaimed Billy Teal.

"Did they, in right down airnes, now?" asked Jim Waters, looking around at the dark woods, and insinuating himself between Abe Ludlow and the fire in evident fright.

"They seed the Devil," repeated Daddy Biggs, with emphasis—and ketched him too!" he added; "but they couldn't hold him."

"Good gracious!" said Jim Waters, looking around again—do you think he stays about here?—and Jim got nearer to the fire.

"He stays about here some," replied Daddy Biggs. But Jim, son, get out from the fire!—you'll set your over-hauls afire!—and get me the sperrets. I'll buss the jug again, and tell you all about it!"

Bill Teal had deposited the jug behind a log, some ten feet off; but Jim Waters was not the lad to back out, if the Devil was about; so he made two desperate strides and grabbed the yearthen-war, and then made two more which brought him, head first, jug and all, into the fire. Chuck and sparks flew every where as he ploughed through it!

"He's got you, Jim!" shouted Abe.

"Pull the boy out!" exclaimed Bill and myself, in a breath, "or he'll burn up!"

"Some on ye save the jug!" screamed Daddy Biggs, who was standing horri-stricken at the idea of being left without liquor, in the woods.

In a minute both Jim and the jug were rescued; the former with burnt face and hands, and singed hair—the latter entirely unharmed.

"Well, well," chuckled Daddy Biggs, "we come outen that fust-rate—the jug ain't hurt, nor no liquor spilt. But Jim, I'm really astonished at you!—pitchin' in the fire that way, and you a-knowin' that was every drop o' sperrets we had!"

"Oh, but Daddy 'Lias," interposed Dick McCoy, "you must look over that—he seed the Devil!"

"Well, well, that 'minds me I was gwine to tell you all about that monstrous scrape I had wi' them Chatohospa fellows, last summer; so I'll squeeze the jug one time more, and tell you all about it."

Throwing his head into an admirable position for taking a view of things heavenly, Daddy Biggs inserted the mouth of the jug in his own mouth, when for a short space there was a sound which might be spelled "luggie—uggie—luggie—luggie—luggie," and then Daddy Biggs set the jug down by him, and began his story once more.

"Well, boys, they was camped right here and had sot out their hooks for cat [fish], just as we've done to-night. Right that, this side o' whar Bill's line hangs, some on 'em had tied a most a devil of a hook, from that big lim as goes straight out thar. He must a had a kunnoo to fasten it whar he did, else cooned it on the top o' the limb. Well, it's allers swimmin' under that limb, but that's a big rock in the shape of a sugar loaf, comes up in six inches o' the top. Right round that was whar I'd ketched the monstrous, most outacious Appeloocas cat, the week before, that ever come outen the Tallapoosa; & they'd heard of it, and the fellow with the big hook was a fishin' for hit's mate. Darn it, boys, it

makes me mad to think how them Chatohospa fellows and the twon folks do 'trude on we roover people—and when I'm aggrawated I allers drinks, so here goes agin'."

Daddy Biggs threw back his head again—again put the jug's mouth in his own—and again produced the sound of "guggie-uggie-luggie," and then resumed:

"This big-hook feller I was telling about, his name was Jess Cole, which lives in the Bottom, thar whar Chatohospa falls into the Hoota Looke; and aint got more'n half sense at that."

"That's the fellow oosed to strike for Vince Kirkland in the blacksmith's shop, at Dodd's, afore Vince died—aint it?" asked Bill Teal.

"That's him," said Daddy Biggs, "and that's how I come to know him; for I seed him thar once, tho' I can't say he knowed me. Well, he waked up in the night, and heard a most awful sloshin' at the head of his line, and he says, 'Rise, boys!—I've got him!—Darn my skin, ef I hain't. And sure enough, there was somethin' a flouncin' and sloshin' and makin' a devil of a commobberation at the end of the line. Jess he sprung up and got a long stick with a hook at one end, and retched out and cotched the line and tried to pull it in; but the thing on the hook gave a flirt, and the stick bent a leetle too short, which made him stoop forward, in he fell! He scuffed out the tollable quick, and ses he, 'Boys, he's a whaler!—cuss my eternal buttons, if he ain't the rise of fifty pounds!' Old Biggs may go to grass now, with his forty pound cats; he can't shine no way! When I heard that boys,

"When you heard it?" exclaimed all.

"Yes, me!" said Biggs, laughingly; "didn't I tell you that before? Well, I oughter done it, but forgot it! Darn it, we'll take a drink on that, any way!—and so he did."

"So 'twas you instid o' the devil, he cotched," observed Jim Waters, apparently much relieved by the disclosure.

"Just so; and the way it was, I seed the rascals as they were comin' here, and knowed what they were arter. So, when night comes, I slips down the roover bank mighty easy and nice, twell I could see the camp fire. But thar was a dog along, and I was afraid to venture up that way. See, I was arter stealin' thar fish they'd cotched thro' the day, which I knowed in reason they'd have a string on 'em in the water, at the kinnoo landin', to keep fresh. Well, seeing of the dog, I 'cluded I'd tack the injim by water instid o' land. So with that, I took the roover about thirty yards above here, and, sure enough, finds the string of fish just whar I know'd they'd be; and then I starts to swim down the roover a little ways and get out below, and go to Jerry White's, and tell him the joke. Boys, aint you gittin' mighty dry? I am!"

And Daddy Biggs drank again.

"Well, boys, just as I got whar that drated hook was, not thinkin' of nuthin' but the fun, the cussed thing ketched in one thigh of my over-hauls, and brought me up short. I tried the cusseddest ever a feller did, to get loose, and couldn't. I had no knife, and thar I fell round, and pulled first forard and then backwards, and reared and pitched and made the water bile. Fact, boys, I was hitched to a swingin' limb and no mistake. Once or twice I got on top o' the sugar loaf rock, and *jee-ee-ee* about the time I'd go to untie the dratted rope of a line, the blasted rock was so slippery, *off I'd slaunch!* Fact, boys, and it aggrawated me at aggrawated me smartly—so it did! Ef I'd a had liquor then, I'd a took some, I was so cussed mad. Well, in this time, that long-legged cuss, Jess Cole, wakes up, as I tell'd you, and hollers out in the way I norated—'Boys, what do you say to another drink? It makes me so cussed mad every time I think 'bout it!'"

Once more, Daddy Biggs gazed at the stars.

"Soon as Jess said that about cat being bigger'n mine, I said in my mind, I'll whip you certin'! Well, they all kept a most comfounded hollerin', and every now and then, some on 'em would throw a long log o' wood as they had out for fire, as nigh as me as they could guess, to *stunt the cat*, you see; but the branches of the tree favored me mightily in keepin' 'em off—tho' they'd strike pretty close by me 'casionally, cajanik! stinkin' cend foremost, you see. So they kept up a right smart throwin' of logs, and me a right peart dodgin' for some time; and I tell you, it took real nice judgment to keep the infernal hook outen my meat; it grained the skin several times, as 'twas. At last, Jess, he climbs into the tree and gets on the limb right over me, and ses he, 'Boys, I b'lieve hits a mud turtle; for I see somethin' like the form o' one right under me.' Thinks I, you'll find it one o' the snap-pin' sort, I judge. Then another one ses, 'Thar's a way to try that, Jess, ef you ses him; and he hands Jess a gig. 'Now,' ses he, 'gig him!'"

"Gig the Devil!" ses I, for I was pestered.

"Great gracious!" squalled Jess, "hit's the Devil!" and down he tumbled right a top o' me! I thought I was busted open from one end to 'tother! Sure enough tho', I warn't, but only busted loose from the line. Both on us put for the bank quick, but on account of my gittin' holt of the gig, which rather bothered me, Jess got ashore fust. I was *right arter him tho'*, I tell you, *with the gig!* When I clum up the bank, I found the rest was all kleepen gone, and thar lay Jess, which had stumped his toe agin' somethin', right flat of his face, amoanin' dreadful!"

"Oh, I've got you now, Jess," ses I.

"Please Devil!" ses Jess.

"Must take you along wi' me," ses I, in a about the most onyathly voice you ever heard."

"The hogs I took warn't marked," ses Jess, a shiverin' all over.

"They warn't yourn," ses I.

"I'll never do so no more," ses Jess, shiverin' in' was and was, 'ef you'll let me off this time."

"Can't do it, Jess! want you down in To-phet, to strike for Vince Kirkland! I've got him thar, a black-smithin' of it. He does all my odd jobs, like pinetin' of my tail and sich like! Can't let you off—I've come a purpose for you!"

"I seed the poor devil shudder when I called Vance's name, but he didn't say no more, so I jobs the gig through the hind part of his overhails and starts down to the kunnoo landin' wi' him, in a peart trot. The way he scratched up the dirt as he travelled backwards on his all-fours, was a perfect sight!"

But just as I struck the roover, he got a holt of a grub, and the gig tore out, and he started

'tother way! I never seed runnin' twell then—'aint no use to try to tell you how fast he did run! I couldn't do it in a week. A 'scared wolt' warn't nothin' to him. He ran fast. Soon as he got a start I made for a log whar I seed their guns, and behind that I finds the big powder guard they all kept their powder in, that they warn't a-usin'. Thinks I, ef you aint all kleepen gone, I'll finish the job for you; so I pitched the goad—it hit fully a gallon—smack into the fire, and then jumped in the roover myself. I hadn't more'n got properly in before it blowed up. Such a blaze I never seed before. The 'nise was some itself, but the blaze covered all creation, and retched and loggs whar the guns was, and fired them off! Pop! pop! pop! No wonder them Chatohospa fellows never come back! Satan himself couldn't a done it no better, ef he had been thar, in the way of racket and 'nise!"

Daddy Biggs now took a long breath, and a longer drink.

"Boys," he continued, "I got them fellers' fish—and a two-gallon jug o' sperrets, and I throwed their guns in the roover, besides givin' 'em the all-gorstest scare they ever had; and they aint been back since, which I hope they never will, for thar onduous the way the roover folks is 'posed upon. And now, boys, that's my 'scrape'; so less take another drink, look at the hooks, and then lay down!"

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.

Lecture X—on Mr. Caudle's shirt buttons.

There, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning! Thar's no need to begin to whistle; people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say, you were the best creature livin'; now, you get quite a fiend. Do let you rest! No, I won't let you rest! It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you shall hear me. I'm put upon all day long; it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!"

"Because once in your lifetime your shirt waffed a button, you must almost swear the roof of the house! You didn't swear! Ha, Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, weren't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that."

"It's a pity you havn't something worse to complain of than a shirt button off your shirt. If you'd some wifes you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry 'oh' at! I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than your's. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?"

"Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in."

"A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothin' to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another!—They'd never tie themselves up with the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain."

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggrawating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd."

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons!—You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back."

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you—what do you say? That's nothing, at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have you aggrawating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that would have talked to you then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle."

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself.—Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up! And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands! A decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. Why won't I hold my tongue? Because I won't hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you, men!"

"But I know what I'll do for the future.—Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then!—Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you! That's a pretty threat to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too; such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh!—No, Caudle, no; not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore!"

"You're not snoring! Ha! that's what you

always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! No, think at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to—and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my house! Ha, Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—or that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made a nobody in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button—"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle, in his MS., "for here nature relieved me with a sweet deep sleep."

From the New Orleans Picayune.

"Cy have and let slip the dogs of war!"

And so the British Government is "resolved and prepared to maintain" the "clear and unquestionable right" of England to the territory of Oregon; and the British Government "has not abandoned or suspended the Right of Search!" And Sir Robert Peel makes the announcements with all his usual precision and more than his usual energy. These are brave words, and smack of war assuredly, yet are we of opinion that England will not go to war with the United States—at least for either of the causes indicated above. The issues involved in the Oregon question are not so immediate and pressing as to preclude negotiations, interventions, arbitrations and the other resources of diplomacy. The whole world knows that the Right of Search has been tacitly if not formally abandoned. It has been so declared in Parliament by the most distinguished of British statesmen. It is our opinion that the wound which rankles in the heart of the British Government is the annexation of Texas to the Union. She sees in that great measure an accession of power to this Union which will make it impregnable—which will go far to defeat her long-cherished policy of rendering the industry and the richness of the whole earth tributary to the coffers of her merchant princes, her grasping factory owners, and her aristocracy. This policy she has undeviatingly pursued, tramping upon or over-awing the weak, and by indirection seeking to overreach the strong. Thus, from its incipency, she has opposed annexation. She does not openly protest against it, for with what face could she do so, who is continually extending her dominions most unrighteously by the sword—never by the peaceful and mutual consent of parties! But she tampers with Mexico—she seeks to bribe Texas—in order to defeat the most natural of unions, against which she had no right to raise her voice.—Her machinations in the latter country cannot be successful; it is possible, however, that she may involve us in a war with Mexico.—Without her secret aid, such a war would be impossible or ridiculous; but a war with Mexico would inevitably involve a war with England. If England, then, wishes war it will come in this shape. Oregon and the Right of Search may be put forward as the ostensible grounds, but they will only be ostensible.

But it is to be supposed that the United States will recede from the position they have taken, even if Sir Robert Peel be in earnest, and England be determined to assert by force of arms her pretended rights! Never. If war must come, it will be waged on our part for the settlement of two vital principles, which our people will never abandon—the freedom of the seas, and the independence of this continent of the dictation and control of European powers. On these two great questions there is a unanimity of sentiment among the masses of the people which cannot be shaken. The more they are discussed the more general and deep becomes the enthusiasm to maintain these two American principles. If any thing can give intensity to this feeling, it is a dictatorial, arrogant or bullying tone on the part of England. If she wishes to fight, she has but to say the word and she will find all classes and conditions of men in the United States ready to join issue with her, and stand forth in defiance of principles which have become so infused into the national heart as to form a distinctive trait of national character. If she is only bullying, she but adds fuel to the flame of hatred which thirty years of peace have not extinguished, and which recent events have but too gloriously fed.

The evils of war are terrible, but there is a spirit aroused in the breasts of American citizens which will encounter them all cheerfully, rather than submit to British dictation. It is not to be endured, that England should, month by month, seize an island here and an island there, subjugate whole nations in fact, and then turn round to us and say, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." "The proud waves" will not be "stayed," and if war ensue, they will sweep on broadly and magnificently to the Pacific. It is not to be endured that Great Britain should hem us in on three sides with her military posts and naval stations, and then threaten war because we will not allow her to complete the cordon. Nor can her sleepless policy be much longer tolerated, of tampering directly or indirectly with the system of servitude in the Southern States, under the sanctimonious garb of philanthropy, which has been again and again stripped off, revealing nothing but hideous avarice and a guilty lust of dominion. The people of the United States will not submit to this accumulation of insolence and wrong; and if the stand must be taken, it may as well be taken now. The tide of popular feeling sets strongly in this direction, and upon the first kindling of the lurid torch of war, the East and the West, the North and the South, would array themselves for the conflict.

Great as are the horrors and the calamities of war—and they can scarcely be exaggerated—it is to be borne in mind that these will fall ten fold more heavily upon England than upon us. War would endanger her national existence; it would confirm and rivet together the American Union, however calamitous might be its issue. In England there are millions of hungry artisans and laborers who depend for their scanty pittance of bread for themselves and their children upon such lordly manufacturers as would shut up their mills upon the first passage of arms; three millions

have no stomach for war. To throw off in some way the intolerable burden by which their labor is depressed to pay the interest of a colossal debt will be their aim—not to swell its huge amount by untold millions to carry on a war which would only add to their privations. Nor would Ireland sleep while she saw so fitting an opportunity of asserting her claims for justice. In a time of profound peace she has been able to alarm her English masters. Nor are the Chartists all annihilated or their principles plucked out from thousands of enthusiastic hearts. The oppressive, staggering weight of her national debt—the abject destitution of her laboring classes—the open disaffection of the Chartists—the restless, unsettled state of feeling in Ireland, and a very general diffusion of liberal sentiment among the middle classes in England—these are the causes which would render a war (and especially a war with America) hazardous to her own internal tranquility. We have not room to enlarge upon the various points which are only hinted at above, nor to designate in how many ways Great Britain is vulnerable, and what prodigious injuries could be inflicted upon her commercial and manufacturing interests in the event of a war. Indeed, to enter into a formal discussion of a title of the interesting questions suggested by the late foreign news, would require all our space.—We may recur to some of them at another time; but neither our feelings nor our deliberate convictions would allow us to refrain from giving expression to this opinion, that if England "means" fighting—if she wants war—she can have it, and should have it, and will have it to her heart's content.

The Old Maid's First Offer.

I must tell you the heart-rending story. I have long wished to do so, and the time has at length arrived. [Here her voice dropped into a confidential whisper.] Poor dear Major Ogilvie, who is now dead and gone—high ho!—had long been showing me marked attention, in fact paying his addresses, though he never made his declarations; when one morning, after having sung me a song of Fannelli's—the music I believe was Glusk's—ah! you should have heard the Major, he was such a sweet singer. Well, the Doctor had gone out to buy newly invented fish sauce—poor dear man! he does like to have his fish well dressed—and I remember he took Fanchette, my little beauty of a spaniel with him, so that the Major and I were all alone in the breakfast parlor, when looking in my face he suddenly went on one knee before me—ah! there was gallantry in those days—and taking my hand which he tenderly pressed, made a passionate avowal of his love. I felt myself blushing crimson, when at this agitating moment, just as I was going to utter a piteous confession of my partiality, my eyes began to twinkle in my nose, my mouth opened in spite of myself, and I sneezed like an explosion of gunpowder, right in his upturned and imploring face. Now do tell me, lady Susan, you know how tremendously I always sneeze, did you ever—of all the awkward occurrences.

The Major started, as well he might, but recovered himself—so did I; he gazed at me tenderly, expectantly; and I was just about to relieve him from his suspense, when I sneezed with a second and louder explosion, that seemed to scatter the nose from my face.—This was a confusion to me and the Major, but still holding my imprisoned hand, and looking downward to avoid the shower bath I was unintentionally scattering around me, he swore that he never would rise from his knees till I had pronounced. I uttered a heartfelt sigh, and the soft avowal was just trembling on the tip of my tongue, when I felt something on the tip of my nose. Lady Susan—it was beginning to bleed!—did you ever—of all the distressing moments!

I struggled to withdraw my hand; that I might get my handkerchief in action, which the major attributed to coyness, and therefore did he hold it more firmly. In the contest, after fruitfully spotting my tabinet silk gown, three very large drops of blood fell from the Major's wrist! He started up—I closed my eyes and sunk into a chair overwhelmed with confusion. Supposing I had fainted, the Major hastily seized a large tumbler of water and threw it into my face. At such an unexpected sousing, I screamed with surprise and terror. The Marshall powder which I wore—I was always famous for my powder—mingled with the water and blood, converted my face into a hideous spectacle; when just at that moment the door flew open, and Fanchette, thinking that her mistress was killed, fled to the poor dear Major and bit a large moultriek out of his left leg; while the good horror-stricken doctor let the bottle of newly invented fish sauce fall from his hand and be smashed to pieces on the floor. Now, dearest lady Susan, consider what must have been my feelings!—did you ever—such a scene.

"Barney leave the Girls alone."—Two or three persons arrived here yesterday morning in the Cars, from Norfolk, Va., in hot pursuit of a man named Pritchett, who had run off with the wife of a Mr. Homes, taking along sundry small trifles, such as silver spoons, money, bed furniture, &c. They got upon their track, soon after leaving Norfolk, and followed them to this place, where they were found, living at one of our Hotels, as man and wife. Pritchett was arrested and brought before the Indentant, for examination, the articles being found in his possession, but he begged so hard to be taken back to Norfolk for trial, that the persons in pursuit, thought it better to save the trouble of the Governor's demand, and acceded to his request—taking back Pritchett, and all.

Raleigh Register, May 9.

"No, you don't."—Is that horse sound? "You had better believe it