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DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

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AGRICULTURAL.
EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF
THE COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.

Corn Stalk Sugar.—Scientific gentlemen at first pronounced the sugar from corn stalk to be grape sugar only, and hence crystallization could hardly be expected. Much disappointed in the result, I transmitted to Boston some of the sugar made by Mr. Webb, of Delaware, and requested another analysis. The second analysis was entirely successful, proving the sugar from corn stalk to be equal to the best Muscovado sugar.

In reviewing this subject, it appears that the juice of corn stalk cut too early will not granulate; and this was the cause of the first failure.

There is every reason to believe, that all difficulties in making good sugar from this vegetable will be removed, while the reports of this year show the quantity of saccharine matter sufficient to class the crop among the best for profit.

To Dr. Jackson we are also indebted for an analysis of several grains. The superiority of one kind of Indian corn over another is surprisingly manifest. One is filled with oil, the other has no trace of it; hence the superiority of the former for fattening animals. Some grains contain a large quantity of phosphorus (such as beans, &c.) and hence their consumption tends greatly to increase the bones of animals. Descriptions will learn from this why some meal (that which contains oil) is so difficult of digestion.

Deep Ploughing.—Few individuals are aware of the extension of roots in pulverized soil. Von Tüner mentions finding roots of sainfoin from 10 to 15 feet deep in the ground. There are now in the National Gallery, corn roots taken from the side of a hill of corn land sown by the fresh, and preserved by the Hon. J. S. Skinner to the National Gallery. The corn was planted on the 20th of May, and roots gathered the 11th July, 1812. In sixty days, some of the large roots extended more than 4 feet, covered with lateral branches. I have raised the roots to be measured. The aggregate of the length of the roots in a hill is, by Mr. Skinner's estimate, over eight thousand feet. The specimen alluded to, is open for examination. This fact is here mentioned, to show the importance of deep ploughing, to enable the plant to find nutriment so much below the surface as may avoid the effect of drought, give support to the stalk, and not expose the roots to be cut by needed cultivation. Soil is made by exposure of earth to the atmosphere; and whoever wishes to make permanent improvements will not fail to plow deep.

Smut in Wheat.—In the last agricultural report, some suggestions were made with reference to the disease called smut, in wheat and other grain. The importance of the subject justifies further remarks in this connection. We notice that, in a recent lecture, Professor Johnston gives the following account of this disease, which is a species of fungus, the spores of which are so exceedingly minute, that they are taken up, and ascend through the pores and sap vessels of the plants.

Professor Johnston observed, it is said, that the smut had received the name of *uredo segetum*; that these puff balls or spores were so minute, that it would take 2,800 of them to cover an inch. There was no doubt that they ascended through the plant. By examination, it could be seen where they had come up. The tubes of the stalk were filled with black matter, that had come through the vessels, affecting first the straw, and then getting into the ear, where it spreads itself all over. After passing through the stalk, the smut fixed itself under the root of the flower, which it rendered barren; and as the grain approached perfection, the puff balls became tight, and burst, showing black dust, of very minute particles, so minute, that it took about 1,100,000 of them to lie across a single inch. He then went on to speak of the manner in which smut was propagated. It was in the first place sown along with seed. Very often it was so minute, that thousands of the particles might attach to a single grain, and yet not be visible to the naked eye. Oats are more subject to smut than other grain. Rye is never attacked by it, and wheat seldom. Grasses are sometimes attacked by it, and much injured.

Certain substances have been employed for the prevention of smut. The substances used are: the sulphate of copper, or blue vitriol, wine, common salt, wood ashes, lime water, and sometimes arsenic. The application of these substances to the seed grain destroys the black dust, or the spores of the fungus; and, in addition to this, they make the grain grow better. Professor Johnston mentions an instance where a large field of oats was divided into several parts, and the seed doctored in different ways—some not being doctored at all, other portions being dressed with guano, and others steeped in the following

composition: phosphate of soda, sulphate of magnesia, nitrate of potash, common salt, sal ammoniac, or sulphate of ammonia. One pound of each, in ten gallons of water, to steep 300 pounds of seed, the moist seed to be dried with gypsum or quicklime.

On looking at that field, it was found that the grain to which nothing had been done was smutted; that which was dressed with guano was also smutted, as was likewise a portion where Campbell's steep had been used; but there were only two or three stalks affected with smut in the grain steeped in the composition above mentioned. The smut which is sometimes found in wheat, called *dust brand*, or *pepper brand*, is supposed by some to be a different species of *uredo* from that above spoken of. It is sometimes called *uredo fetida*. But the same remedies against its attacks are used with equal effect.

In an agricultural paper, we find also the following statement as to an approved method of remedying this evil: "A gentleman near Baltimore, has for several years been in the habit of washing his seed wheat in a strong solution of glauber salts (sulphate of soda) with the view of preventing smut, with complete success. He says he makes the solution strong enough to bear an egg, fills a tub half full of it, and then pours in half a bushel of wheat at a time, stirs it round well with the hand, skims off all the floating grains and other float matters, dips out the wheat with a colander, lets its drain, spreads it out on the barn floor till not quite dry, then rolls it in air-dried lime, and sows it. One man can wash and prepare in this way as much as a dozen men can put in the ground. Every description of food seed, guano, and fish, (except cod fish) is effectually taken out of the wheat by this process. He has no smut in the wheat since he adopted this plan. Glauber salts can be purchased by the barrel at about one cent and a half a pound. The wheat swells while undergoing the process about 25 per cent. that is, four bushels will become five. If, after washing, it be left upon the barn floor all night, and thus become dry, it will lose a large portion of its increased bulk. It is better, however, to put it in the ground while somewhat moist, as germination will take place sooner, and the quicker any seed germinates after being put in the ground, the better. Besides the great object in view, the getting rid of smut and other impurities, there can be no doubt that a most valuable nutritive and stimulating principle is added to the seed grain, in the soda that is absorbed. Farmers will do well to try the experiment. They may be assured it will do no harm, and it is not very costly. Probably a dollar's worth of the salts would be sufficient for fifty or a hundred bushels of seed."

A distinguished agriculturalist recommends the following recipe, on the information of one who said he knew it to be infallible, after many experiments: "Dissolve a pound of blue stone in as much water as will cover five bushels of wheat, and let it remain about eighteen hours before it is sown, and you will never have smut in your wheat."

WONDERFUL CAVE.
A most extraordinary cave was discovered in Howard county, (says a late Missouri paper) between Glasgow and Cooper's bottom. One of the farmers of the neighborhood, went to an adjacent hill side for the purpose of quarrying it. In striking the earth with a hoe, or some similar implement, a sound was emitted plainly indicating that the hill side was hollow beneath, and, proceeding to remove the dirt covering the surface, he discovered a wall built of stone, and built evidently by human hands. This wall he displaced, and it gave him entrance to the mouth of a cave, which, upon subsequent examination, he found a most extraordinary natural curiosity. The cave has been explored to the distance of nearly 300 yards. Twenty-five or thirty yards from the entrance is a sort of room, the sides of which, according to an account we see in the 'Glasgow Pilot,' presents a most brilliant and wonderful appearance. The writer, who entered the cave with a lantern, says: "I had not proceeded far before I entered the principal chamber that by a single light presented the most magnificent that I ever beheld. The ceiling of this splendid cavern is some eighteen or twenty feet high, and of a hexagonal form, the whole ceiling presented a shining surface as tho' it was set with diamonds."

Very near the mouth, another writer says, there is a stone shaped like a horse, but not so large, being only about three feet high.

The head, neck, and the body are entirely finished, and part of one hind leg and all the rest is solid stone. The rock is made of three pieces, and stuck or fastened together something like cabinet-makers put the corners of drawers together, (dovetailed), the rest is all solid."

In another part of the cave the walls on one side are very smooth. On these walls

numerous letters, figures, and hieroglyphics appear, most of which, however, are so defaced as to render them unintelligible. Nevertheless the figures 1, 2, 6 and 7 are quite plain. Just above these figures the letters DON & CARLO are legible. Further on, the letters J. H. S. appear on the wall. An arm of the main cavern has also been discovered, and has been explored some 200 yards. A writer says: "The walls and ceiling of this extraordinary cave are pretty much the same as in the other rooms. The walls have a peculiar and extraordinary brilliancy, occasioned, I discovered, from the fact that instead of stone, as we first believed, we found them to be of a metal very much resembling sulphate of iron, but more of a silvery appearance. We had not proceeded very far before we heard a rumbling noise that occasionally broke upon our ears in notes the most thrilling and melodious I ever heard. We stood for a considerable time in breathless silence to catch the most enchanting sounds that ever greeted the ear of man, and it was only at an interval that we could summon courage to explore its source, which we did, and were much surprised to find it proceeded from a gushing spring in the side of the wall. The sounds we heard we found to be produced by the fall of the water, and varied by the current of air before alluded to, which we then found to be very strong. We each took a heavy draught of the limpid water from this gushing spring, and after surveying the diamond walls of the greatest natural curiosity in the world, we commenced retracing our steps to its mouth, when we found it to be quite dark and 8 o'clock at night."

Thrilling Incident.—We have the following from a source of the highest respectability, and are allowed to publish it, as a warning to such as on any subject, trifle with the clear dictates of conscience: "There was lately living in the county of Amherst, Virginia, not far from Lynchburg, a blacksmith who was well off in the world, and a decent sort of a man in his way, except that he would; now and then, drink too much. Not long since, he went to a temperance meeting held in his neighborhood, being quite sober at the time, and listened to a very stirring address; when the appeal warmly seconded by the advice and entreaty of some of his friends, so wrought upon him, that his conscience was roused, and he felt that he must either fly from his place of trial, or yield to the force of truth. He hesitated for a moment which alternative to adopt; but his evil genius prevailed. Stiding his convictions, he tore himself from the spot; and coming to a frog shop, on his way home, he there furnished himself with a bottle of whiskey. But, ashamed to carry it to his house, he resolved to hide it in some place where he might resort to it, without being seen. He went, accordingly, into the stable, but could find no hole or corner there safe enough for his purpose. At last the thought of a pile of stones behind the building, which seemed to offer a snug place for his treasure, and was in the act of opening a spot among them, for the bottle, when a rattlesnake, concealed in the pile, struck its deadly fangs into his hand.—thus terminating his life in a few hours! In the agony of his sufferings, the wretched man, as a warning to others, made a full confession of the circumstances, and died deeply deploring his guilt and folly, in not yielding to his convictions at the meeting. 'The kind admonitions of Heaven to all, is, 'He that bring often reproved, hardened his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy!'"—N. Y. Jour. Commerce.

Revolutionary Anecdote.—At a late meeting of the Maryland Historical Society, says the Baltimore American, a communication from James Howard, Esq., was read, covering the following historical anecdote relative to the character of Washington: "Near the close of the year 1776, on a stormy evening of a windy day, an assemblage of British officers had collected in a coffee-room in the city of New York. Amongst other topics of their conversation the name of Washington was introduced. His character and qualifications as a military man were freely discussed, and various opinions expressed—some questioning, and others admitting his superior abilities as a general. Among the officers present was Sir William Erskine, who, being appealed to for his opinion, remarked:—'If Gen. Washington really possesses the talents ascribed to him, it will not be long before we hear of him among the Hessians.' At the very time this remark was uttered, Gen. Washington had projected and was engaged in the execution of precisely such a movement by his memorable attack and capture of the Hessians at Trenton, and a few hours before to the officers engaged in the conversation, intelligence of the disaster and the verification of the shrewd Erskine's opinion."

A Smart Boy.—The N. Y. Sunday Mercury has a genius in his "Nimrod," whose brightness the Editor develops in the following lesson in catechism: "Well, Nimrod, how long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?" "Fill they found their way out?" "Who was cast into the lion's den?" "Yan Anburgh?" "Who was compelled to seek refuge in the land of No?" "Governor Dorr." "Why?" "Because he got up the King's ebenezer, and Providence wouldn't protect him." "That will do, Nimrod, for this week."

The Prospects of the Planter.—Cotton.

Of all the cultivators of the mother earth, the Cotton Planter is the mightiest contributor to the comfort and civilization of man, that the world has ever seen. Clothing is a first great cause, as it is the first great proof of an advancement from the vices and ignorance of barbarism to organized society, and the virtues which are necessary to sustain it. The first lesson by which man learns his depravity, and puts forth the first virtuous effort to conquer it, is to clothe himself. Hence, as the world emerges from barbarism, and becomes civilized and christianized, the demand for Cotton, from which the cheapest clothing is made, will be extended. And even amongst nations already civilized, as the acts of living improve, and cleanliness becomes a necessity amongst the People, a greater quantity of cotton clothing is required. Within twenty years the people of Europe have learned to wear twice the quantity of clothing from Cotton, they were accustomed to use. From such causes, the demand for raw Cotton has kept steady pace with the production; and is destined, we believe, to go on to an extent, which only the Christian Philanthropist, looking to the conversion of the whole world, to the light and civilization of the Gospel, can at all apprehend. We really have no patience with those who, at every commercial convulsion, for the last forty years, cry out "over-production," as the cause of the depression of prices in this great commodity; and if our contentment could be at all increased in intensity, it would be for those consumers who, from this false deduction, would urge the Planter, voluntarily to diminish his production, in order that he may increase his gains. If all experience did not prove, that he extends his production he widens his market, and that his market has been fully equal to his production—we must still look with looking upon consumers which would visit with fearful suffering and distress a large portion of the human race, for a mere speculative good. It is not in the order of providence, although heartless wrong may often practice it, that the welfare and permanent prosperity of any set of men, are dependent on the deprivation and misery of others. All such doctrines spring from the corrupt and flagitious principles of monopoly, which sets man against his fellow man, and marks him a prey for his brother. On the contrary, the principles of our holy religion, which teaches us to love each other, and every sound doctrine of political economy, alike lead us to produce all we can for each other's needs; and by the free interchange of productions, contribute to each other's necessities and promote each other's happiness. This is the plain path of prosperity and duty; while the contrary leads to hatred, contention, and war. The Cotton Planter has a noble part to play in the world, and if he fills it, a noble page to earn in the world's history. In spite of rebellings and denunciations, the two millions of Cotton planters in the Southern States, are doing more for the improvement, peace, and happiness of the world, than all its rulers and Governments together. What are its Kings and Potentates, but corrupt exorcises on the body politic, sucking up the substance of the people, to be expended in sensual profligacy, or costly luxury, circumstance and pomp? And what are Governments—the best of them— but alternatives of evil? In Europe, where civilization and knowledge most prevail, we see the foremost of profane, scourging and desolating helpless nations abroad, whilst at home, whole armies of civil and military retainers are employed—on whom treasures are lavished exceeding the wealth of the gorgeous East, and making poor the herds of ancient conquerors, the spoilers of the world. And our Government, the Government of the United States, the best in the world, and as ordained by the Constitution almost faultless in conception—how has it been perverted from its high and holy purpose, and become the tool of bigots and fanatics who wish to agitate—and of plunderers, whereby the poorest portion of the Union is made to blossom like the rose, and the richest, is cursed as with perpetual blight.

The Cotton Planter produces no such evils. Injuring no one, by his magnificent staple necessitated to be a blessing to others, he draws annually from the bosom of the earth, eighty millions worth of raw Cotton which, when manufactured, supports tens of millions of human beings, and clothes hundreds of millions more; and rolling on a mighty volume of accumulated capital—grows and grows, until nations feel his benign influences and rejoice in his blessings. Nor does the power of the Cotton Planter for good stop here. He sustains among the nations of the earth, the mighty art of manufacturing his staple; and in every factory which is created, he enlists soldiers for peace, and erects a barrier against the most senseless of enterprises—war. Higher still may be his destiny in enforcing the principles of free and just Government, by which alone he can fulfil his sphere of duty, and carry abroad throughout the earth, his great mission of peace and civilization. Oppression affects not him only; millions far from him, must feel its weight, and drink of its bitterness. He must be free—he must compel free scope to his industry, and vindicate and enforce justice in his Government, or fall from his high responsibilities. Honor, interest, and duty, all demand that he be free and with a courage proportionate to his responsibilities for himself, his posterity and the world, that he spurn away oppression and enforce a just Government, in spite of persecution, tyranny, or the sword.

The Girls.—The editor of the Portland Express, in discoursing upon early rising, speaks thus:—"Up with you! Don't sleep away this beautiful morning! Mary, Helen, Elizabeth, Louisa, Lucretia, Margaret, Harriet, Charlotte, Julia, Sarah, Kate, Cornelia, Jane, Caroline, Adeline, Amelia! and all the lazy girls arouse—wake up—rise and see the sun shine, and brush away the dew from the beautiful grass. You not only lose the best portion of the day, while you linger in bed, but you depress your spirits and contract sluggish habits. What if you are sleepy? Jump out of bed—fly round—stir about, and in a few moments you will be as bright as larks. We wouldn't give a straw for girls that won't get up early in the morning. What are they good for?—Lazy, drowsy creatures—they are not fit for wives or companions. Our advice to young men who are looking out for wives, would be—never select a female who does away the

precious morning hours. She may be a help eat, but never a help-meat.

A Domestic Anecdote.
The greatest misery of human life is house-keeping with bad servants, a circumstance in this country by no means rare. Such is my present annoyance. Yesterday I advertised for a cook—inmaterial to me whether she be a Catholic, Protestant, or Jewess, provided she would cook, and not steal. As I made no provision as to religion, some fifty, all with *best rate recommendations*, presented themselves. I was perfectly overwhelmed with their many qualifications, and felt very Scottish about the knuckles with handling their hundred written characters, by no means the work of clean hands, or a crow-quill. One poor creature, with a poke straw bonnet, and blue cloth, came stealing into the room, with 'A bad mor'n' this for walkin'.' She took a chair, sat *forrest* the fire, and dried the soles of her shoes.

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'And, ye are wantin' a cook; I see. I want a place, sorry, for the winter. But I'm not the one to deceive your ladyship. I don't offer myself as a *first rate*, ye see; but a *smarter* or *more wily* girl, (she was about forty) you need never wish to have, and my written character will show this. I lived in my Lady Castlemaine's family for a long time—that is, not here I mean—it's the Old Country I'm talking about. There be no ladies here, I'm told! Looking up inquiringly.

'A few pretend to be,' said I.
'Is it so, then? Perhaps I am mistaken. In my lady's family I was laundress, and assisted the cook; but cooks in lords' families don't let you do much in the cooking way, unless to wash dishes, clean vegetables, and such like things. But I am quick at learning any how. Only tell me what you want, and the way it is to be done, and you will never repent the telling.'

'But I can't tell,' answered I; 'I advertised for a professed cook.'
'I can boil and roast, and that is what is mostly wanted in families.'
'True,' said I; 'but I want one who can make puddings and pastry.'

'Arrah, now, it's the puddings I go astray in. These Americans are so fond of puddings and sweeties! But there are some kind of puddings I can make, your ladyship, which has been much recommended. I can make peas pudding with any one; and it's much liked, I assure you. I made nothing else in the last family I lived with. She was a kind lady. Anything uncommon she did herself.'
'How long did you live there?' inquired I.
'A week, your honor, ma'am, and I'm not left yet. But I wash and cook for nine in family, and myself makes ten, and I am not equal to it, anyhow. You have a small family, my lady. I should make nothing of your place indeed.'

'True,' said I; 'and if I were only my Lady Castlemaine you should be my under cook; but as I am no ladyship at all, I must engage one who combines the qualifications of laundress, cook, and dish-washer, even if she cannot make a peas pudding.' FRANCOIS.

THE FRENCHMAN'S DOG,
OR A DOSE ADMINISTERED BY THE DOCTOR.

There is a class of men in this world who for the most trivial cause, bluster and look big. They are of the Bob Acres school, and will swagger and swear they have killed or can kill a dozen men a day; but once test their metal, and like the valiant Bob, their courage oozes out at their fingers' ends. Let one of them be but met with a bold front, and like the friend of William Patterson, so far from evincing a desire to inflict personal chastisement, he is apt to become laudatory of the action at which he first attacked to take offence.

We will, as lawyers say, quote a case in point. Yesterday, about the time the clock tolled three, Dr. — and two friends entered the Blue Dial Restaurant with the view of dining there. Simultaneously with them, there entered a fierce-looking Frenchman, with a face all beard and a military frock all buttons. He was accompanied by a dog—a cur of the lowest degree.—The animal happened to come in contact with the doctor's legs, and from his position there he turned up his snout and gave a snarl at the 'great medicine man,' which the latter promptly repaid with a kick that sent the canine intruder away yelping under his master's legs, who, by this time, had taken his seat at one of the small tables.

He saw how the doctor's foot had been applied to the posterior of his favorite dog, and how the latter calling on him to *avenge*, as it were, the blow—sought for safety and for succor behind his chair. His first impulse seemed to be to spring on the doctor, who, by the way, though made of the sternest stuff, is not a Samson in appearance; but a moment's reflection appeared to dissuade him from carrying out his design. He was, however, evidently far from being satisfied with things as they were. He knocked the end of his cane violently against the ground, hurriedly stroked his beard, looked compassionately on the dog, and revengefully on the doctor, and seemed by all his gestures, fully bent on nursing his wrath, to keep it warm.

The doctor all this time, took but little notice of him; his dinner over, he settled the bill for himself and two friends, and was near the door on his way out, when he was slapped from behind on the shoulder. He turned round and there stood the enraged Frenchman. He looked at the doctor, and the doctor scowled at him as ferociously as if he were about to amputate his arm or leg.

The Frenchman, giving a twirl to his cane, said, 'What for you kick my dog—eh? You know me one man of honor—'