

# WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.

TERMS: \$2 50 in advance.

VOL. 2.—NO. 6.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1845.

WHOLE NO. 58.

**WILMINGTON JOURNAL:**  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.  
PRICE & FULTON, PROPRIETORS.

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Two Dollars and fifty cents if paid in advance.  
\$3 00 at the end of three months.  
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers. No subscription received for less than twelve months.

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**DAVID FULTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**GILLESPE & ROBESON**  
Continue the AGENCY business, and will make liberal advances on consignments of Lumber, Naval Stores, &c. &c. Wilmington, August 1st, 1845.

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**John S. Richards,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
AND  
GENERAL AGENT,  
Wilmington, N. C.

Respectfully refers to Messrs. J. & E. Anderson, R. W. Brown, Esq., Messrs. Woolsey & Woolsey, Richards, Bassett & Aborn, A. Richards, Esq. Wilmington, N. C. New York. June 27, 1845. 41-1f

**EDWARD HEDLEY,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.  
Hall & Armstrong's Wharf, Wilmington, N. C. June 13, 1845. 39-1y

**CORNELIUS MEERS,**  
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 COOKE,**  
General Commission Merchant,  
AND  
Receiving and Forwarding Agent,  
Next door North of the New Custom-house, WILMINGTON, N. C.

**ROBT. G. BANKIN,**  
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends in New York. September 21, 1844. 1-1f

**WM. SHAW,**  
Wholesale & Retail Druggist,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**JOHN HALL,**  
Commission Merchant,  
One door So. of Brown & De Rosset's, Water-st. WILMINGTON, N. C.

**LIST OF BLANKS**  
ON HAND, and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

County and Sup. Court Writs  
do do Subpoenas  
do do Fi. Pas.  
County Court Sine 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  
Inspector's Certificates  
Certificates of Justices attending Court  
Shipping Papers  
Any blank wanted and not on hand will be printed at the utmost despatch.

Members of the Courts and other officers, and persons, requiring blanks, or any other thing, the printing line would do well to give us notice in their orders. We are determined to execute our work well, and at the cheapest cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

**Leaf Tobacco.**  
The best, a prime article, for sale by G. W. DAVIS.  
No. 21.—23

All kind of BLANKS for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

**CHARLES BARR,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

MAKES this method of returning his sincere thanks to his friends in Wilmington and its vicinity, for the patronage so liberally bestowed him, for the last three years, while amongst them, and hopes, by strict attention to business, and every effort to accommodate, to merit a continuance of the same.

He has just returned from the Northern market with one of the finest STOCKS of GOODS that has ever been exhibited in this or any other town in the state, comprising every article usually kept in a Merchant Tailor's Store, consisting of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, of the newest styles, all of which will be found worthy of the attention of his friends. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

He has also on hand a full assortment of Ready-made Clothing, got up especially under his direction, while in Philadelphia, and he is disposed to sell them as cheap as any other house in town.

N.B.—He has also some of the finest workmen this country can produce, and all garments ordered at his establishment shall be warranted to give satisfaction.

October 3, 1845

**SOMETHING NEW IN WILMINGTON.**  
Clothes made as people want them.

**James Richardson,**  
THE BEST TAILOR that has ever been connected with the trade in this place, has quit the establishment of Chas. Barr, and intends taking a store opposite, or Market street, where he expects through the exercise of his industry and superior skill in the habilitary art, to merit a liberal share of patronage.

Oct 3, 1845 3-1f

**NO HOAX.**

**Charles Barr**  
CANNOT boast of being the best TAILOR in Wilmington, or of having made the grand tour, either of Europe or even of our own universal Yankee-doeddom, but he can say, without flattery himself, that he is a Master Workman, and although he has not graduated from such splendid shops as Beau Bremond, or Count D'Orsay loved to patronize, yet he pledges himself that all who may honor him with their custom, shall secure a regular-built Southern fit; either Tights, Anti-Tights or Medium-fit; He will also warrant all work that goes from his store, as being faithfully executed, and made up in a workmanlike style; and as he is in receipt of the earliest fashions he will be enabled to tickle the taste of the most fastidious.

Not Ced. Wilmington, Oct 3, 1845. 3-1f

**NOTICE!**

THE subscribers take pleasure in informing their old customers and friends, and the public generally, that having just returned from New York, they can sell them CHEAP for CASH or Country Produce, either by wholesale or retail, the following articles, viz:

St. Croix Sugar,	Laguira Coffee,
P. R. do	Rio do
N. O. do	Cuba do
Crushed do	Java do
Loaf do	Molasses,
Powdered do	Tea in boxes or canteys,
Sperm Candles,	Shot and Powder,
Adamantine do	Lead in bars,
Tallow do	Soap, pale and yellow,
Canal Flour, barrels and Turpentine and cutting half barrels,	Axes,
Mess and Prime Pork,	Broad Axes.
Cut Nails and flooring Lard in kegs and half barrels,	
44 Inch Bagging and Fine Salt in bris.	
Ropes,	Ginger, Pepper & Spice,
Coopers Tools, spades, long & short handled shovels,	
Negro Blankets & Cloths, Iron of any size or quantity,	
Single and Double bar-tilly,	
Relled Guns,	Wedges & Cart Boxes,
Cast & German steel,	20 Wages assorted shoes.
	SMITH & GAUSE.

N. B.—They continue at their old stand, and will sell anything which may be sent to them. Wilmington, Oct 3, 1845 3-6f

**Boarding House.**

THE SUBSCRIBER would inform his friends that he will remove on the 10th of OCTOBER NEXT, to the house adjoining to and one door North of the *Hanover House*, on Front street, where he will be prepared to receive those who may favor him with a call. His terms will be moderate, and he will endeavor to make transient boarders as comfortable as if they were at home. He can always accommodate those who may have horses.

He would also inform his friends and the public at large, that his

**Livery Stables**

are in good order, and that careful hostlers will always be ready to take charge of Horses.

He keeps constantly on hand, HORSES and BUGGIES for hire.

DAVID THALLY,  
N. B.—Drivers can be well accommodated. September 26th, 1845. 2-1m

**Spring & Summer Arrangements FOR 1846.**

THE subscribers have entered into an agreement to furnish ICE to the Inhabitants of Wilmington and the surrounding country the ensuing season. We pledge ourselves to do so without disappointment to any who may favor us with their contracts or custom. Mr. Shaw is now absent and will make arrangements while in Boston for a supply of ice to furnish all who may wish it from April to the middle of October.

WM. SHAW,  
A. PAUL REPTON. 2-1f  
Sept 26th, 1845

**NOTICE.**

THE subscribers having formed a co-partnership under the firm of

**BERNARD & CO.,**

offer for sale, (at their stand two doors North of R. H. Stanton & Co.) a select assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c., &c., &c.

They will also attend to the sale of Country produce.

EDWARD J. BERNARD,  
GEORGE P. GRANT,  
RICHARD H. GRANT.

Sept 15, (19), 1845. 53-3m

**To Rent.**

THE dwelling known generally as the Toomer house, nearly opposite the residence of Capt. Ellis. For particulars apply to

J. A. SINTAS. 4-1f  
Oct 10, 1845

From the Salisbury Watchman.

**AIR—LUCY NEALE.**

I used to live in Tennessee

They called me Willie Steele,

And there I met a pretty girl,

Her name was Lucy Neale.

O, poor Lucy Neale! O, poor Lucy Neale,

If I had her by my side,

How happy I should feel.

One night there was a splendid ball,

Miss Lucy danced a reel,

She was the prettiest dancer there,

The lovely Lucy Neale.

O, poor Lucy Neale! &c.

I went next day to see her,

She was at the spinning wheel,

And oh! how lovely she did look,

My charming Lucy Neale.

O, poor Lucy Neale! &c.

I asked her to sit by my side,

And talked of love a deal,

And then how modest she did look

My darling Lucy Neale.

O, poor Lucy Neale! &c.

I went to see her every day,

And told her I did feel

As if I could not live without

My gentle Lucy Neale.

O, poor Lucy Neale! &c.

At last one lonely summer eve,

She said come woe or weal,

She would be mine forevermore,

My own dear Lucy Neale.

O, poor Lucy Neale! &c.

So then I thought I'd go away

And settle in Mobile,

And then I'd hurry back again,

For my dear Lucy Neale.

O, poor Lucy Neale! &c.

And when I told the darling girl,

She said, "O Willie Steele,

How can you go so far away

And leave your Lucy Neale!"

O, poor Lucy Neale! &c.

I kissed the tear from off her cheek,

How mournful I did feel!

I said, "I'll soon be back again

To marry Lucy Neale,"

O, poor Lucy Neale! &c.

At last I tore myself away;

And surely I did feel,

As if my very heart would break,

To leave my Lucy Neale.

O, poor Lucy Neale! &c.

I never saw my love again!

For ere I reached Mobile,

Death seized my flower and laid her low!

Alas! poor Lucy Neale!

O, poor Lucy Neale!

And now I wander o'er the sea,

Poor lonely Willie Steele;

I'll never love another girl,

Oh no! lost Lucy Neale.

O, poor Lucy Neale!

Sept. 29, 1845. ELLA.

**What am I.**—Dow Jr., the eloquent preacher of "short patent sermons," answers the above question in this wise:

When I ask myself the question "What am I?" it puzzles me how to answer it.—Materially speaking, I am a sort of incensed nonentity—a small barrel of the unstrained oil of nothing, thickened into substance by accidentally coming in contact with a cold congealing world.

Chemically speaking, I am a compound of phosphorus, gas and atmospheric wind—as most of you have doubtless, long ago discovered. Mechanically speaking, I am an old clock, made, wound up and set in motion some several years ago by the Great Clock maker of the Universe. I was made to run 70 years, at least; and if fate and fortune will only keep my inner works in order, I shall expect to keep going till my weights have run the full length of their cords. Morally speaking, I am an equal mixture of vice and virtue—a kind of vinegar and molassesness. So nicely are they mixed together that the vinegar of vice is not so sour as to be unpalatable, nor the molasses of virtue so sweet as to be sickening. My feelings are as tender as young toad-stools—my passions are as strong as a decoction of tobacco juice—my sympathies are as soft as the down under an angel's wing—and my desires for the promotion of human happiness are just as I happen to feel about the head, heart and stomach.

Metaphorically speaking, I am a totting of time, played for a short period and then cast among the rubbish; a foot-ball of fate, kicked about till I burst, and am no longer worthy of a kick; a wind-mill of excitement, that moves with the popular breeze, but is still in a calm, and a correct thermometer, my mercury rising to summer heat by the warm rays of hope, and sinking to below zero in the cold atmosphere of doubt; a mean tallow-candle, already burnt one-third of its way to the socket, and every moment in danger of being extinguished by the snuffers of Death; an old boot, worn by a pilgrim with a wooden leg, over the rough road of existence, till it is neither worth healing, patching, nor preserving. In fact my friends, I don't see that I am of more use to the universe (considered as whole) than a shovel of powder to a ten acre corn field. When I am dead and gone, I shall be as a thing that never had been; and the children of posterity will probably shoot marbles across my grave, as unconscious of their sacrilegious doings as a parcel of mice gnawing at the greasy leaves of an old and favorite family bible.

An old hard shelled minister, observed in a late sermon, that "no one ever got religion in a great bustle!" Think of this, ladies!

**THE YOUNG MALEFACTOR.**

Douglas Jerrold in his London Magazine, is publishing the history of the lives of two boys, which presents an interesting contrast. One was born to wealth, rank, education, respectability and luxury, named St. James—the other to famine, ignorance, shame, vice and crime. The passage below indicates the state of mind of the latter, (who is called St. Giles,) after having been capitally convicted of stealing St. James's money.

Poor St. Giles!—now a boy in his fifteenth year, spawned upon the world and reared by daily wrong and ignorance, a morsel for the hangman. Now, a condemned thief, palsied and agast with terror, upon the very threshold of the world; to be flung therefrom, an offering to the majesty of offended law. Grim majesty—ghastly Moloch! Stately wickedness, with robes dyed in the blood of sinning ignorance! A majesty, that the principle of all evil may too often smile upon as its working genius here on earth. A majesty as cold and pulseless as the idol whose wooden nostrils know not the sacrifice its darkened worshippers prepare it. But St. Giles will now know there is a government—a knot of the wise and good, whose harmonious souls combined make up the music of the State; the moral melody that softens and refines the rugged, dull-eared mass. He will now know this; the hangman will teach it him. A sharp, short lesson; the first and last prepared him by a paternal state.

'Guilty—death!' Such was the verdict. Tom Blast breathed heavily, and a faint smile flickered at his lips as he felt assured of his escape. Still he durst not turn his eye towards his boy-victim in the dock. Conscience was at the felon's heart; and seared, withered as it was, it felt the sudden horror of remorse. His features grew pale, then dark; were for a moment convulsed; then instantly—daring no look at St. Giles—he disappeared from the dock. The boy stared about him with a foolish gaze, and then began to sob. There was no terror—no anguish in his face. It was the grief of a boy doomed to a whipping, not the gibbet; and it was such sorrow—such seeming childish ignorance of the impending horror—that to those who looked upon him made his condition more terrible. And then again it seemed impossible that the sentence so sonorously uttered, should be carried out. Could it be that such an array of judges—such wisdom, such learning, such grave and reverend experience—should be opposed to a miserable child, of no more self-accountability than a dog? Appalling odds! Could it be thought that the scene was a frightful reality of daily, breathing life? Was it not a grim farce—a hideous, foolish mockery? Could the wise hearts of men—fathers of well-taught, well-tended, happy children—doom that child to death? That miserable it of human ignorance—that awful reproach to those who made laws to protect property, but left the outcast poor a headless prey to their own unbridled instincts? Nevertheless, the law would hang St. Giles; and grave, respectable, church-going men, in the very coziness of their ignorance, would clasp their hands, and raise their eyes, and pity and wonder at the wickedness of the new generation.

And young St. Giles lay in Newgate, sinking, withering, under sentence of death. After a time, he never cried or clenched; he shed no tear, breathed no syllable of despair but, stunned, stupefied, seemed as if idocy was growing on him. The ordinary—a good, zealous man—endeavored, by soothing, hopeful words, to lead the prisoner, as the jail phrase has it, to a sense of his condition. Never had St. Giles received such teaching! Condemned to die, he for the first time heard of the abounding love of Christianity—of the goodness and affection due from man to man. The story seemed odd to him; strange, very strange, yet he supposed it was all true. Nevertheless—he could not dismiss the thought, it puzzled him. Why had he never been taught all this before? And why should he be punished, hanged for doing wrong; when the good, rich, fine people, who all of them loved their neighbors like themselves, had never taught him what was right? Was it possible that Christianity was such a beautiful thing—and being so, was it possible that good, earnest, kind-hearted Christians would kill him?

St. Giles had scarcely eight-and-forty hours to live. It was almost Monday noon, when the ordinary—having attended the other prisoners—entered the cell of the boy thief. He had been separated, by the desire of the minister, from his miserable companions, that their evil example of hardihood—their reckless bravado—might not wholly destroy the hope of growing truth within him. A turnkey attended St. Giles, reading to him. And now the boy would raise his sullen eyes upon the man, as he read of promises of grace and happiness eternal: and now his heart would heave as though he was struggling with an inward

agony that seemed to suffocate him—and now a scornful, unbelieving smile would play about his mouth—and he would laugh with defying bitterness. And then he would leer in the face of the reader, as though he read to him some fairy tale, some pretty story, to amuse and gull him. Poor wretch! Let the men who guide the world—the large-brained politicians, who tinker the social scheme, making themselves the masters and guardians of their fellow-men—let them look into this Newgate dungeon; let them contemplate this blighted human bud; this child felon, never taught the path of right, and now to be hanged for his most sinful ignorance. What a wretched, sullen outcast! What a darkened, loathsome thing! And now comes the clergyman—the state divine, be it remembered—to tell him that he is treasured with an immortal soul; that with mercy shed upon him—he will in a few hours be a creature of glory before the throne of God! Oh, politicians! Oh, rulers of the world! Oh, law-making masters and taskers of the common million, may not this cast-off wretch, this human nuisance, be your accuser at the bar of Heaven?—Egregious folly! Impossible! What stars and garters impeached by rags and tatters! St. James denounced by St. Giles! Impudent and ridiculous! Yet here, we say, comes the reverend priest—the Christian preacher, with healing, honied words, whose Book—your Book—with angelic utterance, says no less. Let us hear the clergyman and his forlorn pupil.

'Well, my poor boy,' said the ordinary, with an affectionate voice and moistening eyes: 'well, my child, and how is it with you? Come, you are better; you look better; you have been listening to what your good friend, Robert, here, has been reading to you. And we are all your friends, here. At least, we all want to be. Don't you think so?'

St. Giles slowly lifted his eyes towards the speaker. He then slowly, sullenly answered—'No, I don't.'

'But you ought to try to think so, my boy; it's wicked not to try,' said the ordinary, very tenderly.

'If you're all my friends, why do you keep me here?' said St. Giles. 'Friends! I never had no friends.'

'You must not say that; indeed, you must not. All our care is to make you quiet and happy in this world, that you may be happier in the world you're going to. You understand me, St. Giles? My poor dear boy, you understand me? The world you're going to?' The speaker, inured as he was to scenes of blasphemy, of brute indifference and remorseful agony, was deeply touched by the forlorn condition of the boy; who could not, would not understand a tenderness, the end of which was to surrender him softened to the hangman. 'You have thought, my dear—I say, you have thought of the world—and the minister paused—the world you are going to?'

'What's the use of thinking about it?' asked St. Giles. 'I knows nothing of it.'

'That, my boy, is because you are obstinate, and I am sorry to say it, wicked—and so won't try to know about it. Otherwise, if you would give all your heart and soul to prayer—'

'I tell you, sir, I never was learnt to pray,' cried St. Giles, moodily; 'and what's the use of praying?'

'You would find it open your heart, St. Giles; and though you see nothing now, if you were only to pray long and truly, you would find the darkness go away from your eyes, and you'd see such bright and beautiful things about you, and you'd feel as light and happy as if you had wings at your back—you would, indeed. Then you'd feel that all we are doing for you is for the best; then my poor boy,' said the ordinary with growing fervor; 'then you'd feel what Christian love is.'

'Robert's been reading to me about that,' said St. Giles, 'but I can't make it out now. He says that Christian love means that we shouldn't do to nobody what we wouldn't like nobody to do to ourselves.'

'A good boy,' said the ordinary, 'that is the meaning, though not the words. I'm glad you've so improved.'

'And for all that, you tell me that I must think o' dying—think of another world and all that—think of Tyburn, and, and—here the boy fell hoarse; his face turned ash-color, and heeling, he was about to fall, when the ordinary caught him in his arms, and again placed him on a seat. 'It's nothing—nothing' at all,' cried St. Giles, struggling with himself—'I'm all right; I'm game.'

'Don't say that, child; I can't hear you say that: I would rather see you in tears and pain than trying to be game, as you call it. That, my boy, is only adding crime to wickedness. Come, we were talking about Christian love,' said the ordinary.

'I knows nothin' about it,' said St. Giles; 'all I know is this—it isn't true; it can't be true.'

'Tell me, why not! Come, let me hear all you'd say,' urged the clergyman tenderly.

'Cause if it means that nobody should do to nobody what nobody would like to have done to themselves, why does anybody keep me locked up here? Why did the judge say I was to be—you know, Mister!'

'That was for doing wrong, my boy; that was for your first want of Christian love. You were no Christian when you stole the horse,' said the ordinary. 'Had the horse been yours, you would have felt wronged and injured had it been stolen from you? You see that, eh, my boy?'

'Didn't think o' that,' said St. Giles gloomily. 'But I didn't steal it; 'twas all along o' Tom Blast; and now he's got off; and I'm here in the Jug. You don't call that justice, no how, do you? But I don't care; they may do what they like with me; I'll be game.'

'No, my dear boy, you must know better; you must indeed—you must give all your thoughts to prayer, and—'

'It's o' no use, Mister; I tell you I never was learnt to pray, and I don't know how to go about it. More than that, I feel somehow ashamed to it. And besides, for all you talk, Mister, and you talk very kind to me, I must say, I can't feel like a Christian, as you call it—for I can't see why Christians should want to kill me, if Christians are such good people as you talk about.'

'But, then, my poor boy,' said the ordinary, 'though young, you must remember you're an old sinner. You've done much wickedness.'

'I never done nothing but what I was taught; and if you say—and Bob there's been reading it to me—that the true Christian forgives every body—well then, in course, the judge and all the nob's are no Christians, else wouldn't they forgive me? Wouldn't they like it so, to teach me better, and not to kill me? But I don't mind; I'll be game; see if I don't be game—precious!'

The ordinary, with a perplexed look, sighed deeply. The sad condition of the boy, the hor