

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

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

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.

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Wilmington, N. C.
June 13, 1845. 39-1y

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Ance Veasy's Flight with Reub. Sessions.

'Are you in favor of Biennial Sessions of the Legislature?' asked a manager of an election in Alabama of a voter.

'Who?' says the voter, whose name was Ance Veasy, and withal tolerably green.

'Are you in favor of Biennial Sessions of the Legislature, sir?'

'Biennial Sessions! I don't know him. Is he any kin to Reub. Sessions, sir? Ef he is, I'll be d—d ef you ketch me a votin' for him! You never hear me tell about that five I had long wid Reub. Sessions, up in Shelby—did you?'

'Never mind your fighs now, Mr. Veasy—answer, yea or nay?'

'I doesn't know what you mean by your ya and na's; but I'll be dod rotted ef I vote fur enny uv the Sessions family, no how you can fix it! Bah! Biennial Sessions, indeed!—jest as much fit fur Guvnur as h—l is fur a ke-house!'

'Are you in favor of the removal of the State House, Mr. Veasy?'

'Well, I wonder ef this 'gwine too moved the State House agin? Why, tha moved it only two or three years ago to Wetumpka? I don't see no use ef thar movin' it enny more; I think it's in a verry good place myself—I does them, punkins!'

'You are thinking of the Penitentiary, Mr. Veasy. It's the State House they wish to move.'

'Well, it taint nothin' too me whether tha move it or not; so I won't vote fur it nor Biennial Sessions nuther.'

Several now pressed around Ance to get him to tell about his flight with Reub. Sessions, up in Shelby. He said he would come to these terms:—they were to give him a good drink of whiskey, and he was to give them the story. They agreed to it and gave him the whiskey, and he commenced:

'You see a passel uv us fellers made up a camp hunt betwixt us, and Reub., he went with us, but he never tuck no gun, kase he wuz so infornal lazy that he woud n't even take a stand and watch fur deer. He jest went along too eat wenzon and to help the fellers cook. Well, the first evenin' we were out we killed a mitey fine tow hed deer, and we fotch him in an' cooked him quarter fur supper. Reub. ett 'bout half uv that quarter; and arter we went to sleep, and 'bout midnite I got awake and rezzed up, and thar wuz Reub., eatin' away like he wuz paid fur it. I never sed nothin', but laid down and went too sleep; an' 'bout daylite I waked up and begun too get reddy too go out and kill sum game, and I'll be dod durned ef Reub. wuzn't eatin' away still—or rather pickin' the bones, fur he had ett up all the hole deer, an' wuz pickin' the bones! 'Git up, you holler-legged, pot-gutted, turkey-buzzard!' sez I, and I tuck the feller side uv the hed with my fist, and sorter turned him over; but he got up pooty soon and done sum uv the tallest kind uv walkin' fur home.

'About two or three weeks after the hunt, that we wuz all at Simmon's Grocery, on the Montevallo road, an I wuz tellin' the feller 'bout Reub's eatin a hole tow deer an' 'nawin' the bones besides, the feller got rite ashy 'bout it, but I didn't mind him, nor never paid no 'tention to him, till he bucked up too an' give me a feller rite under the ear, an' I tell ye it made my hed kinder dizzy. When he gin me the fust lick it made me sorter mad, but I woudn't a minded ef he hadn't kept pilin' on the agony 'bout my ears and smeller. When I did git my Nof Carlner up, the way I pitched it in too him was a caution to moles. We fit round an' roud 'bout the barrels an' boxes 'bout half an hour, when I got his hed under my arm, an' made him squeal immediately, but I wuzn't gwine too let him off without givin' him sumthin' too 'member Ance Veasy by, an' I tell you, fellers, I nally peeled the skin off his face an' then turned him loose. He tuck up his hat, an' when I sorter turned my back to him, he picked up an ole axe heve an' gin me a wipe aside the hed that laid me cole fur a while, I tell you. But I picked myself up and started sorter arter him, but he wuz on his hoss an' fast banishin' out ov site over the hill.

'The sheriff cum an' tuck me up, an' tride me fur tryin' to kill, but the foun' me requited, and let me loose, coz I gin myself up. But Reub., he run away, kase he thort he'd killed me, an' stayed away two or three months, but wen he heard as how I wuzn't ded, he cum back, an' the sheriff nabbed him an' carried him too the cort-house, and tride him fur salt and batter, and murder with intent too kill. Tha found him requited of murder, but they found him guilty uv salt and batter. I didn't see enny salt in the fie, but thar wuz sum batterin' done, but I dun all the batterin' myself, except wot he dun with the axe helve. I don't think the feller wud tride dun fair by him, kase tha kused him uv 'tackin' me with pistols and knives, but thar wuzn't narry pistol nor knife on

the ground at the time. Enny how, the Judge says he:

'Mr. Sessions, the jury has found you guilty uv salt an' batter, an' you must go too jail for wun month, an' pay twenty-five dollars besides.'

'I don't keeref you make fit two months, by —!'

'Fine him ten dollars, Mr. Sheriff, for swarin' in cort.'

'I don't keeref ef you make it twenty dollars, by —!' says Reub.

'Fine him twenty dollars and three months' imprisonment, Mr. Sheriff,' says the Judge.

'That made Reub. stop cussin' in the cort-house, I tell you, an' the Sheriff tuck him off too jail and locked him up, an' he had too stay thar four months by himself.

'I had a fite wunst over on the Cahawba river, with a Tennessee wagoner's dog—did you ever hear me tell 'bout it? but never mind now, fellers, I'm gitten mity dry, an' I have too wate until I git a nuther horn, an' I don't keeref who pays for it, so I don't.'

AZUL.

Patrick Henry—Family Residence.

Our readers will be sure, be interested by the following brief account of this illustrious orator and his family residence. It is taken from "Howe's Historical Collections of Virginia," a valuable work recently published.—*Newark Advertiser.*

Red Hill is in Charlotte county, about one hundred miles southwest of Richmond. There lived and died Patrick Henry, the man who Jefferson said, "was the greatest orator that ever lived," and to whom Randolph applied the words of sacred writ, as being one who "spake as never man spake." Red Hill is now the seat of his son, John Henry, Esq. It is beautifully situated, on an elevated ridge, the dividing line of Campbell and Charlotte, within a quarter of a mile of the junction of Falling-River with the Staunton. From it the valley of the Staunton stretches southward about three miles, varying from a quarter to nearly a mile in width, and of an oval-like form. Through most fertile meadows, waving in their golden luxuriance, slowly winds the river, overhung by massy foliage, while on all sides, gently sloping hills, rich in verdure, enclose the whole, and impart an air of seclusion and repose.

From the brow of the hill, west of the house, is a scene of an entirely different character: the Blue Ridge, with the lofty peaks of Otter; appear in the horizon at a distance of nearly sixty miles. At the foot of the garden, under a dense cluster of locust and other trees, enclosed by a wooden paling are the graves of Patrick Henry and his wife, overtopped with myrtle and without any monuments over them.

Under the trees, in the rear of the mansion in full view of the beautiful valley beneath, the orator was accustomed in pleasant weather, to sit mornings and evening, with his chair leaning against one of their trunks, and a can of cool spring water by his side, from which he took frequent draughts. Occasionally he walked to and fro in the yard from one clump of trees to the other, buried in reverie, at which times he never was interrupted. Among the relics in the house, is the arm chair in which he died, and a knife given to him when a boy by his uncle Patrick Henry, which he carried through life, and had in his pocket at the moment of his death. In the parlor hangs his portrait, a masterly production, by Sully, representing him pleading in the British debt case. The dress is black, cravat white, and a red mantle thrown over his shoulders. He appears three quarters face, leaning partly back, with his spectacles thrown over his forehead; and the expression is one of deep solemnity and impressiveness.

Under the description of Hanover county, the reader will find a succinct memoir of Henry; and in that of New London, Campbell counties, and of the City of Richmond, are views of buildings memorable as the scenes of some of the celebrated oratorical efforts. We now give some reminiscences, collected by us from a reliable source while in this section of the State.—

'They are mainly detached facts, without connection, and must necessarily be given in that manner.'

When fourteen years of age, Mr. Henry went with his mother in a carriage to the Fork Church, in Hanover, to hear preach the celebrated Samuel Davis, afterwards President of Princeton College. His eloquence made a deep impression upon his youthful mind and he ever after remarked he was the greatest orator he ever heard.

When a member of the Continental Congress, he said the first men in that body were Washington, Richard Henry Lee, and Roger Sherman; and, later in life, Roger Sherman, and George Mason, the greatest statesmen he ever knew. When Governor, he had printed and circulated in Richmond at his own expense, Soame Jenney's View of Christianity; and Butler's Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion. Sherlock's sermons, he affirmed, was the work which removed all his doubts of the truth of Christianity, a copy of which un-

til a short time since, was in the possession of his children, filled with marginal notes.

He read it every Sunday evening to his family, after which they all joined in sacred music, while he accompanied them on the violin. He never quoted poetry.—

His quotations were from the Bible, and his illustrations from the Bible, ancient and modern history. He was opposed to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, because, he tho't it gave too much power to the General Government; and in conversation with the father of a late venerable Senator from Prince Edward, he remarked with emphasis: "The President of the United States will always come in at the head of a party. He will be supported in all his acts by a party. You do not now think much of the patronage of the President, but the day is coming when it will be tremendous, and from this power the country may sooner or later fall."

In the British debt case, of which Wirt gives a full account, Mr. Henry made great preparation. He shut himself up in his office for three days, during which he did not see his family, his food being handed by a servant through the office door. The Countess of Huntingdon, then in this country, was among the auditors and remarked, after hearing the arguments of the several speakers, that "if every one of them had spoken in Westminster Hall, they would have been honored with a peerage." This case, says Wirt, was discussed with so much learning, argument and eloquence, as to have placed the bar of Virginia, in the estimation of the Federal Judges, (if the reports of the day are to be credited) above all others in the United States.—

Mr. Henry on this occasion, had a diamond ring on his finger, and while he was speaking the Countess exclaimed to the Judge—'Iredell—who had never before heard him—'The diamond is blazing!' "Gracious God!" replied he, "he is an orator, indeed." In this cause he injured his voice so that he never recovered its original power.

The following anecdote was related by President Madison, at the conclusion of the late war, to a party of gentlemen assembled at his residence in Washington. In the revolutionary war, certificates were given by the Legislature to the Virginia line on continental establishment, stating the amount due to them which was to be paid at a future time. The necessities of the soldiers in many instances, compelled them to part with these to speculators for a trival sum. Madison brought a bill before the Legislature to stop it. He had previously asked Mr. Henry if he was willing to support the measure. The reply was 'yes,' but having no further communication with him on the subject, Mr. Madison feared he had forgotten the circumstance. After the bill was read, he turned with an anxious eye to where Mr. Henry sat, upon which, the latter immediately arose and addressed the House. Mr. Madison said upon that occasion he was particularly eloquent. His voice reminded him of a trumpeter on the field of battle, calling the troops to a charge. He looked alternately to the House and the audience, and saw they were with the orator; and at the conclusion, one of the chief speculators in tickets then in the galleries, exclaimed in an audible voice, "the bill ought to pass!" It did pass, and unanimously.

What was it (said the venerable Conrad Spence) that gave such transcendent force to the eloquence of Henry? His reasoning powers were good; but they have been equalled by those of many other men.— His imagination was exceedingly quick, and commanded all the stores of nature, as materials for illustrating his subject. His voice and delivery were inexpressibly happy. But his most irresistible charm, was the vivid feeling of his cause with which he spoke. Such feeling infallibly communicates itself to the breast of the hearer.

Chinese Proverbs.—Whoever borrows to build, builds to sell. Love is all eyes, without one good one. We never laugh so long or loud as when we would hide our grief.

The true way of enriching ourselves is by cutting off our wans.

It is better to fill our barns than our chest.

What is a fool who has made his fortune? A pig which is embarrassed by his fat.

Wearing a Noise.—There is too much bustle here. 'Where, Pa?' 'I mean there is too much noise—you must stop it.'

'Is a noise a bustle, Pa?' 'Yes, child.'

'Golly gracious—then sister Sally does wear the biggest noise you ever seed, Pa!'

Shipwreck.—It is estimated that the annual loss to Great Britain by shipwreck, is 610 ships, 14,000 lives, and 2,000,000 pounds sterling.

Major Noah says: 'Taking a negro by the head because he refuses obedience, is a seizure of wool for non-payment of duties.'

AN INDIAN HANGING.

The first Indian that was capitally executed by the Cherokees, under Cherokee laws and by a Cherokee sheriff, was a man named Nat, who was hanged several years ago, about five miles from Van Buren, Arkansas, for the murder of another Indian, who was called Musquito. We have the particulars from an eye witness.

The sheriff had caused a gallows to be erected a short distance from the court lodge, but when the culprit was brought to it, he being a very tall man, it was found to be too short for his accommodation, and some other place had to be sought for the execution.

The whole band of Indians with the sheriff and Nat in the midst of them, then betook themselves to the banks of the Arkansas, in search of a proper tree from which to suspend the prisoner; and after a little time a tall cotton wood was found, with a projecting branch far up the trunk, that in the opinion of all was suitable for the purpose. Nat, now that all things were ready, expressed a wish to bathe in the river once more, which he was permitted to do, carefully guarded by rifles from the shore. He went into the water, frolicked about for some time, swam to and fro with great apparent pleasure—then came to the shore, doined his blanket and stood ready for the last act of the drama.

The sheriff now told him to climb the tree, which he commenced doing, the officer of the law toiling up after him with the fatal cord. Nat reached the projecting limb of the tree, and was desired by the sheriff to work himself as far out upon it, from the trunk, as he could—which was done, when the sheriff adjusted the noose around his neck, and tied the other end of the rope around the limb. All these preparations were conducted with the utmost coolness, and the most perfect understanding existed between the sheriff and the Indian.

When all the arrangements were completed, the sheriff told Nat that he would slide down the tree to the ground, and make a signal when he, the prisoner, must jump off the limb—to which Nat cheerfully assented. The sheriff reached the ground and looking up to the limb upon which sat the poor victim, shouted—'Now, Nat, you red devil, jump!' And jump, Nat did, and after a few struggles, hung a mass of lifeless clay to the infinite wonderment of his red brethren, who had never before been regaled with the sight of an execution of this kind.—*Albany Atlas.*

The Printer.—The Printer is the most curious being living. He may have a 'Bank' and 'Quoins,' and yet not be worth a cent; have SMALL CAPS, and have neither wife nor children. Others run fast, but he gets along as swiftest by setting fast. He may be making the impressions without eloquence; may use the *lye* without offending, and be telling the truth; while others cannot stand while they set, he can set standing and even do both at the same time; have and use furniture, and own no dwelling; may make and put away pi and never see a pie, much less eat it during life; be a human being and a Rat at the same time; may press a great deal and ask a favor; may handle a shooting-iron, and know nothing about a cannon, gun or pistol; he may move the lever that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a hog with his nose under a mole hill; spread sheets without being a house-wife; he may lay his form on a bed, and yet be obliged to sleep on the bare floor; use the dagger (†) without shedding blood, and from the earth handle the stars; (*,*) he may be of a rolling disposition and never desire to travel; he may have a sheep's foot and not be deformed; never be without a case and know nothing about law or physic; be always correcting his errors and growing worse every day; have embraces (A) without ever having the arms of a lass thrown around him; distribute the metallic all around him, daily, and as close as ed and uncharitable as the veriest miser; have his form locked up and still be free from Jail, Watch-house or any other confinement; his office may have a hell in it, and not be such a bad place after all; he may be plagued by the devil and be a christian of the best kind. And what is strangest still—he be honest or dishonest, rich or poor, drunk or sober, indolent or lazy, he always STANDS UP to his business.

'Don't be in a hurry deacon; wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica this morning?' 'Thank you kindly,' said the old gentleman beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon.—'I don't care if I do.' 'Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon,' said the wag, 'I merely asked for information—we haven't a drop of rum in the house.'

Corn crops.—Professor Wines, in his Agricultural Lectures, states, that the Corn crops of Tennessee and Kentucky, exceed in value the Cotton crops of the United States.

WENDA, PRINCESS OF POLAND.

This princess was of surprising beauty, of great talents, and of still greater ambition. Power she deemed too sweet to be divided with another, and she therefore resolutely refused all offers of marriage.

Incensed at her haughtiness, or in the hopes of accomplishing by force what persuasion had attempted in vain, Rudiger, one of her lovers, who was a German prince, adopted a novel mode of courtship. At the head of an army he invaded her dominions. She marched against him.—

When the two armies met, Rudiger again besought her to listen to his suit, and thereby spare the effusion of blood. The maiden was inexorable: she declared that no man should ever share her throne; that she would never become the slave of a husband, since, whoever he might be, he would assuredly love her person much less than her power. Her answer being spread among the officers of Rudiger, produced an effect which he little foresaw. Filled with admiration at the courage of the princess, whom they perceived hurrying from rank to rank in the act of stimulating her followers to the combat, and convinced that all opposition to her will would be worse than useless, they surrounded their chief, and asked him what advantage he hoped to gain from such an expedition.

'If thou shouldst defeat the princess, will she pardon thee the loss of her troops? If thou art subdued, will she be more disposed to love thee?' The passion of Rudiger blinded him to the rational remonstrance of his followers: he persisted in his resolution of fighting; they refused to advance; in utter despair he laid hands on himself, and turned his dying looks towards the camp of the Poles. Wenda, we are told, showed no signs of sympathy at the tragical news, but returned triumphant to Cracow. Her own end was not less violent. Whether, as is asserted, to escape similar persecution, or, as is equally probable, from remorse at her own cruelty, having one day sacrificed to the gods, she threw herself into the waters of the Vistula, and there perished.

Perpetual Motion.—Squaring the circle, discovering the longitude, and perpetual motion are three problems that have addled the brains of more than one mathematician. As for the last, so many schemers have come with an air of discovery and then found themselves as far to seek as ever, that we believed the very idea of attempting it had been abandoned forever. But not so. A Col. Boone, of Kentucky, thinks that he has solved the long sought problem. He finds his motive power in refined spermatic oil, which by its exceeding contractibility, imparts motion to a steel piston which rising and falling in a steel tube is connected with weights and checks that regulate the uniformity of the motion. 'The machine,' says the Maysville Eagle, 'will move until some of its parts are worn out by friction, and the chemical elements of the atmosphere.' We fear the Colonel and the Editor are both mistaken, and that the principle of the perpetual motion is as far from being found as ever, unless indeed Douglas Jerrold has discovered it in Mrs. Caudle's tongue.—*Charleston News.*

The Rail Road.—The meeting of the Stockholders of our Rail Road which met Thursday afternoon, chose the old officers for the succeeding year, and passed resolutions, which we hope will result in the sale of the Road, and placing it in the hands of those who have means. The consent of the Stockholders was unanimous, to the relinquishment of their claims, and a Committee was appointed to memorialize the Legislature, and attend to the interest of the Road before that body. North Carolina has already passed an act, favoring this project, and the action of our own State is all that is necessary, to secure a final adjustment of difficulties, and we hope to perfect this important line of Road. The meeting was well attended, and North Carolina ably represented by Cols. Joyner and Wiatt.—*Old Dominion.*

Gulf Stream.—Experiments have been lately made to ascertain the depth of the Gulf Stream. A line has been sunk to the depth of a mile and a quarter, without finding bottom.

Vicissitudes of Life.—A young man of German parentage, who has been residing at Hamilton, passed through this city on Thursday, on his way to Germany, to take possession of an estate worth eighty thousand dollars, which has recently fallen to him by the death of a relative. Fifty thousand of it is in ready money.—The young man was in moderate circumstances supporting himself and an aged mother by a small salary as a clerk in a store. His mother accompanied him. *Cin. Chronicle.*

A Great Place for Babies.—According to the census of 1840, there were in Missouri, at that time, the astonishing number of sixty-seven thousand one hundred and ninety-seven babies, or young specimens of humanity, under the age of five years!