

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.

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WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1846.

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TERMS

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Advertisements of a nature not marked as such, will be inserted as of course, and charged accordingly. Advertisements for the proprietors on business connected with this establishment, must be post paid, and inserted in the firm.

The office is on the south-east corner of Front and Second streets, opposite the Bank of the State.

REVIEWS

South-western and with despatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

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

MANTUA-MAKING.
MRS. PRICE would inform the ladies of Wilmington and its vicinity, that she will execute work in the above line, on reasonable terms. Residence on the JOURNAL OFFICE, November 7, 1845.

CHARLES D. ELLIS & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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. The Observer and the North Carolinian, Fayetteville, will copy six months and forward accounts to this office.

John S. Richards,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND
GENERAL AGENT,
Wilmington, N. C.
Respectfully refers to Messrs. J. & B. Anderson, } Wilmington, N. C.
R. W. Brown, Esq. }
Messrs. Woolsey & Wainley, }
" Richards, Bassett & Aborn, } New York.
A. Richards, Esq. }
June 27, 1845. 41-1f

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

CORNELIUS MYERS,
Manufacture & Sales in
HAT AND CAPS,
Wholesale and Retail,
MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANT,
LONDONS WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

ROBERT O. BANKIN,
Agent and Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends in New York.
September 21, 1844. 1-1f.

JOHN HALL,
Commission Merchant,
No. 100 So. of Broad & B. Rossell's, Water-st
WILMINGTON, N. C.
WILLIAM COOKE,
General Agent
No. 100 So. of Broad & B. Rossell's, Water-st
WILMINGTON, N. C.

WILMINGTON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
No. 100 So. of Broad & B. Rossell's, Water-st
WILMINGTON, N. C.
WILMINGTON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
No. 100 So. of Broad & B. Rossell's, Water-st
WILMINGTON, N. C.
July 11, 1845. 43-1f

BANK CHECKS A neat article, for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

BANK WARRANTS—for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

Rum and Whiskey.
50 B. N. E. Rum,
20 do N. O. Whiskey,
Daily expected and for sale by
BARRY & BRYANT.

For Sale.
550 BISHOPS of first quality Planting Potatoes, by B. P. MITCHELL,
January 9, 1846. 17-1f.

From the Spirit of the Times.
A SNAKE BIT IRISHMAN.

An original TENNESSEE HUNTING INCIDENT. As a "Mooseer" would say, "one grand, magnificent, pretty good" deer hunt came off a few weeks since in the mountains of Morgan county, Tennessee. The party, made up of the best material, consisted of Judge A., J. M. W., J. A., and some two or three veteran hunters, rife for sport and full of fun. As my object is not to give a detailed account of the hunt, but only one of its incidents, I shall content myself with merely saying, that after a four days' hunt, the three gentlemen named, returned with twenty pair of hags and divers specimens of small fry. J. A. killed a fine buck at 160 yards, off hand, shooting at the head and hitting it. Judge A. (an ardent sportsman and splendid rifle shot) also killed at long range. But a truce to this, and now for the incident.

As every day hath its night, and every rose its thorn, so this fruitful party had its pest, in the shape of a huge, raw-boned, loquacious Irishman, who, uninvited, had quartered himself in the camp, boarding and lodging at the expense of the crowd, and contriving in countless ways to render himself a nuisance when awake, and when asleep accomplishing the same praiseworthy end, without any contrivance at all—it being a natural gift, and used by the possessor with most tormenting effect. The man snored—and how he snored will presently appear; suffice to say, a more unmitigated nuisance was never abated in a more summary manner.

They soon learned by his conversation and behaviour that he was afraid of snakes generally, and "ould snakes" in particular; indeed, I think that the sequel warrants the bold assertion that he would have given long odds in favor of a Stock Creek gazoung, rather than face an 18 inch moccasin with "bells on his tail," as he termed rattles. The man had heard some awful snake yarns or tales since his "leaving the sod"; this was evident from the morbid dread, yes, horror, he felt of the crawling tribe. Well, with the Queen of Sheba, he might truly say, that "the half had not been told him," after a night's experience at a hunter's camp in Tennessee.

On the second night of his intrusion, he made himself more than usually welcome, by "getting, sir, somewhat, sir, shot!" as Tom Murray said when an ounce of lead took up its lodgings in the "fork" of his breeches, thinking (if lead can) no doubt, that it had more room there than in the powder bed of an old brass boring iron. He told long, dry yarns, all having a more or less remote bearing on his own prowess of skill, and more than once insinuated a desire to make a demonstration, by having the use of the skull of "ony jintleman present, and a two fut thorn, for a mi-ite!" Well, all this was very pleasant, and I have no doubt perfectly satisfactory, so far as the individual was concerned, but with his hearers it was quite a different thing; yet still they endured it; but the cup of patience was nearly full, and that night it overflowed, bearing off on its boiling current the "cause" of the "rise," to regions far away and unknown. After he had wearied himself with his "blather," and showed symptoms of turning in, Jim A. told him a few yarns bearing on the much dreaded snake subject, and particularly on their size, variety, and amiable temper in those parts, dwelling at length upon their apparent social disposition, assumed only with full intent to those whose nearer acquaintance they sought. This evidently did not sit well on the excited stomach of this pugacious sprig of shillalah, as was manifested by the furtive and uneasy glances he ever and anon cast at his blanket and "location." But bed time came, and after reconnoitering his sleeping ground, he proceeded to count his beads, and the chances of being "snake bit" before day, then "tuck in" his blanket and wishing "the soles of all snakes in these parts" in particular, in a country where, to say the very least, they would have but a slim chance for indulging in their natural proclivity, he fell asleep.

And now the storm began. His snoring grew fast and furious, loud and long; occasionally a sort of half snort, half grunt, terminated with "snakes, by jibbers, blast their souls!" "Ugh! ugh!" when there came the variation or chorus in the shape of a grind of his teeth, that threatened to drive them through his jaws, or crush them to powder; by way of variety he would hold his breath a few seconds and then snore again, and such snoring! my stars, that I could spell it! It was a sort of cross between the breathing of an asthmatic elephant, and the braying of a superannuated donkey, whose will lasted longer than his wind. Well, it thus continued with the regularity of the whip-poor-will's cry, until, say half an hour before daybreak, when J. M. W., (Jim W., we'll say) whose stock of patience had long ago evaporated, unrolled himself from his blanket, saying in his usual quiet way, "Humph! I'll stop that infernal concert or snore the maker of it, see if I don't!" Umph! He then avowed

Jim A. and the Judge, when a plot was laid and thus carried into execution.

W. got his hunting knife, and going to where the offal of a large deer had been thrown, he cut off about seven feet of gut, and securing the ends with twine, to retain the contents, he tied one end of it fast and tight to a corner of Paddy's shirt-tail that had wandered through a "rind" in the seat of his breeches, coiling it all up smoothly by his side, snake-like and true. All things thus arranged, the conspirators laid down again, and at the conclusion of one of the stage horn snores with the "snake sows" variation, Jim A. roared out at the top of his voice, "HU WEE! HU WEE! A big copper-headed black rattle snake, eleven feet long, has crawled up my breeches and is tying himself into a double bow-knot round my body!" giving the Irishman, with every word, a furious dig in the side with his elbow, with a running accompaniment on his shins with his heels. Of course, all this noise and hurrying awoke him quick and wide; in his first movement he laid his hand on the nice cold coil of gut at his side. Hissing out a "Jayzus" from between his clenched teeth, he made a bound that carried him some ten feet clear of the camp, and with a force that straightened out the coil and made the snake's tail crack like a cartwhip! Casting one wild blazing look behind, he tore off with the rapidity of lightning around the camp, in a circle of some forty feet across, and at every bound shouting, or rather yelling, "Saze 'im! saze 'im by the tail! Oh, howly Vargin, stop 'im! Och, Saint Patrick! tare 'im intill jables! A wha! A wha! Bate 'im to smitireens wid a gun, can't yees! He's got me fast howld by me—! och he has, by Jabers! an he's a mendin his houlr, a wha! Howly Pather, he's got a shark hook on 'is tale! Och, murder, he's forty fut long!! On making this last circuit, he ran through a part of the smoldering camp-fire, and the twine at the aft end of the gut caught fire; this brought a new terror, and added a strong inducement for him to put on more steam and increase his rate: round and round he went. "He's a fiery serpent! Och, murder! Howly Vargin, he carries a light to see how to bite by! Och, help! I'm swallowed (jumping a leg) intirely all but me head! He's sixty fut long, if he's a fut! Thread on his bloody fiery tale, will yees? 'Thry to save me!' then, as if inspired with new life and hope, he roared out, "Shoot 'im! shoot 'im! but don't aim at 'is hed! Shoot! shoot!"

Now here was a picture. There stood the Judge hugging a sappling with both arms and one leg, his head thrown back, emitting scream after scream; there lay Jim W. on his back, with his feet against a tree, his arms elevated like a child's when he wants you to help him up, and it was scream for scream with the Judge. All sounds, at all like ordinary laughter, had ceased, and the present notes would have rendered immortal the vocal fame of a dozen panthers, accompanied in their concert by the fog whistle of a steam boat. Yonder stands Jim A.—"fat Jim"—with his legs about a yard apart, his hands on his hips, shouting at regular intervals of about five seconds, "Snake!! Snake!! Snake!!" at the same intonation, but so loud that the echoes mocked each other from fifty crags. "Snake! Snake!" reverberated loud and long among those mountain slopes, while his eyes carefully and closely followed the course of poor Paddy round the camp. After running round it about thirty times, the prosermed one flew off in a tangent into the dark woods, and the medley sounds of "snake, murder! help! help! sixty fut! Howly Vargin!" &c., gradually died away in the distance, and the hunters were alone.

"Umph," said Jim W., (after stopping his laughing hicough,) "umph, I thought that gut would stop snoring at this camp at least!" Umph! The next evening the Pallander was seen travelling at a mighty rate through Knoxville, with a small bundle under one arm and a huge shillalah in the other hand, poked out ahead of him in a half defensive, half exploring attitude—when he was hailed by Archy Mc— with, "Which way, Paddy?" Casting round at the speaker a sort of hang-dog, sallow glance, he growled forth a word at a step; "Strate to Ireland, by Jayzus, where there's no snakes!"

You cannot say "snake" to either member of the party yet, without its costing a set of vest buttons, or producing a "stitch in the side." SUGARTAIL.
Knoxville, Tenn.

A message transmitted via the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph to the shores of the Pacific from Baltimore, at sun-set of the longest day in June, would pass to its extremity at least five hours in advance of the sun—the extension of the distance adding no perceptible moment of time in the passage of the electrical concussion.

From—One iron foundry near Harrisburg, Pa., paid during the past season \$16,000 for tolls on its coal and iron transported on the canals. There have been erected in the state of Pennsylvania, within the last two years, 20 iron bridges.

From the Saturday Courier.
THE BRIDAL EVE.
A Legend from George Lippard, Esq.'s Fourth Lecture on the 'Romance of the Revolution,' delivered before the William Wirt Institute, on Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1845.
The time of this Legend was in the early part of the war, in 1775, during Arnold's command near Fort Edward, on the Hudson river.
One summer night, the blaze of many lights, streaming from the windows of an old mansion, perched yonder among the rocks and woods, flashed far over the dark waters of Lake Champlain.
In a quiet and comfortable chamber of that mansion, a party of British officers, sitting around a table spread with wines and viands, discussed a topic of some interest if it was not the most important in the world, while the tread of the dancers shook the floor of the adjoining room.
Yes, while all was gaiety and dance and music in the largest hall of the old mansion, whose hundred lights glanced far over the waters of Champlain—here in this quiet room, with the cool evening breeze blowing in their faces through the opened windows, here this party of British officers had assembled to discuss their wines and their favorite topic.
The topic was—the comparative beauty of the women of the world.
"As for me," said a handsome young Ensign, "I will match the voluptuous forms and dark eyes of Italy against the beauties of all the world!"
And L. said a bronzed old veteran, who had risen to a Colonelcy by his long service and hard fighting; "and I have a pretty lass of a daughter there in England, whose blue eyes and flaxen hair would shame your tragic beauties of Italy into very ugliness!"
"I have served in India, as you all must know," said the Major, who sat next to the veteran. "and I will confess, that I never saw painting or statue, much less living woman, half so lovely as some of those Hindoo maidens, bending down with water lilies in their hands; bending down, by the light of torches, over the dark waves of the Ganges."
And thus, one after another, Ensign, Colonel, and Major, had given their opinion, until that young American Refugee yonder, at the foot of the table, is left to decide the argument. That American—for I blush to say it—handsome young fellow as he is, with a face full of manly beauty, deep blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and glossy hair, that American is a Refugee, and a Captain the British Army. He wore the handsome scarlet coat, the glittering epaulets, lace ruffles on his bosom, and around his wrists.
"Come, Captain, pass the wine this way!" shouted the Ensign; "pass the wine, and decide this great question!—Which are the most beautiful; the red cheeks of Merry England, the dark eyes of Italy, or the graceful forms of Hindoostan?"
The Captain hesitated for a moment, and then tossed off a bumper of old Madeira, somewhat flushed as he was with wine, replied:
"Mould you three models of beauty, your English lass, your Italian queen, your Hindoo nymph, into one, and add to their charms a thousand graces of color and form, and feature, and I would not compare this perfection of loveliness for a single moment, with the wild artless beauty of an American girl!"
The laugh of the three officers for a moment drowned the echo of the dance in the next room.
"Compare his American milk-maid with the woman of Italy!"
"Or the lass of England!"
"Or the graceful Hindoo girl!"
This laughing scorn of the British officers stung the handsome Refugee to the quick.
"Hark ye!" he cried, half rising from his seat, with a flushed brow, but a deep and deliberate voice. "To-morrow, I marry a wife; an American girl! To-night, at midnight too, that American girl will join the dancers in the next room. You shall see her—you shall see her—you shall judge for yourselves! Whether the American woman is not the most beautiful in the world!"
There was something in the manner of the young Refugee, more in the nature of his information, that arrested the attention of his brother officers. For a moment they were silent.
"We have heard something of your marriage, Captain," said the gay Ensign, "but we did not think it would occur so suddenly! Only think of it! To-morrow, you will be gone—settled—verdict brought in—sentence passed—a married man!—But, tell me! How will your lady love be brought to this house to-night? I tho' she resided within the Rebel lines!"
"She does reside there! But I have sent a messenger—a friendly Indian chief, on whom I can place the utmost dependence—to bring her from her present home,

at dead of night, through the forest, to this mansion. He is to return by twelve, it is now half-past eleven!"

"Friendly Indian!" echoed the veteran Colonel; "Rather an odd guardian for a pretty woman! Quite an original idea of a Diuenna, I vow!"
"And you will match this lady against all the world for beauty?" said the Major.
"Yes! and if you do not agree with me, this hundred guineas which I lay upon the table, shall serve 'our mese' for wines, for a month to come! But if you do agree with me—as without a doubt you will—then you are to replace this gold with an hundred guineas of your own!"
"Agreed! It is a wager!" chorused the Colonel and the two other officers.
And in that moment—while the doorway was thronged by fair ladies and gay officers, attracted from the next room by the debate—as that young Refugee stood with one hand resting upon the little pile of gold, his ruddy face grew suddenly pale as a shroud, his blue eyes dilated until they were each encircled by a line of white enamel, he remained standing there, as if frozen to stone.

"Why, Captain, what is the matter?" cried the Colonel, starting up in alarm, "do you see a ghost, that you stand gazing there, at the blank wall?"
The other officers also started up in alarm, also asked the cause of this singular demeanor, but still for the space of a minute or more, the Refugee Captain stood there, more like a dead man, suddenly recalled to life, than a living being.
That moment past, he sat down with a cold shiver; made a strong effort as if to command his reason; and then gave utterance to a forced laugh.
"Ha, ha! See how I've frightened you!" he said—and then laughed that cold, unnatural, hollow laugh again.
And yet, half an hour from that time, he freely confessed the nature of the horrid picture which he had seen drawn upon that blank, wainscotted wall, as if by some supernatural hand.

But now, with the wine cup in his hand, he turned from one comrade to another uttering some forced jest, or looking towards the doorway, crowded by officers and ladies, he gaily invited them to share in this remarkable argument: Which were the most beautiful women in the world?
As he spoke, the hour struck.
"Twelve o'clock was there, and with it a footstep, and then a bold Indian form came urging through the crowd of ladies thronging yonder doorway.
Silently, his arms folded on his war blanket, a look of calm stoicism on his dusky brow, the Indian advanced along the room, and stood at the end of the table. There was no lady with him!

Where is the fair girl? She who was to be the Bride-to-morrow! Perhaps the Indian has left her in the next room, or in one of the other halls of the old mansion, or perhaps—but the thought is a foolish one—she has refused to obey her lover's request—refused to come to meet him!
There was something awful in the deep silence, that reigned through the room, as the solitary Indian stood there, at the head of the table, gazing silently in the lover's face.
"Where is she?" at last gasped the Refugee. "She has not refused, to come!—Tell me—has any accident befallen her y the way? I know the forest is dark, and the wild path most difficult—tell me; where is the lady for whom I sent you into the Rebel lines!"
For a moment, as the strange horror of that lover's face was before him, the Indian was silent. Then, as his answer seemed trembling on his lips, the ladies in yonder doorway, the officers from the ball-room, and the party round the table, formed a group around the two central figures—that Indian standing at the head of the table, his arms folded in his war blanket—that young officer, half rising from his seat, his lips parted, his face ashy, his clenched hands resting on the dark mahogany of the table.
The Indian answered first by an action, then by a word.
First the action: Slowly drawing his right hand from his war blanket, he held it in the light. That right hand clutched with blood stained fingers a bleeding scalp, and long and glossy locks of beautiful dark hair!

Then came the word. "Young warrior sent the red man for the scalp of pale faced squaw! Here it is!"
Yes—the rude savage had mistaken his message! Instead of bringing the bride to her lover's arms, he had gone on his way, determined to bring the scalp of the victim to the grasp of her pale face enemy.
Not even a groan disturbed the deep silence of that dreadful moment. Look there! The lover rises, presses that long hair—so black, so glossy, so beautiful—to his heart, and then—as though a huge weight, falling on his brain, had crushed him; fell upon one dead soul on the hard floor.

He lay there—stiff, and pale, and cold—his clenched right hand still clutching

the bloody scalp and the long dark hair falling in glossy tresses over the floor!

This was his bridal eve!

Now tell me, my friends, who you have heard some silly and ignorant pretender pitifully complain of the destitution of Legend, Poetry, Romance, which characterises our National History—tell me, did you ever read a tradition of England, or French, or Italy, or Spain, or any land under the Heavens, that might, in point of awful tragedy, compare with the simple history of David Jones and Jane M'Creel? For it is but a scene from this narrative, with which you have all been familiar from childhood, that I have given you.

When that bride-groom, flung there on the floor, with the bloody scalp and long dark tresses in his hands, arose again to the terrible consciousness of life—these words trembled from his lips, in a faint and husky whisper:
"Do you remember how, half an hour ago—I stood there—by the table silent, and pale, and horror-stricken—while you all started up round me, asking me what horrid sight I saw? Then, oh then, I beheld the horrid scene—that home, yonder by the Hudson river, mounting to Heaven in smoke and flames! The red forms of Indians going to and fro, amid flame and smoke—tomahawk and torch in hand—There, amid dead bodies and smoking embers, I beheld her form—my bride—for whom I had sent the messenger—kneeling, pleading for mercy, even as the tomahawk crashed into her brain!"

As the horrid picture again came over his mind, he sank senseless again, still clutching that terrible memorial—the bloody scalp and long black hair!
That was an awful BRIDAL EVE!

Clerical Call.—A contemporary, alludes to the fact that most of the "calls" which modern clergymen feel so imperatively bound to obey, are from comparatively low salaries to high ones, says that these "calls" remind him of the honest old negro's anecdote, which though well known is good enough to repeat often. A certain dying, about to change his congregation, mentioned that subject from the pulpit. After service was over, an old negro man who was one of his admirers, went up to him and desired to know the motives of his leaving his first flock. The parson answered, "He had a call." "Ay, massa," returned the negro, "who called you?" "The Lord," answered the parson. "Ay, massa, he call ye?" "Yes, Jack, he called me." "Massa, what you get here?" "I get \$600." "And what you get toder place?" "I am to get \$1000." "Ay, massa, the Lord call you till he be blind from \$1000 to \$600—you no go!"

MEXICO.
By the arrival, this morning, of the schooner Aparecida, 15 days from Vera Cruz, we have received our files of Mexican papers. We find nothing interesting in them.
A private letter of the 10th says Mr. Silldell, our Minister to Mexico, was still there, and that the Mexican authorities refused to acknowledge him. Mr. Silldell was expecting orders from his government.

Speech of General Paredes upon taking the Presidential Chair.
Representatives of the Departments:— Designated by you provisionally to control the destinies of the nation, I have just taken an oath before the Supreme Being, which proves to you that I have no wish to deceive my fellow citizens by fallacious promises—which the people receive with indifference, because they are generally without effect. What I have sworn will be true. I determined at San Luis to rescue the nation from disgrace, to raise it to the height of power and glory, which were the noble end of Hidalgo and Iturbide. You now give me the means of accomplishing this sacred object, which I will employ for the good of our country, overwhelmed with evils and all her hopes blasted.

It is not ambition that has led me to this chair where cares and dangers abound. As I know all the difficulties of the times, my conduct is a sacrifice, and every thing ought to be sacrificed to the country that honors its children, and after exposing my life and shedding my blood in the field of battle, the loss of rest and even of reputation is nothing, when we are called upon to risk all to save all.
My glory shall be to open for my country an era of happiness, and when the time shall come when she may freely dispose of her lot, I will retire to my home and give the first example of submission and respect for her august will.
Fellow citizens! receive assurances of my unbounded gratitude, and my solemn declaration, that under my Provisional Government, there shall be liberty, but without crimes and without outrages. I have done.
Walter Scott said seriously, in his biography, "Through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own

the bloody scalp and the long dark hair falling in glossy tresses over the floor!

This was his bridal eve!

Now tell me, my friends, who you have heard some silly and ignorant pretender pitifully complain of the destitution of Legend, Poetry, Romance, which characterises our National History—tell me, did you ever read a tradition of England, or French, or Italy, or Spain, or any land under the Heavens, that might, in point of awful tragedy, compare with the simple history of David Jones and Jane M'Creel? For it is but a scene from this narrative, with which you have all been familiar from childhood, that I have given you.

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Speech of General Paredes upon taking the Presidential Chair.
Representatives of the Departments:— Designated by you provisionally to control the destinies of the nation, I have just taken an oath before the Supreme Being, which proves to you that I have no wish to deceive my fellow citizens by fallacious promises—which the people receive with indifference, because they are generally without effect. What I have sworn will be true. I determined at San Luis to rescue the nation from disgrace, to raise it to the height of power and glory, which were the noble end of Hidalgo and Iturbide. You now give me the means of accomplishing this sacred object, which I will employ for the good of our country, overwhelmed with evils and all her hopes blasted.

It is not ambition that has led me to this chair where cares and dangers abound. As I know all the difficulties of the times, my conduct is a sacrifice, and every thing ought to be sacrificed to the country that honors its children, and after exposing my life and shedding my blood in the field of battle, the loss of rest and even of reputation is nothing, when we are called upon to risk all to save all.
My glory shall be to open for my country an era of happiness, and when the time shall come when she may freely dispose of her lot, I will retire to my home and give the first example of submission and respect for her august will.
Fellow citizens! receive assurances of my unbounded gratitude, and my solemn declaration, that under my Provisional Government, there shall be liberty, but without crimes and without outrages. I have done.
Walter Scott said seriously, in his biography, "Through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own