OUR COUNTRY.

Our country—'tis a glorious land,
With wide arms stretched from shore to shore!
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And nurtured in her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies,
In nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Ennammelled with her loveliest dyes!

Rich prairies deck'd with flowers of gold,
Like sun-lit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;
And mighty rivers, mountain born,
Go sweeping onward dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn,
Beneath the sheltering branches leap.

And cradled 'midst her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide.
For plenty here her fulness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And, sent to seize her generous stores,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birthland of the free
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of Liberty!
Still may flowers untrammelled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise,
And yet till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise.

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

"Regardless of all imputations, and proud of the opportunity of free and unrestrained intercourse with all my fellow-citizens, if it were physically possible and compatible with my official duties, I would visit every State, go to every town and hamlet, address every man in the Union, and entreat them, by their love of country, by their love of liberty, for the sake of themselves and their posterity—in the name of their venerated ancestors—in the name of the human family, deeply interested in the fulfilment of the trust committed to their hands—by all the past glory we have won—by all that awaits us as a nation if we are true and faithful in gratitude to Him who has hitherto so signally blessed us, to pause—solemnly pause—and contemplate the precipice which yawns before us. If, indeed, we have incurred the divine displeasure; and if it be necessary to chastise this people with a rod of vengeance, I would humbly prostrate myself before Him, and implore Him, in his mercy, to visit our favored land with war, with pestilence, with famine, with any scourge other than military rule or a blind and heedless enthusiasm for mere military renown"

Such were the sentiments of a man who uttered them as the sincere convictions of his mind. He prayed that pestilence or famine should be sent upon his country, as less of a curse than to subject her to the administration of a President who was eminent only in military life. Of course it is not expected that the sentiments of this extract should receive any attention, or meet with any concurrence from the whig party. Their feelings certainly could not harmonize with them. Neither can it be expected that the speaker ever was a member of that party while entertaining such wishes. Happy, thrice happy, would it be for the whigs if all this could be as we have supposed. Most fortunate would it be if it could not be found upon record that these sentiments were uttered by Henry Clay, upon the nomination of Gen. Jackson, in 1828.

It is astonishing to see how much ill-luck befalls the whig party. If they elect a President, he soon dies. If their leaders avow a set of principles and the party adopt them, they soon become "obsolete ideas." If their most honored and respected statesman condemns a course of conduct as a curse to their country, they, through some waywardness, are soon found adopting this very course, and hurrying on the predicted national curse. At the same time the prophet is continually regarded as inspired, and his subsequent speeches and letters are received with as much reverence as the words of the oracle of Delphi. The apparent respect paid to him is intended to soothe his mortified feelings at seeing his counsels treated so summarily. This is a way of buying off peculiar to the whigs.

But the ill fortune that befalls Mr. Clay is still more inexpressible. Arrived at that extreme period of life when his strength and feelings will no long suffer him to take an active part in the severe labors of public life, and nature forces him to retire to peaceful scenes where the shades of evening are beginning to fall; it is then that he looks about to see what has been the fruit of his life, what has been the influence of his example, and what is the effect of his opinions upon his fellow-citizens. Like the old Roman statesmen, sitting in the entrance of their houses, he would desire to drink in deep satisfaction from such reflections.

But how bitter to him must be the draught. If his thoughts turn to the great measure of his life, "the American system," he sees it rejected by the nation as false in principle, and fraught with ruin in practice. If the golden vision of a bank rises to his view, the voices of his friends declaring it to be an "obsolete idea" echo in his ears. If he attempts to scan the actions of his fellow-citizens, the conduct of his own friends spreads over him a frozen chill at the prospect of that frightful curse, more terrible than war, pestilence and famine, which they, in defiance and contempt of all his admonitions, are striving to bring upon his beloved country. Unfortunate man! He has out-lived his times. He has not kept pace with the progress of even the whig party. He survives a monument of desertion—cast aside by his friends, as the worshippers of graven images becoming weary of subserviency to the same old statue, throw it aside as a useless log. Well may he now exclaim, "blow, blow, thou winter wind."

N. Y. Evening Post.

Human Life.—Reading James Heildberg, we were struck with the following passage: "The fate that hangs over the death-doomed race of man appals us not. We wander where generations have grown up and bloomed, bore fruit and passed away without a homily in our hearts; we tread upon the very graves of a thousand races, we walk upon the huge burial-place of the world, and give not a single thought to the fellow dust that sleeps below. Strange and marvelous insensibility! whence doth it spring? Is it from mere levity that we thus rise above the deep thoughts of our inevitable doom? Or is it from a high sense of loftier destinies, an intimate conviction of the imperishable elevation of one part of our mixed nature? Or is it indeed—more likely than either—that while we see the spring of life still gushing forth and pouring out stream after stream as each river is dried up, a consciousness steels over us that we are but the parts of one beautiful whole, undergoing everlasting change to the glory of Him who made it all? We behold creation full of life; the herb, the flower, the beating heart, the pliant fin, the soaring wing, the thought-stored brain, all speak of the strange mysterious fire, which warms the universe, bursting out wherever the eye can reach or fancy penetrate, unextinguished, unextinguishable but by that will that called it into being. We see and know it, and instinct with divine essence, rejoice in the light that is granted, for the time that it can be enjoyed, while the promise of its permanence and the hope of its increase, shade over the *one dark moment* with a veil of gold.

Potatoes.—The farmers in Maine have been holding back their potatoes for higher prices, but the season getting late they are now crowding them on the Eastern markets, and the supply of common ones is large, and very dull of sale—25 a 30 cts. per bushel is the most that can be obtained. Chenangoes are worth 50 a 60 cts. cash. The new crop promises well all over New England, and as yet we hear of no appearance of rot.

"I got some *boot* in that bargain," as the loafer said when he got kicked out of doors.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

SPECULATION IN WHISKERS.

BY SOL. SMITH.

There lived in Milledgeville, in 1832, a dandyfied individual whom we will call Jenks. This individual had a tolerably favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt bosom was decked with a magnificent breast-pin; coat, hat, vest and boots were made exactly to fit; he wore kid gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style; and, to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of *Real Whiskers!* Of these whiskers, Jenks was as proud as a young cat is of her tail when she first discovers she has one.

I was sitting one day in a broker's office, when Jenks came in to inquire the price of exchange on New York. He was invited to sit down, and a cigar was offered him. Conversation turning on the subject of buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present, that he thought no person should sell out stock in such-and-such a bank at that time, as it *must* get better in a few days.

'I will sell *any* thing I've got, if I can make any thing on it,' remarked Jenks.

'Oh, no,' replied one—'not *any* thing; you wouldn't sell your *whiskers!*'

A loud laugh followed this chance remark. Jenks immediately answered: 'I would—but who would *want* them? Any person making the purchase would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking.'

'Well,' I observed, 'I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable.'

'Oh, I'll sell em cheap,' answered Jenks, winking at the gentleman present.

'What do you call cheap?' I inquired.

'I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars,' Jenks answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wink.

'Well, that *is* cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?'

'I will.'

'Both of them?'

'Both of them.'

'*I'll take them!* When can I have them?'

'Any time you chose to call for them.'

'Very well—they're mine. I think I shall double my money on them, at least.'

I took a bill of sale, as follows:

'Received of Sol. Smith, *Fifty Dollars*, in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for. J. JENKS.'

The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and Jenks left the broker's office in high glee, flourishing five Central Bank X's, and telling all his acquaintances of the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers.

The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. 'Never mind,' said I, 'let those laugh that win; I'll make a profit out of those whiskers, depend upon it.'

For a month after this, whenever I met Jenks, he asked me when I intended to call for my whiskers.

'I'll let you know when I want them,' was always my answer. 'Take good care of them—oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days.'

A splendid ball was to be given to the members of the Legislature. I ascertained that Jenks was to be one of the managers—he being a great ladies' man, (on account of his whiskers, I suppose,) and it occurred to me that before the ball took place I might as well call for my whiskers.

One morning I met Jenks in a barber's shop. He was adonizing before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a devil of a rate.

'Ah, there you are, old fellow,' said he, speaking to my reflection in the glass. 'Come for your whiskers, I suppose?'

'Oh, no hurry,' I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

'Always ready, you know,' he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

'Come to think of it,' I said, musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face, 'perhaps now would be as good a time as another, you *may* sit down and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers.'

'You couldn't wait until to-morrow, could you?' he asked, hesitatingly. 'There's a ball to-night, you know——'

'To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face; at all events, I don't see any reason why you should expect to wear *my* whiskers to that ball; go sit down.'

He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his razor, and was about to commence operations, when I suddenly *changed my mind!*

'Stop, Mr. Barber,' I said, 'you need not shave off those whiskers just yet.' So he quietly put up his razor, while Jenks started up from the chair in something very much resembling a passion.

'This is trifling!' he exclaimed. 'You have claimed your whiskers—take them.'

'I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property,' I remarked, and left him washing his face.

At dinner that day the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seems the whole town had got wind of it; Jenks could not walk the streets without the remark being continually made by the boys—'*There goes the man with Old Sol's whiskers!*' And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short, I became convinced that Jenks was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights on the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to *take the whiskers* that very day, and thus compel Jenks to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them it *was* about time to *reap my crop*, and promised that if they would all meet me at the broker's shop where the purchase had been made, I would make a call on Jenks that evening, after he had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed *shaving operation* in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber. On the appearance of Jenks, it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and his vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's office was filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barbarous proceedings.

'Come, be in a hurry,' he said, as he took a seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support, 'I can't stay here long; several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball.'

'True, very true, you are one of the managers—I recollect. Mr. Barber, don't detain the gentleman—go to work at once.'

The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, *one side of his face was deprived of its ornament.*

'Come, come,' said Jenks, 'push ahead, there is no time to be lost. Let the gentleman have his whiskers—he is impatient.'

'Not at all,' I replied, coolly. 'I'm in no sort of a hurry myself—and now I think of it, as *your* time must be precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe *I'll not take the other whisker to-night!*'

A loud laugh from the bystanders and a glance in the mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with his single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking *the whole of my property!* But all wouldn't do. I had a right to take it when I chose—I was not obliged to take all at once; and I *chose* to take but *half* at that particular period. Indeed, I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; and that if he 'behaved himself,' perhaps I should *never* call for the balance of what he owed me.

When Jenks became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amidst the loudly expressed mirth of the crowd, to propose terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty, fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said firmly—'My dear sir, there is no use of talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me for a month or two.'

'What will you take for the whiskers?' he at length asked. 'Won't you sell them back to me?'

'Ah,' replied I, 'now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation—I'll sell them if I can obtain a good price.'

'What is your price?'

'One hundred dollars—*must* double my money.'

'Nothing less?'

'Not a farthing less—and I'm not anxious to sell them even at *that* price.'

'Well, I'll take them,' he groaned, 'there's your money; and here, barber, shave off this d—d infernal whisker in less than no time—I shall be late at the ball.'

The barber accomplished his work, and poor Jenks was whiskerless! Jenks went to the ball, but before the night was over, *he wished he hadn't!*

More from our old friend, the complete Letter-Writer.—It was more than we expected of Mr. Clay, that he should favor the public with an explanation of the reason why the new tariff, which according to him, ought to have ruined the nation, had been actually productive of so much advantage. This is a matter concerning which we thought it probable that a politician of Mr. Clay's character would have preserved a prudent silence. He has spoken out on this subject, however. A Mr. Bragaw, of Salisbury in Connecticut, with a natural anxiety to advertise his wares as widely as possible, sent Mr. Clay a pocket knife, of American manufacture, accompanied with a letter, to which Mr. Clay has written an answer, lately published in the Whig prints. Mr. Clay gives, in the following passage, his solution of the difficulty which so much embarrasses his party:

"I have been very desirous to learn the effect upon American manufactures by the last tariff. But Europe has been so occupied with supplying herself with necessary food, and our country has been so benefitted by the high price which all articles of subsistence have attained, that the competition between foreign and domestic manufactures has been much less unequal than it would otherwise have been. The struggle so far has been between well-fed operatives; between capital diverted from purchase of the raw material to the purchase of bread, and capital greatly augmented by the sale of food; and between manufacturers working short time, and full time. Whether, when Europe is no longer starving, and shall be again blessed by Providence (as I hope it will be) with abundant harvests, we shall be able to sustain a successful competition, remains to be seen. I fervently hope that our manufacturers have struck such deep and strong root, that they will be able to stand up and flourish against all adverse causes."

So the ruin is postponed—the eclipse is put off till the weather is favorable and the people re at leisure. We are not to be ruined till the potato disease has ceased its ravages. When the potato produces its usual crops in Ireland, Belgium, and Germany, the period of bankruptcy, ruin, and distress, and want of employment is to come upon this country. Sometime after the middle of the present century the nation is to be ruined to its heart's content, *unless*—for Mr. Clay is cunning enough this time to leave an opening for escape—unless our manufactures should in the meantime have struck strong and deep root, that they will be able to stand up and flourish against all adverse causes. If, after Europe begins to dig its usual quantity of potatoes, the wheels of our factories are still turning, their spindles humming, and their looms clashing, the reason is to be that the manufactures have struck such deep and strong root as to defy adverse causes. That such has been the case at any time within the last ten years there is not a doubt, and it will be just as true after 1850 as it is now.

But Mr. Clay traces the success of our new tariff to the fact that there has been little competition between domestic and foreign fabrics, on account of the deficient harvests of Europe. So far is this from being true, that the dearth in Europe is one cause of an increased importation of foreign manufactures. We send out bread and take manufactures in return—not to so great an extent, perhaps, as we ought—not to so great an extent as if the duties were as they ought to be, and as we hope they soon will be, more moderate; but still in considerably larger quantities than if foreign countries had not purchased so largely of our grain. The circumstance, therefore, to which Mr. Clay alludes as checking competition, has actually increased it; and as soon as the harvests of Europe are more abundant, and its inhabitants become less dependent upon us for supplies, we may expect that the competition will in some measure decline.

[*New York Evening Post.*

IRISH COLONIZATION.

The New York Sun has the following remarks upon this subject:

The great and constantly increasing disparity between capital and labor in Britain is now agitating Parliament, and the earl of Lincoln has proposed, as a means of relief, that government shall enable the mass of unemployed Irish to colonize in British North America. In a late speech before the House of Commons, he contends that the capital and demand for labor is insufficient to employ millions, who are at this moment suffering and starving. By the census of 1841, there were in Ireland 8,41,000 people. The surface of the country comprices 2,800,000 acres, of which 13.464,000 are arable land, and the remainder 7,336,000 waste. The thirteen and a half millions are held in the following order: Persons having from 1 to 50 acres, 834,544; from 1 to 10 acres, 505,000; from 1 to 5 acres, 317,000; having 1 acre, 136,314; leaving about 7,000,000 to seek employment as they best can.—The number of persons out of work and in distress during 30 weeks of the year is not less than 600,000, and the persons depending on them over 1,800,000; making, in the whole, near two million and a half. The number of persons rated under the poor law union is 4,200,000, of whom 180,000 are rated under 1*l.*; 164,000 under 2*l.*; 117,000 under 3*l.*; 190,000 under 4*l.* As the land stands affected by the present poor law, landlords are consolidating and enlarging the area of their farms as much as possible, still further reducing the chances of the laboring classes. Uuder these circumstances, and the increasing disability of the Irish people—threatened by government proscription on the one side, and famine on the other—the attention of the deepset thinking men of England has been aroused to some remedy for the accumulating evil. A plan was some few years ago proposed for a self-supporting colonization, to be maintained by the sale of lands, and the appropriation of the proceeds of the sale to the emigration of labor. Another propoposed the emigration of both labor and capital. Another, that the original outlay of government should be repaid by plats of land, mixed with the locations of the colonists, which would give such a value to them as to easily refund the original expense. This plan intended that, for the first year, the emigrant should work for wages, with a view to his settling on the land at the expiration of a particular period. This would be the means of forming what is called a *nucleus* for settlements. Villages were to be planted at the expense of government, government was to send out emigrants, and to feed them by a species of commissariat; but one great objection has arisen to all these schemes. Notwithstanding there are 2,000,000 of acres, according to the Toronto Globe, awaiting emigration, the superior inducements afforded to enterprise both of capital and labor in the United States, served at once to draw the emig rants, even when sent out by government, from Canada to our side of the line. Long experience has proved this very complimentary fact, and, in spite of it, Lord Lincoln proposes more colonization.—Not that he would force a single man to leave his old home, but because he believes all their hopes lie in emigration. Earnestly do we trust that the British government may decide upon such a move—that it may grant means for thousands to reach America. What matters it whether they stay in Canada or flock to our States, so long as they are relieved from the horrors of their present condition, every day becoming worse? We have not only 2,000,000, but hundreds of millions of acres awaiting the emigrant colonists of the Old World. Singly, or in groups, let them come—aid them to come, and the result will justify every governmental or other sacrifice that can be made.

Relief for Ireland.—The Cork Examiner of June 19th, mentions the arrival of a large fleet of merchant ships, in the harbor, from the Mediterranean, American and other ports, laden with breadstuffs. The bay before the Cove, it says, is covered with them, and they certainly present at this time a more exhilirating spectacle than ever did a fleet of battle ships on the same noble waters. It is stated that outside the harbor, or on their way to it, were no less than hundreds of other vessels, bearing a similar welcome freightage for the great wants of the people.

Royal Jewels.—The European correspondent of the Boston Atlas, writing from Dresden, gives the following description of the jewels in the Royal Cabinet of Saxony:

The old sovereigns of Saxony must have possessed Aladdin's lamp, to have amassed the rare jewels, carvings in precious metals, and costly works of art, accumulated in the cases of *Crume Gewolbe*, or green vaults. Large goblets composed of agates, calcedony and lapis lazuli—vases cut from solid rock chrystal—saphires, pearls, rubies and diamonds, to the value of many millions exceed any similar show, I have ever seen. One of the diamonds is a *green brilliante*, weighing forty carats, and among the cornelians in a stone on which is cut a cross set in a ring for Martin Luther. The seal-ring of the former is also here, bearing a death's head, around which is the motto, "*mori sæpa cogita!*" The most costly works of art are by Dinglinger, the Saxon Benvenuto Cillini, whose masterpiece represents an Oriental Emperor holding court, surrounded by his guards and nobles in full costume, to the number of 138 figures, all of pure gold enamelled. This trinket occupied Dinglinger eight years, and cost $58,400 at a period when not one Saxon in ten was taught to read. It is said that the diamonds alone in this collection would pay off the heavy national debt with which the country is burthened.

Statistics of Duelling under George the Third.—Such was the frequent occurrence of duels in this long reign, that one hundred and seventy-two were fought (in which three hundred and forty-four persons were concerned), sixty-nine individuals were killed, in three of these fatal cases neither of the combatants survived; ninety six were wounded, forty-eight of them desperately and forty-eight slightly; while one hundred and seventy-nine escaped unhurt. From this statement it will be seen, that rather more than one fifth of the combatants lost their lives and that nearly one half received the bullets of their antagonists. It also appears, that only eighteen trials took place; that six of the arraigned individuals were acquitted, seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder; two of whom were executed, and eight imprisoned during different periods.

[*Milingen's History of Duelling.*

Maine—Official.—The result of the Gubernatorial election, over which the whigs crowed so lustily before they were out of the woods, we have not seen until now officially stated, and we copy it that our readers may have it to put aside the deafening hurrahs with the whigs 'heard the news from Maine.' Dana, dem., received of the popular

vote,	36,301
Bronson, whig,	26,545
Fessenden, abolitionist,	9,418
Scattering,	686

It will be seen that the majority of the democrat over the whig was about TEN THOUSAND! a brilliant whig victory!

In the Legislature, (which was 'undoubtedly whig' until the returns were all in,) the vote for governor was—

House—Dana,	78
Bronson,	57
Fessenden,	9
Senate—Dana,	25
Bronson,	4

"'Twas ever thus," with whig victories; and we hope our friends will bear this in mind when they hear 'the first gun from Maine,' this summer. It will be along in a few weeks, and a glorious whig victory it will be, at first, no doubt.—[*Michigan Expounder, July 9th.*

"Head him or Die!"—The author of the above sentiment, the Hon. John Minor Botts, representative elect from the Richmond District, seems not to have forgotten his old propensities, but still persists in his heart's desire to "head" *somebody*. Capt. Tyler, as he was rudely called, survived the vituperation and abuse which Mr. Botts heaped upon him in vain, and we are inclined to the belief that Mr. Polk will, by something less than a miracle, be delivered safe and harmless from the hot and persecuting fury of this unsated and war-to-the-knife political "tormentor."

It is said that "coming events cast their shadows before," and therefore, we conclude from the following sentiment which Mr. Botts forwarded to be drunk at a fourth of July celebration by the whigs of Philadelphia, that the next session of Congress will be interspersed with those vexatious and harrassing scenes which only serve to give an undesirable notoriety to their authors and to spend, for naught, the people's money:

"*The Mexican War, and the authors of mischief that produced it.*—The first unnecessary, wanton and wicked—The last, selfish, disingenuous and usurping. If the next Congress is true to itself, and the country, it will arrest the war, and vindicate the constitution, by means *wisely provided*, for *great purposes*, by men who *knew the value of freedom*"

[*Petersburg Republican.*

A Heroine.—Mrs. Fremont, the wife of the gallant Colonel of that name, and a daughter of Col. Benton, it is said, designs travelling, under the protection of Kit Carson, a devoted companion of her husband in his several tours of exploration, a distance of 1800 miles, to a point where she has agreed to meet the Colonel. As a cotemporary remarks, she is a wife worthy of the explorer of the Rocky Mountains.—[*Richmond Whig.*

Death of Col. A. H. Pemperton.—It is with deep and unfeigned regret that we have to announce the death of Col. A. H. Pemperton, the former editor and proprietor of the South Carolinian. Mr. P. died at his residence near this place, on yesterday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, after a protracted illness, in which he suffered much.

Mr. P. had been connected with the press, both in this State and Georgia, for a number of years. As a writer he was bold and fearless, and an able exponent of the Democratic party, to the advancement of which he had for many years labored. A large circle of friends and acquaintances, have to mourn over the loss of one bound to them by many ties.

[*South Carolinian, July* 13.

Extraordinary Product.—The Marlbro' Gazette says, that Mr. Fergusson last week gathered as the product of two grains of wheat, on Capt. Brooks' Mount Calvert farm, five hundred and forty-nine grains—one yielding 325—the other 224 grains. Several stalks of this wheat sent us, measured six feet, and we counted eighteen stems from one root and nineteen from another.—*Balt. Clip., 10th inst.*

Good.—An officer lately returning from Mexico, was accompanied from New Orleans by his sister. A Mexican whig began to discourse to the lady about the wickedness of the war—expatiating at considerable length. The fair one replied that she had understood from her brother that that was just the way the Mexicans talked; and that as he coincided with them in his words and feelings, she could see no difference between him and them, except in color. The Mexican sloped.

Louisville Democrat.

Speculation at a new State Capitol.—There was a great scene of speculation last week at Michigan City, the newly created Capitol of Michigan State, at which bidders from Ohio and New York, as well from the peninsular State, were in attendance. The seat of government was, when pitched upon by the Legislature, a blank in the wilderness. The recent sale, says the Albany Atlas, was of a part of one school section. Two-thirds of the section, 800 lots, had been first appraised at $86,000, the lots ranging from $10 to $300. About five hundred of these were put in market, every two alternate lots being reserved. The sale went off well, and some of the lots sold above the appraisal; 57 of them bringing $5,000. Besides this, there were many private sales.

Balt. Clipper, 9th inst.

Botanic Medicines.

THANKFUL to the citizens of Wilmington and the surrounding country, for the very liberal patronage heretofore received, the undersigned respectfully informs the public that he still keeps on hand a large and fresh stock of BOTANIC MEDICINES, of his own manufacture, of *purely vegetable* composition. These medicines are universally known to possess virtues that have never been excelled by any series of medicines ever offered to the public. They are effectual remedies for consumption, coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, cholera, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, cholic, gravels, liver and spleen complaints, dyspepsia, rheumatism, sick head-ach, piles, nervous diseases, worms, tetter, and all diseases of the skin, itch, scrofula, all kinds of fever, &c. &c.

Also—On hand and for sale at manufacturer's prices, Rhineheardt's patent glass pad double and single lever TRUSS for Hernia.

J. T. SCHONWALD,
Botanic Physician.

Murphy's building, 2d door from the cor., Wilmington, July 1, 1847. Princess-st.

To Rent.

THAT large and commodious Hotel, the HANOVER HOUSE, situated on Front street, opposite the Cape Fear Bank, in the Town of Wilmington, will be rented on reasonable terms, from and after the first of October next. The Hanover House is a new brick building, four stories high, tin roofed, and built expressly for a Hotel. Its location is one of the best in the town of Wilmington, and should the person wishing to rent it desire its enlargement, the undersigned is prepared to enter into arrangements for that purpose.

ALSO: From and after the first of October next, that two story brick DWELLING HOUSE, on Fourth street, now occupied by Mr. Fred. Laspyre. This is a large and commodious house, with a lot 66 by 330 feet.

For terms, &c., apply by letter, or personally, to the subscriber, at the Journal Office, Wilmington. DAVID FULTON.

July 16th, 1847.

Just Received.

SPRING style of GENTLEMEN'S HATS, received this day, and now open for inspection, at MYERS & BARNUM'S.

March 19.

The Old Rock Spring FOREVER!

THE ROCK SPRING RESTAURATEUR is now open for the accommodation of the public, where every *Refreshment* the market affords may be had, at all hours of the day or night. The Bar is supplied with *choice Liquors, Wines and Cigars.* DAVID THALLY.

Dec 18, 1846 14-y

MYERS & BARNUM,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Umbrellas, Walking Canes, &c. &c.

RESPECTFULLY call the attention of the citizens of Wilmington and vicinity, to their *large and splendid assortment* now receiving at the old stand of C. Myers, North side of Market street, which we offer at wholesale and retail, *cheaper than ever.*

Gent.'s Beaver, Nutria, Moleskin, and Silk Hats,

of Beelee & Costar's and Leary's Fall Fashion for 1846, a splendid article, just received, and a "few more left of the same sort." Please call and examine them. Also, a very large assortment of

Men's, Boys', & Infants' Caps,

of the latest and most approved patterns. Gent.'s French soft Dress, Silk, Velvet, and Cloth Caps; Gent.'s French Guard do.: Blue and Black Spring Band, Palo Alto, Ringgold, Oregon, Oil Silk, Velveteen, Glazed Lawn, &c., &c.

Youths' and Boys' Caps

of every style and quality, from 12½ cents to $2,50, the largest assortment ever offered in this market, and at astonishing low prices. A beautiful article of Infants' *Cloth and Silk Velvet Caps*, to which we particularly call the attention of those wanting Caps for children. In fact, every article in our line we have a rich and full assortment, to which we respectfully call the attention of the Public, and warrant a genteel fit, and at Prices to suit the times.

MYERS & BARNUM,
Wilmington, Oct. 30, 1846. 7-tf

THE Subscriber would express his gratitude to his Friends and Customers, for their liberal patronage heretofore extended towards him in Wilmington. The same business will hereafter be conducted under the name and firm of MYERS & BARNUM, at the old stand.

C. MYERS.

MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES, *Head & Foot Stones, &c.*

THE subscriber has taken the AGENCY of an extensive MARBLE MANUFACTORY at the North, and will receive orders for the above named articles on as favorable terms as can be procured from any other establishment.

GUY C. HOTCHKISS.
Wilmington, N C, Feb 13, 1846 22-1y

WINDOW SASHES---BLINDS and DOORS.

THE subscriber is agent for one of the best manufactories at the North, and will receive orders for the above named articles, which will be boxed up and delivered on board of vessels in New York, at the LOWEST PRICES, and at short notice. Persons about to contract for buildings, will find it to their interest to call and examine prices before sendind their orders abroad.

GUY C. HOTCHKISS.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF WILMINGTON.

THE organization of this institution having taken place, in conformity to its Charter, Books of Subscription are now re-opened at the Bank of Cape Fear in this place for balance of capital stock, O. G. PARSLEY, Pres't.

April 30, 1847---[33-tf

$10 REWARD.

RUNAWAY from the subscriber, about the 15th ult., his Negro boy BEN. He is about 17 years old; is well known about Wilmington; and formerly belonged to Dr. W. A. Berry, from whom the subscriber purchased him last spring. He is so well known about town, where he is believed to be lurking, that a more minute description is deemed unnecessary. The above reward will be paid for his confinement in the Wilmington Jail, or for his delivery to

DANIEL S. SANDERS.
November 6, 1846. 8tf

Hats, Caps, &c.

WE have just received by late arrivals from New York, a fresh supply of Gentlemen's black Beaver and Moleskin Hats, spring style; one case extra Drab Beavers, A No. 1; Gent's black and drab Leghorns; Boys' Leghorn Caps, and patent leather Belts. Also, a few silk velvet Riding Caps for Ladies, very pretty. Call and see, at

MYERS & BARNUM'S.

May 28, 1847.

BLANKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE.

SUPERIOR HAMS.

A LOT of very fine HAMS, put up expressly for family use, for sale by

[July 9] HOWARD & PEDEN.

Spring and Summer Medicine.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MEDICINE IN the world.—This extract is put up in quart bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening, or debilitating the patient.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other remedies is, while it eradicates disease, it invigorates the body.

IT HAS PERFORMED MORE THAN 15,000 CURES THIS YEAR.

1,000 cures of Rheumatism.
1,000 cures of Dyspepsia;
2,500 cures of general debility, and want of nervous energy;
3,000 Female complaints and over;
7,000 cures of diseases of the blood, viz:

Ulcers, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples on the face, &c. &c., together with numerous cases of consumption, Liver Complaint, Spinal Affections, &c. This, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from physicians and our Agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. R. Van Buskirk, Esq., one of the most respectable druggists in Newark, New Jersey, informs us that he can refer to more than one hundred and fifty cases in that place alone. There are thousands of cases in the City of New York, which we will refer to with pleasure, and to men of character well known.

United States Officer.—Capt. G. W. McLean, member of the New Jersey Legislature, late of the United States Navy, has kindly sent us the following certificate. It tells its own story:

Rahway, January 25, 1847.

A year since I was taken with the influenza and my whole system left in a debilitated state. I was induced to try Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and after taking two or three bottles I was very much relieved, and attributed it entirely to the said Sarsaparilla I have continued taking it, and find that I improve every day. I believe it saved my life, and would not be without it under any consideration. G. W. McLEAN.

The Editor—John Jackson, Esq., Editor of the Rahway Republican, published the above certificate, and remarked in an editorial as follows:

The success of Dr. Townsend's preparation of Sarsaparilla appears to be of the most extraordinary character. We publish to-day two certificates in its behalf, one from Capt. McLean, of this town, and one from Rev. Mr. White, of Staten Island, a gentlemen well known in Rahway.—Capt. McLean believes the medicine to have saved his life, and Mr. White seems to entertain an equally strong confidence in its efficacy. Intelligent men like these would no praise so strongly what they did not fully believe to deserve it.

Scrofula Cured.—This certificate was handed in to Dr. Townsend's office this week, and conclusively prove that his Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

THREE CHILDREN.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores; have taken only four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under deep obligation. Yours respectfully,

ISAAC W. CRAIN, 106 Wooster street.

New York, March 1, 1847.

RHEUMATISM & THE PILES.

September 10, 1846.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: My wife has been for several years afflicted with rheumatism. She has tried many different remedies to obtain some relief, but all to no purpose. She was finally induced, by seeing your advertisement, to give your Sarsaparilla a trial. We procured some of it from your agent (Mr. Van Buskirk) and it gives me pleasure to state that after using it she experienced great relief, and was in a very short time perfectly cured. I was also (together with a man in my employ) badly troubled with piles, and by using a small quantity of your Sarsaparilla, our complaint was completely cured. I consider it one of the best of medicines, and would advise all who are afflicted to give it a trial.

GARRIT GARRABRANT,
—— 123 Market-st, Newark.

Clergymen and Physicians.—As well as thousands of others in all parts of the United States, are continually sending certificates and informing us of the benefits derived from Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla.

Dr. Townsend—Sir: Some time since you requested my opinion of the virtues of your compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla; I am now prepared to give it. I have used it in my practice and prescribed it for the last few months, and must give it my decided preference over anything of the kind with which I am acquainted, both as to its medical virtues and the reasonable price at which you sell it. In scrofulous affections, cutaneous eruptions generally, dyspepsia, indigestion, costive habits, and liver complaints, I am much pleased with its effects. In these complaints, or any other where scrofula is indicated, I can with confidence recommend it to the patronage of the profession as a valuable auxiliary for removing diseases in some of its most troublesome forms, and to all, as a safe and valuable medicine.

Brooklyn, Nov. 21, 1846. BENJ. WEEKS, M. D.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: Having for some time past been afflicted with a pulmonary affection on my lungs, and a continual pain in my side, owing to evening exposure in traveling after preaching, and finding my disease to increase, with much difficulty of breathing and other alarming symptoms, I was advised by a clergyman, a friend of mine, to try your celebrated Sarsaparilla. I did so, and after taking two or three bottles I found myself relieved. My appetite has been restored. I find myself much stronger, and hope very soon to resume my usual duties. I have been so greatly benefitted by your excellent medicine, I feel it my duty to make known the facts for the benefit of others who may be laboring under the same difficulties that I have been for some time past. Yours, respectfully, SAM. WHITE,

Nov. 22, 1846.] Pastor of Baptist Church, Staten Island.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

Read the following, and doubt if you can, that consumption cannot be cured. This is only one of the several hundred cases that Townsend's Sarsaparilla has cured: Brooklyn, Sept. 14, 1840.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I was taken, a little over a year ago, with a severe cough and a pain in my side. It increased on me very fast, indeed. I was pronounced by physicians to have the quick consumption. I raised large quantities of bad matter, had night sweats, and sinking very fast: my doctor said he could do nothing for me. I went into the hospital in hope of being benefitted, but was pronounced there as incurable. I was now greatly distressed at the lungs and could hardly breathe; I soon became emaciated, and expected to die; was confined to my bed, and was obliged to have watchers; indeed I cannot give you any description that would do justice to my case. I was supposed by my friends to be past recovery; I had tried a great number of remedies, and all seemed to be to no purpose. I read of some most extraordinary cures performed by your medicine, and to tell you the truth, I suspected there was some humbug in them. But I was induced to try it; I did so, and am very thankful I did. I cannot say that I am entirely well, but am so far recovered as to be about my business, and hope to be entirely well in a few weeks. My cough and pain in the side, and night sweats have left me, and raise but very little, and am fast gaining my usual strength. I felt it a duty to give you a statement of my case, to