THE JOURNAL:
Published every Friday Morning, by
PRICE & FULTON, Proprietors.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
$2 50 a-year, in advance, or $3 00 if not paid within three months after subscribing.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid. No subscription received for less than twelve months.
We will pay the postage on letters containing Three Dollars and upwards, and money may be remitted through the mail at our risk. The Postmaster's certificate of such remittance shall be a sufficient receipt therefor.
☞All Letters on business connected with this office, must be addressed [post paid] to PRICE & FULTON or they will not be attended to.

# Wilmington Journal.

DAVID FULTON, EDITOR. | GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY. | TERMS: $2 50 in advance.
VOL. 4---NO. 5. | WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1847. | WHOLE NO. 161.

**Terms for Advertising.**
PER SQUARE OF SIXTEEN LINES OR LESS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| One square one insertion, | | $1 00 |
| do. do. 2 | insertions, | 1 25 |
| do. do. 3 | do. | 1 50 |
| do. do. 3 | months without change, | 3 00 |
| do do. 6 | do. do. do. | 4 50 |
| do. do. 12 | do. do. do. | 8 00 |
| do. do 6 | do. renewed weekly, | 13 00 |
| do. do. 12 | do. do. do. | 20 00 |

A liberal discount will be made on advertisements exceeding one square, when published 6 or 12 months, *cash in advance.*
☞If the number of insertions are not marked on the advertisement, they will be continued until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.
☞*All advertisements required to be PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.*☜

*OUR CIRCULATION.*

☞We mean to keep the following paragraph standing for the benefit of all whom it may concern:

ADVERTISING.—We would commend the following facts to the attention of the advertising community. The "Wilmington Journal" circulates upwards of 12 HUNDRED COPIES weekly. Its circulation in the town of Wilmington is as large as that of any other paper published in the place. We would further state that its circulation in the counties which trade to this place is THREE TIMES as large as that of any other paper published in North Carolina, and that its list is daily increasing. We say, therefore, without the fear of contradiction, that it is the best vehicle for advertising which the people of Wilmington can select. One other observation. We think, that although a large majority of the readers of the "Journal" are Democrats, still THEY *occasionally* do a little trading, as well as the readers of the whig papers. We have written the above *merely* for the information of those who are most deeply interested—business men of all professions and all political creeds—WHO WANT CUSTOMERS.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

**Post Office, Wilmington.**

NORTHERN MAIL, by Rail Road, due daily at 2 P. M., and close at 10 every night.

SOUTHERN MAIL, by Steamer from Charleston, is due daily at 8 A. M., and closes at 11 A. M. every day.

FAYETTEVILLE MAIL, by Rail Road, is due on Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 P. M., and closes on same days at 10 at night.

FAYETTEVILLE MAIL, by Prospect Hall, Elizabethtown, Westbrooks, and Robesons, is due on Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays, at 9 A. M., and closes on same days at 10 P. M.

SMITHVILLE MAIL, by Steamer, is due daily at 8 A. M., and closes at 12½ P. M. every day.

TAYLOR'S BRIDGE, LONG CREEK, MOORE'S CREEK, BLACK RIVER CHAPEL, and HARRELL'S STORE MAIL, is due every Thursday at 6 P. M., and closes same night at 10.

ONSLOW MAIL.—Via Topsail Sound, Stump Sound, Sneed's Ferry, Jacksonville to Richlands, and returns via Bannerman's, is due every Monday at 4 P. M., and closes every Thursday night at 10 P. M.

PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
*Neatly executed and with despatch, on* liberal terms for cash, at the
JOURNAL OFFICE.

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

MYERS & BARNUM,
Manufacturers & Dealers in
HATS AND CAPS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
*MARKET STREET*—Wilmington, N. C.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,
*Commission and Forwarding*
MERCHANT,
LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

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

JOHN D. LOVE,
DEALER IN
*CABINET FURNITURE,*
BEDSTEADS, CHAIRS, MATRESSES, &c.,
ROCK SPRING,
*Wilmington, N. C.*
July 16, 1847—[44 12m

Mrs. C. M. Price,
DRESS MAKER,
4th Street, first door North of the Old Fellow's School,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

*D. CASHWELL,*
GENERAL AGENT
AND
*COMMISSION MERCHANT,*
Will make liberal CASH advances on all consignments of TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c.
Wilmington, N. C., Sept 24, 1847—2-tf

LIPPITT & WILKINGS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUGGISTS,
AND DEALERS IN
Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Window Glass, Garden Seeds, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, &c. &c.,
On Front street, between Market and Dock, two doors North of Messrs. Hart & Polley's, Wilmington, N. C.
October 8, 1847—[4

ROUGH AND READY HATS, at
MYERS & BARNUM'S.

LATEST NEWS
From the Seat of War!
WE have now those comfortable Gum elastic Cloaks, Coats and Pants; those who are exposed to the Rain would do well to call soon as they sell very fast.
S. & D. TELLER.
Oct. 1, 1847—[3tf

NEW STORE
TAKES his method to inform the citizens of Wilmington and the surrounding country, that I have opened a store on Front street, in the London Building, 3d door from the corner of Market and Front streets where I shall keep a good assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS, which I offer for sale at the very lowest prices.
I would especially invite my country friends to give me a call, and renew their old patronage to me.
J. LYON.
Oct. 1st, 1847.—[3tf

*Received this day per schr. E. S. Powell.*
50 BARRELS choice brand Canal Flour,
10 half " " " " "
For sale by McKELLAR & McRAE.
October 1, 1847.

Copartnership Notice.
THE subscribers have this day formed a Copartnership under the firm of
S. & D. TELLER.
All those in debt to D. Teller will please call and settle, either by cash or note, and those who have any claims, will hand in their bills for payment as soon as possible.
S. & D. TELLER.

A BETTER CHANCE THAN EVER.
We have now on hand a large and well selected Stock of Dry Goods and Clothing, which will be sold at New York and Philadelphia prices.
Ladies and Gentlemen, please call and judge for yourselves.
S. & D. TELLER.
Oct. 1, 1847—[3-tf

STEAM SAW MILL FOR SALE.
THE subscriber offers for sale his Steam Saw Mill. It is eligibly situated for business, on the West side of Cape Fear River, opposite the town of Wilmington, N. C. The Mill is in good order, and will be sold on accommodating terms.
HENRY R. SAVAGE.
Oct. 8, 1847—[4-tf

Grocery & Provision Store.
THE UNDERSIGNED has commenced business in the Store lately occupied by E. Peterson, next door to Murphy's building, on Watter street, and solicits the attention of buyers.
NOW IN STORE.
5 bbls. Mountain Dew Whiskey, (very superior,)
5 do. Imperial Gin,
5 do. New England Rum,
5 do. Domestic Brandy,
10 do. Sugar,
2 do. White powdered Sugar,
2 do. Snuff; 2 kegs SalEratus,
1 qrt. cask Malaga Wine.
DAILY EXPECTED TO ARRIVE.
50 bags Coffee, (assorted quality,)
5 boxes Tobacco,
20,000 Segars, (fine flavor,)
3 chests Tea,
10 ½ bbls. family Beef, (very choice,)
10 bbls. new and old Ale, [gar.
500 lbs. Woolsey & Woolsey's Loaf Su-
20 bbls. Flour,
10 boxes Starch,
10 do. Soap, 20 boxes Cheese,
10 bbls. Apples, large size,)
5 do. Irish Potatoes,
10 boxes Soda Biscuit,
5 bbls. Crackers,
Nuts, Fruits, &c., &c.,
And a general assortment of articles connected with the Grocery and Provision trade.
My friends in the country are requested to send in their orders.
☞Commission business transacted, and goods forwarded on favorable terms.
Oct. 8, 1847.] WM. A. GWYER.

WHITE LEAD, Paints, &c., Chrome Green, Venitian Red, Chrome Yellow, Linseed Oil, Crome Yellow and Green in Oil, Train Oil, Whiting, Spanish Brown, Window Glass. For sale by LIPPITT & WILKINGS.
October 8, 1847—[4

MULLETS! MULLETS!!
JUST received from Shallotte, N. C., 72 barrels fresh Mullets For sale by
Oct 8, 1847—4-3t] E. J. BERNARD.

PERFUMERY & FANCY ARTICLES.
COLOGNE, German, French, and American, French Extracts, Hair Brushes, Macassar and Bear's Oil, Cloth Brushes, Tooth Powder, and Paste, Tooth do. Ox Marrow, a fine article, Nail do. Toilet Powder, Rose Water &c., Toilet Soap, and Shaving Soap. For sale by
Oct 8] LIPPITT & WILKINGS.

WHARFAGE.
PERSONS wishing to land Lumber, Tar, Turpentine, or other produce, will find wharf room by applying to McKELLAR & McRAE.
Oct. 8, 1847.

SADDLERY, HARNESS, &c.
THE Subscriber has just returned from the North, with additions to his extensive assortment of Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Trunks, &c. &c., which is offered for sale on favorable Terms for Cash, or on short *time* to prompt customers.—Those indebted whose notes and accounts are of long standing are respectfully requested to call and settle.
GUY C. HOTCHKISS.
N. B. Particular attention paid to repairing and making Saddles and Harness to order.
G. C. H.
October 8, 1847—[4

LIPPITT & WILKINGS,
HAVE received a large and well selected assortment of Drugs and Chemicals, consisting of

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pv. Jalap. | Ext. Jalap, | Iodid. of Lead, | |
| Do Rhubarb, | | Do Mercury, | |
| Do Ipecac, | | Do Sulphur, | |
| Do Columbo, | | Do Arsenic, | |
| Ext Coloc. Com. | | Salacine, | |
| Do. Rhubarb, | | Sulph. Quinine, | |
| Ext. Stramonium, | | Svr. Iodid. of Iron, | |
| Pill Hydrarg. Eng., | | Citrate of " | |
| Ungt. " | | Do of " and | |
| Aleppo Scammony, | | Veratrine, | [Quinine, |
| Red Precipitate, | | Pv. Stanum, | |
| Chemicals, &c. | | Strychnine, | |
| Sulph. Morphine, | | Pure Nit. Silver & No. 2, | |
| Act. " | | Citric Acid, | |
| Denarcotized Opium | | Tannin, | Piperine, |
| Iodid. of Iron, | (Hare's.) | Oxide of Silver, &c. | |

October 3, 1847—[4

Stockholders' Meeting.
NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company, will be holden at the Office of the Company on Thursday, the 11th day of November, 1847.
By order of the President.
JAMES S. GREEN, Sec'y.
October 8, 1847] 4-4t.

NOTICE.
THAT FLOUR advertised last Friday, as having arrived, is here now without a doubt, and for sale by McKELLER & McRAE.
Oct. 8, 1847.

DR. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
☞A Truly Wonderful Cure!☜
DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir: In October last, while engaged with Mr. Joseph Smith, in a saw-mill near Waynesburg I was attacked with a cough, from being exposed at night, which gradually increased, attended with spitting of blood and a severe pain in the breast, loss of appetite, fever &c. &c., which was scarcely supportable. I had a family who were wholly dependent on my exertions for support, yet was obliged to leave my business and return home. I was then attended by several Physicians, but still grew worse, until my medical attendants gave me up as incurable. Subsequently, my wife observing in one of the public prints an advertisement of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, procured me one bottle from Francis McClure, your agent in Lewistown, which relieved me. I continued until I had taken five bottles. I am now able to return to my work again. I write this to offer you my sincere thanks, and you are at liberty to make it known, so that if any human being is suffering as I have been, he may have recourse to your invaluable medicine.
Yours,
Lewistown, Pa. JOHN P. BOYNE.
Be not deceived by the many spurious and worthless preparations of Wild Cherry, ushered into notice by ignorant pretenders, but see that the signature of Dr. Swayne is on each bottle, which is the only guarantee against imposition.
Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of Eighth and Race streets, Philadelphia, and for sale by respectable Druggists in nearly all the drincipal towns in the United States.
For sale in Clinton, N. C., by SHAW & GARDNER, Druggists and Apothecaries.
Sept 3, 1847—[51-6tis tt bm

After a hard day's ride a traveller allighted at a house of entertainment to spend the night. At supper, the following conversation took place between himself and host:

*Traveller.*—'I say landlord, have you had much rain here to-day?'

*Host.*—'Very little, sir—very little. But why, have you had much on the road?'

*Traveller.*—'No, but I thought from the very strong taste of water in your coffee, it must have rained very hard here to-day!'

MAJOR ANDRE'S DEFENCE.

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, who seems to be fortunate in the possession of sundry curious old papers and other memorials of the past, as well as of corresponding knowledge and memory, has furnished for the columns of that paper a document which we do not remember to have ever seen before—the defence read by Major Andre before the Court which condemned him to death as a spy. We have no doubt that it will be read with lively interest by many:

"I came," he said, "to hold a communication with a general officer of the American army, by the order of my own commander. I entered the American lines by an unquestionable authority—when I passed from them it was by the same authority. I used no deception. I had heard that a provincial officer had repented of the course he had taken, and that he avowed that he never meant to go so far as he had gone, in resisting the authority of his King.

"The British commander was willing to extend to him the King's clemency—yea, his bounty, in hopes to allure others to do the same. I made no plans. I examined no works. I only received his communications, and was on my way to return to the army, and to make known all that I had learned from a general officer in your camp. Is this the office of a spy? I never should have acted in that light, and what I have done is not in the nature of a spy. I have noted neither your strength nor weakness. If there be wrong in the transaction, is it mine? The office of a spy a soldier has a right to refuse; but, to carry and fetch communications with another army, I never heard was criminal. The circumstances which followed, after my interview with Gen. Arnold, were not in my power to control. He alone had the management of them.

"It is said that I rode in disguise. I rode for security *incog*, as far as I was able, but other than criminal deeds induce one to do this I was not bound to wear my uniform any longer than it was expedient or polite. I *scorn* the name of a spy; brand my offence with some other title, if it change not my punishment, I beseech you. It is not *death* I fear. I am buoyed above it by a consciousness of having intended to discharge my duty in an honorable manner.

"Plans, it is said, were found with me.—This is true; but they were not mine. Yet I must tell you honestly that they would have been communicated if I had not been taken. They were sent by Gen. Arnold to the British commander, and I should have delivered them. From the bottom of my heart I spurn the tho't of attempting to screen myself by criminating another; but so far as I am concerned the truth shall be told, whoever suffers. It was the allegiance of General Arnold I came out to secure. It was fair to presume that many a brave officer would be glad at this time to be able to retrace his steps; at least we have been so informed. Shall I, who came out to negotiate this allegiance only, be treated as one who came to spy out the weakness of a camp? If these actions are alike, I have to learn my moral code anew.

"Gentlemen, officers, be it understood that I am no supplicant for mercy; *that* I ask only from Omnipotence—not from human beings. Justice is all I claim—that justice which is neither swayed by prejudice, nor distorted by passion, but that which flows from honorable minds directed by virtuous determinations I hear, gentlemen, that my case is likened to that of Capt. Hale, in 1775. I have heard of him and his misfortunes. I wish that in all that dignifies man, that adorns and elevates human nature, I could be named with that accomplished but unfortunate officer. His fate was wayward, and untimely was he cut off, yet younger than I now am He went out knowing that he was assuming the character of a spy. He took all its liabilities into his hands, at the request of his great commander He was ready to meet what he assumed and all its consequences. His death the law of nations sanctioned. It may be complimentary to compare me with him, still it would be unjust. He took his life in his hand when he assumed the character and the disguise. I assumed no disguise, nor took upon myself any other character than that of a British officer who had business to transact with an American officer.

"In fine, I ask not even for justice; if you want a victim to the manes of those fallen untimely, I may as well be that victim as another. I have in the most undisguised manner given you every fact in the case. I only rely on the proper construction of those facts. Let me be called anything but a spy. I am not a spy. I have examined nothing, learned nothing, communicated nothing, but my detention, to Arnold, that he might escape if he thought proper so to do. This was, as I conceived, my duty. I hope the gallant officer who was then unsuspicious of his general will not be condemned for the military error he committed.

"I further state that Smith, who was the medium of communication, did not know any part of our conference, except that there was some necessary for secrecy. He was counsel in various matters for Generald Arnold, and *from* all the interviews I had with him; and it was Smith who lent me this dress coat of crimson, on being told that I did not wish to be known by English or Americans. I do not believe that he had even a supposition of my errand. On me your wrath should fall, if on any one I know your affairs look gloomy; but that is no reason why *I* should be sacrificed. My death can do your cause no good. Millions of friends to your struggle in England, you will lose if you condemn me. I say not this by way of threat; for I know brave men are not awed by them—nor will brave men be vindictive because they are desponding. I should not have said a word had it not been for the opinion of others, which I am bound to respect.

"The sentence you this day pronounce will go down to posterity with exceeding great distinctness on the page of history; and if humanity and honor mark this day's decision, your names, each and all of you, will be remembered by both nations when they have grown greater and more powerful than they now are. But, if misfortune befals me, I shall in time have all due honors paid to my memory. The martyr is kept in remembrance when the tribunal that condemned him is forgotten. I trust this honorable Court will believe me when I say that what I have spoken was from no idle fears of a coward. I have done."

AN ENGLISHMAN ON THE OHIO.

Among the members elect of the House of Commons, we see, is E. H Baldock, Esq., of London, (now M. P. from Shrewsbury.) Mr. Baldock was in this country two years ago, and in every nook and corner of it, studying our notions, movements, and doings, and contrasting them with his own. The Editor of the New York Express, speaking of Mr B, says: "He was a travelling companion of ours some years ago in Europe, in its highways and byeways; and when he returned to New York, to embark for home, he often amused us in conversation with the ideas he had formed. One of his *experiences* here, we remember somewhat after this sort:

"You call this a free and equal country! Well, I admire your impudence, owning, as you do, three or four millions of each other. There is nothing like the impudence of a republic! Let me tell you a little of my experience here, about a man's freedom, rights, and equality. I was coming up the Ohio in one of your fine steamboats—(I admit you are a great people, especially in the steamboat line.) I had my state room, with two doors in it, you know, one looking into the cabin, and the other to the river. I had there spread out my hair brushes, soft and hard, my whisker brushes, my tooth brushes, my nail brushes, &c. &c. Perhaps I had a dozen brushes, perhaps more, (a gentleman must have as many as that to be comfortable, you know.) Well, a very free and easy gentleman reached in, and taking one of my hair brushes, began to smooth down his locks. I said to him, kindly enough, I thought, 'Sir, I beg pardon, but that is my hair brush.' 'Your hair brush,' he retorted, with a sneer. 'Yes,' said I, smartly, 'mine.' 'Your'n?' he reiterated, as if I were lying.—'Yes, mine!' I repeated. 'Well, now,' said he, 'stranger, no honest man ever had so many brushes as them—and *what belongs to the boat I shall use as much as I please!*'—saying this with an air that told me a fight was ahead if I continued to claim what were my own.—Pretty free country this, where a man can't have as many brushes as he pleases."

THE MARRIED MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

Blast the women! They are always fretting about something or other! Yesterday the coal wouldn't burn; and the great must be set; and the furnace must be repaired; and mercy knows what all; and to-day it's as hot as ——! Save us from the wants of an inconsiderate woman! Only let her get the upper hand and she'll drive like blazes! But I won't be driven! Not I! If she wants the doors fixed, or wood dried, or water brought, or the lech set, or the tubs hooped, she may do it herself! Confound it! I can't go into the house but something is wanting! If it isn't one thing it is another. I'll leave my boots in the parlor every night, if I have a mind, and she may help herself. See if I don't.—We'll see who will be master. Before we were married it was—"If you please, my dear." But, cracky!—if her tone hasn't changed! She shall and shant, from week's end to week's end, and if I venture to put in a word edgewise, I'm shut up by her infernal clapper! Talk about late hours and extravagance! Wonder what she calls late hours! I could stay out once until broad daylight, and she too, if the party was agreeable. But now if I chance to attend the club once a week, there is a pretty mess directly. And don't never think of her! Gracious me! I wish I could forget her for five minutes, just to see how it would seem. If young men only knew. But no. If a man says a word he is set down for a ninny. He must grieve and bear it, if it cuts ever so close. And oyster suppers.—Wonder if she don't like oysters. Tell me about the propriety of sitting down to the breakfast table with her hair uncombed.—Once she was all curls and smiles Now she's slatternly as a washerwoman! Blast the race! They ought to be indicted for obtaining husbands under false pretenses! If they'd only show out, the men wouldn't be such gudgeons. But no; they'll smile and smirk and twitter until a fellow is nearly cought, and then, by Jupiter, if they don't haul down their colors.—And then the baby tending! It's worth a fortune to be compelled to hear the squalling brats, night after night. Croup or cholic is the eternal complaint. If I had my way I'd shake the cholic out of them in a hurry! But no; they must be dosed with pink and annis, and onions, and the deuce knows what, and trotted until their gizzards are fairly shaken out; and then if any one is to be kept up, why Slocum can set up, it won't hurt him!—But I've done with it. I went, that's a fact.—What's that you say? Mended my pants? And four new shirts, and a neckcloth? Well, I declare. Mrs. Slocum is clever after all! If she didn't scold so like ——; but no matter, I know I provoked her, I'll give in; I'll own up; I'll ———. The remainder was lost in something like a kiss. Five shirts must have done it—for Slocum forgot to swear when he was asked to tend the baby.

A MARRIED WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY "ONE WHO HEARD IT"

Yes, it's go! go! go! go! and get! get! for everybody on earth, but one's own wife. If I should ask Mr. Slocum to go out at such a time of day, for a water pail or basket of oranges, d'ye guess he'd go? No! not he; I might want one while and take it out in wanting! Oranges, forsooth. 'Twas only yesterday I asked him to call at William's for Charley's shoes. Wouldn't you like to have heard him scold though? If he didn't tune up! Always something wanting! Wished he could go to the store and back without calling for a dozen articles! And when he came in and put them on Charley's feet, slapped him for crying because the pegs hurt him! Poor fellow, he limped round till his father had gone, and then pulled them off. The pegs were an inch long at the least calculation.—And now, just because Mrs. Brown hints at a water pail, he's up and off in a minute! Why couldn't Brown go? Just as though her own husband wan't good enough to wait upon her. I'd show him the difference, if I was Brown! A pretty how'd do we shall have of it, if things go on this rate. I'll ask Brown to do my errands, and see how he likes it.

If the girls only knew! But no, they won't believe a word of it! "Bought wit is the best, if you don't get it too dear." Dear! I wonder what some folks call dear? There's Nelly Bly. You might talk to her till next July, and she wouldn't believe it. But she'll see! She'll learn a lesson for herself she'll not forget very soon.

If I was a girl again, I wouldn't change my condition in a hurry! Not I. There was Slocum always ready to run his legs off—but now—he'll sooner go for that Mrs. Brown than for his own flesh and blood.

But I'll pay him, see if I don't! I won't get him a mouthful of supper. He may get his victuals were he does his work! See how he'll like that. If I should do so—always trying to please other folk's husbands instead of my own—we should have a pretty kettle of fish. There's Willie, he's teased for an orange these three days, and not the peel of one has been seen yet.

There he comes, puffing like a steam boat. If I had sent him he wouldn't have been back these two hours. Calling at Mr. Brown's, too, if it ain't enough to vex a Saint. I'll tell him I'll quit—I'll—but no, he'll like that too well! The brute!

I won't please him so much. I'll stay if it kills me, and Willie shall have an orange if he wants; and no thanks to him either. There he comes again, and both hands full. Wonder what he has got now, and who else he is running for? Coming through the gate, and yes —— both pockets full of oranges. The —— dear soul! I knnw he wouldn't forget his own children! Wont Willie have a good meal? And I will —— yes, he shall have muffins for supper; Slocum loves muffins!

* * * * * * *

That's all we heard, reader, for when Slocum opened the hall door Charlie, Willie, wife and all went out to meet him, and get some of those same oranges.

Mrs. Slocum did get supper, and Slocum had muffins.—[*Troy Budget.*

IRISH ELECTION SCENE.

The canvassing of Parliamentary candidates, whenever a general election occurs in Great Britain, gives rise to scenes which, if occasionally disgusting, are sometimes edifying, and often amusing. Of the latter description, we select the following, which occurred at the recent election, which is a sample of the freedom of the hustings in that country.

*National Intelligencer.*

TIPPERARY ELECTION.—Mr. Collett, an Englishman, had been brought forward as the Administration candidate for the famed county of Tipperary. Archdeacon Laffan proposed Mr. Scully as an opposing candidate, and in doing so made the following speech, (as reported for the London Sun:)

Archdeacon Laffan rose, and was greeted with a tremendous burst of acclamation. He took the Times newspaper out of his pocket, and, throwing it with force on the table, said to Mr. Collett, "There's your speech at Lincoln, for you." [Great cheering.] "My Lord Suirdale," continued the Archdeacon, "I never in the whole course of my life, and it is a long political life, stood up in the court house with feelings of more regret. Who are you bringing forward this day, Tory gentlemen of Tipperary? [Cheers.] I'm ashamed of you—[great cheering]—I always like to catch the bull by the horns. [Laughter.] Who, I repeat, are you bringing forward, respectable independent landlords of Tipperary? The man who stood by in the House of Commons when Roebuck called you murderers, and did not stand up to defend you."

Mr. Collett "I did" [Groans.]

Archdeacon Laffan. Oh, gentlemen of Tipperary! Oh, respectable descendants of the Tipperary aristocracy! Though you are Tories, I love you better than John Bull, [laughter,] who will laugh at you when your estates are confiscated and your children beggars. [Loud cheers.] Those English fellows have not one drop of the milk of human kindness in their bosom. Did that ill-looking fellow—(pointing to Mr. Collett)—and he is a very ill-looking fellow—[laughter]—

[Here Mr. Collett commenced writing in his tablet.]

Archdeacon Laffan. Put that down in your tablet: carry that in your snuff box, as we say in Tipperary. [Loud laughter.] I do regret, my Lord Suirdale, to see any man of the old stock of the aristocracy coming to the back of a man whom they do know. [Hear, hear.] I care not for the Whigs or Tories; they are all alike to me, from snappish Roebuck to Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel.—[Cheers.] They call you, landlords of Ireland, wholesale murderers; and did that fellow [laughter] stand up for you? [Loud laughter.] Don't be looking so angry at me, sir; don't think you'll intimidate me, Mr. John Bull. [Cheers.]

[It was really laughable to see the astonished, confused, angry looks of Mr. Collett, who did not expect such a laceration from the very reverend gentleman.]

[The Archdeacon, smiling.] I am glad Roebuck is out of Parliament. When he charged the landlords with driving out their unfortunate tenants, and starving them, did you stand up then, Mr. Collett, and call him a liar? [Loud cheers.] Do you know, my Lord Suirdale, what a Frenchman said to John Bull? He said, "he used you very well, for he eated de oyster and gave you de shell." [Loud laughter.] But, Tory landlords of Tipperary, your candidate was turned out of Lincoln, and you thought him good enough for Tipperary—out of the frying pan into the fire. [Laughter.] Oh, gentlemen, are you not ashamed of yourselves? [Loud laughter.] I see the crimson mantling in your cheeks, you can't conceal it: your hearts are not with your tongues; you are partly Irish, after all [Loud cheers.] If you return Collett, he will laugh with contempt at you; and, when your estates are squeezed like a lemon, he will damn you as a set of beggarly rascals [Loud laughter.] Collett, did you ever hear the Irishmen had tails? [Loud laughter.] Did you ever hear that the brutal Times called us the bloody priests? [Groans.]

Mr. Collett, [good humoredly.] Do you say your prayers?

The Archdeacon. We do say our prayers, and I'll make you say yours before I am done with you. [Laughter.] It is a sad day when we see men, with their ears and eyes open, select such a man as their candidate for Tipperary [Hear.] I would take my political enemy by the hand. I would shake hands with you, Mr. Collett, if you'd let me, [laughter,] but to friend or foe who would abuse me, I would say, "Go along, you scoundrel." I coul'd not support Lord John Russell, my Lord Suirdale, and I will tell you why. Because he starved two millions of my fellow-countrymen. [Groans for the Premier.] A scoundrel, who refused to send two vessels of war to bring food to the starving people. [Groaning.] And what did the Americans do?—glorious America—[loud cheering]—the land of the brave, where freedom's sod was never soiled? [Great cheers.] What did brave America do? The President, the Government, the People, sent their best ships, manned with their noble Yankee sailors, [cheers,] with food, not bombshells, to our shores. [Cheers.] Compare this with the conduct of the pigmy Premier of England, the rotten Russell.—[Groans.]

Mr. Collett. Say something about your own candidate. [Groans.]

The Archdeacon. I am not done yet.—[Laughter.] One source of the great revenue of England is derived from their cast-off clothes, and they send us their cast-off member, saying, "He'll do well enough for Paddy."—[Laughter.] You stood for Lincoln, Mr. Collett—what's your name? John? [Laughter.] I'm sorry that they did not send us a handsomer specimen of their cast-off clothes than you, any way. [Laughter.] You're not half as handsome as my man. [Loud laughter.] I have here the *Times* of the 30th July, that's the day you showed your nose in Lincoln, [laughter,] and you made your *debut* very smart [Loud laughter.] Lincoln contains 1859 voters; Col. Sibthorpe opposed you: he headed the poll. Surely they must have the mischief's opinion of you, when they elected Sibthorpe in preference to you. [Loud laughter.] Well, how many voted for you? I'll tell you: out of the 1859 voters you got 272 [Renewed laughter.] And, after that, you come to Tipperary to try the Tipperary boys.

A voice. Oh, what a chance he has! [Renewed laughter.]

The Archdeacon. He has, indeed! Why, I have here a list of voters for my own two parishes, and there are in those two parishes alone a majority of seven over his whole sorry supporters in the barony of Middlethird. [Loud cheers.] Put that in your pipe, Mr. Collett, and smoke it. [Laughter.] Electors of Tipperary! I am going to propose as a candidate a young man, and he not a bit the worse for being a Roman Catholic. [Laughter.] A man was never the worse for knowing how to bless himself. [Cheers.] He is a handsome fellow, too. [Laughter.] I beg leave to propose Francis Scully as a fit and proper person to represent Tipperary. [Loud cheers.] His father, the late James Scully, was, at the worst of times, at the head of the Catholics of this county. [Cheers.] In 1828, the year before Catholic emancipation—of which measure, my Lord, your Lordship's ancestors were the most strenuous advocates—

Dr. Burke. A cheer for the old Hutchinsons. [Loud cheers.]

The Archdeacon. I remember in Dr. Burke's present chapel the late lamented O'Connell—may God be merciful to him! Pray for him, Mr. Collett. [Laughter.]

Dr. Burke. If he knows how. [More laughter.]

The Archdeacon. The late Daniel O'Connell was present: James Scully was in the chair. "I am delighted," said the Liberator, "to see you in the chair, James Scully, as the brother of the distinguished author of the 'Penal Laws.'" [Loud cheers.] We must have fair play; we'll beat him into rags, so that his English friends won't know him. [Hear and laughter.] They'll say, "Can this be the Collett that stood for Lincoln?" [Loud laughter.] Electors of Tipperary, you'll do your duty: we want Ireland for the Irish. [Loud cheers.] Our standard is the green flag of Erin. [Tremendous cheering.]

"On our side is virtue and Erin;
The friends we have tried
Are by our side,
And Collett is before us." (Loud cheers.)

I am speaking at random; (laughter,) but I had a very good speech prepared, and you, Mr. Collett, spoiled it by coming up at the eleventh hour with your bamboo head. (Laughter.) I really believe it's not the first good thing you've spoiled. (Laughter.) Sir Joseph Yorke, in the House of Commons, at one time said that if Ireland was four-and-twenty hours under water it would be peaceable, and not till then. Little Jonny Russell has adopted a different plan; he adopted starving them in millions (Loud groaning) You may go home to Lincoln, Mr. Collett; do you live near it? (Laughter.) Go home and tell them for us we are Irish—the descendants of the old Spaniards. (Cheers.) You are not a Spaniard; you are more like a Creole. (Loud laughter.) Tell them from us we are not to be trampled upon; (cheers;) that we repudiate both Whigs and Tories; and if old Nick had both of them Old Ireland would be much better off. (Laughter.) We are moral force Repealers. (Tremendous cheering.) We are the disciples of the great O'Connell; he of European fame. (Loud cheers.) We are his followers; and though he is dead, we will hoist his banner for Repeal, Liberty, and Old Ireland. (Great cheering.) I have great pleasure, my Lord and Electors of Tipperary, in proposing Francis Scully as a fit and proper representative for gallant Tipperary.

(The Archdeacon resumed his seat amidst the loudest demonstrations of applause. Mr. Scully was elected.)

MR. SAMPSON'S HOUSE.

'Once upon a time,' a queer old fellow named Smith started from a Southern city upon a pedestrian excursion of about one hundred miles. He was not such a *very old* fellow, either, he was about forty years older than when he was born. This Mr. Smith (he was not connected with the John Smith family in the most remote degree) was a man of many peculiarities. If absolute stupidity did not form a prominent trait in his character, it was a quality which very much resembled stupidity, and might easily be mistaken for it, by at least one-half of the world. He had manifested a singular abstraction, generally described as absence of mind, and would frequently roam about the streets an entire day without recognizing one of his numerous friends—apparently without being aware of the nature of his movements. This was Mr. Smith.

We were saying that Mr Smith started upon a journey on the 'ten toed machine' spoken of in John Bull. After travelling a few miles our pedestrian felt somewhat thirsty, and called at a small establishment which looked as though it was about half a tavern, for a drink.

A good natured young fellow waited upon him—brought him brandy and water—and in addition, furnished him with a bit of bread and cheese. All this was decidedly welcome and refreshing. When Mr. Smith had quenched his thirst, and satisfied the slight craving of appetite, he re-commenced his travels, and, as he left the city tolerably early in the morning, he thought he might walk two or three hours longer before he stopped for dinner.

His road seemed to be very level, and was skirted on one side by an uncommonly high fence. On he footed it for about three hours longer, until a glance at the position of the sun satisfied him he had better secure his noonday meal. He called at a small dwelling by the road side, and the following dialogue ensued between him and a boy standing in the doorway:—

'Who lives here, my son?'

'Mr. Sampson, sir.'

'Do you keep a tavern?'

'Why, sorter, and sorter not—we accommodate people sometimes.'

'Can I get dinner here?'

'Yes, sir—walk in.'

Our traveller walked in, and in the course of half an hour a nice comfortable dinner, smoking hot, was set before him.

He ate, drank, paid his moderate bill, put on his hat, took his walking stick, and proceeded upon his journey.

Before he renewed his labors, however, he took the precaution to fill his pipe carefully and then lit it. Fresh and vigorous as ever, he then pushed ahead; but as the sun crept down the horizon, Mr. Smith began to feel some degree of weariness stealing over him, still he persevered till it was quite dark. Finding himself opposite to a small house by the road side, he inquired of the youth seated upon the threshold:—

'Who lives here, my son?'

'Mr. Sampson, sir.'

'Can I get supper and lodging here to-night, by paying for it?'

'Certainly, sir—walk in.'

Mr. Smith crossed the threshold, laid aside his hat and cane, drank a cup of tea, and ate two or three slices of toast, read four chapters in 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' which he found upon the mantlepiece, and went to bed. When he awoke in the morning, the sun was just showing its broad red disc above the tree tops. He found the breakfast upon the table waiting for him. He finished the morning meal, and commenced his travels the second day. One thing simply attracted his observation—the road was exceedingly uniform—but the fact excited no surprise. At noon he called at a snug little house, and asked a lad who was gazing out of a window:—

'Who lives here, my son?'

'Mr Sampson, sir.'

Our traveller paused a moment, reflected, and seemed to be conning over some name or circumstance in his mind—at last he said:—

'Are there many of the name of Sampson on this road, my son?'

'A good many,' said the boy.

'I thought so. Can you give me dinner here, my son?'

'Certainly, sir—walk in.'

Mr. Smith stepped in, swallowed his dinner, and once more took to the road. When night came on, he of course stopped at the first house on his way. A youth sat upon a wheelbarrow, at the door, whittling.

'Who lives here, my son?'

'Mr. Sampson, sir.'

'Mr. Sampson! by Jupiter! I should think they were all Sampson's on this road. I got dinner at Mr. Sampson's yesterday slept at another Mr. Sampson's last night, and here I am at Mr. Sampson's again to-night. Besides, the houses I have seen upon this road all look alike—it's very queer.'

'Very queer,' replied the boy with a leer which seemed to say, 'you can't fool me old fellow.'

'Can you give me supper and lodging?' said the traveller.

'Certainly—wa'k in.'

'I'm darned if this isn't a queer country,' said the old man, as he went to bed; 'this looks exactly like the room I slept in last night—but I suppose it is all right.'

It was full two o'clock the next day, when, after travelling briskly at least six hours, Mr. Smith stopped at a comfortable small dwelling with the intention of securing his dinner. A boy stood in the door.

'How d'ye do?'