WILMINGTON JOURNAL:
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PRICE & FULTON, Proprietors.

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No subscriber permitted to discontinue his paper after the commencement of a subscription year, till the expiration of said year.
Subscribers wishing their paper discontinued at the end of their subscription year, must pay up in full and give the proprietors two weeks notice, otherwise the paper will be continued and charged for according to the above terms.
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.

Wilmington Journal.

DAVID FULTON, EDITOR. | GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY. | TERMS: $2 50 in advance.

VOL. 4.---NO. 11. | WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1847. | WHOLE NO. 167.

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

One square	one	insertion,		$1 00
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☞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,
DAVIS'S WHARF,
South Water Street, 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,
Fashionable Dress Maker,
4th Street, first door North of the Odd Fellows'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

Cronly, Walker & Hall,
AUCTIONEERS AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Wilmington, N. C.
REFER TO
P. K. DICKINSON, Esq., H. R. SAVAGE, Esq., G. W. DAVIS, Esq., MESSRS. HALL & ARMSTRONG, JOHN A. TAYLOR, Esq., JOHN WALKER, Esq.
October 15th, 1847.

WM. A. GWYER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
North Water Street, Wilmington, N. C.
REFERS TO
B. N. DISBROW, Esq., New York.
ROB'T G. RANKIN, Esq., Wilmington, N. C.
October 29, 1847.

L. MALLETT,
Agent for the sale of
Timber, Lumber, &c. &c.,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
November 5, 1847—[8-y

Thos. Allibone & Co.,
GENERAL COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
No. 8, SOUTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
Advances made on consignments.
Refer to Messrs. DEROSSET, BROWN & Co., Wilmington, N. C.
Nov. 12, 1847. [6-1y]

T. W. BROWN,
HAVING recently returned from the North, is now prepared to offer his friends and the public a very handsome assortment of goods in his line, and at very low prices.
Clocks and Watches Repaired as usual.
October 15, 1847—[7-tf

Beware of Slight Colds.

AT this season we may expect sudden changes of the weather, and every person should be provided with a bottle of Dr. Swayne's Syrup of Wild Cherry—it will cure any cough or cold in a few days. Remember the only agent in Wilmington, is WM. SHAW, Druggist, who has for sale Pease's Hoarhound Candy, French Jujube Paste, and refined Liquorice, fresh Congress Water—a supply received, which will be constantly kept up, a bale of fresh Hops, for sale low. Sweet Oil, Alcohol, English Mustard, Extract Lemon and Vanilla, for pies, custards, &c., Mace, Nutmegs, Ginger—powdered and root, Cinnamon, Cloves, Allspice and Pepper. A large supply of Vials, and Furniture Bottles of latest patterns.—Wide-mouth Jars, suitable for Pickles or Preserves, at the Old Stand Drug Store.
Nov. 19, 1847. WM. SHAW.

TAKEN UP,

AND committed to the Jail of Duplin county, a negro boy, about 25 years old, who says his name is ISAAC, and that he belongs to Henry B. Johnson, of Wayne county. He is about 5 feet 7 inches high, and rather on the mulatto order. Any person having claim to said negro, are requested to come forward and make the same appear, or he will be dealt with as the law directs. JOHN B. HUSSEY, *Jailor.*
Kenansville, Nov. 14, 1847.—[10tf

PROSPECTUS OF
The Carolina Gazette.

THE subscriber intends to publish a weekly newspaper in the town of Wilmington, N. C., with the above title. The first number will make iis appearance on or before the first of January next.

The GAZETTE is now an applicant for an adequate support, and to secure it, we will labor to make the paper worthy by excluding every article inculcating false or vicious principles, and admitting such only as will inform or elevate the understanding. NEWS of importance will have an early insertion, and the best information of our MARKETS will be given. It will advocate Democratic principles as they are demonstrated by a pure system of political ethics. We intend that the paper shall present a *neat mechanical appearance,* as well as exhibit matter distinguished for its excellence. In a word, the GAZETTE will be devoted to the best interests of society.

We believe that such a paper as the GAZETTE is designed to be will meet with liberal encouragement from all classes. We claim the privilege of pursuing the business to which we were brought up, in that portion of the Old North State which gave us birth, and we hope that the Farmer, Merchant and Mechanic, will bid the GAZETTE onward, by increasing its circulation and usefulness with their names and money.

We deem it altogether unnecessary to enter into any long-winded essay in a Prospectus, but with these few remarks we submit it to the public for their approval or rejection.

TERMS.—The GAZETTE will be published weekly, on a Super-Royal sheet, with new type and on good paper, at the LOW PRICE of $2 00 per annum, payable on receipt of the first number.

☞Persons wishing to subscribe to the GAZETTE will please address the subscriber, *post paid,* at Wilmington, N. C.

All who receive this Prospectus will please endeavor to procure subscribers for us, and return the names of all who may subscribe on or before the 20th day of December. WM. J. YOPP.

☞Editors of newspapers throughout the State will confer a favor by giving the above a few insertions.
Nov. 19.—[10tf

MYERS & BARNUM

HAVE received, and are now offering, at wholesale and retail, the largest and best assortment of HATS, CAPS, BONNETS, **Umbrellas & Walking Canes,** ever brought to this market. We continue at the old stand North side of Market Street, where may be found at all times good Beaver, Nutria, Brush, Cassimere, Moleskin, and Silk Hats, of the latest New York city style. Broadcloth, Silk Velvet, Oil Silk, Otter, Seal, Muskrat, and Glazed Lawn Caps, of the latest and most approved fashions. Youth's, Boy's, and Children's Caps, a large variety. Ladies Riding Caps. Gent's Smoking Caps. Infants' Caps of various qualities, patterns, and colors. Fine Silk, Ginghams and Cotton Umbrellas, and a good assortment of Walking Canes. We have also a large stock of WOOL AND TARPAULIN HATS, which we will sell by the case or dozen much lower than can be bought elsewhere.

Country Merchants supplied with goods in our line at New York jobbing prices.

Planters and others wishing cheap Hats or Caps for Negroes, will find it to their advantage to give us a call.

N. B. Cash paid for Otter, Mink, Fox, Wild Cat, Raccoon, and Oppossum Skins.
November 19, 1847.

1000 BUSHELS Rum Key Salt;
2 hhds. Porto Rico Sugar;
1 hhd. Cuba do
25 bags Rio Coffee;
20 " Laguira "
5 " Mocha "
5 kitts No. 1 Mackerel;
80 bbls Mullets; 4 kegs Butter;
— Barrels Lard; Soda Biscuit, Pilot Bread, Wine Crackers, &c. &c.
For sale by E. J. BERNARD.
Nov'r 19, 1847

FULTON MARKET BEEF—10 half bbls Hunt's best, for sale by
[N19] HOWARD & PEDEN.

FRESH BUTTER, just arrived and for sale by HOWARD & PEDEN.
November 19, 1847.

TOBACCO—That superior Tobacco has arrived, and is for sale by
[N19] HOWARD & PEDEN.

PEAS—100 bushels Cow Peas; 50 do. Black Eye Peas. For sale at
[N19] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE—Just received per schr. E. S. Powell from New York—12 dozen painted Pails; 6 Wheel Barrows; 6 Step Ladders; 2 dozen Malletts; 1 dozen Draw Buckets; 1 dozen Iron bound Buckets; 6 Willow Wagons.
Buckets, Pails, Trays, oval and round; Clothes Pins, Rolling do., Clothes Horses, &c. For sale by
[N49] HOWARD & PEDEN.

CHEESE! CHEESE!—Received per schrs. L. P. Smith and R. W. Brown—35 boxes Goshen Cheese, very superior;
25 " Orange County;
5 casks prime quality. For sale by
[Nov 19] WM. A. GWYER.

BUTTER! BUTTER!—I have in store a large and superior lot of extra quality Goshen Butter, which I offer for sale at lowest market prices. WM. A. GWYER.
November 19, 1847.

WHITE LEAD—12,000 lbs., just received and for sale by
Nov 12, LIPPITT & WILKINGS

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

NORTH-CAROLINA GOLD PIECES will be taken in trade at the full value of FIVE DOLLARS, for which purpose my stock of Goods is so well selected that I can accommodate my friends and customers.
CHARLES WILLE, Variety Store, No. 208 King-street, opposite Victoria Hotel, Charleston, S. C.
ALSO, FOR SALE, 140 empty Packing Boxes of different sizes, to make room.
Nov 12, 1847—[9-4t

LAND DEEDS, a new supply, just printed and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

Fresh Drugs and Medicines.

THE subscriber has received a considerable part of his stock, which is larger and better selected than any which has ever been offered by himself, or perhaps by any establishment in this State, comprising, in part, a full stock of Drugs, Medicines, Chemical preparations, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs; Perfumery and fancy articles; Surgical Instruments, (a large stock;) Brushes, Trusses, Patent Medicines, Tobacco, Havana Segars, Snuffs, &c. Being desirous of doing more of a wholesale business than heretofore, he has laid in his stock principally in original packages, and for cash, which will enable him to compete successfully with *any market.* He desires those in want of any of the above articles to give him a call.
A. C. EVANS.
November 12, 1847—[9-tf

TOUSEY'S UNIVERSAL OINTMENT, or Master of Pain; a fresh supply just received and for sale by
Nov 12, LIPPITT & WILKINGS.

PERFUMERY—French, American, and German. A fresh supply for sale by
Nov 12, LIPPITT & WILKINGS.

FAHNESTOCK'S Vermifuge for worms, Seidlitz and Soda Powders, Pearl Sago, Bermuda and American Arrow Root, Russian Isinglass, (for jellies,) Tapioca; fresh supplies for sale
Nov 12.] by LIPPITT & WILLKINGS.

LIME.

A CARGO of Thomaston Lime, consisting of 12.00 casks, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
J. C. & R. B. WOOD,
Contractors and Builders.
Nov 12, 1847—[9-tf

TOWNSEND'S Sarsaparilla—Sands' Iodide of Sarsaparilla, a fresh supply. For sale by
Nov 10] LIPPITT & WILLKINGS.

New Plaid Silks.

THE Subscribers have this day received, per schr. John Potts Brown, more new PLAID SILKS, of the latest style, which will be sold at their usual low prices. JOHN KYLE & CO
Nov. 4th, 1847.

RAISINS, PRUNES, NUTS, FRUITS, &c., constantly on hand and for sale at low prices by WM. A. GWYER.
November 19, 1847.

APPLES! APPLES!—20 bbls. Apples in store and for sale low. Apply to
[Nov 19] WM. A. GWYER.

FULTON MARKET BEEF—Received per late arrivals, 10 half barrels choice Beef, for table use, hotels, &c. For sale by
[Nov 19] WM. A. GWYER.

CONSUMPTION,
And all diseases of the Lungs cured by
DR. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
The Original Genuine Preparation.
ANOTHER LIFE PRESERVED.
Philadelphia, Sept. 28, 1846.

Dr. H. Swayne—Dear sir; Having seen the astonishing cure performed on Mr. Thomas, by your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, I was induced to try it on myself. I was taken with a violent cough, spitting of blood, shortness of breathing, together with violent attacks of asthma; I had overdone myself from exertion which I was not able to perform, which prostrated my system to a great extent. I commenced the use of your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, which gave me almost immediate relief, and I am glad to give my testimony to all who may be afflicted in a similar way. It will be well to see that the signature of Dr. Swayne is on each bottle of Wild Cerry.
WM. B. WALTON,
13th st., 2 doors from the corner of Willow.

Beware of the worthless "Balsams," "Bitters," "Syrups," &c., as they contain none of the virtues of the original preparation.

The original and only genuine article is prepared by Dr. Swayne, corner of Eighth and Race streets, Philadelphia, and for sale by Agents in all parts of the United States, and some parts of Europe.

For sale in Clinton, N. C., by SHAW & GARDNER, Druggists and Apothecaries.
Sept 3, 1847—[6-6t1tbm

TO FARMERS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his country friends and customers, that he has on hand, a well selected stock of Dry Goods, St. Domingo, Laguyra and Rio Coffee, Porto Rico and St. Croix Sugar, Molasses, Salt, Flour, Hollow Ware, Cutlery, &c.

He would further say to those who have Bacon, Corn, Meal, Peas, &c., for this market, that he has ample store room, and will be pleased to receive and dispose of their produce on commission.

Liberal cash advances will be made on all consignments. E. PETERSON.
Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 19th, '47.—[10-4m

JUST RECEIVED—10 kegs Cranberries, in fine order, and for sale by
[N19] HOWARD & PEDEN.

A Woman with ten Husbands.—The following shocking disclosure appeared in a recent number of the New York Express.:

'There is now living in one of the chief towns of New Hampshire, a woman who has had ten husbands, all of whom are now living and upon the best terms with her and each other. The woman is highly respected among her neighbors, who see nothing to censure but much to approve. Strange as it may appear, an action for bigamy cannot be sustained against her.'

Several maiden ladies, on reading the above instance of human depravity lifted their hands in pious horror, and gave utterance to various uncharitable invectives upon the poor wife of half a score of husbands.

Their jawing tackle was brought to a sudden stand still, when they were iniormed that the lady referred to was a Mrs. Husband, who lived very religiously and lawfully with Mr. Husband and nine little Husbands.

War and Poetry.—A Buckeye girl writes to her "true *love-yer*" in Mexico a long letter closing with a verse of poetry. She feels bad, decidedly.

To think that you are gone so far
A fasing cannon & guns & if a bul it hits you
I know you can no more return
but if this should your fortune bee & you come
here no more I hope we'll meet on yonder
shore where we shall part no more
for about hear menny men I see
and menny dus see me but among them all I
cant be pleest like I was pleest with thee

THE FIGHT OF THE GRAMPUS.

The mate had been looking out with a spy-glass, and observed a sail to windward.

"Jump aloft, one of you who has good eyes, and tell me what you make out of that craft with the suspicious rake in her masts, on our weather bow."

"Ay, ay, sir!" they again sung out, in full chorus; and away several scampered up the shrouds, pell-mell. Among the rest was perceived the slight figure of the lad, who ascended with remarkable agility, and left the others far behind. The mate could hardly credit what he saw, and gazed aloft in amazement.

"Maintopgallant, there!" hailed the mate.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied Isaac, in as gruff a voice as he could muster for the occasion.

"What sort of a craft is that to windward, and how is she standing?"

"It is a small black schooner, all legs and arms," replied Mr. Maintopgallant; "and she is bearing down upon us under a press of sail! Now she runs up a flag, which you can make out from the deck with the glass, and, by the flash and the smoke she makes, she has just fired a gun!"

Presently a dull, heavy report, came booming on the breeze, and a thundering sound echoed against the sides of the ship. The glass was bent upon the approaching schooner, whose hull had not yet entirely risen out of the water. Her flag was found to be the French.

"Steward—call the captain!" cried the mate, in alarm. "Forward, there!—call all hands on deck—stand by to put the ship about!"

"Ay, ay, sir," echoed along the deck, and every sailor stood ready at his post for prompt action.

Seth and Jethro now appeared on deck, wondering not a little at the uncommon stir on board, and surprised to find every man ready, whenever the word should be given, to put the ship on a new direction.

"What does all this mean, mate?" demanded the captain, "why wouldst thou change the course of the ship?"

"I did not intend to do so without your concurrence," replied the mate; "but I tho't it best to have every thing ready for prompt manoeuvering. We have a suspicious looking sail on our weather bow, and she shows French colors. By the rake of her masts, I should not be surprised to find her a clipper with a long tom amidships; for she has given us a gun already."

"Rather a dangerous neighbor for us, surely," said the captain, "especially if she should prove one of those piratical rascals that sometimes cut up our commerce. Keep her away, and see if she follows us," continued he, lowering the point of his glass.

Away went the Grampus with a free wind, snorting as it were, like a race horse, and ploughing handsomely through the seas on her altered way.

The Frenchman steered for, and gained gradually and steadily upon, the Grampus; and the event was most anxiously looked for by all on board. The ship, deeply laden as she was with oil, was of great value, and, as Seth thought, eminently worth preserving. But the Frenchmen were determined she should change owners—for they managed their little craft with great skill, and altered their course in chase whenever Macy changed his. The breeze was brisk, and suited the schooner to a crack; while the laden ship, though the fleetest of her class, could not show her heels to advantage, without a stronger wind. Macy tried his vessel upon every tack—but escape was impossible—the wedge-like schooner gained upon him at every turn.

"Now would I give the half of our cargo," said Macy, "for a few guns to speak to that saucy little scamp in his own language!"—And then turning to Jethro, he said rather bitterly, "Dost thou remember, friend Coffin, what I told thee about the six-pounders before we left port? I fear thou wilt pay dearly enough for not taking my advice. There comes salute number two!"

A gun at that moment was fired from the Frenchman, across the bow of the Grampus, but the shot went wide, and was most probably intended merely as a warning to heave to. Seth paced the deck in great agony of spirit, muttering as he went, words that sounded very much like "*damnation,*" and the like. The sound may have been equivocal to the ear of Jethro, for he forbore to put in his usual caution of "*Swear not at all,*" as he was wont to do whenever Captain Seth used obnoxious words.

The Grampus was now kept off two or three points, and a foretopmast-studding-sail was about being set; but, in the hurry of the moment, by some mishap the tack got unrove. A couple of hands were ordered aloft to rig in the boom and reeve the tack anew. In an instant little Isaac, who had heard the order, put the end of the rope between his teeth, ran up the fore shrouds, crept out on the rope of the fore-yard like a monkey, then out upon the bare boom. But, before he had accomplished his task, the Frenchman brought their long tom, charged with small shot, to bear upon the yard, and let drive at Isaac; thinking, probably, that his labor might be the means of enabling the Grampus to escape.—The little fellow was not disconcerted by this terrible salute, although the balls whistled like hail around him. He fearlessly and deliberately went on with his work.

"They are again charging the gun!" shouted English Bill. "Come down, my boy!—Creep in! Creep in! Seize one of the halliards and let yourself down with a run!"

"Ay, ay," cried Isaac, as he finished reeving the tack. He then quickly gathered a few fathoms in his hand, threw the coil down upon the forecastle, and the sail was immediately hoisted. The long-tom was again elevated, and the gunner was in the act of applying the match, but Isaac stopped not for the additional peppering:

"The cords ran swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands!"

"Hah!—my little younker!—my eyes, but you are a brave 'un—You'll be an admiral yet—d'ye see?" exclaimed English Bill, as he joyfully hugged the stripling in his brawny arms.

The prediction of Bill rang in the ears of Isaac for many a year afterwards. It was like the prophetic sound of the bells to the hearing of Whittington:

"Turn again, Whittington—
Lord Mayor of great London!"

The hasty strides of Seth were again arrested by another shot, which passed through the sail over his head. He folded his arms—looked up at the rent sail—and drew up his form, as if some new purpose had taken possession of his despairing mind.

"By heaven!" said he, "I will not part with so fine a ship and cargo without a deadly struggle!"

"Swear not!" said Jethro; "it will not help us in our strait. We may better yield quietly to the necessity. Put down thy helm, Seth, and bring the ship to."

"Yield quietly, didst thou say?—and did I understand thee aright, when thou bid me to bring the ship to?" The eyes of Seth glared wildly upon Jethro, and his nostrils distended like those of an infuriated wild bull at bay. "Put down the helm, indeed! Pray, neighbor Jethro, who is the commander of the Grampus—thou or I?" demanded Seth in high dudgeon. But he evidently availed himself of the first pretext to let off his anger, for he was waxing exceeding wroth.

Jethro answered calmly—"*Thou,* surely, art her captain—and I yield all to thy discretion. Save the ship if thou canst; *but thou canst not.* We have no means of defence, and if we had it would not be justifiable to oppose with arms."

"Jethro! My resolution is taken—I will save this ship or sink in her. What! yield to that little gadfly—that gallinipper—that is scarcely larger than our long boat!"

Another shot better directed than the other, splintered a piece from the mainmast, and wounded one of the crew.

"There, Jethro! there are some of the tender mercies of the French pirate, and an earnest of what we may all expect, if taken!"

"Yield thee, Seth, yield thee! The longer thou dost delay, so much the more hazard to the lives of the people."

"Thou hadst better go below, Jethro—*I* must command here. Yield, indeed! the ship shall sink first!" muttered Seth, as Jethro began to descend.

"Stand by there, men!" shouted the captain, in a voice that made every sailor start. It was evident to all that Seth had put off the Quaker, and that prompt obedience was necessary.

"Get the long boat ready to be launched at a moment's warning—clear away the quarter boat, and see all clear to lower them in an instant. Mate, take in all the small sails quickly!"

The manner of Seth was somewhat wild, but resolute and determined; and the men and officers having done their best, stood wondering what command would next be issued, and whereunto those would tend that had already been executed. The Frenchman was also at fault; for mistaking the manoeuvering of Seth for an intention to give up his ship, the schooner was hove to, and seemed to await the lowering of the boat from the quarter of the Grampus—even as the conquerors awaits the approach of an enemy subdued, who comes to yield up his sword. In rounding to, the schooner had given the advantage of the wind to the ship; and while the French crew stood agape at the management of the larger vessel, which they already looked upon as a prize, Seth seized upon the helm with his brawny hand. The men, scarcely needing the cautioning word, anticipated his intention as he put the helm hard up, and gave his impressive shout in a suppressed and peculiar tone, which was heard distinctly from stem to stern:

"Let go all the braces and bowlings, slack off sheets and tacks, and square the yards quickly!" This was all done in the twinkling of an eye, and Seth shaped his course as though he would bring his ship under the lee quarter of the privateer.

After making this demonstration, which was intended to deceive the enemy, her direction was suddenly changed, and her head was brought to bear directly upon the hull of the Frenchman. The crew of the schooner now discovered, but too late, the design of the Grampus; and confusion and dire amazement agitated the people upon her crowded deck. In their haste to remedy their oversight, the Frenchman failed altogether to avert the threatened disaster.

"If thou dost intend to run her down," said Jethro to Seth, hurriedly, projecting his head for a moment from the cabin gangway, "if—nay, hear me, Seth, for the sake of humanity—if thou art determined to run her down, ease thy helm a little, and give them a chance for their lives."

"Stand by to lower the boats!" vociferated Seth, stamping furiously upon the deck. A suppressed groan of horror escaped the crew, as they now more plainly conceived the design of their captain.

"The boldest held his breath for a time!"

The little schooner still lay to, in the rough of a deep sea, her people running backwards and forwards in frightened confusion, while the huge bulk of the Grampus mounted the last high wave that separated the two vessels.

"*Misericorde!*" exclaimed a hundred voices. A wild scream of despair—heard far above the noise of the element and the dashing of the ship—burst from the poor doomed Frenchmen.

Down came the Grampus, thundering upon the privateer, and striking her with her plunging bow directly amidships. The frail schooner was cut directly in two by the shock; and her heavy armament, together with the irresistible force of the severing blow, bore both parts of her hull, with all her ill-fated crew of a hundred souls, beneath the wave.

"Down with the boats from the quarter—launch the long-boat," shouted Seth. But the command, though it could not have been uttered nor executed sooner with safety, came too late. The aim of Seth had been too fatally sure. The boats reached the spot, and narrowly escaped being sucked into the vortex where the schooner had gone down. The French crew were all sent to their long account, and the next wave left not a trace of the wreck, nor a solitary human being to be saved from a watery death.

The ship and cargo were dearly ransomed, Jethro Coffin; and Seth, thou didst sacrifice a hetacomb of human beings for thy preservation.

HAN'T STATE WARY RIZ?

The "Editor's Table" of the Knickerbocker has the following humorous colloquy concerning the "Greek Slave," which took place between the Sculptor and a successful Yankee speculator, who had come over to see Europe:

SCENE—*Powers' Studio at Florence.*

Enter Stranger, spitting, and whiping his lips with his hand.

"Be yeou Mr. Powars, the Skulpture?"

"I *am* a sculptor, and my name is Powers."

"Y-e-a-s; well, I s'pected so; they *tell'd* me yeou was—y-e-a-s. Look here—drivin' a pretty stiff business, eh?"

"Sir!"

"I say, plenty to du, eh?" What d's one o' them fetch?"

"Sir?"

"I ask't ye what's the *price* of one o' them such as yeou're peckin' at neow."

"I am to have three thousand dollars for this when it is completed."

"*W-h-a-t!*—heow much?"

"Three thousand dollars."

"*T-h-r-e-e t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s!* Han't state wary *riz* lately? I was calklatin' to perchase some; but it's *tew* high.—How's paintin's? *T-h-r-e-e t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-s!* Well, it *is* a trade, skulpin' is; that's sartin! What do they make yeou pay for your *tools* and *stuff*? S'pect my oldest boy, Cephas, could skulp; fact, I *know* he could. He is always whittlin' reound, and cuttin' away at things. I wish you'd 'gree to take him as a 'prentice, and let him go *at* it full chisel. D' you know where I'd be liable to put him eout? H'd cut stun after a while with the best of ye; he would—and he'd make money, tew, at *them* prices. *T-h-r-e-e-t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s!*"

And the "anxious inquirer" suddenly left the presence.

☞An honest man is the noblest work of God.

From the New Orleans Picayune, Nov. 5

PUNISHMENT IN THE U. S DRAGOONS.

Special Correspondence of the Picayune.

CAMP BUENA VISTA, Sept. 14, 1847.

An amusing incident occurred on our recent trip to Pesqueria Grande, between the Lieut commanding, Mr. Buford, and two of his men, in the way of punishment, exhibiting great tact on the part of the officer in giving his soldiers lessons at "single stick," in preference to the vulgar science of self-defence, or pugilism. Two of his men had been engaged in settling a little difference by the approved method of knocking one another down and pummelling each other's faces; and so hard did the blows resound on the empty pates of the dragoons as to attract the attention of their commander. He immediately hastened to the spot, when the combatants desisted and were about separating, but the Lieutenant stopped them, and ascertaining the cause of the quarrel, informed them that he was willing to gratify their desire to thrash each other, but that it must be done in a better and fairer manner. He accordingly despatched the sergeant of the guard for three good stout sticks, and upon their being brought gave one to each of the men, and the 3d to the sergeant, and placed the two men within fair striking distance.—"Now," said the Lieutenant, "Smith, you are number one, and you, Jones, are number two. When I say number one, Smith will strike Jones, and when I call out number two, Jones will strike Smith. Now, then, make ready: Number one." Whack! come the stick of Smith upon the shoulders of Jones. "Number two." Crack! come down number two's stick on number one's head, and as "one, two"—"one, two," were called in rapid succession, the dust flew out of the combatants' jackets in fine style. At length number one began to think that what was fun for the company, who were all giggling or grimly smiling, and watching the curious combat, and for the Lieutenant, who conducted the exhibition with a face as stern and unmoved as a marble monument, was all but death for him, and raising his stick as number two was coming down upon him like "ten hundred bricks," he warded off the blow. "Stop," cried the Lieutenant, sternly. "How dare you guard off his blow, Smith? Such a proceeding cannot be tolerated, and you must receive a double blow. Hit him again, number two." The order was obeyed.

"If the Lieutenant please," murmured the discomfited Smith, as he winced under the flaggellation of number two, "I don't think that's fair, sir."

"No matter what you think," replied his superior, "I think it is, and that is all sufficient. Make ready: Number—"

"If the Lieutenant pleases," hastily interposed number one, "I'm perfectly satisfied."

"Oh, you are; and what are your views on the subject, Mr. Jones?" blandly inquired the officer.

"The same, sir, if the Lieutenant pleases," replied number two, rubbing his shoulders.

"Very well, then, you can go; but let me hear of no more quarrelling or fighting in the company for the next six months." The scene was so perfectly ridiculous, and the poor fellows were so thoroughly laughed at by their comrades, that they soon shook hands and became friends.

HIDROPATHIC CURE.—Upon the same expedition one of the men rode into the encampment very drunk and just able to stick upon his horse. One of his comrades seized his horse's bridle and endeavored to hold the animal, but the rider was obstinately drunk, and digging his spurs into his horse he sprung from the grasp of his comrade and dashed off at a terrific pace. After driving up to a thick wall and striking his head againit it violently, he wheeled and bolted off in a different direction the rider was thrown forcibly upon the ground, and it was thought killed. Upon examination, however, he was found to be stunned only, and to have received no injury of a serious character. "The big drunk" was upon him very strong, though, and the Lieutenant ordered buckets of water to be brought, and the drunken man stripped. After half a dozen buckets of water had been dashed over him, the operators withdrew and the man began to "come to." He raised himself up and looked about him vacantly, but almost immediately lay down again and relapsed into his drunken fit. A few more pails of water nearly restored him, and upon the Lieutenant's calling out his name, he uttered a very thick and pudingly "S-w-r!" "Get up, sir," said the officer. After several ludicrous and ineffectual attempts he raised himself and braced up against a tree. "Where are your clothes, sir?" demanded the Lieutenant, sternly. The poor wretch surveyed himself from top to toe with the most bewildered expression of countenance as if to assure himself that he was not dreaming, and, apparently not perfectly convinced of the reality of his being in a most complete state of nudity, he passed his hand over his breast and shoulders, and then turned to his officer with a most indescribable air, he replied, "It makes no difference," taking another survey of his person and then of the soldiers who stood about him, he cried out in a most ludicrous tone of command, "Bring another bucket of water," amidst a roar of laughter. A frequent application of the pure element, not in infinitesimal doses, soon restored him sufficiently to admit of his being "bucked" under the wagon for several hours.—There was no more drunkenness upon that trip. J. E. D.

Great Squirrel Hunt.—The sportsmen of Northampton, Mass, have been having a grand squirrel hunt, which excited a good deal of interest. It commenced last week, and ended last Wednesday night, when both parties with some friends, to the number in all of 125, had a supper, which closed the affair in a pleasant manner. There were two parties of 50 each, the one headed by Col. Thayer and the other by Major Cook. Col. Thayer's party came off victorious, having produced game which counted between 600 and 700 the most.

The following is a list of exactly the quantity of game produced on both sides: Foxes 5, Grey Squirrels 555, Red do. 3157, Striped do. 2412, Flying do. 6, Woodpeckers 728, Raccoons 38, Crows 35, Hawks 23, Larks 2, Owls 32, Blue Jays, 520, Weasels 3, Partridges 130, Muskrats 69, Woodchucks 1, Rabbits 68, Woodcocks 3, Pigeons 58, Ducks 2.—*Balt. Clipp.*

Interesting Naval Intelligence—A Curious Expedition.—We have recently learned, says the New York Herald, from an authentic source, that a party of naval officers, under Lieut. Wm. F. Lynch, will sail from this port in a few days, in the United States storeship Supply, to the Mediterranean, for the purpose of making an exploration and survey of the Dead Sea. The order, it is said, emanates from the Navy Department, and we are assured that it is correct; but what object is intended, other than scientific research, we cannot at present say. As soon as the ship shall have arrived off the coast of Syria, the party will land, and Lieut. Pennock will succeed to the command of the Supply.
Philadelphia Bulletin.

A melancholy tale of woe.—The ship Lord Ashburton, which left Liverpool on the 13th of September, arrived at Grosse Isle, below Quebec, on Thursday, having lost on her passage *one hundred and seven* of her passengers by fever and dysentery, with a large number still on the sick list.

The following distressing particulars we copy from the Quebec Mercury:

To any one conversant with the climate of Canda, the facts we are about to cite will prove how little regard for human life has been had by the inhuman landlords of Ireland and the parochial authorities of the leading seaports of Great Britain.

On Saturday last, the 30th day of October, the Lord Ashburton, a vessel from Liverpool, frieghted with a general cargo, and passengers, arrived at Grosse Isle, in a most wretched state. When sailing her passengers numbered 475 steerage and 2 cabin. Before her arrival at quarantine station she had lost upwards of *one hundred and seven, of dysentery and fever, and about sixty of the remaining passengers were then ill of the same complaints.* So deplorable was the condition of those on board that five of the passengers had to remain to work the ship up from Grosse Isle.

A steamer, the Alliance, was sent down for them and on board her all were embarked, without respect to circumstances—the sickly, the healthy, the tottering and the dying! On her way up from Grosse Isle to Quebec, five deaths occurred; how many will have taken place before she reaches Montreal?

To continue our narration of facts, this same infected vessel has come up to Quebec, and is now alongside a wharf to discharge her cargo!

Is human life no consideration, we would ask? If it be not, then was the immediate despatch of that vessel to our quay justified, and the indiscriminate commingling of her passengers in the Alliance a question of no moment. But we maintain the contrary. Undue haste has been exercised, and we are surprised that our harbor master failed to do his duty by not preventing communication with a vessel which cannot have been