WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

Monday, July 16, 1849.

AGENTS.

The following gentlemen are authorized agents for the Journal. Our patrons in their respective neighborhoods will confer a favor on us by paying their bills to the above agents, or remit to us, per mail, at their earliest convenience.

JAMES M. REDMOND, Tarborough, N. C.
JOSIAH JOHNSON, Clinton, Sampson county.
DR. J. B. SEAVY, Harrell's Store, New Hanover co.
JOSEPH R. KEMP, Bladen county.
DR. SHERWOOD, Strickland's, Duplin county.
B. S. KOONCE, Richland, Onslow county.

[BY REQUEST.]

From the Commercial.

Letters on the Vine Dresser Model Practical School, for the Culture of the Grape Vines as a Staple in the United States.

"Gently to hear, kindly to judge,
How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed!"—[*Shakspeare.*

No. 1.

To General ALEX'R MACRAE:

My Dear Sir—Although many of our friends have requested me to address them and the good people of Wilmington, on the subject of the field culture of the Grape in North Carolina, which I did, not many days ago, but as many individuals interested in the success of this national undertaking could not be present, you suggested the propriety of embodying some of the facts contained in the lecture, to appear in the *Commercial* for their sake. I now cheerfully comply with your just and reasonable request, in a series of short letters.

That the grape vine can be cultivated in this country as a staple produce, I have long entertained, as you and many other gentlemen with whom I conversed on this subject, have long considered perfectly feasible, if practical knowledge and *time* could be given to its culture. The people most interested, will perceive that I do not stand alone in this opinion; but on the contrary, I am supported by the experience and observation of many of the inhabitants of this region, who have preceded me in this branch of industry. I only mention Laspier's success in Bladen county, and Capt. S. Potter, of Snow's Point, near and below Wilmington, which no one will pretend to deny; nor the present success of Mr. Mallett, near Fayetteville; nor that of that worthy of worthy and pink of *useful* men, Longworth, of Cincinnati; and last, not least, my excellent friend Pizzini, of Richmond, Va.

What has been once done successfully, can be again performed. The misfortune has been that the intelligent farmers and planters who have begun this business, at their demise, the vineyard left by them was surrounded by a community incapable of appreciating the value of that kind of property, for want of the proper practical knowledge that would enable them to continue, to advantage, the culture of the grape and the making of the wine as a staple produce.

"The jewel that we find, we *stoop* and take it,
Because we *see* it; but what we *do not* see
We *tread* upon, and never *think* of it."

The poor farmer thinks that he cannot spare the time to raise any *kind of fruit*, much less *grape vines*, of which he does not understand the management. The rich spend every few years large sums of money, to procure *hot house* vines from nursery men at the north, which are no sooner planted than they are destroyed, by neglect and by want of practical knowledge, both in the master and still more so in the neglect of the slave, who hates the very sight of anything on the farm, unless it be corn, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and field beans, because he thinks he knows how to take care of them, and is frightened at the sight of any new staple or improvement which shall call upon him either to greater exertion or closer attention, or that shall task, in the least, his moderate intelligence.

With these evils before us, we must seek for remedies, and they may be found both for the master and for the slave, where they shall both *learn practically* every detail of this branch of profitable industry, and in such a school as I have proposed to establish near Wilmington, and on a healthy spot, which will be attractive to all by the many comforts it will afford, and the solid information the public will be able to acquire. For further information on this point, I refer the reader to my advertisement.

I fear that these letters will be "but a cheveril glove to a wit; how *quickly* the wrong side may be turned outward!"

More in my next.

Respectfully, J. TOGNO,
Wilmington, Vine Dresser Practical Model School.

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No. 2.

"Let instruction enter
Where folly now possesses.
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts."
Shakspeare.

To General ALEX'R MACRAE:

My Dear Sir: Oh for a great reputation that might carry conviction to the mind of every one of my readers! But the advocate of the importance, utility and profitableness of the culture of the grape has to contend, with ill founded prejudices among the higher classes of our educated young men, that is dificult to break down, and which is that any calling that requires the least manual operations on their part is unbecoming a gentleman. I wish our governor would, like the Emperor of China, follow, at least once a year, the *plough*, to ennoble it, by showing that it is *not beneath* any gentleman's dignity to do likewise.

It is unfortunately too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions or even mere academic honors, to consider every *manual art* as too degrading, and therefore such an individual is naturally disposed to disregard every other merely useful qualification.

To lessen this foolish and ruinous disdain with which many of our young men, and especially our *scholars*, are inclined to look up on the *common* business of the world, and the evident *unwillingness* with which they ever *condescend to learn* whatever is not found in some system of philosophy or course of belle letters studdy, it would be well for them to consider that the Watts and the Fultons, Franklins and the Monthyon, the Whitney and the Chaptal, have been the great benefactors of mankind, solely because they were *useful men;* and therefore, no one should think unbecoming and unnecessary to learn those arts by which the social ties are strengthened and improved.

Though American Artists have produced admirable works in the fine arts, and the Americans have shown great *capabilities* in the higher walks and the *excellencies* of arts, sciences and civilization, to compete even with the lore and wisdom of Greece and Rome; still, it is in the *useful arts*, that the people of this country have *excelled*, and even surpassed the most learned and scientific nations of Europe.

It is therefore to a useful and profitable, but *neglected* branch of agriculture, and to this State, a most vital subject, which is to convert this region into the Bordelas of America, that I ardently desire particularly to fix your attention.

"*Cannot*" is a horrible little word that ought to be expelled from among intelligent men; we should rather follow the children's adage: "Try, try again; if at first you don't succeed; try, try again." So did our estimable friend Col. Jones in our neighborhood, when he sowed turnip seed *three* successive times, but at last succeeded admirably. He went on first principles, the children's infallible system; of: "Try, try again." The man who allows once the dreadful "*Cannot*" to cross his mind, is regularly done up, he has *used himself* up, and henceforth, he is good for nothing; because he has resolved to *try* to perform *nothing!*

Many reasons could be given for my preference to the neighborhood of Wilmington, for the location of the N. C. Vine Dresser Model School, to other places in the State, though in point of soil there are many districts far superior and more appropriate; still it is evident to me that there is in this town, a thriving *utiliterian* and *useful* spirit that must cause this place to become the most important and the most flourishing in the State.

"The plants look up to heaven, from whence they have their nourishment," and nothing *begins* and *ends* well unless it be on a firm reliance on God's providence and assistance; I therefore implore from *heaven* a blessing on our humble efforts.

Yours, J. TOGNO.

Eloquent Letter from Father Mathew.—The Mayor of New York has received a letter from Father Mathew, in which, after returning his grateful thanks for the kind reception given him by the city authorities, he says:

From the moment I caught the first glimpse of American land, every incident has awakened renewed pleasure and delight. I have gazed with rapture on the bold outline of your coast, and have admired the beautiful scenery of your noble Bay, unrivaled for its maritime capabilities and designed by Nature as the great *entropot* of Trade and of Commerce of the Western World.

I have seen your majestic River dotted with richly freighted vessels bearing the teeming produce of your luxuriant soil to far distant Nations; and oh, Sir! I could not look on those winged messengers of Peace and Plenty, without associating with them the magnanimous bounty of a brave People to an afflicted Nation.

I have visited your busy warehouses, your thronged streets and bustling thoroughfares, and have been forcibly struck with these external evidences of mercantile greatness and prosperity which shadow forth the high commercial destiny that yet awaits your already glorious Republic. I have seen in them comfort and abundance enjoyed by all—in the total absence of squalled Poverty, and in the liberal remuneration which awaits honest Toil, proofs of prosperity which contrast strikingly with scenes that have often harrowed my soul in that poor Old Country which, trodden down and oppressed as she is, is still the land of my birth and of my affections. I have visited your God-like Institutions, upheld with a munificence worthy of your mighty Republic, in which you imitate at an humble distance the mercy of the Redeemer, making the 'Blind to see, the Dumb to speak.' I have minutely inspected their internal arrangements, and witnessed with intense satisfaction, the philanthropic system and the absence of all religious exclusion, on which those Asylums, sacred to Humanity, are based and conducted.

THE MISSOURI RESOLUTIONS.

For the purpose of giving our readers an idea of the nature of the contest now going on in Missouri, and the audacious attempt of Col. Benton to misrepresent the real issue, we subjoin below the address to his constituents, of C. F. Jackson, Esq., the author of the resolutions passed by the Legislature of Missouri, and from which the appeal is taken by Benton: [*Georgia Telegraph.*

MR. JACKSON'S ADDRESS.

To the People of Howard & Chariton counties:

You have all doubtless seen the resolutions relating to the question of slavery, passed by the last General Assembly of this State, and the instructions given to our Senators in Congress to obey them. Colonel Benton has excepted to these resolutions, and appealed to the people of the State. He charges that the legislature have instructed him to dissolve the Union; that the resolutions are "*fundamentally wrong*," and that he will not obey them. Nor does he stop here in his denunciations.—He charges that the resolutions are the "offspring of the Calhoun address," as he calls it, and they that have been moulded and fashioned after that address. But for these unblushing charges, I should not now say a word, but should have waited until he "gave his reasons."

Being the author of these resolutions, I should at least know as much of their origin and paternity as Col. Benton, or any one else The charge made by Col. Benton that the resolutions are the "offspring of the Calhoun address," is not only gratuitous, but is not founded in fact, and is not made for the purpose of giving the people any correct information on this exciting and important question, but to prejudice the public mind against the resolutions, and to create a false issue.—I introduced these resolutions in fulfilment of pledges and promises made to you last summer. They contain the sentiments you all then entertained and all expressed upon this question. There was but one opinion among you, and that opinion was against the "Wilmot Proviso," and the doctrines of the "free soil" party. These resolutions do not squint at dissolution. There are no disunionists in Missouri that I know of. The Union is in no danger. The resolutions advocate the doctrine of non-interference, and stand by the Missouri compromise. This is all they ask Col. Benton to do, and yet he alleges that he is instructed to dissolve the Union. The Executives of the northern States, their legislatures, and the Senators and Representatives, may denounce the Union; they may attack the rights of the South; and because the people of the South remonstrate against their aggressions, are they to be pronounced as disunionists? Col. Benton says yes.

These resolutions express the sentiments we all entertained upon this question during the last canvass, and were introduced by me in compliance with pledges publicly made to you repeatedly. They are right in principle; and I stand ready to defend them whenever and by whomsoever they may be attacked; and I will only add, in conclusion, that whenever the people of this Senatorial district shall change their opinions on this subject, and shall call upon me, as their Senator and servant, to carry out the opposing doctrine of Wilmot, Van Buren, and the "free soil" party, that moment I shall resign my seat in the Senate, for I cannot consent to be made the instrument by which such an outrage shall be inflicted upon the rights of the people of the slaveholding States.

Very respectfully,
C. F. JACKSON.

Fayette, May 24, 1849.

Manufactures at the South.—The N. York Star says—Capitalists are gradually withdrawing a part of their investments from agriculture, and commencing manufactures at the South. The stocks for building cotton and woolen mills, are soon filled, and female operatives from Lowell, of experience, are invited, by high wages, to instruct Southern girls in the art and mystery of fancy spinning; and they are also laying the foundation for educating the poor girls at the South, who never, until now, had the prospect of realizing any thing from practical industry. The experiment is a great and profitable one, and will go on, from article to article, until the South will supply the market with cotton goods, ironware, and every article of domestic consumption. Averse as the South is to white labor, yet finding it difficult to unite white and black labor in mills, the slaves, released from the fields, will be placed in the forges and steam planeing mills, and in various out-door labor. The North has fairly roused up the South to a consideration of her resources, and the surest means for its development; but the re-action, while it will establish industrial pursuits in the South, will deprive the North and East of a valuable paying customer.—The South, however, will never be able effectually to throw off all dependence on Yankee industry. If they refuse to buy anything down East, the Yankees will go South and do their manufacturing for them. If they will sail their own vessels, the Yankees will navigate them, and, if necessary, build them—they do not care whether they are paid in cotton, at Boston, for their labor, or in coin, at South Carolina. Still it is a revolution injurious to the East, and beneficial to the South, brought on by an uncalled for interference with Southern rights and Southern institutions.

From the Washington Union.

HUMILIATION.

"King Solomon, Mrs. Williams, was an honest man, but he had too many pesky *eunices* about him."—*Squire Jacobs on 2d Kings.*

"Mr. Crockett, what will you try for your dessert?"

"Some more bacon and *greens, ma'm.*"

"And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth, and unto them was given power as the scorpions of the earth have power, and it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any *green* thing."
Revelations, Chapter IX.

We love humility. It disarms us like a smile of affection on the lips of vengeance. It comes like evening sunshine upon the face of the earth through the rent and drabbled petticoats of a rude and noisy thunder-shower.—We do not believe we can have too much of it, even if a California full of it should turn up in some western El Dorado or Utopia.

But while we love the Simon-pure article, there is a counterfeit which is worse than spurious Lee's pills—a humility which casts a shadow upon the spirt and robs it of its refreshing dew: such as the Quaker had, and which caused Dr. Franklin to say, "Friend, I believe thou art *proud* of thy humility."

The aristocratic leaders of party, especially of the white-horse party of our country, pretend to great humility at the present day; and then they are so honest—so just to all other nations—so anxious to avoid war and to stand well with all *foreign relations* in time of peace, that they are ready to break individual contracts, withdraw the light of their countenances from sympathizing friends, and aid the tyrants of Europe in fastening on the fetters of nations by word, act, and deed. And when this interference with liberty, at the request of tyranny, is accomplished, they justify it by quoting the First Washington's sayings, when our nation was a creeping infant, protected by a few brave men in the heart of a mighty country.

Now the First Washington never had bloodhounds to fight for him—never went into the everglades over his boots after wild Indians and swamp rattlesnakes—never ate "sax-a-fax" and "chick-a-dee-dee" soup for breakfast—and never got anybody else to *cuss* his life-guards when he had a religious feeling upon him. Had Washington lived to see what an all-sufficient great country this is, stretching from breakfast to early candlelight, with a people so prolific that they beat the *Potomac shad* in spawning time, we think he would have revised his Farewell Address, and, like Jefferson, given Europe the choice of hard knocks in times of refreshing revolutions. But humility becomes us now, after the commencement of the heroic age. The Presbytery of the District of Columbia, at a late session in this city, decided to have a general fast, to pray for the frozen state of Zion; and, in the course of the debate, allusion was made to the sitting on Sunday morning of the Congress of the United States as one of the special causes of the unnatural coldness. We think that the difference between the *Allison letter* and the manner in which the Executive has carried out the pledges therein contained, has had a little to do in this matter, and the general want of candor on the part of the leaders of the great whig party has been ample for all the rest. Let the churchmen, then, fast and pray for the degeneracy of our whig Jonadabs and Solomons, and with sackcloth and ashes, and a plenty of sulphur, work off the moral corruption that covers them like the leaves of autumn.

We were under the impression that a new *organ* was about to be created in our city, called "The Republic;" but we have read the paper, and while we acknowledge its merits, we are bold to say it is so near the old "Battery" in sentiment, that one could hardly tell "t'other from which," especially the "Battery." This failure, after so much groaning, is cause for humiliation on the part of the whig party; and as pretty much all the *officers* of the church are whigs, we presume the prayer of penitence will be pretty loud and full.

The new city postmaster, we understand, entered upon the duties of his office on Sunday morning, and carried with him (by way of parenthesis) a chief clerk after his own heart. This desecration of the Sabbath is also a subject for repentance and prayer, and our pious Postmaster General should wrestle a little with Beelzebub on account of the strange sacrilege of his deputy. Look where we will, we see such terrible spectacles of depravity that we begin to expect a new Cromwell and a civil war.

A whig minister of the Presbyterian Church, who went, on yesterday, to remind a high officer of this government of the violation of a pledge made to him in relation to the retaining in office of a clerk that belonged to his church, came out of one of the departments with his hands raised in holy horror, exclaiming, "O, Lord! a special judgment will speedily descend upon this violator of solemn obligations." We recommend the Presbytery to include this case of special wickedness in their *litany* and while they are about it, they might take in the whole cabinet; for, as Mrs. Partington justly remarks, "Surplusage never vitiates, and clear water will never dirty well-scraped sheep."

Lorenzo Dow on one occasion prayed that the power of the devil might be *curtailed.* A sable wench, who sat on the ground in a state of great excitability, exclaimed, "Dats right, good Lord, cut him tail off close and smooth." When the prayer of humiliation shall ascend from the hills and valleys of our broad land, we shall be ready to say with the wench, amen for a close shave, and sit down as cool and as calm as a summer's morning. The late Dr. Griffin, of Williamstown, used to declare from the sacred desk, that hell was paved with good intentions. Since the commencement of the present *green dynasty* there has been a larger quantity of *paving* performed in the lower regions than has been done for many years previous. These men who violate all their pledges are just fit for hot-footed paviors in the place where good intentions are stuck in the yellow mud of perdition; and we think the church should remember these crying sins in the day of their remembrance and fasting

The removal of sundry clerks from the Post Office Department, after the very fine speech made to them by the Postmaster General upon his entering upon the duties of his office, which, as the lawyers say, was merely "*Nisi,*"—subject to revision upon further reflection—and the appointment of individuals who will require years of close application to fit them for their duties, are matters which the country will feel the most interest in, and the effects of which, in our opinion, will require a little more fasting hereafter on the part of both Church and State. But the President is not responsible for this state of things. The President never makes any removals: the President has nothing to do with the public offices: the President is a constitutional President, and only stands by at a salary of $25,000 per annum, to see that nobody burns up the archives, pulls down the public buildings, or builds war steamers for freemen in Europe.

An omnipotent cabinet is a strange order of aristocracy in our country—a sort of star-chamber court, that is offensive to freedom, antagonistical to liberty, and in violation of the constitution. The sooner this irresponsible TYRANT is dethroned, the better; and if fasting and praying will wipe up the cabinet, we trust that a modicum of each may be applied to this desirable object.

The good people of our city, on the first instant, were aroused from their slumbers by the dulcit strains of the Marine Band, and the heavy tread of armed men. Upon inquiring into the cause of this sunrise review, we were informed that the sudden arrival of Old Whitey from the South, with his tail as bare as the handle of a hearth brush, had rendered an escort necessary from the cars to the President's stable. This may be true, and may not; but we give the tale as it was given to us, and ask no questions. The ladies, who desire "souvenirs" from every strange thing, have plucked the hairs from Old Whitey's tail to such an extent, that the old war horse is forced to wear a *wig* in the rear—a most extraordinary appendage, and one exciting great curiosity and sympathy in our neighborhood. This indiscriminate plucking is termed by the lawyers cruelty to dumb animal, and the perpetrators of the outrage should be indicted. Old Whitey is as good as Posten's Old Grey, and one tail is as good as another in this blessed country, where liberty ties up a man's tongue like the lockjaw, and freedom is terribly *costive.*

Ingratitude, broken vows, shattered consciences, spotted reputations, and strangled hopes, are as thick now as fleas at a husking; and, if we must have a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, we think we should bend all our energies to root out and scatter lime upon the slimy carcass of

"THE HEROIC AGE."

"*The Last Refuge of a Scoundrel.*"—"There is another platform: it is that of an honest man, who says that he is a whig, but if elected to the Presidency, he will not be the tool of a party—that he will be the President of the people—that he has no enemies to punish—no friends to reward."

"The patriotism of mere politicians which explodes in deceptive party pledges, is understood to be, as Dr. Johnson defines it, '*the last refuge of a Scoundrel.*'"—*Speech of Hon. J. M. Clayton, in Senate, 5th July, 1848.*

The Taylor papers first justified Taylor's odious proscription, by telling us that only a few office holders had been turned out!

When this position felt by its own weight, they next told us that the system of proscription would only extend to men put in by President Polk.

When this failed, by the proscription of men put in office under Tyler, under Van Buren, and under Jackson, then we were told that it was to be justified from the fact that Democrats held all the offices.

This excuse having failed them, from the fact that many Whigs have been holding offices under all our administrations, the next plea is, that Jefferson, Jackson, and Polk, have removed Whigs from office.

Thus, then, has there been shuffling, subterfuge, and prevarication, to sustain a man who has committed a wilful and premeditated falsehood in declaring that he would allow no party feeling to govern his appointing power, but that he would make "honesty, capacity and fidelity," the standard for the bestowal of office, and their absence the "cause for removal," (See Inaugural.) In the face of this declaration, of a dozen other similar declarations, before declaration, and the declaration of such men as Crittenden and Clayton, is it to be wondered at that the supporters of Taylor should find themselves driven to the most contemptible shifts and evasions to justify his course!

Mr. Clayton intended to be very severe when he spoke of "the last refuge of a scoundrel." It is language which may be used by men claiming all the decency, but never could have originated from a Democratic Senator. It is now a suitable time for Whig orators and Whig presses to tell us what is the last refuge of a scoundrel, if a violation of all sacred obligations, and the treachery of a Parthian faith are to be the subjects of their justification?

The Alleged Pirate.—The newspapers insist that the "Eudora of Bangor," was chased by pirate boats near Cape San Augustine, (fourteen degrees north of Rio,) and that the foremost boat was received with a volley of twenty muskets from the schooner, which capsized the boat, and killed and drowned its crew. There is no vessel from this port of the name above, and as far as the story relates to the Eudorus, Capt. Wiggin, it is entirely a fabrication. It purports to have been received at Boston by a letter from Eastport.
Bangor Whig.

The Boundary Line between the United States and Canada, run in accordance with the Ashburton treaty, cost the labor of 300 men 18 months. For three hundred miles a path was cut through the forest, 30 feet wide, and cleared of all trees. At the end of every mile is a cast iron pillar, painted white, square, four feet out of the ground, seven inches square at the bottom, and four at the top, with raised letters on the sides, naming the Commissioners who run the line, and the date.

Grapes at all Seasons.—Mr J. F. Allen, of Salem, Mass, is said to be the greatest producer of grapes by artificial heat in the United States—having nine graperies. Some of his hot houses are over 100 feet in length, and ripe grapes of the choicest varieties are hanging on the vines every month in the year. His produce this year will be about 5000 lbs., and his arrangements promise to double the yield—for market, of course. Peach trees and apricots are cultivated in the same way.

Flour Mills in Chili.—A late Valparaiso letter in the Philadelphia Bulletin says:—

"There are thirteen mills in Chili, all conducted by American millers. They produce between 300,000 to 400,000 barrels of flour annually. The wheat and flour are as good as they are in the United States. One mill at Santiago has recently purchased 35,000 fanegas of wheat, at from $1 25 to $1 37½ per fanega of about 2½ bushels. Besides the American mills, there are a great many conducted by Chilians, which produce a large quantity of flour, though not so much as the American. Sales of wheat have been made at $1 25 per 2½ bushels, and these are the six months prices."

A New Outlet for Yankee Produce.—The Boston Times tells of a shipment from Charlestown (Mass.) of large quantities of boiled lobsters, packed in ice, preparing to be shipped for Barbadoes. This is certainly a new feature in trade, and shows unequivocally that the loss of a home market is no obstacle to the determination to do business, which every Yankee seems to inherit, and exert the more energetically the greater the obstructions placed in his path.

The U. S. Mint at Philadelphia is overrun with work, and deposits of coin and bullion are not available in new coin without material delay.

A Novelty.—We saw yesterday, lying in the harbor at the foot of Thames street, a boat so curiously and novelly constructed, as to excite the attention of all who see it. It is formed of an ordinary sail boat, of about 20 feet in length, split in two lengthwise. Each half is boxed up and made air tight, and the two are strongly connected with each other by timber knees, with an open space of about four feet between them. The two halves of the boat thus connected present something of the appearance of a sleigh; on the top of the boats, or runners, as they may be termed, are placed boxes with seats for the accommodation of passengers, whilst from the wood work which connects them the sails are suspended. The boat has a double steering apparatus, made by a connecting rod, to work simultaneously. It has already been tried and found to sail admirably. The objects gained by its construction are great buoyancy, lightness of draught and speed, with an ability to carry a heavy press of sail without the possibility of being upset.—*Baltimore American.*

In a number of the "Bellows Falls Advertiser," bearing date Dec'r 7th, 1843, we find the following advertisement:—

SLUMAN ELY, *Blacksmith*, informs those of his worthy customers who are indebted to him that he must either *blow out* and fail for *want of stock*, and be completely *upset*, or be under the disagreeable necessity of *hauling them over the coals, hammer, and tongs*, unless they come forward and down with the rhino, right *upon the anvil.*

So down with your cash
And settle the hash,
And quick as a *flash*, if you please;
For if you delay
The d——l's to pay,
As well as the lawyer's fees.

DREWSVILLE, Nov. 9, 1818.

THE SONGS OF YORE.

Alas! the good old song of yore
Have gone quite out of date—
Surpassed by "Old Virginia's Shore,"
And the "North Car'lina State."
No more are heard the pleasing notes
Of "Coming through the Rye;"
But turn you where you may, you'll hear
"Susannah, don't you cry."

To sing the song of "Home Sweet Home,"
A girl could not be led;
But ask her for some "favorite tune,"
She'll strike up "Uncle Ned;"
Then finish off with "Buffalo Gals,"
Or else with "Dearest May;"
Forgetting that she ever knew
Some more heart-breathing lay.

Oh, give to me the songs of yore,
That come warm from the heart;
That make each pulse throb with delight,
And bid the passions start.
Sing me the song of "Hours there were,"
I'll crave not what belongs
To the list of *nigger*—pshaw!—I mean
Of *fashionable* songs.

HOW THEY CROSS RIVERS IN MISSISSIPPI.

The following amusing little sketch is from the Kosciusko (Miss.) Chronicle:

In the northern part of this county there is a ferry across Big Black river, at which, as will appear in the sequel, they have a very novel and curious way of propelling the ferry boat. A friend of ours having occasion to cross the river at that place not long since, started for home early in the morning, and arrived at the ferry about noon. The water was high—it being long ferriage—and he hesitated about crossing; but after much persuasion, and being told there was no difficulty in crossing, as his business was urgent he concluded to try it. Accordingly, the old gentleman who had charge of the ferry, called his negro boy, Joe, and ordered him to catch "Ned," and bring him to the place where the ferry boat lay. Now, Ned is a mule which has seen some ten or twelve summers, and unlike most mules, of a very docile and obedient nature. Ned having been brought on the ground, he was invested with a head-stall, to which was attached two long lines, to serve as reins; a rope, attached to the bow of the boat, was then securely made fast to Ned's tail. All things being now in readiness, the old man took his seat in the bow of the boat, with the reins in his hand, and invited our friend to take his horse's bridle. To this our friend objected, declaring that he had never seen any one cross a river in that manner, and expressing fears for his own safety as well as that of his horse, at the same time expressing a wish to see how the matter worked. The old man assured him there was no kind of danger—not the least in the world—for he had taken great pains to break Ned; and to convince him, started off with Ned on a trial trip. Ned kicked a little at the start until he got into swimming water, when he struck off handsomely into the current, making a circuit of some three hundred yards, and brought the boat back to the starting point in most beautiful style.

Finding no other way of crossing the river that day, as the old man was somewhat impregnated with the essence of corn, our friend, with many doubts and fears, finally consented to take a seat, as directed, in the stern of the boat, and risk the consequences. Ned started as before, making a straight shoot for the opposite side of the river, about a mile distant—and now a beautiful sight presented itself.—Ned, with a head and tail up, streaking it along, followed by the boat, containing the old man in the bow, with one rein in each hand, and our friend in the stern, with the bridle of his horse in his right hand, and the horse just behind, puffing and blowing like a tortoise. But Ned proved to be of the right grit, and they arrived safely at the opposite shore without mishap; Ned dragged the boat by *tail* force over the little islands, and swimming when the water was deep enough. After landing and taking a horn with the old man, our friend left him, looking back occasionally to see how Ned performed in recrossing; the old man swearing Ned was the greatest mule in all creation—that he was worth a thousand dollars in gold, any man's money—and that he intended to apply for a patent for his invention for crossing rivers.

WEIGHIN' THE GALS.

Sumboddy ses it aint a fair question to ax a gal her age The old maids, I reckon, sed that. Now I think it's fully as unfair to ax a gal her *weight*, as it is to ax her age, 'case it's a tuff question, it is, and when you hear about weighin' Sally Greeny you will say so too.

You know cusen Jeff; he's a rale staver 'mongst the gals, he is, and he don't kare a straw what he says to any on 'em, he don't.

Cusen Jeff, he cum over to our house one Sunday, and he sez to me, 'Pete, lets go to see Squire Greeny's gals.' 'Agreed,' sed I; and so out we struck. I felt orful bold when we first started, but sumhow the nearer we got to Squire Greeny's the worse skeared I was. And I wished we had never started; but it was too late now, so in we went—Squire Greeny's got two gals, Sally and Betsy, as nice gals as you ever seed, they is.—They all seemed mighty perlite, and me and cusen Jeff thought we was gettin' on fust rate, we did. Sally looked dreadful nice, I tell you. I'd gin the world if I could only a found sumthing to say to her; but I stud'yd over everything I ever heard or thought about in my whole life, but not the first darn'd word could I think of wuth sayin'.

Cusen Jeff was all the time talkin' like all natur to Betsy. After a while Sally she proposed we should all go and weigh. So out we all went, Squire Greeny goin' along to weigh us. When Sally's turn cum, Squire Greeny looked sorter 'stonished 'Why, Sally,' says he, 'you weigh a hundred and fifty.' 'Law! par,' sed Sally. 'Aint it, Jeff?' sed the Squire. 'Yes, sir-ee,' sed Jeff. And sure enuff Sally weighed a hundred and fifty; the hevyest critter in the whole gang on us.

Well, we all went back to the house, and arter a while, sez Squire Greeny, sez he. 'Old 'oman, Sally weighs a hundred and fifty.'

'No she don't,' sed the old lady.

'Yes, but I tell you she duz,' sed the Squire.

'Don't she Jeff?'

'Yes sir-ee, she duz,' sed Jeff.

'I don't b'lieve it,' sed the old lady.

'Well, we'll weigh Sally agin, and show you,' sed the Squire.

'Oh! no, don't,' sed Sally.

'Why not, Sally?'

'Oh! 'case it's Sunday,' ses Sally.

'But I will, though,' sed the Squire So Sally was strung up agin, and the Squire he balanc'd the stilyards to the full kickup place; and then he commenced lookin' over his specks and countin' his fingers. 'Jeff,' sez he, 'how much is that?'

Jeff he looked over the Squire's shoulder.

'*One hundred and thirty seven*,' ses Jeff.

'Yes,' ses the Squire, 'a hundred and thirty-seven.

'Thar now,' sez the old lady, 'I told you Sally didn't weigh a hundred and fifty.'

'Well, how on the yeth did we make such a mistake?' sed the Squire.

'I know,' sez Kate, Sally's little sister.

'Hush!' sed Sally, shakin' her fist at Kate, and turnin' as red as a beet, in the face.

'How?' sed the Squire.

'Ef you do,' sed Sally, stampin' her foot.

'But I will though,' sed Kate.

'Yes, tell,' se! the Squire.

'*Sally has took her Bustle off!*'

Bring the campfire here, quick!

A young lady when she takes a partner for life, swears, upon the matrimonial altar, that she will "love, honor and obey" him. Not one woman out of every ten does the first—and there never was one known to perform the two latter vows.

The way they have of announcing themselves for office in Arkansas, is to place a flask of liquor at every fork of the road, labelled; —— are candidates for —— office.

NEW YORK
CABINET FURNITURE WAREHOUSE.

WE don't believe in *puffing* our goods, but we do believe that we have now in STORE, the largest and best selected STOCK OF FURNITURE to be found in the old North State. And furthermore, we do believe that we are ready and willing to sell said goods at prices equally as low as articles of like quality can be purchased in more Northern markets. And also, we put full faith in the utility of the ready CASH SYSTEM, both for buyer and seller. All of our purchases are made for cash in hand, and we have adopted for our motto, "*Small profits and quick returns.*"

The ladies will find in our sales-room a large variety of RICH AND ELEGANT FURNITURE for the parlor and drawing-room; neat and beautiful articles for the boudoir;—also, a complete assortment of plain and substantial Furniture.

Hotel keepers can be supplied with BEDSTEADS, COTS, MATTRESSES, &c. &c., on favorable terms.

The public generally are requested to call and examine our stock and prices.

July 13] G. & W. A. GWYER.

TAX LISTS.

I have been appointed to receive the tax lists for the district of Wilmington, and will attend to the same during the last 20 working days in this month. I can be found at the office of the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company.

S. D. WALLACE, J. P.

July 6, 1849—[43-4t

Law Notice.

THE subscriber has resumed the duties of his profession, and will be found at his office on the corner of Second and Princess streets, Nixon's basement.

ED. CANTWELL.

Wilmington, N. C., March, 1849.

**Having established an Agency in the city of Washington, he is prepared to give prompt attention to all claims for Extra Pay, Mileage, Subsistence, &c., growing out of the late wars with Mexico and Great Britain, and under the various Pensions and Bounty Laws passed to encourage enlistments in the Regular Army and Volunteer Service.

TAILORING.

THE subscriber has resumed his business in Wilmington, and will carry on the *Tailoring Business* in all its various branches. He is in possession of all the latest styles, and from his *past experience* in the business he feels satisfied that he can please the taste of the most fastidious. A *trial* is all that he askes to convince the most skeptical. He guarantees all work that he does to *fit*, and to be made in a *workman-like manner.*

S. R. ROBBINS.

May 17, 1849—[36-tf

WASHINGTON HOTEL,
(LATE HANOVER HOUSE,)
FRONT STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.

THIS HOUSE has lately been re-opened, under the superintendance of the undersigned, who have given it a thorough overhauling, and newly furnished it throughout. They pledge themselves that nothing shall be wanting, on their part, to render the patron satisfied and comfortable.

Their Table and Chambers are as well furnished, and attended on by as faithful servants as can be found in any other Hotel in the Southern States.

The Omnibus will be found ready at the Cars and Steamboats, carrying baggage, free, to and from the Hotel.

HUTCHINS & MASALON

January 19, 1849—[19-1yuoo

FITS! FITS!! FITS!!!

DR. HART'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—The astonishing success which has attended the use of this invaluable medicine for Epileptic Fits, (or falling sickness) spasms, convulsions, &c., renders it the most valuable medicine ever discovered. In fact, as a remedy for the above diseases it stands unrivalled and alone. There is no other reliable remedy. It has been said that Epilepsy is incurable. This, however, is not the fact. Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract has and is constantly curing this distressing complaint, as the following testimony received from physicians and others will show.

Judge Randall, 156 Henry street, New York, having used the Vegetable Extract successfully in his family, highly recommends it to all persons who are afflicted with Fits.

Mr. Stephen F. Pratt, corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-sixth street, New York, states that Mr. Chas. H. Boughton, a member of his family, has been so severely afflicted with Epileptic Fits for many years, that he was obliged to relinquish his business. Having used Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract (says Mr. Pratt) he was soon restored to perfect health, and left this city for the State of Ohio to resume his business.

Rev. Mr. Smith, Rector of St. Peters Church, Spotswood, New Jersey, who has been afflicted with Epileptic Fits for more than forty years, states that he has used Dr. Hart's Vegetable Extract and his health has been so much improved that he hopes by Divine blessing, to have no more Fits.

Epileptic Fits, of twenty-seven years and six months, cured by the use of this truly wonderful medicine.—Read the following remarkable case of the son of Wm. Secore, Esq., of Philadelphia, afflicted with Epileptic Fits twenty-seven years and six months. After travelling through England, Scotland, Germany and France, consulting the most eminent physicians, and expending for medicine, medical treatment and advice three thousand dollars, returned with his son to this country in November last, without receiving any benefit whatever, and was cured by using Hart's Vegetable Extract.

[Mr William Secore's Letter to Dr. Hart.]

I have spent overthree thousand dollars for medicine and medical attendance. I was advised to take a tour to Europe with him, which I did. I first visited England. I consulted the most eminent physicians there in respect to his case; they examined him and prescribed accordingly. I remained there three months without perceiving any change for the better, which cost me about two hundred and fifty dollars, pocketed by the physicians, and the most that I received was their opinion that my son's case was hopeless, and positively incurable. Accordingly left England, travelled through Scotland, Germany and France, and returned home in the month of November last, with my son as far from being cured as when I 'eft. I saw your advertisement in one of the New York papers, and concluded to try Hart's Vegetable Extract, seeing your statements and certificates of so many cures, some of twenty and thirty years standing, and I can assure you I am not sorry I did so, as by the use of Hart's Vegetable Extract alone he was restored to perfect health. His reason, which was so far gone as to unfit him for business is entirely restored, with the prospect now before him of life, health and usefulness. He is now 28 years of age, and 27 years 6 months of this time has been afflicted with this most dreadful of diseases, but thank God, is now enjoying good health. Now, sir, faith without works I don't believe in. To say I shall be ever grateful to you is one thing, and as I here enclose you one hundred dollars, I have no doubt but you will think this another and quite a different thing The debt of gratitude I still owe you; but please accept this amount as interest on the debt in advance. Yours, very respectfully, WM. SECORE.

In reference to the almost miraculous efficacy of this truly wonderful medicine, read the following letter from Dr. W. L. Monroe, of Guilford, Ohio, one of the most eminent physicians in that place:

GUILFORD, Ohio, August 17, 1848

Brother laborer in the cause of humanity—Dear sir: It is with no small degree of pleasure that I am enabled to announce to you the complete triumph of your *invaluable medicine* in cases of Epilepsy. I have prescribed it in four instances in this vicinity, and it has been big ly successful in all. Three of the patients, I trust, have been radically cured. The fourth one is rapidly improving, and will, I think, without doubt recover. I am not in the habit of prescribing or recommending patent medicines, but when I see an article which promises so much for the relief of suffering humanity, I feel it my duty to recommend it, and I have no hesitation in saying that as soon as the faculty are fully acquainted with the *real merit* of your medicine, they will close their eyes against prejudice and lend you a helping hand I subscribe myself, yours, sincerely,

(Signed) W. L. MONROE, M. D.

To Dr. S. Hart, New York.

The time is not far distant when thousands who are now trembling under the hand of this dreadful disease, and fearing that every attack may prove