THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., MONDAY, NOV. 5, 1849.

OPINION OF SENATOR DAVIS.—Senator Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, the son-in-law of President Taylor, has recently written a long letter upon the subject of slavery, and the relative position of the North and South. "The rights of the latter," he says, are "threatened," and a union of sentiment alone can stop the effort which is making in the North. He says that anti-slavery presses are established in the slave States, and it devolves upon the South to tolerate no longer an open and avowed enemy in their midst. The North professed to be satisfied with the Missouri compromise, when the South gave up the whole North-western Territory, and a large portion of Louisiana, and when the question of the admission of Oregon was brought up, they claimed and took that as non-slaveholding territory. With all their territory, comprising many more thousands of square miles than the south, they now claim that New Mexico and California shall be brought in only upon the condition that the Wilmot proviso shall be applied to them. Besides the power of the North, they are aided by the abolitionists of England. It is not manly or politic, he says, to postpone to such enemies the issue as presented. Had all which has occurred been foreseen, and the South been united in the early period of abolitionism, it never could have acquired its present political position. There are some who think the question will exhaust itself, while others depend upon the veto of the President. To those who depend upon the latter, he says:—"*No degree of confidence in the present President will justify such dependence.*" Few men are better acquainted with President Taylor's position, and his social relation to the General, gives additional weight to his declaration.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD PROJECT.—The St. Louis Republican publishes letters from Gen. CASS, Mr. CALHOUN, Mr. CLAY, and Mr. VAN BUREN, in reply to invitations to attend the National Convention held in that City, for the purpose of deliberating upon the expediency and necessity of uniting at an early day, the Pacific with the Mississippi Valley, by means of a Railroad and Telegraph. The letters are interesting as exhibiting the views of these eminent men in regard to the project.

Gen. CASS regrets his inability to attend, and expresses in general terms his wishes for the success of the effort now being made to direct public attention to a work which he regards as one of the most important, as well as the most useful which has ever been offered to human enterprise. He thinks that such a connection by Railroad and Telegraph would render our vastly extended country far more compact, for all practical purposes, than it was when the constitution was adopted, notwithstanding the vast accessions we have made, and which have carried our dominion across the continent.

Mr. CALHOUN briefly expresses opinions very nearly coinciding with those of General CASS. He is generally favorable to the project, but has not made up his mind, either in regard to the termini, or route of the Road.

Mr. CLAY stands perfectly uncommitted, until he knows more about the matter. He will be willing to act with direct reference to the practicability, cost, etc., of the work, when such shall be definitely ascertained.

Neither Gen. CASS, nor Mr. CALHOUN, nor CLAY, alluded to the interference of Congress in any way.

Mr. VAN BUREN'S letter is long, and goes into the constitutional question; but whether he is in favor of the Road, or against it—whether he thinks Congress has power, or has not power to assist in its construction—we cannot tell from his letter. Like Sir PATRICK O'PLEMNIPO, he thinks it requires "a deal of mighty nice consideration."

MANUFACTURES AT THE SOUTH.—We see it stated that Georgia has 45 Cotton Factories; South Carolina 45; Virginia 40; North Carolina 35, and Alabama 20. We should think that, as regards this State, this account is rather under the mark. Beside the Cotton Factories, there have sprung up in the Western Counties numerous Woolen Mills, Paper Mills and Iron Works. The amount of capital invested in manufactures in this State is rapidly increasing, and we believe that its profits afford an ample remuneration to its owners. We look upon this as a most cheering evidence of the growing prosperity of our State. It only requires that these manufactures should have an outlet to market, to open to North Carolina a new career of wealth and usefulness.

THE FRENCH NAVY.—The Journal de la Marine states that the navy budget of the year 1850, amounts to 115,663,611f. It is proposed to maintain 91 sailing vessels, viz: 8 ships, of 826 guns; 9 frigates, of 416; 17 corvettes, of 364; and 22 brigs, of 250 guns, &c., and 51 steam vessels, viz: 9 frigates, of 4,300 horse power; 11 corvettes, of 2,260; and 34 *avisos*, of 4,470. 62 vessels, sailing and steam, will be kept in harbor commission. Making in all 207 vessels to be manned by 25,927 seamen.

LUMBER FOR CALIFORNIA.—It is estimated that 40,000,000 feet of lumber have been shipped from this country for California. At a profit of $50 per thousand feet, this would yield an aggregate of $2,000,000.

COFFINS.—An enterprising undertaker of N. York is now forwarding an assortment of Coffins to San Francisco, with which he says he will be *happy* to accommodate his fellow-citizens.

☞The Strait of Dardanelles divides Europe from Asia, and unites the sea of Marmora to the Archipelago. It is 50 miles in length, and its width varies from 10 to less than one mile. It is strongly fortified.

THE PURITANS.—According to BANCROFT, one fourth of the inhabitants of the United States are descended from the early Puritan settlers of New England. In the first fifteen years—the time when most of the emigration from England took place—there came over 21,000 persons. Their descendants, in 1840, were estimated at 4,000,000. A most astonishing increase which almost exceeds belief.

LONGEVITY.—A colored woman named CHARLOTTE DROSE, died in New York lately, aged 113 years.

WILMINGTON, N. C.—Some idea, says the Augusta *Republic*, may be formed of the business of this town, by an examination of the annexed list of the exports from that port, for the week ending 22d inst. Lumber, 743,675 feet; Shingles, 300,000; Turpentine, 2,650 bbls.; Rosin, 9,396 bbls.; Spirits Turpentine, 701 bbls.; Waste, 8 bales; Cotton, 30 bales.

SPECIE.—The amount of coin at present in the N. York Sub-treasury is $3,811,522.

Georgia Rail Roads.—It is an incontestible fact, that for miles on either side of every line of railroad which has been made in Georgia, the lands have appreciated from one hundred to five hundred per cent., and in many instances much more, so that the increased value of lands alone has been much more than the whole cost of the roads. New life has been infused into the whole State. Towns are springing up as if by magic. All the productions of her soil are speedily and cheaply wafted to a ready cash cash market, and return freights cost not more than one-fourth part of former prices; and she is now reaping the rick fruits of her liberal and enlightened policy.

Disgraceful Ignorance.—It is stated that out of the 135,845 marriages solemnised in England during 1848, no less than 104,308 of the partis, viz: 42,420 men, and 61,877 women, signed the marriage register with a mark; or, in other words, nearly one third of the men and one half of the women could not write.

From the Washington Union.

"The Bitter End."

"Patrick, do peaches have legs?"
"No, you fool you."
"Well, then, by the holy poker, I've swallowed a straddle-bug."—*Mikey Free.*

Almost every thing in nature has a sweet and bitter end: sometimes not so sweet, and sometimes not so bitter. It therefore behooves every individual who has a refined taste to be sure and get the sweet end first, and never to chew the bitter end until forced by that old tyrant, necessity, if at all.

The present administration, that has such a kind and affectionate regard for red Russia, has two ends; but is a remarkable fact, they are so much alike that it is almost impossible to tell one from the other. Under these circumstances a man may be justified in chewing either, for he will receive equal satisfaction, and never grow fat by the operation.

The "heroic age" can hardly be said to have commenced in glory. Its first act was to make a mongrel cabinet, which, like the Frenchman's punch, was one *dam* contradictione. It has not its counterpart in the earth. It acts together like a string of discordant tom-cats tied together by the tails and thrown over a clothes-line, for a little innocent exercise and recreation; and what with growling and spitting, and caterwauling and scratching, it has turned the peace of the Union upside down, and wound up with a terrible *cat*astrophe, until everybody seems to have been scratched or bitten, and the whole afternoon is filled with one eternal "*mew!*"

The present green dynasty has, by its indescriminate proscription—its system of espionage and its attachment to *nepotism*—swapped experience for impudence, and order for anarchy; rnd now it sits like a mad bull in a china shop, bellowing over the eartherns, and damning its own reflection, as seen in a mirrow too high for its reach. The bitter end, though tolerably strong of *aloes*, is not so bitter as it will be when the present chaotic administration gets into full play; when it gets into war with all the powers of the earth; when it attempts to get a Bank of the United States, under the specious name of a fiscality, established; when it gets entirely under the influence of Solicitor Clark, of *conservative memory*, whose stay in the Treasury will, we prophesy, be as short as a goat's tail, if not shorter; when it gets a few more letter-writers into office to sing its praises and make its speeches; when it loses a few more States, a few more friends, and finally expends the last runnings of the little capital of common sense and character it possessed at the outstart. Then indeed will it be in the gall of bitterness, and even then will both ends be alike unfit for heaven, and hardly for Halifax.

But why should it be so bitter, and why should it be chewed to the bitterest end? It was composed of old federalism, sweetened with toryism, and topped off with abolitionism. All clear molasses was deemed to be too sour for it; and liquorice-ball was hardly sweet enough to make it palatcable for a first taste.

It is a remarkable fact in dentistry, that a person may secure a set of teeth against all decay by taking up a live rattlesnake, and chewing it from the head to the tail, from one end to the other, at one sitting. Perhaps, therefore, the democracy may improve their ivory by chewing the green dynasty from one end to the other, bitter or sweet, or bitter or bitterer, as the case may be. There is nothing so good to eradicate worms as a bitter article; therefore, the *bitter* of both ends of the present condition of things, if well chewed, may effect a permanent cure in the stomachs of the true exponents of the people. We recollect an old lady who was once cured by chewing mountain root, which, after all, turned out to be a rat's tail, dried in the shade and dipped in *piera*.

But the end *is* bitter; and why should we endeavor to account for that which is a fixed fact, and always will be a fixed fact, until the genius of American liberty shall descend with a coarse towel and wipe out the green age and its bitterness together?

We read in the Testament of a little book that was sweet in the mouth and bitter in the belly. This book is something like the record of the "heroic age." We think its acts are equal to the plague, at least, and well calculated to beat wormwood all hollow.

Like the patricians of Venice, the American people are now eating their bitter bread above the graves of their glorious dead; and while the bitter tear courses down their pallid cheeks, they wonder why they were so green as to be sucked in by a white horse, a cocked hat, and a brown surtout.

The long and short of the matter is, that the democracy have cheated themselves, and, like the medical student who mistook the label, have made their tea of asafocida and tansy, and never discovered their mistake until the whole drawing had been drained to its lowest dregs.

Well, there are weaker things in the political world than the Second Washington; but where they are, we cannot exactly say; and there are worse things than the present cabinet, but for the life of us we cannot find them in the upper regions. But who knows what diseases we may have escaped from by having had our present sickness? as the lame man said when he broke out with the measles, and tapered off with the mumps.

But it is bitter; and teeth or no teeth, it must be chewed; and those who make the least fuss about it will get through with it the easiest. We have eaten saw-dust bread and pine bark in Norway; we have eaten oat-meal cakes and blue buttermilk in Ireland; we have eaten the black bread of Russia, and the soggy root-bread of Minesota; but we never did chew upon a thing, with an end or without an end, that was so ridiculously bitter—so unmitigatedly horrid—so nauseous and so everlasting, as the sweetest end of the rope that is soon to string up the herring-head glories of the

"HEROIC AGE."

From the Washington Union.

The War of 1812.—It is understood that the officers of this war with England intend applying to the next Congress for bounty and extra pay. It has been awarded to those of our fellow-citizens who volunteered in that war, and joined their countrymen in the struggle, who had previously emigrated to Canada—to better their condition, *perhaps*. They received by act of Congress, approved 5th March, 1816, a bounty in land equal to their relative rank, with three months' extra pay. Most assuredly, then, those of our citizens who remained in their country and manfully pressed forward to the field of battle, paid their taxes for the support of government at a time when her finances were at a low ebb, and jeoparded their private affairs, should not go, as many of them have, to their graves unrequited. It is known that the officers in the war with Mexico, in addition to their regular pay, received three months' extra pay, and the soldiers their bounty in land, as well as three months' extra pay. It may be noted that a number of the officers who volunteered in the war of 1812, joined their countrymen in the war with Mexico, and received three months' extra pay. Why, then, I ask, should not their copatriots of 1812 fare alike with them? Much more might be said, but this article is intended to present only facts, and induce the people to urge their representatives about to assemble at the Capitol of the nation to legislate for them to mete out to the officers of our second war with England for independence that which is justly due to a worthy class of citizens. D. E. D.

AMSTERDAM.—Like a toad, the city sits squat upon the marshes; and her people push out the waters, and pile up the earth against them, and sit quietly down to smoke. Ships come from India and ride at anchor before their doors, coming in from sea through the pathways they have opened in the sand, and unlading their goods on quays that quiver on the bogs.—Amsterdam is not the most pleasant place in the world when a June sun is shining hot upon the dead water of its canals, and their green surface is only disturbed by the sluggish barges or slopes of the tidy housemaids. I went through the streets of the merchant princes of Amsterdam. A broad canal sweeps through the centre, full of every kind of craft, and the dairy women land their milk from their barges on the quay in front of the very proudest doors.—The houses and half of the canals are shaded with deep-leaved lindens, and the carriages rattle under them, with the tall houses on one side and the waters on the other. Nowhere are girls' faces prettier than in Holland—complexions pearly white, with just enough red to give to them a healthier bloom, and their hands are so fair, soft, and tapering as their eyes are full of mirth, witchery, and fire.

Bently's Miscellany.

Overgrown London.—Returns just published by order of the House of Commons, show that the total number of new houses built within the metropolitan police districts since January 1, 1839, up to the present time, amounts to 64,058; and the number of new streets formed, to 1652, in length 200 miles. The increase of population from 1839 to 1849, within the said district, is estimated at 525,905; the total population of the metropolitan districts being now about 2,336,950.

Thrilling Incident.

We copy the following from that excellent periodical, the Democratic Review. It is from the pen of Henry Wikoff, Esq., and written with his usual graphic power, and portrays the estimation in which this country is held by the true republicans of France.

Two American Families, who were living in Paris in February, 1848, becoming alarmed at the increasing agitation of the capital, determined, only at the last moment, to leave for some quieter neighborhood, and on the very day that the revolution broke out they took their departure, and made all haste by rail road to reach Havre. They had not got more than nine miles from Paris when the train stopped, and they were told by the conductor that the bridge ahead of them was on fire, and proceeding further was hopeless, and that it was equally impossible for them to run back, for the rails behind them had been already taken up. There was nothing else to be done than get out, and return on foot, at the eminent risk of insult and outrage from an infuriated mob, that already lined both sides of the road, to the extent of thousands. This was a situation alarming enough to fill the stoutest heart with terror, and its effect may be imagined in the present, when there was only one man to protect three or four ladies, with several children, to say nothing of *femmes des chambres*, and small parcels. Their fright was excessive, but escape was out of the question. Nothing could be done but return to Paris, and run the gauntlet that awaited them. They passed along in a drizzling rain, covered with mud, and borne down by fatigue. Shouts and imprecations made the air resound around them, for the very earth seemed teeming with armed and savage men. With shrinking hearts they pushed along, dreading every moment to be waylaid, robbed, and perhaps slain, when to their infinite joy they reached Paris, and believing their tribulations over. Hurrying through the Barriere, they struck down the first street that seemed to lead in the direction of their residence, when, of a sudden, to their consternation they found themselves hemmed in behind a vast barricade, and in a moment were surrounded and seized by hundreds of fierce and desperate insurgents, disguised in masks, and armed to the teeth, who brandished their weapons, and threatened them with death.

"Ha, ha!" they shouted in furious tones, "you vile aristocrats, you have endeavored to escape—but you are not gone yet. And we'll take care of you now."

Their situation was really fearful. Inflamed with drink and passion, these terrible men, further exasperated by the combat in which they were hotly engaged, were capable of any excess, even to murder. The unhappy party, seeing themselves cut off from every resource, threw themselves on their knees, and endeavored to move their ruthless captors by supplications and tears. They declared "they were no aristocrats—but republicans like themselves—they were of them in principle and sympathy—they were not English but Americans." At which shouts of bitter derision were returned, accompanied by exclamations and oaths, full of contumely and hate.—"You think you'll cheat us that way, do you, by setting up as republicans, and passing yourselves off as Americans. No, that won't do, as we'll soon convince you." The danger increased every moment, and cries of "*a bas les Anglaise,*" "*mort les reches,*" rose on all sides, amid frantic yells and demoniac threats. At this agonizing moment one of the ladies, whose nerves were strung by the imminence of the peril, roused herself to one more heroic effort.

"But what," she said, "if we give you proof, my friends, that we belong to you—that we are fellow republicans—that we are not monarchists, but Americans?"

"The proof—the proof!" they roared, in the hoarse tones of the coming tempest.

Every eye was bent on her—every upraised arm refrained; a breathless pause ensued. At this revolutionary period in France, scarce a family resident there but had deemed it prudent to provide themselves with an American flag, and in hurrying away from Paris, by a mere chance, the lady in question stripped the banner from its staff, and rolled it up in a package she carried with her. In the desperate hope that it might now possibly stand her in stead, she unfolded and raised it aloft. On one of its white stripes was written, in large red letters, *Les Etats Unis d' Amerique*—the United States of America.—The display of the national ensign, proving beyond question the origin of their prisoners, had a perfectly magical effect on the powder-begrimed mob around them. Off flew hats and caps, cheers rent the air: "*Vive les Americans!*" "*Vive le drapeau de la liberte!*"—long live the Americans—long live the flag of liberty—was shouted from countless rude throats. The wildest enthusiasm seized on these tumultuous, but gallant men. They entreated a thousand pardons for their unthinking violence, and in their frenzy fell on their knees, kissed the hands of the ladies, and would, but for their earnest remonstrances, have carried them home in triumph. As it was, they detailed a formidable guard, and following the American flag, which was mounted on a lance, they escorted, amid every token of respect and homage, the grateful objects of their democratic sympathies, back again to their longed for residence.

Nothing could more happily confirm all my speculations on the reality of French affection for America, which is found, to be sure, only among the masses, since the upper classes are naturally devoted to aristocratic privileges, and seek alliance with anything but democratic communitie.

To confirm in every particular the thrilling facts I have related, I would be happy to give in full the names of the parties in question, whose respectability would be a sufficient guarantee; but as they consisted chiefly of ladies, I feel a certain hesitation in taking such a liberty. I will merely state that I received these particulars from the "heroine of the flag" herself, Mrs. J. R. H——, of the Fifth Avenue, New York.

SOME ARTICLES LATELY SENT TO THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.—The identical *rivet* which Senator Davis, of Massachusetts, used in *riveting* the attention of the Free Soilers.

A small bit of the *iron* taken from *the man of iron nerves.*

A small bit of the *brass* taken from *an office seeker's face.*

Some rays collected from "the light of other days."

The one hundredth edition of "Love's young dream."

A *saddle*, a *musket*, and a *sabre*, belonging to the "horse, foot and dragoons" that have been so often routed in the United States. These articles were recently picked up in Georgia.

A feather from the head of *that eagle* out of which *that eye* was taken and given to General Scott—"*Gen. Scott's eagle eye, &c.*"

The lines written by Major Bliss, and adapted to the *air that Gen. Taylor's war-horse snuffed up.*

A box of the snuff that Squire Ewing, of "the Interior," is up to, (not the box, but the snuff.)

An original letter from *Jo. Miller* to *Jo. Gales.*

A pamphlet entitled "The Examples of the Earlier Presidents," illustrated with twenty wood engravings, designed for the use of schools and new-born statesmen. Contents: *The Alien and Sedition Laws of John Adams; The Burr Conspiracy, and the Gunboat system, under Jefferson; the Bank of the United States, and the Capture of Washington, under Madison.* By Z. Taylor, £. S. D.

A copy of Capt. Randolph's Proclamation, printed on Satin. Also, the last button off the coat of the last vagrant who left Round Island.

The tail of an Irish Bull.

Some sand from Time's hour glass.

A torn ruffle from Love's last shift.

The iron from the plane of the eliptic.

Part of the patch with which O'Connel's rent was mended.

A fishing-rod and two walking-sticks, made of hurricane.

A knock-down argument and the impression made.

A pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness.

A fluke from the anchor of Hope.

Whiskers and noses, from a masked battery.

The shadow of the meat that the dog saw in the water.

Some ten-penny nails, made from a fragment of the Iron Duke.

A finger post from the road to ruin.

Music of the spheres, original score.

The cap of a climax.

Musket and powder-horn of a shooting star.

A boot made of the last of the Mohegans, with one of the spurs of the Rocky Mountains on the heel.

The silk-tassel from the staff of life.

The afternoon of the Day of Algiers.

Some of the eels that were used to being skinned.

"The handkerchief!—the handkerchief!" cried Othello. "D—n it," said a sailor in the pit, "blow your nose with your fingers, and go on with the play."

A house broker advertises in a city paper, "two new brick houses; each with a swell front, and a large bay *widow* facing the southwest."

Boston Republican.

Seth Hawkin's Larceny.

There is a tradition in Humtown, and very generally believed to be true, which, whether true or false, throws a bit of romance around the plain matter-of-fact business of Seth Hawkin's courtship—a courtship otherwise not remarkable for incidents other than the common sort, viz: suspicion of intention, accredited attentions, and consummation—"as every body does it."

This little incident, so the talk ran among the neighbors, was a jewel in its way, and shook with laughter the whole community of that quiet town for a long time, from the parson of the parish down to the very toe-nail of the local body politic.

Sunday night was the season which Seth chose on which to do his weekly *devours*, as Mrs. Hornby would say: and his road to neighbor Jones', whose daughter Sally was the object of his particular hopes, lay across three long miles of hard territory, stumpy as an old woman's mouth, and as irreclaimable as a prodigal son, gone away for the third time.

One all-sufficiently dark night, unheeding wind and weather, as gallant and spruce a lover as ever straddled a stump, Seth, "in best bib and tucker," and dickey, and all, started upon his accustomed weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of Sally Jones—a sweet girl, by the way, as strawberries and cream are sweet.

Seth knew every land-mark, if he could see it; but the night was very dark, and in a little while he became confused in his reckoning; and taking the light which gleamed from farmer Jones' cottage in the distance, for a guide, he pushed boldly on, regardless of intermediate difficulties, surging occasionally to the right or left as some obstruction rose in his path, until he can stem on, as a sailor would say, to a huge stump, and rolled incontinently over the other side.

He gathered himself up as best he could, shook himself to ascertain that no bones were broken, and then re-started on his mission of love, his ardor somewhat damped by feeling the cold night wind playing in fanatic jets around his body, denoting that the concussion had breached his oh-fie-for-shames, and that the seven-and-six-penny cassimeres were to be no more the particular delight of his eyes in contemplation of their artistic excellence.

He knew not the extent of the damage sustained, but soon gaining the house his first glance was over his person, to ascertain if decency would be violated by an unwonted display, but seeing nothing, and trusting to the voluminous proportions of his coat for concealment, he felt re-assured, and took his seat in a proffered chair by the fire.

While conversing with the farmer about the weather, and with the dame upon the matter of cheeses, he glanced at Sally, and saw, with painful surprise, that she was looking anxiously and somewhat strangely towards a portion of his dress. She averted her eyes as she caught his glance, but again catching her eye upon him, he was induced to turn his in the same direction, and saw, good heavens, was it his shirt? oozing out of a six inch aparture in the inside of one of the legs of his inexpressibles! He instantly changed position and from that moment was on nettles. Was he making more revelations by the change? He watched his opportunity to push the garment in a little; could he succeed in hiding it, it would relieve his embarrassment. Again he watched his chance, and again stowed away the linen. It seemed interminable, (like the Doctor's tape worm,) and the more he worked at it the more there seemed left.

In the meantime his conversation took the hue of his agony, and his answers bore as much relation to the questions asked, as the first line of Solomon's song does to the melancholy burthen of

"Old Marm Pettingill."

At last, with one desperate thrust, the whole disappeared, and he cast a triumphant glance towards Sally. One look sufficed to show him that she had comprehended the whole, and with the greatest effort was struggling to prevent a laugh. Meeting his glance she could contain herself no longer, but screeming with accumulated fun, she fled from the room; and poor Seth, unable to endure this last turn of his agony, seized his hat and dashed madly from the house, clearing the stumps like a racer, in the dark, and reaching home he hardly knew when or how.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Jones looked every where for a clean night gown that she had laid out for service on the back of the chair on which Seth had sat. She was positive she took it out, but where upon earth it was, she couldn't conceive.

"Sally!" cried the old lady from the door, "have you seen my night-gown?"

"Yes'm," echoed her voice, as if the last stages of suffocation; "yes'm, Seth Hawkins *wore it home!*"

It was unfortunately the case; and poor Seth had stowed it away in the *crevasse* of his pants. It was returned the next day with an apology, and he subsequently married Sally; but many years afterwards if an article of any description was missing of apparel or otherwise, the first suggestion was that Seth Hawkins had stowed it away in his trowsers.

How the story got about, nobody knew. He never told it, and Sally never told it, nor the old lady, nor the farmer, but every body knew it and laughed gloriously at it too.

From the Natchez Courier.

Steamopathy.

Take a little water,
The *hotter* 'tis the better,
And mix it with an ounce
Of the *hottest* Cayenne pepper.

Then take a spoonful out,
And sip it at your leisure,
Nor think the dose too hot,
But swallow it with pleasure.

Then wrap up in a sheet
To make the system hotter,
And stand upon your feet
In a tub of boiling water.

Then sit upon the coals,
And fill your mouth with water,
And you'll feel better when it boils,
Or at least you orter.

Philanthropy and Godliness Synonimous.

Abon Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw (within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, like lillies in full bloom,)
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adham bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,
And with a smiling look of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abon. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abon spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Thoughts of a Dying Hebrew.

"I have known Thee in the whirlwind,
I have known Thee on the hill;
I have loved Thee in the voice of bird,
Or the music of the rill;
I dreamed Thee in the shadow,
I saw Thee in the light,
I heard Thee in the thunder-peal,
And worshipped in the night;
All beauty while it spoke of Thee,
Still made my soul rejoice,
And my spirit bowed within itself
To hear thy 'still small voice.'
I have not felt myself a thing
Far from thy presence driven;
By flaming sword, or waving wing,
Shut out from Thee and Heaven.
Must I the whirlwind reap because
My fathers sowed the storm?
Or sink, because another sinned,
Beneath Thy red right arm?
Oh! much of this we dimly scan,
And much is all unknown,
But I will not take my curse from Man,
I turn to Thee alone!
Oh! bid my fainting spirit live,
And what is dark reveal,
And what is evil, oh! forgive,
And what is broken, heal!
And cleanse my nature, from above,
In the deep Jordan of Thy love!"

The Austrian Navy.—According to an estimate in the *Soldaten freund*, the Austrian navy, on the 1st of May consisted of 3 frigates, 2 corvettes, 5 brigs, 2 goelets, 3 war-steamers, 2 gun-boats, 7 trabakel, 1 arogozzo, 2 gun sloops, 27 peniches; to which have now to be added the ships taken from the Venetians.

Another part of the dominions of Austria is now pervaded by a powerful religious excitement. In Bohemia, the cradle of Huss and Tziska, a new reformer has appeared in the person of the reverend pastor Kossuth the brother of the famous Hungarian, of whose eloquence he possesses a considerable portion.

One who has just returned from "El Dorado" says that a gentleman rather dandily dressed, and having white kid gloves on his hands, appeared a few months since in the streets of San Fracisco, and made a prodigious sensation. The white kids were the first that had been seen there, and at once attracted the attention and excited the curiosity of even the busy gold-diggers. A crowd soon gathered around the man in gloves, and expressed their determination to dispose of him by raffle, as being the greatest curiosity of the country.

AGRICULTURAL.

Transplanting Trees.

THE following directions for transplanting trees are from *Jaques's Practical Treatise on the Management of Fruit Trees*—a work recently published. In conversation with the author a short time since, he assured us that from some ten years experience he had learnt to transplant his own standard trees in the autumn in preference to the spring. He says he has found, from many carefully conducted experiments, that except the peach, (and this only when it has *not* been transplanted before, or *reset*, as the term is,) all fruit trees and all hardy ornamental trees are more certain to live and to make a vigorous growth the ensuing year, when they are transplanted in the autumn, say from the middle of October to the middle of November, instead of in the spring,—meaning, of course, trees four or more feet in height and of so many of age; for owing to the heaving of the frost, *little* trees are more safely set in the spring. The placing of the conical mound (see *after-treatment*, below) around autumn transplanted trees, is an almost indispensable requisite to success.

"Trees of medium size, say from five to ten feet high, such as are commonly taken from the nursery to the fruit garden or orchard, are not generally set with sufficient care. There is no more false economy than that which does this work hastily and imperfectly. It were much better not to attempt this labor at all, until one has time and means wherewith to do it well.

"1st. *Preparation of a place for setting the tree.*—Dig a hole, avoiding the sites of old trees, five to seven feet in diameter, and fifteen to twenty inches deep, placing the sods, if in a sward-land, in one heap, the soil in another, and the sub-soil in a third. The diameter of the hole ought to be at least three times that of the clump of the tree's roots. Holes of this size, and, in deep, rich land, even smaller ones will answer. But if the planter has patience to dig still wider, and to any depth less than three feet, he will find himself amply repaid, in the better growth and health of his trees. If holes are dug over twenty inches deep, they may be filled up to that depth with cobble stones, old bones, or even gravel. The rest of the hole should be filled with a mixture of the soil, subsoil, and rich, black loam, or well rotted compost manure, to the height where it is proper to place the tree. With the hand or spade shade the soil for the roots into the form of a little cone, on which to set the hollow in the centre of the clump of roots. If this is done some weeks, or even months, before setting the tree, it will be all the better.

"2d. *Preparing and placing the tree.*—If the ground is dry, or if the roots have been much exposed to the air since the tree was taken up, soak the lower part of the trunk in water, twelve or twenty-four hours.—cut off all bruises and broken ends of roots smoothly with a knife, and shorten in the longest, so that the clump of roots may have a somewhat circular form. In cutting a root, always enter the knife upon the under side, and bring it out, with a slope to the upper side, so that the fibres which may shoot out from the edges of the cut, shall strike downward into the ground, instead of upward, as they would were the cut made as it commonly is. If the tree is quite large, and a considerable quantity of its roots have been lost in removing it, its branches must be shortened back, or the alternate buts thinned, to restore the balance of power between the parts below and those above the ground, for reasons already explained.—This being done, set the tree and gently press it down upon the place designed for it. As there will be a tendency for the tree to settle down in its new location, the planter should aim to have it stand higher, rather than lower, than it stood previously to being moved, remembering that nothing is more fatal to the growth and health of a tree, than to bury its roots *unnaturally* deep in the ground. Trees of medium and large size, set upon a very gentle elevation like a turtle's back, succeed admirably; and so, if a tree should by accident be set rather too high, the ground can be raised a little around it; or, if this be omitted, the roots of a tree too deeply set, cannot shoot upward, except in the very offensive form of suckers.

"3d *Filling up around the tree.*—With good, rich soil, fill up under, among, around, and above the roots, straightening them out with the fingers, and placing them in a fan-like and natural position—being very cautious not to leave any, even small, hollow places among them. If the root is one-sided, make the most you can of the weaker part. At that stage of the work, if you have patience, it is an excellent plan to make a circular dam around the edge of the hole, and keep it full of water, for a half hour or more. In setting evergreens, this, by some, is deemed almost indispensable, unless the ground is quite moist. Next, put in a little more earth, pressing it around the tree with the foot. After this, throw on an inch or so of loose earth, and the work is done.

"Another mode of filling up around trees, called *mudding in*, has proved very successful. Make the circular dam around the tree first, or as soon as it is needed, then let one person sift the soil into the hole upon the roots, while another constantly pours in water, thus keeping the earth in a thin muddy state.—The operation will require considerable time, but its success is perhaps more certain than that of any other mode.

"The best compost manure for trees where the soil is poor, is a mixture of two parts of muck or peat earth with one part of barn-yard manure, adding, if convenient, a small quantity of wood-ashes or pulverized charcoal. If these have been mixed some months, or even a year or two previously to being used, the composition will be all the better. Never put raw manure in contact with the roots.

"*After treatment.*—When the tree is transplanted in the fall or winter, it is extremely advantageous to place a conical mound, consisting of from five to ten bushels of soil or compost manure, close around the tree, to save it from being disturbed by the action of the frost. This mound should be removed in the spring. It is generally best to put a stake down, to which the tree may be tied, for the first season after being set. This ought to be done before filling up the hole, in order not to bruise the roots. Large cobble stones laid close to a tree, answer quite as good a purpose.

"If the tree languishes, when it commences growing, cover the ground in a circle of three or four feet in diameter around it, with coarse straw or litter from the barn-yard, laying on sods or stones to keep this from being blown away. This process is called *mulching*. It keeps the soil moist, and in that state of equable temperature most favorable to the growth of young roots. Watering on the surface, without *mulching*, is almost always injurious. Feeble trees may also be benefitted, by shading them with pine boughs, &c.

"If, with all this care, the tree continues still feeble, head back its top yet more severely, and water the leaves and twigs every evening, with a water-pot.

"If, having followed all the above directions, the planter still finds his tree standing season after season, neither growing nor fruiting, but only existing, let him consult his true interest, by transferring it to the wood-pile. Why cumbereth it the ground?

To Keep Sweet Potatoes.

As the time to dig sweet potatoes is most at hand, I would suggest a method for their preservation thro' winter, one which I consider the most convenient and the surest to secure the ends which are essential to keep potatoes with success, to-wit: a proper temperature, exclusion of light and dampness. The method is simply to throw the potatoes up in conical heaps of eight or ten bushels to a heap, covering them lightly with straw, then with tops, or cornstalks, and lastly with dirt, being careful to have the ground upon which you make the heap so elevated as to drain off all rain water, and the tops of the heaps so well secured, as not to admit water. I have suggested putting them in small heaps of eight or ten bushels, because when potatoes, put away for winter use, are once disturbed by breaking into them, decay is apt to commence very soon thereafter. By having them in small heaps, when once the heap is disturbed, it being small, you can use it before much injury is done.

In keeping potatoes through the winter, a good deal depends upon the kind of potato, and upon the time of digging them. I know from actual experience, that one variety will keep much better than another. The kind that I prefer for keeping, is known among the farmers in my vicinity as the yellow bark. Potatoes should always be dug as soon after the first good frost as can be. Do not suffer too much cold to come upon them.—*Phil. Dol. Newspaper.*

DURABILITY OF RED CEDAR.—We have heard of an old farmer, who, when asked how he knew that Cedar posts would "last forever," said he had frequently tried the experiment. Some may doubt his assertion, yet its lasting powers have been found to exceed a long life-time. At the head of one of the graves in "Old St. Mary's," Md., there stands a cedar slab, which, as the inscription indicates, was placed there in 1717, and is still perfectly sound.

To prevent Horses from running off.—When the Icelanders ride two or more together on horseback, and wish to dismount and leave their horses for any length of time, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of the other, and the head of the second to the tail of the former. In this reversed condition they can make no progress, and if they move at all they can only go in a circle.

LIST OF BLANKS.

County Court Writs;
Superior do. do.
County Court Sub.;
Superior do. do.
County Court Fi. Fa.;
Superior do. do.
County Court Sci. Fa.;
Superior do. do.
Apprentice Indentures;
Letters of Administration;
County and Superior Courts Witness and Juror Tickets;
Notices to Tax List Receivers;
Commission to take Deposition;
County Ct. Execution;
Magistrate's do.
Capias ad Respondendum;
Overseer's Appointments;
Peace, State, and Civil Warrants;
Notes of Hand;
Checks, Cape Fear B'k;
do. Branch Bank of the State;
Notes, negotiable at Bank;
Inspector's Certificates
Certificates of Justices attending Court;
Marriage License;
Administrator's Bonds;
Guardian do.
Appeal do.
Ca Sa do.
Sh'ff Appearance do.
Constable's do.
Sheriff's Tax do.
Forthcoming do.
Prosecution do.
Tax Receipts;
Insolvent Notices;
Writs of Ejectment;
Letters Testamentary;
Vendi. Exponas;
Ca Sa; Land Deeds;
do. Affidavits;
Garnishee Notices;
Attachments;
State Recognizance;
Military Ca Sa;
do. Execution;
Negro Bonds;
do. Bill of Sale;
Crew Lists;

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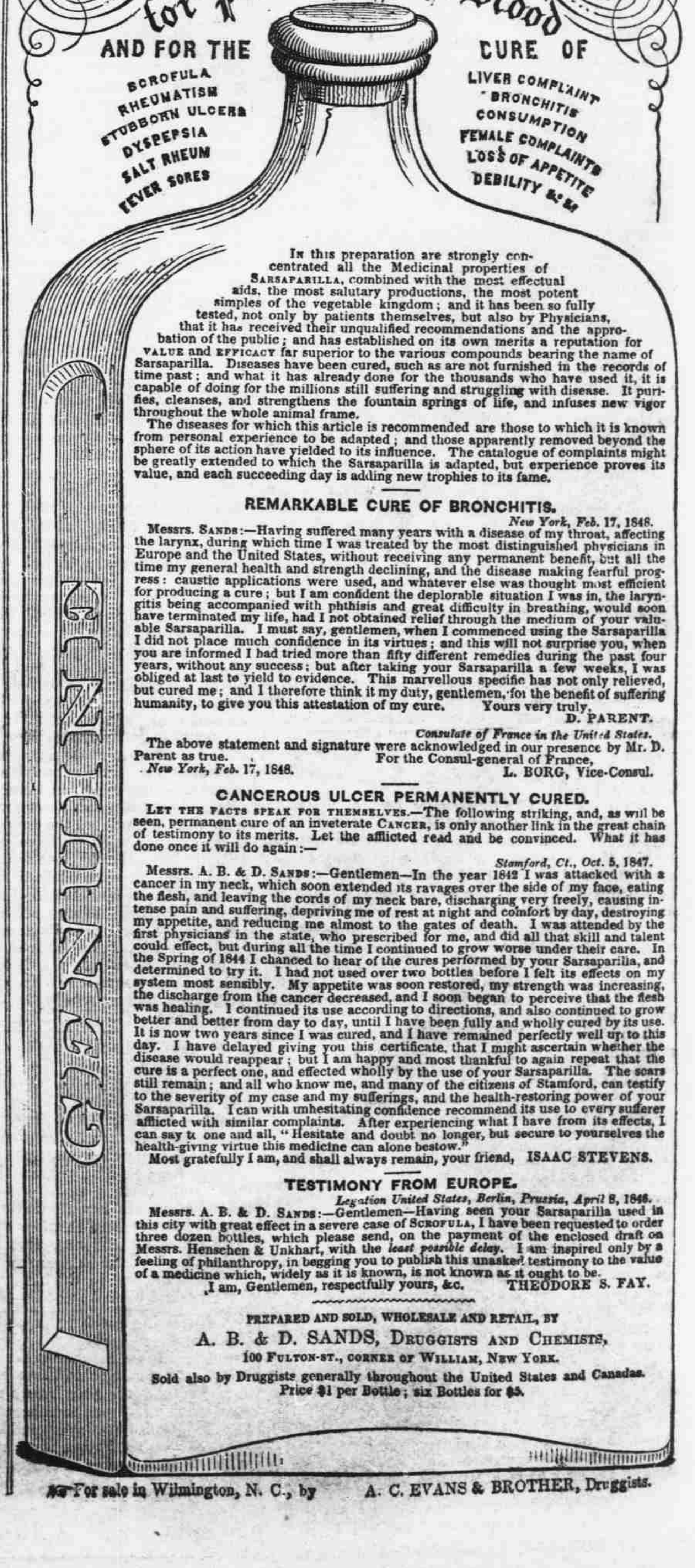
Officers of the Courts and other officers, and all other persons requiring Blanks, or any other work in the printing line, would do well to give us a call, or send in their orders. We are determined to execute our work well, and at the cheapest rates for cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the late firm of PRICE & FULTON, are requested to make payment to the subscriber without delay. The money may be remitted agreeably to the terms of the "Journal," or paid to its agents. Subscribers may remit the full amount of the yearly subscription, and if the amount remitted exceeds the sum due the old firm, the overplus will be duly credited on the books of the new firm of FULTON & PRICE.

All persons having claims against the late firm of PRICE & FULTON, will present them to the subscriber for settlement.

A. L. PRICE,
Surviving partner of the late firm of PRICE & FULTON.



IN this preparation are strongly concentrated all the Medicinal properties of SARSAPARILLA, combined with the most effectual aids, the most salutary productions, the most potent simples of the vegetable kingdom; and it has been so fully tested, not only by patients themselves, but also by Physicians, that it has received their unqualified recommendations and the approbation of the public; and has established on its own merits a reputation for VALUE and EFFICACY far superior to the various compounds bearing the name of Sarsaparilla. Diseases have been cured, such as are not furnished in the records of time past; and what it has already done for the thousands who have used it, it is capable of doing for the millions still suffering and struggling with disease. It purifies, cleanses, and strengthens the fountain springs of life, and infuses new vigor throughout the whole animal frame.

The diseases for which this article is recommended are those to which it is known from personal experience to be adapted; and those apparently removed beyond the sphere of its action have yielded to its influence. The catalogue of complaints might be greatly extended to which the Sarsaparilla is adapted, but experience proves its value, and each succeeding day is adding new trophies to its fame.

REMARKABLE CURE OF BRONCHITIS.

New York, Feb. 17, 1848.

Messrs. SANDS:—Having suffered many years with a disease of my throat, affecting the larynx, during which time I was treated by the most distinguished physicians in Europe and the United States, without receiving any permanent benefit, but all the time my general health and strength declining, and the disease making fearful progress: caustic applications were used, and whatever else was thought most efficient for producing a cure; but I am confident the deplorable situation I was in, the laryngitis being accompanied with phthisis and great difficulty in breathing, would soon have terminated my life, had I not obtained relief through the medium of your valuable Sarsaparilla. I must say, gentlemen, when I commenced using the Sarsaparilla I did not place much confidence in its virtues; and this will not surprise you, when you are informed I had tried more than fifty different remedies during the past four years, without any success; but after taking your Sarsaparilla a few weeks, I was obliged at last to yield to evidence. This marvellous specific has not only relieved, but cured me; and I therefore think it my duty, gentlemen, for the benefit of suffering humanity, to give you this attestation of my cure. Yours very truly,

D. PARENT.

Consulate of France in the United States.

The above statement and signature were acknowledged in our presence by Mr. D. Parent as true. For the Consul-general of France,

New York, Feb. 17, 1848. L. BORG, Vice-Consul.

CANCEROUS ULCER PERMANENTLY CURED.

LET THE FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.—The following striking, and, as will be seen, permanent cure of an inveterate CANCER, is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits. Let the afflicted read and be convinced. What it has done once it will do again:—

Stamford, Ct., Oct. 5, 1847.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS:—Gentlemen—In the year 1842 I was attacked with a cancer in my neck, which soon extended its ravages over the side of my face, eating the flesh, and leaving the cords of my neck bare, discharging very freely, causing intense pain and suffering, depriving me of rest at night and comfort by day, destroying my appetite, and reducing me almost to the gates of death. I was attended by the first physicians in the state, who prescribed for me, and did all that skill and talent could effect, but during all the time I continued to grow worse under their care. In the Spring of 1844 I chanced to hear of the cures performed by your Sarsaparilla, and determined to try it. I had not used over two bottles before I felt its effects on my system most sensibly. My appetite was soon restored, my strength was increasing, the discharge from the cancer decreased, and I soon began to perceive that the flesh was healing. I continued its use according to directions, and also continued to grow better and better from day to day, until I have been fully and wholly cured by its use. It is now two years since I was cured, and I have remained perfectly well up to this day. I have delayed giving you this certificate, that I might ascertain whether the disease would reappear; but I am happy and most thankful to again repeat that the cure is a perfect one, and effected wholly by the use of your Sarsaparilla. The scars still remain; and all who know me, and many of the citizens of Stamford, can testify to the severity of my case and my sufferings, and the health-restoring power of your Sarsaparilla. I can with unhesitating confidence recommend its use to every sufferer afflicted with similar complaints. After experiencing what I have from its effects, I can say to one and all, "Hesitate and doubt no longer, but secure to yourselves the health-giving virtue this medicine can alone bestow."

Most gratefully I am, and shall always remain, your friend, ISAAC STEVENS.

TESTIMONY FROM EUROPE.

Legation United States, Berlin, Prussia, April 8, 1846.

Messrs. A. B. & D. SANDS:—Gentlemen—Having seen your Sarsaparilla used in this city with great effect in a severe case of SCROFULA, I have been requested to order three dozen bottles, which please send, on the payment of the enclosed draft on Messrs. Henschen & Unkhart, with the *least possible delay*. I am inspired only by a feeling of philanthropy, in begging you to publish this unasked testimony to the value of a medicine which, widely as it is known, is not known as it ought to be.

I am, Gentlemen, respectfully yours, &c. THEODORE S. FAY.

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