From the N. O. Picayune.

The Voyage to California.

The public here has had any quantity of letters descriptive of the sea journey to San Francisco, and the impression on the first arrival there. But these have been mostly from the pens of adventurous men, their heads full of eager speculations in gold dust or politics. The following is of another character, the production of an intelligent lady, formerly of this city, which her friends have obliged us by presenting to us for publication, and which we are sure will be very acceptable to our readers.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1850.

Feeling satisfied that you would be pleased to hear from me in this far-off land, I intend to forego a walk to-day in order to write you a long letter—whether it will be one of interest to you or not your own heart must answer. Thinking a few remarks upon a part of the voyage may not come amiss, I will touch lightly upon the subject.

The first port was Bahia, Brazil, a place too little known in history. It is certainly one of the most romantic views from the harbor imagination could depict; but on landing you do not find the neatness of the city in accordance—the architecture is not imposing though the buildings are generally of massive granite. The eternal summer here lends a charm to a foreigner that is irresistible. Here are many relics, and even some modern churches superior, I am told, to any others in Brazil. Many of these I visited with deep interest. Here, too, I found more genuine hospitality and refined manners than I ever have at home. These people are at least one hundred years behind us in mechanism and internal improvements, and most of the arts and sciences, but very far before us in some respects. We remained here fourteen days, during which time I spared no pains to see all I could, by riding into the country and every means in my power; made some dear friends, who would scarcely permit me to leave—but, as long as life lasts, fresh in my memory will be their kindness, as well as the picturesque beauty of Old San Salvador, with its hundred hills.

From Bahia to Rio we had a very fair wind, entering that beautiful bay on the seventh day. The Sugar Loaf, looming up like a giant guarding this place, met our eye long before we saw and passed the several forts whose rock foundations the God of nature laid when he poured the ocean in its channel where it has ever since lashed their sides, filling the air with its sublime music, yet leaving these noble structures unharmed. Nature could not have done more for a nation than has been done for Brazil, and she seemed to know that an inert people were to be its possessor—or his leaving to them so little to do has made the people what they are.

I wish I could only tell you of the pleasure I enjoyed in rambling through the Botanical Gardens, some eight miles out in the country. This garden contains nearly eighty acres, and is filled with trees, herbs, plants, shrubs and flowers of every clime. I saw and collected specimens of tea, coffee, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, pepper, indeed things too numerous to name. I felt as if I would be content to abandon my trip to the land of gold for a little cot somewhere in this enclosure where the wild bird's melody, the wind rustling through the mangoe groves, the fragrance from the aromatic shrubs and flowers, the hum of bees, and the rippling waters as they danced over the white pebbles, coursing through the flower beds to the broad ocean, would subdue all that is even worldly in my nature, and be as a foretaste of that beautiful world whither we are all travelling.

I had a ride also to the Emperor's palace, and to the pleasure grounds and gardens of the old Emperor. Here were three mangoe trees whose size I dare not tell, through which a sunbeam could find no entrance, whose boughs almost swept the ground, affording a safe retreat for the many birds of rich plumage who were making the woods musical with their glad notes. Under one of these trees the old Emperor used to dine every fair day, and under one of the others his ministers. After the business of his imperial palace was over for the day, they rode out to this paradise to dine, bathe, &c. There were the blocks of marble which had often borne all the luxuries of this clime, as well as that of others. I sat down on one of these tables, and pondered on the evanescence of human greatness. I asked for the gay and beautiful, whose wit and wine had sparkled here, and these old trees, still fresh and green, answered, where. I visited the Imperial Opera House, saw the Emperor, Empress, and ladies of honor; the house was fine, and the concourse large and orderly. We only remained here four days, but I must not omit to say that the morning of our landing we were literally astounded with the roar of cannons from every vessel in port, forts, and I do not know from how many other places. On learning the cause—behold the Emperor had passed over to an island to dine. This was repeated on his return, and all such occasions. Some of our passengers went on board our man-of-war there, the Brandywine, I think, and were told that during the four months there they had fired off 14,000 pounds of powder in honor of the Emperor. Now this may seem very singular to our dear old Uncle Sam, as he is an economical old gentleman, but I think if he can always maintain peace with foreign nations upon such cheap terms, it will save many lives, as well as widows' and orphans' tears, and as we have yet plenty of territory for surplus population, he need not feel anxious to get rid of them by gunpowder.

As to doubling Cape Horn, we found it a mere nothing; only the cold pinched our toes for some two weeks; yet so gentle were the winds that not a spar or rag of canvass was injured. Indeed, sails were scarcely reefed at all. We went as far south as 60 deg.—got round in the space of thirteen days from the Falkland isles to the same latitude on the opposite. Not much of interest occurred until Christmas Day, when we were somewhat astonished to see the captain bustling about with his carpenter, erecting theer long tables on deck, the stewards and cooks at work, our last hog being killed the evening previous, the Star Spangled Banners were spread over head, covering the tables entire, some dozens of "brown stout" were called forth, a sumptuous dinner was set, to which sixty-one persons sat down, at 11 o'clock. Let me say to you, that it was hard to realize it was Christmas, for a more lovely May-day never dawned on us at home. * * *

I had the Chrisimas frolic so much in mind that I omitted to say a word of Lima, the port of Callao, hardly to be thought of in some respects, and yet for the sake of some generous, warm-harted friends we made there, and the mournful pleasure we derived from rambling over the ruins, going in the vaults of the ill-fated churches, and roaming over the most beautiful beach contiguous to these ruins, and the hour we spent there listening to the grand music from Ocean's choir, as the white breakers dashed up to our feet and receded only to collect force for another chorus, I would gladly have sat there a week. Then a pic-nic, which was given me, to which our company rode ten miles in the country, on the fine Chilian horses—the greatest ride I ever had—these and other things, too numerous to name, make Callao a place I shall ever love; but, as for diet, fleas, dust, laziness, poverty and huts, it stands alone in all its glory. I must say it is a curious feature in this that here it never rains, nor in Lima.—Wheat lies in piles for months in open air; they need no barns, and hardly have huts to sleep in.

I only wish I could tell you of the churches I was in, besides the cathedral, where I saw the urn containing the dust of Pizarro. I could tell you of many things I am certain, from all I hear, are not in the churches in Europe. I was never so fully impressed with the remark I have heard you make that you wished all our churches were adorned with the works of genius and art, that they might draw thither those who admiring these, might in time have holier feelings. I felt, when in these churches, though so filled with saints—some of them black, some yellow, others white, and many grotesque things—that yet the richness of their ornaments, the carving, Mosaic-frescoe, and the life-like painting from some of the old masters, the holy calm that rested on the Christ, as well the Virgin Mary, were in themselves enough to lead the mind into a train of thought from which it could not escape without benefit. You know I am no bigotted sectarian, but a believer in all that is lovely, grand and sublime as being a portion of goodness.

Lima is famed for beautiful females, but too generally the beauty only of face and form. I was at the opera here; the concourse was large, orderly, and neat in the extreme—many handsome ladies and fine looking dons, but I will not now tell you of a ludicrous circumstance which took place here, nor will I even hint at the fleas which came near running away with us—but though there has at one time been so much wealth attached to this city, in particular the churches, it is much on the decline. I was credibly informed that the cathedral is now worth over $3,000,000. I went to the museum, but of all the many things I saw and learned, I will have to say but little, as my time is limited and your patience may become threadbare. So I must stop short by saying this is the first walled city I ever saw, and the neatest, in external at least, regularly laid out, and great in the eyes of the inhabitants as Mecca to her worshippers—but the more I have seen in these parts, the more has America and the name of Washington become endeared to me. Oh! freedom, freedom, intellect and industry, how sacred, but yet we have not all with us that is worth travelling to see.

Now for California. It was a miserable, rainy, misty morning when we entered the bay. All on board had so long been yearning for this promised land, that now this anxiety seemed settled into a deeper feeling, and we all leant over the bulwarks, gazing at the sight with throbbing hearts, for who could read their doom. Mine was sad in the extreme, for at Callao I saw a paper containing the death of a dear relative whom I hoped to have met here. But the mist blew off, and San Francisco city and bay appeared in all their primitive glory. I am sure I could have wept from pure surprise, for the sublimity attached to all I could take in at a view was enough to overcome me, for I had put a dark picture before my mind of this place. The bay is lovely, filled with shipping, dotted with islands, and on each side lined with hills, rising majestically one above the other, clothed in verdure, while the receding ones are, this lovely Sabbath morning, shining in the bright sun in all the beauty of snow-capped mounts. To us they seem as if we could almost lay hand on them, yet they are twenty or forty miles off. If sublimity and romance could satisfy human beings instead of gold, then might they flock here in earnest. As to the city, no one can help thinking Aladdin has been here with his magic, for they cannot believe at home but must come and see; and then like the queen must exclaim, "the half has not been told." But as fate seemed kind to me once in her life, I take it as a good omen, for the first news I heard from shore my relative was not dead, and then soon after I encountered him on the Madonna.

The next day I left the bark, where I had so long been pent up, for the muddy shore. Oh! I was almost afraid I should lose myself in the mud. I really thought I should mire up to my eyes just before the Graham House, but finally I reached the rooms prepared for me. That night I sat down by a cheerful wood fire, the first for many long months—but the growth of this country is so warped and crooked by the strong winds, that if you do not watch the wood until it is well nigh burning, it will crawl off the fire; however, this is not its worst feature—it costs $40 per cord.

The next day was very clear, when I took a stroll up the highest peak, at sunset, to have a fine view. It was magnificent in the extreme. The two Missions—one toward the entrance to the bay, the other farther up than this place—were both distinct. The long line of green hills, rising and sinking all around us as far as we could see—the mountains looming up in the back ground—the sun sinking behind some and throwing his light over the bay and tinging the opposite mounts, lightening up the snow-capped ones with his lessening rays—the white tents and cottages dotting the vales on either side, and almost entirely lining the deep vales below us—the shipping, studding the bay with their barren masts—the colors waving from some private as well as public buildings—these, and many other things, made me almost fancy I was in the land of dreams.

The night was no less lovely, for the moon was as clear as could be. I stood long on the balcony watching the scene below. I thought of absent friends. I felt that I was in California, but that nature had clothed it with so much sublimity, robed it in so much beauty, decked it with such poetry and romance, that it seemed a perfect desecration to link gold mines, or the burning thirst after this dust, with its name at all.

I have taken several walks in the country, gathered many wild flowers, and saw the same or even greater beauty everywhere. I am soon to take some fine rides in the country, where wild flowers flourish like an Eden. Oh! how I shall enjoy myself, for I intend here to be as happy as life will let me be. I have gone to real laborious work in preference to a life of ease and dependence.

The last Sabbath I went to the opening or dedication of the Congregational Church. It was filled with as genteel an assembly as I ever met in any place—but few ladies, of course. The Rev. DWIGHT HUNT presides over this church; there was much beauty and originality in his sermon.

I have just returned from a Methodist class meeting, thinking there was a preaching. I went in and seated myself near the stand before I found out my mistake, but as I am pretty resolute I kept my position. I believe the pastor of this church, the Rev. Mr. TAYLOR, to be one of the purest christians of any land, and find he is much beloved. Every church is full on Sabbath, and in no land under the sun can this day be so distinctly marked from the other six in one respect at least. Here nearly everybody has to toil through mud, rain, or dust, so that coarse and common clothing is worn; but on Sunday almost every person is seen in a neat or even costly suit, mostly black, and if all do not attend church, they walk out to admire the work of Nature's God, cull flowers, and return elevated in feelings at least. I, of course, have not seen the gambling houses or drinking saloons, but a more orderly, quiet place, of the same population, I do not believe ever was seen. I hear music of a night, but no yelling or even loud talk. We leave almost anything out of doors; no one takes it. To sum up all, I am a thousand times better pleased than I thought to be when I left home, and should I take it into my brain to remain here, will visit the Crescent City once more at least. As to females, they are far more plenty here than you think, and coming every vessel, but the majority now arriving will not add much to the refinement or dignity of female society. There is yet room for others.

MADELINE.

PECULIARITIES OF THE TURKS.—In their manners and customs they appear the very antipodes of the civilized North, and all their habits antithetical to Europeans. They sit on the ground cross-legged; we sit upright, upon a chair. They eat with their fingers; we with our forks. Their women wear trowsers; their men wear petticoats. We take off our hats on entering a room; they take off their shoes. Our gentlemen visit the ladies; their women the men. Our fair ones ride sideways; their beauties ride a-straddle. They glory in plurality; we think one enough. Their fair ones paint the eyelids and fingers; ours only their cheeks. We think them barbarians and fanatics, and wonder at their taste; they retaliate by calling us dogs, and are equally astonished at our want of good breeding. There are scarcely two points in which they both agree; and it may be said, with truth, that what the Anglo-Saxon is the Turk is not.—*Rev. Mr. Furness.*

ANCIENT AND MODERN LABOR.—The great Pyramid of Egypt cost the labor of one hundred thousand men for twenty years, exclusive of those who prepared and collected the materials. The steam engines of England, alone, worked by thirty-six thousand men, would raise the same quantity of materials to the same height in eighteen hours, which reckoning ten hours to the day, and three hundred working days to the year, would enable the moderns to erect over 3,000 pyramids in the same time.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—M. ARAGO announced to the French Academy that M. d'Hericourt, just returned from his travels in Abyssinia, had brought with him a medicament, which he has seen employed with entire success, in cases of confirmed hydrophobia. The traveller offered a quantity of it, sufficient for all necessary experiments, but we are not yet informed of the result. It will turn out no doubt like many other such great discoveries, in a failure.

THE POUND STERLING.—The pound of silver in Scotland and England, till 1601, weighed one pound, and was divided into twenty parts, called shillings; it was at that period divided, in England into 62 parts, still called shillings; and in Scotland into 36 parts, or 720 shillings. The price of gold was £3 17 10½ per ounce, in 1800 and in 1821. In 1831 and '14, it was worth £5 1s. to £5 4s. in Bank of England paper—thus reducing £100 of paper currency to the value of only £14 17s. to £77 2s. in gold.

METHOD TO MAKE TIN RESEMBLE SILVER.—Melt 4 ounces of fine plate brass, and add to it 4 ounces soft fine clear tin; when it is in fusion, add 4 ounces of bismuth and 4 ounces of regulus of antimony.—Let this flux together, and pour it out into an ingot; then beat it to powder; grind it with resin, a little salammoniac, and turpentine; form it into balls, and let them dry in the air; and when you would use them, beat them fine; strew the powder therefore upon the melted tin; stir it well together, and continue putting the powdered balls upon the melted tin, until you perceive it white and hard enough: of this tin you may draw wire for hilts of swords, or make buttons; it will always retain its silver color.

England and Cotton.

There has been much said in regard to the probability of England ultimately succeeding in her endeavors to cultivate cotton for her own market in her own dominions. Her efforts have been watched, and her progress noticed, with a deep interest, on this side of the Atlantic, and her frequent failures have had a tendency to impart an undue confidence among the American planters of her inability to succeed at all. It is an object of the most vital importance to England, at once, to be able to obtain a supply of the raw material from her own possessions, and throw off her present dependence on the American market; and every incentive which self-interest and a consciousness of this dependence could suggest, has been brought to bear to urge on the attainment of this object which she has so much at heart. As long as there is a possibility of success her efforts will not cease. With her Asiatic, African, and West Indian possessions, the native seats of the cotton plant, there is no good reason to suppose that her efforts will prove unavailing, but a strong presumption that they will, ere long, be crowned with success. This affords another reason why our own cotton-growing States should enter extensively into the work of establishing cotton factories, and thus furnish a healthy home market for her raw material. Possessing every facility for manufacturing purposes, and having her factories in close proximity to her cotton fields, she could enter as a successful competitor with her manufactured articles, in the general market of the world.

While attempts to translate American cotton to India have failed, no difficulty has been met with in raising native cotton; and the fact that in Calcutta a premium of five thousand rupees has lately been offered for the best improved cotton gin, seems to indicate that they care more about stimulating the culture of the native cotton, than improving the culture of the transplanted article.

It was only ten days ago, says the North American, that we noticed an experiment that had been tried in Jamaica in raising cotton, the results of which were so remarkable that we are tempted to invite the attention of our readers to them a second time. The experiment was tried on a field of ten and three-quarter acres—virgin soil, requiring, of course, to be cleared and cleaned—and a statement was given showing all the expenses of the crop, as well as the quantity of cotton obtained, and its value. Taking the field as a single acre, and reducing the sterling currency to American dollars and cents, the account stands as follows:

EXPENSES.

Cost of cultivation of an acre, including clearing, digging, planting, weeding, and picking	$37 29
Ginning, bagging, and twine	15 84
Total expense per acre	$53 13

PRODUCT AND PROFIT.

Clean Cotton, 744 lbs. at 6d.	$89 28
Stained " 186 " " 4d.	14 88
Total....930 lbs.	104 16
Expense	53 13
Total profit	$51 03

Now, without taking note of expense and profit, we have here a total product of good and inferior cotton of no less than 930 lbs. to the acre, which, with all allowances made for first rate soil, careful culture, and good luck, must be still deemed an extraordinary result. As large a quantity has been, doubtless, occasionally raised in the United States upon an acre of good ground; but we believe the average crop in good lands in the South does not run beyond three or four hundred pounds to the acre; and, in fact, in looking over an estimate, in one of the late numbers of DeBow's Commercial Review, for what is called "a model plantation," we find the crop put down at 300 lbs. per acre. If the experiment proves anything, it proves that at least as much cotton—and good cotton, too, as we may see by the prices quoted in the statement—can be raised to the acre in Jamaica as in Mississippi; and this is a very important point ascertained.

LADIES SPRING FASHIONS.—We copy from the editor's table of Peterson's Magazine for May, the following upon the fashions, an all-engrossing subject, on the opening of the vernal season:

"The principal dress material for late spring and summer wear, will be Foulard and India silks, Grenadines, Tissues, Barage and Organdies. The latter are generally embroidered in small spots, whilst the former are covered with vines or wreaths of small figures, but of very rich and elegant colors.

"Nearly all dresses are made high in the neck, and many with tight backs. The infant waist, however, promises to be popular for summer wear, particularly for young ladies. The cadet body, which is opened three or four inches in front, but buttons up at the throat, is also much worn. Some are made high to the throat; others have the corsages partially open, so as to be worn with lace chemisetts. The front of the corsage may be ornamented with a double row of fancy buttons. Sleeves slit at the ends are those most generally adopted for high dresses, of whatever material they may be composed. The Mazurka sleeve is the newest. It is put in plain at the shoulder, and gradually widens till it reaches just below the elbow. It is very much like the Pagoda sleeve, except that it is not shorter on the inside of the arm than on the outside. Fancy buttons will be much used for trimming this season."

EVIDENCES OF FOLLY.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty.

To believe that your own relatives are the best friends you will ever meet with.

To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week.

To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that no one will visit you unless they gain some palpable advantage by it.

To get drunk and complain next morning of the headache.

To judge people's piety by their attendance at church.

To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you.

Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy because it is not bed time.

To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves.

To tell your own secrets and believe that other people will keep them.

To render a man a voluntary service, and expect him to be grateful for it.

To give a school boy pocket money and tell him not to spend it.

To buy a child a drum and punish him for beating it.

INABILITY OF IGNORANCE.—How many men, rich in physical energy, stand with folded and idle hands, because they are poor in knowledge! Tell such a man what he should do, and he is ready and willing to act. He stands still because he cannot see his way. He is uncertain, because he cannot make out which of the two plans he should choose. He is negligent, only because he is ignorant of what he ought to do, or of how it may best be done. Or if, in his physical impatience, such a man rushes forward, he fails to reach his aim, because he is deficient in the materials for successful action. How often do we see the energy of one man ill or wrongly directed, because he knows too little of what he engages in, while, under the guidance of knowledge, another is observed to be a sure stride in advance.

SOAP MAKING BY THE COLD PROCESS.—In Virginia there is a mode of making soap, adopted by the country people, which they call the "cold process," that deserves to be made generally known. It is thus described by a farmer's wife:—"I put my barrel (a common fish-barrel) in the cellar where it is intended to stand, and fill it nearly full of strong ley; then add as much grease, without melting it, as I think sufficient, stirring it once every day or two.—In a few days I can tell whether I have put too much or too little grease, and add ley or grease as the case may require. In two or three weeks it becomes excellent soap. We call it the cold process. In this way we make better soap, get rid of the trouble and risk of boiling, and can make it as suits our convenience, or occasion requires."

NO YOU DON'T.—*Scene in a Court of Justice—By witness in a case of assault on Mr. Brown.*

Judge (with dignity) Young man, do you know this Brown?

Boy, (looking roguishly at His Honor shaking his head)—no yer don't Judge.

Judge (indignantly)—what do you mean by that, sir? Answer my question—Do you know this Brown?

Boy, (with a peculiar wink) no yer don't. Judge.

Judge (in rage)—answer me, you young villain, or I will commit you for contempt of Court—Do you know this Brown?

Boy, (applying his thumb to the top of his nose, and wriggling mysteriously his elongated fingers)—yer can't come it Judge; I know what yer want—yer want me to ask what Brown, and then yer goin' to say Brown Stout? No yer don't Judge.

For the Journal.

Commissioners of Navigation.

Mr. Editor:—You will confer a favor by publishlishing in the Journal the annexed ticket for Commissioners of Navigation. The election takes place next Monday, the 6th of May, instant.

MANY VOTERS.

P. K. DICKINSON, JAMES CASSIDY,
WM. C. BETTENCOURT, WM. N. PEDEN,
JOHN WALKER.

County Convention.

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted at the meeting of the Democratic party of New Hanover county, held at the Court-House in Wilmington, on the 13th of March, 1850:

WHEREAS, there exists vacancies in the former delegation of New Hanover county in the Legislature of this State, and whereas, it has heretofore been the custom of the Democratic party of New Hanover county to hold county conventions, for the purpose of selecting suitable county candidates, and also with a view to a more perfect organization of the party in said county; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, a portion of the democratic citizens of New Hanover county, in public meeting assembled, respectfully recommend that a county convention be held at Wilmington, on Tuesday of June Court next; and

Be it further resolved, That we respectfully suggest to our democratic brethren of each Captain's precinct in said county, the propriety of their sending three delegates from each of their respective precincts, to said convention; and that said convention have full authority to nominate suitable county candidates, to be voted for at the ensuing August Election, to fill the respective offices for which they may be selected.

On motion,

Resolved, That the preamble and resolutions recommending a county convention, be requested to be published in the "Journal" till the meeting of said convention.

WM. S. LARKINS, Ch'n.

JOHN SHEPARD, Sec'y.

MARRIED,

In this county, on the 30th ult., by WM. S. LARKINS, Esq., Mr. WM. E. BUNTING, to Miss MARGARET P., daughter of Mr. DANIEL BOURDEAUX, all of this county.

In Duplin county, on Tuesday evening last, by WATSON JERNIGAN, Esq., Mr. JAMES W. DICKSON, to Miss SARAH WOLF.

In Greenville, on Thursday evening last, Mr. BLOUNT KING, of Goldsboro' to Miss MARY COOPER.

In Sampson county, on the 9th ult, Mr. JAMES H. WEST, to Miss ZADA DUDLEY, daughter of LABAN DUDLEY, Esq.

DIED.

In this town, on the 29th ult., GEORGE WELLS, an infant son of EDMUND H. and CORNELIA E. GRANT, aged 13 months, and 26 days.

In Goldsboro', on the 29th ult., MRS. E. H. SCARBOROUGH, aged 26 years, and 8 months.

In Jones county, on Saturday morning last, from the effect of a fall from a horse, Mr. J. O. LOFTIN, aged 21 years.

In Washington county, on the 12th ult., WATKAS BECKWITH, Esq., one of the oldest members of the Bar in that part of the State.

In Chatham county, STEPHEN PETTY, Esq., aged about 78.

In Charlotte, MRS. HARRIET ANN CARSON, wife of R. C. CARSON, Esq., and daughter of the late Rev. DR. WILSON.

In Mecklenburg county, on the 24th ult., MRS. ELIZA W. PARKS, wife of COL. WILLIAM N. PARKS, daughter of DR. ISAAC HAYNE, of Colleton District, S. C., and grand daughter of COL. ISAAC HAYNE, of the same place, who suffered execution for the cause of his country, in Charleston.

Commercial.

FAYETTEVILLE, April 30.—Cotton, 11½ to 11¾c. Flour has advanced, and is selling at $5 to $5 50. Corn 65 cts. Oats 35c. Rio Coffee 11½ to 12½c.

CHARLESTON, May 1.—There was a moderately fair demand for Cotton yesterday. The sales reached upwards of 1000 bales, taken mostly for shipment to Havre, and Spanish account. The transactions were at extremes, ranging from 11¼ to 12¾ cents.

NEW YORK, April 27th.—NAVAL STORES.—Generally, are steady at previous rates. The sales are 1300 bbls. North County Turpentine at $2,62½, and 270 White Rosin, $2,50 per 280 lbs.; 2000 Wilmington Common, $1,10; 2300 North County, $1,05 a $1,10, delivered; 700 do. afloat, $1, and 400 Spirits Turpentine, 32 a 33 cents, cash, and 35½, 4 mos. embracing large and small lots. Tar is dull, with a good supply, and some considerable shipments have taken place.

BOSTON, April 24th.—NAVAL STORES.—Not much doing in Spirits Turpentine. Small sales at 32½c. per gal. cash.—In Tar there have been further sales of Wilmington at $1,87½ per bbl., 6 mos. Rosin is dull and the sales limited. In Pitch, there have been sales at $1,37½ per bbl. 6 months.

NEWBERN, April 30.—Turpentine—Dip $2 a $2 10, Scrape $1 10 to $1 20; Tar $1 05; Corn $2 10 to $2 20; Peas 50 to 60c per bushel; Rough Rice 1c per lb.; Bacon 6½ to 7c; Lard 7 cents per lb. by the bbl.

NEW YORK, April 30.—Flour $5 31 a $5 75; Corn Meal 2 87 a $2 91; Rye flour 2 94 a $3 12½ per bbl.; Corn 58 a 61 cents; Wheat, red, $1 08 a $1 15; Southern white $1 25; Genesee 1 32 a $1 35; Mess pork $10 25, Prime $8 50; Lard 6c per lb.; Coffee 11c; Cotton—no sales reported; Whiskey 24c per gallon.

Naval Stores.—There is an improved demand for Naval Stores, and prices of Spirits Turpentine are tending upwards. Sales to-day of 200 bbls. at 32 a 33c per gall. Crude do. 2 75 a $2 87 per bbl.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30—6 P. M.—Flour $5 25; Corn meal $2 81; red Wheat 1 16 a $1 18, white $1 23; Corn 60c; Oats 40 a 41c; Rye 60 a 62c; Mess pork 10 56 a $10 75, prime $8 87; Lard 6½ a 6¾c per lb; Rice 3½ a 3¾c per lb; Wool 30 a 40c per lb; Whiskey 23 a 24c per gall.

Marine Intelligence.

PORT OF WILMINGTON, NORTH-CAROLINA.

ARRIVED.

April 24—Schr. George M. Robertson, McFarland, Baltimore, to Ellis & Russell. Mdze. to sundry persons.

25—Brig Tangier, Park, Havana, molasses, to Potter & Kidder.

27—Schr Helene, Griffing, Charleston, in ballast, to DeRosset & Brown.

29—Steamer Rowan, Hurt, Fayetteville, to J. Banks.

30—Steamer Evergreen, Rush, Fayetteville, to Carroll & Fennell.

May 1—Schr. Monteray, McIntyre, Boston, to G. W. Davis.

2—Schr. L. P. Smith, Smith, New York, to DeRosset & Brown.

CLEARED.

26—Schr. Col. Hansen, Wait, Boston, by E. J. Lutterloh; with 100 bbls. spirits turpentine, 200 do. tar, 341 do. rosin, 230 do. pitch, 4000 staves.

27—Brig Charles Wooster, Boston, by W. M. Harriss; with 86,000 feet lumber, 225 bbls. rosin.

Brig Mary Ellen, Morrow, Boston, by W. M. Harriss; with 128,000 feet lumber.

Schr. Leesburg, Boon, Philadelphia, by DeRosset & Brown; with naval stores, lumber, &c.

Schr. Alaric, Sanford, New York, by DeRosset & Brown; with naval stores, rice, &c.

Schr. Penn, Roberts, Waldoboro', Me., by Russell & Kendrick; with 50,000 feet timber, 23,000 do. lumber, 40 bbls. tar.

Schr. Madagascar, McFarland, New York, by Potter & Kidder; with 90,000 feet timber.

29—Schr. Emeline, Harding, Wilmington, Del., by Leighton, Chadbourn & Co.; with timber and lumber.

Schr. Mohawk, Johnson, Newcastle, Me., by Ellis & Russell; with 100,000 feet lumber.

30—Barque Thomas Prince, Hallowell, Antwerp, by DeRosset & Brown; with 10,000 bushels rough rice.

Brig Denmark, Woodbury, Baltimore, by G. W. Davis; with 111,000 feet lumber.

Brig Francisco, Smith, Matanzas, by Barry, Bryant & Adams; with 140,000 feet lumber.

May 1—Schr. Pushaw, Smith, Boston, by Potter & Kidder; with 90,000 ft. S. S. lumber, 5,000 R. O. hhd. staves.

Schr. Waterville, Gove, Cardenas, by Barry, Bryant & Adams; with 100,000 feet lumber.

3—Schr. Helene, Griffing, N. York, by DeRosset & Brown.

Brig Marcia, at Bath, Me., from this port, lost mainsail, both jibs, and part of deck load of turpentine, 31st March, off Hatteras.

Schr. Vandalia, Mullen, from this port, for Hartford, Conn., with loss of mainboom, foresail, jib, and head rails, put in Holmes's Hole 15th inst.

Br. Schr. Latimer, from this port for Liverpool, put in to Milford, Eng., on 22d March, with loss of jibboom, bobstay, and bowsprit shrouds, having been in contact with another vessel at sea.

Br. Schr. Velocity, of Prince Edward Island, Anderson, from Wilmington, with staves and shingles, took fire 9th ult. off Cape Hatteras, and burned to the waters edge Captain and crew saved.

BEAUMARIS, March 31st. The John, from Wilmington lost her rudder during the gale last night.

JUST Received per Schr. L. P. Smith, from New York—4 quarter casks Muscat Wine;
10 boxes Candy; 50 Demijohns;
2 firkins Butter; 25 bags Coffee;
100 barrels Whiskey;
50 doz. more of that fine cut Tobacco, in foil, fresh.
For sale by HOWARD & PEDEN.

BACON! Bacon!!—3,000 lbs. of Hams, Sides and Shoulders, all fresh and new from Wayne County, low for cash at GEO. H. KELLEY'S.

COTTON Yarn and Sheeting.—3 bales of Cotton Yarns, from 5 to 10's, from Blount's Creek Factory; 2 bales of Cotton Sheetings, a superior article, from Blount's Creek Factory; low for cash at GEO. H. KELLEY'S.

For Sheriff.

☞ We are authorized to announce THOS. H. WILLIAMS as a candidate for the office of Sheriff at the ensuing election.

March 15, 1850 27-tf

☞ We are authorized to announce GEORGE ALDERMAN as a candidate for Sheriff at the ensuing election.

March 15, 1850 27-tc

Town papers please copy till election.

VOTERS OF NEW HANOVER—I announce myself a candidate for the Sheriffalty of your County, and solicit your votes at the ensuing election. S. D. WALLACE.

March 8, 1850 26-tf

Papers of the town will copy till otherwise ordered.

To the Independent Voters of New Hanover County:

FELLOW-CITIZENS—In accordance with the wishes of a number of my friends, I beg leave to offer myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Should you honor me with your suffrages, I pledge myself to discharge its duties with fidelity and impartiality. G. J. MOORE.

New Hanover county, Feb'y 22, 1850 23-tc

☞ We are authorized to announce Mr. WILLIAM SELLARS as a candidate for Major of the 30th Regiment North Carolina Militia, at the election on the first Saturday (4th) in May next.

March 15, 1850 27-tc

☞ We are authorized to announce Capt. ASA A. HARTSFIELD, as a candidate for Major of the 30th Regiment North Carolina Militia, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Major DAVID WILLIAMS.

April 5, 1850. 30-tc

To the Independent Voters of 30th Reg't N. C. Militia:

FELLOW-CITIZENS—In accordance with the wish of a number of my friends, I beg leave to offer myself as a candidate for the office of Major of the above Regiment, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Major DAVID WILLIAMS. I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with fidelity and impartiality. JOHN W. HOWARD.

Topsail Sound, New Hanover co., April 19, 1850 32-tf

Wholesale Prices Current.

WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1850.

BACON, per pound.			
Hams,	8	a	8½
Middlings,	6½	a	7½
Shoulders,	6	a	6½
Hog round,	7	a	7½
Western,	5½	a	6
BEANS, per bush.			
White,	70	a	75
BEESWAX,			
Per pound,	18	a	20
BUTTER,			
Per pound,	15	a	25
BEEF, per bbl.			
N. Mess,	12 50	a	14 00
Do. Prime,	7 00	a	9 00
BEEF CATTLE,			
Per 100 lbs.,	6 00	a	6 25
CORN,			
Per bushel,		a	54
Meal, bush.,	60	a	62½
COFFEE, per lb.			
Rio,	12	a	13
St. Domingo,	10	a	12
Laguyra,	12½	a	13½
Cuba,	00	a	00
Java,		a	..
CANDLES, per lb.			
Tallow,	14	a	16
Sperm,	40	a	45
Adamantine,	31	a	32
EGGS, per doz.,	10	a	12½
FEATHERS,			
Per pound,	00	a	35
FLOUR, per barrel.			
Canal,	7 00	a	7 50
Fayetteville,	5 25	a	5 75
HAY, per 100 lbs.			
North River,	55	a	60
Eastern,	65	a	70
IRON, per lb.	4¼	a	5½
LARD, per lb.			
No. Carolina,	7	a	7½
Western,	6½	a	7
LIME, per barrel.			
Thomastown,	70	a	1 00
LUMBER, River, per M.			
Floor. B'ds,	11 00	a	11 25
Wide do.	0 00	a	4 00
Scantling,	0 00	a	0 00
LIQUORS, per gallon.			
N. E. Rum,	30	a	33
Gin,	28	a	30
Whiskey, rec.	31	a	32
Do. N.O. do.	29	a	30
Do. Old Nick,	00	a	75
Apple Brandy,	30	a	40
Peach do.	00	a	00
MOLASSES, per gall.			
West Indies,	18	a	20
New Orleans,	00	a	00
MACKEREL, per bbl.			
No. 1,	0 00	a	0 00
No. 2,	0 00	a	0 00
No. 3,	0 00	a	3 50
MULLETS,			
Per barrel,	4 00	a	4 50
NAILS, per lb.,	4	a	5

NAVAL STORES,			
Turpentine, per bbl.	250 lbs.		
Yellow Dip,	1 95	a	2 00
Virgin Dip,	1 60	a	3 65
Hard,	1 10	a	1 15
Tar,	1 10	a	1 15
Pitch,	0 00	a	1 00
Rosin, No. 1,	0 00	a	0 00
Do. No. 2,	0 00	a	0 00
Do. No. 3,	70	a	75
Sp'ts Turp., per gallon,	24½	a	00
Varnish, pr gal.	20	a	22
OIL, per gallon.			
Sperm,	75	a	1 37
Linseed, N C.	80	a	85
Neats Foot,	00	a	0 00
PEAS, per bushel.			
Ground,	0 00	a	0 00
Black Eye,	60	a	65
Cow,	65	a	70
PORK, per barrel.			
Nor. Mess,	12 00	a	12 50
Do. Prime,	9 50	a	10 00
Fresh, per lb.	0	a	0
POTATOES.			
Irish, bbl.,	0 00	a	1 00
Sweet, bush.,	40	a	50
POULTRY.			
Chickens, live,	10	a	15
Do. dead,	12½	a	25
Turkeys, live,	40	a	80
Do. dead,	40	a	1 00
RICE, per 100 lbs.			
Clean, cask,	3 12½	a	3 25
Rough, bush.,	00	a	00
SALT, per bushel.			
Turks Island,	00	a	15½
Liv'l sack,	00	a	1 00
SOAP, per lb.,	4	a	6
SHINGLES, per M.			
Country,		a	1 50
Contract,	0 00	a	3 00
STEEL, per lb,	12	a	25