THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., MONDAY, JULY 1, 1850.

Authorized Agents.

JAMES M. REDMOND, Tarboro', Edgecombe county, N. C.
JOSIAH JOHNSON, Clinton, Sampson county.
JOSEPH R. KEMP, Bladen county.
Dr. SHERWOOD, Strickland's Depot, Duplin county.
B. S. KOONCE, Richland, Onslow county.
B. BARNES, Black Creek, Wayne county.

VOLNEY B. PALMER is authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Journal, in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and receipt for payment for the same.

From the North Carolina Standard.

Sketches of the North Carolina Press.

NO. 2.

"Messenger of grief,
Perhaps to thousands, and joy to some;
* * * * * * * * *
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not e'en critics criticise, that holds inquisitive attention.
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?"—COWPER.

In the first number on this subject, published some short time since, the history of the Press was collated from its discovery in the 15th century down to our Revolution. The Press of our own State, from its first introduction into the Province in 1749, by James Davis, and the names and characters of the different Editors were stated.

From that period to the present much information is collected, yet much is needed to make its history complete and satisfactory.

The ruling powers of England seemed, says Williamson, in his History of North Carolina, vol. 1, 165, to have regarded knowledge as a dangerous plant in the Provinces, else they would not have instructed Lord Effingham, the Governor of Virginia, "not to suffer the use of a Printing Press on any occasion whatever." It was a cause of gratitude, for which Sir William Berkley gave thanks to Heaven, "that there was not a Printing Office in any of the Southern Provinces."

Surely, if such subjects afforded his Lordship any cause of congratulation, the early history of our State must have filled his loyal heart with happiness.

But, under the influence of free government, the Press, during the period which we are now considering, has attained in our Government position and power hitherto unknown in the history of our race.

Tymperly, in his Encyclopædia of Literary and Typographical Anecdote, informs us that the United States had, in 1834, with a population of 13,000,000, more newspapers than all Europe with a population of 100,000,000!

Such are consequences of institutions and laws that realize the idea of Locke's perfection of a Government, where every man may think what he pleases and speak what he thinks.

At the commencement of the Revolution of 1776, the only newspapers in our State were at Newbern, Wilmington, Halifax, Edenton, and Hillsborough.

In 1812, there were newspapers printed at Newbern, Wilmington, Edenton, Tarborough, Murfreesborough, Fayetteville, Raleigh, and Warrenton.

It is to be regretted that no files are extant of this period, or within the control of the writer of this sketch, which show "the form and pressure of the times," or the characters of the Editors.

We observe that the Legislature of Wisconsin, at a recent session, has ordered that the County Court Clerks of each County shall subscribe, in the name of the County, for a copy of each paper printed in the County, for reference, to be bound up and preserved.

It would be a worthy enactment of our General Assembly; and further, to direct the State Librarian to procure a copy of each paper printed in the State, to be preserved in like manner. Their value would increase with their years, and be a most useful and reliable source of reference.

The Constitution, made at Halifax in 1776, was printed, as well as the Acts of the Legislature, the first that assembled under the Constitution, by James Davis, at Newbern, in April, 1777.

James Davis was, as stated in a previous number of these sketches, a Virginian by birth, and was appointed, under the Colonial Government, Post Master at Newbern, by Benjamin Franklin, and also held the commission of a magistrate, from Gov. Tryon—the last but one of the Royal Governors.

The Private Acts of the General Assembly, from 1715 to 1790, were printed at Newbern, by Francois X. Martin, in 1794.

The life and character of Francois Xavier Martin is full of interest.

The lesson it teaches is full of encouragement to the industrious, prudent and persevering. He was a Frenchman by birth, as his name indicates, without fortune and friends, but by application and industry rose to the highest ranks of society. In 1791, the Legislature afforded him aid in publishing the statutes of England in force and use in this State. In 1803 he was employed by the same to publish a revisal of the acts of the Proprietary, Royal and State Governments. In 1809, he was appointed by Mr. Madison to a judicial office, first in Mississippi Territory, afterwards Orleans; and when the latter became a State, Louisiana, he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of that State, in which office, he recently died, full of years, wealth and honor. In 1829, he published a History of North Carolina, in two volumes.

Abraham Hodge, uncle of William Boylan, Esq., of Raleigh, was a cotemporary, and was early an extensive printer in the State. Of his life, character and death, the writer is not informed.

The name of Joseph Gales appears in Tymperly's Encyclopædia as the publisher of the Sheffield Register No. 1, in England, in June, 1787. He fled to America from the persecutions of tyranny in 1794, and settled in Raleigh, where in 1799, he established the present Raleigh Register, now conducted by his grandson, Seaton Gales, Esq. In 1801, the office of the Register, with all its appliances, was burned to the ground; but by the generous aid of friends with the enterprize of the Editor, it revived, and took an active part for the country, in its perilous contest with England in the war of 1812.

An accurate account of his typographical labors, by a faithful and familiar hand, would fill the period now alluded to, and is most desirable to the country. To those who have the material at hand, and more ability than the writer of this, this duty is confided. By many now alive, he is remembered with pleasure. His life was inoffensive and full of gentleness, and his talents and his virtues have left behind a character worthy of regard and emulation.

The Newspapers now published in North Carolina, are as follows:

1. Aurora, Wilmington, by Henry I. Toole.
2. Albermarle Bulletin, Edenton, by T. C. Manning.
3. Asheville Messenger, Asheville, J. M. Edney.
4. Buncombe Dollar News, Atkin and Sherwood.
5. Biblical Recorder, Raleigh, Thomas Meredith.
6. Common School Advocate, Guilford, N. Mendenhall.
7. Carolina Watchman, Salisbury, Bruner and James.
8. Christian Sun, Pittsborough, Com. Chris. Church.
9. Charlotte Journal, Charlotte, T. J. Holton.
10. Communicator, Fayetteville, William Potter.
11. Deaf Mute, Raleigh, W. D. Cooke.
12. Fayetteville Observer, Fayetteville, E. J. Hale.
13. Goldsborough Patriot, Goldsborough, W. Robinson.
14. Goldsboro' Telegraph, Goldsboro', W. F. S. Alston.
15. Granville Whig, Oxford, George Wortham.
16. Greensboro' Patriot, Greensboro', Swaim & Sherwood.
17. Halifax Republican, Halifax, C. N. Webb.
18. Hillsborough Recorded, Dennis Heartt.
19. Hillsborough Democrat, John N. Bunting.
20. Hornet's Nest, Charlotte, J. L. Badger.
21. Lincoln Courier, Lincolnton, Thomas J. Eccles.
22. Lincoln Republican, Lincolnton, J. D Newson.
23. Milton Chronicle, Milton, C. N. B. Evans.
24. Mountain Banner, Rutherfordton, Thos. A. Hayden.
25. North Carolina Standard, Raleigh, W. W. Holden.
26. North Carolinian, Fayetteville, Wm. H. Bayne.
27. North Carolina Herald, Asheborough, R. H. Brown.
28. North Carolina Farmer, Raleigh, Thos. J. Lemay.
29. Newbernian, Newbern, Wm. H. Mayhew.
30. Newbern Republican, Newbern, Wm. B. Gulick.
31. North State Whig, Washington, H. Dimmock.
32. Old North State, Elizabeth City, S. D. Poole.
33. Primitive Baptist, Raleigh Burwell Temple.
34. Plymouth Times, Plymouth, Wm. Eborn.
35. Raleigh Register, Raleigh, Seaton Gales.
36. Raleigh Star, Raleigh, Thomas J. Lemay & Son.
37. Raleigh Times, Raleigh, C. C. Robateau.
38. Religious Intelligencer, Wilmington, J. McDaniel.
39. Spirit of the Age, Raleigh, Alex. M. Gorman.
40. Southern Advocate, Raleigh, Burwell Temple.
41. Tarborough Free Press, Tarboro', Geo. Howard, Jr.
42. Wilmington Chronicle, Wilmington, A. A. Brown.
43. Wilmington Journal, Wilmington, Fulton & Price.
44. Wilmington Commercial, Wilmington, T. Loring.
45. Wadesborough Argus, Wadesboro', Samuel Fulton.
46. Weldon Herald, Weldon, Jas. F. Simmons.

It would extend this sketch far beyond its proper length to detail in this number the merits of each paper, or to attempt to sketch the character and pursuit of each of the proprietors. The material has been procured, and will be given in another number, at some future period. This shall be done fairly and justly—"nothing extenuated or set down in malice," so that those who come after us shall not be at the same loss, as we are now, of the name, character and talents of those who exercise at this day so important an influence on the public mind and morals. TACITUS.

A Good Plain Cook.

Young ladies of the leisure classes are educated to become uncommonly acute critics of all that pertains to personal blandishment. They keep an uncompromisingly tight hand over their milliners and ladies' maids. They can tell to a thread when a flounce is too narrow or a tuck too deep. They are taught to a shade what colors suit their respective complexions, and to a hair how their *coiffure* ought to be arranged. Woe unto the seamstress or handmaiden who sins in these matters! But her "good plain cook"—when a damsel is promoted to wedlock, and owns one—passes unreproached for the most heinous offences. Badly seasoned and ill-assimilated soup; fish, without any fault of the fishmonger, soft and flabby; meat, rapidly roasted before fierce fires, burnt outside and raw within; poultry rendered by the same process tempting to the eye, till dissection reveals red and uncooked joints! These crimes, from their frequency and the ignorance of "the lady of the house," remain unpunished. Whereupon, husbands, tired of their Barmecide feasts—which disappoint the taste more because they have often a promising look to the eye—prefer better fare at their clubs; and escape the Scylla of bad digestion to be wrecked on the Charybdis of domestic discord. All this is owing to the wife's culinary ignorance, and to your "Good Plain Cooks."

We do not say that the daughters of the wealthy and well-to-do should be submitted to regular kitchen apprenticeships, and taught the details of cookery, any more than that they should learn to make shoes or to fit and sew dresses. But it is desirable that they should acquire *principles*—such principles as would enable them to apply prompt correction to the errors of their hired cooks. It is no very bold assertion that were such a knowing and judicious supervision generally exercised, the stomach diseases, under which half our nation is said to groan, would be materially abated.

Let us take a step or two lower in the ladder of English life, where circumstances oblige the Good Plain Cook and the wife to be one and the same person. Many a respectable clerk, and many a small farmer, is doomed from one year's end to another to a wearying disproportion of cold, dry, uncomfortable dinners, because his wife's knowledge of cookery takes no wider range than that which pertains to the roasted, boiled, and fried. Thousands of artisans and laborers are deprived of half the actual nutriment of food, and of all the legitimate pleasures of the table, because their better halves—though good plain cooks, in the ordinary acceptation of the term—are in utter darkness as to economising and rendering palatable the daily sustenance of their families. "If we could see," says a writer before quoted, "by the help of an Asmodeus what is going on at the dinner hour of the humbler of the middle class, what a spectacle of discomfort, waste, ill-temper, and consequent ill-conduct it would be! The man quarrels with his wife because there is nothing he can eat, and he generally makes up in drink for the deficiencies in the article of food. Gin is the consolation to the spirits and the resource to the baulked appetite. There is thus not only the direct waste of food and detriment to health, but the farther consequent waste of the use of spirits, with its injury to the habits and the health. On the other hand, people who eat well, drink moderately; the satisfaction of appetite with relish dispensing with recourse to stimulants. Good humor, too, and good health follow a good meal, and by a good meal we mean anything, however simple, well dressed in its way. A rich man may live very expensively and very ill, and a poor man very frugally but very well, if it be his good fortune to have a good cook in his wife or his servant; and a ministering angel a good cook is, either in the one capacity or the other, not only to those in humble circumstances, but to many above them of the class served by what are self-termed professed cooks, which is too frequently an affair of profession purely, and who are to be distinguished from plain cooks only in this, that they require larger wages for spoiling food, and spoil much more in quantity, and many other articles to boot.

Great would be the advantage to the community if cookery were made a branch of female education. To the poor, the gain would be incalculable. "Amongst the prizes which the Bountifuls of both sexes are fond of bestowing in the country," we quote the *Examiner*, "we should like to see some offered for the best boiled potato, the best grilled mutton chop, and the best seasoned hotch-potch soup or broth. In writing of a well-boiled potato, we are aware that we shall incur the contempt of many for attaching importance to a thing they suppose to be so common; but the fact is that their contempt arises, as is often the origin of contempt, from their ignorance, there not being one person in ten thousand who has ever seen and tasted that great rarity—a well-boiled potato."

This is scarcely an exaggeration. The importance attached to the point by the highest gastronomic authorities, is shown by what took place, some years since, at the meeting of a Pall Mall Club Committee specially called for the selection of a cook. The candidates were an Englishman, from the Albion Tavern, and a Frenchman recommended by Ude. The eminent divine who presided in right of distinguished connoisseurship put the first question to the candidates. It was this:—"Can you boil a potato?"

Let us hope that these hints will fructify and be improved upon, and that the first principles of cooking will become, in some way, a part of female education. In schools, however, this will be difficult.—It can only be a branch of household education; and until it does so become, we shall continue to be afflicted with Good Plain Cooks.—*Household Words.*

A Bolt.

Sammy Huggins was wont to visit the widow Muggins at sundry times and oft—albeit, he was slow at making a point. The widow was right glad to receive the man Sammy, but nevertheless was sorely displeased at his tardiness in making known his desires. Now the man Sammy wot not of the widow's anxieties, nor had he set his whole heart upon the woman, but he loved right well to sit and smoke his pipe beside the widow. One evening, after a long absence, Sammy hied himself to the widow's whereabouts; but as he crossed the threshold of her domicil he was amazed beyond measure, for lo and behold! the odor of burnt tobacco, even the Virginia plant, saluted his nostrils; whereupon, the man Sammy did question the widow Muggins touching the fumes of the weed which did fill her apartment. Then did the cunning woman open her mouth and thus make speech: "I was weary, my love, in waiting for thy sweet company, with which whilom thou wert wont to bless me withal; so anon, in order to remind me of thyself, I didst procure the fragrant weed, and, laying it straightway upon the coals, it did forthwith send out its sweet smelling savor to gladden my heart withal, teaching me to think of thee!" As soon as the widow had spoken these words, Sammy Huggins did fly into the widow Muggins's open and willing arms; he did forthwith make an avowal which was most graciously received, and, ere the month was wasted, the twain, by the aid of Parson Hummins, were made one flesh. CYMON.

RAVEL AND THE DANDY.—M. Antoine Ravel, the successor of Gabriel, and his close rival in pantomine, is the hero of a capital story in the Boston Post. He was in the gymnasium one day, it seems, when one of the Boston bloods entered, and took him for a green horn; offering his services to show him how to do things, &c. At last Ravel allowed his teacher to give him a lesson with the gloves, and even to get the better of him, seemingly, for a while. Having indulged the young gentleman in this way a little time, much to his satisfaction, and after the young gentleman had settled and shrugged up his shoulders a number of times, with an air of self-consequence, they walked up to the chalk for the third time, the stranger saying he believed he had learned the *modus operandi* of the thing, as he at once commenced cuffing our young hero, not only on both ears, but occasionally rubbing his nose with the glove to such an extent that his Southern friends at once burst into a tremendous shout of laughter, that so mortified his vanity he rushed in, letting fly first left, then right, and the stranger "countered," and my young hero supposed he had knocked the stranger into the "middle of next week." What was his surprise on seeing his antagonist turn two back sommersets, pulling off the gloves as he was spinning in the air! The Post describes the chagrin of the dandy pugilist when the proprietor of the gymnasium entered, and said to the "green horn," "Good morning, M. Ravel!"

An exchange paper says: "When you see a gentleman, at midnight, sitting on the stoop in front of his house, combing his hair with the door scraper, you may conclude he has been out at an evening party."

Admiration profits not so much the object as the subject of it. While rejoicing that a man is great we have also reason to rejoice that we are able to appreciate his worth.

From the Louisville Courier.

New Version of Widow Machree.

BY D. J. LYONS.

Och, Widow Machree, when cowld weather comes on,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
It isn't myself will be singing this song,
Och hone, Widow Machree;
For, sure as I live, this body I'll give
To the fishes that swim away down in the sea;
And the sprat and the herrin shall come to my berrin,
Och hone, Widow Machree.

Och, Widow Machree, whin you hear of my fate,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
The big tears may rowl down, but 'twill thin be too late,
Och hone, Widow Machree;
For even the whale, at the sight, will look pale,
As with a heart full of pity he glares upon me—
In the salt briny wave he will dig my cowld grave,
Och hone, Widow Machree.

Och, Widow Machree, whin you marry O'Flynn,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
And sit by the fireside a looking at him,
Och hone, Widow Machree;
With a tear in your eye, and perhaps with a sigh,
You'll remember that I loved you better than he;
But the mermaids, poor man, will be atin' me thin,
Och hone, Widow Machree.

Och, Widow Machree, don't be snoring so loud,
Och hone, Widow Machree,
'Tis awake you should be, and a making my shroud,
Och hone, Widow Machree;
Have pity, I pray, and only jist say,
That, at some future day, you will smile upon me,
And bad luck to the fish that would make me his dish,
Och hone, Widow Machree.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Dance Light, for my Heart it lies under your Feet, Love.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel—
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree—
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest-moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
So she couldn't but choose to—go off to the dancing.
And now on the green, the glad groups are seen—
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing—
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulse throb wildly.
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eyes, as he cries with a sigh,
"*Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!*"

A Corn Shucking.

But you must hear of the corn shucking. The one at which I was present was given on purpose that I might witness the humors of the Carolina negroes. A huge fire of *light-wood* was made near the corn house. Light-wood is the wood of the long-leaved pine, and is so called, not because it is light, for it is almost the heaviest wood in the world, but because it gives more light than any other fuel. In clearing land, the pine are girdled and left to stand; the outer portion of the wood decays and falls off; the inner part, which is saturated with turpentine, remains upright for years, and constitutes the planters provision of fuel. When a supply is wanted, one of these dead trunks is felled by the axe. The abundance of light-wood is one of the boasts of Carolina. Wherever you are, if you happen to be chilly, you may have a fixed extempore; a bit of light-wood and a coal give you a bright blaze and a strong heat in an instant. The negroes make fires of it in the fields where they work; and, when the mornings are wet and chilly, in the pens where they are milking the cows. At a plantation, where I passed a frosty night, I saw fires in a small enclosure, and was told by the lady of the house that she had ordered them to be made to warm the cattle.

The light-wood fire was made, and the negroes dropped in from the neighboring plantations, singing as they came. The driver of the plantation, a colored man, brought out baskets of corn in the husk, and piled it in a heap; and the negroes began to strip the husks from the ears, singing with great glee as they worked, keeping time to the music, and now and then throwing in a joke and an extravagant burst of laughter. The songs were generally of a comic character; but one of them was set to singularly wild and plaintive air, which some of our musicians would do well to reduce to notation. These are the words:

"Johnny come down de hollow,
Oh hollow!
Johnny come down de hollow,
Oh hollow!
De nigger-trader got me,
Oh hollow!
De speculator bought me,
Oh hollow!
I'm sold for silver dollars,
Oh hollow!
Boys, go catch de pony,
Oh hollow!
Bring him round de corner,
Oh hollow!
I'm goin' away to Georgia,
Oh hollow!
Boys, good-bye forever!
Oh hollow!"

The song of "Jenny gone away," was also given, and another, called the monkey song, probably of African origin, in which the principal singer personated a monkey, with all sorts of odd gesticulations, and the other negroes bore part in the chorus, "Dan, dan, who's de daddy!" One of the songs, commonly sung on these occasions, represents the various animals of the woods as belonging to some profession or trade. For example—

"De cooter is de boatman—"

The cooter is the terrapin, and a very expert boatman he is.

"De cooter is de boatman.
John John Crow.
De red-bird de soger.
John John Crow.
De mocking-bird de lawyer.
John John Crow.
De aligator sawyer.
John John Crow."

The alligator's back is furnished with a toothed ridge, like the edge of a saw, which explains the last line.

When the work of the evening was over, the negroes adjourned to a spacious kitchen. One of them took his place as musician, whistling and beating time with two sticks upon the floor. Several of the men came forward and executed various dances, capering, prancing, and drumming with heel and toe upon the floor, with astonishing agility and perseverance, though all of them had performed their daily tasks and had worked all the evening, and some had walked four to seven miles to attend the corn shucking. From the dances a transition was made to a mock military parade, a sort of burlesque of our militia trainings, in which the words of command and the evolutions were extremely ludicrous. It became necessary for the commander to make a speech, and confessing his incapacity for public speaking, he called upon a huge black man named Toby to address the company in his stead. Toby, a man of powerful frame, six feet high, his face ornamented with a beard of fashionable cut, had hitherto stood leaning against the wall, looking upon the frolic with an air of superiority. He consented, came forward, and demanded a bit of paper to hold in his hand, and harangued the soldiery. It was evident that Toby had listened to stump speeches in his day. He spoke of "de majority of Sous Carolina," "de interests of de State," "de honor of ole Ba'nwell district," and these phrases he connected by various expletives, and sounds of which we could make nothing. At length he began to falter, when the captain with admirable presence of mind came to his relief, and interrupted and closed the harangue with a hurrah from the company. Toby was allowed by all the spectators, black and white, to have made an excellent speech.

THEREBY HANGS NO TAIL.—The last comet reported in our firmament by the stargazer is said to be destitute of a caudal appendage.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY AND FOREIGN BLUSTER.—*Discussed by the British Lion and the American Eagle.*—American Eagle (meeting British Lion.) Good morning to you, old fellow. You're lookin spry. And so you ort. You feel proud of yourself, don't you? Oh! in course you du. The thought that we've been a behavin brave, and noble and ginerous, is a pleasant one to chew upon, ain't it? Oh! you're a magnanimous beast, you are, and have just been showin yourself such—that's a fact. There is none of the cur in your natur, is there? Oh, no! Not the least mixtur in you of the coward and the bull——

British Lion.—What the deuce do you mean?

American Eagle.—Oh, you've been actin a fine part toward Greece, hav'nt you? Going to war with that air great and powerful nation, for little more but to recover a debt for that sorter British subject, sorter Portuguese, kinder Jew, Don Pacifico.

British Lion.—Come, none of your chaffing. The horror of England demands that the smallest wrong, offered by whomsoever, to the humblest of her Majesty's subjects, shall be redressed.

American Eagle.—Now, you cantin, braggin, untruthful old loafer, have you got the face to tell me that sir? When I know, and you know, and know that I know, that let the worst injuries be done to any on 'em, by them as you think you can't afford the quarrel with, and you'll pocket the affront like dollars, and eat humble pie as fast as buffalo hump.

British Lion.—You are speaking in joke of course; but really I cannot allow you to continue to use this language. It won't do.

American Eagle.—I in joke? I never was more serious at a camp meetin, I tell you. You can't allow me to talk so! I should like to know how you are to hinder me, you blusterin old quadruped. Won't do? It will do, every spite of your teeth, as easy as I'd give my old mare a hossball.

British Lion.—Well, well—I shan't let you put me in a passion.

American Eagle.—No, I expect you won't; or, if you do, you'll shut up your feelins in your own buzzum tight. You'll tie the valve down, you will, and keep your steam in, and I hope it won't bust you.—And now, as all your Queen's subjects is to have their part took agin the world, how about that air nigger of yourn, as was hauled out of one of your merchant ships only because he was a nigger, and for no other reason on airth, by our free and independent citizens, and locked up in the common gaol whilst the vessel stopped in port, accordin to law in such case made and provided, at Charleston, South Carolina, U. S.

British Lion.—Diplomatic negotiations are now in contemplation, with a view to remove an anomaly which, I trust, will continue to exist much longer in the relations between Great Britain and the American Republic.

American Eagle.—And if your diplomatic negotiations fail, you'll send Admiral Parker and a fleet to blockade New York, won't you? You'll seize all the craft you can catch off Long Island, till such time as we larn to respect the persons of your blessed niggers. But wouldn't you have done all this long afore, if New York had been Athens, and Pacifico the nigger imprisoned at Charleston? Oh, you are an awful Lion to the weak, you are; but there ain't a lamb milder to them that is likely to show you the smallest fight.—*Punch.*

Wonderful Log Rolling at the West.

An Englishman who was lately travelling on the Mississippi, told some rather tough stories about the London thieves. A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent, but expressive humph! and then remarked that he thought the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.

'How so?' inquired the Englishman, with surprise. 'Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?'

'Not a great deal. I undertook to settle up a business at the Desmoins Rapids awhile ago, but the rascally people stole nearly everything I had, and finally a Welch miner ran off with my wife.'

'Good God!' said the Englishman. 'And you never found her?'

'Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it.'

'*Worst!* Why, what *could* be worse than stealing a man's wife?'

'Stealing his children, I should say,' said the implacable Case.

'Childern!'

'Yes; a nigger woman, who had'nt any of her own, abducted my youngest daughter and sloped and jined the Ingins.'

'Great heaven! Did you see her do it?'

'See her? Yes, and she hand'nt ten rods the start of me; but she plunged into the lake and swam off like a duck, and there warn't a canoe to follow her with.'

The Englishman laid back in his chair and called for another mug of aff-an-aff, while Case smoked his cigar and looked at his credulous friend at the same time most remorselessly.

'I—I shan't go any further West—I *think*,' at length observed the excited John Bull.

'I should not advise ann one to go,' said Case, quietly. 'My brother once live there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country.'

'What business was he in, pray?'

'Lumbering—had a saw mill.'

'And they stole his lumber?'

'Yes, and his saw logs, too."

'Saw logs!'

'Yes, whole dozens of fine black walnut logs were carried off in a single night—

'True upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it; had men hired to watch his logs; but it was all of no use. They would whip 'em away as easily as if there has been nobody there. They would steal them out of the cove, and even out of the millways.'

'Good gracious!'

'Just to give you an idea how they can steal out there,' continued Case, sending a sly wink at the listening company, 'just to give you an *idea*—did you ever work in a saw mill?'

'Never.'

'Well, my brother, one day, bought an all fired fine black walnut log—four feet three at the butt and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep *that* log, any how, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well they took a small demijohn full of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side hill above the mill, and built a fire, and then sot down on the log to play keerds, just to keep awake, you see. 'Twas a monsus big log—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was sayin', they played keerds and drank whiskey all night, and as it began to grow light, went to sleep a-straddle of the log. About a minet after daylight, George went over to the mill to see how they got on, and *the log was gone!*'

'And they setting on it?'

'*Setting on the bark!* The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt eend which pinted down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on, and pulled it it right out, leaving the shell and the Scotchers setting a-straddle of it fast asleep.

The Englishman here rose, dropped his cigar stump into the spittoon, and looking at his watch, said he thought he would go on deck and see how far we'd be down the river before morning.

FIT THOUGHTS.—Let your thoughts be fit or suitable to the subject. Every day have high thoughts of God—lower thoughts of self, kinder thoughts of your brethren, and more hopeful thoughts of all around you.

WANTED TO KNOW.—If steam-ships are used in navigating the "sea of troubles."

If ships in "stays" are adicted to "tight lacing."

If it is owing to the rate of interment being cheap that so many are "buried in oblivion."

Whether the sun shone during the "dark ages."

How cupid, being blind, manages to aim when he shoots his arrows.

Whether the "tale" which the ghost of Hamlet's father could unfold, was "founded on fact."

The elevation of the "pinacle of fame," above the ocean.

The extreme length of the "long parliament."

If Hydropathic treatment would be likely to cure the "eruptions" of Mount Ætna.

The milita officers are not the proudest men in the world, we always believed: and the following anecdote goes far to prove that their humility is occasionally imitated, as well in its perceptive sense:

'Cuff,' said one of these dignatries to a negro at his side, as he prepared to swallow his fifth invoice of 'hardware,' 'Cuff, you're a good, honest fellow, and I like to compliment a man whats's lived an honest life, if he is black—you shall take a glass o' sumthin to drink with me, eh?'

'Well captain,' replied Cuff, wiping his mouth with the nether end of his shining coat sleeve, 'I's bery dry, so I wont be ugly 'bout it. Some niggers is too proud to drink with a milishy ossifer—but I think a milishy ossifer—when he's sober—is jis as good as a nigger—specially if *de nigger's dry!*'

The Sheriffalty.

☞ We are authorized to announce THOMAS J. ARMSTRONG as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of New Hanover County.

June 28, 1850 — 42-te

FELLOW-CITIZENS—It being out of my power to canvass the County, I beg to remind you that I continue a candidate for the office of Sheriff, and I respectfully ask your support as liberally as though you were personally solicited.

Your fellow-citizen, S. D. WALLACE.

June 28, 1850 — 42-te

Other papers will discontinue former notice, and insert this till election.

To the Freemen of New-Hanover County:

Fellow-Citizens—I announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of your county. Should you be pleased to favor me with a majority of your suffrages, I pledge my honor that I will discharge the duties of that office to the best of my ability. JOHN JONES.

June 13th, 1850. — [40-tf]

Fellow-Citizens of New Hanover County:

GENTLEMEN—I take the privilege to announce myself to you as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of your County at the ensuing August election, and solicit your suffrages. I announce myself for the reason of my being solicited to do so from different sections of the County, and from the belief that I will come as near doing the office and people justice as any candidate announced. I look upon it as a duty each voter owes to himself and the public, before the election, to possess himself of information, from reliable authority, which of the candidates is most deserving, and capable, and best qualified, in every respect, to take charge of the office. These are inquiries which I think that every voter should make before going to the ballot-box, and then let his influence and suffrage be governed accordingly. That portion of the electors who may not be acquainted with, or know but little about me, I would respectfully request them to call upon my friends in Wilmington, and on gentlemen from my own district of the County.

Gentlemen, I presume the most of you are acquainted with me; it is for you to say whether I am capable and well qualified to fill the office or not—whether I am tyrannical and oppressive, or lenient and accommodating, in business transactions. If the result of the election should go in my favor, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with impartiality. My motto shall be, to do justice to the people and to the office, and will ever feel grateful for the confidence reposed, and willing to reciprocate the favor as far as may be honorable.

Very respectfully, your fellow-citizen,

June 14, 1850 40-te*] J. HARRELL.

☞ 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-te

Town papers please copy till election.

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-te

WILMINGTON, N. C., MAY 8, 1850.

To the Voters of New-Hanover County:

GENTLEMEN—Through the solicitations of a number of my friends, I again appear before you as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of your County; and in doing so, I deem it proper to make a few remarks relative to the position I now occupy before you. Some time ago, I told a number of my friends that I would not again be a candidate for the office. But since making those declarations, I have been placed in different circumstances, through the interposition of an all-wise and unerring Providence. I believe by my making those declarations, it induced a majority, if not all of those whose names are before you to become candidates for the office

In appearing before you again as a candidate, I have no pledges to make, only that I will endeavor to discharge the duties of the office to the best of my abilities, should a majority of my fellow-citizens think it proper to give me their votes.

I am, gentlemen, most respectfully, your ob't serv't,

[35-te] OWEN FENNELL.

☞ Chronicle, Aurora and Commercial, copy till election.

MOLASSES. 12 hhds. new crop Cuba Molasses. Low for cash, at GEO. H. KELLEY'S.

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;
Attachments;
State Recognizance;
Military Ca Sa;
do. Execution;
Negro Bonds;
do. Bill of Sale;
Inspector's Certificates;
Certificates of Justices attending Court;
Marriage License;
Tax Receipts;
Insolvent Notices;
Writs of Ejectment;
Letters Testamentary;
Vendi. Exponae;
Ca Sa; Land Deeds;
do. Affidavits;
Garnishee Notices;
Checks, Cape Fear B'k;
do. Branch Bank of the State;
Notes, negotiable at Bank;
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.
Crew Lists;

Any Blank wanted, and not on hand, will be printed with the utmost dispatch.

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.

JUST Received from New York:—
10 Bags Laguyra Coffee;
10 do. Rio do.;
10 do. St. Domingo do.;
10 Firkins new Goshen Butter;
10 Bbls. extra Canal Flour;
50 Packages Raisins;
40 Boxes Boston Crackers;
50 do. Soap;
25 do. Pale Ale;
25 do. Mould Candles, 12½ cents by the box.
50 Bbls. Double Rectified Whiskey;
10 do. Extra Monongahela do.;
5 do. Apple Brandy;
25 Boxes Soda Crackers;
25 do. Lemon Syrup;
For sale at the very lowest prices for cash, or to good customers on the usual terms. HOWARD & PEDEN.

CABINESS Tobacco.—50 boxes of that superior Cabines Tobacco. For sale by J. WILKINSON & CO.

COD Liver Oil Candy—For medical purposes. For sale by J. WILKINSON & CO.

TOBACCO, assorted. 3 boxes pound lumps, a cheap article; 4 boxes 8s to the pound; 2 boxes 5s to the pound. Low for cash, at GEO. H. KELLEY'S.

BACON, Bacon. 3,000 lbs. fine Sides, North Carolina; 1,000 lbs. fine Shoulders, N. C.; 1,500 lbs. fine Hams, N. C. Low for cash, at GEO. H. KELLEY'S.

PAY UP! Pay Up! All persons indebted to the subscribers, by Note or Account, are earnestly requested to come forward and settle up by the 1st of August, as we wish to make a change in our business.

June 28] PERRIN & HARTSFIELD.

PER Schr. G. W. Davis. 10 bbls. Mess Pork; 10 bbls. A No. 1 Sugar; 10 No. 10 Ploughs; 6 Grain Cradles.—Will be sold low for cash. PERRIN & HARTSFIELD.

DIARRHEA SYRUPS. Another lot of those invaluable Syrups PERRIN & HARTSFIELD.

ORANGES and Lemons. 35 boxes Naples Oranges; 40 boxes Sicily Oranges. Just received and for sale by J. WILKINSON & CO.

THE BENEFITS OF ADVERTISING.

WE learn that Dr. S. P. Townsend has sold out the good will of his Sarsaparilla business, including machinery and raw material on hand, for the large sum of $100,000.—This is an illustration of the advantages and benefits of advertising. The purchasers are Messrs. Nostrand & Bach, both wealthy and well known individuals. They have, we understand, employed the celebrated Chemist, Dr. James R. Chilton, who will hereafter have the compounding department under his own immediate supervision. They are men of enterprise, and will, no doubt, sustain the character of this celebrated medicine, which has the reputation of being the best preparation of