THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., MONDAY, JAN. 27, 1851.

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East India Cotton.

We understand that accounts have reached the East India authorities at home, of the most encouraging character as to the increasing spirit which is now being manifested in India, with regard to the cultivation of Cotton. We had recently to notice a continued and urgent demand made upon the East India Company by the authorities on the spot, for large supplies of saws, to fit up new saw gins, the demand for which had become very extensive; whereas, some little time ago, it was with the greatest difficulty that the natives could be induced to use them. Two separate supplies have been already forwarded overland, and another round the Cape. Now, it appears that the disposition to cultivate the best kinds of American Cotton has manifested itself in so strong a way, that the seed has become extremely scarce, and application has been made to the Government to furnish more, whereas till lately, it was with the greatest difficulty that the native was induced to accept it on the condition of planting it. It appears from the most recent accounts, that the cultivators have at length discovered that the growth of American Cotton is even more profitable and prolific than had been represented. The calculation of Mr. Petrie, that the produce of an acre was 70 lbs. of Indian, and 90 lbs. of American clean Cotton, proves to be considerably under the mark. The truth in favorable districts, is nearer to Mr. Shaw's calculation, which was, 60 lbs. of clean native Cotton, and 115 lbs. of clean American Cotton to the acre. But one of the chief causes, apart from the higher price (the best stimulant of production.) which have induced to the more vigorous efforts to increase the growth of American Cotton in India is, the facilities afforded by the agents of European houses in Bombay, who are ready to make advances to the ryots. Hitherto, the only means which they had of obtaining such advances, was through the native bankers, who have always exhibited a strong dislike to American Cotton, and have always refused to make advances on the crop, on the ground that it was more precarious than the native Cotton. In several districts, this impediment is now quite removed by the interference of British capital and European energy, so far as encouragement to the ryot can go, in inducing an improved and an extended culture. We are assured that we may look for a very large increase in the quantity of good, useful Cotton, shipped from India during the coming year of 1851. And we trust this extention is now based upon a ground that will secure its continuance.—*Manchester Guardian.*

PRINTERS AND PRINTING.—J. T. Buckingham, in his series of reminiscences, in course of publication in the Boston Courier, speaks of the importance of the printer to authors, as follows:

"Many who condescend to illuminate the dark world with the fire of their genius, through the columns of a newspaper, little think of the lot of the printer, who, almost suffocated by the smoke of a lamp, sits up till midnight to correct his false grammar, bad orthography, and worse punctuation. I have seen the arguments of lawyers, in high repute as scholars, sent to the printer in their own handwriting, many words—and especially technical and foreign terms—abbreviated, words mis-spelled, and few or no points, and those few, if there were any, entirely out of place. I have seen the sermons of divines sent to the press without points or capitals to designate the division of sentences; sermons which, if published with the imperfections of manuscript, would disgrace the printer's devil if he were the author. Suppose they had been so printed. The printer would have been treated with scorn and contempt, as an illiterate blockhead—as a fellow better fitted to be a wood-sawyer than a printer. Nobody would have believed that such gross and palpable faults were owing to the ignorance and carelessness of the author. And no one but the practical printer knows how many hours the compositors, and after him the proof-reader, is compelled to spend in reducing to a readable condition manuscripts that the writer himself would be puzzled to read."

THE CAPITAL OF CALIFORNIA is to be Vallego, a city laid out on the bay of San Francisco, about 25 miles from the city of San Francisco. It is the proposition of a Spanish speculator, who consents to give the commonwealth 156 acreas of land, divided into the necessary lots, and ground for the government buildings, university, charitable institutions, &c., and to expend, in the erection of some 25 public buildings, including $125,000 for a State House, an aggregate of $370,000, to be paid over within two years. His associates in this country are said to be Gen. Thomas J. Greene and Hon. Robert J. Walker.

BRITISH POST OFFICE.—The gross revenue of the British Post office for the year ending Jan. 5, 1850, was £2.213,149, the cost of management £1,307,248; the net revenue, £840,787. The number of money orders issued was 4,248,861. The number of letters transmitted between 3 and 400,000,000. The cheap postage system in England has worked admirably.

The *Roseomon Journal* says that a Scotchman in a neighboring town put a placard in his shop window stating that he "wanted a boy," and the next morning, on opening his door was surprised to find a basket lying outside, which on opening, he found contained a male child, with a label attached, having on it "Here he is."

BREVITY IN WOMAN.—We find in a California diary, the following glorification of a quality we should like. "A man of few words" is very well, but "a woman of few words" is a matter open to argument:

I encountered, to-day, in a ravine, some three miles distant, among the gold washers, a woman from San Jose. She was at work with a large wooden bowl by the side of the stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much gold she averaged a day. She replied, "Three weeks and an ounce." Her reply reminded me of an anecdote of the late Judge B——, who met a girl returning from market, and asked her, "how deep did you find the stream? what did you get for your butter?" "Up to the knee and ninepence," was the reply. "Ah!" said the judge to himself, "she is the girl for me; no words lost there:" turned back, proposed, was accepted, and married next week: and a more happy couple the conjugal bonds never united; the nuptial lamp never waned; its ray was steady and clear to the last. Ye who paddle off and on for seven years, and are at last, perhaps, capsized, take a lesson of the judge. That "up to the knee and ninepence" is worth all the rose letters and melancholy rhymes ever penned.

The Genuine Mrs. Partington.

Many journals in the country have perpetrated a variety of jokes at the expense of Dame Partington, and the Boston Post has said some admirable things in her name, which have been copied far and wide. Many persons esteem her as a sort of Mrs. Harris, whose name is merely a stalking horse for the convenience of newspaper wits. This is all a mistake; there was a real Mrs. Partington, and she owed her fame to the wit of Sidney Smith, who in a speech on the reform bill, at Taunton in England, referred to her as follows:

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on the occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town, the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and threatened everything with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigerously pushing away the Atlantic ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up! but I need not tell you the contest was unequal.—The Atlantic ocean beat Mrs. Partington—she was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

MEAN PEOPLE.—The man who kicks people when they are down, the subscriber who neglects to pay for his paper, and daddy when he refuses to let you have money.

The Maniac Clown.

BY J. H. BROWN.

[The following narrative, with scarcely an alteration, is true. The particulars, thrilling as they are, were taken from the mouth of the unfortunate creature, during one of the lucid intervals between his howls of madness, while confined in the mad-house of P——, England, and may be remembered as being noticed by the journals of the time; the notes were laid aside, but not forgotten, and the author but waited an opportunity to place them in this manner before the readers of this sheet.—*Literary American.*]

"And here," said the keeper, as he came to No. 13, from whence came low moaning, "here we have a strange prisoner, from whom you may gather a tale worthy of note, and surpassing any you have taken, if we can but find him quiet, as he is at times; a strange story is his, and he is one of the most savage and raging prisoners we have at times."

So saying, he unlocked the door, after having looked through the grate, and we entered—crouched down upon his iron and immovable stool in the corner, with his face buried in his hands, his hair long, black and matted, his dress fantastical and strange—being but the attire, torn in various places, of a ring mimic—was a man, who moved not at our entrance; he was, like all we have seen, chained by the wrists to the floor, rendering it impossible for him to move more than was required in sitting or lying upon the coarse bed beside him. Nothing escaped him except a low moaning, which, at times, he sent forth, and shaking his head, buried it still deeper in his hands. The keeper said in this manner he had passed whole days, and then he was more peaceable and less violent.

Touching him with the end of the stick he held in his hand, he said—"Look up." And the miserable creature turned up his haggard face to our view.—"Why do you come here again," said he, sadly—"to make a show of me? You tell me, and those who come to see me that I am mad! do you not fear me? ay, strong man—do you not fear me, weak creature that I am? yes, and so you chain my arms and hands and feet, so that I cannot lift them up, but look ye, there is one thing you cannot chain—one thing you cannot manacle, and if you could, I would bear all the chains that could be heaped upon me—my memory! Chain that! keep that dread form from before me—let it not haunt me night and day—let me not hear that voice that rings forever in my ear, and you may chain and load me down, and I will thank you for it." And he dropped his head and buried his face once more in his hands.

"He has not been so rational for many a day," said the keeper, "for which I am truly thankful, for he is like a lion when the fits are on him, and"—

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the madman, rising, and flinging his arms as his manacles allowed—"ha! ha! ha! I am with you once again. Come, is all ready? Who goes first? Why do you stare so wildly at me? Come, I am merry, and shall make them laugh out to-nigh! ha! ha! ha! and his pale face was lit up with a wild demoniacal expression. Soon he spoke again:

"Where's Mary? not come yet? Strange—it is time—long past time, and she knew well she should be here early. Why gaze at me? she is not—no, no, nothing has happened—tell me, is she safe, is my dear child safe? Oh God! I remember, Mary is dead—dead! Ha! ha! ha!" And with loud shrieks, he dashed his hand to his forehead.

He sat down again upon his low iron stool, dejectedly, and spoke not; then looking up again, he gazed round, and upon the keeper and myself, who stood by the door beyond his reach.

"Come nearer to me," said he, beckoning; "come near, not you; no not you, I fear you," and he shuddered as the keeper stepped towards him—"I fear you, for your eyes strike terror to my heart; and that, and the form of my child before me ever, I dread. Come, and I will tell you of my child—my little Mary, my own pet child, I'll tell you how she died."

Not daring to trust myself within his reach, I stepped as near to him as possible, so that he could not reach me; he bent forward, placed his hand upon his head, and, with a sudden tremor and wildly glaring eyes, he began:

"Once, I know not when, but I could count by days, I knew the night, could tell the bright sun and the clear moon and stars, but now all are the same to me—days I know none, and light lingers around me ever; well, long, long ago, ere I came to this dull, gloomy place, I was out among men; drank, ate, cried, laughed, like men, aye, and that too merrily, for I was jester in the ring, made the crowd, the heartless rabble, laugh and shout, and raised a merry noise, no matter if my heart was sick or gay, but I was glad sometimes to see the long tiers, the closely packed boxes, and the stalls, each one with smiles, to hear the loud laugh and merry words, and know that I was the cause of it all—to hear the loud hurrahs, to see them wave their hats and handkerchiefs, when, with a shrill whoop, I jumped into the ring. That would cheer me sometimes when my heart belied the laugh upon my face, the jest to which my tongue gave utterance.

"Well, so years went on, until my wife, my own beloved Mary, died; she whom I loved so fondly and truly, I laid to sleep in the cold, damp earth; no one could have thought that I, the jester, the clown, the one who then laughed, could weep! But, oh! how many hours I have passed beside that lonely grave! my Mary! she loved me as few women love; she had trod on the same rough road, walked beside me in my troubles and sorrows, sharing what I enjoyed, or suffering without a murmur; and when I knew she was dead, it seemed as if my time on earth was over, and the same grave which was dug for her should take me in also. But she had left me one whom I must watch with anxiousness and love, if possible, more than heretofore—my little daughter, the image of her mother, my own little pet Mary.

"I struggled with the deep, the bitter curse of poverty. Could I have gained a livelihood by toil, incessant hardship and endurance, elsewhere, gladly would I have rushed to it, and blessed heaven for its kindness. But no; poor, broken down, a miserable, wretched man—no profession, no business save the one I followed. I was still forced to drag on the arena, where my wants allowed but a very short, scanty respite upon my wife's death.

"But what cared the crowd? The clown should not be sad; no, no, impossible for the ring-jester to weep, it was a thing unheard of, and would raise a louder laugh than any of my liveliest sallies. And so with a heart overburdened, sick and faint, I was forced to laugh and make merry.

"Oh, what a pleasure and joy to me was little Mary! how her sweet artless smiles lit up the gloom within my breast—how her merry laugh made me feel young and happy for the time, and with what fondness, strange, ay, mad devotion, did I hang upon every word, every look of hers! She grew and was beautiful indeed.

"How many hours when the toil of my profession was over for the night, did I sit beside her little cot, and gazed upon her as she lay sleeping before me! often, very often, with a smile playing upon her lovely face, telling that her dreams were sweet and pleasant, and making me even smile myself as I looked upon her, and wish that I was young, and innocent, as pure as she.

"And then what horrid, horrid thoughts came crowding in upon my feverish brain. Ah! how I'd struggle and fight with them, and I would weep and moan aloud.

"For oh! I thought; yes, the thought would come, what if death should rob me of her—her, my Mary—all, all I loved on the wide earth—she, in whom were concentrated all my affections, the only one inducing me still to drag on my weary life; what if the cold, strong, sure arm of death, should smite her down in all her purity and loveliness? True, she would die sometime, as did her mother, as must I, as must all of us, but should that moment be while I remained on earth? Oh, how I prayed to God to arrest death's dart till I was in the skies. Yes, will you believe it, the clown—mark me, the *clown prayed!* The one, who, in fanciful attire leaped and rode, joking and making merry in the ring—he, the one who wept beside the grave of his own dear wife, prayed beside the cot of his child—he prayed for her.

"And then, again, another and more dreadful vision come to me—to which the thought of death was nothing; should she, growing more beautiful and fascinating every hour, still continue the object of my entire thought and fall to sin! Oh, God! the thought was sickening; then how I bent me down and prayed—then how I trembled for the fate of my dear child!

"London's no place for a young, motherless and beautiful girl—for temptation and every allurement of sin and vice existed there. And should she fall! Would that ere that moment I could see her a corpse before me!

"Well, as I'd sit and gaze, and muse on all this, and my thick coming fancy passed before me, sometimes she would wake; at first she was surprised to find me there in tears, and sought to know the cause; and she would say—"Dear father, do go to rest, for you look pale; yes, do go, father, for your own little Mary asks you;' then I'd kiss and bid her good night, wishing her pleasant dreams, and leave her till I thought she was asleep again, and then so softly creeping back to watch till morning.

"Each day, each moment, found me growing weaker and weaker. And, as she grew more and more fair and beautiful, the more and more I failed in strength and everything—everything but love to her—no abatement could there be in that while the life-blood coursed in my veins.

"Sometimes I took her to her mother's grave where she was sure always to bring some simple flower, and I would tell her of one who lay beneath, so good, so gentle and so kind, telling her that she must try and be like her; and then she'd ask me many artless questions—if she was in heaven then, and if she loved me as tenderly as did she, and when she spelled the only word upon the headstone—simply 'MARY'—she said, 'Why that is my name, too!'

"My salary became inadequate to my wants—I pinched myself sadly to allow my daughter education, and to enable her to dress prettily, and that she might not suffer for anything. So I applied for more, and told them I could not live with what I had. But, alas! they answered that my request could not be complied with; they said they would retain me, paying me what I was receiving, or that I might go, for although I was a favorite, I was growing weak and old, and many a younger one was waiting for the chance and station I then had.

"I demurred, but it was of no avail—I pleaded poverty, but that was no help, and I was turning to leave, when once the manager spoke to me:

"'If you are poor and wanting, as you say, I can name a way in which you can gain money.'

"'Name it,' eagerly cried I.

"'Your daughter—she is young and handsome—she——'

"'What do you mean by the words?' shouted I, as I stood panting before him.

"'Why not train her for the arena?'

"Horrible idea! Train my little Mary for the arena! No, no, I could not think of such a thing. I could not find it in my heart to bring that dear one, pure as she was—untouched—unsullied yet by sin—into the midst of the many low and vile creatures hanging around such a place. No, no; the thought was agony.

"So I toiled on harder and harder than ever. Little did those who laughed so loudly, long, and heartily, think the heart of him who caused them so to do, was sadly beating while he sang the merry song, or danced and capered telling his curious jokes, and laughing out so loudly to himself—ah, no! At length nature could support it no longer; I grew sick and was scarcely able to go through with my performance, and the words of the manager recurred to me again—there was no alternative, and I was forced to bring her to the house.

"And that hour when she stepped therein I curse—aye, curse it from my heart!"

And here the poor maniac, after talking so rationally, and for such a length of time, covered his face with his hands, and swaying his body to and fro, uttered loud curses and cries. Upon this I feared that the remainder of his story was lost, and waited long for his paroxysm to cease. By degrees his voice subsided, and he commenced—

"She murmured not—she said she was glad that she could be earning something to assist me in my poverty, and she would do her best to learn and please. Poor child, poor Mary!

"Weeks, weeks—and many, too, we practised—every day for hours, and she would not say she was tired—no complaint, not one—and she learned, too, rapidly.

"How I watched her then!—by her all day, all night, not a moment could my eyes be from her. After hours and hours of training and toil, she was prepared for the *debut.* The day preceding the night was sad enough to me. We went together to her mother's grave and sat an hour or two. I told her that she was soon to come before the world—that she would be surrounded by sin, misery, and temptation—but ever to treasure the memory of that mother who, when living, was free from taint, and peerless as the driven snow. She was so young that she did not understand me fully, but said—sweet child—that she would go to heaven to meet her there, and if she would, she must be good to do so.

"The night arrived—portentous night—and with a sadly beating heart, I put on my customary habiliments. Mary was to appear in two performances—in the first alone, the second in conjunction with the best performer in the arena; how sweetly did she look when all attired for her first appearance. Never had she looked so beautiful, with her little spangled frock and tights, so like a sylph, so pure, so innocent. Again and again I kissed her, and bade her fear not.

"The house, long before the advertised time for the raising of the curtain, was densely packed, for the announcement of the first appearance in public of the daughter of ——, had been long underlined, and been heralded forth in glowing words for several days. Yes, men came to look upon the one whom poverty had compelled to appear; whom want had driven from her peaceful home, and to laugh at the jests of her sad-hearted father.

"And they would not look in vain; for at rehearsal the manager, struck with her beauty and daring courage, with her skill on horseback, made me liberal offers for her services, which poverty, of course, made me accept. It is not often that managers applaud their hirelings.

"Tier above tier they rose—and when, with a shriek and merry 'Here I am!' I jumped into the ring, deafening plaudits made all echo again.

"I know not how I acted, or what I said—but from time to time I heard them shout. My thoughts were upon my child; and when the moment came for her to appear, I led her by her little hand to make her bow, feelings of pride mingled with my sadness, for it was Mary, my child, for whom they shouted, unto whom they rose, to whom every eye was turned.

"But, oh! what a moment for me! With the lightness of air she vaulted into the saddle. A crack from the master's whip, and round went the noble steed like lightning—round the arena so swiftly, it seemed to me it were not half so long. Then how they applauded! My eye followed her as she went, my heart knocked against my bosom at each beat, and when she stopped for rest, I could not speak. It was well for me that they saw it not—they were waving handkerchiefs, and sending flowers from every portion of the place.

"It was a triumph. I was wild, frantic with joy, fear, and weakness! Sweetly, and with grace, she smiled and waved her tiny arms and hands, as the foaming steed walked slowly around, to let her breathe and give her time to rest.

"Off again, performing more difficult feats than before, but with the same ease and grace. One could not have told, to have looked on, that she had not done the same thing months and months before; so easy, no effort; so coolly, no embarrassment. It was through—I breathed again.

"But, no, she must come before them, and I led her out again. I need not tell you how they shouted, what they did; you'll say my brain was turned with love for my dear child, and would not think I told the truth.

"And now, one more performance, and the last that night. On she came, borne by the best performer in the arena, the favorite in the place. With what ease and grace he held her up on high! How smartly she looked, away up there—all tinsels and spangles, glittering so finely in the gas light, and he like Hercules beside her, urging the steed onward to its utmost powers.

"The most intrepid riders are carried the swiftest, to enable them to sustain their balance; and he was famous for swiftness in riding; it seemed as if his steed flew. No words came from my lips, though I was in the arena all the time. I was not thinking where I was, or what I was doing—all I thought of was my child.

"High up in the air he threw her, catching her as easy as if 'twas play; and she clapping her little hands—no fear had she. How they applauded! Her trial was complete.

"Each moment brought the performance nearer to its close, and how I wished it through! But no! his steed fearing the whip—trained to exerting all its powers when his rider was upon his back, kept on its lightning course. And oh, God! in one unlucky feat he missed her! I saw her fall—the horse reared—and down came his heavy hoof upon my Mary!

"I cannot tell you what followed. I saw them rise round on every side. There were cries; but I know that piercing shrieks drowned them. I saw blood—red blood—upon my dear child's face! I had sprung to her ere the horse had hardly moved, and seized her from beneath him, and all connected with the place rushed to my side.

"But she—the beautiful—she, my idol—life and hope—a moment before so full of joy—I had clasped to my heart a corpse!

"Ay, she was dead!—dead, like everything to me that should be full of life—dead, and I lived!

"I know no more—no more!" said the poor maniac, as he wiped his dry eyes, as if there had been enough to wash away. "I could have wept once, but now my eyes are dry, and I have no tears to shed. Men tell me that she lies beside her mother's grave, and that for many hours they could not separate us; but I remember not that it was so. But they brought me here to this dark place, and shut out the bright light, and will not let me listen to the song of birds, or smell the fragrance of the flowers; they chain me down, ay! load me with double manacles as these. When they have barred the doors, ah! they cannot close them to my Mary. I see her now, with the red blood streaming down her pale face—don't let me see it—away! away!"

* * * * * *

And with a tear of real pity, and after obtaining the location of the two graves, I turned from him, and the massive doors were again closed and barred upon the "MANIAC CLOWN."

The Frozen Dead.

The scene of the greatest interest at the Hospice of the grand St. Bernard—a solemn, extraordinary interest, indeed—is that of the morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost travellers are deposited. There they are, some of them as when the breath of life departed, and the death angel, with his instruments of frost and snow, stiffened and embalmed them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones, and human dust heaped in confusion. But around the walls are groups of poor sufferers in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and in this air, by the preserving elements of eternal frost, almost as uncrumbling.—There is a mother and her child, a most affecting image of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arms—careful in vain, affectionate in vain to shield her offspring from the elemental wrath of the tempest.

The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound them both up in one white shroud and buried them. There is also a tall, strong man, standing alone, the face dried and black, but the white unbroken teeth, firmly set and closed, grinning from the fleshless jaws; it is a most awful spectacle. The face seems to look at you, from the recesses of the sepulchre, as if it would tell you the story of a death struggle in the storm. There are other groups more indistinct, but these two are never to be forgotten; and the whole of these dried and frozen remnants of humanity are a terrific demonstration of the fearfulness of this mountain pass, when the elements, let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy traveller. You look at all this through the grated window; there is just enough light to make it solemnly and distinctly visible, and to read in it a powerful record of mental and physical agony, and of maternal love in death. That little child hiding its face in its mother's bosom, and both frozen to death! One can never forget the group, nor the *memento mori,* nor the token of deathless love.—*Dr. Cheever's Wanderings of a Pilgrim.*

OFFICE UNDER GOVERNMENT.—"Cæsar, dis chile gwine to Washingtown, to ply for offis ob de govment."

"Well, darkey, what you is trying to git off now, eh? Spose you want to be bearer of patches to Lieberry! Dis chile dont expatiate hisself from his dopted native country. No sahree! In de word ob de sarm toon, I ses,

"Breeve dere de soul so kill so dead
As nebber to hisself hab said
Dis is my own, my native land?
If such dere breeve, go!
Carry him back to ole Virginny."

"No n-n-now Cæsar, why dces you always dance off on de heel ob fancy? Dis chile nebber tear hisself away from Uncle Sam. Now dis is de offis I ply for, and I'se great influence wid Massa Daniel Webster's waiter, so I guess I get it. I'se gwine to ply for de post of sexton in Pose Offis apartment."

"Sexton in Pose Offis apartment?"

"Yes, sah, I berry de *dead letters.* Sometime—you hear, Cæsar, eh! sometime, dey hab money in em, and den I rifle de corpse! You see, sah! Yah! yah! yah!

MR. POST:—As you seemed to think my portrait of the Snuff Woman was "orful," I send you one a little more *recherche,* which I trust you will give a place befitting its rank—and much oblige your's and so-forth.

A Portrait.

The Gem of Moose Mountain.

Following along from crag to cliff, in order to catch a new view of the magnificent scene spread out below me, as I trod the summit of Moose Mountain, N. H., my eye caught a glimpse of a female figure, at a little distance, who seemed to be busy in gathering berries, in which this eminence aboundeth. As I approached nearer, I saw that she was of no ordinary mould:—

"Taper as candles laid at Cuthbert's shrine,
Taper as silver chalices for wine,—
Such were her arms and form."

Good morrow, damsel, I said, as I stood before her,—with a gentle nod and one of the sweetest smiles she acknowledged the salutation. Juno! what a set of features! Psyche! what an expression! Her whole soul illumined that heavenly face—

"That eye, Love's arrows darting round,—
That cheek now blushing at the wound!"

"What success in gathering berries, to-day?" I queried of the fair stranger.

She turned her steps towards a shady nook and beckoned me to follow. She looked like a fairy—a mountain nymph—as indeed she was as she tripped along—

"——— Her golden hair
Floating and dancing in the mountain air!"

Anon the breeze would disturb her 'kerchief—and such a neck! By the pure and immaculate crescent of Diana! a flake of new fallen snow would have tarnished it! I stood rivetted—

"With heart all rapture, and with eye all light!"

as the maiden drew forth from the bushes a goodly sized willow basket, and removing the nice white towel which covered the luscious berries, she looked up in my face, then with a smile that would outvie an angel's, she exclaimed—"*aint there a darned slue on 'em.*"

CYMON.

A TOUGH STORY.—The Richmond Republican states, and vouches for the truth of the story, that a week ago an Italian, named Wm. Curlum, concluded to have a day's sport, and provided himself with a large pistol and half a pound of powder. He loaded the pistol and placed it in his trowsers' pocket, along with the powder. Thus armed, he started for the river; just as he reached which the pistol was accidently discharged, setting fire to his clothing, and wounding his right hand. His hair and neck were also much burned. The weapon rebounded with great force, and in "flying up," knocked off his hat. In reply to a question from a bystander, he exclaimed that he had "very much powder in his pocket," whereupon a boy present cried to him to jump into the dock. Without the least thought or hesitation the unfortunate man did as he was bid, and, while floundering about in the water, the powder, which had been closely packed in paper, exploded with a loud report, just as the poor fellow submerged himself beneath the turbid water. He was not injured by the explosion, but his pants were nearly blown off, and his pocket-book, containing three dollars in money, blown to the bottom of the dock. He abandoned his project of an excursion and went home.

A DUELLING ANECDOTE.—Two Spanish offiers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilboa, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. "We wish to fight—to fight to death," they replied to the representations of their companions. At this moment, a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and, in a lamentable voice, said, "Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and if you would—" "My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers, "don't you see my friends are going to split each other? We are not in a charitable humor." "It is not alms I ask for," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that those gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins." At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and, simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

The currency of the world is stated to be nearly as follows: Bank currency, $650,000,000—specie in circulation, $655,000,000—specie in banks $445,000,000."

Agricultural.

From the Southern Cultivator.

Science Applied to Agriculture—Vegetable Physiology.

"Why do not our planters do those things, and preserve the rising generation from raising the cry of 'Westward Ho!'"—*August number of Southern Cultivator,* 1849.

MR. EDITOR—Under this "text," I propose to consider a few of the most important practices of Scientific Agriculture, in connection with some facts in Vegetable Physiology and Chemistry, leaving the farmer to reflect upon the subjects presented, and hoping that a due degree of *action*—without which all our reasoning will be in vain—will spring forth as the legitimate offspring of his thoughts.

1st *Manuring.*—The fact that plants, as well as animals, possess life, and that they require *food* to support this life, cannot be too strongly impressed upon our minds. The questions then arise, from whence is this food? how is it taken in? and how assimilated by plants? These questions involve much, and would require, for a full answer, a detail of Vegetable Physiology far beyond the limits of this article. Suffice it, that the food is derived from the air and the earth—that it is taken in from the air, by a species of respiration carried on by the leaves, and from the earth, by absorption through the roots; and that plants possess the power of breaking up the compound bodies (CO_2, HO, and NH_3) thus taken in, and reparting them into their ultimate elements, (C. H. O. N.,) and then re-arranging or assimilating them into other and entirely different compounds, as woody fibre, bark, leaves, fruit, sap, gum, starch, sugar, &c., which all consist of the four elements above, united with the *mineral portions* of the plant, which it also possesses the power of distributing as its wants require.

It will be at once seen, that the food which is taken in by the leaves must be in a gaseous form, while that by the roots may be either gaseous or in the form of soluble substances, as they are both taken up by water. We find, then, that while both the roots and leaves may take in the organic food of plants, (carbonic acid, ammonia, and vapor of water,) they are entirely dependent on absorption thro' the roots for their inorganic food. The air and the earth, then, are the granaries of nature, in which the food of your plants is laid up, and if any element of them is not found in these, you must supply it, if you wish a healthy and abundant growth of such plants.

The organic portions of plants consist, as already stated, of Carbonic acid gas, Hydrogen, Oxygen and Nitrogen. These are all supplied by the air. There is, then, but little danger, from the nature of the atmosphere—the property of which is such that it maintains its relative proportions at all places, and thus possesses a self-renovating power—that your plant will not be supplied with food for its organic portions; but its inorganic portions, its minerals, are as necessary to a healthy growth as the organic constituents.

The cotton plant can no more flourish without its phosphorus and potash, than without its bark and sap. Unfortunately for the planter, these substances are not always furnished in abundance by the earth, from which alone they must be derived; and if they were at first in sufficient quantity, are liable to be exhausted by your crops and the leaching of your land. Nor is this deficiency so easily supplied by nature. The earth, from its stationary character, is deprived of the *self-renovating* power of the atmosphere. The necessity, then, of *feeding* your plants with these inorganic elements, by applying them as manures to the earth whenever there is a deficiency, is evident.

By a reference to an analysis, by Thomas J. Summer, "*Cultivator,*" 1849, page 14, it will be seen that the cotton plant gave 13.37 of phosphoric acid, and 22.01 of potash in 100 parts. Here is an evident indication for phosphorus and potash. Feed your cotton then, with phosphates, (contained largely in bones,) and with ashes, which contain potash in abundance. This example is only cited to show the simplicity and certainty of the system. All the other ingredients of your plant may be supplied in the same way.

But while I insist upon the application of mineral substances, I would not reject vegetable manures.

There may be lands rich in minerals, and poor in vegetable substances. To these it would be folly to apply what is already superabundant. We have seen that plants take in carbonic acid (which is the form to which vegetable substances must be reduced by decomposition, before they can be taken up and assimilated by plants,) through their roots. If, then, there are decaying substances around the roots, it is but natural to suppose they will receive a larger portion of carbonic acid, and produce a more abundant growth; the minerals being taken in, in the same increased proportion. But if the organic elements are alone furnished in abundance, the *size* of your plant may be increased, but it will be an abnormal increase, and can result in no good. It is from this fact that compost manures, which contain both the organic and inorganic parts of plants, are so generally beneficial.

The difficulty of impressing the importance of these "theoretical views," as they are called, upon a set of men who style themselves "plain farmers," arises from the fact that Agriculture had its origin long prior to science, and hobbled on for ages without its aid; and now the old veteran refuses indignantly to be guided by this child of yesterday. True enough, you may live on your rich lands, and *hobble on still,* without any such aid, but is it good philosophy to reject the suggestions of science without examination, and still pursue the plans under which your lands are wasting and your crops failing? *Try it;* if it fail, then condemn.

Respectfully, R. D. WEBB, M. D.
Scoober, Kemper co., Miss., Dec., 1850.

From the Columbus Enquirer.

Saving Meat at the South.

There are certain established rules among most farmers for putting up Beef and Pork, and innovations upon those rules would be as bad as altering the laws of the Medes and Persians; and the result is, that at least one-third of the meat attempted to be cured here is either tainted or lost entirely. Some few years since we found a recipe for saving beef in the summer months, in an agricultural paper, and as we had an unruly steer that had not civility enough to wait for the gathering of the crops before he roamed the pea field, we were constrained to put him into the barrel, although it was the hottest weather of August. We followed that recipe, and never saw finer and sweeter meat from the famed Fulton market. We have never hesitated since, summer or winter, whenever we wanted beef, to kill and pack away, and have never had any but the sweetest meat. Here is the method, try it you who have fine young beeves that are falling away daily, waiting for weather cold enough to kill:

Cut the meat into convenient pieces for packing, and wash each piece in clear cold water, taking care to extract all the blood. Now let it drain well, and to every hundred pounds of meat take four pounds of pulverized Rock Salt, and four pounds of best New Orleans Sugar, mix these well together, and rub each piece of meat well with the mixture. Have now a barrel perfectly sweet, and commence packing the pieces into it as compactly as possible, layer upon layer, until the cask is full. Now apply a follower on the top, with some weights to keep the meat in its place, and, either with a close head or good cloth, cover over the barrel. In twenty-four hours it will be filled with pickle, and will keep as well in July as January. Families in towns and cities, that wish only to pickle a small quantity, may put it down in jars, taking the same proportion of salt and sugar as to the hundred pounds.

And now as winter opens so mild, what is to be done with our porkers? Corn a dollar a bushel, and the weather too warm too kill. Hogs will eat the value of their carcasses in a short time, what is to be done? We answer, kill your hogs whenever you are ready, especially if there is a white frost. All the pork requires for safe keeping is once to get cold to the bone, and this it will do in one night. Rub the hams and shoulders well with fine salt and sugar, pack them close in a tight sweet cask, and pour a pickle strong enough to bear an egg over them.—They may be taken out at the proper time and smoked, and may be returned to the pickle again or not. The sides may be made into *Pickled Pork,* or may be pickled for smoking. For pickled pork, nothing but the clean side should be taken; this should be cut into small convenient pieces for packing, and should be packed in rock salt. First give a layer of salt to the bottom of the cask, and then pack pieces of pork in edge ways, as close as they can be packed; now another layer of rock salt, and so on until the cask is full. Now make a pickle strong enough to bear an egg, skim as it is scalding, adding half a gallon of molasses to it, and when perfectly cool pour it over the pork. When the sides are to be smoked, the same process will answer, except that Liverpool salt will do in the place of rock. Meat thus cured will never be subject to flies or bugs, and is safer and better every way than the ordinary way of curing. It is well to draw the pickle some two or three times in the year, scald and skim it, and then return it; this will be certain to preserve it. Doubters, try it.

From the Southern Cultivator.

Cover your Barn-Yards.

The question has been raised *how far* a judicious man would haul, if it were *given to him,* barn-yard manure, accumulated under the usual circumstances? What are they? Made only from the offal of corn and wheat and other grain in open yards, exposed to be drenched and to have the life washed out of it, not only with every rain, but with the water falling from the unspouted roofs of the barn and stables.

The too common errors of farmers is to value manure by the bulk rather than by the *quality.* One might as well value a woman or a man in the same way. No, it's the spirit, the essence, that gives value to the one and the other. For some things, frequent washing is to be commended, *but not for manure.*

Says an English writer:

"Who, with an eye in his head, and gifted with a particle of the reasoning faculties generally vouchsafed by a kind Providence, can help lamenting the wasteful mismanagement of manure on most farms, and *more particularly on those of farmers who all their lives have been brought up to nothing else* but agricultural employment, and who follow undeviatingly the practice of their fathers? What was more common than to see what ought to be manure, exposed on an eminence to the alternate heats of summer, the blustering winds, the drenching rain and snow of winter—its essence wasting its fragrance in a puddling horse-pond, or working its devious course to a running stream? Does this not require reform? And what reform more appropriate than by the erection of a roof to protect the manure from the vicissitudes of the weather—sinking tanks to receive the liquid from the stables, cow-houses, and piggeries, and at least weekly pumping it on the mass, which readily absorbs it—causing no undue fermentation, and helping to consolidate the whole as it daily accumulates by the continual addition of strata, thus converted into fertilizing substances? Such is the common practice at Gilgarran, not long since noticed as the most sterile spot in the county, but now producing crops equal to any in it.

"When I first commenced roofing my middens barn-yards, I had to contend with the jeers of my neighbors, and the deep-rooted prejudices of my own people, who foretold an absolute failure and wasteful expenditure. But what say they now? That the manure when cut into has the appearance and consistency of the blackest peat moss, and that the improvement in it the very first year paid for all the expense, and so has it been as respects my stack-yard, which has for several years been permanently roofed. Great was the discouragement offered to me whilst this operation was in progress; but how stands the case now? It is visited from far and near by our most distinguished agriculturists, and their praise of it and my middens is unqualified."

From the New Orleans Delta.

The Dying Volunteer at Monterey.

[FROM THE CABIN OF "BLACK DICK."]

Sad, and sick! the fever burns
Within my breast a hell—
Oh! give me water ere I die—
Water, my thirst to quell;
One long, one deep, refreshing draught
From our old moss grown well.

It seems to me, if I could breathe
A little mountain air,
And feel, as once, the mountain breeze
Lifting my tangled hair,—
That these, with freedom, might again
My wasting strength repair.

I think—I feel—that I am crazed,—
I see my mother's face;
Her soft sweet eyes look into mine,
I feel her warm embrace.
Leave me not, mother! till once more,
Thy features I may trace.

'Twas but a vision; brief, yet sweet,—
See how it fades from me—
I thought I was at home again,
Under the green beach tree;
But now I know that I was shot
In storming Monterey.

Woe's me! that I should languish here,
Like Eagle in a net,
While stars and stripes in splendor floats,
And fire-eyed horses fret,
And swords send back their lightning gleam
To glancing bayonet.

But do I dream? for now again
My native home I see;
Parent and brother at the door,
My sister at the tree,
With water in her cup; I thirst
Sister—bring it to me.

I've wandered far in distant lands,
Beneath a scorching sun,
Where the bright orange quenches thirst,
But here I have not one:
Way-worn am I, my sister dear—
Run with the water, run!

Sister, you sport—those lustrous eyes
From me thou can'st not hide,—
Come; see the laurels I have pluck'd
On yon red mountain's side;
Not white and pure as those we love,
But deep in crimson dyed.

Listen! the deep-mouthed cannons speak—
Our flag is streaming free:
And far along the distant hills
The flash of steel I see,—
And hark! above the clink of arms,
The shout of victory.

Set firm thy foot—the path is steep;
Here on this spot I fell.
See, how the earth and rocks are rent,
By plunging shot and shell;
And standing there in solid strength
The frowning citadel.

I dream again! but now I walked
In deep ensanguined mud;
And thirsty at St. Juan's bank
Upon its shore I stood;
I kneeled to drink, and on my lips
The water turned to blood.

But sense returns: and I must die;
Fast ebbs life's panting tide
Sister, farewell! Oh! Jesus Christ!
On thee my hopes abide.
Say, mother, "*In his country's cause*
My faithful boy has died."

A NEW STATE.—The Henderson (Texas) Flag of the Union goes for the formation of a new State out of Eastern Texas, to be composed of territory situated between the Sabine and Trinity rivers—bounded on the northwest by a line running from the Trinity river to the point where the 23 deg. north latitude intersects 103 deg. meridian west longitude—a corner of the boundary of the Texas cession to the United States—then pursuing said meridian to 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude, the Red River, &c., to the Sabine.

THE BEEF MARKET.—A drove of 22 beef cattle, from Halifax, N. C., were sold in the Norfolk market on Saturday, to the butchers, at $2 50 on the hoof.

PIANOS! PIANOS!!

AT Mrs. H. WHITAKER'S Music Room, on Market Street, opposite the Episcopal Church, may at all times be had, Pianos of the very best quality, warranted in every respect. All persons in want of a Piano, would do well to call and examine, before purchasing elsewhere, as the Pianos will be sold as low as can be bought at the North, of the same finish and tone. Prices from $200 to $400.
Wilmington, N. C., January 24th, 1851. 20-3m

SUPERIOR SEGARS.—Always on hand, a large assortment of Segars, Snuff and Tobacco, for sale low by WILKINSON & ESLER.

WRAPPING PAPER.—Large size. For sale by WILKINSON & ESLER.

PICKLES, Preserves, Brandy Fruit. Large stocks of the above articles, put up South of Mason & Dixon's Line, which are of prime qualities. For sale by WILKINSON & ESLER.

NEW Toys. Opened this day a fine assortment of Toys, Dolls, Wax and Kid, Drums, China and India Rubber, Heads, &c. For sale by WILKINSON & ESLER.