THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

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From the Washington Union.

All the Decency.

We do not wish to be importunate in our suggestions to the special organ of the administration; but really it appears not amiss for us to say that we have seen no *bubble* of democracy that requires pricking so urgently as that which has been blown by the whigs, and which is described in the following extract from the New York Evening Mirror—

"The winds are all hushed, and the waves are at rest;
They sleep like the passions in infancy's breast."

"WEBSTER'S SPEECHES.—The miserable creature who, by the suffrance of Mr. Fillmore, disgraces the post of naval storekeeper, has pirated the speeches of Mr. Webster which were reported by our special reporter, printed them in a bungling and erroneous manner, and offers them for sale in order to buy him a dinner. Does the Union committee assist in such a blundering piracy? Does Mr. Webster? Does the President?"

The above is from the Napoleon of blauckguards, and nobody else. We care nothing for his opinions so long as they are unfriendly. It is only his embrace that is fatal. Those "pirated speeches" were placed in our hands by Mr. Webster for publication, after [illegible] advertisement, and the letters we have received from the distinguished statesman, thanking us for the care we have bestowed upon the publication of them, more than compensates for all the blackguardism of the reptile who has been nine times publicly kicked, cuffed, caned, cowhided and spit upon.

The public may rely upon the accuracy of these speeches, and, if need be, we will give Mr. Webster's endorsement of them in the second hundred thousand. The following notice is from the editor of the Journal of Commerce. Behold the difference between a blackguard and a gentleman:

"MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECHES.—As the speeches of Mr. Webster at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany will be often referred to, and are worth reading many times over, it is best to have a correct copy. The edition just issued from the Evening Mirror office, in a phamplet of 56 pages, 8vo., is what is wanted, having received Mr. Webster's revision. The emendations are quite numerous."

The Tehuantepec Treaty.

In speaking of the rejection of the Tehuantepec Treaty by the Mexican Senate, and the amendment of the Garay Grant, of which we recently received news from Mexico, the Springfield Republican thus recapitulates the history of the Garay Grant, which may possess interest for many readers:

"In 1842, Jose de Garay asked the Mexican Government for a right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec for the establishment of inter-oceanic communication. Santa Anna, then President, granted the request, giving certain privileges and requiring certain conditions. Soon after this, waste lands were placed in Garay's possession by the Government, in accordance with its concessions, and an extension of a year granted for the commencement of the work. Everything to this point was in good faith and without flaw.

"The difficulties with the United States then interfered with the commencement of the work, and on the 5th day of November, 1846, a decree was issued by Gen. Salas, then Dictator, confirming to Garay every previous act of legislation upon the subject. This last decree of Gen. Salas the Mexican Senate now declare to be null and void, although, in the negotiations for a treaty with our Government, at the close of the Mexican war, the Council of Ministers distinctly recognized the existence of the grant, and made it a ground for refusing to the United States a similar right of way.

"We see that a party of surveyors have just returned to New Orleans, having surveyed a route for a railroad across the Isthmus at Tehuantepec. The lands connected with the grant they say are the finest in the world. They think the Tehuantepec route is *the* route, and the one which will supersede all others. If this be so, the Mexican Senate may as well cave in first as last, for the road must go there."

COURTESY OF AMERICANS.—Lady Emeline Wortley says:—I like the Americans more and more. Either they have improved wonderfully lately, or else the criticisms on them have been wonderfully exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging, and seem, I think, particularly anxious that foreigners should carry away a favorable impression of them. As for me, let other travelers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced, but to judge of them exactly as I find them, and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them, (if I see no good cause to alter my present humble opinion,) and most especially for their obliging civility and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances.

I have witnessed but very few isolated cases, as yet of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them; and those cases were decidedly not among the higher order of people; for there seems just as much difference in America as any where else, in some respects. The superior classes have almost always excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural as well as acquired refinement, and are of besides (which, perhaps, will not be believed in fastitudious England) extremely distinguished looking. By the way, the captains of the steam boats appear a remarkably gentlemanlike race of men in general, particularly courteous in their deportment, and very considerate and obliging to the passengers.

Why Don't Men Get Rich?

Of one hundred men, it would be safe, we think, to assert that at least seventy-five have a strong idea to be possessed of worldly goods and property; in a word, to be rich. Of these seventy-five, in our active and ready-witted American population, it would rarely happen that one was entirely wanting in faculty of diligence—and yet few, up to middle age, acquire a competency, or, in respect to fortune, accomplish their wishes. Can any man give us the philosophy of this frequent result? It appears to us to lie in a small compass. There is in every community a number of persons determined not to labor, who lend their whole inert energies to the reversal of the order of scripture, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou live." They then resolve, and maintain their resolution with calm and stubborn uniformity to the end of their days, not to sweat; but to "keep cool"—and let others do the hard work in the heat of the day. Characters of this stamp are to be found in every town, village, city, and district in the country.

And how do they live? Simply by using others. Either by getting possession of their property, without paying for it, on a false credit, or by bringing others in, by way of loans or endorsements, to pay their debts. In a word, diligent Americans fail to grow rich, at least to secure a competency—by not collecting the debts they have earned in their calling, or by having to pay the debts of other people. These are two fruitful sources of all the failures of the country. Do we argue, therefore, against loans and credits? In one form and another they are the bond and basis of modern society—the point we seek to get at is this—that men who have small means should live on small means; that no man has a right to launch into splendor on the expected profits of his business, and to make his creditors contribute to his extravagance and that of his household—in other words, no man has a right to spend a dollar before he has earned a dollar.—*Literary World.*

What is Fashion? Dinners at midnight and headaches in the morning.

What is Wit? That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pulled noses and broken heads.

What is Idleness? Working yaller mountains on a pink subsoil—or a blue tail dog in sky-colored convulsions.

What is Joy? To count your money and find it overruns a hundred dollars.

What is Conscience? Something that guilty men feel every time it thunders.

What is Knowledge? To be away from home when people come to borrow books or umbrellas.

What is Contentment? To sit in the house and see other people stick in the mud. In other words, to be a little better off than our neighbors.

What is Ambition? A desire to become possessed of a yellow pine leg and a half-soled eyebrow.

From the Washington Union.

Frederick the Great.

Paganell's History of Frederick, which we believe has never been republished in this country, gives a much more attractive view of this warlike monarch than any we have heretofore seen. Contrary to the generally received opinion, it would appear that Frederick, with all his cynicism, possessed a kind and affectionate disposition, as well as a large fund both of good nature and good humor.

The King (says Paganell) professed to think that "a sovereign should carry his heart in his head:" hence his life was spent in one continued effort to bring his feelings into subordination to his reason: and so well did he succeed, that he has left behind him a very general impression that he was by nature cold, unfeeling, and despotic. Those who had an opportunity, however, of knowing him most intimately, and of observing his domestic habits and his deportment in private, could not fail to come to a very different conclusion. To his family he was kind, affectionate, and indulgent—to his friends sincere, generous, and loving. Few sisters were ever more tenderly cherished by a brother than was the Margravine of Bareith by the Great Frederick. Few subjects have ever received from their sovereigns more touching marks of attachment and esteem than those bestowed by the King upon his faithful counsellor, Jordan. While this friend was on his deathbed, he insisted on sharing the duties of the sick room with his family. "Go, and endeavor to get some sleep," said he to the care-worn wife; "leave your husband in my charge. I will watch by him and supply all his wants, as you would, with my own hand." Every day he walked to the house on foot, (fearing the noise of a carriage would disturb the invalid,) and spent some time with him. This he continued to do till Jordan breathed his last, when, after providing in a princely manner for the bereaved, he had the portrait of the departed removed to his cabinet, and for a long time could never look upon it without tears. Jordan, it is true, well deserved these manifestations of the royal regard; for he loved the King, and served him disinterestedly and without flattery, as Frederick says of him in the eulogium which he wrote with his own hand.

Frederick possessed in an eminent degree the happy faculty of conferring a favor in an easy and agreeable manner. There was no oppressive condescension in his mode of giving. A colonel in his service, the father of a numerous family, had become embarrassed by his debts, and began to show it in his looks. Meeting him one day while off duty, pensive and abstracted as usual, the King (who took a fatherly interest in his officers, and kept himself generally acquainted with all that concerned them) accosted him thus: "What ails you, colonel? You are out of spirits, and have been so this long time. Now this is wrong; between friends there should be no secrets. You ought to let me know what troubles you; perhaps I can help you." Seeing him confused, and hesitating, without waiting for him to answer, the King continued: "No matter; *I'll tell you, then*, for I always look after the affairs of my friends as well as my own. You owe two thousand crowns, (handing him a *roleau* of ducats,) there's the money to pay it—(then handing him another)—and there is more to keep you out of debt for the future."

The poor widow of one of his officers, who was both aged and infirm, after a struggle with her pride, applied to the King for a pension. "I am sorry you did not let me know your situation before," replied Frederick, "both because you ought to have been relieved, and because, at present, my pension list is filled up, and all I can spare for that purpose is already appropriated. But your husband was a brave man, with whom I should always have willingly shared my dinner. I will retrench, then, one dish daily from my table; that will save a crown a day, and that you shall have, until I can do better for you. The next good pension which falls in shall be yours."

Who has not heard the frightful story of the officer condemned to death for the paltry offence of burning a candle in his tent during the hours when lights were prohibited, and whom it was said that Frederick forced to add as a postscript to his last letter of advice to his wife the cruel words, "When you receive this I shall have ceased to exist?" The pencil, as well as the pen, has been put in requisition to illustrate this instance of the heartlessness of the Prussian despot. Now, not only is this anecdote false, but unfounded in every particular. It is pure fiction, for there is not and never was any regulation in the Prussian service punishing such an offence with death; and so far was Frederick from being capable of such cruelty of his own accord, that it was with the greatest reluctance he even signed a sentence of death when a criminal had been condemned by the tribunals of the country; and never, during his long reign, though always vested with the power of life and death, did he inflict that punishment without a judicial decision. Rigid and even severe in his discipline, he abhorred capital punishment, and never failed to substitute some lesser penalty in place of it whenever he thought the welfare of society would permit it.

Equally erroneous are those accounts which ascribe to this King a habit of inflicting personal chastisement upon those about him for offences against himself or his domestic relations. In this particular he bore no resemblance to his father, who was notorious for his violence towards every member of his household—sparing not even his own children in his paroxysms of rage. For some of these outbursts of passion Frederick has doubtless been unjustly credited. Not only, however, was he incapable of descending to such unbecoming demonstrations of displeasure against those who offended him, but, on the contrary, if he noticed them at all, it was almost always in a good-humored and facetious way.

A certain clergyman in Berlin made the King the constant object of his attacks from the pulpit; he declaimed without ceasing against him as irreligious, profane, tyrannical, and poured forth upon his devoted head, as Sabbath succeeded Sabbath, volumes of the most virulent abuse. He was reproved by the ministry, and repeatedly advised to be more circumspect by those who apprehended that his insolence and temerity would draw down upon him some terrible retribution, but all in vain; the ferocity of this clerical bull-dog was not to be appeased. At last he was arrested, and brought before the King.—"My reverend friend," said his Majesty archly, "you have evidently an ambition to be a martyr. Now understand me once for all; in that respect, I cannot oblige you. You may abuse me to the end of the chapter, but I shall not persecute you in return. Permit me, then, to advise you to select hereafter some other topic for the edification of your audience. After hearing so much of the imperfections of an earthly king, I doubt not that it would be quite refreshing to them if you were to descant awhile upon the perfections of the King of Kings, whose glory and honor I fear you have quite lost sight of while devoting your attention to me." With this gentle reproof, which was administered in full court, the reverend gentleman was dismissed; but thenceforth a change was manifest in the style of his preaching, which was greatly to the advantage of his congregation."

Looking one day from a window in his palace, Frederick observed a crowd of people occupied in reading a placard which was posted at a most inconvenient height upon a neighboring wall. "See what that is that excites so much curiosity," said he to an attendant. The page went, and speedily returned with the information that the attractive object was a handbill abusive of the person and government of his Majesty. "Go and have it placed lower down," said the King; "the people can hardly see to read it."

Being informed that a certain citizen of Berlin was a disaffected person, and had uttered the most atrocious threats against him: "How many hundred thousand men can he bring into the field?" said the King. "Eh?—none? Well, then, it is hardly worth while for us to make war upon him."

Notwithstanding the severity of his discipline, Frederick was loved as a father by his soldiers, and a father and a friend he proved himself to them upon all occasions. An old sergeant, on half pay, incapacitated by his wounds for active service, had for a long time been an applicant to the Minister of Finance for a small post, which would increase his slender income, and enable him to make some provision for the future. The Minister Werder, though a man of capacity, was haughty and inaccessible; he had his own family and favorites to provide for, and the poor sergeant's suit was too humble to attract even the passing notice of the great man.

Wearied and discouraged, the old soldier sat down and stated his case in writing to the King. Upon the receipts of his letter Frederick sent for him, and found, upon inquiry that his complaint was by no means a solitary one—several old veterans and invalids having made similar applications with no better success. "Take a pen," said the King, "and write a new petition to the minister for the place you want." The sergeant did as he was ordered. "Now add," continued the King, "that we old soldiers are of opinion that your excellency does not treat the veterans of the army of the King with the consideration due to their services and merits, and that, unless justice is done to ourselves and our comrades, we shall take measures to procure your excellency's removal, and the appointment of some one who will treat us better in your place." The old sergeant stared and wondered, but obeyed orders without a question. "Good," said the King; "now sign your name, and then give me the pen." The sergeant signed, and handed the pen to the King, who at once appended his own signature below that of the petitioner, and sent the document to the minister, saying with a smile, "we old soldiers must make common cause when the great folks treat us ill; let us see what the minister will say to that petitioner." It is needless to add that in this case, as well as in all of a similar character, there was no longer any ground for any complaint on the score of inattention or neglect.

A corporal of the guard, whose gallantry in the field was only equaled by his love of display upon parade, sported a dashing watch-chain and bunch of seals, to which, for want of a watch, he attached a musket bullet, which he carried in his fob. Frederick found it out. "Really, corporal," said he to him one day, "you must have been very economical to have saved enough out of your pay to buy a watch; what time are you?—I am just six." "Sire," replied the corporal, "my watch says neither six nor seven; all it is good for is to remind me to be ready at any hour to die for your majesty." "Here, my friend," returned the King, handing the corporal his own watch, which was enriched with diamonds, "take this; if you should be called upon to die for me, it will indicate the hour more exactly."

Equally mild and gentle was the King to his personal attendants and his household servants. He seldom spoke to a domestic or page without using some kindly appellation, as "my friend," or "my child;" and all who were faithful and deserving received from him the most paternal treatment. Faults were frequently forgiven or overlooked; and sometimes when liberties, which in most royal households would have been considered unpardonable, were taken with him, they only elicited some arch good-humored reproof, which, while it checked presumption, inflicted no serious wound upon the feelings. Passing a looking-glass one day, he observed one of his pages behind his back helping himself to a pinch from the royal snuff-box. How do you like it?" asked the King, turning quickly, and addressing himself to the embarrassed attendant. Confused and abashed, the young man could not answer a word. "I asked you how you liked my snuff," repeated the King, "and I expect an answer." Forced to reply, the culprit at last stammered out that it was very good. "Put the box in your pocket, then," said Frederick; "it is not large enough for both of us."

The freedom which this absolute monarch accorded to the press was virtually as great as that which it enjoys under the most liberal governments; for, notwithstanding his ministers wrung from him an ordinance restricting it, under the pretext of restraining its licentiousness, it was powerless from the fact that the King invariably defeated its enforcement by the exercise of his supreme prerogative.—Any one prosecuted and convicted under this law for political reasons had only to apply to the King, and his penalty was sure to be remitted—the words "I wish the press to be free" being usually appended to the royal pardon. It is difficult to reconcile such an exercise of power with our ideas of despotism; and yet, if the absolute and unlimited control and disposal of the lives and property of a people constitute a despotism, the Prussian monarchy in the time of Frederick the Great was most undoubtedly one. Had his lot been cast in this country, in the nineteenth century, Frederick might have proved a Jackson; had Jackson been born in the eighteenth, to the throne of Prussia, he would have filled the part of Frederick to perfection. Seldom, in the whole range of history, do we encounter so striking a resemblance, mental, moral, or even physical, between two prominent characters as is presented by a glance at the two great personages whom we have just named.

H.

A New Cure for an Old Complaint.

The *Courrier des Etates-Unis* tells a great many spicy stories of Parisian life, in a most entertaining and attractive manner. The following is a very free translation of one of its latest and best anecdotes:

A personage of more than ordinary distinction and wealth, and a noted politician, has recently returned to the French capital to reside, after some year's absence. He was formerly known there as an exceedingly eccentric character, and his temper was none of the mildest.

He came into the possession of his fortune at rather a late period of his life, and having met with some sharp adversities in his early years, he became naturally avaricious and close-fisted in his pecuniary notions.

He married a beautiful wife, and his irritability very quickly exhibited itself towards the lady he had sworn to "love, cherish and protect." This was a most unfortunate circumstance, and was the occasion of deep suffering to a woman well born, thoroughly educated and accustomed to the refinements of good breeding.

The honey moon had scarcely begun to wane, ere she experienced the effects of his petulancy and ill-humor. The wife was fond and forgiving—but it required all her tact, and a goodly display of rare patience, to aid her submission to the tyranny to which she so suddenly and so unexpectedly found herself subjected.

The temper of her liege lord was so violent that he proved himself no "respecter of persons;" and on one occasion, after a sharp family quarrel, in the presence of several witnesses, he retired to his own private apartment, followed by a friend, (a *real* friend,) who did not hesitate to show up his error, and soundly berate him, for his inconsiderate and abusive conduct.

His friend took no heed of his continued rage, but spoke plainly to him—as his *friend* had a right to do. The guilty husband listened, at last, and replied:

"The reproof you administer is just. I am wrong, always wrong, and I reproach myself, often, more severely than you now have done! But—what can I do? My temper is stronger than I am. I forget myself, fly into a rage, and, when the fit is over, I am ashamed. But I repeat the error the next day, or the very next hour! It is fatal."

"Yes," said his friend, "it is fatal."

"I need a lesson," continued the husband, after a moment's reflection, "and I will administer it, myself. I love money—but I am resolved."

Then advancing to his escrutoire, he opened a small drawer, took forth a one-thousand franc note, set fire to the corner of it, and coolly lighted a cigar!

His friend, seeing the note about to be destroyed, rushed to his side; but he put forth his hand and waved him back.

"Stand aside," he said nervously.

"You are crazy!"

"No! I am sane—perfectly. I know what I am doing. You shall see anon."

When the thousand franc note was entirely consumed, "There!" said the repentant husband, "I love money as well as most men—better than the majority; I will punish myself, I swear to you, in this, my most sensitive love, each time I repeat the fault of abusing my wife!"

And his oath was religiously observed. Whenever—for a few days afterwards, only—he committed the error described, he walked to his secretary, drew forth his money, burned it up, and reflected over its ashes. But that his fortune was ample, a few months of sacrifice like this would have ruined him, pecuniarily.

But he soon came to his senses. After placing some fifteen thousand francs in the flames, the medicine he thus voluntarily applied, affected a radical cure; and the former irascible and unreasonable tyrant became a quiet, loving, loveable husband; and what is stranger still, he now expends his liberal fortune freely, consistently, and intelligently!

Is there not a wholesom moral in this sketch?—This cure is a valuable example.

THE LYNCHBURG TRAGEDY.—It is stated in the Fredericksburg (Va.,) Recorder, that Mr. Saunders sent to Mr. Terry, previous to the death of the latter, a complete retraction of all that he had said offensive to him in the controversy which terminated so fatally. Mr. Terry accepted the message in the spirit in which it was sent, and expressed his regret that it had not reached him in time to save their respective families the sorrow and anguish which they had suffered.

There is an old maid "down east" so tough and wrinkled that they use her forehead to grate wooden nutmegs on.

From the N. O. Delta.

One Glass Too Much; Or,—The Wife's Night Cap.

BY "NIX IN DER VOODS."

Mr. ——, who doesn't live more than a mile from the post office in this city, met some "Northern friends with Southern principles," the other evening, and in extending to them the hospitalities of the "Crescent City," visited so many of our princely Saloons and "Marble Halls," imbibing spiritual consolation as they journeyed, that when he left them at their hotel at the midnight hour, he felt, decidedly felt, that he had "a brick in his hat." Now, he has a wife, an amiable, accomplished, and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, and finds but one fault with him. That is his too frequent visit to the palaces where these "bricks" are obtained.

After leaving his friends, Mr. —— paused a moment, took his bearings, and having shaped a course, on the principle that continual angles meet, made sail for home. In due course of time he arrived there, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in.—That also she always does.

"How are you dear E?" she said—"you staid out so late that I feared you had been taken sick."

"Hic—aint sick wife; b-but don't you th-think I'm—I'm a little t-tight?"

"A *very* little, perhaps my dear—but that is nothing—you have so many friends, as *you* say, you must join them in a glass once in a while!"

"Wife, you're too good—th-the truth is, I'm d—d d-drunk!"

"Oh, no indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a night-cap, dear!"

"You are too kind my d-dear, by half—I know I'm d-drunk!"

"Oh no—only a julep too much, love—that's all!"

"Yes—juleps—McMasters makes such stiff 'uns!"

"Well—take a glass of ale at any rate—it can't hurt you, dear; I want one before I retire!"

The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the sideboard, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glass with the foaming ale, she handed one to her husband.

Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She never before had been so kind when he was drunk. He looked at the glass,—raised it to his lips,—then hesitated.

"Dear, w-won't you just taste mine, to make it sweet—sweeter?" said he.

"Certainly, love!" replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was careful not to swallow.

Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foot-tub of water before an easy chair, as if she intended to bathe her beautiful little feet. But small as were those feet, there was not water enough in the tub to cover them. The husband began to *feel*, and he wanted to retire.

"Wait only a few minutes, dear," said his loving spouse; "I want to read the news in this afternoon's Delta. I found it in my pocket."

A few minutes more elapsed, and then—and then, oh ye gods and Dan o' the lake, what a time! The husband was placed in the easy chair. He began to understand why the tub was there; he soon learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, that when he arose from that chair, the brick had left his hat. It has'nt been there since. He says he'll never drink another julep; he can't bear Scotch ale, but he is *death on lemonade!* He loves his wife better than ever.

Reader, this is a truthful story. Profit by its moral.

"NOT WORTH WHILE."—Some months ago a country gentleman, who sometimes acts in an editorial capacity for a newspaper in —, was present at a railroad festival in a thriving village in New England, where, among a motley crowd of people, fifty or sixty editors and *attaches* of the press were gathered. At the ball, which succeeded the regular exercises of the occasion, the person to whom we have alluded, and to whom, like the hero of Lamb's unlucky farce, we shall call "H.," invited two or three gentlemen of the corps editorial to go with him to the refreshment room in the rear of the mammoth tent where the ball was held, and "take a drink." The gentlemen, one of whom was a Boston Editor, accompanied the hospitable and generous Mr. H. to the bar with an alacrity quite worthy of the profession in the driest times and places. Champagne being agreed upon, at the instance of Mr. H., as the thing to be "put down by the power of the press," the gentleman walked up to the barkeeper, while the guests stood modestly in the rear. Presently Mr. H. turned round with a disappointed air, and said: "It's no go, gentlemen; I asked him for *some champagne*—a glass for each on us—but he says he won't sell less'n a bottle! I don't stand the swindle, gentlemen—would *you?*" And he walked off thoughtfully, like a man who had suddenly escaped a great calamity.—*Boston Post.*

THE BEST SOUP.—When one pound of lean beef free from fat, and separated from the bones, in the finely-chopped state in which it is used for beef sausages or mince-meat, is uniformly mixed with its own weight of cold water, slowly heated to boiling, and the liquid, after boiling briskly for a minute or two, is strained through a towel from the coagulated albumen and the fibrine, now become hard and horny, we obtain an equal weight of the most aromatic soup of such strength as cannot be obtained, even by boiling for hours, from a piece of flesh. When mixed with salt and other usual additions by which soup is usually seasoned and tinged somewhat darker by means of roasted onions or burnt sugar, it forms the very best soup which can in any way be prepared from one pound of flesh.—*Leibig.*

AN INTERESTING TRIO.—'Mister, can you tell me whereabouts I am?'

'Where you am! You are from Jersey, ain't you?'

'No, when I am at hum I live in Ohio.'

'Ohio! just come around? Where do you put up?'

'I don't put up any where; I am looking for Lovejoy's place.'

'Lovejoy's? Know him like a book; old friend of mine; I'll go there with you. New York is a bad place. You might get lost.'

'You are very kind, Mister, and I'm very much obliged.'

'You are welcome; but here is my sister, that I have been a waiting for. (Young lady in the back ground.) I must see her home; you can go long with us, and then I'll take you to Lovejoy's.'

The grateful young man from Ohio finds himself in the 5th Ward Station House next morning, minus his money, carpet bag, umbrella, and good looks, and is advised to call and see Mr. Matsell, the interesting Chief of Police.

NATURAL RELIGION.—We have been not a little amused with the following definition of the religion of "nature," furnished by the Yankee Blade. It comes remarkably near to the truth:

1. Look out for number one.
2. Use others all you can, and let them "use" you as little as possible.
3. Get money; honestly, if you can, but—get money.
4. Hold on to what you have got, and get as much more as you can.
5. Every one for himself, and the ——l take the hindmost.

Here you have the whole thing in a nutshell.—There is no need of inking whole reams of paper with explanations of the subject, for here you have the exact doctrines in which the world believes, and which are practiced upon by a vast majority of people in every nation on the globe.

WIVES.—We find the following paragraph going the rounds of the papers. It purports to be an extract from Mrs. Elli's lectures addressed to young ladies:

"My pretty little dears, you are no more fit for matrimony than a ducklet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen and less parlor; more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright-eyed, rosy cheeked, full breasted, bouncing, lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, feed the pigs, chop wood, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlboro, or the Queen of Spain, and be a lady withal in the drawing-room. But as to your pining, moping, wasp-waisted, putty-faced, music-murdering, novel-reading daughters of fashion and idleness, with your consumption-soled shoes, silk stockings, and calico shifts, you won't do for the future wives and mothers of England.

CABBAGE.—It is said that cabbage contains a great deal of nutriment—hence the robust and athletic frames of tailors.

He Loves Her Memory Now.

BY THOMAS J. DIEHL.

He loved her when youth's merry beam
Was sparkling in her eye,
He loved her when life seemed a dream,
Without a tear or sigh.
He loved her when the sunny smile
Was lighting up her brow—
That eye is closed—that smile is fled;
He loves her memory now.

He loved her when the bloom of health
Was fresh upon her cheek;
He loved her when her kindly voice
In gentle tones would speak.
He loved her ere the hand of care
Was planted on her brow—
Her voice is hushed—that bloom is dead;
He loves her memory now.

He loved her when he saw the rose
Upon her cheek decay,
He loved her though he knew its glow
Was passing fast away.
He loved her when beneath life's storm
He saw her meekly bow—
The storm is past, and she is gone;
He loves her memory now.

He loved her when her eye grew cold,
And lost its starry light,
He loved her when her sad tear told
Of early coming blight.
He loved her when her hand he pressed,
And breathed his earn est now,
She smiled reply, and he was blessed—
He loves her memory now.

He loved her when her fluttering breath
Came bearing many a sigh;
He loved her when in chilly death
He saw her sleeping lie.
He loved her when the tomb's cold seal
Was resting on her brow—
He often wanders near the grave,
And loves her memory now.

A big, black, buck negro was charged yesterday before the Recorder, by one of the genus Dandy, with stealing—his boots out of his bed-room, at an early hour of the morning. A little limb of the law—one of the sharp-practice class—who defended the negro, was rather querulus in his cross-examination of the complainant.

Now, sir, he said, you have told his Honor that you were in bed when the negro entered your room. Did you see him at the time?

No.

Did you hear him?

No.

Well, then, did you feel him?

No.

How, then, came you to know that he was stealing your boots?

Why, I *smelt* him; opened my eyes, and found that he was—as one of our poets very beautifully expresses it—*stealing and giving odor.—N. O. Delta.*

PALEY.—This great man, whose mind was so remarkably expert, was particularly clumsy in body. "I was never a good horseman," he used to say of himself, "and when I followed my father on a pony of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times; I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside, and say, 'Take care of thy money, lad.'"

Meadley's Memoirs of Dr. Paley.

REVOLVING SHIRTS.—Punch is always getting up something new. He says that he has sent to the World's Fair what he terms "a Patent Revolver Shirt," an invention of his own, which, by turning round, is made to display in succession four clean dickies.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—Reading the newspaper praises of Jenny Lind's benevolent disposition, Mrs. Partington came to the complimentary expression in regard to the "*fellow feeling* in her bosom," which the Swedish Nightingale cherished towards the unfortunate and needy. Involuntarily raising her spectacles, and looking the personification of amazement, the good old lady repeated, "A feller feeling in her bosom! la, me, if that ain't just the way the fellers used to do when I was a girl!" And then she re-adjusted her spectacles and kept on reading.

PATENT REVOLVING CANNON.—Mr. Z. M. Lowry, of Portville, Cattaraugus county, New York, has invented a cannon which will load and discharge itself 50 times a minute. It is stated in the Cattaraugus Whig that the War Department has declared in favor of adopting this ingenious destructive power for our Government.

Hotels, &c.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

THE subscriber has taken the house on the corner of Market and Second Streets, and has furnished it in a neat but plain style for a boarding house, and is ready for the reception of boarders, either by the day, week or month. His table shall be furnished with as good as the market affords, and his charges moderate. He respectfully solicits the patronage of town and country friends, as nothing shall be left undone on his part to give entire satisfaction.

A. A. B. SOUTHALL.
Wilmington, N. C., April 11th, 1851. 31-t10

NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

MRS. E. A. FORD, would respectfully inform the public, that she has taken the House lately occupied by Mrs. SWANN, as a Boarding-House, and having had it thoroughly repaired, and fitted with new and handsome furniture throughout, she will be enabled to accommodate a number of transient or permanent Boarders in the best manner. The House is as pleasantly situated as any in Wilmington, and a number of her best rooms will be reserved for the accommodation of transient visiters. She can confidently bespeak the patronage of those desirous of obtaining a Boarding House of the first class, as she flatters herself that her arrangements cannot be surpassed for comfort and convenience, and no exertion will be spared calculated to add to the happiness and contentment of her guests.

The House is now open for the reception of permanent or day boarders. For terms, apply to Mrs. FORD.
Nov. 15, 1850 10-12m

Schools.

CUMBERLAND ACADEMY.

THE Winter session in this School will close on Monday, the 26th inst. Examination on the 23d, 24th and 26th. The Summer session will commence on Wednesday, the 2d of July, and continue five months.

Board and tuition as heretofore.

By order of Directors,
H. ELLIOTT, President.
May 10, 1851. [c] 36-6t

MAY 30th, 1851.

JUST received at the Bookstore of L. H. Pierce.—Hurry-Graphs, or Sketches of Scenery, Celebrities and Society, taken from Life, by N. P. Willis. "Stick a pin there."

Foot Prints of the Creator, by Hugh Miller.
Harriss' Adventures in Africa; a very interesting work.
Also the following new Novels.
The Commissioner, or De Lunatico Inquirendo, by G. P. R. James, Esq.
The Rebels and Tories, or the Blood of the Mohawk, a revolutionary legend, by Lawrence Lebue, Esq.
Wild Sports of the West, by Wm. Maxwell.
The Mysteries of the People, by Eugene Sue.
The Greatest Plague of Life, or the Adventures of a Lady in search of a good servant, by one who has been almost worried to death.
Leonard Normandale, or the Three Brothers. This is the work of a great mind—a giant intellect—which is destined to attain high literary prominence: every one who reads "Leonard Normendale" will enjoy a rich intellectual treat.
June 13th, 1851 *Dispatch.*

PATENT YOKE SHIRTS.

JUST RECEIVED, and always kept on hand, a fine supply of PATENT YOKE SHIRTS; also, a lot of figured LINEN BOSOM SHIRTS, and an elegant article of gentlemen's figured SATIN TIES; and another lot of those fine linen and silk CRAVATS, just to suit the season. Call and examine. For sale by CHARLES BARR,
may 23 Merchant Tailor, Wilmington N. C.

THEY HAVE COME!

A Splendid assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, made expressly to my order, for this market, among which will be found a new article, "Prince DeJoinville," Lama, Sack, Black, Brown, Green Blue, Drab, &c. &c. &c. Sack, Dress, and Frock Coats; Black, Brown, Green, Drab, Cashmerett, Sack and Frock Coats; Mohair, Lustre, Alpacca, Sack and Frock Coats; Puritan Coating, Linen, Lustre, and Brown Linen Sack Coats, Pants, &c. &c. &c. A variety of Silk, Marseilles Vests, &c. &c., just to suit the season; prices *very low*, at the "Old Stand." Remember 5 per ct. off for *Cash* on all sums of $5 and upwards.

CHAS. BARR,
Wilmington N. C., May 23, 1851] *Merchant Tailor.*

Those who have Accounts with us

MAY expect their bills to be presented for payment 1st July. It will save us much inconvenience if those indebted to us will call and settle their bills by that time.
June 13, 1851] SCOTT & BALDWIN.

SUMMER COATS, PANTS, AND VESTS,

OF our own manufacture, opening tri-weekly, consisting of the most fashionable style of Business and Walking Coats; Vests, a great variety; Pants, newest style, superb cut. Also, Youths' and Boys' Clothing, in great variety.—Call at SCOTT & BALDWIN'S, Market-st.

Property at Public and Private Sale.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.
NEW-HANOVER COUNTY.

Jere. Hand, Guardian of Martha Ann Smith, } Ex parte.

THE Real Estate heretofore advertised to be sold on Monday of June County Court, consisting of a tract of about **Eight Hundred Acres of Land**, adjoining the lands of Jere. Hand, Lewis Saunders, and John Moore, will take place at the Court House in Wilmington, on the 30th of July next. T. D. MEARES, C. & M. E.
June 17, 1851 [Pr. fee, $2 37] 41-6t

10,000 ACRES OF LAND FOR SALE.

THE subscriber wishing to change his business, offers for sale all his lands situated in All Saints' Parish, South-Carilina, on Little and Waccamaw Rivers, consisting of Corn, Cotton and Turpentine Lands, on which there is twelve or thirteen crops of boxes in full operation; also, a forty barrel Still, with all necessary fixtures. Also, a good stand for a store, and a considerable quantity of Turpentine may be bought at the place. The land will be divided into lots to suit purchasers. Persons desiring to purchase, can see the land by calling on the subscriber on the premises, or HENRY NUTT, in Wilmington, N. C., who will give all necessary information. Terms accommodating.

THOS. RANDALL.
Little River, S. C., June 20, 1851. 41-2m

LAND AND NEGROES FOR SALE.

THE subscriber being desirous of moving to the South, offers for sale his Land in Wayne county, containing about **Seven Hundred and Twenty-Five Acres**, situated on the Railroad, about two miles below Dudley's Depot; the cleared Land being sufficient to obtain a crop of three hundred and fifty to four hundred barrels of Corn. The dwellings and out-buildings are tolerably comfortable. There is also about 14,000 boxes (Turpentine) old and new. Also, a lot of **Likely Young Negroes.**—Payments made easy, by applying to JAS. KELLY.
Wayne county, June 13, 1851 40-tf

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the whole of his Real Estate, which is situated as follows:

The Plantation and Wood Lands where he now resides, on Black River, New Hanover county, containing THREE THOUSAND ACRES, on which is an excellent SAW AND GRIST MILL, worked by water power.

Also, the Plantation on the River, known as the Corbett place, containing EIGHT HUNDRED ACRES, 200 of which are cleared and under cultivation.

Also, another tract lying on the River, immediately below the above, known as the Hatcher place, containing TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED ACRES, with 300 Acres under fence and cultivation. Some of these Lands are very excellent Swamp, and easy to drain. The uplands are well set with Turpentine Pines that have never been boxed.

Also, another Plantation on the South side of Black River, containing FOUR THOUSAND ACRES, and known as the Colley Mills, with an excellent set of Mills, drove by water power. The Mills are in good repair. There is on this tract some excellent Swamp Land, a portion of which is under cultivation. The water power is believed to be the best in the lower part of the State. The uplands of this tract abound in a growth of large Turpentine Pines, the greater portion of which have never been boxed.

Persons wishing to purchase will find it to their interest to view the above Lands, as they may be had on accommodating terms. The Lands will be shewn by the Overseers residing on either of the above premises, or by the owner.

CHARLES HENRY.
Black River, New Hanover co., N. C., May 30th, 1851. } 38-tf

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE Lots and improvements thereon, at Saracta, Duplin county, N. C., formerly occupied by Wm. O. Jeffreys as a Store and Distillery, are offered for sale. The situation is a very advantageous location for the above or any other business. For particulars, apply to

I. B. & J. J. KELLY.
Kenansville, Duplin co., N. C., April 18, 1851 32-tf

FOR SALE.

A COMFORTABLE dwelling house, with suitable out-houses and a well of good water, 2½ miles from Wilmington, together with 50 or 100 acres of land around it. The house is new and well furnished: two storys high, and has five comfortable rooms. There are about 7 acres of cleared land immediately around the house, 1 acre of which is well improved as a garden spot. The remaining 6 acres are in cultivation, and contain about 100 young apple and peach trees, and 30 flourishing young scuppernong vines. The location is believed to be perfectly healthy. For terms and further information, apply to B. I. HOWZE, Esq.
Nov. 29.
**Goldsborough Telegraph copy tf 12-tf

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

I offer for sale my entire Real Estate, upon which are thirty-five sets of Boxes; the most of which have only been in use from one to two years; with a sufficient quantity of round trees to cut at least twenty sets more; the lands upon which these are situated, is not easily surpassed by any piney lands in Eastern Carolina! There is upon the premises two Distilleries neatly and conveniently fitted up, with all necessary out-houses. Upon the farm, I think the buildings altogether are seldom excelled. Those wishing to purchase are invited to examine for themselves. Terms shall be low, and payments accomodating. Come and see.

Any person wishing to purchase, can be furnished with a sufficient number of teams and wagons to carry on both the operations of Farm and Turpentine, and with a year's supply of provision. JOHN A. AVIRETT.
Catharine Lake, Onslow county, N. C., July 22, 1850.—tf

LOOK AT THIS.

THE undersigned having determined on moving South, offers for sale his plantation whereon he now resides, in Duplin county, lying on the main road from Fayetteville to Newbern, three miles west of Kenansville, containing about 900 Acres, one-half of which is cleared and in a good state of cultivation; and he has no hesitation in saying that it is the best Corn plantation in the neighborhood. The Dwelling House is convenient and comfortable, with the best set of out-buildings in the County.

Also, one tract of Tar and Turpentine Land near the Rail Road, three miles below Strickland's Depot, containing about 600 Acres.

Also, a valuable Steam Mill, (of ten horse power,) located at Strickland's, in good order; and a superior team of Horses, Waggon, &c.

A bargain can be had by applying soon, and payments made accommodating and easy.

JAS. M. MIDDLETON.
Duplin county, Oct. 25, 1850 7-tf

BOOTS AND SHOES.—CLINTON, N. C.

THE subscriber would respectfully announce to his friends and patrons of Sampson and the adjoining counties, that he has on hand a large and complete assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses', Boys', and Children's **Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.** Also, a large stock of **Leather**, which he offers on accommodating terms, and solicits the call of the Ladies and Gentlemen, as he flatters himself that, with the assortment he has on hand, he can both fit and please all that may favor him with a call—even the most fastidious.

He still occupies his old stand next door above G. W. Atkins & Co., where he continues to execute all orders with neatness and despatch, and at the same time tenders his thanks for past favors, and hopes, by close application to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

DAVID D. CARROLL.
April 25th, 1851 33-3m

LIST OF BLANKS.

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

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.

CREW LISTS.—A large supply on hand and for sale low at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

LAMPS! Lamps!! Lamps!!!—A large assortment of Fluid Lamps, just opened. For sale cheap, by O. & G. HOLMES.

CROCKERY! Crockery!! Crockery!!!—A good assortment. Just received from Baltimore. For sale [Herald copy.] cheap, by O. & G. HOLMES.

FLOUR, Sugar, Coffee, and Tobacco.—
280 bbls. Superfine Flour, assorted brands;
60 half bbls. do. do. do.
7 hhds. handsome Porto Rico Sugar;
4 hhds. St. Croix do.
20 bbls. Powderd do.
10 do. Crushed do.
25 bags Laguira Coffee;
35 boxes assorted brands Tobacco.
(CASH GOODS.) For sale by O. & G. HOLMES.
We warrant all goods we sell.

NEW Mess Pork—(200 lbs.)—60 bbls. in store, and for sale low, by SAVAGE & MEARES.

SUGARS.—Porto Rico in hhds and bbls., Refined, Clarified and Crushed. For sale low, by SAVAGE & MEARES.

N. C. Bacon.—300 Hams; 300 Sides; 300 Shoulders. For sale low, by SAVAGE & MEARES.

RIO Coffee.—25 bags. For sale at reduced rates, by SAVAGE & MEARES.

CIGARS.—10,000 imported. For sale low, by SAVAGE & MEARES.

JUST Received. 2 dozen Gent.'s Fancy Summer Caps, a new style, and decidedly a neat article.—Cheap for the cash, by C. MYERS, Hatter.

PATENT Ice Cream Freezers. Just received, a lot of this fine Freezer, the best in use. For sale by HOWARD & PEDEN.