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OUR MARKETS.

We have often said, and repeat the claim, that Northern Missouri is one of the most fertile districts of country in the United States, and perhaps in the world. Our soil neither requires artificial stimulants nor irrigation. It produces weeds and every kind of grass without cultivation or stimulants, and in the greatest profusion; and, but partially cultivated, our productions per acre vastly exceed those of the famed Kentucky and Ohio lands.

But while we insist upon the truth of these facts we are sorely puzzled to account to strangers and to ourselves, why it is, that, almost every day, we see arriving at our wharf, delivered for sale, and for the consumption of our people, almost every article (except hemp, tobacco and wheat) which our rich and thrifty agriculturist ought to produce and furnish. Saying nothing of plows, carts, wagons, castings, and other agricultural articles which our mechanics ought to furnish, we are pained to see, almost every day, landing from above and below, corn, corn-meal, flour, chop-stuff for feed, potatoes, butter, and even eggs. It is well known that our family grocers, in order to a supply, for the demands of the city, are constrained to go or send to our more frugal or more industrious neighbors of Illinois and Iowa, or to St. Louis, for large quantities of the above mentioned articles. But the city people are not their only customers. Respectable farmers are often found buying potatoes, bacon, flour and meal, so imported! How is this? Will any one furnish the true cause?

We also import largely of another product of the field; but on this, except as to the quality, we manage to make up the difference in exchange. We import largely of whisky of a good quality. This we mix, or "rectify," and send back to them, at a less price than we pay. So that, except so much of it as we indirectly exchange for hemp, tobacco and wheat, in the back country, we are nearly even with our neighbors on that article. This exchange is indirect, it is true, but those other articles operate in a manner to produce a direct drain of money and a loss. It may be that our country is not sufficiently settled; or that the facilities of good roads are wanting. Both, perhaps, may be pleaded; but we hope that, when our plank roads are finished, and when the railroad shall be put in motion, that in-stead of importing we shall be able to obtain supplies for home consumption and for export. We could say much on this subject, but our limits forbid, at this time.

The fact that two Small Pox patients were landed here from a boat, yesterday, should remind our citizens of the propriety of providing permanently a suitable place for persons afflicted with contagious diseases.

A horse broke away from a buggy on Wednesday and ran up Pine street. As he neared Ninth street, a lumber wagon crossed before him, but without pausing in his full stride he dashed at it in the true "steeple chase" style, cleared it and the driver who was sitting between the wheels, in the most gallant manner, and went on at an unabated pace, to the astonishment and fear of pedestrians generally.—St. Louis Democrat.

[FOR THE JOURNAL.]

On yesterday, the Jeanne Deans put ashore two passengers at this place, who, upon examination, were pronounced to have the Small Pox. This morning, Capt. Brown accompanied the Marshal to the Recorder's office, and gave an explanation of the matter, but it not being satisfactory, a fine of fifty dollars was put upon him. He did not pay the fine, and the case will be taken up.

The invalids were poor persons, and had paid about their last money to get to this place, and would it have been right, without knowing they had the Small Pox, to put them off in the woods, to suffer and die? Would it have been right, knowing they had it? X.

Remarking upon an article in the Bloomington Republican, the Hannibal Messenger says:

Wishing however to show that this city was hostile to Palmyra, the Bloomington Republican charges the Journal of this city with mis-representing Mr. Pratte, and alleges that Mr. Pratte in its opinion said "there is hostility in Hannibal toward Palmyra." Mr. Pratte has been represented (and truly we doubt not) to have said that hostility existed in Palmyra towards Hannibal. Mr. Pratte is aware of that fact, and has not denied it, or signified his disapproval of it. Why therefore does the Republican seek to make him say what he did not say? cleazk to set Palmyra against Hannibal; to magnify the pretended wrongs to the former, and to plant in her bosom the most deadly animosities toward the latter.

A GREAT MAN SELF-WRECKED.

The wrecks of Time were early persuasive musings, Chastened emotions—better felt than spoke; but moral wrecks, with more impressive voice, Speake to the inmost heart of youth and age, And utter solemn warnings.—ANON.

EDGAR ALLEN P. E.

Many years ago—in the summer of the year eighteen hundred and fifteen it was a thousand hours—a wealthy merchant of New York took charge of a little boy, who had been left an orphan. The parents of this child had been actors of some slight celebrity in the theatres of the United States; but dying within a short time of each other, they left behind them, in a state of complete destitution, three young children.—The eldest of these was a handsome boy of about six years of age, with a quick eye, an active spirit, and a remarkably intelligent countenance. The merchant, at whom we speak had known the parents of the child, and out of pity for its helplessness, he and his wife, who had no children, adopted it as their own.

How happily the orphan boy passed his days in the house of the benefactor, how he was beloved by those two childless people; how, in the strength of their great affection, the merchant and his wife took him to Europe; how he spent some four or five pleasant years under the care and teaching of a reverend gentleman near London; how he came back again to the city of his birth to finish his education; and how he was generally looked upon as the rich merchant's heir—it would take long to tell. But we would fain linger upon this portion of our story; fain dwell upon his precocious wit and aptness for learning his feats of strength and agility his ease and grace on horseback—his dexterity in race and stream, and his success in learning promised a brilliant future. But the sad tale must be told, no matter how unwilling the teller. He was sent to the college at Charlottesville, simply provided with money. In those days, dissipation among the students of the colleges was unhappily but too common, and among the most dissolute and extravagant, the wildest rufflers of the town, the hardest drinkers and the most daring gamblers, there was ever to be found one more wild and desperate than them all—and that one is the subject of our story, now a good looking free hearted young fellow of eighteen.

Friends advised with him, and he made fair promises in plenty; tutors remonstrated, and he declared that he would amend and win the highest honors yet; companions tempted and wine allured, and he embraced the filthy sire and so fell. Instead of coming from the University with honors, he was expelled.

One would think that disgrace so public would have broken his proud spirit, but it did not. Because his benefactor refused to pay his gambling debts he had contracted in college, the wilful young man wrote him a violent and abusive letter, quitted his house, and soon afterwards left the country with the avowed intention of joining the Greeks, who were at that time in the midst of their struggles with the Turks. He never reached his destination, and

nothing was known or heard of him for more than a year. At last, however, he was found, and in circumstances which left no doubt as to the manner in which his European experiences had been bought. One morning, the American Minister of St. Petersburg, was summoned to receive a countryman of his from the pens he incurred in a drunken debauch. He came in time to rescue our prodigal from prison, and through his influence he was set at liberty, and enabled to return home.

The first to greet him on his landing was his old patron, the merchant, who was now alone in the world, for his wife had died while the young man was away. But he took the wanderer to his arms, and led him back to the quiet home he had quitted so ungraciously. The question then arose as to what should be done for the youth; and on his expressing a wish to become a soldier, interest was made with the merchant's friends, and the young man was entered as a scholar in the Military Academy at West Point. For a little while all went on well; the young cadet was assiduous in his studies, became the favorite in the mess, and was looked upon by the officers and professors as one of their most promising pupils. But alas! alas! the old habits of dissipation were too strong to be given up all at once. He neglected his duties; he drank to excess; he disobeyed orders; he openly sneered at the regulations of the academy—and in ten months from his matriculation he was cashiered.

(To be Continued.)

The noise made by the passage of a bombshell through the air, is thus described by a private soldier who served in the Mexican war:

It was here that I heard of the first time the singular and diabolically horrid sound which a large shell makes when passing within a short distance; I don't mean when it explodes, (as that exactly resembles the noise made in firing a gun,) but when it passes within a few, or it may be fifty or a hundred yards; the noise seeming equally loud and discordant in either case. I recollect a reply of honest Mick Ryan on being asked if he had ever heard a sound like that before. "No," said Mick, "one can both hear and feel that sound—by the eternal, I felt it all over." There is no earthly sound bearing the slightest resemblance to its monstrous dissonance; the angriest shriek of the railway whistle, or the most emphatic demonstration of an asthmatic engine at the starting of a train, would seem like a strain of heavenly melody by comparison. It was amusing, even amidst the danger from those horrid missiles, to see an officer, after getting up and anathematizing his men emphatically for lying down on the sand, drop as suddenly and as flat as any of them, when the next shell came whizzing rather close to him."

The Galway Packet says: Emigration is alarmingly on the increase; we say alarmingly, for there is reason to apprehend that a sufficient number of laborers will not be found in the country to reap the ensuing harvest. It is with the utmost difficulty that men can be obtained at advanced wages, and even in the most thickly populated rural districts, to carry out the present agricultural operations. Every morning train that leaves Eyre-Square Terminus is crowded with emigrants who generally belong to the small farming and laboring classes.

From the Ojawa Spectator. AN IMPROPER OBJECTION TO EARLY MARRIAGES.

Many mothers object to their daughters' marrying on the ground that married women not only take little or no enjoyment, but are rendered unhappy by the cares of the family, and by being shut out from all the pleasures of society. What an idea this! What a reflection on this heaven-born institution! Those whom marriage renders unhappy, or even whose pleasures it abridges, better not marry at all.

But what is the origin of this almost blasphemous idea? Why that all the pleasures of young ladies are summed up in—attending ball parties, sleigh-rides, pleasure-excursions, in love-scrapes, courting, flirting with the beaux to secure a more advantageous match, and things of this kind! It certainly can have no other origin, and is an impious reflection on the marriage institutions and the family relations.

I scorn the mother, I pity the daughter, who would postpone marriage an hour to allow the latter an opportunity to take a little more pleasure, before marriage shuts her from the world and its pleasures (!) In so doing, they condemn marriage as a necessary evil, and simply that matrimony is that hateful altar on the burning embers of which women must be sacrificed, with all her hopes and prospects—that married life is a slavish, an intolerable drudgery, and therefore to be postponed as long as possible.

And to those women who do postpone

marriage from this wicked motive, married life is all that they fear; for they marry from their not from love, and therefore experience all the miseries, and none of the blessings, described. Those mothers who enter into so repugnant an idea of marriage only show what sort of wives and mothers they have been. The sooner this relation is entered into, after the intellect of the parties is sufficiently matured to choose the proper object, the better. And also, marry to please no one but yourself—not even parents, brothers, sisters, non-relatives, or any person else. Marriage is a matter exclusively your own, you alone must abide the consequence. No person, not even a parent, has the least right to interfere, or dictate in this matter. For they can no more love for you than they can eat, sleep, breathe or die and go to the bright mansions in heaven for you. They may give good wholesome advice, merely, but should leave the entire decision to the unbiased judgement of the parties themselves, who mainly are to experience the consequences of their choice.

ANGELINA D.

NEGRO STAMPEDE.—We understand that some ten or fifteen negroes belonging to a gentleman in Ray county, stampeded not long since, and took up their line of march for Iowa.—Several were taken in Grundy county, but at last advices some were still at large.—[St. Joseph Gazette.

Mr. L. Fore, a respectable citizen of Brookville, Ind., died a few days since while under the influence of chloroform, administered for the purpose of producing insensibility during a surgical operation.

It is a fiction of the poet to say that the British flag has braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years. It is scarcely two hundred years since England became a power on the ocean.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—We learn, through Mr. A. C. Hinton, that the barn of Mr. Silas Bates, four miles this side of Jerseyville, was struck by lightning yesterday morning, and entirely consumed. The fire was first seen about daylight, too late to extinguish it. There were 12 horses, 500 or 600 bushels of corn, and a small quantity of hay in the barn.

All was lost, except four of the horses, which were got out, but very much injured. Four of those which perished, were stage horses, belonging to J. H. Fiach. We presume there was no insurance, as farmers seldom insure such property.—Alton Tel.

As a railway train was some time since proceeding from Berlin to Madsburg, some persons in one of the carriages began talking of a murder and robbery which had been committed on the previous evening at Berlin. One of the passengers remarked that the criminal, whoever he was, was sure to be taken, sooner or later. No sooner had he spoken, than a young man who was seated by his side, leaped all at once from the window of the carriage. An alarm was given, and the train was stopped. The young man was found lying on the road, with both legs and one arm broken. He subsequently confessed to the murder.

The death of John Thornton Doniphan, which took place a few days ago, should be a warning to persons keeping poisonous drugs in their houses. The cause of his death was the taking of a dose of corrosive sublimate, mistaken for salts, the former having been accidentally placed where the latter was usually kept. He lingered for nearly a week, and died on Monday evening last. His remains were attended to their final resting place by a large concourse of citizens who sympathize deeply with his bereaved parents, and with his aunt, by whom the fatal mistake was made. [Liberty (Mo.) Tribune.

A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the facade of which a stone cutter was ordered to cut the following inscription:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred for accuracy, to the verse of scripture in which these words occur, but unfortunately he transcribed, to the scandal of society, the whole verse: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

An increase of farm products lessens the market price, and the consumer is more benefited than the producer. Therefore the encouragement of agriculture is the interest of the whole people.

OUTRAGEOUS.—Another affray took place at the Brewery, near the city cemetery on Sunday evening, between about a dozen Germans, and an equal number of Irishmen, in which two or three on either side were severely cut, by throwing tumblers and other missiles.—Alton Telegraph.