From the New York Albion Extra, 10 A. M.

Apostrophe.

You, in whose veins flow the blood of patriot sires—the architects of this Republic—you have listened to the thunder which once rolled the light of freedom from this fair land, and caused your hearts fainly to quake with human gone—you whose brave and daring sports broke forth on British tyrants like the glare of an evening thunderbolt, driven through their ranks by an angry God—you, who can point to the battle fields at Lexington, Bunker's Hill and Saratoga, to your infant navy, dashing amid the billows of old ocean, a conquering Knight, wielding her pinions in infancy, with the power and courage of age. Nobly have you laid the foundation of a National fame and glory. Greece may boast of her Marathon and Thermopylæ; Rome the days of her consulship but it was left for Americans to blend all, to consummate all in the grand achievement of every virtue that sheds a lustre on the name and character of man. Our Washington was a Hannibal and a Fabius, a Cato and a Cæsar, a General and a Statesman. History itself is bewildered to give him a name.—He stands forth on her eternal scroll, first in council, first in the ranks of battle, first in all the private and public virtues of hero, sage and friend. Yet he was but the epitome of his country; the bloody Revolution but the gateway, the triumphant entree of this Republic, to its station as a sister nation of the Earth. The deeds of your chivalry which make a romance a reality, and will be read to latest time by admiring and emulating ages, all pave for naught with the squalid minions of despotism who seek your shores. They have the audacity to tell you, you are "cowards, and the sons of cowards," to tell you that you "may shriek over the memories of your martyred patriots, you may howl over the graves of your sires," *but it is all in vain.* The Goths and the Vandals are to be your rulers, your taskmasters, your law-makers and your office-holders. They are to sit in your high places, and dictate terms to you and your children after you. It has been said that Greece was conquered by Eastern luxury, and Rome by Grecian luxury and manners, but you reverse the picture, and allow yourselves to be conquered by European paupers. The beggars of the world who come here to stop starvation, are gradually becoming your masters—the ignorant, the low, the crime-stamped. You are quailing before, and crouching to a mass of sad inbecility. The very nations who met your martial arm, and fell powerless under its terrible strength, by your apathy and inaction have crawled into your ranks, and raised their coward heads in sovereignty over you. Is your land stained with shameful crime? These foreigners commit three-fourths of it. Does it teem with riot? They are there to fan the fires which consume the home and peace of the community.

Is there a fraud to be perpetrated at the ballot box? they are supple tools of its execution. Your Alms Houses are filled with them; your penitentiaries are crowded to overflowing with foreign convicts; and yet your streets are more flooded with them than ever. Is the Bible to be derided? are private or public morals to be debased?—there you find them foremost in the field. Is a despotism of the church and state to be advanced? they are there too, ready to sell their miserable existence to make misery more certain and double their clanking chains; ready and eager to put absolute power into the hands of those wandering and heaven-marked vampires (the miserable Jesuits) who are skulking about like thieves and murderers, lashed by their own crimes of darkness into the recklessness of furies; who feed on human woe and dance frantic orgies made drunk by human blood. These wretched caricatures of humanity now constitute one-fifth of your voting population—twenty years ago they were but one-thirtieth; at this rate, ten years will make them your legal masters absolute, and you will be driven from the ballot-box to the bayonet; your only hope and resort will be back to the elements of open force, and that, too, by the downfall of the Republic.—This is what they seek—this is the object your steady and fast *friends* the Jesuites, have in view—then indeed, will *they* possess this fair inheritance, and it will be worthy of their fame, and you will be where they seek to place you, beneath their domineering and iron away, slaves to despots, and worthy of your fate.

Supreme Court.

The following opinions have been delivered by the Court, since our last report:

By Ruffin, C. J. in State v. Hoppis, from Buncombe, declaring that there is no error in the judgment below. Also, in Graham v. Hamilton, from Lincoln, affirming the judgment below. Also, in Gordon v. Armstrong, from Surry, affirming the judgment below. Also, in Frost v. Rowland, from Robeson, affirming the judgment below. Also, in Duffy v. Averitt, from Onslow, allowing an amendment, and directing judgment for the plaintiff—each party to pay his own costs.

By Daniel, J. in Dalrymple v. Curry, in Equity from Moore, directing a reference.—Also, in Holland v. Crow, from Haywood, reversing the judgment, and remanding the cause. Also, in Baldwin v. Maultsby, from Columbus, affirming the judgment below.—Also, State v. Ingram, from Anson; judgment reversed, and *venire de novo* awarded. Also, in Tarkinton v. Hassell, from Tyrrell, affirming the judgment below. Also, in Taylor & Co. v. Buckley, from Surry, affirming the judgment below. Also, in Cox and others, adms. v. Marks and others, from Mecklenburg, affirming the judgment below. Also, in Doe, lessee of the heirs at law of Needham v. Branson, from Randolph, reversing the judgment below, and rendering judgment for the plaintiff. Also, in Graves' adm. v. Reed and others, from Caswell, reversing the judgment below, and rendering judgment for the Plaintiff.

By Nash, J. in State, on the relation of Dickens v. Bekridge, from Cleaveland, affirming the judgment below. Also, in Wheeler v. Dunn, from Lincoln, affirming the judgment below. Also, in Lynch v. Wheeler, in Equity from from Burke, directing a reference to the Master. Also, in Wilmington and Raleigh rail R. R. Company v. Robeson, from New Hanover, affirming the judgment below.

The Duel.—The duel alluded to in our last, as about to take place between Messrs. Clark and Hamock, was fought at Bladensburg on Thursday last. The parties exchanged shots, and then became reconciled by the timely interference of friends, neither having sustained any personal injury.—*Raleigh Register.*

From the New York Tribune, 5th ult.

Second Edition—Five P. M. O'Clock, A. M.

Terrific Fire!

TWO HUNDRED STORES AND BUILDINGS ON FIRE!

Fears of the destruction of the City!

Several Lives Lost!!

One of the most terrific fires that ever occurred in this City broke out this morning about 2 o'clock. It originated, we believe, in a Soap Chandlery in New street and commenced in the store along side and immediately in the rear of a building in Broad-street, which contained a large quantity of salt petre. The explosion which took place from the ignition of this combustible matter was tremendous and was felt and heard in almost every part of the City. Blue flames issued through the ruins and extended over the entire street, broad as it is, say 100 feet, and communicated the fire to the stores on the opposite side.

Engines No. 5 and 42, we believe, were the first on the spot, and were greatly exposed at the time of the explosion, but none of the members, so far as we could learn, were seriously injured.

Three of No. 46 are missing. The roll was called after the explosion.

No. 14 was buried at one time, but was got out.

They are carrying off disabled firemen.

Engine Company No. 22 was attached by hose and could not be rescued from the flames and was burnt. One of her men was missing, and it is feared that he was on the store at the time of the explosion.

P. S.—We learn that the missing man is found.

In Broadway at half-past 4 almost the entire block commencing at Waverly House and extending down to Beaver street was in flames. We could only gather a few particulars.

44 Broadway.
49 Sevin & Brother.
50 Distilling House.
52 Furniture Store.
54 C. Bourman, Jr.
Wm. W. Branch.
Silken & Ironside.
Waverly House.

Broad-street on both sides, commencing at Nos. 15 and 18 on each side respectively, and and extending almost down to Beaver street. We can only give the following particulars:

62 Conklin & Partington.
62 1-2 T. Lewith & Cooperage.
64 C. Brady, Grocer.
58 Sign, Old Shipper's Press.
Alfred E. Kemp.
56 Tucker & Lightburn.
54 Middleton & Co.

Half past Four.

When the fire reached No. 49 in Broad street, the store of John B. Lasala, we thought it would be arrested in that direction, but we noticed the iron shutter most exposed and nearest the fire was open. We have no hopes of the building.

Beaver street.—At half-past four the rear part of the stores on the east side of Beaver street, were mostly on fire, and it was thought doubtful if they would be saved. We saw them cutting into the front door of the store of A. Seignette with an axe.

The Merchants' Exchange was at one time considered in danger.

Great exertions are making to prevent the fire from crossing Broadway.

We could not get round to William-street, but understand that the fire is rapidly approaching. The Merchants are removing their goods as fast as possible.

Exchange Place is, on both sides, burned from Broad, half way to William street.

The Waverly House is entirely destroyed, a portion of the furniture saved.

EXTRA

Third Edition, 7 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

We have this moment returned from the scene of the Conflagration, with eye, heart and brain oppressed with the sublime and appalling spectacle. The whole area between Broad-street, Exchange Place, Beaver-street and Broadway, and up Broadway to the Waverly House, is one vast amphitheatre of blood-red flames sweeping like a hurricane on fire, falling walls, smoke and cinders flying like gigantic meteors all ways at once. The flames have approached within two doors of the Public Store, No. 12 Broad, containing an immense amount of valuable goods of all sorts, and it will hardly be saved. The fire, it is believed, will not stop shot of William-street and the Exchange; and the fierce wind, which has been raised by the terrific force of the flames, is driving the Conflagration furiously toward the South and East. There is no calculating where it may be stopped, this side of the water.

On Broadway the roof and walls of the Waverly House had just fallen in, and the eager flames are licking about the doors and windows of the adjoining buildings, and darting their fiery tongues toward the Globe Hotel. Below, the tall and costly buildings down to the Boston and Providence Depot are all in a mass of flame, and look like an immense glass furnace—while ever and anon thunders a tottering wall, sending up a column of flame and burning dust, which spreads like a pall of fire over the sky and showers a hail-storm of living coals and flaming brands over the crowd which horribly throng and suffocate the streets in every direction for a mile around.

The Depot is now on fire, and a tremendous rush takes place among the trampling crowd, as a rumor spreads that the building contains a large quantity of spirits. The wind increases its strength and fury, and now, after blowing in a whirlwind about the hottest flame, sets in a study current to the South-East. The Adelphia—one of the loftiest and most extensive buildings in this part of the City—must almost inevitably go. Indeed, there is little doubt that the whole of Broadway lying between Exchange, New and Beaver-streets and the Bowling Green, will certainly be destroyed. This block is almost exactly in the shape of a molar tooth, with the prong lying upward and the face fronting on the Bowling Green.

The entire block between Broad and New sts., from Exchange to Beaver, is a heap of smoking and blazing ruins. Not a building is left standing. On the South-east corner of Broad and Beaver, which forms the point of a large triangular block of heavy mercantile houses—one of the most valuable, perhaps, in the City—the flames are raging with unparalleled fury, and we do not see how a single brick is to be saved.

The firemen are making, as always in cases of great emergency like this, almost [illegible] exertions, but what can they do against this fearful enemy, which attacks them on every side at once, and seems possessed with a spirit to match manhood as it [illegible] and mocking from roof to roof. Already we hear two of their precious machines lost and have destroyed—we certainly. These firemen are belayed by very few their lives, and they are standing at this moment on the roofs, exposed to the most fearful danger.

At the time the first explosion took place, a fireman belonging to Engine Co. 22, standing on the roof of a house next to the explosion, was blown, as we are assured by the Foreman of the Company, two whole squares before touching the ground. He escaped with a sprained ankle.

The scene in Broadway near the fire, in Wall-street, South William, Exchange Place, Beaver, Morris and Thomas streets, quite defies all attempts at description. Drays, carts and wheelbarrows, hastily loaded with the most incongruous carrying, are pushing through the dense crowd in every direction, attended by the sweating, blackened and exciting drivers. Lady women, with a bed in one hand and two or three naked children in the other, run to deposit them on the walk, or wherever there may be a back for safety.

The sidewalk in front of Old Trinity is filled higher than your head with a bulwark of beds, bureaus, chairs, tables, kettles, clocks, saucepans, portraits, vases, gridirons, easy chairs, meal-bags, counterpanes, potatoes, and every thing else that was ever seen or heard of.

The Bowling Green is full of similar materials, while forty or fifty poor families are trying to dress themselves, washing their faces in the Fountain and hushing the cries of their children.

The Elks from Oregon Peak frightened into tameness, and cower amid the flakes of fire that fall on every side.

In the Battery there are scores upon acres of household goods scattered upon the grass—each little pile attended by the out-driven family. Here is a pine cradle, roughly rocking a paby, squalid looking infant—there a group of smutted faces refresh themselves from a broken whiskey bottle. Such a scene has never been dreamed or imagined.

The glare of the conflagration lies thick and ruddy upon the Bay, and the red light of the new-risen sun mingles ghastily with the redder and brighter hue of the flames. The whole City seems pouring into this fiery and hissing funnel, in a steady stream.

Several of the awnings in rear of the elegant row of buildings fronting the Bowling Green were on fire at one time—ignited by a vagrant ember—but they were speedily extinguished without other damage.

WORSE AND WORSE!

10 MINUTES BEFORE 8.

The following are the boundaries of the Conflagration at this moment. It is still raging with unabated fury toward the South Ferry:

Down Broad-street to Stone-street, and running dow Stone-street to the Ferry.

Down Beaver-street to within three doors of William, with the almost certainty that it must all go down to William.

On Broadway, from the Waverly House down Broadway to No. 4, opposite the Bowling Green, and going down Whitehall-street, which will in all probability be swept to the Battery.

The magnificent block of buildings in which Mr. S. Whiteny, &c. reside, is expected to go. These are some eight or ten of the most beautiful residences in the city.

A man was carried off by two firemen, belonging to No. 15, who had become deranged from his sister being burnt to death, and the loss of all his property. We tried every way to get names and more particulars of this shocking catastrophe, but were totally unable.

Impostors.

We have noticed for several weeks past, some three or four fellows, the growth of an unknown clime, wandering about all over this and the adjoining counties, retailing *lye* and small fixtures for printing names on linens with *Indelible Ink!* We style them *impostors*, because they are taking money out of the pockets of the people, and giving them a mere *toy* in the place thereof, which *toy* they represent as a great thing, but is indeed, nothing but an insignificant imposition. In the first place we can inform the people, that it is *impossible* for every man to be a printer, unless they all give more attention to it than most of them are apt to do. In the second place, the *Ink* which is sold to them by these Type pedlars, is *not indelible:* It is common *printer's Ink*, and washes out very easily by the application of strong ley or soap. We base this assertion on the fact that these fellows have several times called on us to buy *printer's ink.* With the exception of the first time they applied, we refused to sell any, intending to warn the public against them.—These fellows are making "lots of cash," according to the words of one who formerly peddled through this section, and are not conferring the most diminutive benefit. In proof of this, we refer the matter to those who have purchased of them.

P. S. One of these fellows frankly acknowledged in our office, a short time since, that he never cared to see any man *the second time*, to whom he had sold one of these little establishments.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

The Editor of the Point Coupee Tribune says, that, while he was sitting with his devil, the other day, in his bachelor's hall, a huge moccasin snake fell from the rafters upon the floor directly before him. We have no doubt that his bachelor's hall will continue a bachelor's hall as long as he lives. No woman will be likely to go in with an editor, a devil, and a snake.—*Louisville Journal.*

The Washington Correspondent of the N. York Herald declares that "Every thing, in the Cabinet and out of the Cabinet, notwithstanding the safety valve of the Union, is rapidly fermenting to an explosion. And by and by, you will see such a blow up as hath not occurred since the palmy days of Mrs. Eaton. Yesterday it was hinted about that Mr. Walker and Mr. Buchanan had notified the President of their intention to resign, giving him a fair discretion as to the interim for filling the vacancies. We suppose, however, this is a mere rumor, but mark you *if this straw does not float with the current of the stream.* The iron of Pennsylvania and the cotton of Mississippi will have to go overboard in the lighting of the ship."

Jail to Let.—The Jail of Harford county, Md., is without a single tenant.

Amelia—the Louisville Poetess.

Under the head of "Sketches of Literary Characters," a recent number of the Journal and Courier publisher, has the following interesting notice of the gifted Miss Welby, the lovely Amelia of Louisville in Capitals:

"Upon visiting the sketch of Amelia, the subject of celebrity, in Louisville, my attention was arrested by a portrait in oil, which is inferior to the original of 'Amelia,' the poetess of the Louisville Journal. Having perused her productions with infinite delight, I became interested to the features of one whose mind seemed almost to dissolve in song. I gazed at the counterfeit presentment with more than ordinary regard, which was soon repaid by my friend, the painter, who promised me an introduction forthwith. This I at once embraced, and was introduced to her the subsequent day. Shortly after our arrival at the residence of this gifted young lady, she made her appearance in the room, and I was surprised at her youthful form and features, presenting one whose years did not exceed sixteen, and with a corresponding innocent and confiding address. The first interview was brief, but availing myself of a very kind invitation to call again, I paid my second visit, and had the pleasure of a tete-a-tete with the charming youthful poetess! Our conversation became unreserved, and partook of a social and friendly character, in the course of which she informed me that the making of poetry had been an early amusement, but never for an instant supposed that her pieces possessed any unusual merit, until Mr. Prentice noticed one of them in an album, and solicited from her contributions to the Journal.

It is truly astonishing in reading her poetry, to reflect upon the deep philosophy which pervades them, and the almost sublime melody of one so young!—Inspiration seems to have touched her lips with its hallowed fire, and one might well imagine—

"That angel's would start in wild surprise,
To hear a voice so like their own."

The reply she made to me, upon eulogizing her splendid intellectual efforts, told of the yearnings of her soul after immortality. 'Willingly,' she remarked' would I be content to die to-morrow, provided that I should be remembered always.' The aspiration was glorious, and a herald of the fame which awaits her, when the voice of her melody shall go forth to the world!

I requested to see one of her MSS., to behold her writing, and observe whether she corrected much during the progress of an article; as it has been alleged that N. P. Willis frequently re-copies his articles five or six times, to model them perfectly in his own estimation.

Kindly did 'Amelia' favor me with one written at the suggestion of a young friend who was in the Navy, and never were more noble sentiments dictated, than those addressed to that young officer, who should ever wear them next to his heart, as a talisman, whenever his country calls him forth to the field of honor and glory!

I remarked to her, in admiration of the beautiful penmanship, that she certainly wrote with no ordinary degree of elegance, and that it was singular, as most literary individuals wrote a bad hand. 'Everything that I do jingles,' she playfully replied. 'For my part,' she continued, 'I write so compositors can read, and hence there are but few typographical errors in my articles.' In reply to the question as to the place of her nativity, she informed me that it was the Eastern shore of Maryland—within sight and hearing of the deep blue ocean. In her own sweet language,

"For 'twas upon the dewy sod,
Beside the moaning sea,
I learnt at first to worship God,
And sing such strains as these."

Fourth of July.—One of our citizens, says the Rochester Daily *American*, celebrated the recent anniversary of our National Independence after a very unique and original fashion. Disdaining the annoyance of a crowd, and detesting gunpowder fulminations, he shut himself up in the solitude of his office, where, after locking the door and putting the key in his pocket, he produced for his individual and private fructification two bottles of a not recent vintage. He then proceeded to read the Declaration of Independence, and John Adams' immortal letter. Afterwards he delivered an eloquent, patriotic and impressive oration. Next he sang a National Ode. At this stage of the proceedings he confesses to a degree of thirst, and dispensing with dinner he removed the cloth. He recollects having drank a toast for each of the glorious old thirteen States, but conceives that he lost himself among the volunteers. He feels sure, however, that his love of country was never more ardent, or his attachment to free institutions more sincere than on that occasion.

A Captive Boy.—A correspondent of the Arkansas, writing from the Cherokee Nation on the 4th instant, says:

"In passing the Cherokee Agency a few days ago. I saw at the Agent's premises, a white boy of peculiar appearance and manner, particularly when conversing, or rather attempting to converse. On inquiry, I learned that he had been purchased by a Delaware Indian—Bill Conner—from the Comanche Indians last winter, and left with Gov. Butler about six weeks ago, perhaps purchased by him. He is about twelve years old, dreadfully sunburt, and speaks English but indifferently. He is hard-featured and, it is inferred, was captured whilst very young. His account of himself is that his name is 'Gillis,' that his father's name was called 'Mr. Doyle;' that he was taken on the Colorado, at Houston, (doubtless Austin,) that his father with four other white men, were out quarrying, rock, (here he made a circular motion, by which was meant stone to grind corn,) that two or three of the men were killed, and that he saw his father escape on a fast horse out of sight.

He further states, that with the same band are fourteen white boys ('Mericans') and four girls—'one gal got a child,' etc.

This boy was, I am told, much cowed, but by kind treatment he now breathes freely and tries to talk 'Merican.' The poor fellow is not an Adonis in person, nor a Chesterfield in manners; walks like a lizzard. His passion is for fishing, eating and playing on the Jew's harp—will, it is said, sometimes stop eating to play a tune. He speaks the Comanche language well, and can out-yell the Indians."

The Intelligencer, very justly, we conceive, remarks that the United States Government ought certainly to ransom the boy and take prompt energetic measures to regain the others whom he mentions as still living among the Comanches.

The charming and popular novelist, Frederika Bremer, is about embarking from Stockholm, for this country, to spend a year here. She will be most cordially welcomed on her arrival.

The Repose of the Grave.

We shrink from the scorching heat of the sun, or we shiver beneath the blasts that wither as they pass. The noise of the world is wearying—the noise and din of life. The flowers we gather have thorns that pierce us; and the turf, under whose boughs we trust the shelter falls to crush us. We take our way along crowded streets, meeting nothing but stranger faces that stare coldly as we pass—[illegible] We wander through [illegible] paths, and perchance some are with us that [illegible] love; yet even in green paths there are briars to wound the feet, or the serpent's shinning track crosses the road we go, or some with us fall away, and utter loneliness is ours to bear. This is life—but the dead have peace. Where ends our path? Taken through dreary, crowded streets, or through desolate by-ways, where is our bed at last? For we cannot always wander, striving, struggling, hoping, fearing; for we alone know what—there must be some place of solace, where shall we find it? Oh, weary, weary spirit, *here* ends thy toil!—*here* where the turf is so cool and green—*here* where the wind whistles so mournfully through the long waving grass. Rest there! rest there—take thy mantle round thee; lie down upon this ready earth, it will open and give thee rest. Art thou cold? ask the cold sepulchre to take thee to its narrow chamber, thou wilt shiver in the winter wind no more. Dost thy brow ache with all this feverish excitement—this whirlwind of sound and motion? press it to the cool mantle of the tomb; let the air, grown damp and chill from passing over graves, fan thy burning cheek—it will woo thee to stillness and to calm; thou wilt forget the turmoil of existence; thy new home shall be so quiet.—*Mrs. Pentonby.*

A Wild Woman.—The Caddo, La., Gazette gives an account of a woman who has lived in the woods near there for the last three months. Her husband died in Mississippi, and she came to her present wild retreat on foot. She sleeps in the woods, but no one knows where, as she never makes her appearance during the day. The Gazette says she frequently comes to the house of Mr. Polk, at a late hour of the night, when they give her what she desires to eat, and after she has satisfied her appetite, retires to the woods. She manifests much fear at being taken, particularly by the sheriff. She came on one occasion to the house of Mr. Polk, and carded and spun a portion of cotton thread to mend her clothes. She is the mother of several children, and has a brother in North Carolina, who is wealthy, and who, it is believed, would gladly rescue her from her wretched condition.

Crops in Texas.—We learn that the crops of corn and cotton throughout the Republic are more promising than they have been for the last three years. The crop of corn will be immense. It is estimated that more than fifty thousand bushels of corn will be raised in Gonzales county this season; and in many of the middle and eastern counties five times this amount will be raised. The cotton crop in Texas will be at least a third larger than last year. It is estimated that fifty thousand bales of cotton will be raised in the counties west of Trinity this season. We have no data on which to form an estimate of the crops east of the river. The crop of sugar will probably be sufficient to supply the domestic consumption. The forests products will also be valuable; the crop of pecans is more promising than it has been since the fruitful season of 1842. Mast is abundant in all sections of the country—of course there will be an abundace of pork. It is probable, therefore, that provisions will be more abundant and cheaper this season than they have ever been before. It is fortunate, indeed, that just as the emigration from the U. States is increasing most rapidly, the means of subsistence throughout the country should thus be increased to a wonderful extent.—*Houston (Texas) Telegraph.*

The Alexandria Gazette says:—"The indications now are that the 'Young Democracy' can restrain their wrath no longer at the course and policy of the Administration.—There are reports, that, if proper coalitions could be formed, the friends of Mr. Calhoun, who intend, at all events, to bring him out for the next President, would not favor the Administration. Mr. Polk has thus embarked on a 'sea of troubles,' as far as his own party is concerned.'

A Nation on the Pacific.—Lieut. Wilkes, in his Narrative of the Exploring Expedition, utters a prophecy, which appears to be in actual progress of realization. He says, under date of August, 1841, "the situation of upper California will cause its separation from Mexico before many years. The country between it and Mexico can never be anything but a barren waste, which precludes all intercourse except by sea, always more or less interrupted by the course of the winds, and the unhealthfulness of the lower or seaport towns of Mexico. It is very probable that this country will be united with Oregon, with which it will perhaps form a great State on the borders of the Pacific. This future State is admirably situated to become a powerful maritime nation, with two of the finest ports in the world—that within the Straights Juan de Fuca, and San Francisco. These two regions have, in fact, within themselves every thing to make them increase; and keep up an intercourse with the whole of Polynesia, as well as the countries of South America on the one side, and China, the Phillipines, N. Holland, and New Zealand, on the other.—Among the latter, before many years, may be included Japan. Such various climates will furnish materials for a beneficial interchange of products, and an intercourse, that must, in time, be immense, while this western coast, enjoying a climate in many respects superior to any other in the Pacific, passed as it may be, by the Anglo-Norman race, and having none to enter into rival with it but the indolent inhabitants of warm climates, is evidently destined to fill a large space in the world's future history."

A Melancholy Spectacle.—An extract of a letter to the Cincinnati Gazette, dated Indianapolis, June 29, says—"A melancholy spectacle was witnessed in our streets one day last week. Ex Governor Ray, of Indiana, followed by a crowd of boys, was conducted to the county jail. For some years past it has been evident that his mind was becoming impaired, (supposed to be from disappointed ambition,) till at length he became so far deranged as to threaten the destruction of his wife, and for her safety was committed to prison."

Reminiscence of the North Carolina Press.—The first Printing Press in the Province of North Carolina was set up at Newbern, in 1749, by James Davis from Virginia. Hitherto any document or paper was in manuscript. "The Legislative enactments, transcribed, were primarily published to the people, at the county Courts, after the manner of the Anglo-Saxons in England. These, which had never been printed, were on loose written sheets, in the hands of the inhabitants. Hence four learned men were put into a commission by the government, in 1752, to revise and publish an edition of the statute laws; it was handsomely printed and bound in a small folio volume; and from the yellowish cast given to it by its leather binding, it received the homely name of *Yellow Jacket*, which it never lost."

The first Newspaper, entitled "The North Carolina Magazine, or Universal Intelligencer," was begun by Davis, in Newbern, about 176[illegible] It was a demi sheet, in quarto pages, convenient to be bound. Andrew Stewart, likewise began to publish a weekly newspaper in Wilmington, which he called "The North Carolina Gazette, or Weekly Post Boy."—*Greensborough Patriot.*

Acquittal of Cale J. McNulty.—The Baltimore Sun says:—Mr. McNulty, late Clerk of the House of Representatives, charged with embezzlement of the public funds, has been acquitted in the first case brought to an Issue, which contained three counts—first charging a felonious conversion of the sum of $750 of the money of the United States to his own use—the second, a felonious investment of the like sum in property—the third, with having embezzled a like sum by loaning it to one Thomas Moody. There are yet five other indictments against him, the trial of which have been postponed until the December term of the court. Judge Dunlap refused a motion made to reduce the amount of bail, and he is still held in $17,000 for his appearance to answer the charge of embezzlement.

The great Western Convention assembled at Memphis on the 4th; 130 delegates being present from the several Western States.—The object is to promote Western Improvements and trade. As the attendance was partial, and as some of the most important states were not represented, no final action was had. The Convention, therefore adjourned over to twelfth of November next.

A Whig State Convention recently assembled at Montpelier, Vt., and nominated the present State Officers for re-election. They also re-asserted, in a set of resolutions the principles contended for at the last Presidential contest.

The Prophet.—William Smith, brother of Jo and Hyram Smith, of Nauvoo, announces that the office of Patriarch has descended to him, in consequence of the death of his two brothers, and he is ready to receive calls from the Saints to confer upon them the Patriarchal blessing. His residence, he says, is in Water street, "house formerly occupied by Wm. Marks."

A Wonderful Town.—The Manchester, N. H., *American* says, in that town, numbering more than 6000 inhabitants, there is not a single place where intoxicating drinks are sold openly as a beverage, and it is known to the prosecuting committee that there is one where it is sold secretly.

"Doctor," said a person once to a Surgeon, "my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning; she continued full half an hour without knowledge or understanding!" "Oh," replied the Doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

"My brethren," said a preacher, descanting on the difficulties of the sinner, "it is a very easy task to row a skiff over the Niagara Falls, but a tremendous job to row it back again."

As some one was eulogizing a Bishop of Louisiana, who died as a missionary, a Missouri Indian, who was present, replied: "Oh yes! he was very good and tender!" "You knew him then," said the former. "Knew him! yes, indeed—I ate some of him!"

Have the courage to wear old garments until you can pay for new ones.

Harbor hope in your heart, if you would be happy; but hark ye, hope can't render rotten the hemp of the hangman.

Married,

In Rutherford county, on Tuesday, the 22nd of July, J. R. Simpson, Esq., of this county, to Miss Matilda Toms, of Rutherford.

We had our share of this "good things," in return for which we wish the happy pair may live a thousanp years.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

By cleansing the blood from all impurities, give power to every organ to perform its functions healthfully; no matter whether externally or internally situated. Nature has formed the bowels for the evacuation of all unhealthy humors of the blood, and if man would but use common sense, he would take care they performed this office faithfully. If the bowels are out of order, if too slow, or too fast, a few doses of Brandreth's Pills will bring them to order. Ask the man who was dying from constipated bowels what cured him; he tells you Brandreth's Pills. Ask him who has had the dysentery for six months, and every remedy had failed; he will tell you that Brandreth's Pills cured him in a week. So with other diseases. Twelve Brandreth's Pills rubbed down in a half pint of molasses cured a little boy of an ulcer of the face which was rapidly spreading to his eyes and which a dozen doctors had tried to cure, but could not; the poor parents would have given half they were worth to have had it cured, but every thing they tried did no good until they gave it a tea spoonful of molasses every day, in half a pint of which they had rubbed down twelve Brandreth's Pills; before the whole of the molasses was taken the ulcer was cured. And yet some foolish people call Brandreth's Pills a quack medicine. It would be well if there were a few more such quack medicines Will all your pretended Sarsaparilla Compounds, or Lozenges, or Salves, cure like the Brandreth's Pills? Can they send you to persons cured as Dr. Brandreth can? Can they point out to you people who had been helpless for years from Epilepsy and St. Vitus' Dance, who have been cured by their remedies? If they cannot, Dr. Brandreth can. Can they point out to you a person who for twenty years had never had a stool without having used medicine, or mechanical means, and whom the Brandreth Pills cured in a month, and gave him as healthy evacuations as he had when he was a child?

These Pills are for sale in every county in this state, at 25 cents per box; and may be had by the following agents:

PATTON & OSBORN, Asheville, N. C.
J. M. ALEXANDER, French Broad, N. C.
JAS. C. SMYTH, Morganton, N. C.
WM. L. GILL, & CO., Marion, N. C.
M. P. PENLAND, Burnsville, N. C.
KELSEY & MAXWELL, Little Ivy, N. C.

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