

QUACKERY.

Mr. Editor: There is scarcely any circumstance in life more provoking than to be broke in upon when a man is deeply engaged in pondering an affair of real moment and of a serious nature, by some stupid fellow, and interrupted with his insipid raving on a trifling subject.

When the most general alarm prevails everywhere, and the union of this confederacy threatened with dissolution, he, mal-a-propos steps forth, and instead of endeavoring to quiet our fears, and pour oil upon the troubled waters, gives us a long tedious paper on demagoguism; asserting that the threatening aspect of affairs was brought on by democratic leaders.

Yet I cannot see how Mr. Stanly brought himself to the view, that all the movements made by the people were excited through the intrepidity and sagacity of democratic demagogues. I am sorry that such a man should represent the Old North State in our national halls, when it is now well known by every candid man, whig or democrat, that both parties have laid aside party distinctions, and are rallying under the southern banner to battle for their rights.

He even goes so far as to disregard the rules of etiquette, and tauntingly upbraids Mr. Hilliard, calling him one of the "one hundred dollar fellows." What a profound discovery! What admirable sentiments! Are not these the means to destroy the harmony and concord which should exist in the southern community?

RULES FOR RAILWAY TRAVELERS.

Never attempt to get out of a railway carriage while it is moving.

Never attempt to get in a railway carriage when it is in motion, no matter how slow the motion may seem to be.

Never sit in any unusual place or posture.

Never get out on the wrong side of a railway carriage.

Never pass from one side of the railway to the other, except when it is indispensably necessary to do so, and then not without the utmost precaution.

Express trains are attended with more danger than ordinary trains. Those who desire security, should use them only when great speed is required.

Special trains, excursion trains and all other exceptional trains or railways are to be avoided, being more unsafe than the ordinary and regular trains.

If the train in which you travel meet with an accident, by which it is stopped at a part of the line, or at a time where such stoppage is not regular, it is more advisable to quit the carriage than to stay in it.

Beware of yielding to the sudden impulse to spring from the carriage to recover your hat which has blown off, or a parcel dropped.

When you start on your journey, select, if you can, a carriage at or as near as possible to the centre of the train.

Do not attempt to hand any article into a train in motion.

When you can choose your time, travel by day rather than by night; and if not urgently pressed, do not travel in foggy weather.

[There is one reform that we should like to see adopted on all our railways, that is to have a board hung vertically in the inside at the end of each carriage, with the names of all the stopping places painted on it in rotation, and all these covered with a slide which would open, and show the name of each place before arriving at it. The conductor calls out the name of each stopping place as he arrives at it, but if the plan was adopted which we propose, he would just have to draw the slide after leaving one place to show the name of the next stopping place. This would allow passengers to prepare for their departure, would save calling out, and would afford quiet security to passengers of not mistaking their stopping places.—Scien. Amer.]

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

I commence this epistle on the morning of April 19. We are on the Ohio River, just below Blennerhassett's Island. At Brownsville, on the Monongahela River 60 miles above Pittsburg, I saw, for the first time the kind of steamboats which they use on western waters. The peculiarity of their construction is simply this: The boilers and all the works are below, on the deck you enter first. Behind them is the place for the steering passengers. On the second deck is the saloon, which extends nearly the whole length of the boat.

As you approach Pittsburg the manufacturing multiply, and you occasionally see fine residences on very handsome sites. I reached Pittsburg at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. As you know, this is a lively, growing place. The city is built on a plain, at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers. You can see from the distance that you are approaching a city, but when you arrive you find it enveloped in dense clouds of smoke and coal dust. I thought that the descriptions of others had given me some respectable idea of the place, but I found that all my imaginings had fallen far below the reality. Multiply all the smokes from all the chimneys you have seen, by fifty-six; then all the smoke which has issued from your pipe since the battle of Chippewa; get a seine put up in the skylight of your office, joined by machinery and kept filled with broken coal, and amid the fumes, fogs and descending dust, your fancy may approximate the outer limit of what the clearest parts of Pittsburg look like.

Pittsburg looks more like an English town than any other place in our country. The sturdy men, the coal dust, the dim, factories, the hardware, give it this appearance. All the surrounding hills are full of bituminous coal, which gives its factories great advantages over those elsewhere. Its location is said to give it the advantage of 50,000 miles of navigation. At the Declaration of Independence it had about thirty houses, and now there are 40,000 inhabitants; and Alleghany City, which lies across the Alleghany River, and is connected with Pittsburg by bridges, has 20,000 inhabitants; and across the Monongahela lies the large manufacturing borough of Birmingham. It is quite an imposing sight to stand at the Monongahela House and look down the river at the immense number of smoke pipes rising from the steamboats ranged in a row along the river; and at night the fires in the forges and factories of Birmingham present a very Plutonian appearance.

The Monongahela House is one of the most magnificent hotels I have ever seen. The Court House is a fine building. I visited also the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is shortly to be taken down in grading the street. It is very plain when compared with the Cathedral in Baltimore, but is large and striking in appearance, and must have cost a considerable amount originally.

I have seen no wharves about these parts. In large towns, as Pittsburg and Wheeling, they have levees. These are slopes from the front range of stores down to the water, paved with large round stones. This is because of the varying level of the river. Sometimes the boats come near wharf-boats, which are moored to the shore and rise and fall with water. They are constructed like canal boats. Through these the passengers and the freight pass. They have little stores on them generally.

If you or your friends ever come this way, to go down the Ohio river, let me give you a little advice for your comfort. As you near Pittsburg you will find the Agents of many boats offering to carry you to Cincinnati, Louisville, or St. Louis. Be careful. I saw much imposition yesterday. Having been so fortunate myself as to secure a most delightful boat, I am philanthropic enough to desire to put you in possession of my knowledge. There is a line of packet steamboats running regularly between Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Take one of those boats.—One leaves Pittsburg every day. Unless made aware of it in advance, the traveller will find, to his disappointment, that there is a very great difference between the hour of starting and the time of leaving. There was a boat at Pittsburg, whose Agent came aboard, as we were coming down the river, and boat was positively to leave that afternoon, did not leave until next day, and she had been leaving positively, for three days. She had freight piled up even on the hurricane deck. All this was to be delivered below the price of the regular line. Next morning, before she left, I went through

her, on a tour of inspection. She had emigrants and soldiers, men, women, children, and beasts. Crowded and filthy; if she reached St. Louis, without fever on board, I shall regard it almost a miracle. I pitted two or three genteel looking persons on board, especially a lady with five little children, who had come on in the stage with us. She had been taken in.—She wanted to get home as soon as possible. She seemed to be a widow, a woman of fortune and refinement. We passed them yesterday. Let no man, for economy's sake, risk his health, lose his time, and imprison himself for days, with such a motley rabble of itinerant filth.

BAGATELLE.—The call of a Convention in Ohio to frame a new constitution for that State, has aroused the Buck-eye women to an effort to secure for themselves equal rights with men in making and administering the laws by which they are to be governed. A Convention, composed of four or five hundred of the sex, was recently held at Salem, Columbiana county. Men took no part whatever in the proceedings, but attended in great numbers as spectators. The whole subject of woman's position, political, social, and intellectual, was pretty thoroughly canvassed, and that, too, says a letter in the N. Y. Tribune, with an ability which would have done no discredit to elevated & enlightened minds of the other sex.—Raleigh Register.

LATE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

On the 6th day of last February, (1850) old Vesuvius, after many internal mutterings, which lasted about two weeks, began to send up sheets of lurid flame, and on the 7th the lava made its appearance, running down the mountains on the side of Torre Annunziata. The lava at a white heat bent its way in the direction of Pompeii, and during the night the scene was grand and terrible. On the nights of the 8th and 9th, the roaring and bellowing of the crater was appalling to the citizens of Naples. On the night of the 9th, about four hundred of the natives and foreigners (Americans, English, &c.) left in a special train for the place mentioned above, and then with guides to Bosco Reale to view the advancing lava. The government had previously sent forward strong bodies of troops, to preserve order and protect property. The sight that met the eye at that place was sublime. The lava presented a front of a mile and a half, and kept advancing slowly, devouring every thing in its way. From the villages and cottages the peasantry were flying from the devouring element, and women and children rent the air with shrieks to San Gennaro, their patron saint. It was in vain—the lava drove them from their homes penniless. Above Bosco Reale, the lava (about 9 o'clock P. M.) took complete possession of a wood, and the trees fell in columns like the ranks of soldiers before a withering artillery. Some large trees offered their ponderous trunks to breast the hissing stream, but the resistance was but momentary, for the fiery fluid first consumed the lower parts, then they would explode and leap into the air, to be consumed to ashes on their descent. The large trees gave out hundreds of jets of steam from different places; and those trees which contained a great quantity of sap, were those which generally exploded, while those which were dry at their trunks, soon consumed there, then they bowed their heads and lay down in dignity on their fiery beds. At about 3 o'clock on the morning of the tenth, the eruption was at its height. The sky was clear, cold and starry, affording a contrast to the red rolling mountain. The roarings of the mountain were like the broadsides of a three-decker, and the ground beneath the feet of visitors trembled and grained in awful convulsions. There was a strong stone farm house situated a short distance from the village; when the lava came to it a stout resistance was offered, and it commenced to rise like water in the lock of a canal, pouring in through the window and destroying it in a short time. The proprietor of it, together with his servants, instead of laboring to save as many of their effects as possible, yelled and tore their hair, preferring to howl to San Gennaro.

The lava next attacked a small church of Franciscan friars, embosomed in the wood. The edifice was solid, and seemed to breast bravely the stream, but as conscious of its irresistible power, the lava dashed to the attack, despite the chants of the friars and their heartfelt sorrow. The friars and parishioners were filled with grief to see the sacrilegious lava insinuate itself into the crypt and undermining its base; when it soon tottered and fell into the burning sea, the bells shrieking a doleful dirge as the belfry toppled into the sulphurous surges. Sometimes green flames would shoot athwart the advancing stream, then they would become deep blue, playing fearfully and grand, as the lurid sea of "Dante's Inferno." The crater threw up some huge and hissing rocks, one of which, several tons in weight, struck a brave but rash Polish officer, fracturing his thigh, and he being at a distance from any other person, bled to death. One of the most afflicting accidents was the death of Charles Carroll Bayard, U. S. Navy, and belonging to the squadron at Naples. With that daring peculiar to young Americans, he approached too near the crater, and received a mass of calcareous matter on the shoulder, which stripped the flesh to the bone down to the elbow. There was no fracture, but so long a time elapsed before he received proper medical treatment, that all the skill exerted to save his life afterwards proved unavailing. He was only twenty-two years of age, amiable, handsome, and a general favorite. He held the position of the Commodore's naval aid-de-camp, and only a few nights before he was at a ball the gayest of the gay, his fine manly form making him "the observed of all observers." Many accidents occurred, but the two mentioned created the greatest

sensation, and it will be long before the terrible events of this eruption are forgotten.

NAVIGATING THE ATMOSPHERE.

The first complete work upon this subject, is one now on our table, by John Wise, a veteran aeronaut, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Hitherto we have had scraps of information from Encyclopedias and Magazines, relating to the art, but here we have a Book on the subject, written by one who has made many aerial voyages, and who relates his own adventures. It embraces a full history of the subject, commencing with the ancient artificial flying pigeon of Archylus, the Greek, and ending with the most recent experiments.

The subject of navigating the air has occupied the attention of many eminent men in almost every age of the world's history, but it was not until a recent period that any success was promised to an art which warmed the imagination of Bacon, and engaged the attention of the sober Bishop of Chester. In 1782 there lived at ancient Avignon, in France, two brothers, young men, named Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, who, being of an ingenious turn of mind, conceived the project of sending up small balloons inflated with rarified air, and by many experiments they discovered that as they enlarged their balloons, their ascending power became greater, and from this went on increasing their size, until they constructed one of a capacity of 23,000 cubic feet, and with it they sent up some animals in a basket. The voyage was successful, and this induced them to construct one of gigantic dimensions, viz: 74 feet high and 48 in diameter. With this balloon a brave and cool Frenchman, named M. Pilatre de Rozier, volunteered to make a voyage two or three hundred feet high, the balloon being secured by long cords, to the earth. He made several ascents, and on the 21st May, 1783, he, along with the Marquis d'Arlandes, made the first free ascent into the aerial regions, rising to the height of 3,000 feet, and finally landed a few miles from where they started. This formed an epoch in the history of aerial navigation, and the fame of the Montgolfiers soon spread over Europe and reached America.

Although hydrogen gas was discovered long before the Montgolfiers made their balloon, and its utility to the purposes of aerial navigation had been previously suggested, yet it was never really applied for that purpose, except for experiment in the lecture room; but no sooner was the success of the Montgolfier balloon spread abroad, than the virtues of hydrogen became apparent, and it was firmly believed by many at that time, that balloons would soon be as common as crows. Napoleon frightened many an English matron, when he threatened to cross the channel with his Boulogne army in balloons. But his "paper walls," never ventured to battle Old England's "wooden walls;" nor does it appear that we are any nearer to "a system" of aerial navigation at the present day, than they were then. It is the opinion of Mr. Wise, however, that ballooning is about half a century ahead of the age, and if the spirit of mechanical progress keeps pace with the onward march of intellect, he says, "our children will travel to any part of the globe without the inconvenience of smoke, sparks and sea sickness, and at the rate of one hundred miles per hour."

It would indeed be a glorious thing if we could career through the regions above at such a rate, but our dreams are far more moderate than those of friend Wise. We would be content with ten miles an hour, only let us have the wings, an independent pair. Then, when like Jeremiah of old, we were troubled in mind and sighed for the wings of a dove to fly away and begone, "to a lodge in some vast wilderness," all that we would have to do, would be to mount and be off, "over mountain and sea." Such things would be very pleasant—everybody would be rejoiced if such things could be done, and many strong arguments may be used respecting the probability of such things being yet accomplished, but not, in our opinion, safely, conveniently nor economically, by any "aerial vessel" that we have ever yet seen, the opinion of aeronauts to the contrary notwithstanding.

The "revoloidal spindle," of Robjohn, which was in the course of construction at Hoboken, and which was to be propelled with two small steam engines, some time this summer, has been sadly damaged by the late tornado. If this be the means of preventing the balloon from enjoying her aerial flight by steam, we will regret it exceedingly.

Mr. Wise has made a great number of successful aerial voyages, and his book is one of the most valuable ever published—and is of great service to science as a historical and scientific work on the construction of balloons, and the manner of navigating them. There is one prominent and useful fact brought to light, viz: that ballooning is a conservator of health—airial navigation cured Mr. Wise of disease of the lungs and chronic dyspepsia, and he is confident that it would be of great benefit to invalids.

CALIFORNIA DINNER.—A number of Californians in New York gave a splendid dinner to several of their friends. Senator Gwin and the two California representatives were present, together with ex-Governor Marcy, John Van Buren, T. Butler King, Rev. Walter Colton, and some 150 others, among whom were a number of ladies.

Count M. de Bodisco, Russian minister, was among the passengers in the Cambria, returned to the United States.

The same steamer brought back Mr. Zullock, the ascending cashier of the Savannah (Georgia) Railroad Bank. He is in the custody of an officer.—Washington Union.

PREPARING COTTON FOR MARKET.

The subjoined suggestions of the Savannah Chamber of Commerce in regard to the preparation of Cotton for market, should be carefully treasured up and adopted by every man who produces a single bale of cotton:

It is a remarkable fact that many planters in endeavoring to save ten or fifteen cents in the cost of bagging and rope for a single bale of Cotton, lose frequently from one to five dollars. They buy cheap, thin, light bagging, because it is two or three cents cheaper per yard than a good, substantial, heavy article; and a mean article of rope, because it is sold a cent cheaper per pound, than a good strong heavy rope, and they put four ropes instead of five or six to the bale of Cotton; all of which save only a few cents in the sacking of each bale; and by thus putting up their Cotton in poor bagging and rope, it comes to market in bad order and they lose from a quarter to one cent per pound in the sale of it, which is a loss of from one to five dollars per bale. This might be probably termed "a penny wise and pound foolish" system of economy, and what is remarkable, it is always practiced by those whose love of money is greatest and most pinching, and that too when a moment's reflection would show them that in selling their Cotton they almost invariably get back the entire amount, and sometimes more than good bagging and rope cost, which is rarely or never the case with a poor, light article.

We hope every planter who reads this article will think of these things when he goes to purchase his bagging and rope, and exercise a little wise economy and sound discretion, as a matter of self-interest and as the means of putting a few dollars more in his pocket for his crop of Cotton.

As to the size of the bag, and the packing it edgewise instead of endwise, they are both good suggestions and should not be neglected, nor should bales of that size exceed on an average 450 to 500 pounds each. This does not impair the staple or appearance of the Cotton, and the bales are much more desirable and easily handled.

CRUISE OF THE SHIP-OF-THE-LINE OHIO.

The United States ship-of-the-line Ohio, whose arrival at Boston we announced yesterday, left San Francisco on the 15th of September last, on her homeward-bound voyage, and visited the Sandwich Islands for the second time during the cruise, where she spent sixteen days. She then passed on through the Society Islands and Paumotu Group, and arrived at Valparaiso on Christmas day. Leaving Valparaiso January 4th, 1850, she arrived at Rio Janeiro February 19th, and sailed from there again on the 28th for Boston.

No ship of the line of our Navy has ever performed a longer or a more varied and arduous cruise than the Ohio. She was put in commission, and her officers and crew joined her the first week in December, 1846. She was first ordered to the Gulf of Mexico, and a portion of her officers and crew were on shore at the Navy Battery during the siege and capture of Vera Cruz. Three hundred and fifty of her crew, with a due proportion of officers, were absent from their ship a fortnight upon the expedition to and capture of Tuspan, by Commodore Perry.

After the capture of all the principal Mexican seaports in the Gulf, the Ohio left that station, and after stopping a few days at Havana—the only American line-of-battle ship ever in that port—arrived at New York on the 4th of June, 1847. Difficulties with Brazil occurring at this time, and all diplomatic intercourse suspended between that country and the United States, the Ohio was ordered immediately to prepare to sail for the scene of these new troubles. Leaving New York on the 26th of June, with the Hon. David Tod on board, the new United States Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Brazil, she arrived at her destination on the 7th of August. After remaining on the Brazil station for four months, and friendly relations having again been restored between that country and the United States, the Ohio, in obedience to orders, proceeded on around Cape Horn for the seat of war in the Pacific Ocean, West Coast of Mexico, and Coast of California. Portions of her officers and crew were stationed on shore, while holding possession of the seaports upon the coast of those countries, until peace was proclaimed there in June, 1848.

From this time until the date of her departure for home she was employed upon the coasts of Lower and Upper California, West Coast of Mexico, and the Sandwich Islands. She arrived at Upper California soon after the discovery of the gold mines, and the most irksome and trying service performed by the officers and crew on the whole cruise was upon that coast, during several months of the first year of the gold mania.

The Ohio now returns to Boston, after having been in commission forty-one months, and having sailed during her absence sixty-three thousand miles.—Boston Journal.

BANK OF CAPE FEAR.—The annual meeting of the stockholders in the Bank of Cape Fear was held at the Banking House in Wilmington, on Monday the 6th inst. Dr. F. J. Hill appeared as the representative of that part of the stock owned by the State. No change was made in the Board of Directors; A. J. DeRosset, Sr., John Wooster, P. K. Dickinson, John D. Jones, Samuel Black, Edward B. Dudley, F. J. Hill, John Walker, Thos. H. Wright, W. C. Bettencourt, and Wm. A. Wright, being re-elected members of the Board.—Chericle.

It is stated that Mr. Robert Walsh, jr., late secretary of legation in Mexico, and son of Mr. Robert Walsh, our consul at Paris, has been appointed by Mr. Clayton translator of foreign languages, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Greenhow.—Washington Union.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

The decision of the Supreme Court, on Friday last, in the case of certain merchants of the city of Philadelphia, against the late collector of that port, is another triumph of democratic principles and policy. The questions in the case were whether Tampico, whilst in the occupation of our troops during the war with Mexico was a foreign port, within the meaning of the tariff act of 1846; and whether goods then imported into the United States therefrom were subject to duties, or were to be considered as entitled to enter duty free, as being imported from a domestic port. The questions involved, incidentally, the right of the United States to levy contributions on the commerce of Mexico, under the laws of war, for the purpose of throwing the burden of the war upon her; because, if her ports in our possession were to be considered ports of the United States, then the contributions thus imposed were properly exacted. The contributions then levied amounted to nearly five millions of dollars, and the duties on goods imported from these ports into the United States amounted to about a million and a half more. The decision of the Supreme Court now pronounced has settled that the ports and places in our possession during the war, by force of arms, were in a foreign country, and that the goods imported from them into the United States were liable to duty, and has also vindicated the course and policy of the last administration in laying the war contributions on the enemy's commerce in the manner it did. The opinion of the court was delivered by Chief Justice Taney, and was unanimous. We shall hereafter present it at length to our readers.

Mr. Attorney General Johnson argued the case on the part of government, and Mr. Webster and Mr. McCall, of Philadelphia, on the part of the claimants.—Washington Union.

"BARKING UP A TREE."

Under this caption, some cold-blooded joker perpetrates in the New York Sunday Dispatch, the following most execrating string of poems. To one who has any regard or affection for his mother tongue, it is deeply painful to see the language of Milton and Wordsworth thus tortured and dislocated by "word catchers, who live on syllables. We used to think Horn the prince of such barbarians, but we doubt whether he is longer entitled to the "bat pre-eminence." In his most "remorseless" moments, he was never guilty of such a series of atrocities as the following:—

OAKS WOOD was a "hickory man," And a poplar man was he, A spruce old man, and a pine nipper, Till he pined for ELMA TREE.

A sigh-gress he, of uncommon sight, And neither more he greiv; Said he, "I have no will o' my own, And so I turn to gait."

My old oak trunk is burly and big, And my heart within is stout, It's "root of all evil" I'll leave to you, When the Cen us leaves me out.

I will fit you out, and box you in, If you would as lief, dear ma'am, I will be your baw of Gland, If you will accept my palm.

"You are my elder," said Elma Tree, You are full of pith and core, I do admire you for your trunk, I fancy—I love—a door.

I like your physianohogany, You have stuck speckled later eyes! Such reddish cheeks, and turnup nose, And a skull-cap skull, likewise.

A dandy-lion I would not have, I like a lion that's sage, A mouth that's rye, like yours my dear, Which is said to improve by age.

Your cane is sweet, and you were bred To be my staff of life, So bring your cut on from the south And I will be your wife.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—The steamer Osprey, which arrived on Tuesday last from Philadelphia, while on her passage, struck against something which gave the vessel such a shock as to induce Captain Dickinson to suppose that he had touched upon a shoal or large log. Upon examination, nothing could be discovered, but the speed of the boat was materially lessened. About six hours subsequently Capt. Dickinson, upon getting over the bow of the steamer, for the purpose of securing a Dolphin, discovered an object hanging to the water. This he soon made out to be a huge Turtle, which took all the hands, including passengers, to haul on board. The animal, it is supposed, must have been sleeping on the water, and was nearly cut through by the shock, though it was still alive when it was taken on board. The head was cut off as a trophy, and filled a good sized bucket, and the carcase, which must have weighed eight or nine hundred pounds, was thrown overboard.—Charleston Mercury.

DISADVANTAGES OF CIVILIZATION.—The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but loses so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solicitor he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents, and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost, by refinement, some energy; by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms; some vigor of wild virtue. For every stoic was a stoic; but in Christendom, where is the Christian?—R. W. Emerson.

The Wilmington Chronicle publishes a list of 25 steam engines, with a combination of 633 horse power.