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The Trade of this Place.

Every thinking man will agree with us in the assertion that the trade of this place must be considerably changed and modified, and that soon, if we would rise to that importance to which we are justly entitled, or even retain our present prosperity. From the very nature of things, our present trade in timber, lumber and naval stores, cannot be very much increased, and must eventually fall off largely, if it does not cease altogether. We know that the country in the neighborhood of available water-courses is rapidly becoming cleared of timber, and that in fact every raft which is brought down diminishes to some extent the stock of the article upon which the trade is based. The process of diminution is slower in the case of naval stores, but it is equally sure; nay, the very prosperity of the country, by increasing the population, and consequently the amount of cleared land must gradually eat into any business founded mainly upon the products of the Forest. This result is as certain as the operation of natural laws.

The questions then arise, how this prospective vacuum is to be supplied, and what is to be its effect. Fortunately for Wilmington, these questions are easily answered. The coal from the Deep River, the cotton and other commodities which the Manchester Road will certainly bring from South Carolina, and the increased amount of agricultural produce from the regions with which we already trade, afford an easy and pleasant solution of both. The effect will be good. Let us take the county of Edgecombe for an illustration. Some years since land in that county was depreciating in value. The naval store business was going down—so was that in timber and lumber. Now, these branches of business are comparatively unimportant, yet the county is rich and growing richer, by the introduction of an improved system of farming. It sells largely of cotton, pork, etc., and requires very little which it does produce within its own borders. Such must eventually be the course of most of the counties in the Cape Fear region, which will thus support a denser population, and be less dependent upon the north and west for a portion, at least, of its food.

But no sudden transition need be feared or expected. The Manchester Road will bring within reach of market a large amount of Virgin Turpentine land in Columbus and Bladen counties, and perhaps some little in Robeson, which have heretofore had no outlet. To say nothing of the bordering Districts of Marion and Horry; and as this land becomes cleared of its trees it will be cultivated in cotton, as we learn that many of the South Carolina planters pronounce much of the land excellent for that purpose, and indicate a disposition to go into the culture upon it. The Deep River Improvement will also bring a large tract of timber land into market, some of it excellent for making turpentine, and some for getting staves. It is therefore plain that although no very great increase can take place in our present business founded upon the products of the forest, no sudden diminution or stoppage need be expected, but rather the reverse for a considerable length of time. Still the fact is undeniable that it must eventually fall off heavily, and that we must be prepared for the change. That our sails must be trimmed to meet the coming trade wind which is destined to blow permanently from the regions of cotton and coal. A million tons of coal, and sixty to seventy thousand bales of cotton per annum would supply reasonably well the loss of some Naval Stores and Lumber.

The New Orleans Opera Troupe.

This talented company, whose performances have been announced for sometime past, will open at the Masonic Hall, for three nights only, commencing to-night, when we hope they will have a good house.—The company is large, and their reputation very considerable. The admirers of music may expect a rich treat, and should avail themselves of the opportunity of enjoying it.

The Theatre.

It will be seen by their announcement in another column, that the old favorites, Jefferson & Ellsler, have taken the theatre for a short season. They have with them a full stock of actors for a travelling company, and will no doubt be able to do up every thing they may attempt, in a creditable manner.—We need not say so, for every body will do so at any rate.

Trouble at Smithville.

We learn that on Saturday a street fight took place between two pilots and a soldier—bayonet versus brick-bats. The soldier got one or two bats, the pilots no bayonet. This affair was settled peaceably on Saturday night. Yesterday evening, a difficulty occurred between James Mathis, of this place, and a soldier, in which the soldier got severely stabbed.—His life is considered in danger. Uncle Sam's folks are getting severely handled.

Overflowing congregations attend the meetings of this body. We understand that the liberality manifested on the occasions when appeals have been made, was very encouraging to the Convention.

There will be a meeting to-night, on Foreign Missions, at which the Missionaries of the Foreign Field will address the congregation.

We learn that there is a probability that the Convention will adjourn on Tuesday night.

Arrival of the Illinois. The steamship Illinois, from Chagres, arrived at New York on the 18th inst., with two millions of gold dust, 374 passengers, and San Francisco dates to the 15th September. The Panama Railroad was progressing favorably. Among the passengers on board the Illinois are seven persons who have made each one hundred thousand dollars at the mines.

The election was not yet definitely settled, but the chances were in favor of the democrats.

Mr. Clay has written a letter to a gentleman in New York. We will either publish it or a synopsis to-morrow.

Business for the South.—Last week, Messrs. Harlan & Hollingsworth shipped two steam engines from Wilmington, Del., for Savannah, Ga. The citizens of Georgia are erecting a large number of factories and machine shops, and appear determined to become a manufacturing State. Several citizens of that State have sent their sons on to Wilmington, says the Blue Hen's Chicken, to learn the trades in machine shops.

Gold at the Mint.—We learn that the amount of gold received for coinage at the United States Mint, from the 1st to the 15th inst., was \$2,510,000. At the same rate the receipts for the month will exceed five millions. At the same time, very little specie is going out of the country.—Phl. Bulletin.

The Crops.—The Minden (La.) Herald of the 25th ult., says:

Some corn plantations in this Parish have not the present season turned off an average of one bushel of corn to the acre—good land at that, and well cultivated—whilst here and there is a field with a very good crop. The cotton crop, too, with the most favorable circumstances yet to come, will be very scant. We will state, for the mortification of the farmers in this region, that we heard Gen. Doves say, the other day, that 1000 pounds of seed cotton to acre had already been picked from a portion of his plantation near Monroe, and that his overseer thought there would be 1,000 pounds to the acre more picked. This is some better than 200 pounds to the acre—the quantity that some of the planters in this section will gather.

Cotton Picking.—We notice in the Tarboro' Press of the 11th inst., some statistics in relation to cotton picking in Edgecombe county. On the farm of Mr. J. L. Horn one hand picked in a day 543 lbs., and another 528 lbs. On the farm of Richard Hines, Esq., one hand picked out 598 lbs., and another 627 lbs.—We are not familiar with the business of cotton growing, but we are informed by one who is, that this cannot be beaten even in Alabama. Gentlemen of the Pee Dee can you touch this?

The Kossuth Fund.—The Mayor of New York received on Tuesday a telegraphic dispatch from Cincinnati, informing him that J. Smead, esq., of that city had contributed \$1,000 to the Kossuth Fund. Professor Anderson was to have given a performance last night, at Tripler's Hall, the entire proceeds of which are to be devoted to the same purpose.

FROM TURK'S ISLAND.—We have received a file of the Royal Gazette to the 24th September. The islands were visited by a very severe storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning. One house at Salt Bay was struck by the lightning. An arrival from Inagua reports that there was a large quantity of salt at that place awaiting shipment.—Charleston Courier.

An Interesting Case.—A case is on trial in New York, in which Rodman M. Price sues Mr. Hawes, cashier of the Greenwich Bank for \$100; he having given him but \$900 in changing a \$1,000 bill, a mistake that Mr. Price did not discover until he had left the bank. On his return the Bank refused to correct the mistake. The case has not been decided, but the court has expressed the following opinion:—

The court is in doubt if the custom of the banks not to correct a mistake, unless discovered before the party leaves the bank, can be sustained—they would expect their dealers to pay them back any over payment. But this suit is not against the bank, but against the cashier, who acted also as paying teller, and the question is, if he had appropriated plaintiff's money to his own use, or in receiving the \$1,000 he conducted so negligently that the plaintiff sustained damage.

A proposition is on foot at New Orleans, to raise a fund to purchase suitable presents to present to the British Consul at Havana, Joseph T. Crawford, and W. Sidney Smith, his secretary, as mementoes of their noble and praiseworthy conduct towards the American prisoners.

We have been laughed at, says the N. Y. Sun, for our repeated assertions that England might, at no very distant day, be obliged to place herself under the protection of the United States, to save herself from her continental enemies. Now, however, we find our idea plainly expressed by leading English journals.

The London Daily News, on the 25th ult., commences a leader, anticipating the arrival of Kossuth, in the following language:—

“One of the most pleasing coincidences of modern times is the complete identity of feeling in the United States of America and in Great Britain on the subject of the Hungarian struggle. The same homage is paid, the same enthusiasm kindled, in those two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race to the noblest stand made for liberty in modern times against tyrannic powers and overwhelming force.—That identity of feeling is a hopeful promise that, if the events of Europe should ever take such a course as to present a formidable absolutist league, threatening the freedom of England of the west, this country may find in the generous breasts and strong arms of its American brethren, that disinterested and efficient alliance and support which for centuries we have vainly sought in Europe.”

Ninety-five thousand dollars have been subscribed, in Ohio, for a farmers college.

Kossuth's wife and three sons are with him on board the U. S. frigate Mississippi, now daily expected in this country.

Spanish Slander Up—Extremization of Americans.

The Spanish press, since the invasion of Cuba by Lopez, has become truly terrible in its denunciations of us poor Yankees! The following article, translated for the New York Sun, we give as a specimen of its threatenings; and were it not for its inflated furious style, we might have our nerves considerably agitated, and perhaps conclude that we were “gone sockers.”

[From the Madrid Observer, September 19, 1851.]

We cannot for one moment withdraw our thoughts from Cuba. Spaniards as we are, lovers of the prosperity of our country, enthusiasts for the honor of our flag, always respected, and for a long time feared by foreign nations, the thought of what is happening in one of our richest colonies, the remembrance of the depredation and piracy attempted against her by a neighboring and allied nation, fires our blood, inflames our heart, excites against that people all the generous sentiments of our soul.

No longer is there doubt. The North American Confederation, which for a long time has coveted the possession of Cuba; which, within a year has sent her hordes of filibusters, and recently has just sent some of her most villainous children to sack her, not yet satisfied with all these acts of Vandalism and rapacity, intends now to consummate their rising en masse against our precious Antilla, trampling on our arms, and attempting against the inviolability of one of our diplomatic agents, under pretext of avenging the fate of some of their countrymen, who have just expired in Havana, their crimes, with their blood.

No longer is there doubt. The Republic of Washington, breaking the law of nations, breaking the faith of treaties, breaking all the rights of humanity and civilization, of which she brags so much, aims, brazenly, to the possession of the Island of Cuba. The Republic of Washington does not spare any means, however barbarous, to attain her object. The Republic of Washington declares herself openly, our enemy, after she has become such in a cowardly and rapacious manner. We, therefore, are obliged to declare ourselves her irreconcilable enemy!

No more delays—no more terms—no more tolerance and prudence. The whole of Europe will applaud our conduct and sympathize with our cause:—France and England offer us their aid, and the support of their powerful navies;—justice and reason stand on our side;—faith encourages us;—the proverbial valor of Spaniards, help us; and, even were we alone in the struggle, without reinforcements, without aid—abandoned by all the world, still we have courage enough to struggle again and again until we conquer or open for ourselves an honorable grave.

No more delays. We have nothing to expect from the ambitious children of Washington. No satisfaction is sufficient to wash out the insult that has been done to our nationality by the aggressions in Cuba; and the outrage committed on our flag in the person of our Consul at New Orleans. We cannot be contented with notes and explanations which would not restore the blood of our brethren shed in Baya Honda. The offence has been bloody, and bloody must be the reparation and vengeance. A general cry has been raised to Spain against the savage sympathizers of Lopez and his banditti. That cry is war and extermination!—The supreme government, let the dispositions which it may have adopted be what they may, must hearken to that cry; the Government cannot stop its ears to the popular voice, which, by the press, roars in thunder throughout the land against the infamous rabble of the United States.

War, then, against that race of pirates, who aim at the dominion of the whole territory of the New World.

War against these avaricious traders, who aim to snatch Cuba from us.

War, Extermination, and Butchery! against those ungrateful cowards, who have traitorously endeavored to wound the generous heart of Spain.

No more tolerance; no more doubt; no useless vacillations.

We present to the consideration of our government the following propositions:

That war be officially declared against the Republic of Washington.

That our diplomatic agents be recalled from the United States.

That passports be given to the American Ambassadors.

That all Spanish vessels be armed as privateers, and that letters of marque be granted to those of other nations who desire them.

That the people will rise as one man and offer to the Government the support of their resources and arms.

That subscriptions be opened in our Provinces, inviting all good patriots to contribute to the augmentation of an army or navy.

There will not be a single Spaniard who will not bring his mite to the national treasury.

There will not be a youth who will not rush to seize the sword in defence of the flag of Castile.

There will not be a father but will be disposed to offer his son as a sacrifice upon the altar of his outraged country!

WAR, then, WAR against the Pirates of North America! Let that degraded and spurious race soon feel the effects of our vengeance!

Phew! Come on Macduff!

PLANK ROADS.—Some one writes from Montgomery, Alabama, as follows. We quote from the Mobile Tribune:

“The plank roads building from the city, and the manufacturing spirit evinced in some quarters, are admirable ingredients in her progressive spirit. The effect of these plank roads in conducting trade to a place like this is inconceivable. Four small mules drew easily in the other day sixteen bales of cotton, and the planter said he intended in his next load to haul in twenty—8 to 10,000 pounds. These roads will be found to be really less costly I believe to the people, than their execrable county roads, for the time they are required to work on them laid out judiciously would build the road in the first place, and the travel over them by persons of other states or counties, would more than keep them up. This economy is well understood in Kentucky and Tennessee. They build fine turnpikes, and strangers (who cannot be called on to keep them in order) pay for them and their repairs.”

HIGHEST POINT IN IOWA.—The Dubuque Herald says that the most elevated point in Iowa is the Coateau des Prairies, near the north-west corner of the State. It is only 1414 feet above the tide water.—From this point the country declines to the south-west to the Missouri, and to the south-east to the Mississippi. The Missouri river on an average has a water level, at corresponding parallel of latitude, of almost double that of the Mississippi. This is favorable for rail road purposes, as vastly the largest burdens of freight will be eastward, which will be in the direction of the declination of the country.

NICE DISTINCTION.—“I sell peppermints on Sundays,” remarked a good old lady who kept a candy shop, “because they carries ‘em to church and eats ‘em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want pickled limes you must come week days. They're secular commodities.”

From the London Times.

Abbott Lawrence's Pilgrimage to Ireland.

A certain little poem relates how a certain personage one day took a walk to see how his snug little farm, the earth went on. Though it is unnecessary to travel so far for a precedent or a justification of a tour which the American minister is making in Ireland, there is one point in common between the two points—viz: that Ireland to all practical purposes belongs to that power whose minister it is now entertaining. Mr. Abbott Lawrence gives way to a very natural instinct, when he makes a pilgrimage to the hearths and the altars that feed the United States. The American who stands on the quays at New-York, sees a vast human tide pouring in at the rate of a thousand a day to swell the numbers, the wealth, and the power of his country. He sees that it was the direst necessity which drove them from the land of their fathers, and he recognises in that necessity the providential means by which the vast continent of North America should be added to the dominion of man. He hears the sad tale of immigrants, and sees it too generally confirmed by their miserable aspect. His own political system will naturally be with the supposed victims of tyrannical laws and aristocratic extortion. On further acquaintance with these hapless refugees his interest cannot but increase, for he finds them affectionate and hopeful, genial and witty, industrious and independent—in fact, the element of which great nations are made. Hence the desire to see that strange region of the earth where such a people was produced and could not stay—an island the misfortunes of which are destined to form so conspicuous a feature in American story. The terrible incidents of the last six years—not to go further back—will be the domestic traditions of half the American people, and the dreadful scenes of fever and famine, which have so often shocked our readers, will pass from father to son for many generations on the banks of the Mississippi, or the shores of the Pacific. It is this nursery of citizens, this seed plot of transatlantic States, this great human preserve that Mr. Lawrence is now exploring, as we think with as natural a curiosity as if he had sought, with the crowd, the ancient seats of science and art, and were measuring the Acropolis of Athens, or the Forum of Rome.

His excellency has too much respect for this country, and too just a sense of his position, to let the Irish see how an American cannot but regard them. He knows very well that they are all his own fellow-citizens in embryo, and that every Celt will one day renounce the sceptres and coronets of the older world. It is better for all parties, perhaps, that it should be so, little as we may like to see our society, our laws, and our sovereigns the object of indifference. Mr. Abbot Lawrence says nothing of all this. The Irish flock to an American minister as to an angel from heaven, for if he is curious to see the place the Irish come from, they are equally curious to see a man from America—the goal of all their hopes and expectations. They have set their face towards America, and as men on a march see chiefly those who are before them, on the spot which they will the next moment tread themselves, so the new world is every year the more vivid, and the old world more faint in the Irish imagination. Hence it is that Mr. Lawrence finds himself received with almost the honors of royalty. Railway directors and corporations give him special trains, banquets, and addresses, and every city prepares an ovation. What can Lord Clarendon, with the very best intentions, offer to compare with the sympathies of a man whose country has welcomed a million of Irishmen in the last four years! The railway companies have a special interest in these civilities. They have just been completed in time to convey the aborigines of Ireland to the ports where they take leave of their country. Strange to say, they derive a fleeting prosperity from depopulation and despair. So, at Galway, Mr. Abbott Lawrence is eagerly laid hold of as a patron of the plan for making that city a transatlantic packet station and an emigrant depot. At Cork it may be supposed that similar expectations have helped the enthusiasm evoked by an arrival of an American minister. Mr. Lawrence, however, to his credit, speaks only of such a communication as might be supposed to exist between two equally spreading and equally increasing nations. He delicately avoids any allusion to that uniform onward movement—*vestigia nulla retorsum* from Ireland to the opposite shore.

In the face of facts, it certainly required all the force of politeness in an American Minister, standing at Galway or at Cork, to wish happiness for the Irish in their own country, and to point out the natural resources by which six million, eight million, ten million, or even fifteen million people could be sustained in Ireland. The prosperity and happiness he speaks of may some day reign over that beautiful land. Its fertile soil, its rivers and lakes, its water power, its minerals, and other materials for the wants and luxuries of man, may one day be developed; but all appearances are against the belief that this will ever happen in the days of the Celt. That tribe will soon fulfil the great law of Providence which seems to enjoin and reward the union of races. It will mix with the Anglo-American, and be known no more as a jealous and separate people. Its present place will be occupied by the more mixed, more docile, and more serviceable race, which has long borne the yoke of sturdy industry in this island, which can submit to master and obey the law. This is no longer a dream, for it is a fact now in progress, and every day more apparent. No kind wishes, no legislative measures can stay the exodus of a people who have once found the path from intolerable degradation to comfortable and dignified independence.—Even if the rulers of this country should change their mind, and resolve not to let the people go, that resistance would only add another impetus to the movement. As the Irish have clung together at home, so will they cling together in their wanderings. That at least is what they do now. It is scarcely possible to suppose Mr. Abbot Lawrence blind to what passes before his eyes, and we can only admire the dexterous politeness with which he expresses his sympathy and his hope for the Irish, with scarcely a hint at their flight from the land of their fathers to the country of which he is the representative.

MARRIED.

In Wayne county, N. C., on the evening of the 19th June last, by the Rev. James M. Sprunt, Col. JOHN J. WHITEHEAD, of Kenansville, N. C., to Miss MARY A. LOTTIN, daughter of late Maj. C. R. Loftin, of Wayne county.