

FROM THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.
PUBLIC MEETING ON THE SUBJECT OF THE
F. RIVER AND BARS.

In pursuance of public notice, a meeting of the citizens of Wilmington interested in the preservation and improvement of the entrance to the port, was convened at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst., for the purpose of taking into consideration the proper means to be adopted to secure these desirable ends.

On motion of P. A. J. DeRosset, Jr., the meeting was organized by calling John Dawson, Esq., M. P., to the Chair, and appointing James Fulton and T. Barr, Jr., Secretaries.

The meeting having been organized, Geo. Davis, Esq., in a few eloquent remarks, introduced to the audience Professor A. D. Bache, the distinguished head of the U. S. Coast Survey, who had kindly consented to be present, and explain the conclusions to which the Commission had come, with regard to the present state of the Harbor—the means which had produced such state, and the means proper to be adopted for the prevention of further evil effects from the operation of these causes, as well as to restore the former state of things, and with it the former depth—being equal to 20 feet at high water.

Professor Bache commenced his lecture by expressing the interest which he felt in the harbor of Wilmington, and paid a high compliment to the Secretary of the Navy, to whose kind offices he was indebted for the consummation of measures necessary to be arranged, in order to enable him to be with us. He next alluded to the peculiar conformation of the coast of North Carolina, and demonstrated the importance of Cape Fear Inlet, which, protected as it was, by the Frying Pan Shoals, was one of the most important harbors of refuge on the coast—if not the most so from Charleston to the Capes of the Chesapeake; and was thus highly important in a national point of view, as being essential to the safety of the coasting trade of the whole country, and as affording a favorably situated coal depot for national vessels, at Southville. It is highly important to the country at large, it was vitally so to the town of Wilmington, and scarcely less so to the whole State, and more especially to these 28 counties connected with us by navigation on Railroad, and whose produce must find a outlet over our Bar.

Natural causes were operating, slowly it might appear to be, but still surely and inevitably, to close up or seriously lessen the depth of water in our channels, and these causes were divided, and perfected to bring about a different state of things, and it would not do for us to fold our arms and trust to the chapter of accidents for relief. The time for exertion has arrived, and an effort must be made, upon the success of which must depend much of the future destinies of the town.

Prof. Bache illustrated his subject by reference to Maps, from which it appeared that we had, at one time, some 20 feet on the Bar at high water, and as late as 1797, as shown by Potts' Map, we had 15 feet at low water, equivalent to very nearly 20 feet at high. He pointed to the gradual changes in the shore line, caused by the breking out of New Inlet and the washing away at other places, which, by widening the outlets, lessened the depth and velocity of the water. In 1783, as appears from Moseley's Map, the Main Entrance was little over half a mile in width, and the New Inlet had not yet made its appearance. The Main Entrance is now 1 1/2 miles in width, and the New Inlet 1/4 of a mile, the shoaling is thus accounted for.

The Professor demonstrated how, by the restoration of the former state of things, the former depth of water could be restored. This it was proposed to do:

1st. By the construction of Jetties for the protection of Bald Head, at an estimated cost of \$40,000.

2d. By filling up two smaller openings near New Inlet, which it is believed can be done with filling, for at farthest \$10,000.

3d. By the construction of a Jetty for the protection of Zeke's Island, and to prevent New Inlet from working further Southward.

These are the works which it is deemed essential to commence at once, as being necessary to arrest the progress of evil and leave time for consultation and improvement. No doubt is entertained by the Commission, appointed to investigate the subject, but that these ends will be fully answered by them.

4th. The last and greatest work is the closing of New Inlet, which will complete, in all its essential points, the restoration of the former state of things, and, in consequence, of the former depth of 20 feet water. The estimated cost is \$675,000.

After the conclusion of Prof. Bache's Lecture and the subsidence of the applause which followed it, George Davis, Esq., was called upon and fervently urged the necessity and propriety of execution.

O. G. Parsley, Esq., introduced the following resolution, which he prefaced by a few pertinent remarks:

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Wilmington, convinced of the necessity of immediate action towards arresting the shoaling of the main bar of the Cape Fear River, and relying on the aid of the General Government hereafter for the same, pledge ourselves to advance the means necessary to carry on the work first recommended by the commission, as this evening explained by Prof. Bache.

This resolution was unanimously adopted.

On motion of P. K. Dickinson, Esq., the Chairman of the meeting was authorized to appoint a Committee of ten, to wait upon the citizens of Wilmington, and solicit subscription to the amount of \$60,000, the amount necessary, with the \$20,000 already granted by Congress, for the completion of the work to be commenced at once.

The following gentlemen were appointed sub-Committee: Gilbert Potter, John A. Taylor, Miles Costin, B. Plummer, James Cassidy, W. C. Berntsen, James Anderson, Jacob Wessel, C. D. Ellis, Ben. Berry.

On motion of Dr. James Dickson, he thinks of the meeting were tendered to Professor Bache for his able and lucid exposition of the state and requirements of our harbor, and for the friendly and courteous interest which he has manifested in the subject.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.
JOHN DAWSON, Chm'n.
JAMES FULTON, Secretaries.
T. BARR, Jr.,)

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE
INAUGURATION OF GEN. PIERCE.

The following is the best account we have seen of this important event:

(Reported in Short hand expressly for the Cotton Plant.)
A few days before and a few days after the Inauguration, with a bird's-eye view of that event.

BY AN ALABAMIAN.

Came around by sea from Charleston to Baltimore, where I went to see the newspapers from "my town," in the Southern and Western Reading Room. Convenient place; found my paper—uncolored Joe was dead—very kind of the Baltimore merchants. Got up in the morning with a cold—went down to the depot, and after a quick run got to Washington safe and sound. (Bless my old Aunt Sully for so far.)

I had hardly put my nose out of the cars before I was surrounded by

"Obnoxious fellows,
With lungs like bellows."

I was particularly struck with the sorrowful look of a colored gentleman who seemed to take compassion on me. "Indeed, the hotels were full—would show me a nice private boarding house." The colored gentleman was so kind that I handed him my carpet-bag (all the baggage I had.) Just then I felt something nibbling at my coat tail. I turned around—it was a little infamously wanting me to give him a loaf of bread for his mother. "Hudn't any bread with me. Turned around again—colored gentleman was gone—turned around again and little infamously was gone. Overcome—snook on a pine box and began to think. "Oh, officer, seeking," thought I, "so what risks you put us." (I'm after an office.) After awhile I got up and walked to the National—no room. Went to Brown's—no room. Went up and down the Avenue—no room. Well, being an Alabamian, and having read the Cotton Plant paper, I thought I had a right to demand comfort from the editor, and so I walked into the office and asked protection—clerk referred to the list and whispered in editor's ear.

Question.—"Are you sure that you are a subscriber?"
Me.—"No, didn't say that—I am a reader."
Clerk and Editor.—"Oh!"
Pause.

Editor.—"Being from old Alabama, you have a claim on me."
After two hours hard work I was stowed away in the fourth story of a house in a room with twenty-two men, and two to three in a bed. Having made a contract to report for the Cotton Plant, I went to work early in the morning.

Subject line. Twenty chairs on their backs protruding—twenty noses—twenty open mouths—twenty cuts of front hair (some like bristles)—twenty feet sticking beyond the sheeted blankets. I have ever seen—two hundred toes—twenty dirty faces—forty arms—forty soiled hands—one wash stand—one basin—one pitcher half full of water, and one towel. An innate desire for cleanliness aroused me, and I started for the wash stand, so as to be the first. Just as I got half way, by some foul mishap, I tripped on a new subject not calculated in my report. His face was covered with hair, and he lay like a log of cross-ways between the feet of the sleepers. I put my foot upon his face, whereupon he seized me by the leg and tumbled me over on a tremendous big fellow.

"Hallow, there," said the tremendous big fellow, as he gave me a tremendous big dig under the chin, "hallow, there!"

"Hallow, yourself," said a chap just beyond the big fellow, as he struck out and took that gentleman over the eye.

"Fight!" said another, pitching into a sleeping stranger, who, I am willing to swear, was utterly unconscious of being hit. "Fight!" "Fight!" "Fight!" was cried out. The chap with hair on his face, whose foot I had tripped on, now made a rush for the door, the chair flying from his nose. He had been getting it. He thrust his head out of the door and bawled down the stairs, "Fisht! Fisht! Fisht!" Just imagine the effect on a crowded hotel! I was trying to realize it, when I suddenly lost all consciousness except that another big fellow came up to me and shouted "Hush up!" and before I could say "it wasn't me," did something I don't know what.

I awakened from a dream in which I thought I had immortalized myself by discovering several new stars of largest magnitude, and an entirely new milky way, by a tremendous ringing of bells, and the rush and noise of a tumultuous multitude out doors. In the same moment a fearful looking chap appeared at the door. He was a red jacket, blue trousers, and a glazed hat, with the words "Vigilance Fire Company, No. 27" on it. I told you he damped us down. He washed our faces gratis, and left us not a dry sheet in the room to wrap on.

It was the 3d of March, and being satisfied that "this night" would be historic, I took occasion to fold myself up on a sofa until dinner. After dinner I went back and folded myself up again until supper. So you see I had a good sleep, and turned day into night.

Next morning, bright and early, I was on my legs—having been on them all night. The day was cold and winny, with a slight rain. Early in the morning the people—thousands upon thousands—began to move, all concentrating on the Avenue. By ten o'clock the whole city was in motion. Omnibuses, waving with banners, and filled with delegations from other cities, drove rapidly up and down the street, cheering each other as they passed. Men on horseback—carriages—country wagons—market carts—hacks—foot pads, covered the broad street from the White House to the Capitol, and each moment added to the number and confusion. The two flags were seen streaming from the dome of the Capitol, indicating that Congress was still sitting, and whose warlike and sleepy members, and some half intoxicated, were hastily pushing through business which should have been done at the early weeks of the session. Every balcony was filled—windows were stretched—laving babies were held up by fat Irish nurses, indignantly waiting the procession—boys were climbing trees—clubs of tipsy young men could be seen every where, supporting each other upon the principle "divided we fall." The police commenced securing the street—dogs got into battle—somebody said the sun had come out, whereupon there was a tremendous cheering from under twenty thousand umbrellas—somebody said falsely, fight upon which there took place a half dozen real ones, and so on as at every great gathering. All at once the flags struck on the Capitol. "Congress has adjourned," was shouted by thousands—"here they come!"

In a moment a party of Marshals swept up the street—a bugle's blast was heard, and the U. S. Army procession, civil and military, are in full length array. There were a tremendous set of long-legged and round-shouldered fellows, calling themselves military men, who went tramping out of time after a brass band. Each company had a band of music, and each band played different tunes on different keys, and so managed to make a deal of noise and discord. While standing almost suffocated between two fat women on a balcony, a little urchin elevated to exactly under my ear by a devoted papa, started me by "here he comes!" "Here he comes," cried everybody. "There's the President!" "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Get out from there, you blathering blunder-

bus," exclaimed a Baddy below me, to a hackman who had run his horses close up to his honor's body, "git out, or I'll smash your bastards."

"Git your handkerchiefs ready," said an excited washerwoman-looking person, "to wave for the President!"

By this time Gen. Pierce, in an open carriage, with the executive escort, passed "our stand," "Here he is—there he is," vociferated the urchin, till he made my ears ache.

"Tak your bastards away or I'll bloody his nose. Tak him away. Hurrah for Democracy! Auld Ireland General Pierce."

"Wave your handkerchiefs—wave, wave to the President," and the old lady commenced working her arms up and down, making her "handkercher" wave conspicuously. Long after the President had passed, and every handkerchief had stopped its greeting, and we were enjoying the procession, the old lady's arm kept going up and down as though mechanically.

"You will be so kind, madam," spoke out in a calm voice a dignified gentleman with an awfully crushed hat, and rubbed-up-against coat, "to cease waving your white handkerchief, the President and his escort have passed some time since."

The old lady looked at him over her spectacles, still keeping her arm going like a pump handle.

"The President has passed us madam," continued the gentleman.

"Speak louder, sir, I'm hard of hearin'."

"The President has passed some time since," shouted the gentleman at the top of his voice.

"Yes, I know," replied the old lady in a grateful tone of voice, who thought her friend was kindly imparting information, as she turned again upon the street her broad face, keeping her arm going all the time.

"Eric! Eric! Eric!"

The recollection of the morning came over me. I threw myself from the balcony to the water-spout, and determined to reach the street specifically. I did reach it speedily, unseating my pants, and a fellow on a box, who pitched into me. I was desperate at the ruin of my only presentable pants, (I called them my delegation pants, as I was to be presented in them next day to the President by my delegation,) and accordingly I walked into the gentleman rather to his concern. With my coat torn, my pants rained, and my hat—worse than shucking, I was escorted by the police, and looked up. I got a good bed, and after a tolerable long snooze considering, say from 12 o'clock M., to 7 o'clock next morning, I was taken to the Justice Court. I gave an assumed name, Henry Digging, and was cleared on account of the occasion.

Here I am, Mr. Cotton Plant, hard up, wanting an office. I charge you five dollars for this report, and if your readers like it, will give you the experience of an Office Hunter—a thrilling drama in three acts.

Purchase of Railroad Iron.—The New York Tribune says:

"The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have purchased 5,000 tons of American rails in Boston, at \$75 per ton, cash, and the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad 10,000 tons Welsh, also in Boston, on private terms."

We learn from the Havana correspondence of the Journal of Commerce that the Hon. William R. King was duly qualified as Vice President of the United States on the 24th ultimo. The oath of office was administered by Consul Sharkey, at the plantation of Mr. Chaurand, near Matanzas. There were present at the ceremony the Hon. Geo. W. Jones, a Representative in Congress from Tennessee, several American gentlemen from Havana, and a few Spaniards and Creoles—in all about fifteen persons—the time appointed for the ceremony not having been made known except to a few friends of the Consul. Mr. King's health had not improved.

One of the Presidential Electors of the State of New York, who has just returned from a visit to Cuba, informs the Journal of Commerce that there is no foundation whatever for the accounts that have been circulated of disreputable shown to Mr. King by Gen. Canedo. On the contrary, the Governor General was inclined to treat Americans of distinction with respect and attention; in proof of which he had furnished Senator Jones with a travelling passport granting unusual privileges.

Death from Scalding a Pin.—A few days since a girl of four years, residing with her parents in Gratton, in this State, died in consequence of swallowing a pin some six weeks previously. The child had the pin in her mouth, when a younger child seized hold of her and by the sudden act caused her to swallow it. The child complained continually after swallowing the pin, and eventually experienced much suffering before she died.—*Bos. Traveller.*

We like Mr. Ashe's letter because it goes for the old land marks of Democracy—those unmistakable plain old sign boards erected by Jefferson, and chalked over again by Jackson."

Free Press.

Old History did of a verily chalk over those sign boards, covering their inscription so completely that neither he nor his Democratic successors have been able to read them. Hence their wide departure from the teaching of the apostle,"

Goldsboro' Tel.

In paying Wm. K. Lane, Esq., some very deserved compliments, the Democratic Free Press says that he "commenced life without a dollar." This is no doubt a mistake, unless the Editor means that he was born into the world without that respectable emblem of American currency. We suppose that Mr. Lane like the rest of us came into this "vale of sorrows" not only without a dollar, but without that indispensable article of wearing apparel—a shirt. But seriously, does the Free Press mention the fact that Mr. Lane commenced the world as he did, as a reason why he should be sent to Congress. If so, then we are requested to mention a dozen aspiring gentlemen who have the same recommendation, and the same right to Congressional honors.

Goldsboro' Telegraph.

A correspondent of the Herald relates the following incident: It appears that General Cushing is the only man in the cabinet who can talk any thing besides English. At the diplomatic dinner given by M. de Bodeze on Wednesday, the Attorney General charmed and surprised the distinguished party by his captivating and versatile accomplishments. Like a veritable polyglot, he conversed in French with M. Le Comte de Sartiges, in Spanish with Don Calderon de la Barea, and in Dutch with Baron Testa, spoke German with Baron Von Geyolt, Portuguese with De Eguignere, and the most unexceptionable Tuscan with the representatives of the two Sicilies. Alas! the Secretary of State made a sorry figure in tolerable English only. But some people think he can "walk Spanish"—an accomplishment every body has not cultivated, and which it is said Caleb knows how to teach.

The Jewetts, the Boston publishers, it is said, have published altogether 300,000 copies of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and now have orders for 40,000 copies of the Key to Uncle Tom.

HOME SKETCHES.

C. H. Wiley, Esq., Superintendent of Common Schools, has commenced a series of letters to the Weekly Post, embodying his observations during his official tour. The following is his first, and we may hereafter copy such portions of his succeeding letters as we think will interest our readers:

FROM THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.
EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.
MURFREESBORO', N. C., March 25th, 1853.

I intended, as you know, to furnish you with sketches of my travels in this home land of ours; but, so far, bad roads and bad weather, appointments following close on each other, and engagements of various kinds, have prevented me from writing out my notes. I now have a leisure moment, and as I take a retrospect of my journeyings, and in imagination begin my travels anew, an involuntary shudder shakes my limbs, and a leaden sky bounds the horizon of Fancy.

Alamance—there I made my first pause in this trip—"Alamance, and red mud! mud! mud! mud! rain, rain, rain! nota bene! Plankroads!" This is the sum and substance of my notes on Alamance. Of the people—an honest, thrifty, robust population—I need not speak; suffice it to say they came in crowds to hear my Lecture, listened very attentively, and resolved, pretty generally, to make the most of our common school system. A model free school, of a high order, will be established, I hope, near Graham, under the direction of the Chairman of the Board of County Superintendents and myself; and I anticipate from it a great deal of good. The plan is this: The Chairman, by consent of the Committee, will take the school fund to which his district is entitled, and by subscription add to it enough to employ a first rate teacher, (an accomplished lady,) for ten months; and in this way all the children of the district can be educated at a cheaper rate than by any other mode. It is hoped that this school, while it is demonstrating by example, the capabilities of our common school system, will also prove eminently useful in the education of teachers; and to establish a school of this sort in each County in the State is an object which I have very much at heart. There is one, in the full tide of successful experiment, in Halifax County; it is under the care of an enterprising gentleman who thus cheaply educates his daughters and benefits his country. From the known energy of the Chairman of Alamance, and the peculiar elements of the population there, I hope for a successful issue to the experiment which is there about to be made. There is life among that people; and there is also mud.

I was surprised at the change of things in Granville. Four years ago the country appeared much depressed—land was cheap, business at a stand, enterprise moving off and negroes comparatively worthless; now all is life, hope, pleasant expectation. Land, in many places, has advanced 100 per cent., and in some instances 300 per cent. The farmers, with fat purses and full stomachs, look contented and happy. Fine houses are going up, speculation (not in bonds) speculation in lands, houses, mills, &c., is in a healthy condition, and while emigration has nearly ceased, there is scarcely a patient down with the mildest form of gold-fever or coal plague. Guano is coming in, and they say that they have no desire to leave their own soil to dig in the soils of other lands.

If the citizens of Granville are waxing fat, the citizens of Warren are already pithoric; in the former county things are looking up, in the latter they are already up, high up. Warren is really a rich county, and its people to be envied in many respects; and if the people would only improve the common school system, and put sign boards to their roads, they might, for the present, do for a model for many other communities.

In schools of a higher order—especially in female schools—they are not deficient; on the contrary the two female schools in Warrenton, the one under the care of the Rev. Mr. Graves and Mr. Wilcox, and the other under that of Mr. Turner, are well worthy of the high reputation and the public confidence which they enjoy; and better, more amiable and more trust-worthy men could not be engaged in this most responsible calling. (Of the schools in Oxford I will write hereafter.)

The fine schools, the good society, the amiable and hospitable people, the healthy climate, mineral springs, rich tobacco lands, &c., &c., all help to make Warren what she is; but let her never forget that much is also due to the old Raleigh and Gaston Road, without which her other advantages would not avail her much. This upstarts a value to all the others; and to give her this has cost the good old State of North Carolina a very considerable sum of money. Let them remember that from Beaufort to Cherokee, have helped to make their home a happy and luxurious one; and while so remembering, let them not forget that they, in common gratitude, are bound to help in return to roll the logs of their neighbors. This is said, not chidingly, or reproachfully, but in all kindness and with sincere good wishes for the kind and prosperity of old Warren; and it is said with the full belief that the county of Weldon Edwards will always be true to all the interests of North Carolina, and therein true to herself.

My time is out, and with a promise of more anon, I must, my dear Post, bid you a hasty adieu!

C. H. W.

Should be Initiated.—The President of the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road, L. O. B. Branch, Esq., announces that Guano will be transported over that road throughout the year at very low rates of freight. The list of articles that ought to be transported over Railroads at the lowest possible rates, should not be confined to Guano, but should embrace fertilizers of all kinds used by the farmers in the improvement of their lands. Every facility should be granted and encouragement given, to all means practised by the farmers to improve their lands and increase their crops. We have seen an estimate somewhere, and believe it to be based on correct principles, that railroads could transport manures and fertilizers free of cost, and make money by the operation. Suppose a region of Country penetrated by a Rail Road produces just enough naturally to support its inhabitants. The whole of the increased production arising from the use of manures and fertilizers, would be a surplus, for sale, and its transportation would give the Railroad profitable employment. In this way, Internal Improvements of this sort make their own business, and while contributing largely to the prosperity of the region intersected, they are laying the foundation of their own permanent success. Mr. Branch's proposition to the farmers is promotive of the best interests of the Road entrusted to his management, and we hope to see all other Railroads imitating his example.

Goldsboro' Republican.

Poetical.—The young lady who sent us a poetical communication commencing,

"Oh, wear it on thy heart, my love,
Still, still a little while!"

is informed that we have for a considerable time admired the same piece in a volume of Mrs. Hemans's poems, which we are fortunate enough to possess. We do not suppose our fair correspondent ever saw it. The fact that she has signed her name, is proof that this is another of those striking literary coincidences that have abounded ever since the discovery of letters.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.—The "Rappers" in England are not quite so lucky as in Yankee Land. We find in the New York Commercial a long article from the London Leader, detailing a series of experiments in which the rappers were most effectually "done." In these experiments, a Mr. Lewes was the experimenter; Mrs. Hayden the medium.

Having gone through with several cases, Mr. Lewes "thought he would call up the spirit of a being who never existed but in fable, and he mentally summoned one of the Eumenides—one of those 'abhorred virgins,' with snaky hair, who form the Chorus of Furies, in *Aeschylus*. A prompt rapping response assured him of her presence, and by judicious pauses with his pencil at the letters which he had resolved should constitute the answers, he induced her to declare that she died only six years ago! in the Jewish faith! aged only twenty-five!!! and leaving seven children!!! But even here the absurdity did not stop. "To show," he continues, "how completely the answers are made at random, when no clue is given, but only a 'yes' or 'no' is required, here are four questions I wrote on a piece of paper, and the answers I received:

"Had the ghost of Hamlet's father seventeen noses? Answer, Yes!
"Had Socrates? Answer, Yes!
"Was Pontius Pilate an American? Answer, No.
"Was he a leading tragedian? Answer, Yes!"

The medium was thus effectually done for; but not content with this, Mr. Lewes wrote on a piece of paper, "Is Mrs. Hayden an impostor?" "Yes," was the answer!

The Commercial well says:

It is but too painfully notorious that this gross fraud upon the public has, more than any other single cause, filled our lunatic asylums; and the London Watchman, a journal not likely to exaggerate facts, says "we know that already in England it has perplexed or prostrated the intellect of men whose minds have been exercised in public official business and cultivated by literary studies." As a mode of arresting the progress of the mischief, let there be a pretty free application of such tests. A few dollars thus laid out would be a public benefit, for the mediums' once made distrustful of being themselves duped—paid back in their own coin—and thus made conscious of standing over a mine that may explode at any moment in the presence of more credulous spectators—would be compelled to abandon their profitable but nefarious proceedings. Similar exposures have been made here, as we have said, but not upon a scale of sufficient extent, seeing that the name of the mediums is Legion. Let some one who has the money to spare, and coolness and shrewdness to carry on his investigations bravely, and without betrayal of his object, adopt Mr. Lewes's plan, and he may have responses from as many "Nelly Sorels," or Sam Slicks, or Tertius Timmesons, or any other imaginary men, women or children, as he chooses; and assurances in the bargain that his great grandfather's grandfather was Mrs. Partington's only son; that he married one of the mummies in Mr. Abbott's Egyptian exhibition; that he died six years ago in infancy, leaving a bereaved wife and large family to lament his decease—or any other absurdity which he can invent; with the salvo to boot, that the medium herself is exactly what he had discovered her to be, a veritable impostor. Verily, we shall never think of rapping mediums hereafter without mentally asking, "Had the ghost of Hamlet's father seventeen noses?" That's the question.

To Cure Warts.—Take half an ounce of sulphur, half an ounce of 90 per cent. spirits, put into an ounce phial, shake them well together, then freely apply to the affected parts, or warts, for a few days once or twice a day, and in a few weeks or months all the warts will disappear. Try it. And so with corns in like manner.

Exchange.

Warts can be cured by washing them with a solution of soda, and allowing it to dry on them.

Scientific American.

An Army with Runners.—As you are whirling along over the Hudson River Railroad at the rate of forty miles an hour, you catch a glimpse every minute or two of a man waving something like a white pocket handkerchief on the end of a stick, with a satisfactory sort of expression of countenance. If you take the trouble to count, you will find that it happens some two hundred times between East Albany and Thirty-First St. It looks like rather a useless ceremony, at first glance, but it is a pretty important one, nevertheless.

There are 225 of these "flag men" stationed at intervals along the whole length of the line.—Just before a train is to pass, each one walks over his "beat," and looks to see that every track and every tunnel, switch, rail, clamp and rivet, is in good order and free from obstruction. If so, he takes his stand with a white flag and waves it to the approaching train as a signal to "come on"—and come on it does, at full speed. If there is anything wrong, he waves a red flag, or at night a red lamp, and the engineer on seeing it promptly shuts off the steam, and it sounds the whistle to "put down the brakes." Every inch of the road is carefully examined after the passage of each train. Austrian espionage is hardly more strict. With such an effective police, accidents from obstructions upon the track become almost impossible, unless there is gross negligence on the part of the watchmen.—*Evening Journal.*

Examination of Attorneys.—The following racy examination of a candidate for admission to the bar, is taken from a Western law journal and is decidedly a good hit. The examiner commences with:

"Do you smoke?"
"I do sir."
"Have you a spare cigar?"
"Yes sir," (extending a short six.)
"Now sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"
"To collect fees."
"Right. What is second?"
"To increase the number of his clients."
"When does your position towards your clients change?"
"When making a bill of costs."
"Explain."
"We then occupy the antagonistic position; I assume the character of plaintiff and defendant."
"A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?"
"Check by jowl."
"Enough, sir, you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?"
"I am sir."
"Describe it."
"It is to invite you to drink."
"But suppose I decline?"
(Candidate scratching his head.) "There is no instance of the kind on record on the books, I cannot answer the question."
"You are right; and the confidence with which you make an assertion, shows that you have read the law attentively. Let's take a drink, and I will sign your certificate."

SUPREMACY JUDICIAL.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Belo (says the Mobile Advertiser) is the opinion of some of our exchanges, that the multitude of similar articles that might be extracted, upon the refusal of the United States to Badger to the vacant Supreme Court judgeship. The New York Times says:

The rejection by the United States Senate of the nomination of Judge of the Supreme Court, is one of those purely party questions which the country will not sustain. There is no possible objection to the Senate, North Carolina, except that he is a Whig. A man dared utter a word against his principle, a man of a breath of suspicion has pronounced to dispute that he would have carried the distinguished abilities, great caution, brilliant talents, profound attainments, and the most scrupulous regard for the blind goddess of justice, it would have become his duty to do so. But the deed is done. All considerations of justice and the public good have been sacrificed to partisan zeal; and the country will hold responsible the Senators who have sacrificed the trust confided to them.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Journal says: The nomination of Mr. Badger, so long a friend of the Union, is rejected on the pretext that he is not a resident of the Federal Union; because the place must be kept open toward a political partisan. Such a course is creditable to American legislation, or to the integrity of the Senators who have sacrificed the responsibility the Senators who have sacrificed the trust confided to them.

The Vicksburg (Miss.) Whig says: When we get the list of the names of the twenty-six Senators who voted for the postponement of the nomination of a gentleman so well known, and so entirely unexceptionable, as Mr. Badger, we will give publicity to it, because we think people should know them, so that they may feel their seal of condemnation upon them. The most intelligent citizens, as well as the most independent Judiciary, will not allow the course of those who are trying to destroy the dignity and independence of the Supreme Court, by making them mere instruments of party.

FOREIGN.—The Arctic brings Liverpool to the 23d ult.

The demand for cotton was moderate rather in favor of the buyers.

Mr. Rives, U. S. Minister to France, will return home in May.

The unexpected brightness of the Sabbath, the Russian Navy had made a signal achievement, and the English Channel was closed to the French fleet, and the English ships were ordered to depart. The French fleet was now in the English Channel, and the English ships were now recovering. It is supposed that the will flow over, but it is still regarded as a matter of doubt. The latest dispatch received by the French government leads to the belief that the difficulty will be amicably settled.

COOL.—The Editor of the N. Y. Mirror has been removed from a lucrative office. He announces the event in the following pleasant way:

PRIVATE DESPATCH FROM WASHINGTON.
NAVY DEPARTMENT.
April 1st, 1853.

Sir—Mr. Daniel E. Delaney having been appointed to succeed you as Naval Storekeeper at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, New York, you are transferred to him all the books, papers, and correspondence pertaining to said office.

I am, respectfully, your obdient servant,
J. C. DODD.

HIRSH FULLER, Esq., late Naval Storekeeper, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The above is a copy of a document which will be good news to the readers of the Mirror. It rolls from our mind the care of some thousands of Uncle Sam's stores, and only to vote one unindividual thought, and only to vote one unindividual occupation, that the 20,000 of great guns at the Navy Yard will not don't go off.—*See Mirror.*

RICH.—A writer in the Washington Independent Raleigh, N. C., March 30th, says that the Congressional districts in this State are the 7th.

"The seventh district is a new district, composed of a part of Chatham's, Berkeley's and Wilkes' old districts, (mostly Berkeley's and Wilkes' old districts, and the new district is Scott carried this district by 190 votes, and Reid carried it by more than 500. The gallant Craigie, the Bayard of the State, swept the district with enthusiasm, and came to the next Congress, you will see, who comes nearer to my idea of what a good old Whig would be than any living man."

Well! Well! Well!!!

TROUBLE AHEAD.—Santa Anna has returned to Mexico, once more to reign over a distracted Republic. The