

7. Belgium

North State Whig.

"BE JUST, AND FEAR NOT! LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

VOL. 1.

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Unpaid letters, addressed to the Editor on business connected with his paper, will not, in any case, be taken from the Post Office.

POETRY.

From the London Gazette.
COUNTRY COMMISSIONS.
Dear Cousin, I write this in haste,
To beg you will get for mamma
A pot of best Jessamine Paste,
And a pair of shoe buckles for pa.
At Exeter 'Change—then just pop
Into Aldergate for the prints;
While you are there you can stop
For a skein of white worsted at Flint's.

Papa wants a new stop,
And mamma wants a chinchilli muff;
Little Bobby's in want of a top,
And my aunt wants six pen'orth of snuff.
Just call in St. Martin's le Grand
For some goggles for Mary, (who
squints;)
Get a pound of bees-wax in the Strand,
And the skein of white worsted at Flint's.

And while you are there you may stop
For some Souchong in Monument yard;
And while you are there you can pop
In Marybone street for some lard;
And while you are there, you can call
For some silk, of the latest new tints,
At the Mercer's, not far from Whitehall,
And—remember the worsted at Flint's.

And while you are there, 'twere as well
If you'd call in Whitechapel, to see
For the needles; and then in Pall Mall,
For some lavender-water for me;
And while you are there you can go
To Wapping, to old Mr. Clint's—
But all this you can easily do,
When you get the white worsted at
Flint's.

I send, in this parcel from Bet,
An old spelling book to be bound,
A cornelian brooch to be set,
And some razors of pa's to be ground—
O dear! what a memory have I—
Notwithstanding all Deborah's hints,
I've forgotten to tell you to buy
A skein of white worsted at Flint's.

From the Sunday Morning Bulletin.
TO THE COMET.
BY CHARLES F. STERLING.
All hail to thee thou wondrous sky high stranger,
Who makest now to us thy first appearance;
Tell us the port celestial, long tail'd ranger,
Whence thou didst take thy last discharge
and clearance?
What is the news of late in Georgium Sidus,
Or in the regions that you've seen beyond it?
Twas Halley's star the latest files supplied us,
When that brought last its tail this way and
sunn'd it.
Are Jove's broad belts the same old striped pattern,
And wearing rings the fashion still with Saturn?

Is Vin Lactea still a milky river?
And if it's milk, pray is it 'Orange County'?
Or starry orbits that He, the great Good giver,
Has scattered there in precedentless bounty?

How's thieving Mercury, and fighting Mars?
And, hark'ee, say in confidence between us,
Is any scandal floating mid the stars,
As to their compeer, love inspiring Venus?
You sure can tell, oh! most astounding flarer,
For art thou not a very great tale bearer!
And tell us, too, for thou hast been close to him,
What are the spots we see sometimes the sun
on?
Now like deep holes they seem to be clear thro'
him,
And then again his disc has hardly one on,
Are they but rents in his emanating glory,
Showing the orb within his shining shelter,
Or, as we've read in astronomical story,
Is it new fed fuel to the mighty melter?
Or, after all, is't but a 'spotted fever',
For which thou com'st a medical reliver?

Art thou a vehicle contrived for pleasure,
By those who dwell on some far distant planet,
In which they voyage the universe' at leisure
With some few millions working hands to
man it?
Is your late trip on this line but your first one,
Or hast thou been here oft in long gone ages?
Hast got a boiler! and hast ever burst one?
How much d'ye give your firemen for their
wages?
What motive power's most used in regions stellar
And what's thought there of 'Eriscon's propeller'?

As our own engines run the railroads over,
Turning not right nor left to view the cattle
That dew lap deep stand mid the fragrant clover,
Mazed and affright with smoke and puff and
rattle,
So go you on upon your course allotted
While men gaze up, with fun or fear besotted!

Symbol terrific of some mighty power!
Bear to your bourne the ever wondrous story
How even now as in its natal hour,
Our system's order speaks its Maker's glory!
Let those who can, believe that thou wilt ever
Bump 'gainst this earth to rend and tear and
shock it.
But I'll maintain that such a billet never
To thee was given, O, very large sky rock-
et!
So fare thee well, hirsutest of all shiners,
Most swift and largest of the heavenly Lin-
ers!

The Partners.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE LIFE.
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.
NEW STORE. Smith & Brown respectfully inform the public of Cedarville and vicinity, and their friends generally, that they have taken the Store on Main Street, a few doors from the Meeting-House where they have on hand and for sale, every description of goods, at prices as low as at any other place, in city or country.
The above, with the customary abundant sprinkling of italics, capitals and full-faced type, was the only new advertisement in the columns of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser, on the morning of the 5th of May, 18—.
'Who is Smith & Brown?' enquired the old ladies of the village, as their eyes wandered from the record of the deaths to the advertisement below; and 'who is Smith & Brown?' echoed the young ladies, who, after studying the Hymenal Register, glanced also at the advertisement. Methinks the reader is inquiring too—who are the Smith and Brown introduced to you so abruptly? Patience, gentlemen sir—if sir you be,—if madam, it is of no use to preach patience—patience, and in proper time you will become acquainted with THE PARTNERS.
Smith and Brown had decided to connect themselves in business, and astonish the natives of some country town, with a store a touch above any thing of the kind in the metropolitan—Cedarville happened, in a night, to be pitched upon, and so rapidly was their migration effected, and the business of opening performed, that, until they were ready for customers, not more than half of the women within ten miles of their store knew that such a thing was in contemplation. The Cedarville Universal Advertiser had the merit, for once, of containing something of which the universe was not previously apprized; and the gossips of Cedarville were nearly distracted—such a march had been stolen upon them! They fell in readily with the opinion of Old Pimento, at the old stand, that, as the new store sprung up like a mushroom, in a night, it would disappear too, between two days; Commence business without making six months preparatory talk! the thing was preposterous and unprecedented. But they succeeded, nevertheless. The young women had become tired of purchasing shop worn commodities, and especially when sold by a crusty old Benedict, and the temptations of new goods and the new faces of two young bachelors were irresistible. All the influence of the editor of the Universal Advertiser was on the side of the new store, for the 'trader' at the old one could not be persuaded that in a town where there was but one store, there was any need of advertising. Even now, that there were two, he would not be provoked into a paper war with the new comers, whose advertisements added some ten dollars to the annual income of the Advertiser—no inconsiderable item, by the way, in the receipts of the village editor. For this sum they were allowed a square, which, in the country, means a page of the paper.
Awful was the chism created in Cedarville by the new store! Old Mr. Pimento stopped his paper, because he liked an independent press, and the Advertiser had had the impudence to publish Smith and Brown's advertisements, to his manifest injury. Such is the general idea of newspaper independence—subscribers wish to see an editor untrammelled, and therefore relieve him of their names, upon less grievous causes than that which induced Pimento to discontinue the Cedarville Universal Advertiser. The old ladies sided with Mr. Pimento, the young ones belonged to the other faction, and the men stood neutral, or moved as driven by wife, daughter, or wife intended. Such was the posture of things in the town of Cedarville, the parties alternately going up and down, as Old Pimento sold the best molasses, or the other house the best bargains, when affairs began to come upon the carpet more directly interesting to Smith & Brown, and therefore to the readers of our veritable history. The star of the young firm had been some days on the ascendant. After a good day's work, both partners waited in the store, as if each had something to tell the other, with which it would not answer to trust any walls but their own.
Each made awkward work of his communication; but we shall omit the stammering preface, and state only the substance of both their confessions, which was that each had come to the conclusion that when it was said it is not good for man to be alone, partnerships in business were not the associates deemed necessary. Though Satan is ever fond of rebuking sin, yet neither party could condemn the other for the intended crime of matrimony, in the abstract; but each thought his disapprobation of the other in the choice of an accomplice.
'Humph!' said Smith, to himself; Brown is determined, then, to throw himself away on that lowbred dowdy. She is as poor as she is avaricious.

'Well,' said Brown, with a shrug, 'Mr. Smith may yoke himself for life to pursue pride and expectations, if he chooses. His no business of mine. And so they parted for the night.

MARRIED. In B—, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. John Smith, of Cedarville, of the firm of Smith & Brown, to Miss Ann Matilda, only daughter of the Hon. Cræsus Ingot, of B—.

In E—, Mr. David Brown, of Cedarville, of the firm of Smith & Brown, to Miss Mary Tidd.

Another feather floated in the cap of the editor of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser,—for the above interesting item of intelligence heamed first upon Cedarville through its columns. So silently had every thing been conducted. In dilating upon the square inch of cake with the request for insertion, Mr. Editor ground out the only original articles which had appeared in his columns, since six weeks before. Mr. Alter's copy supplied a 'Narrow Escape,' by cutting his finger with a case-knife.

The effect of the announcement upon the inhabitants of Cedarville, was the breaking up, in a great measure, of the party divisions. The old ladies were indignant that this news had burst upon the community, without their having had so much as a nibble of it in advance of the general promulgation; the unengaged young ladies, each of whom had, secretly, and in her own mind appropriated one of the firm to herself, began to have a manifest leaning to the Pimento party; and the married and engaged young ladies, who stuck to the firm in hopes of being invited to their parties, were in the minority. Things began to look squally, when, as is often the case in emergencies, a something was found to stem the current, and save the falling fortunes of the house of Smith & Brown. Faster than the slow heels of the carrier boy circulated the Cedarville Universal Advertiser about the village, the intelligence flew orally, that Smith & Brown were 'giving a treat.' This at once formed a new accession to the store party, as every man in a New England village, in 18—, would drink, where liquor ran without money, and without price; and every boy would be on hand to eat the sugar from the bottom of the tumblers, suck the lolly-sticks and long to be men—that being as near drinking as boys were permitted to go—their elders sagely backing their own examples, by warning boys not to drink spirit. They manage these things better now a days. The editor gained six credit by an *improvisata* toast, concocted during all the night before, in which he hoped the 'house of Smith & Brown would fare none the worse for having taken sleeping partners.' Pimento, who found his way into the store for the first time, was so much pleased with the toast, that he more. Upon reaching his own store, he put another gallon of alcohol into each of his barrels of water and alcohol, swept a pack of flies from his windows, and some of the dust off his shelves.
'Will they give a party I wonder?' Here the Cedarville Universal Advertiser could not forestall the women, who are the exclusive vendors of this sort of news; and the women soon got hold of circumstantial evidence, that at Smith's house something was in preparation. Mrs. Smith had sent to one neighbor for eight quarts of milk, and her neighbors had borrowed another's hearts and rounds. 'Shall I get an invite?' was the next question—but the worthy folk were kept but little while in suspense. The shop boy of Smith & Brown laid printed 'invites' at every house in the village, not excepting those of the Pimento-ites, and that of Old Pimento himself. Business-like, these invitations were issued in the name of the firm.

It was over. Old Pimento, who had lingered, the last of the guest, as if determined to do his full share in eating out the substance of the young men, had at last taken his hat. Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat alone.
'My dear,' said the lady, 'I do not see why you would invite all that *canaille* to our house.'
'Policy, Matilda. I wish to become popular with the Cedarville people.'
'Well! don't like to be bored to death. I hope you have not so soon forgotten my feelings and my standing in society. My father Mr. Ingot, was never so anxious to please the rabble.'
'Mrs. Smith, I hope you have not so far forgotten my interest as to stand in the way of my business. The distant jingle of your father's gold will not support us.'
'Mrs. Ann Matilda Smith sobbed hysterically.
'David,' said Mrs. Brown to her husband, 'as they walked home, I am afraid I have done you no credit to-night—I always told you I was unused to society.'
'Why, Mary, I thought you succeeded to admiration with the villagers—mothers and daughters.'
'Oh, yes, and I have many pressing invitations to visit them. But I am dreadfully afraid of Mrs. Smith. She came and sat by me to-night, and said something about the Great Unknown. I didn't make any answer, and then she said that Waverly alone is enough to set him up. What did she mean, David? Is there to be another store in the village? I'm sure I'm sorry if there is. I told her I did not know Mr. Waverly.'
Brown gently explained her mistake to her. It was a bitter evening, in conclusion, for both partners—one had to drive away his wife's hysterics with volatile salts and promiscuous indulgence—the other to console an intelligent, though uneducated mind, for the lack of that information which one evening had convinced her was all-essential to her creditable appearance.
On the morrow, Mrs. Ann Matilda Smith went back to the house of her father, to recover, as she said, from the effects of an excessive infliction of rusticity. She was not missed, except by her husband, for truth to tell, she did not win many hearts at the party. Weeks passed, and the simple Mary Brown grew daily in the good graces of the dwellers in Cedarville. The parson's wife thought it a pity she had been neglected, but deemed her an intelligent lady-like young woman, nevertheless. Some others might

have made the same remark—but all loved her; and though her popularity, added to pre-existing circumstances, the tide set sadly against the store of Mr. Pimento. At the end of a few weeks, Mrs. Ann Matilda Smith returned.
'My dear, I have brought you a present.'
'Thank you for returning yourself, Matilda, before I open the package, lest you should accuse me of selfishness, in thanking you afterwards.' The direction was in the complimentary hand of Mr. Ingot. Smith broke the seal, and found instruments possessing him of a large landed property, and a check for several thousands.
'Matilda, after the unthinking and cruel taunt I gave you a few weeks since, I cannot accept this.'
'Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith?'
There was something hysterical in her tone—and Smith hastily interrupted, 'allow me at least to secure this to you, I—'
No! no! take it as I offer it, or—
Poor Smith! He plied his wife alternately with volatile and sugared words;—the latter of the two remedies had brought her too, because he imported an acceptance of her father's present. It is said of his Satanic Majesty and the wight who accepts his favors, that the latter becomes bound to him. I do not intend to compare Mrs. Smith to the devil—but her present was the purchase money of the inexpressibles. Smith was sold to her from that day.
'These people pay a great deal of attention to your partner's wife, Mr. Smith.'
'They would pay you the same, my dear, if you would accept it.'
'But I shall not. Who can endure to drink yopp tea out of earthen cups—and bear disquisitions on sage-cheese, stocking yarn, the price of eggs, and the raising of poultry,—I cannot, Mr. Smith.'
'Mrs. Brown does.'
'Mrs. Brown! It is her element—the hateful ignorant creature. I desire that you will not ask her or her husband to the house again.'
'He is my partner, my dear.'
'I don't see why you need such a partner. You don't want his capital certainly.'
'His capital is experience. He owns nothing, but receives a share of the profits for his services.'
'Indeed! Well I am sure you can hire a good clerk cheaper, and not be obliged to court Brown or his ignorant wife. I wish you would dissolve Mr. Smith, I do not like the idea of finding Mr. Brown capital to trade upon.'
'No, Smith!
'Dissolution. The connection in business heretofore existing under the firm of Smith & Brown is this day, by mutual consent dissolved.
'Mutual—yes, that is the word, when a strong mutual interest exists between two parties, and a literal transcript from the Cedarville Universal Advertiser.
One of the sleeping partners, had upset the house, thus making our editorial friend's toast *mal a propos* as were his editorials. Mr. Brown and his poor ignorant wife made their round of calls—stepped into the stage with light hearts, and a purse which honest gains had pretty well ballasted, and bade adieu to Cedarville. Nothing worthy of note occurred at their departure, except that the editor of the Cedarville Advertiser, stopped the stage before his door, to ask Brown if he might send him the paper—to which he, the said Brown, innocently answered, that he would pay him the price of it if he would keep it away. Mr. Editor as a guardian of public morals was not profanely inclined, but upon this occasion, he could not refrain from giving his opinion that Brown was a d—d ungodly fellow and as illiterate as his wife. Every body in the village regretted their departure except Mrs. Smith, Mr. Editor and Old Pimento. The latter had reason to be pleased, for Brown's withdrawal would, he knew, essentially weaken the new faction.
The tide turned into its old channel, and Pimento soon saw all the old faces back to his counter—except, perhaps, a few who trimmed their caps and bonnets like Mrs. Smith, and esteemed it an honor to get a nod from her. In proportion as business lessened she, thinking the portion she brought inexchangeable, increased her expenses. She figured in the streets of Cedarville, in dresses which would have attracted notice for their expensive quality, in Washington street or Broadway. Crowds of the family connections, and the family connections' connections of the Ingots, settled on Smith to rusticate, devouring his substance like a swarm of locusts. And every city carriage that rolled to his door rolled away the patronage of some villager, who preferred purchasing sugar of Old Pimento, to being hurriedly served by the now exclusive and genteel Mrs. Smith.
As Pimento was spelling out the Cedarville Advertiser—for since the editor had returned to his allegiance, he had again subscribed—he chuckled over the following notice: 'All persons indebted to John Smith, are notified that his books and accounts are assigned to Cræsus Ingot, to whom immediate payments must be made. Creditors may become parties by signing the assignment.' 'Halloa! neighbor,' he shouted to a passer-by, who had been one of the new store party, 'why can't you tell me how Smith & Wife sell London and French prints?' 'Smith & Wife's store had become the cart term.'
Years had passed. Two persons accidentally met on 'Change. There was a look of uncertain recognition.
'Brown?'
'Smith?'
'A hearty shake of the hand.'
'How is your lady, Brown?'
'Well. She is now acquainted with Mr. Waverly.'
'And mine has forgotten her hysterics.'
The four met at the city residence of Mr. Brown, who had, by industry, become possessed of a handsome property. Smith, also, taught wisdom by his reverses, had retrieved his pecuniary affairs. The husbands came from the library together.
'Ladies,' said Smith, 'we have again entered into copartnership. Matilda, do you think you can now invite that hateful Mrs. Brown to our house?'
'Mary,' said Brown, 'are you now afraid of Mrs. Smith?'
It is unnecessary to say that explanations had taken place. Mrs. Smith was not natu-

rally vain, nor was Mrs. Brown ever dandy, though once ignorant. Both were placed, by marriage, in situations for which they were unfit, and each had learned to adapt herself to her situation. Mrs. Smith learned the thrift and pleasant manners of Mary Brown—and if the latter did not acquire all the shining accomplishments of Mrs. Smith, she at least came deeply read enough to make her a agreeable companion for her husband and to place her above the danger of appearing ridiculous disadvantage. Of the two, Mrs. Smith had in her education, cost her husband the most. One partner married above, the other below, his station in life.
In the last connexion in business, the sleeping partners have proved such valuable auxiliaries, that their husbands' paper is quite as good as that of any Ingot on 'Change. Old Pimento buys his goods of the importing house of Smith & Brown, who advertises to country traders in the columns of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser; and the editor of that respectable paper carries his head higher than ever.

There is some objection to the following anecdote, but the wit of it is so excellent, that we cannot resist the temptation to print it:
'Who Dar?—Gumbo was a wicked negro who had witnessed the ravages of the cholera in 1832 with stoic indifference, but in '34, seeing his best friend dropping off by dozens in Negro alley, Buffalo, to have some fears of giving the last kick himself, Gumbo then for the first time, thought of praying, to use his own phrase, 'to de Angel ob de Lord, declaring that if he could only be spared 'dis time,' he would be ready next year to be taken up and 'lib foreber in Massa Abraham's bussom—Some ways, having access to an adjoining room, separated by a board partition, hearing him at his devotions knocked.
'Who dar?'
'De Angel ob de Lord?'
'What he want?'
'Want Gumbo?'
'(Blowing out his candle with a whoop.)
'No such nigger here. Dat nigger ben dead dis two year week—dat be true—de fac?'—*Best Post.*

MESMERISM DOWN EAST.

This science is making headway. The Rev. Mr. Beckwith is giving at Portland, a course of lectures on it, aided by an experienced magnetiser from Boston. Among other things he proposes to do the following, with the aid of his familiar.
'A subject will be thrown into the mesmerist state and blindfolded to the abundant satisfaction of the committee; and play a game of Gammon or Checkers with the best player in Portland.
Also, a subject will be tested as to his vocal powers while asleep. He will sing in any language, although unknown to him when awake.
Mr. Rice will present Mr. Tarbox, who is acknowledged to be the best subject in the United States, and give a variety of useful and interesting experiments.
Organic diseases will be examined both public and private, and remedies prescribed. Those who have been long afflicted, and have not been able to determine the location of their disease, will do well to call.
Admittance 121-2 cents. Clergymen, Physicians and Editors will be admitted free.
AND ALTERNAM! On the other hand Dr. Spofford of Haverell, (Mass.) has published in the Gazette of that place a long article against the science, from which we extract a paragraph or two.
'Verily, thinking ourselves wise, we have become fools. If, after reading these strictures, any one wishes to know what the writer does believe, it is replied—He believes that on a thin stratum of truth a great fabric of collusion and humbuggery has been erected. He believes that mothers had better keep their daughters at home, than to suffer them to be pawed over and exhibited like monkeys and mermaids.
'He believes that some who are pretending to enlighten the public by lectures and experiments ought to be whipped to school, or sent to the house of correction.
He believes that eyes were made to see with, that one's own nerves are his surest conductor of sensation, that people had better keep what little senses they have left, and that people are very easily cheated out of their money, by anyone they are not acquainted with, and who comes from a great distance.'

PRETTY GOOD.—The editor of a country paper having gone to a neighboring village to get married, the devil—printer's—'took the responsibility of getting out the paper. The following is his 'lead':
Reader—gentle or ungentle, as the case may be—we make to you our best bow, after the 'latest improved' and patented London and Paris fashion, with a kind of a jerk at the end of it—and declare ourselves your most humble-come-tumble down four pair of steps servant. 'Who are you?' you ask. 'Well, we're the devil. P—-not the old codger of A—, who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour somebody—not by a feat. But we don't care the shake of a oon's tail for him or any body else. No—blowed if we do! We're an independent devil—a perfect rip-snorter of a fellow—an imported earthquake—not the one that shook the bottom out of the Mississippi—but the one that can dance "siech a gittin' up stairs," till the buttons drop off of the spectators' jackets. It's a comical chap we are, as every body knows that knows anything. We haven't got any political principles—except we believe in "eat beef and hard cider," and go John Tyler the whole hog, including the tail. We love all the girls harder than a mule can kick—the pretty ones in particular—and one, "we know," double refined particular. We are out for total abstinence of all back cushions, as make the woman's coats stand out behind, (we're a modest boy and don't like to say "bustles.") We're in for the abrogation of all soap-locks, ear-locks, cheek-locks, lip-locks, and door-locks. We abominate all straps, because they impede locomotion. We go the Temptation society to the bottom of the barrel. To cut the matter short off—we'll just inform you that we're a double-breasted thunder clap—a universal phenomenon—a scientific, antediluvian nondescript, with a touch of the "werry peckolins." Hurrah for us! Whoop! The editor ain't at home!

OUR MANUFACTURING PROSPECTS.

The prospects of the manufacturing interests were never brighter than they are now. This is probably a startling assertion to some, and our ignorance may be denounced in no measured terms. Still it is true. There never has been a period in the history of our country, when the manufacturing interest rested on a basis so firm and secure as at present. We do not mean to say that manufacturers are, in a year or two, all of them about to realize immense fortunes, but we do mean to say, that with any steady legislation on the subject, the prospects of this class of the community have a brighter appearance than they have ever had.
In the cotton manufactures, and of this branch we now speak chiefly, there is heard throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, the hum of busy industry. Every where and in all quarters of the country old establishments are re-opening, and new ones starting into life. Notwithstanding the increase of the tariff, there has been no increase in the price of goods; but on the contrary, though goods were never so low as now, still the manufacturers are willing to supply them. There are several causes, it is true, tending to produce this. One is, the low price of the raw material. Another is, the reduction of our bank issues another, but the chief is, the competition in the business. The result of that competition is every day becoming more and more apparent. Skill is called into play, the energies of the operatives and the taste of the employers developed. In printed goods, we have for some time maintained a decided superiority over those of England, but now even the boasted taste of the French artists is rivalled, and specimens are exhibited daily in our stores, which vie successfully with any thing that the looms of France can produce, in gracefulness of design, beauty of finish and durability of colors.
That this country will, in a short time, without any fictitious aid of protection, supply its own people exclusively with manufactured goods, there can be no doubt. Nor do we see any reason why we should be considered as erring in judgment when we say, that it will become the manufacturing nation of the world. Our manufactures too will rest on a more solid basis. They will be the result, not of a hot-bed forcing system, but of a just and natural growth.
The immense cotton fields of the South will find their chief market in their own country. No nation in the world has so fine a field for the material of the woolen manufacture, as the prairie of the west, affording the means of shearing. In our mountains, side by side, lay the coal and iron—those sinews of a nation—and steadily and surely are all these advancing, as the natural wants of the nation demand, and as the habits of the people adapt themselves to them.
Nor can we suppose that the thousands of starving artisans of the old world will continue to drag out a miserable existence there, whilst from across the Atlantic the stirring sounds of life-giving industry are borne to their ears on every western blast. As the revocation of the edict of Nantes deprived France of thousands upon thousands of her most valuable and industrious citizens, so will the continuation of that short-sighted system of protective policy, by which the industry of England is ground to the earth, that the relics of a pampered aristocracy may be maintained, drive to our shore thousands of their industrious and skillful artisans. We are right in our assertion, that the manufacturing interest of the world will be more than ever—not with the uncertain and unsteady glare of the meteor, which so recently dazzled us but with the steady and resplendent rays of the new sun which has arisen in our country, the harbinger, we doubt not, of future comfort and prosperity.—Phila. Gaz.

AMALGAMATION.

The bill which was pending for some time in the Massachusetts Legislature, to repeal the law against intermarriage between the white and black races, has recently passed both branches of that body. In the House the vote stood, yes 182, nays 116; absent 53. Those interested in its final success need not entertain no fears, as the present loco foco, Governor is known to be a rank Abolitionist.
From the following, which we find in the New York Courier, it will be seen that the colored ladies of Massachusetts do not regard the subject in so favorable a light, and have been anticipating fearful results:
'The white lady abolitionists of Massachusetts, who are so desirous of obtaining the privilege of intermarrying with negroes, are not going to have things all in their own way in that State—not by any means. The sables have made up their minds to have something to say in the business themselves, and they are quite right. Mr. Gibbons, of Boston, recently presented a petition to the Legislature, signed by Eliza Bliss and twenty other colored damsels and matrons, praying that the Legislature will not repeal the intermarriage law. The petition stated, says a Boston paper, that colored men, in such case would marry white women, and leave the petitioners destitute of sympathy, and departing of matrimonial felicity; also that colored men, even now, begin to slight their wives, while the numerous beaux are making arrangements to obtain white wives, to the injury and discomfort of colored damsels.'
A REGULAR YANKEE.—There is a veteran stage driver in Massachusetts—Barrett is his name—who never tasted a glass of intoxicating drink, never smoked a cigar, never spoke unhandsonably to a lady passenger—and scarcely ever failed of being within the allotted time in performance of his trips. Once this winter the snow banks gained a victory over him—he knocked under to 14 feet of snow.
'Papa, are the hogs that go to Cincinnati sick?' 'No, child, why do you ask?' 'Because the papers say that they are cured there.'
On the 26th of July, 1790, Congress, then sitting in New York, passed a law assuming the debts of the States. The amount thus assumed was \$21,500,000.
Speaking of Mesmerism, the N. Y. Tropic tells of an apothecary's boy who was mesmerized, and upon the organ of adhesiveness being touched, immediately rose and said he would spread a plaster!
Prayer is the silence of the soul, the calm of passion, the contentment of desire, and the union of our will with the divine.
The heart often feels what the tongue cannot utter; and the tongue often utters what the heart cannot feel.
Flour is said to be the best possible remedy for scalds and burns.