

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY THOMAS W. PEGUES.

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TO CLUBS. In order to place the Journal within the reach of all, we offer the following reduced rates to Clubs...

MISCELLANEOUS. THE STEPMOTHER. CONCLUDED.

The English travellers wintered at Rome, and Delamar and Count Sosa remembered that they had not remained at the 'eternal city' half as long as they had intended...

Afterwards he turned to introduce her to his wife, and Dora thought, 'if she is only as good as she is beautiful I should be happy...'

Susan made up her mind to burn all French books that hereafter fell in her hands. For some time after her arrival, visitors were constantly at the 'hall'...

On her return home, Susan hastened up to her chamber, under pretence of putting things in order. She hovered about until Dora enquired if she had any thing to say...

One morning upon her return from a walk, Susan brought her little greyhound, with its feet dreadfully raw, and moaning so piteously that it drew tears from the eyes of its mistress...

by seeing Dora enter with as firm a determination as her features, as her beautiful face of fourteen years standing could express. He drew her affectionately towards him, and after kissing her, asked playfully, to what unusual circumstance he was indebted for the honor of her visit.

I have a favor to ask you Papa and you must promise to grant it, said Dora, blushing deeply. Well, anything my dearest child in reason, but what is it?

Oh, Papa, say that you will take me when the school opens in a few weeks. Thanks, thanks, I see that you have consented, and kissing her father she ran from the room.

When Lillias heard of Dora's intention, she expressed surprise and disappointment, but Dora seeing her with prejudiced eyes, marked it down as deceit, and was more eager to be off.

Madame Torella was delighted with her pupil, and her generosity and kindness, soon made her a great favorite among the girls. Her great friend, however, was one Julia Arnold, who was soon devoted to our heroine.

Time passed—Dora's improvement both in her studies and appearance had been great—more than a year had passed since she left home; her father had visited her frequently, and her stepmother once or twice, but she did not think the last any favor.

Dora began for the first time to reflect, and was more than half inclined to call to Adonis to take her back to school, but she was ill, stupid, and the motion of the carriage made her very drowsy.

For many days she laid in her little room, her soul hovering between life and death; the excitement had caused brain fever, and in her delirium she raved of her stepmother, her dislike and all that had caused her unhappiness; and pained was gentle stepmother by all she heard, but it did not cause her to falter in her devotion to the unconscious sufferer; she prayed fervently to God to spare her, and night and day, she hovered around her bed.

One morning upon her return from a walk, Susan brought her little greyhound, with its feet dreadfully raw, and moaning so piteously that it drew tears from the eyes of its mistress, who, while undoing the bandages that it was wrapt in, asked Susan to explain how it got so.

Miss Dora, you must ask that French Carlton, she pretends to say that the dog did it himself, but it is my firm opinion that she put the hot iron on its feet to prevent its going in the 'bondowner,' because madams always screams when the poor little animals tries to jump on her lap.

tached to her nurse, but could get no satisfactory answer as to who she was, I am your friend and nurse, and when you are entirely well, you shall have the pleasure of an introduction, said she smilingly, that is if you will promise never to have a relapse.

Many days after as Dora heard a strange footstep outside the door, she gave a startled glance, and her beautiful nurse immediately guessing her thoughts said, 'Do not fear dear Dora, you shall not see her, except when you wish to; do you know that during your sickness you made me your confidant?'

At last the day was fixed for her to leave her sick chamber and appear among the family. There were strangers added to the usual inmates—Caroline Furleigh, (a young sister,) Horace, a Lieutenant in the royal Navy, and Tom, a wild mad cap. They had only arrived a short time before to spend some time with their sister.

When the hour approached, she became nervous at the idea of going down, and made her beloved nurse promise to come up for her; she looked very thin but still most beautiful; excitement had added lustre to her eyes, and a faint tinge of color to her cheek.

Reader, this has served to divert me for a few hours, if it amuses you at all I shall consider myself repaid.

June 13th, 1848. R.

FROM THE TEMPERANCE HERALD. COMING OUT OF THE LITTLE OF THE HORN.

His wife, one day, Bill Fudge addressed, While at the breakfast table, 'I think, my dear, 'tis for the best, As seeing we are able, To keep a shop just over here,— Wake up, good wife, and hear it, And sell good cider wine and beer, And every kind of spirit.

A HEROIC SAILOR.—The New London Conn. Chronicle mentions with commendation, the heroic deeds of a common sailor, on board the ship Robt. Bourne, recently arrived at that port.

As the ship was on her passage from the Sandwich Islands to the North West Coast, she encountered a severe gale of wind, while laying to under close reefed main topsail, one of the foremost hands, named Henry C. Smith, of Norwich fell overboard.

MAKE YOUR BEDS, YOUNG LADIES.—When you leave school take care of your chamber. It is a good plan to strip the clothes off your bed as soon as you rise from it, by doing it then your cap protects your hair from lint and feathers, and being lightly clothed, your movements are perfectly free, and the glow occasioned by exercise makes you on a cold morning feel less dread of cold water.

A GRAMMARIAN'S LOVE-LETTER. MADAME.—Among the numerous propositions towards a matrimonial connection with your beloved person, I hope you will not decline the interjection of my preliminary preferences. I should not like to be a mere noun adjective to you in all cases, for I positively declare that, comparatively speaking, I should be superlatively happy to agree

with you in the subjunctive mood. I hope you will not opionate me singular, for desiring to have the plural in my family, for it is the ablative of my soul to become relative to an antecedent to a regular conjugation, as this alone can constitute a lawful concord with the feminine gender, and affords us a particular copulative, you will use no indicative solicitations in the imperative mood, for I am the potential; while you are in the future, either passive or genitive, shall become a dative translation to you—nothing accusative against your government, and your sweet ninnalself without a noun or pronoun, shall be a vocative until death, the great ablative of all living, by a gradual declination of our corporeal nature, puts a small determination to the present tense, and time, through an infinite progression of ages, will render us preterperfect in the future.

Now that we have acquired some 800,000 square miles of territory by the treaty with Mexico, it may not be amiss to know what are some of its natural treasures. Sonora, produces gold, silver, pearls, New Mexico and Santa Fe, gold, silver, and Iron; and Upper California, corn, wine and pearls. Quicksilver is also found in abundance in upper California.

The Santa Clara mine is owned by a company in Tepic Mexico, and two other veins have been opened by Americans near San Francisco, and from appearances, the supply of California quicksilver, when developed by Yankee enterprise, will be inexhaustible. Considering the acquisition of the balance of Mexico, sooner or later as our inevitable destiny, the value of these quick silver mines cannot be too highly estimated.

The climate of the country is fine and will of course be still improved by the clearing up of the wilderness. This new territory will not be left long in its present state. The slow moving Castilian will soon learn from our enterprise, as emigration swarms westward, that they have been sleeping for the last century. We have got the territory and as it is worth looking to, let us be up and at it.—N. Y. Weekly Sun.

MILLARD FILMORE. As some of our readers, who may honestly have desired to support Gen. Taylor as an independent Candidate, may wish (since his nomination by the whig party for the Presidency,) to know the man with whom he is yoked in the Presidential race, we copy from the Savannah Georgian the following brief but expressive account of Millard Filmore, the whig candidate for the Vice Presidency.

Millard Filmore, of New York—a man who has voted in Congress with the Slaves, Giddingses, Gates, and that black spotted crew of hostile stabbers at our domestic spot,—the man, who, in the summer of 1844, when all the true Southern men were arrayed in favor of Polk and Texas, addressed a mass meeting of 1-6 Whigs of the Empire State, (1000 of all sexes and ages being present) from a booth, and almost immediately under a banner of the 'Deceitful Union,' on which banner were printed Gen. Jackson and James K. Polk, the latter mounted by a negro, who wore a snail banner, on which was inscribed 'Texas.'

Had this speech been listened to by the Whigs of Georgia, many of them would have voted for Polk and Dallas, instead of hugging defeat to their bosoms in the persons of Clay and Freminghuysen.

It they can lug Millard Filmore to their bosoms after the exposure we intend to bestow on him, they are not the men we take them for.

THE FEELING IN IRELAND. Ireland is evidently on the eve of a great crisis. Since the memorable trial of O'Connell, which threatened tragedy, but ended in farce, no public event has created so deep and dangerous an impression as the arrest, conviction, and banishment of John Mitchell.

WHAT IS THE BEST MANURE FOR SANDY LAND. Without pretending to say 'what is the best manure for sandy land,' we will content ourselves with observing that if we had our choice between 20 double horse-cart loads of stable manure, and 10 loads of Virgin clay and 10 loads of stable manure which had been well mixed together, we should prefer the latter compost. The clay portion beside acting as an amender of the texture of the soil, thereby partially imparting to it the capacity to hold manure and retain moisture, two most desirable qualities, would in all probability, add to it no inconsiderable portion of potash, a substance proved to form one of the constituents of most clay, and whose agency in the formation of the silicate of potash, is essential in all soils, as the outer crust of all grasses and grains cannot be constituted well without it.

The vine grows luxuriantly in California, and a few years hence will see our vineyards there, rivaling those of Burgundy and the Rhine. California also produces all the staple grains, and for horses and cattle raising is unrivalled. It has an unlimited supply of choice timber, a luxury denied to many portions of Mexico. The pearl fisheries on the coast, once a rich source of revenue to the Spaniards, though long since abandoned by that indolent people, will be speedily revived by our adventurous divers, who plunge alike into earth and ocean where there are treasures to be drawn up.

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Without pretending to affirm, that ten loads of such clay as we have mentioned, would be an ample dose; to bring about a permanent amendment of an acre of dry soil; neither do we affirm that such a quantity would yield a sufficiency of potash, because we do not subscribe to either one or the other of these opinions, and only desire to urge our preference for it as an alternative choice. To give the proper consistency and tenacity to sandy soil, would require many repetitions of the dose of clay which we have prescribed, which quantity has been named by us from the desire we feel not to impose a too onerous labor upon our agricultural brethren at any one time, preferring that their works of melioration should be performed by gradual stages, and thus relieved the objection of too much labor, which is so often urged with the show of plausibility.

Those who manure as they ought, usually apply 20 loads of stable or barnyard manure to the acre, and surely if they can substitute 10 loads of clay, for so many of manure with equal, if not more, benefit to their land and we have no doubt of the fact, self interest, that great momentum in all human actions, would indicate that they should do so. That they would experience benefit in the first crop, we do not entertain the slightest doubt, and as little, that the degree of benefit would induce them to repeat the dose of clay each succeeding year, until their sandy soil had been converted into a sandy loam, and had imparted to it the mechanical capacity of holding manure, retaining moisture, and of performing every function belonging to a fertile soil and we need not add that once placed in that condition, it would be an easy matter to continue it by a judicious rotation of crops and the use of mineral manures, as lime and plaster and their adjunct clover. Indeed, if it were not that we do not wish to alarm our friend, by asking too much of him we would say, that he should spread, annually, over his field of sandy land, while it may be undergoing the process of being manured and clayed, at least 20 bushels of lime, until he shall have reached our maximum quantity of 1000 bushels to the acre; the lime of course, to be spread on the surface after the clay and manure compost had been ploughed in. Where a sandy surface soil, may rest upon a hard pan or clay subsoil, the labor of hauling may be saved, by ploughing deep and then cross plough so as to mix the two different soils together. This does not let the field be thoroughly harrowed and cross harrowed, then put on the manure plough it in and harrow; then spread on from 25 to 30 bushels of lime. We are cognizant of a field of exhausted sandy land which has been restored to fertility in this way, without the least injury resulting from turning up the so much dreaded subsoil.

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* A feeling of burning indignation breathes through the press, and will not be satisfied by that example of the British Government's fixed intention sternly to suppress all such utterances of sentiment. In the very face of that conviction, and on the day succeeding the departure of Mitchell for his destined place of exile for fourteen years The United Irishman newspaper, in a fiery leading article repeats the very offence for which Mitchell was transported. A few extracts will give 'a sample of the taste and quality' of the whole:

'The Time. It is a poetic rainbow-hued, golden age. Our only king is the sword. At the flash of the patriot steel the torch of freedom can alone be lit. 'This is not the time for beggar's petitions! No more prayers; no more whinnings; no more dying in the ditch-side; no more pater nads and persevering cannibalism; no more soup-kitchen paternities; no more of the grain face in which two millions of men, with red blood in their veins, and something resembling a soul, by the grace of the devil and the advice of their pastors, bid farewell to the sun, and an I committed suicide.'

The people of this land have been dreaming an uneasy dream. The nightmare vanishes at last, and the blood stream circulates in the country once more. They can stir their arms and use their strength again. A voice was heard, crying in this wilderness, and it has aroused them to sense and volition. A glorious fiat lux was re-echoed from one end of the Isle to the other, and the clouds rolled off from our horizon and the blue sky looked forth on us, and blessed us. A revelation came unto the people, and they felt that they had only to say, 'we shall do such a thing,' and it was done—they felt, at last, the everlasting truth flashing in on their benighted souls, that a people's will, and omnipotence, as far as regards earth—are synonymous.

Let them come forth, then, in the sunlight, and take the rights which have been withheld from them so long—yes! take them, for they have only to stretch forth their hands and they will soon grasp the treasure which they desire. Paris willed that it should be free, and Louis Philippe packed up his things put his umbrella under his arm, and, renewing his youth—eagle like; went forth a travelling. Sicily willed that the Union, which sucked out its life-blood, should be repealed, and the first sword which glistened in the patriot's hand, cut the parchment link that bound it to a foreign country; Milan—but why multiply instances! Is it not plain as that God liveth, that we have but to ask and we shall receive, if we ask in the commanding tone of freemen, not in the whining accent of a slaves!

Come forward, then, ye suffering poor, and prove to your oppressors, that you toil in the heat of summer, and the frost of winter, coaxing out of the heart of earth those hidden riches which minister to your tyrants' luxury; from the filthy lanes where you cower in rags, and wet, and misery, hiding your shame from the eyes of your fellow-men, and gnawing (you have done it) through the flesh of your own children; to far the flickering flame of life within you; from the under ground cellars, where some of you, endeavor mayhap, with high aspirations and sunny genius, grovel worn like, in cold and nastiness, cursing the rule which has crushed you down to dust, and extinguished the heavenly light within you; from the haunts of crime, where, with breaking hearts, you sell the beauty which is intended to adorn the homes of virtue, that the hungry fiend which is preying on your entrails, may be satisfied come forth, come forth ye poor. You wear the garb of humanity; you have the appearance of men. Let the garb have something within it; let the appearance clothe a reality. You were made to God's likeness. Premiers and aristocrats may deny it, but the Man-God who died for you has said so. Blood circulates in your veins, too. You have rights to demand and wrongs to avenge. You have as rich a fluid in your hearts as the tyrants who tramp on you. You are like them in physical formation. If they prick you, do you not bleed! If they poison you, do you not die! You are stronger than they are. They are few and you are many. Up, then, grapple with them and try a fall or two. It is only when you have your hands around their waists that you can truly estimate their strength or weakness.'

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

We are informed that, on the morning of 21st inst., a negro man, the property of Mr. Wm. Sanders of this District, while leaving one of his master's fields, was struck by lightning in the back of the neck and killed immediately. His body appeared to be terribly burnt. A negro woman, distant a few feet at the time of the accident, was stunned and knocked down by the same stroke; and some negro children, at no great distance, were stunned at the same time. The woman did not recover for some hours. Our informant mentioned that the lightning had been known to strike in the same spot which it then struck several times during the past few years, which gives rise to the supposition that there is at that place probably a bed of iron ore, a sufficient cause for the attraction, of lightning.—Sumter Banner.

AT A LOSS FOR SOCIETY.—'Would you believe it aunt,' exclaimed a pale-faced young lady of the 'upper ten,' 'would you believe it! Uncle Solomon, here, tells me that the ladies out West actually speak to the trades-men and retail store-keepers! They must sadly be in want of society, mustn't they?' 'Umph! yes,' interposed uncle Solomon: 'they are as badly off for society, my dear, as your father when he pulled radishes and asparagus for a living, and your mother sold them in the old Fly Market! ha! ha! society humph!'