

GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

"THE IGNORANT AND DEGRADED OF EVERY NATION OR CLIME MUST BE ENLIGHTENED, BEFORE OUR EARTH CAN HAVE HONOR IN THE UNIVERSE."

VOLUME IV. NO. 16

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The Patriot,

"LIBERTY—THE CONSTITUTION—UNION."

PEOPLE'S NOMINATION.

FOR PRESIDENT.

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OF KENTUCKY.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

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OF PENNSYLVANIA.

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BENJAMIN ROBERTSON, of Fayetteville.
MATHEW R. MOORE, of Stokes.

SELECTED.

"And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
What e'er we write, we bring forth nothing new."

From the Saturday Courier.

DESTINY.

A TALE.

"YOU ARE MAD"—thus am I addressed by every passing idler—old and young, false friend, and bitter foe. I am fettered and caged for a maniac, and set up, like wild a beast, for a cold and selfish world to gaze upon; for some to sympathize with, for some to scorn. Oh! for one lethargic draught of deep forgetfulness; millions for that medicine which would ease this burning heart, for ever. Curses upon the heartless world that scorns me—vengeance, vengeance upon those who have betrayed me.—Monsters, why shackle the body, yet leave the mind free and untrammelled; why leave this blasting perception of wretchedness to fall unrelentingly upon my withered heart vivid as the first moment it commenced—never ending—never dying—horror, agony, madness—aye, madness and despair. And I mad! I think not. I remember thee, my Emma; thy every look dwells in my memory, thy gentle voice still sounds in my ear sweet as when it first breathed the enrapturing words "I love thee." Can madness perceive so acutely? Can the maniac reason with the same coolness of recollection that I now do? I think not. And our boy, Emma, that first pledge of thy love. Him too I remember. Oh! I did so doat upon that fair boy. Thou taughtest him the first word he lisped distinctly, and that word was *father*. Can I ever forget the joy he gave me when I first folded him to my heart, when he first opened his bright eyes upon the world and gazed unconsciously upon me, wonders by which he was surrounded, when he first raised his eyes to mine and met a father's glance of love and gladness. But where is that bright-eyed, fascinating boy now? Where art thou, my Emma! Alas! I said not truly that I remembered thee and him, and therefore was not mad. I had forgotten—oh, God of mercy, that I could ever forget—I had forgotten that thou and thy boy were food for worms; I had forgotten that all my earthly hopes were extinct, and that I—aye!—the fond husband and doating father was a— I cannot write it—my brain is on fire, and it would make me mad indeed to trace the characters of that one word.

I have written many a tale of fiction and sought and received the applause of the world for the pleasure I have given. Now I will write a tale of truth. The world will believe it a fiction and pass it by as such—nevertheless, I will persevere, and truly explain the causes which turned my Eden into wilderness, which shut out light and hope, and joy from my brightened mind, and hurled me, in one day, from the very pinnacle of happiness to the lowest abyss of human wretchedness, anguish, and despair. There is not one bright spot in the horizon of life for me to dwell upon; I look beyond it—and still despair. I cannot hope to join the spirits of those loved ones whose untimely fate has made a blank of existence; who in the place of purity cannot, ought not to forgive the demon who wrought their fall with a Jewish unrelentingness of purpose.

At the early age of twelve I was an orphan, the sole survivor of my whole family, the last of my name and blood. My mother, after a short illness, being only slightly indisposed, as it was thought, had just breathed her last, had expired a way so strange and so sudden, as completely to baffle the conjectures of her attendant physician upon the immediate causes of her dissolution.

I was looked upon by all who knew me as a proud, daring, and reckless boy, generous in the protection I afforded to those younger than myself, but obstinate in resisting a wrong done, and if the wrong done were worthy of my resentment. Two years before my mother's death one of my hands had sustained considerable injury in a rencontre with a boy some eighteen months older than I was. From that time I date the commencement of those evils which have made me what I am. The lad, whom I had often seen, without knowing his name, seemed to have imbibed some prejudice against me; and took every opportunity to make me sensible of his ill will. I was seated with several of my young companions at play upon a pile of lumber, when my old persecutor came up and commenced a quarrel in more direct terms than he had ever before dared to use. My blood boiled at the indignity, and I retorted his abuse in the most bitter terms.

"You are a coward," said I, "and dare not fight me."

"You are a liar," replied he, catching up a small hatchet which lay near him, and aiming a blow at my left hand as it rested upon a piece of timber. What turned the blow aside I know not, the hatchet glanced as it descended, my hand was covered with blood in a moment, but the wound did not, fortunately, prove a very serious one. The cowardly wretch, so soon as he saw the blood, fled—but he could not escape my vengeance. I chased him with both hands and superhuman strength around the neck; spite of his struggles I held him fast till his face showed evident signs of strangulation. Still I held him, in proof of the consequences, though his eyes gazed wildly upon me and seemed bursting from their sockets.

"Hold thy hand, Arthur Walsingham," said a voice at my elbow, "thou hast stripped thy destiny, boy. The time is yet—," and my grasp was broken loose by a strength I could not resist. The speaker was a woman, the reputed mother of the boy with whom I was engaged.

"My destiny," said I, gazing upon the tall and attenuated form which stood before me and scowled upon me with a bitterness of expression that almost chilled my young blood, "my destiny, old crone, what is it? Are you worth enough to tell?"

The hag's eyes sparkled with a lurid light as she bent down upon me with an intensity overpowering.

"Aye am I, proud boy. Your destiny will make you a murderer."

"Then it will be of that misbegotten whelp of thine," replied I.

"Misbegotten," said the woman, slowly, "I thank thee, Arthur Walsingham. If mother does take my boy's place, revenge, at least, is still left us. We shall meet again, young sir; at present, farewell, and remember that thy destiny will make thee a murderer."

I saw no more of the hag or her ill-favoured son.

Two years, as I have before said, two years had elapsed since the quarrel I have described. My poor mother was a corpse, and I sat alone in the chamber of death watching over the remains of the only being who had loved and protected me since my seventh year. In that year I lost my father—how, I will not stop to say—my orphanage was now complete, I was literally alone in the world. The loneliness of my grief had exhausted itself, I had wept till the fountain was dry, and now sat gazing upon my mother's remains in almost a state of stupor.—Not a sound broke the awful silence of the room. A solitary taper burned upon the mantle piece, giving just sufficient light to distinguish the coffin. I was alone in the midst of death, totally unconscious of the darkness and solitude by which I was surrounded. How long this state of things existed, I know not, nor what cause broke my reverie. I looked up, and at the head of the coffin saw and met the gaze of the sybil whose boy had received such rough treatment at my hands. Why it was, I know not, but such is the fact, her prediction rang again in my ears, some invisible being spoke distinctly to my understanding:—"Thy destiny will make thee a murderer."

"Said I not, Arthur Walsingham," were her first words; "said I not we would meet again, and we have met, boy. In the chamber of death we meet. Wouldst thou know the reason?"

"I care not," replied I, "away with thy ill-omened face! I hoped never again to have heard thy frightful voice."

The hag laughed a silent fiendlike laugh, as she slowly moved the veil from the face of the corpse. She gazed for a long time and in silence intently upon it with a look of malignant triumph, of gratified revenge.

"And this is all that is left," she at length said, "of Mary Walsingham—the gentle Mary—the father's chosen bride, Arthur—thy most honored mother—poor orphan boy."

The better cheer upon her lip, spoke her meaning full well; my feelings were completely roused.

"Away, cruel fiend, away; for by heaven I'll stab thee to the heart."

"Wouldst thou add another murder to the one thou hast already committed, eh, Arthur?"

I was astounded, benumbed, powerless, and could only gaze motionless and in silence upon the strange and terrible being who could at her will thus enchain my faculties.

"Aye, another murder, Arthur Walsingham. It was to make thee acquainted with the damning secret that I am now here. Thy mother has perished by the act of an only child."

I could not speak to ask her meaning.

"I see then request an explanation, though too proud to ask it. Listen, thou wilt never forget the explanation, when given, nor know perhaps why it is given. Your mother was slightly indisposed, so her physician said, and said truly—and gave her only a vial of narcotic drops. When he retired to rest, this night, she asked her darling boy to pour out the drops for her. He did so, as he thought, but the vial had been changed. The draught you gave her was a deadly poison, and in three hours as you well know, your mother was a corpse."

For one moment memory and perception remained. I still heard the fiend's cackling laugh, hateful as the serpent's hiss. A bright and dizzying flame filled the room. The woman rose in stature till her head reached the ceiling, and I felt my heart die within me as I encountered her withering glances. The corpse became animated, the eyes which I beheld closed forever slowly opened and looked upon me reproachfully. I felt that the hag had told me the truth—that my mother had died by foul means—that I was the instrument, the wretched instrument, by which the best of parents had fallen. One loud piercing, and unearthly shriek rang through the house. The scene of horror was closed upon me, and I sank into insensibility.

When recollection had fairly returned to me, several days had elapsed. My mother had been buried in the morning; and the ravings of her child, disclosing the causes of her death, were passed by unnoticed by her attendants. When I was able to tell my tale calmly and rationally, so much of the supernatural blended with the natural in my own mind, that I was unable to separate them; and the statement had too much of improbability, attached to it, to gain any credence from the hearers. Upon enquiry it was found that the old woman of whom I spoke had left the city nearly two years previous, and had not been heard tell of subsequent to that time.

I pass over a period of ten years. In that time, I had not seen or heard of my tormentor. The impressions arising from my mother's death and the incidents I have feebly described had long since worn off. My education was completed, I had received the rights of the profession which I had chosen, and at the age of twenty-two, without any particular attachments to my birth place resolved to court fortune in another section of the country, where the promise of success seemed greater than in my native State.

My baggage was on board of the vessel in which I had taken my passage. My final adieus had been said to the friends and acquaintances I was to leave; I was to sleep "on board ship," and with the first dawn of day was to take my last look of the home of my youth. At about 11 o'clock I passed down the wharf intending to seek my birth for the night's repose. It was a clear, bright, beautiful, moon-shiny night. All nature looked glorious—the stars were resplendent in brightness—the ocean fires burned with sparkling vividness—the gentle sea breezes were richly freighted with an invigorating, balmy influence, which soothed my feelings and gave the glow of reality to my musings on the coming future.

I stopped to gaze upon the moon—the sea—the city—to indulge the sensations the scene and the occasion produced.

"So then," said a voice closely beside me, "you intend to abandon your native home—to fly your birth-place—to seek your destiny among strangers. 'Tis vain, Arthur Walsingham, your fate must be fulfilled, whether here or elsewhere."

I looked up and met the fixed gaze of the hag who had embittered my early youth by her fatal predictions, who had made me by her own infernal arts—of she herself spoke truly—more than half a murderer.

"I am doomed then wretched woman, to meet you again," said I. "To hear the croaking of a voice which always speaks of evil, to still be the object of your persecutions."

"Even so, boy. Not only now, but while life lasts

—forever—aye forever your sworn foe.—We meet again, young man; though sons divide us they part as not; though you fly to unknown lands, there will I be, also, to turn your cup of joy to bitterness, to blast your brightest hopes, to drive you into a wish for death to escape the misery of living."

"But we will not part now," said I, recollecting amidst her anathemas the particulars of the confession she had made when I last saw her. "I have a sacred duty to perform, and I will perform it at all hazards. You have acknowledged yourself a participant in my mother's death. By foul means that death was produced, and for that crime you shall answer at the bar of justice."

The hag smiled scornfully with a look of defiance. I was maddened at the taunt and rushed forward to seize her. At this moment, an unseen hand folded me to the earth. I sank to the ground unresistingly, senseless, and covered with blood.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself on board the vessel I was to sail in. The sun had already risen; all was ready for departure; indeed the commander had delayed the last hour on my account doubtful whether to set me on shore or to sail with me in my then situation.

"Mr. Walsingham will be so good as to say," said the captain, addressing me, "whether or not we shall have the pleasure of his company in the voyage. I dare not wait any longer."

I took five minutes for reflection. It would be useless to speak of the reasons that induced my determination. In five minutes the ship was under weigh, and I soon lost sight of the city, a wretched board for a strange and distant land.

I must again pass over a period of ten years; they were mostly years of prosperity and happiness. I had married in the time. My union was blessed to whom I was passionately attached was blessed with a child, a boy, who had begun to prattle distinctly at this period. My affection for the mother and child amounted to adoration. My heart swelled with gratitude to the giver of those inestimable blessings and the perfect, unalloyed happiness I enjoyed constituted these dear objects of my love the most highly valued of my earthly treasures. Every good which man in the witness of his untamed desires could ask for was mine—the cup was full to overflowing. Who can believe that this bliss I could in a single day destroy it all, could make, of mine own will, destroy this paradise of joy—but for a taste of heaven—said voluntarily light the fires of that hell which now burns, forever must burn with me. Ha! ha! ha! the demon who possessed me surprised in my own imagination of the anguish of him who has perpetrated the most damning of crimes. Yes; there is blood upon my hands—the blood of all who loved me—the blood of all who hated me. Ha! ha! ha! I've had my revenge. My destiny has been fulfilled. I am— I am— a murderer! How came I so? Whose instrument am I? For what purpose was I dragged into madness?—Why was I destined to the commission of crimes, in the commission of which the first murderer would stand before the eternal as a being more miserable?—it was my destiny. I could not resist it. Mother, wife, child, forgive me, it was my destiny. And ye, agents of hell, who made me your cruel instrument, double your curses and howl out your agony from your place of torment—I will listen to them all. If you made me the shudder of innocent blood I was also its avenger. In the moment of your success you met the doom you merited. The consummation of your hellish designs was sealed with your life's blood. The punishment fell upon you in your first moment of rejoicing. This shall mitigate your anguish, and serve me through the eternal remembrance of my crime with a subject for exultation. I would not escape my doom if I could; I will meet ye in that hell to which I have sent you; and my curses, my presence, my wrongs shall prove your greatest torment while eternity lasts. Ha! ha! ha! we will soon meet, never, no, never to part again.

I again sat alone in the chamber of death.—The bodies of my wife and child were laid out before me. It was a strange coincidence—but just twenty years before I watched the corpse of my mother, in silence, in darkness, and alone. I had been the guiltless instrument of my mother's death—was I equally guiltless of the death of those much loved ones whose cold and stiffened remains I now watched over?—no—I felt, I knew I was not, and resolved that one grave should receive the bodies of myself, my wife, and my child. My pistols were loaded, I had calmly determined at the hour of twelve to play the Roman, to make the only expiatory sacrifice in my power. At twelve o'clock, suicide would be added to the catalogue of crimes already of too dark a dye to be atoned for by a long life of penitence. The clock struck the hour.

"Now, Arthur Walsingham," I said, aloud "the time has come—thou hast made the world good night—flinch not, but make thy exit."

"Bravely resolved; sweet Arthur, flinch not; yet stay thy hand a moment. I owe thee some explanations which thou mightest as well wait to hear."

Was this an illusion of the senses or did the murderer of my mother stand before me?—I was the same dark, vengeful, withering scowl, which I had lost none of its vindictive expression from a lapse of ten years. The fury bent his piercing eyes upon me, as if to leave no doubt of his mind and intentions, led my ears with the same horrible laugh which had

once before excited me to delirium. It was to phantom of the imagination; the hag was actually before me. She had come to enjoy her triumph; to torment still more deeply my last moments. If I have been mad before, I have been mad since, still at that moment I knew I was perfectly sane. I felt that another than myself was the night's victim. The Pythoness had offered herself a sacrifice to the fulfilment of her own oracle—not intentionally it is true—but such was her destiny and mine.

"What wouldst thou?" asked I, in a tone so calm and so deep that it sounded fearfully to mine own ear. Even the hag started, and for a moment the terrors of her eye sunk under its influence. It was but for a moment.

"Thou art, Arthur Walsingham," said she, "about dying by thine own hand. I don't seek to haulk thine intentions; thy destiny has been fully accomplished—thou art a murderer—and it is fitting that such a murderer as thou shouldst fill a suicide's grave. But I will not abandon one iota of my revenge. Hear me, despair, and die."

"Hear," I said, "go on, I will listen patiently."

"Thou wast born, Arthur Walsingham, I suppose the most bitter and unflinching vengeance against thee. When thou wast born, I renewed my oaths, and upon my mother's grave, I vowed to pursue through life the fulfilment of that which I had sworn. It was the proper place for a paricide to register her oaths. Little danger there was that the record should be lost or the vows forgotten. Death was too poor a revenge for me, and I permitted thee to live, the instrument by which death was given to all who loved thee. Thy wife and child are the dumb witnesses of thy guilt—thy mother perished miserably in the hall, thou hast then movedst hold thyself guilty of the deed—Thy father, boy, tell by mine. Even now I enjoy the moment of his death. His eyes for many ring yet in my ears—but I laugh them to scorn now, as I did then—he knew whose hand had dealt the death blow, and felt his agony doubly by that knowledge. His fate was a merited one. Arthur Walsingham has brought this blight upon thy house. Thy father, incurred the curse of an injured and ruined woman—injured and ruined, and heavily has that curse rested upon him and upon his. Thou canst well tell what follows from 'woman's love to hatred turned.' I have had my revenge. Thy father sought my love before he knew thy mother. Nay, thou dost not, by heaven, 'tis true. Under the pretence of marriage he seduced me from my home; the victim deceived, and in a short twelve months abandoned me. The boy thou knowest twenty years since as mine is thy brother. Nay, more, that boy, unknown to thee, as he was, has been for three years past thy family physician—the warm personal friend—poor fool! ha! ha! ha! Have I not had my revenge?"

I was still calm even under this terrible explanation.

"Thou dost it all," said I, "this son of thine under the guise of friendship, and acting by thy direction, has possessed my mind by his art and drugged me into a state for the accomplishment of thy purposes. I have entertained against one who never injured either thee or him."

"Most true, thy sagacity speaks strongly for the safety of thy intellect. But thou hast injured us, a man, by usurping our rights and claiming the right of legitimacy which in justice should have been left to thy bastard brother. Without that, thou art the son of the seducer of that boy's mother, and therefore, they've have our revenge for a life of poverty and infamy."

"Enough," said I, "the moment of retribution has come; we will wait the point no longer. Hast thou ever the gift of death, woman?—for thy time is short—thy scales are numbered."

"There was a terrible distinctness in my voice—a fixed determination in my heart. Of this determination to her visit, the hag apparently had no thought, for her face quivered as she admitted the probability of danger; her cheeks grew pale, and she, truly as she was, seemed sinking to the floor with the extremity of her fears. The dread of death proved her still human."

"I will not murder thee," she said, in a hollow, tremulous voice.

"Thou art such as my destiny and thine. Die as thou hast lived, unrepentant and unforgotten."

A yell of agony, of hate, and despair followed the words of my pistol. My remorseless tormentor was hit a lump of clay. An immediate crash at an adjoining door burst it open, and my demon brother rushed in wild with rage.

"Death to the murderer," cried he, "follow to the ghost of her who has scarcely preceded thee."

An immediate discharge of his pistol followed—but, blinded by rage, he stumbled as he advanced, falling as he fell. The moment of triumph had passed. He had missed me. My own pistol was within three feet of his head. His presence of mind forsook him. Escape was impossible.

"Stop now," said I, "move not a limb, gentle brother, or thy fate is sealed."

He obeyed.

"It is well, good demon, that thou hast sought me, else should I had tedious duty to perform in seeking thee. Butst thou didst me thou couldst not have escaped my vengeance. This is destiny, brother. Instant blood cannot be shed with impunity. I owe it to the world to tell of it to some one—how many more it—can thy destiny require more?"

He raised his face, assuming the expression was to be expected and horrible. The fear and cowardly submission death had chosen the whole man, and in that hour of deep despair can never be more fully brought to light than he described. His gaze fell on the bodies of my wife and child.

"Thou must repent," he said, mechanically, "or thou shalt pay for thy angel's tears upon my grave."

"Thou art not a murderer," he said, mechanically, "thou art a paricide."

"By being thine, Arthur. My mother has taught you that much."

The wretch seemed to recollect himself. "I will not die without a struggle," he cried, as he sprang to his feet.

I had marked the changed expression of his eye at the moment. Mine was quicker than thought. My skill did not fail me. He bounded like a tennis ball, and fell dead at my feet. I knew that I had not missed my fullest intention. His heart was perforated. The guilty and the guiltless slept side by side with none but the criminal avenger to guard their bodies from the profanation of the midnight disturbers of the silent dead.

I am chained to the floor of a dreary cell—not a prison—but an asylum for lunatics. One murder would have brought me to the gallows—several have proven me a madman to the satisfaction of the world. A grave gentleman, who visits me daily, strives occasionally to amuse me by the most monstrous and absurd statements. One of his tales is that both my parents are still living and that I have never left my native city; that such a being as Emma Warrington, with whom I lived four years as my wife, never existed; that, in short, I am but nineteen years of age and that my crimes are only imaginary. It is, perhaps, well enough for him to try and deceive me—but I know the falsehoods of his prayer cannot wash out the foul stain of murder from my lost soul.

FOREIGN.

"He comes—the Herald of a new world,
News from all nations hurrying at his back."

From London and Paris papers to the 31st July, inclusive.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

By the report of the central board of health published on the 24th July, the total number of cases in England and Scotland, was 20,874, and the deaths 7,814. In Ireland, up to the 20th July, the total number of cases was 7,653, and the deaths 2,292.

Some alarm prevailed in London, and other places because of a renewed progress of the cholera—for some "persons of distinction" had suddenly died; but the disease, after a few days of severity, seemed to be again generally declining. There had been, in all, 2,965 cases and 607 deaths at Liverpool.

The African expedition sailed from Milford July 26th, for the river Niger.

Rev. Dr. Curtis, "Catholic primate of all Ireland," died July 26th, of cholera, aged 92. He was a most excellent man.

The Irish reform bill has passed. It is proposed to fix the salary of the lord chancellor at £14,000—near 70,000 dollars a year, with a retiring pension of £5,000. A "snug place" to hold, it is to be said, but a most laborious berth for a "working man" like lord Brougham.

FRANCE.

The duchess of Berry is believed to have left France—and where she had gone was unknown. But the London Court Journal says that she was two days (nearly) in that city, and had proceeded to Holyrood House, in Scotland—her former abode.

Great preparations had been made at Paris for the celebration of "the three days"—and the marriage of king Leopold to the princess Louise. The king was to review 70,000 national guards. The latest account shows that the festivities of "the three days" had not been interrupted by any breach of the public tranquility.

The harvest in France promised great abundance.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

The cholera has, at last, invaded those kingdoms, and prevails in most of the chief cities and towns, and as it were simultaneously—Amsterdam excepted. In some, the cases had not been numerous—in others, many.

It now appears manifest that Holland will not recognize Belgium, unless certain points heretofore made and refused, are conceded.

The idea of destroying Antwerp, in case it shall be attacked by the Belgians, seems to have been retired from. Great apprehensions are felt in the Netherlands lest a war should be commenced before the harvest is secured, as it is expected that the Dutch will open the sluices.

POLAND.

A frightful epidemic resembling the cholera, is stated to prevail among the Russian troops in Poland and the Austrian troops in Galicia. In one regiment it carried off 600 men.

ITALY.

The Austrians are said to have increased their force in Lombardy and Central Italy to 200,000 men.

PORTUGAL.

There are accounts from Oporto to the 14th July. It was understood that Don Pedro would take up his march for Lisbon on the 20th. He had been joined by considerable bodies of Portuguese troops. Oporto was quiet, and Lisbon blockaded by Pedro's admiral Saldanha.

A further account says that Pedro had advanced to Coimbra—where he was joined by many volunteers and three regiments of Portuguese soldiers. Another report mentions a regular battle, took place near Coimbra, in which Pedro gained a great victory and took 2,000 prisoners. In this battle, the English and French battalions used the bayonet with irresistible energy and effect. But the reports concerning this battle are so contradictory, as none of the London papers, we are given to understand, were given to us.

Admiral Sir John Lubbock, the 20th July says that Don Pedro was at Coimbra, and that he had taken 2,000 prisoners.

ONE DAY LATER.

The report of Don Pedro's victory is confirmed. The battle was fought at Volongra. The force employed by him was 7,000 strong—the Miguelites 10,000. About 7,000 of the latter were killed and wounded, and 2,000 made prisoners, with all their artillery and camp equipage, and the remainder dispersed. Many volunteers had joined Pedro. One regiment of cavalry, and two of infantry are said also to have joined him. All the ports were blockaded by his vessels. The forts at the mouth of the Tagus had been deserted.

If these things are true—the usurpation of Miguel has ended.

The duke de Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, whose health has long been declining, died at Vienna on the 22 July. His mother would return to her duchy.

Austria has caused no small jealousy in France, as well by the increase of her armies in Italy, as by sending a large force to occupy Constantine, supposed for the purpose of opening her way to France—if desired hereafter.

The grand duchy of Baden is stated to be much excited—and the Rhenish provinces, generally, so discontented. The king of Prussia is putting his troops in the best condition that he can. France is preparing 300,000 men for combat. War is expected.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Manners with fortunes, honours carry with them
Treat with books, and sometimes with them."

PRACTICAL NULLIFICATION.

From the Montgomery (Ala.) Gazette of August 31—Mr. Crawford, the marshal for the southern district of Alabama, was a short time since resisted by a portion of the white settlers in the Creek nation, while attempting to carry into effect the proclamation of the president of the United States, ordering an immediate removal of intruders out of the bounds of the same. It appears that certain citizens, formerly residents of the lower part of this state, under the impression that they would be shielded by the "sovereignty of the state," made it convenient to build a town on Indian lands, and to name it Erwinston. Upon the marshal arriving at the spot, he distinctly informed them that they had acted in direct violation of the instructions he had received from the executive, and requested them peaceably to leave. They refused to comply with his request, and threatened him with their vengeance.

In short time after, a detachment of the federal troops, under the command of a lieutenant, were marched from Fort Mitchell to the spot, and the town consumed by fire. Upon the news of the conflagration, a process was issued against the lieutenant who commanded on the occasion, for the purpose of bringing him before the civil authority of Pike county, for a violation of the laws of the state. The deputy sheriff attempted to execute the process, and in the attempt, was pierced by a federal bayonet to such an extent that his life is despaired of—and so ended the matter. A few days ago the marshal left Wetumpka for the white settlements in the upper part of the Creek territory. What has there been done, we know not. So much for the doctrine of nullification when put into practice.

"THE CHURCH."

The London Morning Chronicle says: Were St. Paul to return to life, and to pay a visit to Ireland, he would be extremely puzzled to understand how, in a Christian church, a bishop should revel in the produce of 100,000 acres of fertile land, and the tithes of a number of churches, while the poor, to whom all the funds of the church were originally given, were perishing around him in the ditches for want of relief. It is impossible that the inhabitants of Ireland, who do not belong to that church, who, according to concurring testimony, amount at least to nine tenths of the population, (some say fifteen-sixteenths,) will rest satisfied till the different religions are placed on a footing of equality. We have no fear of the property now possessed by the Protestant church getting into the hands of the Catholic church; but the best way to prevent such a transfer is to sell all the lands and the tithes, and apply the proceeds to the extinction of the national debt.

SHOOTING MATCH AND GANDER PULLING.

"There will be a Shooting Match and Gander Pulling at the house of 'Travis George,' on Thursday next, the 26 instant."

On reading the above in a Mobile paper—what the d—d is a "gander pulling," thought we! The difficulty was soon nullified by the following explanation of a bystander. It means that an old gander is tied on the top of a post, with his head stretched until it is made as slippery as an eel. Those who compete for the prize, ride at full speed, making, en passant, a grab at the said head; whereupon said gander, if he has the sense of a goose, dodges, like some politicians at the calling of the yeas & nays. It is well calculated to show the dexterity of the equestrian. He must be careful in stooping to "clutch" the gander's head, that he "sees before" him, not to stoop past recovery, as some men do from the line of principle, to search of office.—Should he seize the goose's knowledge box, he has strength of gripe to hold on, or of arm to tear off the poor goose's

"Done of thought, the pulse of the soul," or will be let go? At all events this gander pulling, of which it may at least be affirmed, that though it may be fun for Mr. Travis George, by George, it can be no fun for the gander.—Wonder if Mr. Travis George presents one of Mr. George's powder pullings.

From the Dover Express. "EXTRA GLOBE."

We hear from almost every town in this vicinity that, that vile and profligate receptacle of shoddy and abuse—the "Extra Globe"—is received daily in large numbers, and distributed to all who will receive them. While the republican papers are either suppressed or destroyed, this infamous publication goes with the utmost punctuality, without spot or charge, to every town and village, every hamlet and hovel, "even to the remotest parts of New Hampshire. Every postmaster is agent, and the moment the mail arrives this satellite of the man who was "born to command" may be seen spreading the poisonous sheet over his neighborhood.

A gentleman in the upper part of this State writes us,—"You must put your paper cheaper, or it cannot be circulated; the Jackson papers come into this vicinity for about nothing, and the Globe especially, the Jackson paper printed at Washington, is sent gratis. Our Postmaster receives a large bundle every week, and all of us who choose, can have one. This paper, I believe, is sent every where."

GREENSBOROUGH.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1852.

"Truths would you reach, or a nation's wrongs mend,
First, you must tell the world you understand."

We promised last week to take hold of the subject of our mails, mail routes, &c. We have prepared an article; but for reasons best known to ourselves, it is postponed this week.

Some fatal cases of Cholera still occur in Elizabeth City. Since the commencement of the disease, on the 9th ult. there have been 60 cases and 13 deaths.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. We begin to incline to the opinion, that if the editor of the Hillsborough Recorder could have the benefit of a "Green Bag" at his elbow, at all times, when the Greensborough Patriot comes in conflict with his organs of sight, he would soon move himself to be more than a match for us. In the business of committing and correcting errors, he has proved himself to be so completely a proficient, that we presume but few can be found hardy enough to dispute his claims to a "catchet," a "sheepskin," and the other necessary and incidental bodies of the "profession."

We never knew, until lately, that he had been taking lessons from our highly gifted and liberal county man; or we should not have been surprised at the ease and facility with which he can "change positions." We always knew he possessed talents and qualifications of the first order; but the discovery that he is fully competent to the turning of a legal somerset, has but recently opened upon our mind. We congratulate him on the progress he is making, and hope the period is not distant when he can wear a "green bag" of his own, and no thanks to the "parts" and "frags" of another! But a truce with irony.

Mr. Hearst is positively & unequivocally coming out of the kinks; and promises, ere long, to stand at the head of the corps editorial. When he blunders into an error, he either corrects it or makes an additional one, and balances the account. He can turn the head & tail of an article together and draw from the two extremes, united by the magic power of his quill, a dissertation on the benefits of literature! In short—let a "brother clip" tease him a little on one side, and a writer of circulars punch him up on the other, and he can "call spirits from the vasty deep!"

In conclusion, we thank Mr. Hearst for correcting the last, and most material error that he ever did, or perhaps, ever will commit. He said, in an evil hour no doubt, that we had come to the determination of telling nothing but the truth for the space of a whole week! Now he could arrive at this conclusion we are at a loss to say. It could not have been forced upon him by the general character of our columns; and if he took for granted, a single assertion of ours to that effect, he must have "signed against light and knowledge." And furthermore, had we ever entered into a pledge of the kind that could possibly be urged upon us as binding, we should thereby have abandoned our weapons of defence. But since he has been kind enough to correct his false impressions, release us from the restraints of truth, and permit us to "ramble unconfin'd" in the regions of falsehood, he has raised us to an equality with himself, and given us permission to reduce to practice our "Latin quotation"—"Jugula hunc suo sibi gladio"—that is—"to foil him with his own weapon." And further this deponent saith not, as a LAWYER would say.

In Pennsylvania our prospects continue to brighten. We regret we cannot make room for the extracts prepared, showing the changes which are still going on in every part of the state. After the Governor's election is over, the National Republicans will adopt measures which it is said will unite the state in a large majority against Jackson. It is considered as certain as day that New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky will go against Jackson, an event which our Jackson friends are unprepared for—they go upon the principle, not do what he may, such is the stupid infatuation, the trotted devotion of the people, they will cling to him. But the masses of the people are intelligent and reflecting, and once they turn eyes to the weakness and unfitness of an old man, and a work is accomplished.

KISSING. We have just been looking over the first number of Tate's Eminent Magazine. It is very interesting, and almost equal to its rival Blackwood. We find only one article in it, however, of a peculiar sporting character. This is an essay on kissing, which must be allowed to be the rarest and best kind of sport.

He thus describes the *kiss anatomy*:—"On writing this word we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and beautiful thing—first, innocent love. There is that in female beauty, that tempts us to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasted with the white of the eye or the excited cheek—the clear plaid hair, into which you see down—down into the very soul—the deep hazel, nostril, and smile stream, open through an opening in the velvet banks,—all may be gazed upon with impurity, and some times, but the hundredth you are a goner. On a sudden, the eye strikes you as deeper and deeper than ever; or you fancy that a long look is stolen, and with a drooping eyelid, and that there is a soft smile on the cheek; and at once you are in love. Then, spend the morning in contriving spots for looking, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the dear bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed, and when, directed to sit, and look, and say nothing, and go on, you begin to tell your story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional dawning of a kissing flower with which she presents you—perhaps in the intoxication of love waiting it towards her; or in an affection of the Quixote style, kneeling with much heroic emphasis to kiss her hand in affected jest; and the next time you meet with her, both are stately and reserved as ever. Till at last, on some memorable day, when you find yourself alone with the lady, you quite unawares feel her hand in yours, a yielding standard crosses her soul, you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed but not withheld.

"A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love."

BALTIMORE. Since our last publication, says Niles the condition of things in this city, because of the prevailing epidemic, and the feelings of the people on account of it, have been distressingly changed. Recoveries from the disease are, perhaps, comparatively greater than heretofore—but the cases are much multiplied and the deaths increased—and attacks of awful malignity have occurred, by which some well known and highly esteemed individuals have been hurried into the world of spirits. Hence a more general gloom prevails, with a considerable degree of alarm; not many persons seem in full health—most complaining of apparently slight indispositions. However this great satisfaction is left us that, with submission and composure, and the use of precautionary and other means permitted, the people in general, seem better prepared to meet the dispensation of all-wise providence, whose ways, though inscrutable, are ever just. The excessive and prostrating heat of Friday the 31st ult. and the coldness of the day following, was the probable cause of the extension of the disease among us.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER, OF AUG. 3.

Our hopes, with regard to the issue of the Presidential contest in this State, have been strengthening with the lapse of each day. But a few since, and we entertained the opinion, although desiring otherwise, that the electoral vote of Pennsylvania would unquestionably be given to Andrew Jackson. Since the circulation of the Veto Message, however, so decided and extensive has been the revolution in public opinion, that we now confidently cherish the belief that Pennsylvania is unequivocally lost to Jackson. The yeomanry of our Commonwealth are rising up in all parts of the State, and avowing themselves friendly to the Tariff, the Bank, the Supreme Court, and the Constitution—and hence opposed to the policy of the National Administration.—The changes that have already taken place have been beyond our most sanguine anticipations—others are constantly occurring; and by the 31st of October next, the public mind will be in admirable condition to poll 100,000 votes throughout this Commonwealth adverse to the present incumbent of the Presidential chair.

HOW TO HAVE A CLEAR CONSCIENCE. A person being dangerously ill, was visited by a clergyman, who perceiving the poor fellow gave way to despondency, kindly enquired of any very grievous sin lay heavy on his heart. The sick man replied with a sigh, that he had been guilty of a grievous sin, but its magnitude was so great he was almost afraid to name it. The clergyman asked him if he had been an unkind husband? No. A tyrannical father? No. A treacherous friend? No, but I have done a great deal worse than either. "Have you violated any of the commandments?" "No, I believe not, but alas!" blubbered out the despairing invalid, "I have taken a newspaper two years and neglected to pay for it."

We have received the second number of the Greenville Patriot. It has improved in matter though not in manners or size, since the first. The editor is neither Clay, nor anti-Clay—Jackson, nor anti-Jackson—bank, nor anti-bank—tariff, nor anti-tariff. In short, he is just what the *tipsy* legislature fined the Dutchman for getting drunk—he is—"just nothing at all—a most!"

DORETT. A correspondent of the Southern Religious Telegraph heeds a communication, "to please dealers in ardent spirits" as though such a thing might be at this late day!

NEXT LEGISLATURE. We this week publish a list of the members of the next legislature. By comparing it with the list of last year, it will be found that a great change has been made in the representation; but whether this change will be for the better or worse, time alone can develop. We have 30 new members in the senate, and 68 in the house of commons. This is sufficient to show that the people were dissatisfied with their last session, and that when their servants disregard their interest and will, they shall be placed under the ban of proscription, where they ought to be. We will judge the next legislature by its measures, and "reward it according to its works."

JUDGE SWAIN. We omitted to mention last week, as we ought to have done, that Judge Swain met with a serious accident on Friday the 31st ult. while on his way from Raleigh to Surry county, to commence the duties of his circuit. On this side of Hillsborough, his sulky overset, by which his right shoulder was dislocated, and his right arm fractured slightly. He was, at the last accounts, doing well, and will it is believed, be sufficiently recovered to attend Burke, his fourth circuit.

At a meeting of the Office holders in St. Louis, to honor for Jackson, the following bombast was adopted in the shape of a resolution:

"Resolved, That this meeting view the stand which General Jackson has taken against the moneyed powers of Europe and America, as a mark of firmness and patriotism, not surpassed by any patriot or statesman, since the light of Liberty first dawned upon our country."

Now, what Jackson has to do with the moneyed powers of Europe, or what effect his veto will have upon the solar system, is to us a mystery. His parasites, not satisfied with making him out the "greatest and best" in this country, one "born to command" Americans, now extend his hickory wand over the whole globe!—Surely the Jackson people have taken leave of their senses.

The editor of the United States Telegraph, by way of defence, has determined to issue an extra Telegraph, for the next three months, in which he will demonstrate that Andrew Jackson ought not to be re-appointed President. This paper is intended to meet the extra Globe, and to prevent the poison which it scatters, from doing mischief.

SURETY. Mr. Henry Fawcett, sen. of this vicinity, committed suicide on Saturday Morning last, by hanging himself. The unfortunate act, we understand, was committed under a depression of spirit occasioned by the apprehension of want.—Hillsborough Recorder.

It is stated, in a letter to the editor of the Charleston Evening Post, that in a conversation held by the writer with general Jackson, the latter said, that in case South Carolina should resist the tariff laws and nullify, he did not think of acting against the state; but he would withdraw the United States troops from Charleston, and that would leave the city so exposed to insurrection, that the inhabitants would know how to value the protection of the general government.

THE GHOST SEEN. A person being asked what a ghost said to him, which he pretended to have seen, replied. How should I know what he said? I am not skilled in any of the *dead languages*.

MULTIPLICATION. A lady, who had been married some years, and had no children, was extolling her husband highly. "He is," says she, "an excellent musician a good fencer, a good horseman, and an excellent arithmetician, but he cannot multiply."

LETTERS. Since our last we have received the following letters from the following persons.

Philip Kerner, Kerners Cross Roads. Filed.
Elizabeth Hoggate, Paoli, La. Answered.
John Allison, Eagle Grove, Georgia. Mistake on our part discovered and corrected, cash placed to credit and receipt forwarded.

Seth Henshaw, New Salem. Filed.
Harmon Allen, Hone Factory. All right.
John H. Davis, Morganton. Paper forwarded.
G. Shober, Salem. Duty noticed.
Robert Potter, Hillsborough. Answered.
J. Howie, Cowans Store. Answered.
Charles H. Moore, Indiana. Cash placed to credit and receipt in full given.

G. Shober, Salem. Error corrected.
Joseph Newlin, New Market. Paper forwarded.
James McFarland, Duncans Creek. Receipt forwarded.
William W. Huron, Wood's Store Tenn. Filed.
John Laskins, Long Creek. Paper forwarded.

Jeb B. Lea, Pleasant Grove. Filed.
William Montgomery, Albright. Attended to.
Roswell Huntington, Hillsborough. Paper Forwarded.
P. P. Harvey, Hills Bridge. Answered.
Abraham Peeples. Advertisement published.
Hamilton C. Jones, Salisbury. Filed.
Thomas Swain, Salisbury. Answered.
Mary W. Long, Long Mills. Answered.

FAYETTEVILLE MARKET.—Brandy, peach, 55 a 60 apple, 50 a 55. Bacon 8 a 9. Beeswax 16. Coffee 13 a 15. Cotton 3 a 9. Corn 55 a 60. Flaxseed 100 a 105. Flour 4 30 a 5 50. Feathers 32 a 35. Iron 4 50 a 5. Molasses 30 a 33. Sugar, brown, 7 a 9. lard and lard 12 a 17. Salt 70 a 75. Wheat 90 a 95. Whiskey 27 a 29.

DEATHS.

"An Angel's arm can't snatch me from the graves
Legions of Angels, can't confine me there."

Departed this life, in this county, on Wednesday the 12th inst. at 8 o'clock A. M. Miss REBECCA W. DICKEY, eldest daughter of the late Colonel William Dickey aged 19 years 2 months and 16 days, of a pulmonary consumption. She was attacked with this disease about the first of February last. Medical assistance was called in, which together with the good constitution she possessed, to all appearance, had overcome the disease and restored her to perfect health. But, alas! the seeds of death were sown, and were taking that fatal root which was soon to destroy its devoted victim! The appearance of her disease returned again about the first of April last. Several medical gentlemen were called in and consulted; but all in vain! She grew worse, until the period of her dissolution arrived, and her noble spirit took its flight to eternity.

She has left behind her a fond and loving mother, a kind and affectionate step-father, a loving sister, two brothers, an aged grandfather, uncles and aunts—and a number of friends and relatives, who will mourn their irreparable loss until they, too, shall be numbered among the dead.

The death of this young lady has left a chasm in society, which can never be filled by one, surpassing the deceased, in the charms of beauty—the mildness of temper—the suavity of manners—the extent of literary acquirements—or the commanding influence of a high minded and virtuous deportment. These accomplishments endeared her to all with whom providence permitted her to mingle, in this vale of tears!

Although Rebecca was young, her acquaintance was great. She spent a portion of her short life, at school in Salem, N. C. where she attracted the notice, and secured the lasting friendship of many, who will long lament this bereaving dispensation of providence.

She made no public profession of religion; but she constantly and scrupulously attended to the means of grace, & regulated her conduct by the word of God. Her own good sense was a sufficient reason why she did not make a public profession, until she knew she was fully prepared to take upon herself the responsibility of the christian character;—yet, in the trials and sufferings through which she passed, she manifested a mildness, meekness, and forbearance to complain at the dispensation of Providence. This constitutes a stronger evidence of regeneration, than the mere declarations of a noisy enthusiast.

But when she saw her end approaching, she expressed an unshaken confidence in the pardon of her sins, through the merits of a crucified Saviour, and that her hope of happiness rested undisturbed in Heaven. With these manifestations to those around her, she died, with a tranquil and peaceful resignation to the will of God.

This dispensation cannot fail to make an abiding impression upon the minds of the young; and teach them the fading nature of all sublimity enjoyments, and how little confidence can be placed in earthly felicity! But a short time since, and her to whom this humble tribute is paid, was a blooming monument of life, health and beauty—now her pale and livid countenance is fanned only by the vapours of the tomb.

Yet even from this hallowed tomb, which enshrines our lamented friend, there seems to breathe a still small voice of peace and consolation. It whispers—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and that she for whom we sorrow, has disenthralled herself from the shackles of frail mortality, and become the happy recipient of joys immortal!

The writer of this imperfect notice, laments that his powers fall far—far short of his duty! His own feelings are mournfully alive to the bereavement! His acquaintance and friendly intercourse with the deceased, has been of many years duration; and he must be pardoned for saying—It was impossible to possess her friendship,—to know the rich treasure of her mind—to gaze upon the native charms of her person—and not to LOVE!! Communicated.

Estray.

TAKEN up this day, a small sorrell horse, blind in the left eye, and nearly so in the right, with a large blaze in the face, shod before, dead poor and surfeited. He is judged to be 18 years of age.

The owner may have him by paying for this advertisement, & such expenses I may incur with him. He has been about my plantation some weeks. I think him not worth entering; and he is so thought by those who have seen him.

THOMAS CALDWELL.

Greensborough, Sept. 14th 1832—16—3t.

For Sale

A Tract of Land containing one thousand three hundred and fifty acres, lying in the county of Rockingham, N. C. on upper Hogan's creek, belonging to the heirs of Charles Bruce, deceased.

This land is well watered;—It has on it a goods site for a Grist and Saw Mills;—and a considerable portion of it is well adapted to the cultivation of Corn, Wheat and Tobacco.

Any person wishing to purchase, may know the terms by applying to the subscriber, in Guilford county, on Haw River.

ABRAHAM PEEPLES.

September the 1st 1832.—16—7.

D. Lindeman,

Bookseller, Bookbinder, & Stationer.
RALEIGH, N. C.

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Greensborough and its vicinity, and the public generally, that he continues to carry on the above business, and will, with pleasure, attend to all orders in his line. He has now on hand, (and expects monthly importations of) every article in the book and stationery line, calculated for this part of the country, at prices less than ever sold in N. Carolina.

Raleigh, Sept. 8th 1832—16—6t.

Notice!

BY virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by Amos Weaver for certain purposes therein mentioned, I shall offer for sale, at the courthouse in Greensborough, on Monday the 22nd day of October next, (being the Monday of the Superior court.)

THREE TRACTS OF LAND,

adjoining each other; containing, in the whole

250 Acres!

on which the said Weaver now resides. There is on the premises, a large and substantial

Brick Dwelling House,

A large new barn—a saddle's and blacksmith's shop—and all necessary out houses. These improvements are on the

STAGE ROAD,

leading from Greensborough to Milton; and about nine miles north-east from Greensborough.

There is, also, on the premises, a Tavern, carrying out house, bark house &c.

The above tracts of land will be sold for cash.

JOHN M. DICK, Trustee.

September the 17th, 1832.

N. B. The subscribers, being interested in the sale of the above tracts of land, will make the payment of the purchase money easy to the buyer.

Those who may wish to examine the premises, will call upon Amos Weaver, or the subscribers.

H. & J. LINDSAY.

Greensborough, Sept. 1832—16—6.

Notice!

THE undersigned having re-established himself in his former line of business, with convenient and spacious Stores for the reception of Merchandise and Produce, offers his services to the Public, as Factor and Forwarding Agent. His extensive correspondence in all the European and American Markets, and long experimental acquaintance with the trade of Fayetteville; particularly with the Cotton Trade, afford advantages which he flatters himself will, when united to strict attention, secure to him a reasonable portion of business, especially the commands of his old friends and customers.

DUNCAN THOMPSON.

Fayetteville, N. C. July 1832—16—3.

Regimental Orders.

THE commissioned, and non-commissioned officers, musicians and staff officers attached to the first regiment of Guilford militia, are commanded to attend in the town of Greensborough, on the 17 and 18th of October next, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. equipped as the law directs, for drill parade.

The captains, with their respective companies, belonging to said regiment, are commanded to attend on the 19th at the same hour and place, equipped for review and inspection.

WM. H. BRITTON Col. Com.

JOHN M. LOGAN Lieut. Col.

Greensborough, 12th Sept. 1832—15—ind.

Attention!

THE commissioned and non-commissioned officers, musicians, and staff-officers, attached to the second regiment of Guilford militia, are hereby commanded to appear at the court-house, in the town of Greensborough on Thursday the 18th day of October next at 10 o'clock A. M. armed and equipped as the law directs for drill parade.

Also the staff, and all commanding officers, with their respective companies, are commanded to attend at the same place on Friday the 19th of October next. Armed and equipped as the law directs, for regimental review and inspection.

WM. HANNER; Col. Commanding.

Greensborough, Sept. 12, 1832.—15—ind.

New Bindery.

WITH a view to the more efficient prosecution of their business, the Subscribers have established a Book-Bindery. Having procured the best materials from the North, and employed a workman who comes well recommended, they are prepared to execute on moderate terms, all orders in this line.

Account Books, Records, &c. ruled and made to order; and every kind of Binding promptly executed in the best and neatest manner, on reasonable terms.

J. GILES & SON.

Being publishers of the reports of the Supreme Court, such of the subscribers to that work as choose to send their Nos. to him to bind, will have them carefully attended to, and the indexes and all deficient numbers supplied.

Raleigh, August 2, 1832.

TO PRINTERS.

THE subscribers have announced an establishment for the manufacture of Printing Presses, in Superior Imperial to Medium sized, approved construction, the workmanship and materials of which they warrant equal to any made in the western country, and which they will sell on liberal terms. Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to call and examine, at the manufactory on 10th street, between Elm and Plymouth streets, Cincinnati.

DICKERSON & WILLIAMSON.

Cincinnati, June 8, 1832—8—11.

Printers who will copy the above advertisement in their papers for three months, shall be allowed \$1.00 for purchasing Presses.

D. & W.

JOB PRINTING.

The subscribers have just received several sizes of Large, and Ornamental Type for Job printing, and description.

He offers a share of the public patronage, and pledges himself to execute his work with neatness and dispatch, and upon terms suited to the pressure of the times.

WILLIAM SWAIN

Greensborough, March 1st 1832—8—ind.

