

Greensborough Patriot.

C. N. B. EVANS,
Proprietor and Publisher.

CONSECRATED TO NORTH CAROLINA—VIRTUE AND LIBERTY.

\$2 IN ADVANCE,
Or Three Dollars if not paid in three months.

VOL.-1.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1836.

NO-31

MISCELLANY.

From the Manuscripts of the Pickwick Club.

A MADMAN'S MANUSCRIPT.

"Yes! a madman's! How that word would have struck to my heart, many years ago! How it would have roused the terror that used to come upon me sometimes; sending the blood hissing and tugging through my veins, but the cold glow of fear stood in large drops upon my skin, and my knees knocked together with fright! I like it now though. It's a fine name. Show me the monarch whose merry brow was ever beamed like the glare of a madman's eye—whose cord and age, were ever half so sure as a madman's gripe. Ho! ho! It's a grand thing to be mad! to be peeped at like a wild man through the iron bars—to gnash one's teeth and howl, through the long still night, to the merry ring of a heavy chain and to roll and twine among the straw, transported with such brave music. Harrah for the mad house! Oh, it's a rare place!

"I remember when I was afraid of being mad: when I used to start from my sleep and fall upon my knees, and pray to be spared from the curse of my race—when I rushed from the sight of merriment or happiness, to hide myself in some lonely place and spend the weary hours in watching the progress of the fever that was to consume my brain. I knew that madness was mixed up in my very blood and the marrow of my bones; that one generation had passed away without the pestilence appearing among them; and that I was the first in whom it would revive. I knew it must be so: that so it always had been, and so it ever would be; and when I crowded in some obscure corner of a cowered room, and saw men whisper, and point, and turn their eyes toward me, I knew they were telling each other of the doomed madman, and I slunk away again to mope in solitude.

"I did this for years, long, long years they were. The nights here are long sometimes—very long; but they are nothing to the restless nights and dreadful dreams I had at that time. It makes me cold to remember them. Large dusky forms with icy and jarring faces, crouched in the corners of the room and beat over my bed at night, tempting me to madness. They told me in low whispers, that the floor of the old house in which my father's father died in, was stained by his own blood shed by his own hand in raging madness. I drove my fingers into my ears, but they screamed into my head till the room rang with it that in one generation before him the madness had been hereditary, but that his grandfather had lived for years with his hands tutored to the ground, to prevent his tearing himself to pieces. I knew they told the truth—I knew it well. I had found it out years before though they had tried to keep it from me. Ha! ha! I was too cunning for them madmen as they thought me.

"At last it came upon me and I wondered how I could ever have feared it. I could go into the world now, and laugh and shout with the best among them. I knew I was mad, but they did not even suspect it. How I used to hug myself with delight, when I thought of the fine trick I was playing them after their old pointing and teasing, when I was not mad but only dreaming that I might one day become so! And how I used to laugh for joy when I was alone, and thought how well I kept my secret, and how quickly my kind friends would have taken from me, if they had known the truth. I could have screamed with ecstasy when I dined alone with some fine looking fellow to drink how pale he would have turned and how fast he would have run, if he had known that the dear friend who sat close to him, sharpening a bright glittering knife, was a madman with all the power, and half the wit, to plunge it in his heart. Oh, it was a merry mad!

"Riches I can earn, wealth poured in upon me, & I noted in pleasures enhanced a thousand fold to me by the consciousness of my well kept secret. I inherited and estate. The law, the eagle-eyed law it had been deceived, and handed over oppressed thousands to a madman's hands. Where was the wit of the sharp-sighted men of sound mind? Where the destiny of the lawyers, eager to discover a flaw? The madman's cunning had over-reached them all.

"I had money. How I was courted! I spent it profusely. How I was praised! How those proud overbearing brothers humbled themselves before me! The old white-headed father too—such de-

ference—such respect—such devoted friendship—why he worshipped me! The old man had a daughter, and the young men a sister; and all the five were poor. I was rich; and when I married the girl I saw a smile of triumph play upon the faces of her needy relatives, as they thought of their well planned scheme and their fine prize. It was for me to smile. To smile! To laugh outright and tear my hair, and roll upon the ground with shrieks of merriment. They little thought they had married her to a madman.

"Stay. If they had known it, would they have saved her? A sister's happiness against a husband's gold! The highest father I blow into the air, against the gay chain that ornaments my body!

"In one thing I was deceived with all my cunning. If I had not been mad—for for though we madmen are sharp-witted enough, we get bewildered sometimes—I should have known that the girl would rather have been placed, stiff and cold in a dull leaden coffin, than borne an unquiet bride to my right glittering house. I should have known that her heart was with the dark-eyed boy whose name I once heard her breath in her troubled sleep; and that she had been sacrificed to me to relieve the poverty of the old white-headed man the haughty brothers.

"I don't remember forms or faces now, but I know the girl was beautiful. I know she was for in the bright moonlight nights, when I start from my sleep, and all is quiet about me, I see standing still and motionless in one corner of the cell, a slight and wasted figure, with long black hair which streaming down her back, was with no earthly wind, and eyes that fix their gaze on me, and never wink or close. Hush! the blood chills at my heart as I write it down—that form is here; the face is very pale and the eyes are glassy bright, but I know them well. That figure never moves—it never frowns and mouths as others do, that fill this place sometimes—but it is much more dreadful to me, even than the spirits that tempted me many years ago—it comes fresh from the grave, and is so very death-like.

"For nearly a year I saw that face grow paler; for nearly a year I saw the tears steal down the mournful cheeks and never knew the cause. I found it out at last, though. They could not keep it from me long. She had never liked me—I had never thought she did—she despised my wealth, and hated the splendour in which she lived—I had not expected that. She loved another. This I had never thought of. Strange feelings came over me and thoughts forced upon me by some secret power, whirled round my brain. I did not hate her though I hated the boy she still wept for. I pitied—yes I pitied—the wretched life to which her cold and selfish relations had doomed her. I knew that she could not live long, but the thought that before her death she might give birth to some ill-fated being destined to hand down madness to its offspring, determined me. I resolved to kill her.

"For many weeks I thought of poison, then of drowning, and then of fire. A fire—the grand house, in flames and the madman's wife snuffing away to cinders. Think of the jest of a large reward, too, and of some sane man swinging in the wind, for a deed he never did, & all three a madman's cunning. I thought of this but I gave it up at last, on the pleasure of trapping the razor day after day, feeling of the sharp edge and thinking of the gash one stroke of its thin, bright point would make!

"At last the old spirits who had been with me so often before whispered in my ear that the time was come, and thus the open razor into my hand. I grasped it firmly, rose softly from the bed, and leaned over my sleeping wife. Her face was buried in her hands—I withdrew them softly, and they fell listlessly on her bosom. She had been weeping for the traces of the tears were still wet upon her cheek. Her face was calm and placid; and even as I looked upon it a tranquil smile lighted up her pale features. I laid my hand softly on her shoulder. She started—it was only a passing dream. I leant forward again. She screamed, and woke.

"One motion of my hand, and she would never again have uttered cry or sound, but I was startled and drew back. Her eyes were fixed on mine, I know not how it was, but they cowed and frightened me—and I quailed beneath them. She rose from the bed, still gazing fixedly at me steadily on me. I trembled—the razor was

in my hand, but I could not move! She made towards the door. As she neared it she turned, and withdrew her eyes from my face. The spell was broken, I bounded forward, and clutched her by the arm. Uttering shriek upon shriek she sank upon the ground.

"Now I could have killed her without a struggle—but the house was alarmed. I heard the tread of footsteps on the stairs. I replaced the razor in its usual drawer, fastened the door, and called loudly for assistance.

"They came and raised her, and placed her on the bed. She lay bereft of animation for hours, and when life, look and speech returned, her senses had deserted her, and she raved wildly and furiously.

"Doctors were called in—great men who rolled up to my door in carriages, with fine horses and gaily servants. They were at her bed-side for weeks. They had a great meeting and consulted together in low and solemn voices in another room. One, the cleverest and most celebrated among them, took me aside and bidding me prepare for the worst told me—the madman!—that my wife was mad. He stood close beside me at an open window, his eyes looking in my face and his hand laid upon my arm. With one effort, I could have hurled him into the street beneath. It would have been rare sport to have done so—but my secret was at stake, and I forbore. A few days after, they told me I must place her under some restraint. I must provide a keeper for her. I went into the open fields where none could hear me, and laughed till the air resounded with my shouts!

"She died next day. The white-headed old man followed her to the grave, and the proud brothers draped a tear over the measureless corpse of her, whose sufferings they had regarded in her lifetime with muscles of iron. All this was told for my secret mouth, and I laughed behind the white handkerchief which I held up to my face, as we rode home, till the tears came into my eyes.

"But though I had earned my name and killed her, I was restless and disturbed, and felt that before long my secret must be known. I could not hide the wild mirth and joy which haunted within me, and made me when I was alone at home jump up and beat my hands together, and dance round and round, and float aloud. When I went out, and saw the busy crowds hurrying about the streets: or to the theatre, and heard the sound of music, and beheld the people dancing, I felt such glee, that I could have rushed among them, and torn them to pieces with my teeth, and drove my sharp nails into my hands. I kept it down; and no one knew I was a madman yet.

"I remember—though it's one of the last things I can remember: for now I mix realities with my dreams, & having so much to do, and being always hurried here, have no time to separate the two, from some strange confusion in which they get involved—I remember how I let it out at last. Had I but I think I see their frightened looks now, and feel the ease with which I flung them from me, and dashed my clenched fist into their white faces, and then flow like the wind and let them screaming and shouting far behind. The strength of a giant comes upon me when I think of it. There—see now this man, but bends beneath my furious wreath. I could snap like a twig, only I reserve my gallies here with many of us. I don't think I could find my way where I am; and even I could I know that the man goes below which they kept locked and barred. They know what a clever madman I have been, and they are proud to have me here—to show.

"Let me see;—yes, I had been out. It was late at night when I reached home, and found the proudest of the three brothers, waiting to see me—urgent business he said. I recollect it well. I hated that man with all a madman's hate. Many and many a time had my fingers longed to tear him. They told me he was there. I ran swiftly up stairs. He had a word to say to me. I dismissed the servants. I was left, and we were alone together—for the first time.

"I kept my eyes carefully from him at first, for I knew what he little thought—and I gloined in the knowledge—that the light of madness gleamed from them like fire. We sat in silence for a few minutes. He spoke at last. My recent dissipation, and strange remarks, made so soon after his sister's death, were an insult to her

memory. Coupling together many circumstances which had at first escaped his observation, he thought I had not treated her well. He wished to know whether he was right in inferring that I meant to cast a reproach upon her memory, and a disrespect upon her family. It was due to the uniform he wore, to demand this explanation.

"This man had a commission in the army—a commission, purchased with my money, and his sister's misery. This was the man who had been foremost in the plot to ensnare me, and grasp my wealth. This was the man who had been the main instrument in forcing his sister to wed me; well knowing that her heart was given to that palmy boy. Due! Due to his uniform! The livery of his degradation! I turned my eyes upon him—I could not help it—but I spoke not a word.

"I saw the sudden change that came upon him, beneath my gaze. He was a good man, but the colour faded from his face, and he drew back his chair. I dragged mine nearer to him, and as I laughed—I was very merry then—I saw him shudder. I felt the madness rising within me. He was afraid of me.

"You were very fond of your sister when she was alive"—I said—"Very."

"He looked uneasily round him, and I saw his hand grip the back of his chair: country:

"You villain," said I, "I found you out; I discovered your heinous plots against me; I know her heart was fixed on some one else before you compelled her to marry me. I know it—I know it!"

"He jumped suddenly from his chair, then when it stood, and bid me stand back—or I look care to be getting closer to him, all the time I spoke.

"He screamed rather than talked, for I felt tumultuous passions eddying through my veins, and the old spirits whispering and taunting me to tear his heart out.

"Damn you," said I, starting up, and rushing upon him, "I killed her. I am a madman. Down with you. Blood, blood, I will have it."

"I turned aside with one blow, the chair he hurled at me in his terror, and with a heavy crash, we rolled upon the floor together.

"It was a fine struggle that, for he was a tall strong man, fighting for his life—and I, a powerful madman, thirsting to destroy him. I knew no strength could equal mine, and I was right. Right, again, though a madman! His struggles grew fainter. I knelt upon his chest and grasped his brawn throat firmly with both hands. His face grew purple—his eyes were staring from his head, and with protruded tongue, he seemed to mock me. I squeezed the tighter.

"The door was suddenly burst open with a loud noise, and a crowd of people rushed forward, crying aloud to each other, to secure the madman.

"My secret was out, and my only struggle now was for liberty and freedom. I gained my feet before a hand was on me, threw myself among my assailants, and cleared my way with my strong arms as if I bore a hatchet in my hand and hewed them down before me. I gained the door, dropped over the banisters, and in an instant was in the street.

"Straight and swift I ran and no one dared to stop me. I heard the noise behind and redoubled my speed. It grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and at length died away altogether—but on I bounded, through marsh and rivulet, over fence and wall, with a wild shout which was taken up by the strange beings that flitted around me on every side, and swelled the sound till it pierced the air. I was borne upon the arms of demons who swept along upon the wind, and bore down bank and hedge before them, and spun me round and round with a rustle and a speed that made my head swim, until at last they threw me from them with a violent shock, and I fell heavily upon the earth. When I woke I found myself here—here in this gay cell where the sun-light seldom comes, and the moon steals in, in rays which only serve to show the dark shadows about me, and that silent figure in its old corner. When I lie awake, I can sometimes hear strange shrieks and cries from distant parts of this large place. What they are I know not—but they neither come from that pale form, nor does it regard them. For from the first shades of dusk till the earliest light of morning, it still stands motionless in the same place, listening to the music of my iron chain, and watching my gambols on my straw bed."

At the end of the manuscript was written this note:

[The unhappy man whose ravings are recorded above, was a melancholy instance of the baneful results of energies misdirected in early life, and excesses prolonged until their consequences could never be repaired. The thoughtless riot, dissipation, and debauchery of his younger days, produced fever and delirium. The first effects of the latter, was the strange delusion, founded upon a well known medical theory, strongly contended for by some, and as strongly contested by others, that an hereditary madness existed in his family. This produced a settled gloom which in time developed a morbid insanity, and finally terminated in raving madness. There is every reason to believe that the events he detailed, tho' distorted in the description by his disordered imagination, really happened. It is only matter of wonder to those who were acquainted with the vices of his early career, that his passions, when no longer controlled by reason, did not lead him to the commission of still more frightful deeds.]

AGRICULTURAL.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO ALL.

We venture to lay down the following propositions, as adapted to our day and country:

1. Every business in life is mainly dependent, for its prosperity, upon the habits of agriculture.

Agriculture is the body, while the other professions are the members,—and although the body and members are mutually dependant and reciprocally useful to each other, the body can exist without the members much better than the members can exist without the body. The farmer can supply his necessities, and most of his reasonable wants, within the circle of his family; he can feed and clothe himself; but his wants are enlarged, and his ability to gratify them increased, in proportion to the profits of his labor. If through ignorance or sloth he produces only what is necessary, for the sustenance of his household, he can buy neither of the merchant, the manufacturer or the mechanic,—nor contribute to the support of the learned professions, or if he buys he cannot pay. But if his produce is double what is required for the consumption of his family, the surplus half may be employed for the benefit of the other classes—in purchasing from them the comforts and elegances of life. The other classes, on the contrary, cannot thrive, as such, without the aid of the farmer; he furnishes the raw materials for the manufacturer, feeds the mechanic & freights bark of the commerce; and is besides the principal customer to them all. It follows, as a corollary, that,

2. The prosperity of a State is determined by the good or bad state of its husbandry.

We see every where, in districts as well as in entire States, the strongest proofs of the correctness of this proposition. Contrast Dacches, Orange and Columbia, with any three counties, where agriculture is neglected, or managed in the old slovenly manner. In the first, all classes thrive and prosper, if they are industrious and prudent; because there the body is in healthful vigor. In the latter, you will find the body lethargic, diseased, and covered with putrifying sores, and the members partaking of all its infirmities. The last winter's experience, in our cities and towns, shows their extreme sensitiveness to the fluctuations in the supply of agricultural products. Some of the farmers' crops were last year deficient in their accustomed yield, and the consequence was the buyer had to pay 25 and 50 per cent. above the ordinary prices for many articles of the first necessity. Had the products of the soil been double what they were, prices would have been low, and the buying classes would have subsisted cheaper and better, and the farmer would have purchased of them in return more liberally.

3. The improvements and profits of agriculture, and the consequent prosperity of a state, are in the ratio of the measure of intelligence which guides its labors.

The head can do more than the hands. The animal strength of the ox and the horse would effect no useful purpose, without the contrivance and direction of man. In many countries of the old continent, where the cultivator is debased by ignorance and degradation, the awkward, ill-contrived implements of the primitive ages are still in use, & in some parts of our own land, the hoe, or the re-

(See fourth page.)

ECHO OF THE PRESS.

FROM THE ALBANY ADVERTISER.

'Look here upon this picture, and on this.'

In a few days more we shall be in the heat of an action. Two powerful parties are at issue, each struggling for the ascendancy. On the one side are the pensionists, sinecurists, and spoil hunters of the land,—men who have deserted the ordinary pursuits of life to be politicians and place-men. Among them are notorious renegades, the flag ends of all former parties, from the infidel to the bigot, from the spy who was captured during the last war, to the great speculator in lands and the broker shaving on the government moneys.

They have mixed up not only men but measures. The advocates and opponents of every policy that has been adopted by the government sit side by side together in conclave, with no other bond of union than that of plunder. All are welcome to their ranks—the man who has changed at every breeze, or he who has never yet turned from original torism. In such a party, the wretch who betrayed his benefactor may probably be placed at the head of their stupendary press,—and he who stole money from his college comrade may rise to be the champion of a new-fangled currency. No laws, no constitutions, with them are sacred: States are created or destroyed as the object of party leaders to be subserved. Riots and rebellions are their ordinary playthings, and terror and proscription the means by which they awe the weak into submission. The whole secret by which they awe the weak into submission. The whole secret by which they rule is the bold assumption of their being the exclusive organs of the majority,—just as Robespierre claimed to be the impersonation of the French republic, and Bonaparte asserted that he was the State! In their own name they have enslaved the people,—in the assumed character of democrats, have encouraged despotism in the president, and oppression in the administration of the government.

No man can look back upon their career without astonishment at the utter perversion of our republican form of government to the worst purposes of a few money-getting demagogues. The American people have not, for the last four years, enjoyed either the freedom of the press, the freedom of election, or the liberty of speech. Every honest man who dared to think aloud has been followed by the myrmidons of power with threats of vengeance, or with secret persecution.

The reign of terror has been revived, and an absolute and headstrong, an over-reaching and a corrupt aristocracy, ruling through a fettered and manacled party, the power of official influence, and the use of the public moneys, has endeavored to perpetuate its fearful ascendancy.

These are the men, false and faithless, who seek, by the election of Martin Van Buren, to keep the land in mourning for eight years longer; to oppress the poor, and to strengthen the rich,—to close all the avenues to wealth or honor, except to themselves; and to hold the nation in a state of fearful subjection to local monopolies and the influence of the public moneys, wielded to derange the currency and distress the mechanics, manufacturers, and merchants of the land.

The other, and the antagonist party, consists of men drawn out entirely against their will by the imminent danger of the times,—who, if they were sure the laws could be faithfully executed, and the rights of the citizen respected, would never trouble themselves with the squabbles of party men. They are individuals who love their country, and have been compelled to come forward, lest their silence should be construed into an assent to the designs of usurpation and anarchy. They have seen that written constitutions, signed by the heroes of the revolution, and sealed with their life blood, are no protection against the inroads of demagogues flushed with success. They see, hourly, false interpretations of the law, new appeals to brute force, new theories to disturb the checks and balances imposed by the constitution, and a bold and reckless attempt to make the government the appendage and property of a cabal!

These are the parties now contending for victory. If the terrorists succeed, adieu to liberty, to law, and religion, to the sacred force of the constitution, and the blessings of the social compact.

If the people succeed against their oppressors, and throw off the yoke which selfish politicians have imposed upon them, peace and plenty will again smile upon the land. Business will be restored to its usual channels,—the poor will again have their accustomed moneyed facilities; the government favorites will be reduced to an equality with their fellow men,—the public treasures will be divided among the people for good and wholesome purposes; honor and honesty will once more come into fashion,—and the banditti now plundering the people will be driven back to their dens.

Election for President 10th instant.

TO THE FREEMEN OF GUILFORD COUNTY.

FELLOW CITIZENS!

Should it be considered a stretch of freedom to address you on the approaching Presidential Election, we would, in excuse, mention the paramount importance of that election to the character of our free and happy Government—and the fact that many men who belong to the Northern *Magician* are flooding the country with their pamphlets and circulars, to deceive the honest and unsuspecting.—And first we would call your attention to these political writers, and ask you to examine for yourselves whether they are not men who are either in office now, or who, in case they can deceive the people and carry the majority for their party, are expectants of office or preferment by which they can pocket **THE PEOPLE'S MONEY!** Men who go for party, and to show largely, off the people's money—the earnings of their labors—and the sweat of their brows. Men whose leading principle is that the spoils of the vanquished belong to them, if they can prevail on you to make them, by your votes, political victors! Men who prefer and praise the Government which now costs us **FORTY MILLIONS of dollars**, as far better than our good old Republican Government which cost only from ten to twelve millions. Men who prefer retaining under the control and management of the President of the U. S. the vast proceeds of the Public Lands, and who prefer having the People's money paid over to the big men of their party, and in high salaries for party purposes, and to reward party writers, than that the Government should be reduced to its original simplicity, economy and purity; or, that the surplus money wrongfully taken from the pockets of the people, should be returned to them, and carefully, prudently, and cautiously expended by their members in the State Legislatures. Suppose Mr. Van Buren, this Northern political juggler, who like all other Yankees, in making political adventures, first reckons up how much of the People's money he is to pocket by it, should be elected president, would he have any more right to use the proceeds of the public lands to reward his friends and men who advocate his election, than you would have to reward any friend of yours? Do not these lands belong as much to you as a citizen, as to Mr. Van Buren? There is no reason why they should be expended for the purpose of upholding a President, and not expended for the common benefit of all the citizens of the republic to whom they so rightfully belong. These lands were purchased by the common treasure, and shed blood of our forefathers who fought side by side in the Revolution. Why then should not every citizen share equally in their benefits? It is true that Mr. Van Buren is a man of great and incalculable wealth: is from the great mammoth State of New York: is able to ride in his English carriage drawn by four splendid gray horses, and be attended by a company of white men to wait on him, dress his hair, brush his clothes and boots, and brush and manage his horses.—But does this entitle him to any more of the people's money—any more of the public lands—or more of the people's votes—than the plain, simple, honest and talented **HUGH L. WHITE**, the native son of our own State? the plain honest farmer of Tennessee, who maintains that the surplus revenue and proceeds of the public lands belong to the people, and in justice ought to be distributed fairly and equally among them? Who maintains that as the public debt is now paid off (the purpose for which the lands were ceded to the general government) these lands should in honesty be returned to the States; to assist them in defraying their expenses, improving their condition, & lessening their taxes. It is true Mr. Van Buren has on his side the powerful and rich Pope of Rome, the great chief of the Roman Catholics, who has it in his power to expend millions on millions to advance his prospects in this country, and who has endorsed to Mr. Van Buren almost every catholic vote in the United States. But is this any reason why we should make him President, in preference to the honest Whites of Tennessee, who when he was judge in that State, used to leave the handles of the plough, set down in a shade in the field and examine the young students of the law, and grant license to practice.

Fellow Citizens, are your rights safer in the hands of this great aristocrat, from the rich halls of N. York, than in the hands of the plain, patriotic Hugh L. White—who comes from the plow and the corn field, and whose principle fortune is the partiality and affection of all honest men who know him. But, we do wrong in saying that our rights can be in the hands of any president,—for what president, ever before General Jackson, (after Mr. Van Buren got by his side to advise and whisper evil in his ears,) took on himself to say, 'my government,' and to veto all and every law, of which he did not approve or which was not likely to promote his interest.

Let Mr. Van Buren be president, clothed with the veto power, backed by the representatives from the great empire state of New York, and such other friends as he may dupe, and hire into his support, with the people's money, and who can withstand him? or what measure can be carried without his consent? The whole nation will be immediately subject to the control of New York. Every other administration before the present one controlled by Van Buren, has felt itself bound to respect the votes, and yield to the wishes of the people's representation in congress. But Mr. Van Buren's policy is, to permit nothing to pass which does not advance the interest of himself and his party. The people, the wishes of the people, and the people's money, are all to yield and be subservient to party, and the people are to be reconciled to it, by loud shouts of democracy, and continual and repeated assurances that they belong to the strong party—to the majority—and that by having voted for those men and their way, they save their votes, and if they don't vote so and so, they will lose their votes. But why are all the office-holders and office-seekers so unanimous and so anxious for the election of Van Buren if they do not expect to hook more of the people's money under his administration than under the administration of the honest White?

Ah! they too well know that the old North Carolina and Tennessee farmer knows too well how much a dollar is worth, and how much labor and sweat it takes to make it in a corn or harvest field, to permit these haughty, purse proud, arrogant office-holders to lavish, squander, speculate and grow rich without work, on the people's money. They well know that Hugh L. White, when he left the judge's bench, and shouldered his musket and fought the battles of his country, has learned by hard experience that our forefathers paid too much and too dearly for the public lands, which they have bequeathed to their sons, to suffer them to be squandered and gambled away for their special benefit, to the impoverishment of the honest yeomanry of the country. Judge White shows himself to be the friend of the people and the rights of the poor, by his example and his acts, and not by mere words and promises. And pray, will Mr. Van Buren's friends point out to us any one important thing which Mr. Van Buren has ever done for the benefit of this nation only make himself rich for which the people should vote for him. It is true he has coaxed Gen. Jackson to say that he ought to be elected, which no president ever dared to do before, and has also, doubtless with a promise of reward, got a great host of office holders to meet in the city of Baltimore, and to usurp the power of the people, and say to them, he is the man they ought to elect—that he is the man who is disposed and qualified to look to and preserve their interests. But, fellow citizens, will you elect him in obedience to this dictation of king caucus, composed of office holders. Will V. Buren look to the interest of the office-holders by whose instrumentality he strives to be elected, or to the interest of the people, whose only right it is to nominate and elect a president. Does Mr. Van Buren's friends think that the people are too ignorant to select and elect a good president, and that they will ruin themselves, if they are not instructed by this very intelligent band of enlisted men as to whom they shall choose? This same Van Buren tried this same Yankee trick, some years ago, when he at their head assembled with his friends and attempted to force Wm. H. Crawford on the people. But then the people, as we trust we will be able to do again with his King Caucus—arose and said we have nothing to do with this King Caucus; its power is not known in our constitution; its power is not binding on us—we the people, have a right to elect our president, we hate the name of King, whether it be surnamed caucus or Van Buren.

And what are the principles of this Yankee Van Buren that we are called on to support by this great King Caucus? This question has been asked & asked again, but no answer has or can be given thereto. The truth is, he changes always to what he conceives the strong side. We find him in his own state first a strong friend and supporter of De Wit Clinton, as long as De Wit was on the strong side but as soon as De Wit fell in the minority, he left him and joined the other party—first against the last war, but when the majority of the country declared for war, he became a great war man. First for the United States Bank, and actually petitioned for a branch of it to be established at Albany, his place of residence; but when Gen. Jackson made war upon it and found it was popular in the northern states and elsewhere, and especially in his own state where they have upwards of 160 banks that were kept in their proper spheres and made do their duty; he also made war on the United States Bank to be on the strong side, and to enable the innumerable banks of New York to flood the country with their money, and to send out as much

of their rotten rag money as they please, subject to no control—then hurra, good times, plenty of money, high prices for every thing, these times will always last and there will not come a day of reckoning as did after such times as 1816 and '17. Any thing to create an impression and be popular long enough to be made president.

He was at first violently opposed to General Jackson—denounced him at a bitter rate—declared him incapable of managing the government, but when General Jackson beat his Crawford party he changed sides, declared that General Jackson was the greatest man in the world, and that it was glory enough to serve under such a chief. Serve under such a chief!! The people are chief in this country: we want a president to serve the people who elected him, and not a chief for a party.

He was first for giving the general government power to construct works of internal improvement, within the states any where, with or without the consent of the states wherein such works are constructed, and actually voted to erect toll gates on the Cumberland road so as to make the people pay taxes for passing over their own ground, now he finds this doctrine unpopular he tries to get off by saying that he believes that he was mistaken in the vote. He voted for the highest sort of a tariff and to smooth it over with those in the South who were opposed to it, he says he was instructed to give this vote,—leaving the opponents of the tariff to infer that he would not have done so, had it not been for their instructions;—when the truth is, he not only voted but made a speech for the bill. Why don't he, like an honest man, stand up and take one side or the other?

He permits himself to be called and run as an abolitionist at the North, and he permits his friends in the South to run him as a friend to the South. Why don't he take a stand one way or the other? The truth is he is a complete weathercock, changing with face to the wind which is always his own personal aggrandizements. He is like a sea, when he lights near you, you see him, and think you have got him, but when you put your thumb down he is not there.—He is upon one side and then upon the other, and let him be on what side he may, his songs and shouts are always the same, that he is a democrat, that he is the people's friend, the poor man's friend: that the other party are Tories, rich aristocrats, federalists &c. &c. and surely as he has belonged to all sides, and always sings the same tune, he must surely be wrong sometimes. And the same Van Buren, Ned Ruckers Steam King, Surnamed Caucus, not only manufactured for the people a president but also a Vice President, and pray who is he? For decency's sake we are actually ashamed to say! Although we detest that corrupt caucus, all that acts cannot be told in decent company. Fellow Citizens, how would you like to meet at Washington city R. M. Johnson, with his negro wife and molatto children and have these last introduced to your daughters as the daughters of the vice President of the United States? Why was this man whose moral character is so deeply tinged put on the Van Buren Ticket? for the good of the country, and to promote the dignity and morality of the nation? or was it merely a party motion, with the hope of getting western votes to their great chief and leader?

To prove to you that Mr. Van Buren is decidedly opposed to a distribution of the public lands. Hear his own words in reply to a question of Mr. Sherrod Williams, put to him by letter in April last, to which he (Van Buren) replied in August. After stating that he highly approved of president Jackson's veto of the land bill, he uses the following language.

'I am of opinion that the avails of the public lands will be more equitably and faithfully applied to the common benefit of the United States by their continued application to the general wants of the Treasury, than by any other mode that has yet been suggested, and that such appropriation is in every respect preferable to the distribution thereof among the States in the manner your question proposes. Entertaining these views I cannot give you any encouragement that I will in the event of my election to the presidency, favor that policy.'

The question of Mr. Williams was in these words:

'Will you, if elected president, sign and approve a bill distributing the proceeds of the public lands among the States?'

Judge for yourselves what we may expect at the hands of Mr. Van Buren.—He frankly avows in this same letter that he is also opposed to any system of distribution of the surplus revenue whatever, for the reason (says he) that it would introduce vices of the most pernicious kind into both the general and State Governments—and that the late law should be tolerated only as expedient and not as a precedent for the future legislation of the country. Judge White feels an equal zeal with us on this great and important subject. He not only voted for the bill but made an able speech on it at the last session of Congress.

To prove to you that Van is in favor with the Pope of Rome, and disposed to ask favor of him, and to solicit his aid and influence among the Catholics of this country, we will give you a few extracts from his celebrated letter to the Pope; or rather a letter addressed to an American Diplomatic Agent, who was at the Pope's palace, really intended for the Pope, and to be showed and read to him. This letter should be carefully read and seriously considered by every father who has any concern for his children's welfare, and who thinks it advisable to check the rapid increase and dissemination of Catholic superstitions in this free and happy country. The Pope had expressed to this American Agent some solicitude for the welfare of the Catholics in this country, of which the Agent informed Mr. Van Buren—when Mr. Van Buren immediately avails himself of the opportunity, and writes this letter to the Pope, which hushed the Pope's fears completely. In this letter Mr. Van Buren says:

'You will accordingly seek an early opportunity to make known to the Pope in terms best suited to the occasion, the light in which the President views the communication referred to; and likewise you will assure him that the President reciprocates in their fullest extent and spirit, the friendly and liberal sentiments entertained by HIS HOLINESS towards the Government of the APOSTOLIC See and the people of the States of the Church: And it is the President's wish that you should, upon some occasion, offer his congratulations to the HOLY FATHER upon his recent accession.' &c. Again—Mr. Van Buren in the same letter goes on to say: 'You will take care, likewise, to assure HIS HOLINESS in reference to the paternal solicitude which he expressed in behalf of the Roman Catholics in the United States, that all our citizens professing that religion stand upon the elevated ground, which citizens of other religious denominations occupy in regard to the rights of conscience, that of perfect liberty contradistinguished from toleration—that they enjoy an entire exemption from coercion in every possible shape, upon the score of religious faith, and that they are free in common with their fellow citizens of all other sects to adhere to or adopt the creed and practice the worship best adapted to their reason or prejudices; and that there exists a perfect unity of faith in the United States among religionists of all professions. As to the wisdom and policy of that cardinal feature of all our constitutions and forms of Government, those of the United States and the separate States of the Union by which the inestimable right is recognized, and the enjoyment of it inviolably secured.'

Fellow Citizens! here notice the words of adulation and reverence which Mr. Van Buren has used when speaking of the Pope. He calls him *Holy Father! His Holiness! Apostolic!* words which ought only to be used in reference to our Redeemer, the Saviour of the world! See also the indirect invitation given to the Pope to send over as many of his Priests and vassals as he pleases, with an assurance that they will be protected and encouraged in this country! Here, fellow citizens, pause and reflect on these things! before you make up your minds to give him your suffrages! take care how and who you support for the important and dignified office of the Presidency, lest by your votes you should cause the rising generation to groan under tyrannical oppression! Remember! the fetters of tyranny when once fixed, are hard to unloose. Mr. Van Buren has already procured the appointment of Judge Taney to the office of Chief Justice of the United States, who is a Roman Catholic. He has also succeeded in getting other Roman Catholics promoted to offices of high distinction and if you make him president, what more will the Pope have to do to make this a Catholic country—to say the least of it he will have made a fair beginning. The consequence of Mr. Van Buren's invitation is already beginning to manifest itself. Hordes of Catholics from all parts of Europe are daily landing on our shores and using every exertion to disseminate their superstitions among our people. The cardinal point of which is that the Pope is as infallible as GOD HIMSELF, can do no wrong—is Supreme over all—that all men owe him supreme allegiance—that his will is law to his people, and to be obeyed in preference to all other laws, and that he can absolve all allegiance to every other power. The members of his church must obey tho' it were to subvert the very Government under which they live. The Catholics in New York seem to understand the feelings of Mr. Van Buren towards them fully; and accordingly at the last election in New York we find them rallying to a man around his standard—and so bold and audacious have they there already become that they posted up handbills addressed to their brethren avowing the very objects they have in view in voting for Mr. Van Buren. Here is the handbill,—read for yourselves.

'Irishmen! to your posts! or you will lose America. By perseverance you may become its rulers; by negligence

you will become its slaves: Your own country was lost by submitting to ambitious men. This beautiful country you may gain by being firm and united. Your religion may here have the ascendancy and here predominate. By your perseverance this may become a CATHOLIC country!"

Fellow citizens consider well what this handbill which was posted up in every corner of New York, discloses! Consider the safety of your country—if we have a Catholic President—a Catholic Chief Justice—and a Catholic General, whom the President may appoint to control our Army, will we be safe? Are these Catholics to be trusted?

Mr. Van Buren declares himself to be a democrat (!) and a friend of the poor: but how does he vote when the rights of the poor are brought in question?—In 1821, in the Convention to revise the Constitution of N. York, he (Mr. V. Buren) voted against the RIGHT of the poor people to vote. This cannot be denied, for on a motion submitted by gen. Root, who was also in the Convention, to extend the right of voting, Mr. Van Buren not only voted against it but in debate used the following language—here it is, read it:

"I cannot consent to undervalue this precious privilege, of voting, so far as to confer it with an indiscriminate hand on every one."

Let any man dare contradict this. We suppose that Mr. Van Buren would not not undervalue poor men's votes. Hence his great clamor about his democracy, and his partiality for the poor. Oh, hypocrisy! Oh, inconsistency! Oh, deceit! Then, fellow citizens, on the 10th day of this month, TO THE POLLS! Let no one who has a spark of that FREEDOM and that INDEPENDENCE which our forefathers possessed, stay at home. Let every vote tell that we will be free. Let us at the ballot box plainly tell Mr. Van Buren that our right and interest in the Public Lands shall be maintained. Let us tell him that we have no use for political hypocrites and speculators,—that our money and our offices are our own. Let us tell him in a voice that will be distinctly understood, that we have a decided preference for our honest, consistent and talented Hon. L. WHITE. Let him be assured that we prefer White and honorable men, to immoral and black men—that however fond our Northern brethren may be for the black race, we have no such partiality for them as to make them Presidents, let them know that we are influenced more by freedom and love of country than by party, that however much we may like to belong to the strongest party, we will nevertheless, do right—that we the people are Supreme—that our will shall be obeyed,—and that we will not be controlled by any caucus, or by the Pope himself. That the right of conscience and the liberty of worshipping our God according to the dictates of our conscience, are privileges dear to us;—and that we will cherish and hold them—the wishes of the pope to the contrary notwithstanding—that the reins of government are in our hands—that we are still free, and that freemen we will remain.—Let them know that poor men's votes are not to be undervalued, & that they, though by him contemned will count, in summing up the issue of a Presidential election,—and that it is a glorious feature in our republic that the rich and the poor are alike PRIVILEGED and PROTECTED.

Published by order of the Central Committee for Guilford County.

NOVEMBER 2nd, 1836.



Wednesday Morning, November 2, 1836.

THE Election for President and Vice President of the United States will take place on Thursday the 10th of November.

JUGEL L. WHITE, for president
JOHN TYLER, for vice president

WHITE ELECTORS.

Alfred Webb, Rutherford.
Col. And. Mitchell, of Wilkes.
Hon. W. J. Alexander, Mecklenburg.
Hon. John Giles, of Rowan.
John M. Morehead, of Guilford.
John L. Lessor, of Rockingham.
Hon. J. D. Toomer, of Cumberland.
Charles Manly, of Wake.
William W. Cherry, of Bertie.
Dr. Willie Perry, of Franklin.
Dr. James S. Smith, of Orange.
Blount Coleman, of Lenoir.
John L. Bailey, of Pasquotank.
Gen. J. O. K. Williams, of Beaufort.
Jeremiah Pearsall, of Duplin.

WILMINGTON, Oct. 26th, 1836.

Messrs. Hanner & Evans.

GENTLEMEN:—Some days since received by mail, a bill of lading from Philadelphia for 2 Boxes of Type for you, shipped per sch. Ada. I am now sorry to have to inform you that that vessel was cast away in the gale of the 11th and 12th inst. and a few moments after having been abandoned by her crew, went down. The captain & crew have arrived at Savannah. Your obt. serv't.

JESSE SIPPITT

Thus, it will be seen, we have been so unfortunate as to lose the new type which we had purchased to print the PATRIOT on. In consequence of this occurrence we have sustained a very great loss, as our type were not insured. If the public will extend us their patronage liberally, by way of taking our paper, advertising, and giving us job printing, in addition to our grateful acknowledgements, we shall be industrious in procuring new type, and printing a paper which shall tend to grace the American nation. Will the rational and liberal people of this community and elsewhere stand by and mark the rough dress of the PATRIOT—he who has stood by them for many years—whose stern voice has caused the foes of our institutions to tremble with terror and cry for mercy, and who even lend him a fostering hand by which he may procure a new dress? We hope not!

Guilford Superior Court, Judge SKITTLE presiding, was held in this place last week. Considerable business was done. There were some elaborate civil cases before the court, but none exciting much interest were decided. The State docket was taken up on Thursday, but no cases of general interest or of a very heinous nature came before the court.

We shall not attempt to perpetrate a compliment to the urbanity and learning of the Judge first, because we do not believe it exactly proper; and second, because we feel that we should do ourselves no credit by attempting to flatter the universal suffrage of the public.

Before this article is dismissed we will mention that in the canvas of a State case before this court, it was made a grave question of law whether the State of North Carolina was white! It was decided that the State is White. The question is important whether we consider its political or legal bearing. The circumstances calling forth this decision, as well as we recollect, were shortly these: Two negroes were prosecuted by the State for assault and battery on a white man. Of course the State was plaintiff; a party in the suit. The Solicitor introduced a witness who swore very positively and directly against the negroes. The counsel for the defendants endeavored to bring in a negro to give evidence, alleging, substantially, that as the State, being a party in the case, was of no color, and that the laws recognized a colored witness in any case except against a white party, and urging a similar case as a precedent where a negro had been admitted to give evidence under similar circumstances. But the Judge promptly decided against admitting this evidence, saying with a smile "the State is White."—How far the court was correct in a political point of view the prime power—the people will decide on the 10th, at the polls.

We call the attention of the reader to the Address of the Central Committee for this county.

THE CALDWELL INSTITUTE. It will be perceived by an advertisement in to-day's Patriot, that the exercises of this institution will be resumed on the 10th inst. From the very flattering manner in which the students of this Institute acquitted themselves during their recitation last month, and the high literary attainments of its Professors, together with the cheapness of tuition and the elevated reputation which the college sustains both here and abroad, we presume the number of students will be great.—Parents and guardians will do well to patronize the Institute; we commend it for its literature, morality and virtue.

"Getting Rich"—I he desire to get rich is certainly the dominant trait in the American character. Riches among us is the grand motive to action—the constant desire—the incessant theme—the absorbing passion. The passion for wealth forms and develops itself in a thousand ways. The child hears the never ending phrase Get rich, Get rich, from infancy to manhood, and acts on the principle in manhood till he sinks to the tomb. This desire so grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength that we habitually and involuntarily respect the rich man. The most self-complacent cynicks find themselves are they are aware bowing and grinning to some wealthy knave while his poor but worthy neighbor passes by receiving a cold glance and a distant nod. We are in a state of social aristocracy, maugre the institutions our fathers established. Money is our idol. We worship a rich man as a sort of incarnation of gold and silver. We throw into the full hand and turn away from that which is empty. Our faces are turned towards the dollars as those of the fireworshippers of the east are towards the rising sun, and we worship there every day.

Michigan, Has refused to become a member of the confederation on the terms proposed

by Congress. The late elections in that territory (or State, as she chooses to call herself,) have resulted in a choice of a majority of members of her convention opposed to these conditions. Of course she cannot be represented in the next Congress, nor vote at the presidential election. Her three presidential votes to which she would have been entitled had she become a State would probably have been cast for Van Buren.

WAR....We somewhere met with the following assertion, but know not whether it is matter of true history: "For nearly three hundred years after the death of Jesus Christ not one of the Christian church took up a weapon for warlike purposes." Yet how mightily they conquered! If this be true it is surely a strong support of one of the prime doctrines of the Quaker society.

One hundred millions yards of Calico were manufactured in the United States last year.

SNOW.—About the time we had a 'sprinkle' of snow in the western part of this State, some two or three weeks ago, there were regular falls of the same article in many places north of us—in Virginia, Maryland, Vermont &c.—to a depth of from 3 to 10 inches.

Mr. Locke, the famous author of the 'moon story' which was the nine days wonder some 12 or 13 months ago, is preparing another marvellous story; the scene laid in the antediluvian world.

The circulation of the address of the Democratic Central Committee, has caused the discharge of an unusual quantum of bile from the political stomachs of the Nullifiers and Federalist.—Standard.

No wonder! It is truly a sickening affair—enough to make any body throw up who is not used to such nauseous stuff!

COMBS, were invented in the 15th century—consequently Adam never combed his hair? Wonder if the finetooth article was invented first?

COL. JOHNSON.

The manner in which this individual is spoken of in the Address of the Van Buren Committee, exhibits a remarkable instance of the lengths to which party spirit will carry any one who gives himself up to its control. He is called a 'good man,' deserving to be 'honored by the respect and rewarded by the favor' of the people, and the exposure of his course of life is termed 'political calumnies.'—This is strange language to come from a gentleman and a christian for such the reputed author of the Address claims to be.

What pretensions to the title of a 'good man' can be set up whose life has been of the most immoral kind, who has set up the disgusting example of having two black wives, from among his own slaves,—of living with one such for many years and on her death taking another of the same race; of attempting to introduce his mulatto daughters into a public ball room in Kentucky, among a large party of white people,—of declaring that these mulattoes were as good as any of the white ladies present,—of marrying these mulatto daughters to white men, in defiance of an express law of the State, as well as of public opinion.

But the author of the address would have the people believe that these are 'political calumnies.' He knows that they are stubborn truths, which have not been, and cannot be denied. A contradiction has been challenged, months ago, and yet no one of the Van Buren papers has had the hardihood to deny them. It remained for the author of this address to make the first public attempt to break the force of the odium which such a notorious character has drawn on the Van Buren Ticket. We say again that the facts have not been denied, and cannot be denied with truth.

We ask the virtuous citizens of North Carolina whether they can vote for such a man for the second office in the government: Will they, by so doing, give a reign to every species of immorality, break down the barriers between virtue and vice, and elevate the latter to the high places in the land? Can any one wonder that corruption abounds among the public officers, when it is attempted to be excused and even lauded by such persons as the author of this address?

Let no one be deceived by the idea that he can vote for Martin Van Buren without voting at the same time for Richard M. Johnson. They cannot be disconnected.—The Electors who are pledged to vote for one are equally pledged to vote for the other. Martin Van Buren and his friends chose to connect his name with that of Col. Johnson, for the sake of the vote of Kentucky, which at that time they expected to secure by his aid,—but in this they were deceived. Let Mr. Van Buren be made to feel the effects of his self-degradation in associating himself with Col. Johnson.

But bad as is the private character of Col. Johnson, we consider Mr. Van Buren as equally objectionable. We verily believe that on his defeat depends the dis-

continuance of the proscriptive system, the system of rewards and punishments, which has done much to destroy public liberty, and raise up an organized band of office holders more dangerous than a standing army. We consider Mr. Van Buren as the author of this system, and his election would fasten it upon us as an unchangeable feature in our institutions. Both the other candidates are bound by every consideration to repudiate the system. For our part we will never support any individual for office, or in office, who avows or practices upon such a code.

Mr. Van Buren's hostility to the South on the subjects of Slavery and the Tariff, are sufficiently discussed in the article from the Star.

On the other hand, look at the characters of Judge White and Gov. Tyler. Either as public or as private men, they stand without a spot. Of the latter, even the Van Buren party themselves do not pretend to utter a word in disparagement. And of the former, the only truth they have told, is that he is guilty of the monstrous sin of being a thin old man. All the rest of their falsehoods are exposed by their own high and just praise bestowed on him before he was brought out a candidate.

The people of the South are soon to choose between these candidates, whose principles, interests and feelings are congenial with their own, whose private and public characters are above reproach; and the New York politician, the Missouri Restrictionist, the high Tariffite, the author of the abominable proscriptive system, with the practical amalgamationist for his second. They cannot hesitate in the choice. It is only necessary that the Whigs should exert themselves earnestly and the victory will be sure. Let each Whig not only vote himself, but use all his influence to get others to vote correctly. One more noble effort and North Carolina is safe.

We have understood from authority which leaves us no room to doubt the fact, that orders have been issued for the Van Buren members of the Legislature, to be in this city on the Saturday before the meeting of the Assembly. Be the object what it may, we trust it will induce every whig to be at his post.

Raleigh Star.

FOR THE PATRIOT.

"Christianity is a fable, and Religion is a dream."

A fable be't. We'll still amuse ourselves, And laugh, like thoughtless schoolboys, o'er At its simplicities. [their Esop.

A moral bath. We might do well to learn it Ere Time his truant pupils shall dismiss, And Judgment teach this moral, with a ven- In another world! [geance

"Religion is a dream!" A dream we'll call it then. But let us dream, And dream forever!—Solace sweet we drink, And pure celestial forms still glad our eyes, And soft soul-thrilling melody we hear, In this kind vision!

From all other dreams— From dreams of appetite, ambition, gold, From fancy-woven visions of the earth— The luring mockeries that shut out heaven, We may awake!—and that we must awake, Our hopes, our fears, our very natures tell us— And wake to sad realities, eternal, In another world! L.

CALDWELL INSTITUTE.

THE exercises of this Institution which has been for some time in successful operation, will be resumed on Thursday the 10th, of November. The Rev. Alexander Wilson is principal, and is assisted in the department of Languages by Mr. Silas C. Lindsey. The Rev. John A. Greter has charge of the department of Mathematics; and the Rev. William D. Paisley is employed in the primary School which is under the supervision and control of the Faculty of the Institute. The terms of Tuition remain the same as last session. As there is yet no boarding establishment connected with the Institution the price of board cannot be definitely stated, but it will be as moderate as the unusually high prices of provisions will admit, and a very respectable family or two within a mile of the Village have authorized us to say that they will board for \$6 per month, lodging, firewood and washing inclusive. E. W. CARUTHERS, Sec'y.

A FORTUNE FOR JOURNEYMEN CARRIAGE MAKERS.

THE Subscriber will give steady employment, with liberal wages, to Four wood Workmen, a Painter, and two Trimmers, by the Piece, Month, or Day. Cash always ready. B. T. WHEELER. Yorkville S. C. November, 1836.

JOHN BROWN, BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Will attend at the Stage Hotel, or any other tavern or private room in Greensboro, and will be happy to extend his "professional services" to gentlemen at any time. He trusts, from the advantage of past experience, to give general satisfaction; and would suggest to those who prize personal appearance and comfort, the propriety of availing themselves of his aid. He will be thankful for custom, and endeavor to deserve it.

BULWER'S NOVELS!

The only edition in numbers to send by mail.

SIX NUMBERS NOW READY FOR DELIVERY.

Induced by the extraordinary sale of his beautiful edition of MARRYATT'S NOVELS, the Publisher of these works did, on the first day of July, commence in the same faultless style, an edition of the celebrated

BULWER NOVELS.

Comprising—

Pelham Devereux
Disowned Eugene Aram,
Rienzi, Paul Clifford,
Last Days of Pompeii, Falklin, Pilgrims of the Rhine,

Making an uniform edition of nearly fifteen hundred pages—four hundred more than MARRYATT. They are published in semi-monthly numbers, each of which contains one complete work, with title-page and cover. The whole series will be completed in eight numbers, and will be furnished to Subscribers at the extraordinary low price of three dollars and fifty cents, payable in advance. They will be sent by mail, carefully packed, to any part of the United States or Canada.

Three complete sets may be had for Ten Dollars, payable in advance, by directing orders to that effect, enclosing the cash, postage paid.

"Office of Reproduction of Popular Novels."

NOTICE.

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