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[From the Spirit of the Old Dominion.]

THE SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE, OR A LEGEND OF LEE.

BY STEPHEN T. MILLER, OF VIRGINIA.

"To room of desert battle fields,
To muse on scenes of former days,
Of ambushes of tortures, and of death,
To swell the bugle's note, to echo the cannon's shot,
And raise the soul-inspiring shout of victory;
Be then my task."

The Revolutionist.—A Play.

The campaign of 1781 was commenced. The ball of the revolution had slowly receded from the scene of its first impulse, and the active operations of warfare had been transferred from the northern to the southern part of the American Continent.—A long and diversified succession of events occurred to render this period peculiarly interesting. The latter part of the preceding year had been marked by the destruction of Colonel Washington's troop at Monk's Corner, and by the capitulation of Charleston to Sir Henry Clinton; which disasters, connected with the butchery of Buford's party at Waxhaw, the defeat of Gates at Camden, and the subsequent ruin and misery attendant upon it, had effectually damped the ardor of liberty, and almost evoked resistance. The conqueror's footsteps were marked by acts of cruelty, and scenes of cold-blooded oppression, alike revolting to humanity and honor. Their dark path was illuminated by the glare of burning cottages, and their shouts of victory mingled with the screams of the devoted Americans. The halter and famine awaited those of males who escaped the sword of the enemy, and the females suffered the joint horrors of cruelty and hostility. The arm of protection was withered and nerveless, and the loud, bold cry of freedom and victory, was hushed into the most abject whisper of submission. But, the scene suddenly changed, and the star of the south again shone with doubly reflecting brilliancy. Ferguson with the flower of the British army, was cut to pieces by the Virginia yeomanry upon King's Mountain. Tarleton, the sanguinary spirit, so long a terror to the south, was driven by Morgan in ruin and disgrace from the Cowpens. The destruction of Pyle with his band of Tories, by the legendary forces of Lee, checked the rapidly increasing growth of loyalty, and with the flash of the last cannon that thundered upon the plains of Guilford, forever vanished the spell which had so long enthralled the liberties of Southern America.

It was upon a mild evening in the month of March, '81, that a young officer bearing the Continental uniform, was seen passing through the forest of country lying between the Haw and Deep rivers in North Carolina, at that time the theatre of contending operations between the legendary forces of Tarleton and Lee. It was naturally a fertile region; but now rendered completely desolate by the ravages of war, which had laid waste all the slightest vestiges of that improvement, by which its barrenness in former days had been partially relieved. In addition to the other unpleasant reflections occasioned by the solitary and desolate prospect around him, the officer was racked with the presentiments of being captured by some of the roving body of loyalists and desperadoes, with which the country was swarming. He was brave, yet the idea of being subjected to the ignominious fate, which was the never-failing lot of those who were captured in this war of extermination, was a thought sufficient to strike despondency into the stoutest bosom. He determined, however, in case of attack, to make the most desperate resistance his power afforded; and as the sun descended, and the hour of twilight and danger drew near, he carefully primed his pistols with fresh powder, and drew his sword-hilt to a position which admitted of a ready grasp. He had as yet no symptoms of a dwelling, and was calculating upon the uncomfortable prospect of spending the night in the wilderness, when at the pinnacle of a knoll, at some distance, he saw the top of a chimney. He spurred his jaded horse, who seemed to have lost his instinct, and moved at a sluggish pace, although near a place of refreshment. He at last reached the wished for spot, but his hopes were at once blasted, when instead of a comfortable cottage, with all its attendant provisions of kindness and hospitality, he beheld nought but postern walls, the mouldering carcasses of men and cattle, and the surface of the earth scorched and bleached by the bivouac fires. This was the first complete specimen of partisan warfare which the young officer had as yet witnessed; and after the first strong emotion of horror had partially subsided, the reflection that this might one day be the fate of his own beloved family, who had as yet escaped the ravages of warfare, upon the peaceful banks of the mighty James, caused a tear to start from his eye, and struck his soul with heaviness. He had slowly turned to proceed, when his eye was caught by the appearance of a horseman emerging by a small path from a thicket of pines to his right. Concealed from view by the projection of the ruined chimney, the young officer had full leisure not only to examine the dress and appearance of the stranger as he approached towards him, but to resolve the chances of his being a friend or foe. He saw at a glance that he was a large, and apparently, very powerful man. Upon his head he wore the cavalry cap, then common to both armies, but a view of his clothes and uniform was entirely unobscured by an immense scarlet cloak, which enveloped his whole body and hung almost to the heels. He was mounted upon a large roan charger, whose ease of movement and elegance of limb attracted the admiration of the officer, as they showed

ed evident marks of the long hoisted blood of the lowland steed. The stranger had now approached so near that he determined to remove from his place of concealment into the open road. As soon as he discovered himself, the stranger made a full halt, and throwing the cloak from his shoulders, displayed to the officer's view, the full equipment of a legionary trooper. This dress consisted of a short green coat trimmed with silver lace, with buff breeches; a sabre suspended by a morocco belt with a steel scabbard of most exquisite polish; a pair of pistols in holsters with a carbine slung across the left shoulder by a black leather belt, completed the view of his arms. There was but little time however, left to him to scrutinize the stranger's accoutrements; for, he had drawn his carbine to a rest with the butt resting upon his thigh, and with the cock sprung and finger on the trigger, seemed in an attitude to commence attack. The officer hesitated, not from any apprehensions occasioned by the inequality of arms, but from fear of committing a mistake. From the stranger's full equipments, and from the complete military finish of his whole appearance, he was inclined to believe, that he belonged to the regular corps commanded by Tarleton. But again he recollected, that the legion cavalry of Lee were remarkable for their splendid equipage, and that the same uniform was indiscriminately used by both parties. He at last broke silence. "Are you British or Continental, friend or foe?" said he to the stranger. "I am neither, sir," was the reply, "as occasion requires." "You must be a Tory then," said the officer. "Then, my dear sir, you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "but as it is necessary that we should mutually explain, I will be candid and honorable with you. Tell me who you are, and I will do the same; and whether you are English, Whig, or Tory, you may pass unmolested by me." So saying, he placed the carbine over his shoulder, and drawing his cloak around him, seemed to wait the officer's answer in perfect silence. "As you are so frank," replied the officer, "I will not conceal any thing from you, and I feel certain from your manner, that we shall agree in our politics. Know then, sir, that my name is Jarvis Templeton, once a commissioned officer in the Virginia legion, but now proceeding as a volunteer to join Lee's legion." "And I," said the stranger, grasping the officer by the hand, "am Tom Howard, vulgarly called fighting Tom, sergeant of Colonel Lee's troop, and am just returning from a scout towards Hillsborough to head quarters. I am truly glad, sir, to find that you are one of us; but really, when I came upon you so suddenly at the corner of that old chimney, I was in an act of drying a forty to the point through your body. Let us now push on, for these pine bushes are swarming with ticks and Toms." So saying he gave his horse a spur, and they started off in a lively pace. After riding some moments in silence: "Well, you are from Virginia, and so am I," said the sergeant; "and how come on all my friends, in the crab and oyster country; I suppose you are from below?" "Yes, sir," said Jarvis, "I am from James river, where I left affairs in peace and security; we have as yet had no fighting there, but heaven only knows how long that happy state of affairs may last." "Happy, sir, do you call it," said the sergeant; "there is no life like the soldier's. The King of England may not in luxury, but his soldiers see more pleasure, infinitely, than ever he dreamed of. To be sure, a few of them get their eternal quietus at times, especially when they encounter the legion. I recollect just before the war commenced, I thought that I would never be able to stand the fire of a field of battle. We were expecting war; indeed old Justice Crab, on the Eastern shore, where I was raised, prophesied it three years before it took place, as the must crop for one year entirely failed; a thing never before heard of in the memory of man, at least in the memory of Justice Crab. However, as I was saying, I thought when I heard of war, that every bullet which was shot took effect, as the folks in my country took squirrels regularly with a rifle off the high trees. But I have discovered that there is some difference between shooting at a man and a squirrel; for I have been through most of the hardest fights this war, and have never yet received a scratch. Indeed, I believe I am bullet proof."

As the sergeant concluded this sage observation, which he delivered with an air of great respectation, and with a peculiar emphasis, they had arrived at the descent of a narrow and precipitous gorge or ravine, which seemed to lead through the gap of a high and craggy range of hills. The moon had shone till this time, with a clear and brilliant light, fully developing the path, but it was suddenly obscured by a cloud, which threw every object into darkness. The sergeant stopped at the edge of the descent, and seemed to hesitate whether or not to proceed. "This route," muttered he to himself, "is the nearest, but the most dangerous route to camp. We are now in the neighborhood of the Tories' strong hold," he exclaimed aloud, turning to Jarvis. "We have ascertained that Colonel Pyle, a noted loyalist, has raised a large troop, for the purpose of joining Tarleton in a few days, and it is more than probable that his scouts are ranging these woods. I should not fear to proceed in open ground, but this dark hollow looks very suspicious. However, we'll attempt it. You had best see that your pistols are in good order, and keep your right hand in the neighborhood of your sword hilt."

So saying, he unclasped his cloak, and placed it in such a position as to be free from its incumbrance, and drawing the carbine from his shoulder, he firmly grasped the lock, and cautiously proceeded down the defile. The path grew more precipitous and broken, and it was not until after many trips and stumbles, that their horses reached the bottom, and then the gloom became so dense, as to render their proceeding on horseback almost impossible. Having dismounted, by groping carefully, and attending closely to the tracks of horses' hoofs, which in places indented the road they were enabled slowly to continue their course.

There was a wildness in his present situation, that cast a gloom, and excited the most intense anxiety in the officer's bosom. The impenetrable

and apparently sun-tranquil gash through which he was passing, and the many thousand tales of murder and assassination related of the country around him, were all associated in the most disheartening form. Every glen and mountain plain in this land of wretchedness, had been marked by the most appalling enormities. The destroying angel had punished the land through the agency of his most powerful ministers, and faction, revenge and murder with the torch, the sword and halberd, had pervaded the most remote districts of the country. There are moments when the bravest are subject to weak nerves of spirit; there are reflections and associations connected with situations, which will damp the ardor even of a veteran; and the warrior who would throw his frame, without an emotion of fear, into the open contest where death reigned triumphant, would quail before the disheartening participation of an assassin. The deep silence of his comrade added to the officer's work of unpleasant feelings; once or twice he had accosted him, but with an emphatic grasp of the arm he had discouraged conversation, and in a low whisper told him that he must act as if he was certain that every bush and tree upon the roadside harbored an enemy.

After a lengthy continuation of this method of travel, his spirits rapidly revived, upon perceiving at the extremity of a long vista, the bright moonbeams gleaming across the path. In a short space of time, they emerged from the dark mass of shadow, which had so long concealed them, into an open plain, covered with dwarf oak. Templeton drew a long breath as he once more saw the light of heaven, and was congratulating himself upon his escape from the threatened danger, when his eye suddenly rested upon a sight which thrilled him with horror. Upon one of the lower branches of a large oak, which towered far above the surrounding growth of the plain, was suspended the body of a man, completely defaced against the bright blue sky. "My God," he involuntarily exclaimed, "who could have done that? What miserable villain could have thus unmanly a human being, and left his bones to wither in the blast?" "I have a hand in the business, sir," meekly replied the sergeant; "that fellow there, over whom you are pouring such streams of grief, deserved a fate far more wretched and dishonorable than that which is meted. Who but he," exclaimed the trooper, with rapidly excited feeling, "led on the hand that buried the cottage, which you saw behind, and slaughtered the miserable inmates? Who but he, watched the movements, and transmitted intelligence of all our operations to Cornwallis, for the last year? And who but that damned villain guided the party that butchered the poor boy who was the brother of our troop? A child so young that he could not wear a sword. Poor little fellow! he was a more fit subject to have been dangled from his parents' knee, than to be hewn to pieces by ignominious swords. I saw him shortly after he had been cut down in the road; life had not departed from his body, but his eye was glazed, and his lip convulsively quivered as I raised him in my arms. I wiped the blood from his brow, and bound up the deep gashes in his head; but he lived only a few moments, and we had not time even to bury him." As the sergeant related the fate of his young friend, his voice sunk, his bosom heaved, and in spite of his efforts to restrain them, the tears burst from his eyes. "Mount your horse," he rapidly and loudly exclaimed, as a body of fifteen or twenty horsemen, apparently in pursuit, advanced in full gallop from the thicket behind them. Jarvis vaulted to his saddle, gave his horse the spur, and for a few moments kept pace with the fleetness of his comrade's steed. But he soon discovered that his horse was too much exhausted to proceed. He halted, and lagged behind; to every effort of Jarvis, he seemed insensible, and at last was upon the point of falling down. "Save yourself, sergeant," said Jarvis, his comrade turned in, and drew his carbine to his shoulder to shoot down the first who approached. "This madness," said Jarvis, turned against such a purpose. "Take this pocket watch," said Jarvis, "it is of great importance that he should get it. Go for your life, as the enemy are upon us." The sergeant for a moment stood irresolute, already those in pursuit were within a few paces, and the rattling of their steel scabbards and stirrups rung loud upon the ear. "If they don't bring you," said the sergeant, "you may look out for rescue before tomorrow morning." So saying, he grasped the pocket and dashed off with the swiftness of the wind; his large red cloak waved for a moment like a cloud in the moon-beam, and then disappeared in the forest. A volley of pistol shots were discharged after him by those in pursuit, as well as shouts they surrounded Templeton. A few passed on in pursuit of the sergeant, while the rest dismounted dragged Jarvis from his horse. He was placed in the centre of the party, while a large raw boned, ferocious looking personage, apparently the leader, proceeded to examine him. "Who and what are you?" said he to Jarvis. "I am a commissioned officer, and my name is Templeton," was the reply. "Where are you from?" "The East."

"Where are you going?" "South." "Your replies are short and sweet, my son of Tuckahoe," replied the leader. "We'll find a plan to loosen your tongue. Sergeant, bring that hempen cravat which you have in your pocket always ready." As he spoke, Templeton threw off those by whom he was immediately surrounded and rapidly drawing his sabre, struck the steel cap of the leader with a violence that broke the weapon in splinters, and sent him reeling for several paces. "Secure him, you damned scoundrels," said the ruffian as he again advanced, foaming with rage. In a moment Templeton lay prostrate upon the earth, and his hands and arms were pinioned by numberless folds of strong cord. He was stripped of his pistols, dagger, sword-hilt and purse, and having fastened a strong noose around his neck, the party were proceeding to give him the coup de grace, when the leader interposed. "Stand," said he, "I had forgotten my orders. Colonel Pyle gave me positive injunctions to bring all my prisoners to the rendezvous where he meets us to-night. He wishes to join Tarleton to-morrow, and information is necessary. Perhaps he may be able to get more out of this young rebel than I can. Mount him

on his horse and let us proceed." This was immediately done, and with a guard on each side, Jarvis was placed in the centre of the troop, which formed in line, and swept rapidly across the plain. They rode in silence, and Jarvis had full leisure to reflect upon the consummation of his worst fears. The party who had taken him, were evidently of that irregular partisan band of Tories, who had so long ravaged the country, and whose loyalty to prisoners was proverbial. He dreaded the meeting with the colonel of the troop, as it would depend upon his disclosure of important secrets, whether or not he would be allowed to live. His comrade should have time to comply with his promise. He determined, however, to persevere in his determination of secrecy, let the consequences be what they might. They rode for some time through the thicket, and over the barrens, which by turns checked their rout, till they were at length obstructed by a fence, one of the party dismounted, and having made an opening, the rest passed through into a small orchard. In a moment afterwards, the barking of a dog, and immediately succeeding, the flash of a light through a window, showed that they had arrived at a house. They rode to the door, and the leader giving a loud halloo, it was responded to by a deep, guttural voice within. The door opened, and a man made his appearance, whose haggard, sun-burnt features, upon sight of the leader, contracted into a grin of grimace. "Ah, lieutenant Thompson," said he, "is that you? Come, dismount and walk in. But who have we here? A rebel by our sovereign's oath you villain!" "Silence and be damned to you," said the lieutenant; "where's Col. Pyle?" "He's within, sir; he's been looking out for you some time; he calculates to make a final muster in the morning, and join Colonel Tarleton, who we understand is coming on down the road in the morning from Hillsborough. Col. Pyle wishes very much to see you, as he is going back again to fight to Edwards's, for the purpose of giving no more to those who are there."

As this conversation lasted, the party had dismounted, and Jarvis, with a man at each elbow was escorted into the house. A large log fire blazing in the hearth, with the smoky gleam of a pipe just upon the point, exposed to view upon a cushioned figure sitting by the fire, who by the quality of his dress, the richly ornamented collar, the epaulettes of gold, and silver mounted sabre, was evidently the commander, of whom his captors had been speaking. A scattered group of half armed, savage looking troops were lazily stretched out upon blankets at the extremity of the room, and save the glistering of a bayonet or musket barrel, no parts of the room, nothing could be seen to relieve the nakedness of the walls. The personage, sitting by the fire, glanced upon the party a look of recognition, and discovered to the curious view of his hearer, a dark, lowering visage, which by long exposure to the southern sun, had become almost as swarthy as an Indian. "A prisoner, sir," said the officer, with a tone of deep respect, as Jarvis was placed in front of the commander. Pyle gazed upon the handsome form and the manly countenance of Templeton, with an air, in which curiosity, respect, and dislike were strangely blended. It was encountered by an unabashed look of proud contempt and indignation, which in spite of his desperate situation and involuntary feelings of dread, Jarvis could not restrain. "Are you a rebel officer?" at last slowly escaped the lips of the commander, in a harsh, unpleasant tone. "I am a regular commissioned officer in the Virginia Continental line," Jarvis firmly replied. "Young man," rejoined the loyalist, "your air of effrontery, and our assumed tone of composure, will at this time find you little service. Your life is in the hands of a few, who are as willing to be lenient in case of submission, as to be severe if you are refractory. My officer tells me that you were seen to give a pocket into the hands of an American trooper, doubtless one of Lee's legion, who has been sent as a scout into the country. Now, sir, I require of you a full and true account of the nature of the capture; if you do not afford it, you may tremble for the consequences." "Sir," replied Jarvis, "I am well apprised of the situation in which I am placed; and although death may encounter me as soon as my determination and sentiments are expressed, yet I cannot but feel my sensations of annoyance to your cause increase by the insidious and treacherous manner by which you are willing to entrap me. Think you, sir, that I am so stupid and so blind as not to understand the plan and see through the meaning, which you would so ingeniously disguise by smooth language and seeming candor? Think you, sir, that I am to be made a traitor by the fears of any death which you can inflict? Where is the solitary shade of lenity and forbearance, which you and your employers have ever extended to an American to be found? You would first force from me secrets, the revealing of which would be ruin to my cause, and then condemn me to the halter, with the double sin of treachery and perjury upon my head? No, villain," said he, (his feelings almost phrenzied with passion,) "sooner than I would communicate to you my further than I have done, I would endure all the tortures which you and your employers, with the vindictive malice of a Tory, or the blood thirsty hatred of a Briton, could inflict."

At the commencement of Templeton's reply, the Tory colonel gazed upon him with an air of incredulous surprise; but, as he proceeded into the strain of bitter invective, his swarthy cheek blackened with a still deeper hue, his lips quivered, and his eyes gleamed with the most deadly rage. He slowly arose from his seat, placed his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and seemed awaiting the conclusion of his remarks, to thrust the insolent speaker through the heart. "Hold, sir," he exclaimed, "for the honor of your cause, if it possess any, release my hands from these bonds, and give me a weapon; let me at least die with the satisfaction of knowing, that I made one blow for my country's cause at the carcass of a villain and a Tory."

As the rash youth thus vented his rage the whole troop standing around, with a yell of fury, and with uplifted weapons, rushed towards him; at the same

moment the door of the stair case flew open, and a female, with a loud scream, threw herself between the body of Jarvis and those who were preparing to slaughter him. She fell upon her knees before the colonel, and in an attitude of earnest supplication, with tones of the most melting sorrow, besought him to forbear. "Colonel Pyle," she exclaimed, "if there is a spark of honor in your bosom, if there is one feeling of humanity yet existing in your frame, do not stain the walls of this miserable dwelling with the blood of that youth. My father, my brothers, and my uncle, have all perished in your cause, and for the respect due to their memories, if not for the sake of my poor widowed mother, whose heart is broken, and who is now pouring forth her last sigh in the room above, refrain from your bloody purpose. My God!" she exclaimed, while a flood of tears burst from her eyes, "when will these horrible scenes terminate? When will persons who are of the same blood, and connected by all the ties of nature, cease butchering each other, in all the fury of revenge and hatred?" Here her voice was suppressed by a tide of emotion; her face drooped upon her clasped hands, and her whole appearance was a picture of piteous entreaty, mingled with the most heart rending grief. Pyle gazed on her for a moment, and slowly returned his sword into the scabbard, whilst his countenance, from the demonic rage, by which it had been distorted, subsided into a calm though severe expression. His party, who seemed mechanically to imitate his movements, resumed their former positions, with the most perfect air of nonchalance. The base manner in which the attack upon his life had just been made, excited an indignation in the bosom of Jarvis which for a moment usurped the place of gratitude towards the maiden who had so opportunely interposed between him and destruction. But, when her fair form slowly rose from its suppliant position, when the pallid cheek, and tear-suffused eye, revealed to him the anguish encountered for his sake, his bosom was at once uncharged with a tide of emotions. "Kind lady," said he, "you have saved my life, and in doing so, have only protracted the hour of my fate. But for the humanity which impelled you in this hour of trial, he assured that you shall at the end of my existence, be remembered in the grateful prayers of a Virginian." "Cease your prating, sir," said Pyle, "and do you, Miss Woodville, retire. The respect which I entertain for your father, prevents my inflicting at this time, upon that youth the punishment due to his insolence and rebellion. But to-morrow morning by the first light of day, he dies. No power on earth shall save him, as I am a loyalist, and true to my cause." The young lady retired, and by the faint light which gleamed through the apartment, Jarvis could perceive that her frame tottered, and appeared ready to sink from exhaustion of feeling, beneath the weight of misery and woe.

The harsh voice of Pyle again startled him. "Lieutenant Thornton," said he, "I must go and assemble Edwards's force; to-morrow we join Tarleton; release that man from his bonds, and if he needs any refreshment, give it to him; after he has finished his meal, confine him in that room at the end of the house; leave him alone till morning, but let two men keep guard throughout the night at the door, and in the morning—" "Yes, sir," said the lieutenant, "I understand you; all your commands shall be strictly attended to." "Silence, sir," said Pyle, "and attend to my words; in the morning, by the first dawn of light, hang him to the first tree you can find." Having uttered these last words in a deep, harsh tone, he left the apartment, and in a few moments Jarvis heard the sound of his horse's hoofs, rapidly moving in a direction from the house. "Well, my youth," said the lieutenant, "we will ease you of your bracelets, and if you will eat any thing, here is a corn pone and some milled hog; strong and wholesome fare. You choose nothing? We'll conduct you, then, to your apartment." "Take me where you please," said Jarvis, "so I can be left to myself, and rid of the rascally crew by whom I am surrounded." "Very well, sir," said the lieutenant, "you can have your sport to-night, but if I don't mistake, you will exhibit in the morning, the cheering sight of a Tuckahoe beating time upon the air, to the tune of 'Regulus march.'" So saying he took up a pine log, and led the way; Jarvis followed him, with a guard at each side, armed with a drawn sword. At the extremity of the room, was a door fastened by a large padlock; he opened it, and the party entered into a narrow cell, formed of hewed logs closely fitted together, apparently constructed for the purpose of confinement. At a glance, Jarvis saw that there was neither window, nor opening of any kind to allow a chance for escape. He thought for a moment of his comrade, Fighting Tom, the sergeant; but the many chances to operate against his finding where he was concealed, rendered all hope from that quarter desperate. The lieutenant pointed to a heap of straw in the corner, and informed Jarvis that he might sleep on that till morning, or amuse himself by kneeling to prayers.—The ruffian's continued strain of brutal railleury, almost to bursting. "Be gone from this place," he exclaimed, "lest I might be tempted to murder you, you miserable, cold-blooded tool of malice, you cowardly villain, who can in the last hours of a fellow-creature, trample upon his feelings, and insult his impotence." So saying, he threw himself upon the miserable couch in the corner, and maintained a sullen silence. "Young man," said the Tory after a pause, "I admire your spirit, and were you upon the right side of the question, you would be a noble fellow; but as it is, you are gone. Good night."

The door closed, and Jarvis heard the key turn in the lock and a push against it to be certain that it was secure. Immediately a sentinel commenced his measured tread, and convinced him that all vigilant measures were taken, to prevent his escape. He lay for some time in that death-like stillness, almost bordering upon stupor, the consequence of exhausted animal excitement, and fixed immovably despond. "Here I am," he at length exclaimed, "in the hands of a foe, whose creed is indiscriminate, unprincipled murder. Without any re-

course upon tomorrow's dawn, will my carcase be suspended like that of a felon to the tree of death, and my bones, denied the rites of sepulture, will whiten in the summer's dew and winter's blast. Alas! Heaven! Is this the consummation of all my bright visions of glory and fame? Was it for this, that I left home and dearest ones, an affectionate mother, and darling sister? But, why do I reprove? If my fate will assist the cause of freedom, if it will rouse the spirits of my countrymen to revenge and resistance, then freely will I become a martyr. But, to be deprived of life, to be cut off from joy and happiness when my body is in its highest state of vigor, and my youthful spirit buoyed up by hopes of brilliant distinction, the thought is pregnant with horror. His feelings were too much racked, to allow of his remaining in one position. He rose hastily upon his feet and walked in a hurried manner across the narrow floor; a flood of tears came to his relief, and the last words of his comrade again flitted like a ray of comfort across his mind. Hope, the heavenly comforter, buoyed up his spirits, and by degrees he became entirely calm. The hours had passed rapidly around; the fire in the next apartment, which for some time cast a gleam through the narrow chink at the bottom of his prison door, had now sunk into embers. Through a crevice in the roof of the apartment, he at intervals caught a glimpse of the moon, which at length was fully displayed in the centre of the heavens, and announced that the hour of midnight had passed. Suddenly the low hum of the sentinel's song ceased, and he appeared to stop, as in conversation. Jarvis listened, and imagined that he recognized the voice of the young lady, his preserver. The door of his prison was carefully opened, and she entered, bearing in one hand a wax taper, and in the other, a water with a goblet of wine and a plate, upon which was a cold fowl and some bread. Having placed the light and water upon a low settle in the corner, the lady advanced to the door, as if leaving the room. As Jarvis, who till this time had looked upon her as he would have done upon a supernatural being sent to his comfort, astonished, though delighted, now sprang towards her: "Stop, madam," he exclaimed, "I know that the pity which incited you a few hours since to save the life of an enemy, will prompt you now to comply with the last request which he can even make alive." The lady turned her face as he spoke, and displayed to his view, features which, though shadowed by a large black veil, and of almost celestial paleness, were still exquisitely beautiful; although melting in tears, her eyes were of the most brilliant black, and her form, although weighed down by sorrow, was light and elegant. "Unfortunate stranger," she replied, "any stay must be short, as the good nature of the guard, who suffered me to bring you some refreshment, might operate to his own disadvantage. Would to God, that it was in my power to release you, and that you might be able to return to friends and kindred, to whom you are doubtless dear." "Kind lady," said Jarvis, "could I but venture to express a wish connected with life, it would be that I might live and make some return for the kindness, you have this night rendered me." "Sir," replied the maiden, "the feelings of nature and humanity, are not to be repressed by circumstances. The act of saving your life was prompted by that kindness for my species, which all the horrors I have suffered in this unnatural contest, I have not been able to suppress. My whole family," she exclaimed, with a burst of feeling, "have perished by the hands of your fellow partisans: at the fatal battle of Kings Mountain, my unfortunate father and youngest brother were taken prisoners. They were recognized as loyalists, or Tories, as they are called, and by the command of Colonel Campbell, were hung without the formality of trial. My only remaining brother and sole uncle, burning with revenge for the loss of their kindred, joined Colonel Tarleton's troops, and were the first to fall beneath the swords of Washington's troops at the battle of the Cowpens. My aged widowed mother, who with myself, is the only proprietor of this wretched place, is now lying upon her bed of death, and I shall be shortly left alone, but I hope a brief wanderer in this world of misery." She seemed completely overpowered by the bare recital of her sorrows, and sunk exhausted upon the low settle by which she stood. In spite of his own perilous situation, Jarvis found his feelings completely absorbed in the misery of his kind hostess. There was no reproach in her language, no excitement in her manner, as she detailed the cruelties inflicted by his countrymen. It seemed as though some celestial spirit breathing forth the mournful tale of miseries and sorrow encountered by it while trammelled in the bonds of flesh. "Have you no kindred," enquired Jarvis, "to whom you can apply for protection in this time of difficulty?" "My grandfather," she replied, "lives at Yorktown, in Virginia; but I am informed that he is a strong supporter of the whig party, and after my father and brothers have lost their lives in contending against that cause, I should be unwilling to apply to him for protection. But, sir, I must go; by his uneasy, hurried walk, the guard is becoming impatient, and I must leave you." "Take this ring," said Jarvis, "it was given me by my aged mother, when I left home to join Colonel Lee: keep it; you may see her, perhaps, on some day, when it will be an unfeigned passport to her heart. Think on me when you see it, and remember it is the gift of one who would have gladly perished in your cause, but was denied the death of a freeman." The lady hesitated, but in a moment she took the ring from his extended hand, and with a faint farewell, turned to depart.

[To be concluded next week.]

Caution—Those who are getting in hay, after so much wet weather, must beware of dampness. We saw the destruction of a small barn on Tuesday, from spontaneous combustion of damp hay.

The late Earthquake.—It is remarked that the disappearance of the water of several of the little Florida lakes occurred on the very day of the earthquake.

OPENING OF THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.

Monday last was a great day for the city of New York; for on that day was opened, in conformity with previous arrangement, the stupendous work known as the Croton Aqueduct, through which the water of the Croton river, conveyed over a distance of forty miles, was let into the great receiving reservoir not far from the outer suburbs of the city, amidst salutes from the military and the cheers and congratulations of many thousands of citizens who had assembled on the occasion. Among those present we observed particularly noticed the Governor and Lieutenant Governor of the State, the Chancellor and the Court of Errors, the Mayor and City Council, the British Consul for New York, Lord John Hay and the officers of the British frigate Warspite, &c. The receiving reservoir into which the water was admitted covers some thirty or thirty-five acres, with walls forty feet high. It is contemplated to pass the water into the distributing reservoir on the ensuing 4th of July.

From the descriptions of this great enterprise, which have lately appeared in the papers, we learn that the main canal is of solid masonry, and is six feet and a half wide, nine feet high, and forty miles long, formed of walls three feet thick, cemented into solid rock. The dam at Croton is forty feet high and seventy feet wide, and the reservoir covers five hundred acres. A tunnel carries the water from this reservoir into the canal, and, within a short distance, there are eleven others, some cut through solid rock. At intervals of a mile there are ventilators, in the form of marble towers, to keep the water pure. They present a beautiful appearance. The bridge over the Harlem cost five hundred thousand dollars, is a quarter of a mile long, and one hundred and sixteen feet above high water: and that over Sing Sing creek is composed of a single span of eighty-eight feet, and is one hundred feet above the stream. At Manhattanville there is a tunnel of a quarter of a mile in length, and its valley is crossed by pipes descending one hundred and five feet. The receiving reservoir is at Yorkville, covers an area of thirty-five acres, and is capable of holding one hundred and sixty millions of gallons. The distributing reservoir is at Murray's Hill. It is a splendid specimen of masonry, covering five acres, 38 feet deep, and will hold twenty-two millions of gallons. The whole work is completed, with the exception of a High Bridge, which will require two or three years longer. The work was commenced four years ago. It was estimated to cost five millions of dollars, but it has cost twelve millions; yet when completed it will not only be of great use to the city of New York, but will be one of the most, if not the most splendid pieces of work of the kind in the world.

THE PRESIDENCY.

The "Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat," in stating that Mr. Calhoun's friends have put him in the field, notices a fact which has not, hitherto, attracted our attention. His friends, it says, have published a Pamphlet in Washington, to help on his nomination, which has been scattered all over the Northern States, under the frank of Southern Loco-Foco Members of Congress, and from which the "Democrat" gives the following extract: "As much as we may respect Mr. Van Buren, yet his name, if called on again, would awake all the bitter prejudices that were enlisted in the last conflict. The personal pride of hundreds and thousands would be inclined to revolt under the sneers of those who would artfully reproach them for their want of consistency. We would be forced back, to a great extent, upon the old position of 1840. It would show more wisdom and policy in us to take the present issue, forcing the Federalists upon their measures, and thus compelling them to fight on the defensive. Going into the contest under such circumstances, we could then spread out the glorious banner of the Constitution, with *Monopoly to none, Free Trade and equal rights to all*, besmearing and flashing over its broad folds, and you would soon see the beacon fires of a deceived and indignant people kindling over a thousand hills throughout this wide spread land, while it would not be long before the shouts of victory and triumph would proclaim to the world that the Gths and Vandals were driven from the Temple of our Liberties, and that the Republic was once safe.

"Now the great question is, who can embody our principles? Who shall be the standard bearer of the Republican party in this great contest? Who will lead on our strength with most power? We have one man eminently qualified for such a position. His age—his long and distinguished service—his thorough knowledge of our system of government—his splendid genius and spotless character—all make JOHN C. CALHOUN a man suited for this conflict."

Are you there, Old True-penny? What—hold a Caucus of a few members of Congress, without letting Col. Benton, Mr. Buchanan, and the real Democracy know it, and without giving Col. Johnson a white man's chance—and issue a Manifesto, which never touches ground until it reaches Rochester, on the far side of New York, telling the people that Mr. Van Buren, and all the Democratic leaders are too weak to run, and that Mr. Calhoun, who so lately left the Whig ranks that Blair, of the "Globe," is obliged to keep guard on his tongue lest he should call him *Cataline* whenever he salutes him, is the only man for Democracy in this conflict! "Gentlemen, there's cheating round the board." Judge Saunders' Salisbury letter gave an inkling of this preference, but this is the first intimation of a Caucus movement, of a section of the party! They are, however, in part right. The people have a vivid recollection of the evils brought upon them by Mr. Van Buren; they have no doubt that Messrs. Brown, Strange, and their associates, consider all this as mere matter of moonshine, in comparison with what Democracy will have to swallow in Mr. Calhoun, whose political history comes to be examined,—*Ral. Register.*

We understand that Hon. John C. Calhoun, stepped in this town on last Friday night, on his return to Washington City, and that Mr. Charles Esch was closeted with him for the greater part of the time. On Monday Mr. Fisher took the field against the Whig candidates for the Legislature. His first speech was made at Mocksville. For want of room we defer a more lengthy account of his speech there until next week.—*Carolina Watchman.*

The Mormons have nominated a full ticket for county officers, of their own religious denomination, in the county of Hancock, Illinois.

Correspondence of the Raleigh Register.

NORHEAD IN THE WEST.

Dear Sir: Having seen it announced in the Register, that Governor Morehead had started on his visit to the West, and would on the 27th of June, address his fellow-citizens at Kerners Cross Roads to Stokes County, I determined to be present, and witness what sort of a reception would be given him. I knew that very short notice had been given, and that it was a busy time with the Farmers, and I therefore feared there would be but a small turn out. In this I was most agreeably disappointed, for when I reached the spot, I found a large number of persons, of both parties, assembled. I saw persons from four of the adjoining Counties, viz: Surry, Davie, Davidson and Guilford. The Governor was in fine spirits, and addressed the meeting for more than three hours, upon the subject of National and State Politics, in one of the most masterly and effective speeches I have ever listened to. There was no turgid bombast, no random assertions, no whining about democracy, no sickening professions of love for the dear people—he confined himself to facts, sustaining every assertion by clear and positive proof—proof, in many instances, drawn from the admissions, both oral and written, of Louis D. Henry himself. He triumphantly vindicated the Whig party and himself, from the many false and slanderous charges, which the Loco-foco Press has made against them, proved that the cause in which he was engaged, and for whose advancement he had so long toiled, was the cause of the Country, and that with its ultimate success, is identified the happiness and liberty of the people. His remarks upon the Currency and the practical operation of the Banking system (he had nothing to do with theories, for John M. Morehead is a practical man) were angularly clear and happy. He demonstrated, irresistibly, the necessity which exists for some great controlling institution, and convinced all who heard him, that we can never have a return of prosperity until such an institution is established. He entered largely into the history of our State Politics and State Legislation, for the last nine or ten years, and showed, among other things, the very prominent and active part his opponent Mr. Henry had taken in procuring the passage of those very measures which he is now abusing and denouncing.

But I will not, Mr. Editor, attempt an analysis of his Capital Speech. Every word of it was addressed to the reason, and not to the passions of his hearers, and every word of it told. No doubting or hesitating Whig (if indeed North Carolina contains such a one) could have heard that Speech and doubted or hesitated longer. With such a leader, victory is certain.

From Kerners Cross Roads, the Governor was escorted to Salem on his way to the extreme West, by a delegation of gentlemen from Surry—the prize County. At Salem, he met another delegation from Surry. Shortly after his arrival the splendid Salem Band drew up in front of the Hotel, and welcomed him with some of their finest airs. Being called on for a short address, the Governor thanked the Band, and the large number of citizens present, for the cordiality of their welcome, and expressed his gratification at such an evidence of their approval of his official course. He regretted his being incapacitated by extreme hoarseness, and the very severe labors of the day, from addressing them, remarking that he had several Lieutenants present both of Stokes and the neighboring Counties, whom he felt happy in proposing as substitutes, and whom he hoped would consent to fill his place. Whereupon, Messrs. Boyden, of Surry, Withers, of Stokes and Lillingston, of Davie, were loudly called for, and addressed the meeting in animated and eloquent speeches, until a late hour. The Governor left Salem, the next morning, in company with the Surry delegation and other friends, for Bonner's Store, in Surry, to which place his appointment had been changed by his Surry friends.

From this imperfect sketch, you may form some idea of the greeting the West is prepared to give her favorite Son. Morehead's election in August is just as sure as August will arrive, and I can utter what every one, who goes about among the people, knows to be the fact, that here, in the West, will beat Henry another sort worse than he did Saunders! Remember this. Hold your breath in August and listen for the west will speak, and with the voice of an earthquake!

I have just heard, that Gov. Morehead addressed a large meeting, composed of a number of Whigs and Democrats, mostly the latter, at Bonner's Store and that his Speech had a wonderful effect upon the Locos. With great regard, &c.

From the Hillsborough Recorder.

The following extract of a letter to the editor, from a friend in Washington, dated July 3d, may serve to give our readers a peep at the actual condition of things there:

"Congress will probably adjourn about the close of this month. The extraordinary course of the President delays every thing. Half the time of Congress nearly, is taken up in endeavours to avoid the veto and reconvention of the apostate and traitor. We should have adjourned in May but for this cause. The country cannot be brought to realize the difficulties of our position."

"Tyrant has been in close negotiation with the Locos. They have seduced his insane and absurd ambition into the most wicked and vindictive apostasy, and yet in their hearts scorn him, and ultimately will let him down the wind with all the outcastness and offensiveness of his infamy. The Whig party in Congress has never been so united in firm phalanx as at the present moment. The ass absurd veto has had the happiest effect exactly where they were most needed—in the north and east. We feel the injury of the protracted session not great as it is, it is unavoidable. The Whig in Congress will do their duty, and their whole duty, exactly as if no obstacles were thrown in their path. The people, we rely with hope and confidence, will come to appreciate justly our continued efforts under the actual trying circumstances, and come to the rescue of the country and all its great interests from the hands of traitors and destructives."

Impeachment of the President.—In the course of the debate on Wednesday in the House, the following passage occurred between Messrs. Cushing and Davis:

Whilst illustrating his argument, and supposing a case having reference to the relative powers of Congress and the Executive, Mr. Cushing said, suppose the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Botts), and he hoped the gentleman would excuse him for the supposition, should rise in his place, and present

articles of impeachment against the President.

Mr. Botts. The gentleman is certainly exasperated by his supposition; it does no violence to the truth—for it is not only supposable, but a certain case. His mind was made up on that subject.

The galled Jade Winsces.—See the following articles, the first written before the meeting between Morehead and Henry, the second written after that event.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

From the North Carolinian of May 7th.
"Gov. Morehead's re-election, and for the time necessary to canvass the re-election, neglect and disregard the duties incumbent upon his high official station, we will forgive him if he will but meet Mr. Henry—if he will only come up and face him in a fair discussion we will cheerfully abide the issue."

From the North Carolinian of June 25.
He is now, whilst he is receiving from the people a salary of \$2,000, to attend to their business at Raleigh, neglecting it, and out-elbowing for his own interest—the banks and his factories, or a Tariff."

Long Speeches, these patient-tires, time consumers, and money-wasters, are not confined to our Legislative halls, but equally afflict the courts of Justice. Lawyers, as well as lawmakers, are too frequently found of making a display.

Military Encumbrances.—Another is talked of in Maryland, on which the Virginia Free Press says:—"We thought at one time such gatherings might do some good, but a little observation has convinced us that they are productive of little else than a waste of money and time—to say nothing of the wear and tear of morals."

During the late extraordinary cold weather and snow storm, 4 or 5 hundred head of sheep were frozen to death in the State of New York. This in June!

In Harrisburg, Pa. snow fell for several hours. At York, in the same state, ice formed in the street four inches thick!

LIST OF LETTERS.

REMAINING in the Post Office at Greensborough, N. C., on the first day of July, 1842, when it is taken out in 3 months will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters.

James Abbott, Sam'l or Margaret Mitchell, Samuel McNeary, Samuel McNeary, Thomas Matthews, Elizabeth Moore, John Moore, Col. Jesse McCutcheon, Moses McCutcheon, Samuel McCutcheon, Charles Norman, Richard H. Napier, Jesse Neidham, Pleasant Nicks, L. R. Niles, Mrs. Nancy Odum, or Mr. — Bridges, Sundry Odum, John Oakley, John A. Pritchett, James Peace, B. C. Pickett, Wm. Pickett, P. B. Pickett, William Pickett, William Pickett, Zebie J. Stafford, Jonathan D. Strickland, Jonathan M. Short, John B. Stallard, Mrs. Elizabeth Tatum, Miss Joseph F. Taylor, Margaret Tucker, or Thomas Turner, Fisher R. Taylor, Harriet Trotter, Benjamin Trotter, Henry C. Tyner, Miss Jane Wray, James Wray, John P. Ward, John Wooters, Davis Wilson, Q. A. Wiley, Mons. Ch. Fu. Winkler, William Warren, Rufus L. Watt, Wm. Young.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say they are advertised. J. J. M. LINDSAY, P. M.

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS.

GEORGE ALBRIGHT & SON, have just received their SPRING SUPPLY OF GOODS, and are prepared to accommodate the public with almost any article usually kept in this section of country. They respectfully invite the public to call and examine their stock for themselves, assuring them that they will sell on very moderate terms, for cash, or on short credit to punctual customers. April, 1842.

How can a person judge of a Piano by the outside appearance?

ANY skilful Cabinet-maker can frame a beautiful Case, and these splendid organs are frequently found to cover the poorest sort of insides—but it requires something more to make a good and durable action, which is the most important matter connected with a Piano—a thing scarcely ever looked into—and how can a purchaser be a judge? The safest way is to take Pianos upon trial, and then you are sure to be on the safe side.

I have near THIRTY PIANO FORTES for sale at reduced prices, and I offer them upon trial—if they are good, keep them; if they are bad, return them. E. P. NASII, Petersburg, Va. March 11 Dealer in Books and Piano Fortes.

CASH WANTED.

THE subscribers very respectfully suggest to all who are indebted to them, that they have engagements to meet this spring that cannot be postponed, and that they have no other resource but to collect from those who owe them. Their debtors will bear in mind that they have not urged nor pushed collection for 5 or 6 years past, and consequently hope that they will use every exertion to give them all the assistance which may be in their power. They earnestly hope that they may not be driven to the very painful necessity of forcing collection. April, 1842. J. & R. SLOAN.

White Lead, Turpentine &c.

A QUANTITY of the best Dry White Lead, Spirits Turpentine, Copal Varnish, Spirits of Wine, Black Leather Varnish. For sale one door south of J. & R. Sloan's. D. P. WEIR.

15 lbs Indigo, 50 lbs madder, 1 keg alum, 1 keg E. salts, 1 keg pearl ash, 1 keg ground ginger, 1 keg putty, 1 keg cam wood, 2 kegs powder, 4 boxes candles. For sale by G. ALBRIGHT & SON.

Wool and Wool Rolls

For sale by G. ALBRIGHT & SON.

MT. HECLA MILLS.

WOOL CARDING.—I have just completed arrangements for Carding Wool in a superior manner, having my machines put up and conducted under the superintendence of Mr. Elswick S. Field, whose fidelity and long experience in the business will insure good work for such customers as may favor us with a call. Bring clean wool, and you shall have good work. Wool Rolls kept constantly on hand for sale at the Factory, at 83½ cents where 50 pounds are taken—smaller quantities at 37½. April 18th, 1842. T. R. TATE.

A New Business in Greensborough.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing the citizens of Guilford and the public in general, that he has commenced manufacturing WOOL CARDING MACHINES, both single and double, and has no doubt in saying that they will be equal to any manufactured in the United States, as he has employed a first-rate workman to carry on the business; and any person who has an idea of purchasing can ascertain the ability of the manufacturers by examining their work.

It is the design of the proprietor to have two or three machines ready for the ensuing spring crop of wool, and as he has been at considerable expense in procuring the best materials that old Guilford can produce, he solicits the patronage of all those who wish to purchase machines. Old machines can be repaired here, and any orders from a distance will meet with prompt attention. Feb. 15, 1841. H. A. E. LYNN.

RANKIN & McLEAN

RETURN their thanks for the liberal patronage which they have received at the hands of a generous community, and promise that no pains shall be spared on their part to merit a continuance of the same. They have a good stock of DRY GOODS on hand for the season. Also, a good stock of GROCERIES, to wit:

3000 lbs. St. Croix, Porto Rico & N. O. Sugar
2500 " Rio, Laguira and Cuba coffee
12000 " Sweet, English & Mountain Iron,
1000 " Nails, assorted sizes,
15 kegs No. 1 and extra White Lead
10 boxes 8 by 10 and 10 by 12 Glass
2 Hhd. Molasses,
800 lbs. fresh Lard,
1 Hhd. fresh Fish.

Also, a small lot Nova Scotia Grind Stones. January, 1842.

STOMACH RESTORATIVE

VEGETABLE ANTI-DYSPEPTIC WINE BITTERS

Perfectly harmless.

USEFUL for removing dyspeptic affections, restoring digestion, exciting an appetite, regulating the bowels, removing or quieting a cough, expelling flatulency, relieving feelings and head-ache, so common in the spring and summer. Sold by H. T. WEATHERLY & CO.

Cabinet Furniture.

THE subscriber offers his services to the Public in every Branch of his Business. Having acquired a knowledge of his Trade in the City of New York, and worked in several of the best Shops in the United States, he is confident of his ability to execute work in the most durable and fashionable style.

He has now and intends to keep constantly on hand a good assortment of MAHOGANY FURNITURE, with and without MARBLE Tops; also Walnut, Birch, and Cherry Furniture.

The best and most fashionable work, can be executed as cheaply at this shop as from the North. Call and see, before you send from home.

PETER THURSTON.

Greensboro', July, 1842. 443287

TO MILL OWNERS.

JUST received an additional supply of BOLTING CLOTHS, warranted the genuine Anchor cloth from No. 5 to 10, which are offered at unusually low prices. W. R. D. LINDSAY.

RANKIN & McLEAN

HAVE just received an ADDITIONAL SUPPLY of Goods—both Dry Goods and Groceries, which makes their Stock tolerably good at this time. June, 24, 1842.

SUPERIOR COUGH BALM.

THIS preparation is a quick nostrum. It cures and promotes the rejection of phlegm, and relieves from the throat and lungs; and is highly useful in pulmonary affections, asthma, and coughs of every standing, arising from any cause whatever. Perfectly harmless. Prepared and sold by H. T. WEATHERLY & CO.

Greensborough, N. C.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

H. HENDERSON would remind the citizens of this new shop, immediately west of Mr. Tate's corner, where he is always ready to wait upon such gentlemen as may favor him with their custom. As he endeavors to deserve success, and is conscious of his ability to give complete satisfaction, he respectfully solicits the citizens to favor him with their countenance. This is the habit that every man has of shaving himself, and ruin to the Barber, especially if that Barber be a man with a large family to support, and no means of enjoying the luxury of the tonsorial art as practiced in the West. The young gentlemen, too, if they will put their heads to it, may every one have that crowning ornament of nature, a fine suit of hair, trimmed in a style that shall satisfy their taste.

He will continue to wait upon Travellers at Tate's send's Hotel; and will attend gentlemen at their residences whenever called.

Seagran, and an assortment of Confectionaries always kept at his Shop. June, 1842. 21

Spices.

NUTMEGS, Cloves, Mace, Cinnamon Bark, Java Nut, Race Ginger, pulv. ditto, Mustard, Jamaica Ginger. D. P. WEIR.

Gray's Invaluable Ointment for sale by T. CALDWELL & SONS.

JUST received 4 Hhds. bright new Crop Malacca. 1 tierce (500 lbs. new crop) Rice. J. & R. SLOAN.

RICE.

1 TIERCE (600 lbs.) of Rice, just received, and for sale by RANKIN & McLEAN.

A superior article of TOBACCO manufactured by McCorkle & Daniel, of Lynchburg, Va. for sale January 29th. J. & R. SLOAN.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

J. & R. SLOAN are receiving their Spring Goods of Goods. If purchasers wish goods cheap, call at the same time something new, fashionable, and meet call and examine. April, 1842.

TEETH! TEETH!!

COMP. Chlorine Tooth Wash, Orris's Tooth Wash, Rose Tooth Powder, Carbo Ligni pulv., Tooth Brakes Ivory and Tortoise Shell Tooth-Picks. D. P. WEIR.

Clover Seed.

10 BUSHELS RED CLOVER SEED, a first-rate article, for sale by J. & R. SLOAN. March 23d, 1841.

50 KEGS NAILS from the Cooperville Factory, a superior article, for sale by J. & R. SLOAN. November 13.

THE PATRIOT.

GREENSBOROUGH:

Saturday Morning, July 16, 1842.

FOR GOVERNOR

JOHN M. MOREHEAD.
(Election 4th of August.)

✓ We have authority for announcing the gentlemen whose names follow as Whig Candidates for our next General Assembly: For the Senate: James T. Morehead. For the Commons: George C. Mendenhall, William Doak and Joel McLean.

✓ We are requested to say that Col. Jos. A. Houston is a candidate for the office of High Sheriff of Guilford county.

We have received, and shall copy next week, an Address to the people of North Carolina by the Whig Central Committee, on the subject of the Banks, State Debts, and Whig Expenditures. The Address contains a fair, cool, dispassionate statement of FACTS in regard to these matters, and consequently a refutation of the almost innumerable mis-statements of the loquacious.

Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, has lately delivered a speech in the House of Representatives, which sets forth more clearly than any thing we have seen the relative positions of the Whigs, the Locofocos, and Mr. Tyler. It shall be copied as soon as we can find room.

MORE OF THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

If a generous spirit of concession, and a willingness, on the part of influential members of the Whig party, to make any personal sacrifice for their principles, be signs of the existence of the true Whig feeling,—then that feeling still glows in the bosom of old Guilford. We had evidence of it in Mr. Adams's late letter; and we have evidence no less bright in the notes which follow, from gentlemen whose names were likely to divide our strength.

Dr. Scott's note was intended for insertion in last paper, but was not received in time, in consequence, we presume, of the change of publication day.

FROM DR. SCOTT.

Messrs. SWAIN & SHERWOOD: I discovered a paragraph in your paper two weeks ago, endorsed "Many Voters," proposing to run my name for a seat in our next General Assembly, unless I publicly declined.

Fully sensible of the compliment paid me, and with due deference and high respect for the character moral and intellectual of the individuals, so far as I know them, concerned in the matter, and for the numbers who have since urged the thing upon me,—I think it right to decline. It will comport with my feelings under present circumstances; it will be true and just to the Whig principles we all profess. The Whig ticket is complete, and was before my name was proposed, and so filled that I can cheerfully vote it,—as I have full confidence, that the gentlemen whose names are upon the ticket will be true to the principles which they profess, and these principles are our own. "Union is strength"—the times require vigilance and energy. Yours, &c.

WM. D. SCOTT.

FROM MR. OGBURN.

Guilford Co., N. C., June 14, 1842.

Having heard that it is still intended, by some of my friends, to run my name as a candidate, at the ensuing election, notwithstanding there is a full Whig ticket in the field,—I have thought it my duty to make a public declaration that I am not a candidate; and I propose, in the next Patriot, to give such reasons as I trust will reconcile my friends to the course that I have for it my duty to pursue.

E. W. OGBURN.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Since Gov. Morehead met Mr. Henry at Fayetteville, our loquacious fellow creatures have been growling at a terrible rate against the Governor for leaving the duties of his office, to electioneer—Before the Fayetteville battle, such was their confidence in their Federal champion of Democracy, that they could "forgive" Mr. Morehead for leaving his duties to meet him! Since that same battle, they have waxed very anxious about the discharge of Mr. Morehead's official duties, and urge that his presence is constantly required at Raleigh!!!

WHO THROW DAT LAST BRICK-BAT?

The immortal Address which emanated from the Committee appointed by the Salisbury Locofoco Convention, happily the Democracy with the following precious morsel:

"The people may think the Democrats of North Carolina, that our State is now clear of debt; they always set their faces against Whig schemes for borrowing money to embark in wild plans of Internal Improvement; but for this, as bad off as the people now are, their condition would be ten times worse!"

Have "the people" any thanks to render unto LOUIS D. HENRY, and several other just such "DEMO-CRATS" on this score? Which way is Louis D.'s "face" set, when he goes for "borrowing money" to the amount of THREE MILLIONS "to embark in wild plans of Internal Improvement?" If Mr. Henry's plan had succeeded, "as bad off as the people now are, their condition would be ten times worse!"—eh? Mr. Fisher! This looks like praising the Democratic Mr. Henry to death!

What does the author of this same Address think (by the way) of borrowing three millions of dollars to bank upon? Suppose three millions had been borrowed for wild schemes of Internal Improvement, and three millions more borrowed to make a bank—(borrowed by Democrats to make a "British Whig Bank," of course)—if all this had happened, how "bad off" would the people now be? Can Mr. Henry and Mr. Fisher cypher it out?

At any rate Whiggery will be very lame when the elections come on. First monstrous wicked fellow Gen. Apathy will shoot half of them, whereby they will be so badly wounded they cannot attend at the polls.—"Boys, do you hear that?"

Our opponents are relying for their success, not upon the righteousness of their cause, but upon our apathy! They think us too much disheartened to go to the polls and stand up for the measures we believe to be right, and for the men whom we have tried and in whom we confide. Those who rely upon the apathy of North Carolina Whigs, rely upon the wrong thing.

THE "FUNERAL EXPENSES" &c.

The expenses of President Harrison's funeral, and the allowance of one year's salary made to his widow, have been made the themes of incessant denunciation and slang by the "Democratic" newspapers and orators.—For ourselves, we have hitherto listened in silence,—preferring that it any portion of our fellow citizens could enjoy the occupation of searching the charnel house and disturbing dead men's bones, for political capital, they should have that enjoyment without let or hindrance from us. And if they envied the wisdom of the lamented Patriot the possession of the money which Congress, according to numerous precedents, granted to her,—that envious feeling could be corrected by no human pen. Human reason fails when the meat man is to be reformed; nothing can effect a reformation in such hopeless case short of the fiat of the Almighty.

Had the burial expenses of the brave, lamented old General, and the appropriation to his widow, been the first propositions of the kind ever brought before Congress, members might have had reason to pause. But the principle had been established by a line of precedents creditable to the hearts of the people's representatives.

We have been favored with a printed letter on this subject, addressed by the Hon. James Graham to his constituents of the 12th congressional district. He shows that when members of Congress die in the public service, they are buried at the public expense. All expenses are high in Washington; and the funeral of a member of Congress costs the Government about nine hundred dollars. As to officers of Congress, he selects the instance of Overton Carr, Decree-keeper of the House, and Stephen Haight, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, both political friends of Mr. Van Buren, and who died during his administration, when he had a majority in both branches of Congress. The salary of each of these officers was fifteen hundred dollars per annum. Mr. Carr died in March, 1838, before the fourth month of his duties expired; yet Congress directed that he should be buried at the public expense, and that his widow should be paid the balance of his salary up to the end of the session. Mr. Haight, Sergeant-at-Arms, died about a month and a half after his services terminated; yet his funeral expenses were paid, and the balance of his salary paid to his widow by order of the Senate.

Notwithstanding—Van Buren men are unwilling to permit the same rule of justice to apply in the case of Gen. Harrison, who also died in the immediate public service!

Again: Mr. Graham calls to mind the fact that Congress granted to the widow of the gallant Oliver H. Perry an annuity during her natural life, and also to each of his four children until they severally came of age. Mrs. Perry is still living and enjoying the well-earned bounty of Congress. It was right to make this grant to Mrs. P. for life, it could not have been wrong to give Mrs. Harrison one year's salary.

The case of Jacob Brown, commanding General of the U. S. Army is also given. He died in 1828. His salary was six thousand dollars a year; he died long before the end of the year when his salary would have been due; but Congress appropriated to his widow the balance of his salary—an act precisely the same in principle with the appropriation to Mrs. Harrison. "The same just principle and patriotic policy has been practiced, not only among the high officers of the republic, but among the faithful soldiers."

Yet—the allowance of President Harrison's funeral expenses, and the allowance of one year's salary to his widow—although precisely similar in principle to the grants in favor of other departed patriots and their families—is abominable in the eyes of "Democrats," merely because the deceased President did not entertain their views of public policy while he lived!

To show that the bounty of Congress was not misapplied, Mr. G. notices the fact that Gen. Harrison owned a good tract of land, and very little other property. He once had a large family, though death had reduced the number of his children, and greatly increased and multiplied his cares and troubles by throwing on his hands and protection the widowed wives and infant orphans of his own children. There were three widows, and nine or ten grand-children all dependent on him for support and education. One of these widows was the daughter of the gallant Gen. Pike, killed in the last war. And he had also adopted into his family a grandson of Gen. Morgan, the hero of the revolutionary battle of the cowpens. Does any true-hearted citizen of the United States begrudge an appropriation that will carry joy into the bosoms of so many deserving descendants of deserving men?

The fact is reiterated, that the whole expenditure for the deceased President's funeral was caused and made under the direction of Gen. Hunter, Marshal of the District of Columbia, a decided friend of Mr. Van Buren. Gen. Hunter, nobody doubts, was an honorable, whole-souled, right-hearted man, and wished to omit nothing which would be creditable to the nation on that solemn occasion, and properly respectful to the remains and memory of the deceased officer and patriot. Well, what would the political friends of Gen. Hunter have? Would they have had him to pay out of his own pocket these expenses?

As we said at the outset, we have generally avoided the discussion of this subject, from what we sincerely conceived to be a proper view of its solemnity and its delicacy. But our opponents—among them some who hold their heads the highest—seem to consider this not any other matter too sacred to manufacture political capital from. Hence we considered it a duty to our readers to give at least an abstract of Mr. Graham's honest exposition of it. The good and lamented Harrison is now forever beyond the reach of these soulless discussions; they may not be his dreamless slumbers; they strike not upon the "dull cold ear of death";—and may no ill wind waft their discordant unwelcome tones to the ears of the widows and orphans who lost their protector by his death!

DEMOCRATIC OATS.

Mr. Allen Tatam of this county showed us a bunch or two of amazing oats. One bunch, springing apparently from a single seed, had 28 stalks which were estimated to bear 2,000 grains. This is the sort of Democracy we like to see flourish.—Mr. Tatam's oats spread better than his political principles in the soil of old Guilford. And all the harm we wish him and his party, is, that it may always be so.

CONGRESS.

The Tariff bill reported by Mr. Fillmore, is under discussion in the House.

A SEMI-VETO.

Mr. President Tyler appears to look upon himself as co-ordinate, co-operative, co-existent, co-extensive, co-eternal, co-equal and co-every thing else with the Congress of the United States; in short, agreeably to Mr. Van Buren's doctrine, a "component part of the legislature"—possessing in his own proper person an amount of wisdom fully equal to the "assembled grumpton" of the nation. Having and holding all this wisdom, and being clothed with the knock-down power of the veto, he is determined that his "opinions" shall descend to posterity and make a noise in the world.

After having the Apportionment bill for some time under consideration, he communicated to Congress the fact that he had approved it, and had written out his reasons for approving it, and deposited the whole business in the State Department. So extraordinary a proceeding as that of a President depositing in the State archives his reasons for approving a law, was a matter of surprise to Congress. And the act is said to have called from the venerable John Q. Adams one of the most withering invectives ever pronounced on the floor of Congress. A resolution was passed calling upon the Secretary of State for an authenticated copy of the President's reasons: which were accordingly sent to the House, read, and referred to a select committee.

The President sets forth that he has deep and strong doubts of the constitutionality of that provision requiring the States to lay off districts; but he yields those doubts, in his respect to Congress.

In almost every Town and Village in the country has the late Anniversary of Independence been celebrated on temperance principles. At Charlotte the following toast, which states a fact creditable to the newspaper press, was washed down with cold water:

By John J. Blackwood. The conductors of the Newspaper Press: With singular unanimity they have lent their distinguished abilities and mighty influence to our cause; and for their disinterested and noble course, deserve the lasting gratitude of their country and of humanity.

FOR THE PATRIOT.

Leaksville—the Temperance Reformation—Celebration of the Fourth.

Messrs. EDITORS:—I was in Leaksville on the last Anniversary of American Independence, and deem it somewhat necessary to inform you of the manner in which that great day was celebrated in that quiet and peaceful village. But, let me first inform you, that while the people in all parts of the land are rising up in the strength of their determination to rescue themselves and their country from the dreadful thralldom of the vice of intemperance, the inhabitants of Leaksville have not been insensible to the progress of the good cause. It is presumed, too, that almost every one knows, or has heard something of the name and character of this little village,—that, as it regards mercantile importance, &c., it has long since "seen the height of its glory," yet as it regards the general morality and sobriety of its inhabitants, and those of its neighborhood, Leaksville is on a level with, or perhaps, superior to most country villages of like size; and that there is some room yet for moral reformation, must be acknowledged by all who have taken a minute observation of the comparative degree of vice and morality in and around the village. However, some of the patriotic citizens of the community have taken an active part in striving to produce a moral reformation, and have succeeded in forming a considerable Temperance Society. Now, I am willing to acknowledge that this is not a very important piece of information, for the like is now known and felt in every part of our extensive country; and there is not a neighborhood or village in the whole nation so small, so buried in the mountains, or collected on the "ocean prairie," that does not feel the effects of the temperance reformation—that it is a grand and sublime moral revolution. Like all other villages, then, that have any pretence to respect for morality and true social enjoyment, Leaksville has its Temperance Society at this time, as well as other associations for the advancement of learning and mental cultivation. It is necessary that you should know that there is also in Leaksville a very respectable and flourishing debating club, denominated the "Leaksville Philanthropic Society," the object of the formation of which, is the mental cultivation and improvement of all who associate themselves with it. It is fast increasing in number and respectability; and its formation has thus far proved that, from the collision of sentiment which must necessarily take place on all subjects brought before the society for discussion, the truth will be elicited and prejudice and ignorance will be dispelled.

But I will lay aside all further preliminaries, and proceed at once to give you some account of the manner in which both of these societies, and the citizens generally united in the celebration of the anniversary of our Independence. They resolved by an early notice that, on this great day, they would join heart and hand without distinction of rank or party, in the solemn prayer that this beloved country might be saved from all impending dangers; and resolved, too, that the day should not be disgraced by intemperate feasting, loud and drunken huzzas, political discord, party strife and bickering, but that such lessons of virtue, patriotism, and morality should be laid down as would teach the young the duties they owed their country, and rouse in their bosoms the intensest devotion to its truest interests. Accordingly, both Societies and the citizens, in considerable numbers, convened at an early hour in the morning, and under the direction of a marshal and assistant marshal, formed in procession about the centre of the town, and in good order marched to the male Academy, where according to arrangement, the ladies of Leaksville and vicinity had congregated in large numbers to witness the further ceremonies of the day. I must not neglect to mention that excellent order, and arrangement were observed in the procession. The whole was preceded by a beautiful Banner bearing on its bright folds as they fluttered in the winds the impress of "Temperance and Reform; Liberty and Independence." The Temperance and Philanthropic Societies marched in good order, and were distinguished by their respective badges. Nor was the soul-stirring effect of Music wanting on the occasion, for the procession was headed by music in every respect appropriate, and elevating. At about 11 1/2 o'clock the procession arrived at the male Academy, and soon thronged that spacious building. There, too, was to be witnessed an enlightening scene indeed; and nothing but rapture and delight could be seen in the face of every man present, when he came to contemplate the prospect around him, and, with the orator of the day, he came to refer back to the events of that period sixty-five years ago, which "tried men's souls." The Declaration of Independence was read in a loud and audible tone by Doct. A. B. Johns, being preceded by some eloquent remarks concerning the important events that led to that celebrated document. An oration, connected with the subject of independence and also with the great moral revolution which now pervades the land, was then delivered by Mr. P. M. Henry. I shall not attempt to pass any eulogium upon either of these gentlemen for the manner in which each performed his part. Suffice it to say, they acquitted themselves with much credit, and the selection of them for the occasion, reflects much credit also upon the community in which they live. In fine, Messrs. Editors, I never in all my observations, witnessed such an enlightening scene as was continued throughout the day; for I believe all party strife was stilled, local prejudices and peculiarities were all laid aside, and if I ever in all my life, saw men of all ranks, parties and distinctions holding communion as brothers, it was on that day. Be it said and remembered to their credit, the merchants of the village, readily closed their doors, and in every way manifested much patriotic spirit on the occasion. Thus, Messrs. Editors, was the 66th anniversary of our Independence celebrated in the quiet, retired and peaceful village of Leaksville. No intemperate feasting, no loud and drunken huzzas, no party strife, no political quarreling and bickering were there to be seen or heard. Do you not believe it to be the dawning of a better day that awaits us?

-VIATOR.

Rockingham, N. C. July 8th, 1842.

FOR THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

"ALL WILL YET BE WELL."

"Father, do you still love your family?" said Mrs. Carey to her husband, when he was meditating some plan to put an end to a life rendered intolerable by intemperance, when he despaired of ever reforming himself, and said kindly to him, "Father do you still love your family? If you do, all will yet be well." "Then for the first time in many months," said Mr. Carey, "I felt hope spring up in my bosom, and I thought I could reform,—I resolved and succeeded,—I signed the pledge and now I am a free man."

"All will yet be well," said the drunkard's wife. When she asked her husband if he loved her still, and he answered "yes, as I do my own life," "Then she said 'all will yet be well,' it surely will."

"All will yet be well," though many a day In sorrow and anguish I have passed away, Since the joyous hour you pledged your faith To honor and comfort and love me till death.

"All will yet be well," if you love me still, I'm sure it will not—'t cannot be ill; For though by the world contemned and despised, You still by your wife and children are prized.

"All will yet be well," though degraded by sin For many long years you indeed have been, Yet dash from your lips the wine cup away, We'll be happy again from this glad day.

"All will yet be well," I'm sure it will, If the goblet again you never will fill; For the star of hope has not gone down yet, And if you'll sign the pledge 'twill never set.

"All will yet be well"—o you think so, wife! Can one so degraded come back into life! If you do, I will sign the pledge this day, And cast the wine cup fore and away.

"All will yet be well"—and a hope sprang up, And he dashed from his lips the sparkling cup, Resolved no longer a slave he would be; Then he broke the spell, and his soul was free.

"All will yet be well"—for sure he did sign To drink no more of the maddening wine, And the cloud of despair then passed away, And there shone on his path a cloudless day.

"All will yet be well," for I saw him stand To cheer on to victory the teetotal band—To the old North State, he came from far To lead us on in this glorious war.

"All will yet be well," for thousands heard And turned from their cups at his simple word, And the good which arose, no tongue can tell, From the happy-going word "all will yet be well."

"All will yet be well," let it echo again, And every Washingtonian raise the strain, Till a world reformed greener shall tell, If you sign the pledge "all will yet be well."

Greenborough, N. C. July 13, 1842. I. T. W.

FOREIGN.

We are indebted to the Boston Atlas Extra for the latest news from England.

The British Steamer Caledonia, Capt. Lott, arrived at the wharf at East Boston, the 5th. She sailed from Liverpool on the 19th June, and has made her passage in 15 days and 16 hours. She brings fives of London papers to the evening of the 18th, and Liverpool to the 19th of June. Her arrivals are 15 days later than our last dates. She brought 35 passengers from Liverpool to Boston, and 5 from Halifax to Boston.

The papers are wonderfully barren of interest. The distress, in many parts of England, had considerably increased—and great numbers of persons were out of employ. Cotton had declined about 1 sd. The flour and wheat markets were very dull. Money continued easy for commercial purposes, at 4 per cent, with but little demand.

We give the following extracts from our files of papers.

The Attempted Assassination of the Queen.—The trial of the youth John Francis, for high treason in shooting at the Queen, took place on Friday the 17th ult. in the Central Criminal Court, London. He was found guilty on the second and third counts of the indictment, charging him with having fired a pistol loaded with some destructive substance, at Her Majesty, the jury having a doubt that it contained a bullet, but believing that it was loaded with something else beside wadding and powder. The prisoner, who was dreadfully affected, was sentenced in the usual form, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

The whole of Lord Ashburton's homestead situated at Clapham, a romantic village about two miles distant from Bedford, together with twelve houses in the village, were recently totally destroyed by fire.

Capt. in Basil Hall, with the ladies and children of his family, have completed their tour to Thebes, Syria, the River Jordan, and the Red Sea, and are now proceeding to Greece and Constantinople.

Military Convention.—This body, the organization of which on the 4th was noticed in our last, adjourned sine die on the 6th, after having adopted

several amendments to the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 9th, 11th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 29th, 30th, 31st, 33d, 36th, 39th, 42nd, and 79th, sections of the Militia Laws, to be recommended to the consideration of the Legislature. A full report of the various amendments will probably soon be laid before the public.—Rat. Star.

The President's Tariff.—The collectors at New York and Philadelphia, (and we presume those at other places,) have received instructions from Washington, to levy a duty of 20 per cent, home valuation, payable in cash, without credit, upon all the articles not specified in the list of Free duties. Great confusion and difficulty are the consequences of these instructions,—there being no "regulations provided by law," as the compromise act said,—there should be, for ascertaining the home value.—Rat. Star.

Governor Morehead's appointments for July.

At Rutherfordton, Wednesday 13th,
Shelbyville, Cleveland Co., Friday 15th,
Lenoirville, Saturday 16th,
Morganton, Tuesday 19th,
Stateville, Thursday 21st,
Mocksville, Friday 22nd,
Salisbury, Saturday 23rd,
Reid's Store, Monday 25th,
Charlotte, Tuesday 26th,
Concord, Wednesday 27th,
Stanly, Thursday 28th,
Lawrenceville, Friday 29th,
Flat Swamp, Saturday 30th.

A CAMP MEETING will be held for Guilford Circuit at Mr. S. Chapel, commencing Friday 9th of September. The brethren, travelling and local, are invited to attend. J. D. LUMSDEN.

July 7th, 1842.

CAMP MEETING.

There will be a camp-meeting held at the Mount Gilboa camp-ground, one mile from Gormanston, to commence on Friday the 5th of August. Brethren in the ministry, travelling and local, are respectfully invited to attend. G. E. BROWN.

Stokes Circuit, N. C. Conference, June 1, 1842.

Guilford Bible Society.

The Annual Meeting of the Guilford County Bible Society will be held in the Buffalo Church on Saturday the 13th of August at 2 o'clock P. M. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Messrs. WYCHE and GREETER.

By order of the Executive Committee, S. C. LUMSDEN, Sec'y.

\$30 REWARD.—RANAWAY from this City

on the 22nd ultimo, a negro woman named HYGAR. Said woman was purchased in Charleston, S. C. about two weeks since. She is a dark Mulatto, between 25 and 30 years of age, five feet 3 or 4 inches in height. When spoken to she generally holds her head down, and has a scar on one heel. She is intelligent, and may endeavor to pass as a free person, and may have procured papers for the purpose. The above reward of Thirty Dollars will be paid on her being delivered to the Judge of Wake county.

Raleigh, June 27th, 1842. 22-5

ANCHOR BOLTING CLOTHS.

Jesse H. Lindsay

Is still engaged in the sale of Bolting Cloths. He has on hand a large and fresh stock, embracing all numbers from 1 to 10. He would be glad to see all who wish to buy. Greensboro', May, 1842.

NOTICE.

FROM and after this date, in compliance with a request from the Board of Trustees for the Guilford Institute, the subscribers will not sell goods to students on a credit, unless they are personally acquainted or have a satisfactory reference. J. & R. SLOAN.

April 20, 1842.

MILL STONES.

FRENCH BURN AND COLOGNE.

I continue to sell Mill Stones at prices less than was ever known before in this part of the country. I can furnish all sizes from 2 feet to 5—varying only 2 inches. Every size from 2 feet 10 inches to 3 feet 8 can be delivered, if desired in a solid piece—the Stones being solid blocks of Burr, instead of being composed of separate pieces as usual. JESSE H. LINDSEY.

May, 1842.

LAST NOTICE.

AFTER AUGUST COURT NEXT, no more of the A. Dabolls put in circulation by the late H. Humphreys will be redeemed. T. R. TATE.

May, 1842. 16 H

Dye-stuffs.

TURNER, Coppers, Cochinal, Annatto, Alum, Red Sanders, Alknet Root, Sulp. Copper, poly. Galls. D. P. WEIR.

Sperm Oil.

JUST received, a superior article of winter strained Lamp Oil. For sale at the sign of the golden mermaid. D. P. WEIR.

3 bags Java Coffee. 200 lb. double loaf Sugar.

200 lb. single 250 lb. Havana Sugar.

10 boxes of candles. 1 cask 15 lb. Gunpowder Tea.

10 bags Shot. 5 Kegs rifle Powder.

For sale by J. & R. SLOAN.

1 doz. Foster's Corn Scythes, 2 doz. German Scythes

2 doz. Grass do. 1 doz. Bramble do.

1 doz. Seyth's Seaws. 1 doz. Rowlands Spades

1 doz. Rowlands's Shovels. 1-2 doz. Ditching Spades

Just received and for sale by J. & R. SLOAN.

April, 1842.

7,000 lbs. IRON, assorted sizes, 3s keeps NAILS

assorted sizes, just received & for sale by J. & R. SLOAN.

January 29th.

SUMMER HATS.—A lot of fine Brash and Palm

Leaf Hats just received and for sale by RANKIN & McLEAN.

Iron, Wool, Tallow & Feathers:

A quantity on hand, at the Factory, and offered for sale on accommodating terms; for cash. April 17. 10 H T. R. TATE.

5,000 FEET of WEATHERBOARDING—a

superior article of Davidson plank—for sale by G. ALBRIGHT & SON.

Feb 1842.

JUST received a lot of Leghorn and children's bon-

nets. RANKIN & McLEAN.

1 bl. Logwood 1 do Copers 10 kegs no. 1 Extra

white Lead 1 bag spice 1 do Ginger

1 do Pepper 12 doz cotton Plow Lines

5 dozen bed cords. For sale by G. ALBRIGHT & SON.

Bacon and Lard, at 61 cents per pound,

for sale by G. ALBRIGHT & SON.

JUST received and for sale a quantity of CLOVER

and TIMOTHY SEED. RANKIN & McLEAN

Feb 7. 32

Candles.—About 100 lbs. Candles for

sale by RANKIN & McLEAN.

1000 FEET OF DAVIDSON PLANK suitable

for wagon body building, for sale by J. & R. SLOAN.

January 14, 1842.

15,000 LBS. IRON, manufactured by the
Mountain Iron Co., embracing every
of size usually demanded in this market, for
prices that cannot fail to please. J. A. R. 21015
Greensborough, August 7, 1841