

THE GREENSBOROUGH PATRIOT.

VOLUME IV.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C., TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1842.

NUMBER 13.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY SWAIN & SHERWOOD.

PRICE: Two dollars and Fifty Cents a year, in advance; or Three Dollars, after three months from the date of subscription.—Failure on the part of any subscriber to order a discontinuance within the year, will be considered indicative of his wish to continue.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of One Dollar per square of 14 lines or less for the first insertion, and Twenty-five Cents for each continuance.

Letters to the publishers must be post-paid, or they cannot be attended to.

From the Saturday Courier. THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I want a quarter of a dollar, Jane."

This was addressed by a miserable creature, bloated and disfigured by intemperance, to a woman whose thin, pale face, and heart-broken look told but too plainly that she was the drunkard's wife.

"Not a quarter of a dollar, John? Surely you will not waste a quarter of a dollar of my hard earnings, when you know that I can scarcely get food and decent clothes for the children?"

As the wife said this, she looked up into her husband's face with a sad, appealing expression.

"I must have a quarter, Jane," was the firm reply.

"O, John, remember our little ones. The cold weather will soon be here, and I have not yet been able to get them shoes. If you will not earn any thing yourself, do not waste the little my hard labor has procured. Will not a sixpence do? Surely that is enough for you to spend for—"

"Nothing will do but a quarter, Jane, and that I must have, if I steal it!" was the prompt and somewhat earnest reply.

Mrs. Jarvis laid aside her work mechanically, and rising, went to a drawer, and from a cup containing a single dollar in small pieces, her little all, took out a quarter of a dollar, and turning to her husband said, as she handed it to him:

"Remember that you are taking the bread out of your children's mouths."

"Not so bad as that, I hope, Jane," the drunkard replied, as he clutched the money eagerly, something like a feeble smile flitting across his disfigured and distorted countenance.

"Yes, and worse!" was the response, made in a sadder tone than that in which the wife had at first spoken.

"How worse, Jane?"

"John!" and the wife spoke with a sudden energy, while her countenance lighted up with a strange gleam. "John, I cannot bear this much longer. I feel myself sinking every day. And you—you who pledged yourself—"

Here the voice of the poor woman gave way, and covering her face with her hands, she bent her head upon her bosom, and sobbed and wept hysterically.

The drunkard looked at her for a moment, and then turning hurriedly, passed from the room. For some moments after the door had been closed upon her husband, did Mrs. Jarvis stand sobbing and weeping. Then slowly returning to her chair near the window, she resumed her work, with an expression of countenance that was sad and hopeless.

Ten minutes' walk brought him to the store of a respectable tradesman.

"Is Mr. R—— in?" he asked as he entered.

"Back at the dock," was the reply of a clerk.

And Jarvis walked back with a resolute air.

"Mr. R——, I want to sign the pledge."

"You, Jarvis?" Mr. R—— said, in tones of gratified surprise.

"Yes, me, Mr. R——. It's almost a hopeless case; but here goes to do my best."

"Are you fully sensible of what you are about doing, Jarvis?"

"I think I am, Mr. R——. I've drunk nothing since yesterday morning, and with the help of Him above, I am determined never to drink another drop as long as I live. So read the pledge and let me sign it."

Mr. R—— turned at once to the constitution of the Washington Temperance Society, and read the pledge thereto annexed:

"We the undersigned, do pledge ourselves to each other, as gentlemen, that we will not, hereafter, drink any spirituous liquors, wine, malt, or cider, unless in sickness, and under the prescription of a physician."

Jarvis took the pen in his hand, that trembled so he could scarcely make a straight mark on paper, and enrolled his name among the hundreds of those who, like him, had resolved to be men once more. This done, he had down the quarter of a dollar which he had obtained from his wife, the admission fee required of all who joined the society. As he turned from the tradesman's store, his step was firmer, and his head more erect than, in a sober state, he had carried it for many a day.

From thence he proceeded to a hatter's shop.

"Well, Jarvis," was uttered in rather a cool, repulsive tone, as he entered.

"Are you in want of a journeyman, Mr. Warren?"

"I don't want you, Jarvis."

"If you will give me work, I will never get drunk again, Mr. Warren."

"You've said that too many times, Jarvis. The last time you went off when I was hurried with work, and caused me to disappoint a customer, I determined never to have any thing more to do with you."

"But I'll never disappoint you again," urged the poor man earnestly.

"It's no use for you to talk to me, Jarvis. You and I are done with each other. I have made up my mind never again to have a man in my shop who drinks rum."

"But I've joined the temperance society Mr. Warren."

"I don't care if you have; in two weeks you'll be lying in the gutter."

"I'll never drink liquor again if I die!" Jarvis said solemnly.

"Look here, you drunken vagabond," the master hatter said, in angry tones, coming from behind the counter, and standing in front of the individual he

was addressing—"If you are not out of this shop in two minutes by the watch, I'll kick you into the street. So there now—take your choice to go out, or to be kicked out."

Jarvis turned sadly away without a reply, and passed out of the door through which he had entered with a heart full of hope, now pained, and almost ready to recede from his earnest resolution and pledge to become a sober man, and a better husband and father. He felt utterly discouraged. As he walked slowly along the street, the fumes of a coffee-house which he was passing unconsciously, struck upon his sense, and immediately came an almost overpowering desire for his accustomed position. He paused.

"Now that I try to reform, they turn against me," he said bitterly. "It's no use I am gone past hope."

One step was taken towards the tavern door, when it seemed as if a strong hand held him back.

"No, no," he murmured, "I have taken the pledge, and I will stand by it if I die."

Then moving resolutely onward, he soon found himself near the door of another hatter's shop.

Hope again kindled up in his bosom, and he entered.

"Don't you want a hand, Mr. Mason?" he asked in a hesitating tone.

"Not a drunken one, Jarvis," was the repulsive answer.

"But I've reformed, Mr. Mason."

"So I should think from your looks."

"But indeed, Mr. Mason, I have quit drinking, and taken the pledge."

"To break in three days. Perhaps three hours."

"Won't you give me work, Mr. Mason, if I promise to be sober?"

"No. For I would not give a copper for your promises."

Poor Jarvis turned away. When he had placed his hand to the pledge, he dreamed not of these repulses and difficulties. He was a good workman, and he thought that any one of his old employers would be glad to get him back again, so soon as they learned of his having signed the total abstinence pledge. But he had so often promised amendment, and so often broken his promise, and disappointed them, that they had lost all confidence in him; at least the two to whom he had, thus far, made application.

After leaving the shop of Mr. Mason, Jarvis seemed altogether irresolute. He would walk on a few steps, and then pause to commune with his troubled and bewildered thoughts.

"I will try Linkford," he said at length, half aloud; "he will give me work surely."

A brisk walk of some ten minutes brought him to the door of a small hatter's shop, in a retired street. Behind the counter of this shop stood an old man, busily employed in ironing a hat. There was something benevolent in his countenance and manner. As Jarvis entered, he looked up, and a shade passed quickly over his face.

"Good morning, Mr. Linkford," Jarvis said, hoping with something like timidity and shame in his manner.

"Are you not afraid to come here, John?" replied the old man sternly.

"I am ashamed to come, but not afraid. You will not harm me, I know."

"Don't trust to that, John. Did you not steal, aye, that is the word—did you not steal from me the last time I employed you?" The old man in manner was stern and energetic.

"I was so wicked as to take a couple of skins, Mr. Linkford, but I did very wrong, and am willing to repay you for them, if you will give me work. I was in liquor when I did it, and when in liquor, I have no distinct consciousness of the evil of any action."

"Give you work, indeed! O no, John, I cannot give you another chance to rob me."

"But I will not get drunk any more. And you know, Mr. Linkford, that while I was a sober man, and worked for you, I never wronged you out of a sixpence worth."

"Won't get drunk any more! Ah! John, I have lived too long in the world, and have seen too much, to heed such promises."

"But I am in earnest, Mr. Linkford. I signed the pledge this morning."

"You?" in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, I signed it."

"Ah, John," after a pause, and shaking his head incredulously. "I cannot credit your word, and I am sorry for it."

"I have signed the pledge, and if I am really determined to be a reformed man, will you give me work, Mr. Linkford?"

The old man thought for a few moments, and then said, half sorrowfully,

"I am afraid of you, John. You are such an old offender on the score of drunkenness, that I have no confidence in your power to keep the pledge."

"Then what shall I do?" the poor wretch exclaimed, in tones that made the heart of the old man thrill—for nature and pathos were in them.

"Now that I am trying in earnest to do better, no one will give me a word of encouragement, or a helping hand. Heaven help me!—for I am forsaken of man."

"Have you been to see Warren?" asked the old man.

"Yes, and he threatened to kick me out of his shop."

"Mason wants a hand, I know. He will no doubt be glad to employ you."

"I have tried him but he will not give me work."

Mr. Linkford stood thoughtful and irresolute for some moments. He pitted, from his heart, the poor creature who thus importuned so earnestly for work, and whose trembling hand indicated that he had forborne, at least for a time, his accustomed stimulus. But he did not wish to have him in his shop, for he had no confidence in him. At length he said—

"John, if you will bring me a certificate from Mr. R., that you have signed the total abstinence pledge, I will give you another trial. But if you disappoint me again, you and I are done forever."

The countenance of Jarvis brightened up instantly. He turned quickly away, without reply, and hurried away to the store of Mr. R., Secretary of

the society he had joined. The certificate was of course obtained.

"And you have joined, sure enough, John," Mr. Linkford said, in a changed tone as he glanced over the certificate.

"Indeed I have, Mr. Linkford."

"And you seem in earnest."

"I was ever in earnest about anything in my life. I am in earnest now."

"Keep to your pledge, then, John, and all will be well. While you were a sober man, I preferred you to any journeyman in my shop. Keep sober, and you shall never want a day's work while I am in business."

"By the aid of Him who knows how much in earnest I am, I will be true to my pledge," Jarvis said, meekly, and yet in a solemn tone.

"Only trust in Him, John, and He will be strength in your weakness."

"I will try," was the humble and sincere answer.

The poor man was now shown his place in the shop, and once again resumed his work, though under a far different impulse than had, for years, nerved him to action. But his nerves were all unstrung. His hand shook so, that he could with difficulty use, with the required skill, the implements of his calling. He experienced, likewise, a sinking, sickening feeling; and at times a dizziness, and obscurity of mind came over him, exciting the liveliest emotion of fear, lest nature would not bear up, under so sudden a withdrawal of accustomed stimulus. Gradually, however, as his mind became intently fixed upon his work, and his body felt the impulse of manual activities, slight reaction took place, and the whole machinery of his physical frame moved on with something approaching to a healthy tone—his hand grew steadier, though it still trembled.

Two hours brought his regular dinner time, when Jarvis, who began to feel the want of food, returned home, with new and strange feelings about his heart. One impulse was to tell his wife what he had done, and what he was doing. But then he remembered how often he had mocked her new springing hopes—how often he had promised amendment, and once even joined a temperance society, only to relapse into a lower and more degraded condition.

"No, no," he said to himself, after debating the question in his mind, as he walked towards home; "I will not tell her now. I will first present some fruit of my repentance. I will give such an assurance as will create confidence and hope."

Mrs. Jarvis did not raise her eyes to the face of her husband as he entered. The sight of that once loved countenance, distorted and disfigured, even made her heart sick when she looked upon it.

Jarvis seated himself quietly in a chair, and held out his hands for his youngest child, not over two years old, who had no consciousness of his father's degradation. In a moment the happy little creature was on his knee. But the other children showed no inclination to approach—His conduct had estranged their young hearts' purest and most innocent affections. This was perceived and felt keenly. But he had hope of reclaiming all that he had lost, and this compensated in some degree, for the present distance and estrangement.

The frugal meal passed in silence and restraint. Mrs. Jarvis felt troubled and oppressed—for the prospect before her seemed to grow more and more gloomy. All the morning she had suffered from a steady pain in her breast, and from a lassitude that she could not overcome. Her pale, thin, careworn face, told a sad tale of suffering, privation, confinement, and want of exercise. What was to become of her children she knew not. Under such feeling of hopelessness, to have one sitting by her side, who could take much of her burthens from her, were he but to will it—who could call back the light to her heart, if only true to his promise, made in earlier and happier years—soured in some degree her feelings, and obscured her perceptions. She did not note that some change had passed upon him; a change that if marked, would have caused her heart to leap in her bosom.

As soon as Jarvis had risen from the table, he took his hat and kissing his youngest child, the only one there who seemed to regard him, passed quickly from the house. As the door closed after him, his wife heaved a long sigh, and then rising, mechanically proceeded to clear up the table. Of how many crushed affections and disappointed hopes, did that one tremulous sigh speak.

Jarvis returned to his work and applied himself steadily during the whole afternoon. Whenever a desire for liquor returned upon him, he quenched it in a copious draught of water, and thus kept himself as free from temptation as possible. At night he returned, when the same troubled and uneasy silence pervaded the little family at the supper table. The meal was scanty, for Mrs. Jarvis' incessant labor could but procure a poor supply of food. After the children had been put to bed, Mrs. Jarvis sat usual, to spend the evening, tired as she was, and much as her breast pained her, in sewing. A deep sigh heaved involuntarily her bosom as she did so. It caught the ear of her husband, and smote upon his heart. He knew that her health was feeble, and that constant labor fatigued her excessively.

"I wouldn't sew to-night, Jane," he said. "You look tired. Rest for one evening."

Mrs. Jarvis neither looked up nor replied.—There was something in the tone of her husband's voice that stirred her feelings. Something that softened her heart towards him. But she dared not trust herself to speak; nor to let her eye meet his. She did not wish to utter a harsh or repulsive word, nor was she willing to speak kindly to him, as kind words and affected cheerfulness, she had already found, but encouraged him in his evil ways.

And so she continued to ply her needle, without appearing to regard his presence. Her husband did not make another effort to induce her to suspend her labors, for under existing circumstances he was particularly desirous of not provoking her to use towards him the language of rebuke and censure. After sitting silent for, perhaps half an hour, he rose from his chair, and walked three or four times backwards and forwards across the room preparatory to going out to seek a coffee-house;

and there spend his evening, as his wife supposed. But much to her surprise, he retired to their chamber, in the adjoining room. While under the expectation of seeing him return, his loud breathing caught her quick ear. He was asleep!

Catching up the light, as she arose suddenly to her feet, she passed, with a hasty step, into the chamber. He had undressed himself, was in bed, and sound asleep. She held the candle close to his face; it was calmer than usual, and somewhat paler. As she bent over him, his breath came full in her face. It was not loaded with the disgusting fumes that had so often sickened her. Her heart beat quicker—the moisture dimmed her eye—her whole frame trembled. Then looking upwards, she uttered a single prayer for her husband, and gliding quietly from the room sat down by her little table, and again bent over her work. Now she remembered that he had said, with something unusual in his tones—"I would not sew to-night, Jane, you look tired; rest for one evening."—and her heart was agitated with a new hope; but like the dove from the ark, found nothing upon which to rest, and trembled back again into a feeling of despondency. What had she to hope for? Surely not that her husband would reform! She had seen too many efforts at reformation commenced under better auspices than could possibly now surround him, and all had failed. At each successive failure, his state became worse than before. It was past twelve o'clock when she laid by her work from exhaustion and pain, and sought a few hours of troubled repose.

On the next morning, the trembling hand of Jarvis, as he lifted up his sinner to his lips at the breakfast table, made his wife's heart sink again in her bosom. She had felt a hope, almost unconsciously. She remembered at supper-time his hand was steady—now it was unsteady. This was conclusive to her mind, that notwithstanding his appearance he had been drinking. But few words passed during the meal, for neither felt much inclined to converse.

After breakfast, Jarvis returned to the shop, and worked steadily until dinner time, and then again until evening. As on the night before, he did not go out, but retired early to bed. And this was continued all the week. But the whole was a mystery to his poor wife, who dared not even to hope for any real change for the better. On Saturday towards night, he laid by his work, put on his coat and hat, and went into the front shop.

"So you have really worked a week, a sober man, John?" Mr. Linkford said.

"Indeed I have. Since last Sunday morning, no kind of intoxicating liquor has passed my lips."

"And I hope never will again John."

"It never shall! If I die I will not depart from this resolution."

"May you have strength to keep it," the old man said earnestly. Then, after a pause—

"How much have you earned this week, John?"

"Here is the foreman's account of my work, sir. It comes to twelve dollars."

"That's a fast workman. You will yet recover yourself, and your family will again be happy if you persevere."

"O, sir, they shall be happy! I will persevere!"

"Surely you have, far so doing, the strongest considerations."

Another pause ensued, and then Jarvis said, while the color mounted to his cheek—

"If you are with me, Mr. Linkford, I should like you to deduct only one-half of what I owe you for those furs I took from you, from this week's wages. My family are in want of a good many things; and I am particularly desirous of buying a barrel of flour to-night."

"Say nothing of that, John. Let it be forgotten with your past misdeeds. Here are your wages—twelve dollars—and if it gives you as much pleasure to receive as it does me to pay them, then you feel no ordinary degree of satisfaction."

Mr. Jarvis received the large sum for him to possess, and hurried away to a grocery. Here he bought, for six dollars, a barrel of flour, and expended two dollars more of his wages in sugar, coffee, tea, molasses, etc. Near to the store was the market-house. There he repaired, and bought meat and various kinds of vegetables, with butter, &c. These he carried to the store, and gave directions to have all sent home to him. He had now two dollars left out of the twelve he had earned since Monday morning, and with these in his pocket he returned home. As he drew near the house, his heart fluttered in anticipation of the delightful change that would pass upon all beneath his humble roof. He had never, in his life, experienced feelings of such real joy.

A few moments brought him to his door, and he went in with the quick step that had marked his entrance for several days. It was not quite dark, and his wife sat sewing by the window. She was finishing a pair of pantaloons that had to go home that very evening, and with the money she was to get for them, she expected to buy the Sunday dinner. There was barely enough food in the house for supper; and unless she received her pay for this piece of work, she had no means of getting the required sustenance for herself and children—or rather, for her husband and children. The individual for whom it was intended was not a prompt payer, and usually grumbled whenever Mrs. Jarvis asked him for money. To add to the circumstance of concern and trouble of mind, she felt almost ready to give up, from the excessive pain in her breast, and the weakness of her whole frame. As her husband came in she turned upon him an anxious and troubled countenance; and then bent down over her work, and plied her needle hurriedly. As the twilight fell dimly around, she drew nearer and nearer to the window, and at last stood up, and leaned close up to the panes of glass, so that her hand almost touched, in order to catch the few feeble rays of light that were still visible. But she could not finish the garment upon which she wrought, by the light of day. A candle was now lit, and she took her place by the table, not so much as glancing towards her husband, who had seated himself in a chair, with his youngest child on his knee. Half an hour passed in silence, and then Mrs. Jarvis rose up, having taken the last

stitch in the garment she was making, and passed into the adjoining chamber. In a few minutes she came out with her bonnet and shawl on, and the pair of pantaloons that she had just finished on her arm.

"Where are you going, Jane?" her husband asked, in a tone of surprise, that seemed, to her ear, mingled with disappointment.

"I am going to carry home my work."

"But I wouldn't go now, Jane. Wait until after supper."

"No, John. I cannot wait until after supper. The work will be wanted. It should have been home two hours ago."

And she glided from the room before he could make up his mind to detain her by telling the good news that was trembling on his tongue for utterance.

A walk of a few minutes brought her to the door of a tailor's shop, around the front of which hung sundry garments exposed for sale. This shop she entered, and presented the pair of pantaloons to a man who stood behind the counter. His face relaxed not a muscle as he took them, and made a careful examination of the work.

"They'll do," he at length said, tossing them aside, and resuming his employment of cutting out a garment.

Poor Mrs. Jarvis paused, dreading to utter her request. But necessity conquered the painful reluctance, and she said:

"Can you pay me for this pair to-night, Mr. Willets?"

"No, I've got more money to pay on Monday than I know where to get, and cannot let a cent go out."

"But Mr. Willets, I—"

"I don't want to hear any of your reasons, Mrs. Jarvis. You can't have the money to-night; and any how, I don't see fit to pay out money in little dribbles. The fact is, and he looked angrily at the poor woman, 'if you don't stop this pestering me for money every whip-stitch, I won't give you another job. I'm tired of it.'"

Mrs. Jarvis turned slowly away, and had nearly reached the door, when the thought of her children caused her to pause. To have them want for food, was a thought she could not bear. Thus far, she had been able to keep them from hunger, and to still keep them from their pangs, had she worked all day with unusual industry, although suffering much from pain and debility.

"I cannot go, Mr. Willets, without the money," she said, suddenly turning, and speaking in an excited tone.

"You will go, I'm thinking, madam," was the reply, while the tailor glanced angrily at her, and compressed his lips firmly.

"O, sir, charging her tone, 'pay me what you owe me; I want it very much.'"

"O, yes. So you all say. But I am used to such make-believes. You get no money of me to-night, madam. That's a settled point. I'm angry now—so you had better go home at once; if you don't I'll never give you a stitch of work so long."

Mrs. Jarvis did not pause to hear the concluding words of the sentence.

"What shall I do?" was the almost despairing question that she asked of herself, as she turned towards her home. On entering the house she made a remark for there was no one to whom she could tell her troubles and disappointment, with even the most feeble hope of a word of comfort. Mechanically she proceeded to set the table, and serve up the last portion of food that remained. A loaf of bread and a few slices of cold meat made up her little store. As they were all about drawing up to the table, there was a loud knock at the door, which Mrs. Jarvis immediately answered.

"Does Mr. Jarvis live here?" asked a rough voice.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, here is a barrel of flour and some groceries for him. Shall I bring them in here, madam?"

"There must be some mistake, sir. They do not belong here. We have bought no barrel of flour or groceries."

"Is not this Mr. Jarvis'?"

"Yes."

"And number 40?"

"Yes."

"Then this is the place, for those were the directions given me."

"Yes, this is the place—bring them in," spoke up Jarvis in an animated tone.

The drayman of course obeyed. First he rolled in the barrel of flour; then came a number of packages, evidently containing groceries; and finally, one or two pieces of meat, and sundry lots of vegetables.

"How much is to pay?" asked Jarvis.

"Twenty-five cents, sir," responded the drayman, bowing.

The twenty-five cent piece was taken from his pocket with quite an air, and handed over. Then the drayman went out, and that little family were alone again. During the passage of the scene just described, the wife stood looking with a stupid and bewildered air. When the drayman had departed, she turned to her husband and said:

"John, where did these things come from?"

"I bought them, Jane."

"You bought them?"

ed her head upon the shoulder of her husband, and clung to his side with a newly revived confidence that she felt would not be disappointed, while the tears poured from her eyes like rain. But her true feelings we cannot attempt to describe—nor dare we venture to sketch further the scene we have introduced. The reader's imagination can do it more justice, and to him we leave that pleasing task, with the only remark, that Mrs. Jarvis's newly awakened joys and hopes were not again disappointed.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the summer of 1779, during one of the darkest periods of our revolutionary struggle, in the then small village of S—, (though it now bears a more dignified title) in this State, lived Judge V—, one of the finest and truest patriots within the limits of the "Old Thirteen," and deep in the confidence of Washington. Like most men of his times and substance, he had furnished himself with arms and ammunition, sufficient for the make of his household. They consisted of himself, three sons, and about twenty-five negroes. The female part of his family consisted of his wife and daughter, Catharine, about eighteen years of age, the heroine of our tale, and several slaves. In the second story of his dwelling house, immediately over the front door, was a small room called the "armory" in which the arms were deposited, and always kept ready for immediate use. About the time at which we introduce our story, the neighborhood was much annoyed by the nocturnal prowling and depredations of numerous Tories.

It was on a calm bright Sabbath afternoon of the said summer, when Judge V— and his family with the exception of his daughter Catharine, and an old indisposed slave, were attending service in a village church. Not a breath disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere—no sound profaned the sacredness of the day; the times were dangerous, and Catharine had locked herself and the old slave in the house, until the return of the family from church. A rap was heard at the front door—"Surely," said Catharine to the slave, "the family have not come home; church cannot be dismissed." The rap was repeated. "I will see what it is," said Catharine, as she ran up stairs into the armory. On opening the window and looking down, she saw six men standing at the front door and on the opposite side of the street, three of whom were Tories, who formerly resided in that village; their names were Van Zandt, Finley, and Sheldon, the other three were strangers, but she had reason to believe them of the same political stamp, from the company in which she found them.

Van Zandt was a notorious character, and the number and enormity of his crimes had rendered his name infamous in that vicinity. Not a murder or robbery was committed within miles of S—, that he did not get credit either of planning or executing. The characters of Finley and Sheldon were also deeply stained with crime, but Van Zandt was a master spirit in iniquity. The appearance of such characters under such circumstances, must have been truly alarming to a young lady of Catharine's age, if not to any lady young or old. But Catharine V— possessed her father's spirit—the spirit of the times. Van Zandt was standing on the step, rapping at the door, while his companions were talking in a whisper on the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street.

"Is Judge V— at home?" asked Van Zandt, when he saw Catharine at the window above.

"He is not," said she.

"We have business of pressing importance with him, and if you will open the door," said Van Zandt, "we will walk in and remain till he returns."

"No," said Catharine, "when he went to church he left particular directions not to have the doors opened until he and his family returned. You had better return when the church is dismissed."

"No," retorted the villain, "we will enter now or never."

"Impossible," replied she, "you cannot enter until he returns."

"Open the door," cried he, "or we'll break it down and burn you and the house up together." So saying, he threw himself with all the force he possessed, against the door, at the same time calling upon his companions to assist him. The door, however, resisted his efforts.

"Do not attempt that again," said Catharine, "or you are a dead man!" at the same time presenting from the window a heavy horseman's pistol, ready cocked.

At the sight of this formidable weapon, the companions of Van Zandt, who had crossed the street at his call, retreated.

"What!" cried their leader, "you cowards, are you frightened at the threat of a girl?" And again he threw himself against the door; the weapon was discharged and Van Zandt fell.

The report was heard at the church, and males and females at once rushed out to ascertain the cause. On looking towards the residence of Judge V—, they perceived five men running at full speed, to whom the Judge's negroes and several others gave chase, and from an upper window of his residence, a white handkerchief was waving as if beckoning for aid.

All rushed towards the place, and upon their arrival, Van Zandt was in the agonies of death. He still retained strength to acknowledge that they had frequently been concealed in the neighborhood for that purpose, but no opportunity had offered until that day, when, living concealed in the woods they had seen the Judge and his family going to church.

The body of the dead Tory was taken up and buried by the sexton of the church, as he had no relations in that vicinity.

After the absence of two hours or thereabouts, the negroes returned, having succeeded in capturing Finley and one of the strangers, who were then confined, and the next morning, at the earnest solicitation of Judge V—, liberated on promise of mending their lives.

It was in the month of October, of the same year, that Catharine V— was sitting by an upper back window of her father's house, knitting; though autumn, the weather was mild, and the window was hoisted about three inches. About sixty or seventy feet from the rear of the house was the barn, a huge edifice with upper and lower doors; the lower doors were closed, and accidentally casting her eyes towards the barn, she saw a small back door on a range with the front door and window at which she was sitting, open and a number of men enter.

The occurrence of the summer immediately presented itself to her, and the fact that her father and the other males of the family were at work in a field some distance from the house, led her to suspect that the opportunity had been improved, probably by some of Van Zandt's friends to plunder and revenge his death. Concealing herself, therefore, behind the curtains, she narrowly watched their movements. She saw a man's head slowly rising above the door, and apparently reconnoitering the premises—it was Finley's. Their object was now evident. Going to the "armory," she selected a well loaded musket and resumed her place by the window. Kneeling upon the floor, she laid the muzzle of the weapon upon the window sill between the curtains, and taking deliberate aim, she fired. What effect she produced she knew not, but saw several men hurrying out of the barn, by the same door they entered. The report again brought her father and his workmen to the house, and on going into the barn, the dead body of Finley lay upon the floor.

Catharine V— afterwards married a Captain of the continental army, and she still lives, the honored mother of a numerous and respectable line of descendants. The house is also in the "land of the living," and has been the scene of many a prank of the writer of this tale in the heyday of his mischievous boyhood.

THE PATRIOT.

GREENSBOROUGH:

Tuesday Morning, May 10, 1842.

FOR GOVERNOR

JOHN M. MOREHEAD.

[Election 4th of August.]

A DUN.—We do not often pester our patrons with duns; 1st, because newspaper duns are of little use, in the best of times; 2ndly, because there is but little money in the country. But we want, and think are fairly entitled to, a part of what little there is going, and would suggest that very many who are in arrears can call personally at May Court and settle the small amounts due the office; while others can (if they will) transmit immediately through their postmasters, free of expense to them or us.

We have a serious idea of following the example of some other Editors in the State, and adopting the cash system. It would, we are confident, ultimately be better for both printer and subscriber. Under such circumstances, the publisher may know what he is doing—whether he is receiving a fair equivalent for his labor of body and mind, or throwing that labor away; to the punctual subscriber the thing would in no way be altered; and the unpunctual would (deservedly) have to go without his weekly "feast of reason and flow of soul"—get credit for some other paper—at home.

CONGRESS.

At our last date, a debate was progressing in the House touching the public expenditures, in general, and the report of Mr. Poindexter on the New York Custom House, in particular. On Wednesday, the 4th, Mr. Stanly indulged in some of his spiciest rhetoric; and the President and Mr. Wise "got it, hot and heavy."

On Tuesday the bill for the apportionment of Representatives among the several States according to the latest census, passed the House. The bill fixes one Representative to every 50,179 of federal population, and provides that the Representatives in every State shall be elected by districts. The bill, as it passed the House, does not lessen the number of Representatives at present in any State. The number will be three hundred and six, distributed as follows:

Maine	10	South Carolina	9
New Hampshire	5	Georgia	11
Massachusetts	14	Alabama	9
Rhode Island	2	Mississippi	5
Connecticut	6	Louisiana	5
Vermont	5	Tennessee	15
New York	48	Kentucky	14
New Jersey	7	Ohio	30
Pennsylvania	34	Indiana	13
Delaware	1	Illinois	9
Maryland	8	Missouri	7
Virginia	21	Arkansas	1
North Carolina	13	Michigan	4

The bill has yet to pass the Senate.

In our humble opinion, it is matter of regret that the numbers of the House should be increased. The argument which some hold in favor of an increase, that is, that the old States would lose a proper relative influence by having their numbers made less than at present, is absurd. The proper relative influence must necessarily be the same, under any fair apportionment.—We think past experience proves that the numbers in the House have retarded beneficial legislation.

TEXAS.

The great noise about the invasion of Texas is humbug. A letter from Texas to the Editor of the Raleigh Register, dated April 11, says the accounts are very much exaggerated. "There are, at this time, no Mexicans in the Republic, only a few that are friendly; though we have rumors 'plenty as blackberries,' of their intention to invade Texas some day."

The "wolf hunters" are returning home, without either cash or laurels. The Holly Springs (Miss.) company of Texas volunteers returned, without reaching Texas. Reasons, 1st. There was no war in Texas—2nd, Texas was not able to give them food or passage—3d, They were not able to pay their own expenses. Impenetrable renown on the ramparts of the city of Mexico, and the rich "stealings" of the Mexican priests and convents, could not be got at so conveniently as, in the fervor of their imaginations, they at first supposed.

Texas papers of the 21st caution the "wolf hunters" from the United States, that they will find in Texas little more than sympathy. President Houston has caused to be published a long address to the people; he talks of carrying on the war, but intimates that it will require time to organize and discipline the volunteers, and procure munitions, provisions, &c.

The speech of the Hon. Wm. A. Graham on the Loan bill, delivered in the Senate on the 13th April, has come to hand. It is comparatively short. We propose to copy it entire, for the perceptive and valuable information it contains of the whole financial condition of the General Government.

To prevent depredations by Hawks.—One or more Guinea hens in a flock of fowls it is said will effectually prevent molestation from hawks.

MR. HARPER.

Jesse Harper, of Randolph county, and Cad. Jones, of Orange, were last winter selected by the Governor and Council, to be members of the Board of Internal Improvement. Mr. Jones is a Democrat and Mr. Harper is a Whig. The appointment of Mr. Harper has been made the subject of censure and incessant abuse, directed at Gov. Morehead, by Louis D. Henry's quill-drivers—and, in fact, we believe Mr. Henry occasionally gives the matter a touch. How unfortunate for Gov. Morehead and the State of North Carolina, that these sapient guardians of "the Democracy" were not consulted as to the appointment of Mr. Harper! They ought, clearly, to have been written to on the subject.

The objections to the appointment of Mr. Harper, and the foundations of their abusive comments, are these:—that Mr. H. is a relation of Gov. Morehead, (his "cousin," they say;) and, that he will not represent the "Cape Fear interest," in his capacity of member of the Internal Improvement Board. The Raleigh "Standard" takes up his parable and preaches on the text of relationship; while the Fayetteville "Carolinian" expatiates, mostly, on the "Cape Fear interest." Mr. Harper's voice, these patriotic locusts seem to be apprehensive, will be omnipotent in the Board. In the plenitude of his power, he is to dry up the Cape Fear river, and build a railroad to the Looksville factory, or dig a canal to the moon, for the especial purpose of destroying the "Cape Fear interest!" and, by reason of his relationship, to settle the whole Internal Improvement fund, principal, interest and all, upon Gov. Morehead and his heirs forever!!!

Mr. Jones, being a "Democrat," a citizen of Orange county, and no relation of Gov. Morehead, has the "Cape Fear interest," and the interest of every other section of the State decidedly at heart—of course. No objection is made to him, except that Mr. Harper lives too close to him!

But Mr. Harper don't suit the Democratic Olynthian thunderer, because he is Gov. Morehead's "rich bachelor cousin." Is his being "rich" an objection? The Democratic Mr. Henry would hardly say so, in the same breath that he urges his own wealth as a reason for his elevation to the Executive chair. As to the "bachelor" part of the business, we knock under—we confess that to be the strongest objection brought forth; yet we cannot think this a matter that very deeply concerns the State; it is an objection that must be left to be settled entirely between his conscience and—the ladies.

Mr. Harper, we believe, is a maternal uncle of Gov. Morehead's wife. Is it probable that this fact makes him any less patriotic—any less a man of business—any less devoted to the interest of the whole State of North Carolina, or to the "Cape Fear interest," if you please? Does this impair Gov. Morehead's ability or disposition to devote himself to the improvement and elevation of his native State? Is this a valid reason why Louis D. Henry should be elected governor?

But let us consider Mr. Harper disconnected with his fearful relationship of "cousin" to Gov. Morehead. We know him personally, and know his "location." He is a quiet, unobtrusive, unassuming citizen; possessed of a considerable property which he inherited, and which he has honestly improved, by years of untiring industry, and the most strict and persevering business habits, (traits which, by the way, characterize his family, if you must persist in family objections.) His agricultural and planting pursuits, and his extensive business interests, have necessarily made him acquainted with the commercial interests of the country. And if there is a man in North Carolina who knows the "Cape Fear interest"—who has reason to be wedded to the "Cape Fear interest"—who has pecuniary motive to cherish the "Cape Fear interest"—that man is Jesse Harper. There is no section of the western part of the State more exclusively devoted to the Fayetteville trade than that in which he resides, and in which he has a large portion of his capital employed. And, we have no doubt, the Governor and Council had an eye to this particular fact when the appointment was made.

MARKETS.

Petersburg, May 3. Tobacco, lugs from \$2 10 to \$2 75; leaf from \$3 to \$3 60. Cotton from 7 to 8.—Corn 60 cents. Bacon 6 to 6 1-2.

Wilmington, April 29. Bacon at auction 5 to 5 1-2 for hams, and 4 to 4 1-2 for sides and shoulders, and never more plenty. Corn 55 to 60.

Fayetteville, May 4. Bacon 5 to 6. Cotton 3 to 73-4. Flour \$6 to \$7 25. Salt 60. Oats 40. Whiskey 24 to 30.

Cheraw, April 26. Bacon 5 to 7. Cotton 4 1-2 to 5 1-2. Corn 50 to 56. Flour \$6 to \$6 75.

New York. Upland cotton 5 1-2 to 9. Flour \$5 75 to \$6.

Charleston, Cotton 4 3-8 to 10. Corn 65 to 78—Sugar 3 1-2 to 5. Molasses 14 1-2 to 15 1-2. Bacon 3 to 4 1-2.

New Orleans. Cotton, principal sales, 6 to 7 1-2; total receipts 664,459 bales, against 715,591 to the same date last year. Sugar 1 1-2 to 5 1-2 cents! Molasses 10 to 14 cents a gallon! Tobacco 2 to 5. Flour \$5 to \$5 12. Bacon 2 to 5.

Cotton at Augusta 4 to 7 1-2; at Columbia 4 to 73-4.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.

The returns of the Spring election for members of the Virginia Assembly are coming in, and enough is ascertained to show that the Locusts have carried the State. The probability is, that they have a heavier majority than in the last Assembly. The Lynchburg Virginian, a remarkably correct print, says that the principal causes of this result, as frequently adverted to, in conversation, by gentlemen of both parties are these: that the Whigs are held responsible for the acts of the President, while he is constantly making war upon and thwarting them. "And then, the fall in the price of our great agricultural staples, though clearly referable to long antecedent events, was artfully attributed to the measures of the Whigs; and among the ignorant, it is manifest, this was a powerful argument." And the Bankrupt law was wielded with decisive effect. This law is unpopular in Virginia; and though it is known that the Whigs of the State have as decidedly condemned the measure as their opponents, it was made to bear against the party in the election.

It is stated that the 14th British regiment, which was destroyed near Cabool in Afghanistan, was the one which, in the last war, met with the memorable repulse at New Orleans.

SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

Messrs. Editors:—A meeting of the Board of Superintendents of Common Schools was held on yesterday, the 5th, and it was ordered that the following extract from their proceedings be published:

In accordance with a resolution adopted by the Board on the 17th of March last, petitions for the erection of new Districts were received, and after consideration, it was decided by the unanimous vote of those present, to lay off the following additional Districts: To be composed of the corners of Nos. 14, 15, 20 and 21, having the point of their junction for its centre, and its sides to diverge at an angle of about 45 degrees from the middle of the present lines of 14, 15, 20 and 21. No. 40, To be constituted in like manner, of the corners of 20, 21, 26 and 27. No. 41, of the corners of 3, 4, 9 and 10. No. 42, " 25, 27, 32 and 33. No. 43, " 4, 5, 10 and 11. No. 44, " 8, 9, 14 and 15. No. 45, " 10, 17, 22 and 23. No. 46, " 17, 18, 23 and 24. No. 47, " 10, 11, 16 and 17. No. 48, " 21, 22, 27 and 28. No. 49, " 7, 8, 13 and 14. No. 50, " 28, 29, 34 and 35.

The citizens interested are requested to proceed immediately, in co-operation with the Superintendents, to lay off the above Districts, so as to be ready to elect their Committees on the 30th.

It is hoped also, that they will go on, without delay, to place themselves upon a footing with the old Districts by numbering their children, and building their school houses, and in October, receive their share of the public money then to be divided, and by winter, have their schools in operation.

JESSE H. LINDSAY, Chairman.

May 6, 1842.

In Hillsboro' they have a society, lately established, called the "Hillsboro' Literary Association," which we think promises good results to its members and to the community. It embraces some of the best and most talented men of that region. Public lectures are occasionally delivered by some of their most competent men, which are spoken of in the highest terms by the Pecorder.

ANOTHER BIGAMY CASE.

The Milton Chronicle of April 29th, says that a man named Edward A. Callahan has been arrested at Roxboro', in Person county, charged with Bigamy. The Chronicle states that the accused married his first wife in Granville county, and she died. He went to Pennsylvania county, Virginia, where he married again, Christmas before last. He abused his wife to such degree that she had him arrested on a peace warrant, when he gave bail; came over to Roxboro', and after pursuing his occupation—that of a tailor—for a while, courted and married a Miss J. J. He is now in jail, awaiting the reward of his villainy. Callahan is about 30 years of age, of quite genteel appearance; and it is said that he was present at Rockingham court when the notorious Boling was tried and convicted of the like offence; and that he saw the commencement of his severe train of punishment. He will probably learn something by experience, if he could not by observation. He knows how it looks to be punished for bigamy, and he is in a fair way now to find out how it feels.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Patriot.

THE MUSIC GRINDER.

I remember sometime since being in Wentworth, N. C., a town situated on a branch of the Roanoke. It contains something less than five thousand inhabitants; and withal is a handsome place and pleasant too, were the citizens more social and less selfish. It happened to be when Superior Court was held for the county, and many were gathered—an immense crowd were gathered to hear the trial, for bigamy, of the far-famed Sidney T. Smith, alias Edward Boling. Sitting in the clerk's office, tones of music from the street arrested my attention, and I went immediately to the door, when *mirabile dictu!*—there stood Pan grinding music in good modern style, and blowing the Syrix, or pipes; while Dryope, his mistress, touched the bass drum. It was novel—quite refreshing to witness this mixture of ancient and modern music—ancient and modern characters.

Every classical reader knows the history of Pan, who became a shepherd to win the affections of Dryope, in which he succeeded.

"Pan cured ovis, oriumque, magistros."

He also courted the nymph Syrix, from which we may infer that bigamy was permitted in those days.—This time, however, he did not succeed so well. She fled from her lover, till coming to a river where her flight was stopped, she prayed to the water nymphs to change her into a bundle of reeds, just as Pan was laying hold of her, who therefore caught the reeds in his arms instead of her.

The winds moving the reeds backward and forward occasioned mournful, but musical sounds, which Pan, perceiving, cut down and made of them reed-pipes.

"So be this pipe of reeds quipped framed With wax, and Syrix, from his mistress, named."

There are many wonderful tales told of the effects of his music. It is said, with his pipe of uneven reeds, (Syrix,) he could cheer even the gods themselves. It is said too, that, as often as he blew it, the fuge of the sheep-herd filled with milk. Pan at length had the vanity or temerity to contend for the palm of music with Apollo: King Midas, of Phrygia, was umpire, and he, like many of our modern connoisseurs, foolishly determined the victory to Pan. But the unfortunate King paid dearly for his decision; for Apollo stretched his ears to the length of ass's, which made it necessary for him to wear long hair that he might hide the deformity. How many of our modern fops wear long hair, perhaps like Midas, to hide ass's ears.

But now Pan appeared in the shape of a Frenchman playing a small hand-organ, and blowing the Syrix; while the nymph Dryope had the specimen of a black-eyed lass from "Bordeaux, France," bearing the bass drum. They commenced a display in the street, just before the courthouse door, and soon had an immense circle of moving flesh around them.

"Music bath charms to soothe the savage breast,"

and many a savage breast did it here charm. Court had adjourned for this day; but the grand jury were in session, and the music disturbed their deliberations; so they sent an officer out who commanded them "in the name, to stand." Pan took the Syrix from his

mouth and dropped his music grinder; while Dryope set down the bass drum and said, with much apparent alarm, "me thought dey was finish." Shortly after, another officer appeared who told them they could play as much as they pleased, by going about an hundred yards further off: they accordingly moved to the point indicated, and commenced operations again. He took his station at a certain point, and "hotched and blew with might and main," while she moved round the circle inside, beating all the time, in order to prevent the spectators from crowding in and making the ring too small. If one thrust his scone too far over the line, she would make the reluctant stroke of the big stick hit him directly in the face, threatening abruption of his nasal promontory; and this she would do with the most bewitching smile, with the most amorous dexterity, and never losing time with the music. Indeed she beat well; and Mons. Pan blew and ground excellent music. He also had a good assortment of tunes. The "Cinderella Waltz," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Home, Sweet Home," "Alice Grey," "Bonaparte Crossing the Alps," &c. After beating awhile, Madame Dryope had a saucer with which she went round the circle for collection of charities, Pan exclaiming, "while she goes round I'll wet my whistle, and play Bona Crossing de Alps." And well did he perform it. It was very exhilarating—quite exciting—and what associations—what reminiscences did it awaken! It recalled to mind the campaigns and battles of that demi-god of war, whose name was the synonyme of victory—the man who, annihilating time and space, "went down upon Italy with hostile banners displayed;" defeating his adversaries and astonishing the world. It recalled Montezello, Rivoli, Arcoli, Lodi, Marengo, Wagram, Austerlitz, Lutten, Dresden, Leipzig, and Waterloo.

"Here last

The Eagle towering in his pride of place, Was by a mousing Owl hawk'd at and kill'd."

Ruf little, perhaps, did this poor music grinder know or care for the great Napoleon. For myself, I have always pitied the destitute foreigners, who ply this despised occupation. It has always seemed to me that the upward glance of the organ grinder at the richly curtained windows of a fine mansion, displayed the contrast of wealth and poverty with most peculiar eloquence and force. He simply pleads to the ear with music; and often as his melody is derided, I have often heard worse sounds emanating from a bunch of piano keys in a parlor, while fashion went into ecstasies at the effort. Our Mons. Pan performed several tunes exceedingly well, both on the Syrix and the organ; and as for Madame Dryope she was hard to surpass. I have before this, seen many scientific drumbeaters—some that could put in the "double-breasted side licks" in the "grape vine twist" handsomely; others that could "come the cork screw about a foot" in "Jim along Josey;" but never have I seen one that could "do the thing up brown" or "come the giraffe" over this modern nymph.

MARCUS.

ITEMS.

An elderly lady, a descendant of Miles Standish, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the twenty-second day of April. Her husband, who was by observation, I always thought you were born on the first day of April. People might well judge so, observed the narrator in the choice I made of a husband.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," as the school boy said when he received severe corporal punishment for intemperance in his lesson.

"I'll make free to smoke your pipe," as the wood said to the stove.

"Don't present your bill so soon," as the worm said to the woodpecker.

Be always as merry as ever you can; For no one delights in a sorrowful man.

Some people have consciences so very tender that they make no use of them whatever.

Whether we go backward or forward, to the right hand or to the left, every step we take is a step towards the grave.

Snuff takers differ from all the rest of the world because they turn up their noses at what they most admire.

"Ve're a pill-age-in," as the fellers said ven they stole quick medicines.

"Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis passed," as the chip said after he spent his last "yellow boy."

"I'm Mugged if I do," as the trumpet said, when it was asked to give a tune.

A Mississippian was asked if the people of that State encouraged tee-totalism. He replied, "We ant 'zactly tee-totalers, though we go in for temperance in a measure."

"If you bite me I'll bite you," as the pepper pod said to the bay.

Drop Cakes.—One quart of milk, large teaspoon full of Saleratus dissolved in a cup of cream to which stir in flour very smoothly until a thick batter. Then dip your spoon in milk and with it place your batter at short distances in a buttered pan. Very delicate made entirely of cream, either with or without eggs.

Buckwheat Cakes are less tough and not as liable to sour, when mixed with salt rising instead of hop yeast.

Soft Gingerbread, very nice.—Four tea cups of flour, two cups of molasses, half a cup of butter, two cups of buttermilk, a cup of thick cream, three eggs, table spoonful of ginger, and the same of saleratus. Mix them all together with the exception of buttermilk, in which the saleratus must be dissolved and then added to the rest. It must not stand long before being sent to bake.

Butter is improved by working the second time after the lapse of twenty four hours, when the salt is dissolved and the watery particles can be entirely removed.

To boil a Ham.—Receipt from an old Housekeeper. Put your ham into the pot at noon the day before you want it for the table, and keep the water hot until that time, then let it boil fifteen minutes.

It is said that the farmers of portions of Illinois and Missouri will this year sow a large quantity of hemp seed, in anticipation of this culture proving a profitable one.

About 300 guns have been mounted on the fortifications about New York. The defences are receiving general attention.

The horses "Boston" and "Fashion," are to run at the Long Island Races, on the 16th of May inst., for \$20,000 aside.

We know not how this race will terminate—but fashion has over-run Boston "many a time and oft."

Ordered Home.—Several British regiments in Canada, have been ordered back to England, where the demand for troops for the East India service has caused a considerable drain upon the regiments at home.

The amount of capital invested in manufactures in Georgia, is \$2,899,565; do. in Alabama, \$2,130,061.

Retrenchment.

On the 21st of March, Mr. Meriwether, from the Committee on Public Expenditures, made a partial Report to the House of Representatives, concerning the expenditures incident to the Florida war and the removal of the Indians. We subjoin an extract from this report, together with a few of the items of expenditure which it enumerates, and propose to follow it up hereafter with extracts from other reports which bring to light the criminal extravagance of officers under the late Administration. The documentary evidence of the corruption of that Administration shows that the complaints of the Whigs, during the Presidential canvass, were but too well founded. It is right that those miserably corrupt and corrupting expenditures of Government officers should be published fully, as a warning to the people to be on their guard, and as "beacons to shun" by every succeeding Administration.—*Eds. Pats.*

In each department, and through out the various ramifications of it, whether civil or military, whenever there was money to be expended, the most wilful extravagance seems to have followed the administration of the law, until the public interests have been sacrificed by its influence. In illustration of this, the committee will present a few of the many cases which have occurred. In the year 1837, Congress appropriated the sum of \$210,000 to remove obstructions from the mouth of the Mississippi river. Mr. A. Talcott was detailed by the Engineer department for the superintendence of the work. In November, 1838, he reports: "When I entered upon this duty, in the spring of 1837, the Engineer department had decided upon trying the effect of dredging the bars, as promising the most speedy result; if efficacious, involving the least expenditure." "At the date of the last report, nothing further had been done towards this improvement than to commence the construction of the machinery for dredging." For this purpose, "it became necessary to place the dredging machinery upon a large and substantial boat." "The arrangement of the machinery, as every step was, in a measure, treading on new ground, consumed more time than was anticipated; and it was not until late in December that one side was ready for trial, and then ice was running in the Delaware." "The dredge sailed from Philadelphia on the 7th January, 1838, reached the Balize 7th March, but was not tried until the 26th of May." "The first experiment resulted in breaking both chains on her starboard side, very soon after she commenced working." "The broken chains were repaired, by substituting open links which we had provided; and she continued to work occasionally, until work supply was exhausted;" but it appears that she did not work long enough to enable the formation of an opinion as to the "degree of benefit" to be conferred by dredging. The breaking of the chain seems to have arisen from an improper selection of the material used, which was cast iron, and against which the machinist protested as unsuitable. The Engineer says: "The short time we operated satisfied me that cast iron was unsuitable;" he therefore ordered chains of wrought iron. Various mishaps seem to have befallen all his plans; and late in September he received enough chain for one side only. But the chain arriving, the Engineer says that, "the principal error committed as to the size of the boat; she is quite too small for the machinery." On the 11th February, 1839, the Senate called for information as to "what has been done or is doing towards increasing the depth of the water at the mouth of the Mississippi river." To this Mr. Talcott replies: "At the date of the last communication from the superintendent, (January 28,) they had made a cut one hundred feet wide and nine hundred feet long, and to a depth of sixteen feet; and this had been done in ten days, viz. from 17th of January to 28th. From the 1st of October to the 12th January was spent in sundry essays on the bar, at short intervals; in turning the dredge and mud vessels to the mouth of Red river and back, consuming one month, including time spent there. On 21st December, dredging was suspended by order of Engineer department, resumed 12th January; from then until the 17th the dredge was operating on a mud lump, about mid channel of the pass; but, on account of heavy weather, was compelled to abandon that position before entirely eradicating the obstruction."

The expenditure connected with this work, exclusive of survey, appears to be \$223,231. During the year 1838, and while there was so little work done, the Government paid, for services and pay of those employed, \$56,000; for transportation, \$6,140; for provisions, \$10,000, and for board \$503. These extraordinary expenditures, with so small returns of labor or benefit, are well calculated to excite doubts as to the fidelity of the Government agents controlling them. There are some of these expenditures, a portion of which the committee will mention, which reflect the severest censure upon those making them, and impugn the official conduct of those who have allowed them.—Here are some of them:

Silver watches	- \$36.00	Hire of carriage at	
Repairing do.	- 45.50	different times	- 58.25
Chronometer	- 240.00	Honorary	- 23.00
Repairing do.	- 25.00	Refreshments for men	26.00
Muslin	- 77.58	Port wine	- 29.25
Musquito bars	- 120.00	Oysters	- 5.30
Dry goods	- 106.00	Fines to Sheriff of	
Carving	- 20.00	Charleston, S.C.	- 14.10
Painting office sign	- 9.00	Glass funnels	- 5.50
Diving	- 10.00	Glass jars	- 3.50
Meat beef	- 195.00	Hardware	- 3,322.00
Overbills	- 9.75		

The committee cannot come to the conclusion that such expenditures were intended by Congress to be in pursuance of the appropriation which they made, "to remove obstructions from the mouth of the Mississippi river." The large expenditures here made, and the little benefit resulting from them, demand, at the hands of those who made and those who approved them, an accountability for the disregard of the public interests here manifested. The committee have turned their attention to the expenditures made on account of the Army, and regret to say that, so far as their investigations have gone, a most prodigious waste of public money is to be found there, too. The existence of the Florida war has afforded an ample occasion for draining the public Treasury. In every department of the service connected with it, extravagance of the most unprecedented character has been indulged. In the purchase of supplies, in the transportation, by land or water, of soldiers or stores, the

public money has been wasted by those charged with its disbursement. Already has there been expended many millions of dollars, in prosecution of a war against a band of savages, which, from the outset, has not furnished as many hundred warriors to oppose. The committee have ascertained that, within five years from the outbreak of hostilities in that Territory, between the 1st of January, 1836, and 1st of January, 1841, there have been employed in the transportation service seven hundred and thirty-seven steamboats, brigs, and schooners. Many of them have been employed at a per diem pay, until the price of their hire has quadrupled the sum at which, originally, they could have been purchased. In reference to the hire of the steamboat John Crowell General Jessup, in reply to the call of the committee, says that she was hired at the price of "three hundred dollars a day, and her expenses and insurance." "She was not worth fifteen thousand dollars, and one hundred dollars a day would have been an extravagant hire for her." "For the entire period she was in service, the Government has paid eighty-two thousand five hundred and fifty-five dollars." The committee present the names, compensation per day, month, or trip, paid for a few of the steamboats and sail vessels, employed under charter or by hire, for transportation, in illustration of the character of the expenditures made:

(Of the number given in the report we have space at present for but a few.)		
Metamora, 62 days, at \$163 per day	-	\$9,880
do. One trip from Fort Mitchell to Whitehouse river	-	3,000
Reindeer, 42 days, at 175 per day	-	7,350
do. 12 days, at 150 per day	-	1,800
Georgia, 32 days, at 200 per day	-	6,400
do. 8 days, at 250 per day	-	2,000
Charleston, 10 months, at 4,400 per month	-	44,000
Hyperion, 32 days, at 200 per day	-	6,400
do. 20 days, at 200 per day (in 1837)	-	4,000
do. 1 trip from Apalachicola to Columbus	-	1,100
do. 1 trip from St. Marks to Santa Fe river	-	1,300
Anne Calhoun, 31 days, at 350 per day	-	10,850
Cincinnati, 45 days, at 2,000 per month	-	2,400
do. 2 months, at 4,000 per month	-	8,000
Cherokee, (1836) chartered 1 trip from Savannah to Picolata, usually consuming three days	-	1,300
Brilliant, Trip from New Orleans to Waterloo, Alabama, employing not exceeding 4 days, usually, besides \$1 per 100 lbs. for stores	-	6,000
do. hire per month, employed indefinitely	-	2,000
Cincinnati, hire per month	-	3,000

GOV. MOREHEAD'S APPOINTMENTS.

It will be seen by the following list of appointments, that Gov. Morehead is acting upon the suggestion of the late Whig Convention "to meet and address his fellow-citizens, when and where he shall deem it necessary, to promote the cause of truth and sound political principles."

- At Greenville, Pitt County, on this day, being Court week.
- At Snow Hill, Greene, on the 10th of May, being the Tuesday of the County Court.
- At Waynesboro', Wayne, the 16th of May, being Monday of County Court.
- At Halifax, on the 18th of May being Wednesday of County Court.
- At Jackson, Northampton, on Thursday the 19th of May.
- At Smithfield, Johnston, on the 24th of May, being Tuesday of County Court.
- At Hatteras, Orange County, on 27th May, being Friday of County Court.
- At Fayetteville, on the 7th of June, being Tuesday of County Court.
- At your tents, then, oh! I read! Whigs of North Carolina, awake! Your hesitations well understand the truth of our good old Ship of State, and will safely guide us through the breakers of Loco Focoism. Forty-five thousand of the good men and true of the Old North declared their confidence in his skill and fidelity as our Commander in 1840, before we had tried him in that station, and we can, and ought, to give him a handsome certificate in 1842, after two years of faithful devotion to our best interests. If we do our duty, Morehead's majority, at the latest notch, will be TEN THOUSAND!—*Raleigh Register.*

PASS IT ROUND.

The True Whig, published at Washington, reminds its readers and the public, that in the ten years previous to Gen. Jackson's war on our currency system, the number of banks created was 22, with a capital of \$68,000,000; that in the next two years, the number of banks created was 265, with a capital of \$368,000,000; that the former banks were generally sound, and the latter have generally proved unsound; and that the Loco Focos are now breaking down the very currency they gave us, and are, and are fast reducing us to the condition of no currency at all.

And pass it round, we add, that by the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, it appears that the bank bills in circulation in the whole Union, in 1816, amounted to

\$68,000,000.

This was before the charter of the second U. S. Bank, and when we had been without a national Bank for four years. The charter of that Bank was then granted, with a capital of thirty-five millions of dollars. Did any expansion follow? Oh no—very far from it. Fourteen years afterwards, or in 1830, the whole amount of bank paper in circulation, from all the banks, was

\$61,323,804.

Being a DECREASE in fourteen years, while the U. S. Bank was in operation, of nearly seven millions.

Well, what next? The President vetoed a bill to re-charter the Bank in 1832, and then what followed? In 1837, the bank paper in circulation had increased to \$119,185,890, Or an INCREASE, in seven years, of \$57,861,992. These things are worth looking at. The facts are indisputable.

One thing more, To show how the speculation fever was set a going, and when, as soon as the public deposits were removed, there was a rush for them, and the money was taken to buy western lands, eastern timber tracts, &c. and for this purpose money was borrowed of the banks, and new banks were created to make more bank paper to be used in the same way. In 1830, the amount of bank loans of all the banks, State and National, was

\$200,451,211.

In 1837, a year after the U. S. Bank charter had expired, the loans had increased to the enormous sum of

\$525,115,702.

In September of the same year, the banks stopped specie payment.—*Kenneth Journal.*

DECISIONS IN BANKRUPTCY.

Barton's Case. Before Judge Monroe, April 9th.—The petitioner, in this case, filed his affidavit that a portion of his creditors, since the filing of his petition, had sued out execution and were about to sell his property, and asking the interference of the Court.

The Court ruled—1st. That the decree of Bankruptcy, when rendered, relates to the time of filing the petition and the assignee will have a right to recover, in trover the value of any property taken and sold upon executions issued after the filing of the petition.

2nd. That the assignee will have no right to recover the value of property, sold under an execution after the filing of the petition, but which was issued and levied before the petition was filed.

3rd. That whether or not the assignee will have a right to recover the value of property taken in execution, which issued before the filing of the petition, but which was levied upon and sold after the filing of the petition, is a vexed question, and not decided.—*Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth.*

A hole in the Bankrupt Law.—One of the chief benefits which the bankrupt law was expected to secure, was the prevention of frauds in regard to confidential debts. The law provides that no man shall be liberated from his debts under it, who has given any preference to one creditor over another. But mark the short vision of legislators. The way the thing is doing is this:—A man fails, he gives no preference to anybody. But certain creditors among his friends immediately sue him, and hurry their suits to judgment and execution. The debtor makes no resistance, and so the creditor attaches property and pays himself, after which the debtor applies for the benefit of the bankrupt act, and with clean hands too, for he has given no preferences, and done nothing at all; and yet all his preferred creditors are as snugly provided for as they would have been in the worst days of assignment. Here is a hole through which a bear or a bull may go without scratching his sides.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

That hole is stopped. Judge Story has decided that attachments made after the petition is filed are null and void; and Judge Irwin and Judge Paine have decided that the bankrupt cannot even be held in arrest for debt.

NORTH CAROLINA FOREVER!

The Whig Convention at Raleigh, which convened on the fourth ult. and continued in session for several days together—the Register says, was "the largest, and most imposing political assembly ever convened in North Carolina, with the exception of the mass Convention of 1840."

We have read the proceedings with great pleasure, and regret that we cannot describe the enthusiasm which pervaded the bosoms of the delegates and the high-toned patriotic feeling which characterized the proceedings of the whole body.

There are not a more true, firm, unmoved, unmovable band of Whigs in the United States, than the whole Whig party of North Carolina. A noble glorious State art thou, oh North Carolina! whose independent and free born sons will ever stand firm in their support of principles of the Union and of Liberty. One thousand cheers from each Whig State in the Union, for old North Carolina and her late Whig Convention!

That our patrons may know the cause of our rejoicings, we subjoin the following extract from the Raleigh Register:—

"That feature of the Convention, which will most attract attention abroad, is the unanimous nomination of Mr. Clayton for the Presidency—a nomination carried by acclamation, and without a dissenting voice. The Whigs of the Old North State have thus boldly given a lead to the Union."

"Let come what will, they mean to bear it out, And either live with glorious victory, Or die with fame."

To this determination on the part of the Whigs of North Carolina, we say Amen, from the bottom of our hearts. We would sooner "die with fame"—that is, we had sooner suffer defeat in the advocacy of Henry Clay, than to "live with glorious victory"—i. e., to succeed in the cause of any other Whig now spoken of for the Presidency. This we call taking the bull by the horns, and such are our sentiments.—*Jonesborough Tenn. Whig.*

The Dissolution of the Union—Throwing off the Disguise.—An annual meeting of the Abolitionists is to be held at New York, on the 11th of this month. It is distinctly avowed in some of their incendiary publications, that the question for the dissolution of the Union will form one of the chief topics of discussion.

There is not a good citizen in this Republic, who can regard an announcement of this kind with any other feelings than those of the most decided disapprobation. Let his views be what they may, if he is a true citizen, he must look upon every step to sow the seeds of sectional jealousy and discord, as deserving only of the severest reprobation. It is a spirit that never can be entertained for a moment by any mind not wholly regardless of the well being of our common country, and which would never be breathed except from the lips of madmen and fanatics.

It cannot be otherwise than a source of great gratification to all the friends of our free institutions, to know that this incendiary spirit has been making no converts of late years, in any quarter.—Far from it. But, on the contrary, its advocates have been most rapidly diminishing. The noise and bluster, which now and then strike upon the public ear, proceed from the expiring struggles of the agonized few; and the fanfarade that they will discuss the question of dissolving the Union, will cause none to enlist in this army of disunionists.—*Phila. Saturday Courier.*

The Fisheries, on the Albemarle Sound and the Rivers, are at present and have for some time past been in full and successful operation, and large quantities of Shad, Herring, &c. have been taken. The largest quantity of Herring taken at one haul, that we have heard of, is, one hundred and ten thousand. Vast numbers of Bass, or Rock have also been caught this season. We understand that Mr. Sutton, on Chowan River, has taken at one haul eight thousand, of the Rock, some very large, weighing from 50 to 75 pounds.—*Sentinel.*

Sixteen acres of Cabbage, planted on the farm of Lambert Wyckoff by Peter Walsh in Bushwick, Kings Co., produced 61,120 heads which sold for \$2,431.77. The soil was turned over in the fall and cross ploughed in the spring. Fifty cart loads of street manure from N. York city was put on an acre, at a cost delivered on the farm, of 40 cents per load, and the whole cost of cultivation \$10 per acre.

Cornstalk Sugar.—Experiments made at Wilmington N. C., prove that one thousand pounds of sugar can be obtained from an acre of cornstalks, the saccharine matter being three times greater than that in beets, and fully equal to the cane. Mr. Ellsworth, the Commissioner of Patents, says that should the manufacture of sugar from the cornstalk prove as successful as it now promises, enough might soon be produced to supply our entire home consumption, towards which, as has been mentioned, at least 120,000,000 pounds of foreign sugars are annually imported, and a surplus might be had for exportation.

DIED.

In this vicinity, on Sunday morning last, BREVELY ROSE, infant son of William H. and Lavina Cumming—aged 14 months and 4 days.

"No bitter tears for thee be shed, Blossom of being! seen and gone! With flowers alone we strew thy bed, O blest departed one! Whose all of life, a rosy ray, Blushed into dawn, and passed away."

In Orange county, on the 21st of last month, Michael Holt, aged 64 years, one of the most useful magistrates, and respectable citizens of Orange county.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given, that Monday the 30th of this month, has been selected by the Board of Superintendents as the day for the general election of "School Committees" over the county. The place of election in every District, and the freeholders to hold the same, will be duly advertised at three public places in each District.

The freeholders are required to make a return of their respective elections to the Board at their next meeting, on Tuesday the 31st of this month. Within one month after their appointment, the Committees have to report to the Chairman, the number and the names of the children in their Districts, of five and under twenty-one years of age.

JESSE H. LINDSAY, Chairman.

May 6, 1842.

State of North Carolina.

John King vs. Wm. P. Lindsay.

In Equity.—April Term, 1842.

IN this case it was ordered that publication be made for six weeks in the Greensborough Patriot, for the defendant in this cause to appear at the next term of the court of equity to be held for the county of Guilford, State stores, at the courthouse in Greensborough, on the 3rd Monday after the 4th Monday in September next, to plead, answer, or demur to the complainant's bill, or the same will be taken pro confesso, set down for hearing and heard exparte.

Test, J. A. MEBANE, C. M. E.

Greensboro', April, 1842. Pr. adv. \$5. 13-6

BACON.

A LOT of prime Bacon for sale by retail at 6 1/4 cts. per lb.

May 1842. T. CALDWELL & SONS.

Candles.

—About 400 lbs. Candles 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. T. R. TATE.

FOR SALE.

ON Tuesday of May Court next I propose to sell, at auction, in Greensborough, a Negro Woman, who is an excellent Cook, with a boy child.

P. H. SAUNDERS. 12-6

Dye-stuffs.

TURMERIC, Copperas, Logwood, Annatto, Alum, Red Sanders, Aikenet Root, Sulph. Copper, poly Galia.

D. P. WEIR.

A superior article of TOBACCO manufactured by McCorkle & Daniel, of Lynchburg, Va. for sale by January 20th. J. & R. SLOAN.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

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

April, 1842.

JUST TO HAND A FRESH SUPPLY OF

ANCHOR BOLTING CLOTHS,

embracing Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

December 13, 1841. JESSE H. LINDSAY.

JUST received 4 Hhds. bright new Crop Molasses.

1 teire (500 lbs. new crop) Rice. J. & R. SLOAN.

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

200 lb. single do. 250 lb. Havana Sugar.

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

10 bags Shot. 5 Kegs rifle Powder. J. & R. SLOAN.

For sale by J. & R. SLOAN.

7,000 lbs. IRON, assorted sizes, 34 kegs NAILS

by January 20th. J. & R. SLOAN.

SUMMER HATS.

A lot of fine Brush and Palm Leaf Hats just received and for sale by RANKIN & McLEAN.

TURNER & HUGHES NORTH-CAROLINA ALMANAC FOR 1843

FOR SALE BY RANKIN & McLEAN

November 2.

5,000 FEET OF WEATHERBOARDING.

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

Feb 1842

Clover Seed.

20 BUSHELS RED CLOVER SEED, a first rate article, for sale by J. & R. SLOAN.

March 22d 1841.

50 KEGS NAILS

from the Coopersville Factory, S. C., a superior article, for sale by J. & R. SLOAN.

November 13.

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, &c. expelling flat, torpid feelings and head-ache, so common in the spring and summer. Sold by H. T. WEATHERLY & CO.

25,000 LBS. IRON, manufactured by the King's Mountain Iron Co., embracing every variety of size usually demanded in this market, for sale at prices that cannot fail to please. J. & R. SLOAN.

Greensborough, August 7, 1841.

White Lead, Turpentine &c.

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

D. P. WEIR.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

Jayne's Hair Tonic, Jayne's Vermifuge, Weaver's celebrated Worm Tea and Salve, Gray's invaluable Ointment, Sanative Pills for Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, &c.

For sale by D. P. WEIR.

NOTICE.

THE Proprietor of the LEAKSVILLE COTTON FACTORY takes this method of informing the public that his

WOOL CARDING MACHINES are in perfect order and now ready to commence on the present crop of wool.

He would say to those who have not given his New Wool Cards a trial, bring your wool well prepared and the work SHALL be well done. It is too often the case that wool is brought to the carding machine in very bad order. When wool is brought to the machine in bad order an extra price will be charged for preparing it, or the wool returned not carded. It is impossible to keep the cards in good order when every kind of litter is run through them.

For Sale at the Leaksville Factory the following articles to wit: A large lot of WOOL ROLLS, from 30 to 50 cts. per lb. A large lot of King's Mountain IRON, all sizes & shapes. Plantation IRON—good assortment. NAILS and BLADES—all sizes—best quality. FEATHERS, PLOW LINES and TALLOW. A large lot of BACON and LARD—very cheap. Leaksville, N. C., May 1st 1842. 11-4

2 doz. Foster's Corn Sythes, 2 doz. German Seythes 1 do. do. Green do. 1 do. Bramble do. 1 do. Seythe Snaths 1 do. Rowlands Spades 1 do. Rowland's Shovels 1-2 do. Ditching Spades Just received and for sale by April, 1842. J. & R. SLOAN.

NOTICE.

FROM and after this date, in compliance with a request from the Board of Trustees for the Caldwell 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.

Perfumery, &c.

COLOGNE WATER, Milk of Roses, Lavender Water, Florida Water, Bergamot, Aromatic Salts, Fancy Soaps. D. P. WEIR.

RICE.

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

A small lot of BACON on hand and for sale by GEO. ALBRIGHT & SON.

SWAIN'S N. CAROLINA EXECUTOR.

CONTAINING the Statute and common Law of the State, together with the Decisions of the Supreme Court, and all the necessary Forms and Precedents: intended as a safe guide to Executors and Administrators in their practical management of estates, according to

THE HORSE.

The horse knows his owner, and much more.—He knows more than many of the two-legged animals who ride on his back, and I am quite sure there is more of the spirit of Christianity in his practice than in that of many of the bipeds aforesaid; for the horse, especially the carman's, rests on the Sabbath, whereas his rider often works harder for the devil on that day than he does for food to keep his soul and body together on any day in the week. Besides the horse will cross the hand that feeds him; but thousands of his riders thank not God, in whom they live, and move, and have their being.—To illustrate my position let me give a few anecdotes of this beautiful and friendly animal. Of a two horse team belonging to the Earl of —, near Oxford, one was very vicious, the other quite the reverse. In the stall next to the gentle horse, stood one that was blind. In the morning when the horses, about twenty or them were turned out to pasture, the good tempered creature constantly took his blind friend under his protection. When he strayed from his companions, his kind friend would run neighing and smell around him, and when recognized they would walk side and side, until the blind friend was led to the best grass in the field.

God, speaking to Job, asks him, "Hast thou given the horse strength?—Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He mocketh at evil fear, and is affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword." Shortly after that mighty battle which closed the career of Bonaparte, and at the disbanding of part of the British army, the remains of a troop of horse belonging to the Scotch Greys, were brought to the hammer. The Captain being rich and a man of feeling, was loth to see these noble fellows turned into butcher, baker or beerhouse drags, after helping to drive the French from Spain. He therefore bought the whole lot, and set them loose in one of his fine grass parks, to pass away their old age in peace. One warm summer evening, when it was just dark enough to render the light visible, a vivid flash was followed by a loud report of thunder. At this moment the horses were grazing leisurely, but seeing the blaze and hearing the report, they thought a battle had begun. In a minute they were in the centre of the field, all drawn up in line, their beautiful ears quivering with anxiety like the leaf of the poplar trembling in the breeze, listening for the word of the rider to lead them to the charge. My informant, who was an eye-witness to this wonderful scene, told me he had often seen these horses.

MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.

The Rev. Mr. O—, a respectable clergyman in the interior of the state, relates the following anecdote. A couple came to him to get married. After the knot was tied the bridegroom addressed him with—"How much do you ax, Mister?" "Why," replied the clergyman, "I generally take whatever is offered me. Sometimes more, sometimes less. I leave it to the bridegroom." "Yes—but how much do you ax, I ax?" repeated the happy man. "I have just said," returned the clergyman, "that I left it to the decision of the bridegroom. Some give me ten dollars; some five; some three; some two; some one; and some, only a quarter of a one." "A quarter, ha?" said the bridegroom; "well, that's as reasonable as a body could ax. Let me see if I've got the money." He took out his pocket-book; there was no money there; he fumbled in all his pockets, but not a sixpence could he find. "Dang it," said he, "I thought I had some money with me; but I recollect now, 'twas in my mother trowse-pocket. Hetty, have you got such a thing as two shillings about ye?" "Me?" said the bride, with a mixture of shame and indignation. "I'm astonished at ye, to come here to be married without a cent of money to pay for it! If I'd known it afore, I wouldn't come a step with ye; you might have gone alone to be married for all me." "Yes, but consider, Hetty," said the bridegroom in a soothing tone, "we're married now, and it can't be helped—if you have got sich a thing as a couple of shillings—"

"Here, take 'em," interrupted the angry bride, who during the speech, had been searching in her work bag; "and don't you," said she, with a significant motion of her finger—"don't you serve me another such a trick."

A RIDDLE. For the Patriot.
Though hidden in the dust
Some thousand years I lay,
Yet ne'er was touch'd with rust
Nor subject to decay.
At length, in course of time,
(Revolving ages past),
In simple modern rhyme
I'm brought to view at last.
When disinter'd from earth
In rude and knotty spars,
I was counted of great worth,
And pit'ed like the stars.
I from a pit was brought,
From many things amoung,
And into form was wrought,
And had a cloven tongue.
No mouth at all I had,
My tongue was naked quite;
In brilliant yellow I was clad,
And shone with lustre bright.
A lustre like the sun
Naturally impart,
Austler, borrow'd one,
From mental aid and art.
By using of my tongue,
Color'd black on white,
Mary's tongs are made
In spreading mental light.
By using me with skill,
Comb'd with curious art,
My owner's mind and will
To others I impart.
Without a voice or sound
Thus words I can convey
To distant nations round,
Or to a future day.
I aid in things divine
As well as those of art,
Help heav'nly light to shine
Abundant on the heart.
Come now ye learned youth,
And sprightly maiden fair,
In plain and simple truth
This curious thing declare.
Answer: A Gold Pen.

State of North Carolina,

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY.

February Term, 1842.

Charles R. Smith, Original attachment levied on personal property, and A. G. Morton vs. Wm. B. Gentry, summoned as garnishee.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the court, that the defendant in this case is not an inhabitant of this State, or so absconds or conceals himself, that the ordinary process of law cannot be served on him: It is therefore ordered by the court that publication be made, for six weeks successively, in the Greensborough Patriot, for said date and to be and appear before the Justices of our county court of pleas and quarter sessions, to be held for said county, at the court-house in Wentworth, on the 4th Monday of May next, then and there to plead or reply, otherwise judgment final will be entered against him, and the property levied on, sold to satisfy plaintiff's demand.

Witness, T. B. Wheeler, clerk of our said court, at office in Wentworth, the 4th Monday of February, A. D. 1842.

T. B. WHEELER, c. c. c.

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State of North Carolina,

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY.

February Term, 1842.

Samuel Hand, Original attachment levied on personal property, and A. G. Morton vs. William B. Gentry, summoned as garnishee.

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Witness, T. B. Wheeler, clerk of our said court, at office, the 4th Monday of February, A. D. 1842.

T. B. WHEELER, c. c. c.

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BOTANIC MEDICINE STORE.

WE respectfully inform the public that we have on hand a general assortment of genuine Botanic Medicines for sale, as follows:

Cayenne	Castor oil	Healing salve
Balm	Cassia	Balm fir
Balm	Skunk cabbage	Cholera syrup
Balm	Spice berry	Dysentery do
Balm	Spice berry	Dandelion ex
Balm	Spice berry	Lobelia tinc
Balm	Spice berry	Antispasmodic tin
Balm	Spice berry	Tinct. Myrrh
Balm	Spice berry	Camphor
Balm	Spice berry	Oil Lemon
Balm	Spice berry	Cassia
Balm	Spice berry	Cloves
Balm	Spice berry	Peppermint
Balm	Spice berry	Spearmint
Balm	Spice berry	Tanzy
Balm	Spice berry	Sassafras
Balm	Spice berry	Hemlock
Balm	Spice berry	Annis
Balm	Spice berry	Syringes
Balm	Spice berry	Bitter-sweet
Balm	Spice berry	Rhubarb
Balm	Spice berry	Gamboge
Balm	Spice berry	Nerve ointment
Balm	Spice berry	Felon salve
Balm	Spice berry	Bitter tonic
Balm	Spice berry	Ointment for cold
Balm	Spice berry	Cancer plaster
Balm	Spice berry	Pink Root
Balm	Spice berry	Tooth powder
Balm	Spice berry	&c &c

We also have several numbers of Dr. Howard's Works, and Dr. A. Curtis on Midwifery.

All applications for medicines, or medical services, will be promptly attended to. The cash for medicines will always be required. H. T. WEATHERLY & CO.