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"We have heard many a time the song, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and always thought it full of music, poetry, and truth. The following beautiful stanzas, by Miss ANN LERROS, of NIRA, Ireland, adapted to that simple and touching air, cannot fail to interest our readers.

PRAYER, SWEET PRAYER. AN—Sweet Home."

When torn is the bosom by sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet restrains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, Prayer, O sweet Prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.
When far from the friends we hold dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart!
Past converse and scenes, enjoyments are there,
Oh, how painfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer.
Prayer, Prayer, O sweet Prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.
When pleasure would woo us from pity's arms,
The vain sings sweetly or silently charms,
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in a snare,
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, Prayer, O sweet Prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.
While strangers to prayer we're strangers to bliss,
Heaven pours its full streams thro' no medium but this;
And till we the script's full meaning share,
Our choice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, Prayer, O sweet Prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

Conscience as an Organ of Punishment.

How rarely do men take the only sure way to escape self-reproach and remorse! Real integrity of heart, sincere obedience to the commands of Heaven in all things, would not only shield the soul from the stings of remorse, but fill it with enduring peace and joy. And yet no observer of human life is ignorant of the every varying devices and pleas which are formed, to prevent the condemning sentence of conscience, or to soften down her reproaches. With what fallacious reasonings is the understanding often duped! What frivolous pretenses does the judgment frequently admit as excuses! How promptly is memory summoned to recount every palliating circumstance in abatement of guilt; and how strangely is memory also sometimes paralyzed, so as to commit to temporary oblivion the aggravations of wrong! With what amazing fertility will imagination bring forth specious apologies,—urging self-justification, by glowing pictures of human frailty and dependence, the resistless force of temptation, or other partial and distorted representations of fact, or fabrications of falsehood! If half the ability and ingenuity, often wasted in efforts to set aside the condemning verdict of conscience, after wrong has been done, were employed in seeking out truth and pursuing the path of duty, the mind, instead of having only the imperfect calm of a stifled conscience, or the treacherous guidance of a perverted conscience, would find that peace which is like a river, and that joy which is like the overflowing stream. Here, as in other things, "the way of transgressors is hard." They toil much more to secure from conscience a mere silence while they continue estranged from duty, than would be needful to obtain a positive and sweet approval by walking in the way of wisdom.
And after all, the silence, if it is ever effected, is but temporary. Conscience cannot be long stifled, or cheated out of its prerogative. She may be flattered or bribed, or deceived, perhaps, for the present moment; but no man can bind her in a covenant for the future. She may sleep to-day but can give no guaranty that she will sleep to-morrow. She is the servant of the Almighty, and is fully commissioned as his minister of vengeance to inflict upon the transgressor the pangs of self-reproach and remorse. It is true no dependence, no human power, can with absolute certainty call forth her terrible utterances in the soul of man; but it is equally true, that no human power can hinder those utterances when God bids her condemn.

How agonizing the infliction thus sometimes brought upon the soul through conscience as the organ of punishment! After continued self-justification, effected by self-deceit, or after protracted slumbers of conscience under the engrossing pleasures of sense, or the equally engrossing cares of business, the work of conviction unexpectedly begins. Conscience, stripping the heart of its disguises, points in the evidence of guilt as with a blaze of sunbeams, flashes condemnation as with darts of lightning, and lets loose all the terrors of remorse like tempest floods of desolation. What suffering, what punishment, can equal this!—Who will here speak of the acutest pains of disease—of bodily laceration—or even of the agony of gradual burning in the flames? These are but faint emblems of the rendings, the gnawing of the wounded spirit. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmities, but a troubled spirit will not bear." Be wise now, therefore,—lest thou mourn in the last and say—"How have I hated instruction, as I have hated reproach!"

Terrible Devastation by Locusts.

In Drummond Hay's Travels in Western Barbary, he says that on one occasion, he witnessed the ravages of the Locusts in the neighborhood of Tangier, and can truly say in the words of the Old Testament, "They covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees, which the hail had left, and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the fields."

At the period to which I refer, the locust first appeared near Tangier in the winged form, and did not commit much injury, but settled along the sea coast, deposited their eggs, and died. Some months afterwards, in July, if I recollect rightly, the grub first appeared, and was about the size of what is commonly called the lion ant. A price had been set by several European residents at Tangier upon each pound of eggs, that was brought by the natives, and many thousand pound weight, by this means, were destroyed, but, apparently, it was of no avail; it was but the drop of water from the ocean, for soon the whole face of the country around was blackened by columns of these voracious insects; and as they marched on their desolating track, neither the loftiest barriers, nor water, nor fire, daunted them. Quenching with their numbers the hottest fire, the rear of the dreadful column passed over the devoted bodies of those who had preceded them. Across ditches, streams, or rivers, it was the same. On, they marched, and, as the foremost ranks of the advanced columns were drowned, their bodies formed the raft for those that followed; and where there seemed the most resistance to their progress, thither did the destructive insects appear to swarm in the greatest numbers. One European resident at Tangier, the Consul General of Sweden, who possessed a beautiful garden in the neighborhood, abounding with the choicest flowers, and shrubs of Europe and Africa, waged, for a long time, successful war against them. His large garden had the advantage of a high wall, and outside this barrier he had stationed laborers, hired for the purpose of destroying the invading column. Often did the Moslems shake their heads, and predicting sooner or later the destruction of his garden, exclaim against the wickedness and folly of the Nazarene in attempting to divert the decree of fate. At one time it had been hoped that this beautiful seat, a favorite resort of the Europeans, had been saved, for, whilst all around had been rendered bare and desolate, the garden yet rejoiced in a luxuriance of vegetation. But the day soon came in which the Moslems' predictions were to be fulfilled. The locusts ceasing to be crawling grubs, put forth their wings and took flight. Myriads and myriads, attracted by the freshness, alighted on this oasis of the desert, and in a few hours every green blade disappeared, the very bark of fruit trees being gnawed in such a manner as to render them incapable of producing fruit the ensuing year.

At length, a favorable wind having arisen, the locusts took flight from around Tangier, and the sky was darkened by their countless hosts. Vast numbers of them were driven into the sea, as shoals of their patrol bodies washed back upon the coast proved to us. It not unfrequently happens that the stench of the dead bodies of this insect cause very bad contagious fevers. The female locusts when full of eggs, become an article of food with the Moors. They are boiled in salt water, in the same manner as shrimps, which they resemble in taste, but it requires some resolution at first to get the monster into your mouth. When in the grub state, they are greedily devoured by the wild boar, jackal, fox, and other wild animals, and, on taking wing, they are attacked by storks, hawks and almost all the feathered tribe.

Idle Curiosity, worse than Idle.

"Revelations calculated to pollute the imagination ought never to be sought after under the promptings of an idle curiosity; and he or she who needlessly seeks them out, usually pays a severe, though perhaps unconscious, penalty for such folly. Such curiosity not unfrequently results in the melancholy spectacle, of one wandering or stumbling over another into disgrace and ruin. The conversation even of the pure minded is defiled by the introduction of tainted topics; and these are times when parents particularly, should be on their guard against whatever may dull the edge of refinement, or impair that delicate sensibility to the slightest touch of pollution, which the God of nature designed as the shield of youthful, and especially of feminine virtue."

We re-commit the above paragraph, somewhat "mutilated" we confess, to the carrier's wing,—regarding it as a safe homoeopathic antidote, if timely and faithfully applied, to a thousand mental and moral ills. We deem it may be of service, alike to the publisher, the writer, the reader, and to the animating spirit presiding in social converse. All are alike responsible to the community, to conscience, and to Heaven, for every impure or idle word they utter.

How many a mind, once pure, elevated and lovely, from having its imagination filled with "The Mysteries of Paris," or kindred associations, or from having its sensibilities blunted by careless or even well-intended familiarity with vice, has become as unattractive and valueless, in the eye of true refinement and purity, pardon the allusion, as an old coat from the back of an indolent

though originally of the finest material and most approved fashion.

The heart of every child, of every youth, of every parent, then, should be guarded from the contamination of impure reading or indelicate conversation, with at least as much care as from any contagious disease, that might leave its ugly prints on the fair cheek of beauty.—N. F. Telegraph.

Water Spouts in Blount Co., Tennessee.

The following highly interesting account of an extraordinary natural occurrence which took place in Blount county, in East Tennessee in the month of July last, we had in a late number of the Nashville Whig, copied from the Murfreesboro' Telegraph. It is an extract from a letter addressed by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Maryville, to his brother the Hon. S. Anderson of Rutherford county, and is the only description of the occurrence that we have seen published:

On the last Saturday night of July, 1844, there fell, between 9 o'clock and midnight, upwards of one hundred water spouts in this (Blount) county on Chihowee Mountain and its ridges. I have seen ninety old, and have the testimony of responsible men that 12 or 15 others fell out, which I have not seen. Most I have seen, have been by descending some hill or mountain, and counting all that might be in view on an opposite mountain or ridge. Yet I have been on the ground to examine some eighteen or twenty, and would have visited many more, but am rather unable to clamber over ridges and mountains, even to satisfy a curiosity that I feel very strongly. One of them that I visited fell on the curb of the ridge, and it seems as if the momentum of the falling spout was so great that it sunk to the solid rock beneath in a moment, splashing the clay on the timber standing around, from 10 to 20 feet high, and driving before it all the clay, gravel, loose rock and trees that stood in its way, spreading as it descended the hill into the shape of an open fan, being six or eight broad where the spout struck, and about 75 or 100 yards broad at the foot of the hill, where hundreds of wagon loads of gravel, clay and timber are deposited.

The second, which I examined in company with Mr. Parker, fell near the curb of a steep ridge, and sunk into the ground at least seven feet, and took a direction towards a deep ravine, carrying with its current the whole ground with its rocks & trees just as deep as the solid rock would let it. On the sides of the ridges, that bound the narrow ravine, 14 other spouts fell, one of which drove into the ground 10 or 12 feet, and to that depth carried every thing before it. Others sunk from 1 to 6 feet. These all rushed into the same ravine with a force almost irresistible. We judged that there might have been more than a thousand wagon loads of the timber uprooted and broken down within the space of a quarter of a mile—the extent of this family of water-falls. Of the quantity of clay, rock, &c., we did not try to form an estimate.

I examined a third in company with Dr. Gillespie. The first one of this family fell near the top of Chihowee mountain; and on the sides of the ridges, forming a zigzag ravine, in the distance of a half mile there fell 12, perforating the earth until stopped by the solid rock, and rushing with impetuous fury into the same ravine, driving before them huge rocks, uprooted trees, gravel and clay. One of these rocks, driven before the mighty momentum for a quarter of a mile, measures 15 feet in length, 10 in thickness and 11 in breadth.

The quantity of rock, driven into a level field at the termination of the ridges, that would weigh one or two tons, with every size down to a pebble, is immense. Several acres of ground are ruined beyond recovery. What is astonishing, the maddened torrent disregarded the ravine, whenever the bending of the ridge interfered with a straight direction, forcing a direct course, although it had to surmount the ridge from 10 to 16 feet.

Another fact worthy of notice is, the excavations of the ground where the water spouts struck are almost as straight at the end and side, as if they had been dug by art—while the twigs and leaves lying on the very margin of the banks were not even moved by wind or running water; which shows that it was not rain running on the ground and collecting into a body, that made these channels. The roots of trees, on the margin of the channels, once extended across where the excavation now is. The roots are cut off, as if it had been done by a mattock. But the most extraordinary fact is, that trees are cut off near the root in a horizontal manner, the end resembling a stick twisted off in a square; and yet the body of the tree is not shattered or split.

We examined a large shell bark white oak about 4 feet in diameter, taken off in this way, strip of its bark, and its limbs and top appearing as if they had been cut off. About 40 feet of the body of the tree remained entire. A large poplar had been treated very much in the same way. In some cases the spout penetrated so deep as to carry with it whole trees standing up, and the ground that held their roots, and set them at the foot of the ridge, on which they grew. In some instances the excavations are so deep, that if a common dwelling house were rolled into them, they would contain it, being both deep and wide enough. The number I have seen, and been informed of, is above 100. But had I seen that two

which I have just described, from some eminence I would have counted them as two; yet when I went to them I found the number to be 27.—Now suppose one in every ten to be similar, there would be some 120 or 130 more than they appear to be, as seen from a distance. This renders it probable that 200 fell out on that memorable night in a space from 10 to 15 miles in length and from 1 to 3 in breadth. Perhaps about one half of these ran into a small creek 12 miles east of Maryville, and produced a swell in Little River, greater than the oldest inhabitant had ever seen. When that river entered into Holston, it produced a swell of 10 feet; but the swell above the mouth of Little River was only two feet by the general rain. Those, whose farms lie on the margin of Little River, lost horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, out houses, and some had much of their corn destroyed.

The water of the other spouts went into Little Tennessee, and the two produced a tide at Ross' Landing of 10 feet plum water. My paper will not allow of more details. I have room however to say a few things as to the cause of this sublime natural phenomenon. It was produced by a heavy and extensive cloud, carried by a current of air in a stratum of the atmosphere, as high as the cloud, while the atmosphere below was calm and unmoved. This current of the upper regions was met by a current bearing on its bosom a heavy and extensive cloud. The opposing currents met, and formed whirls in the air of a conical form, similar to what is called a suck or whirlpool in a river or sea—wide next the cloud, and contracted by the calm and denser atmosphere, to a point comparatively, next the earth; and forming something like an exhausted receiver. Into these whirls the air carried the opposing clouds with amazing velocity and they poured down their waters in vast bodies and with inconceivable force, that went into the ground in a moment, till stopped by the solid rock, and bore down every thing that stood in their course. But this will not account for taking huge trees square off, and stripping off limbs and tops, as if they had been cut off by a dull axe. This must have been done by the agency of electricity. The cloud that came from the west, was observed between sun-down and dark, and on till dark, as being red and fiery, full of electricity, which the clouds carried till they entered to whirl; when it found the earth and trees negatively charged, compared with the positive electricity of the immense sheet of clouds. Of course the whirling clouds discharged their electricity, cut off trees, tore up the earth, and stripped the largest trunks of bark, limbs &c. in a moment.

I have asked those who lived nearest this terrific scene, if there were much thundering. They answered uniformly, "We noticed very little thunder, and what we did hear was not loud."—From accounts the two greatest and most terrific fell on a mountain at the head of Miller's Cove. Dr. Gillespie and myself attempted to visit and examine them, because they were the most famous from their ruinous effects. We proceeded till our way was blocked up by drift wood, sand, clay, &c., and had reluctantly to abandon our design for that time. It is probable that more than one dozen spouts united to make each of these two mighty torrents, that met to sweep over Miller's Cove. These two united with several others in Hess' creek; and as they reached Little River, disregarded its feeble current, and crossed to the opposite bank—flooded the low ground, and deposited their load of sand, rocks, wood, &c.

These water spouts have produced effects that may be seen one hundred years hence. Jefferson says it is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge. It is nearly worth as much time and labor to see the effect of the numerous water spouts that fell in Blount county on July 27th, 1844.

A Sleeping City.

It will be understood that the speaker dwells in the highest story of the highest house in the place; as he speaks he looks, by night, over the sleeping city and thus he moralizes:

"Ah my friend, it is true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boetes of them, as he leads his haunting dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sideral fire? That stilled hum of Melancthon's Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch, for her; and only Vice and Maser, to prow or to moan, like night-birds, are about; that hum, I say, like the stentorians, unquiet slumber of sick life, is heard in Heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapors, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a fermenting vat lies shimmering and hissing! The joyful and sorrowful are there; men praying—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is vast—void Night. The proud Grandee sits lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers in tuckers-back, or shivers hunger-stricken into his hair of straw; in obscure cellars, *Rouge-Voix*, languidly, emits its voice-of-dooming to laggard hungry Villains; while Councilors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The lower chambers his mistress that the

coach is ready; and the full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first appear in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high swelling hearts; but, in the condemned cell, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow; comes no hammering from the *Rollenstein*? their gallows must even now be a building. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them; crammed in, like sardines, fish, in their barrel; or whether shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed Vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane! But I mean *War*, at above it all; I am alone with the Stars."—Cady.

War must cease.

IF CHRISTIANS WILL NOT FIGHT.
Let the Christians of the Anglo-Saxon race say that there shall be no more war in Christendom, or in the world, and no civilized nation would dare to resort to arms to settle any question of international controversy. Let them proclaim to the world that the Christian religion has no attribute that can sanction these wholesale butcheries in the human family, and that no Christian can or will take a part in them, or give any countenance or support to military preparations, and War would cease from the earth. How the world would bow down and reverence the majesty of the religion of the Gospel of Peace, exhibited in a position so sublime by its disciples! Thus restored to its original vitality, how soon would it become the power and wisdom of God to the elevation and salvation of the whole human family! Exterminating, at a blow, the greatest monster-course that sin ever let loose upon the human race, how soon would its principles—the hiding of its power—penetrate all the dark habitations of cruelty, and pervade and fraternize mankind!

Mr. Editor, I am no visionary enthusiast, nor do I advance a baseless or unconsidered conjecture, when I say, that if the ministers and members of Christian churches throughout Christendom, would set apart one Sabbath-day—the first one in July, for instance—for simultaneous consideration and action on the subject of Peace, they could exterminate war from the human family forever. As the result of two hour's reverence in the house of God to the full requisitions and principles of his gospel of peace, they could rescue the immense revenue which the bloody Deity of War annually extorts from Christian nations as a tribute to its cannibal, idol altar, and apply it to the elevation of mankind. Suppose, Mr. Editor, that on the first Sabbath of next July, it should be agreed that every Christian minister throughout the civilized world, should preach upon one of these four texts:—*If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink:—Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you:—All they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword:—If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, but now (because my servants will not fight) is my kingdom not from hence.*—After having faithfully developed and applied the spiritual application of these precepts of the Prince of Peace, and demonstrated to every Christian in his congregation, that it is no more consistent for him to take the sword and render it in the blood of his brother, than it would be for his divine Master, then let him invite every one in the sanctuary, young and old, to come forward and sign a petition lying on the table beneath the pulpit, and addressed to their Government in terms substantially these:

"We, the subscribers, believing all war to be inconsistent with the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, and destructive of the best interests of mankind, and unconditionally prohibited by Christianity, and an unnecessary and brutal method of settling questions of international controversy, do declare to the world, that we will lend no aid, nor sanction, direct or indirectly, to its continuance in the human family. And we respectfully petition your Honorable Bodies, or your Majesty, to take immediate measures to establish a Congress of Nations, or an International Tribunal, or a Supreme Court of the world, to which shall be referred for decision all such questions of controversy among nations as have heretofore occasioned a deluge of human blood, vice, misery and degradation among those whom God had made of one blood, for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

What a Sabbath day would that be for the latest generations of the human race! How its memory would be perpetuated in monuments wreathed with the olive branch of peace, rising skyward their august and lofty brows, shading the whole earth like so many Patras beacons, bidding men to live in peace over the sea of time.

and all the regions of humanity; fighting all the depressed and alienated tribes of men home to one happy, undivided brotherhood; to the coming and communion of one vast and peaceful family! The whole world would bow down in reverence to the omnipotent majesty of the Christian religion, thus, by the hands of its disciples, crowning, in one day, its divine Founder King of earthly Kings, King of nations, as he is King of saints; instating him into the Kingdom promised him from the foundations of the world, and which, long ere this, would have embraced all the islands of the sea and the uttermost corners of the earth, had his followers been true to the dignity of their calling, and to the terms of their fealty and the letter of their covenant with the Prince of Peace. What Government on earth, what King or Autocrat, would dare to lift up a banner of blood against this demonstration of moral power!—Where would the red Gorgon of War, which has drunk the blood of fourteen thousand millions of the human race, and preyed, like a deathless vampire, on the sinews of Labor, and burned the earth over with the Sodom fires of hate and passions that would make the flames of the infernal pit more intense—where would that monstrous Abaddon find a place to breath on this green earth, after the dungs of that Sabbath of Sabbaths, after that simultaneous declaration of the Christians of Christendom that they will practice and learn war no more!

But I have already prolonged this article too far, I fear, for admission to your columns; a privilege, Mr. Editor, which I shall be grateful to your generosity, if you will extend to a few short communications which I propose to send to your paper upon this important subject of international peace.—Communicated.

Battle of Champlain.

AN EXTRACT.
While matters were thus situated on shore, a still more exciting scene was preparing on the lake. The immortal McDonough having disposed of his four vessels and six galleys, embracing a force of eighty-six guns and eight hundred and twenty men in line of battle, stretching from within the point of Cumberland Head to the shoals around Crab Island, so that with each wing protected, was safe from a land attack; and having commended himself, his men, his cause and his country to the God of battles, on the clear and beautiful Sabbath morning of the eleventh September, awaited, in silence and at anchor the approach of the enemy.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning that the large dark hulls of these vessels with their heavy rows of projecting cannon, and their decks red with men and bristling with arms, one after the other rounded the Head under easy sail, and approached their adversary. With a favorable wind, they chose their own distance and position, and at nine o'clock they anchored in order of battle within sixty rods of McDonough's line; the Confidence facing the Saratoga, the twenty-seven gun flag ship of the Americans. Three cheers rose on the wind as the wild kettle cry from the British line; and three cheers celad back defiance from beneath the stars and stripes.—Scarcely had the sound died away when a heavy gun from the Confidence thundered forth its smoke and flame; another followed, and the ball danced along on the surface of the deep; a third—and instantly the broad side of McDonough belched forth its deadly shower of iron; the splinters flew from the side of the Confidence, and the cry of agony and death, arose only to be drowned in the deafening roar of a hundred cannon. Every vessel became engaged in the desperate struggle.

We had every thing to defend—they had every thing at stake, honor, country, and fame—every thing dear to man was at issue. There was no retreat for either; and neither looked, or hoped, or cared for any thing but victory or death. Clouds of smoke mounted to the sky, the shores trembled and shook with the rapid concussion; the vexed water thrown high by the iron shower, glistened in the sun, and the Green Mountains echoed back the thundering crash that rent and convulsed the elements. To add to the sublimity and grandeur of the scene, the British thousands on the shore moved forward to attack the American lines; the heavy batteries opened upon the forts, and the artillery of the forts hurled death and havoc upon the advancing foe. For two dreadful hours the battle on the lake continued with unrelenting vigor. True, many a gallant hero had fallen; the decks were crimsoned with human gore; twice McDonough's ship had been on fire; one British vessel had floated helplessly down the line, and two galleys had been sunk; but still, there waved in proud defiance the Eagle and the Lion, and there though crippled, weakened and exhausted, the same desperate energy urged on the conflict.

At length on board the Confidence and Saratoga gun after gun was dismounted and disabled, until but one or two in either ship could be brought to bear upon its adversary. Then indeed a portentous pause ensued; both attempted to wear the Confidence her mast damaged and unmanageable had barely brought her bow in a raking position, when McDonough having cut his bow-cable; when Stern anchor, brought his fresh broad side to bear upon her. One walloping discharge smashed through her timbers and swept her decks, and she lay a helpless, disabled hulk upon the water. Just as McDonough was start-

THE PATRIOT

GREENSBOROUGH.

Saturday Morning, May 3, 1846.

THE CALDWELL INSTITUTE.
We understand that the Orange Presbytery, during its session in Danville last week, passed a resolution to remove forthwith the Caldwell Institute from the town of Greensboro.

The Hillsboro Recorder says "it was decided that the Institution should be removed forthwith, and that the next session should be opened at its new location. Yanceyville, Oxford and Hillsboro are mentioned as the places from which a selection will probably be made."

"The Trustees of the Institute will meet at Yanceyville on Thursday the 15th of May, for the purpose of receiving propositions from the different communities which desire its location among them, and to make a recommendation to the Presbytery."

"The Presbytery will meet at the Cross Roads, in Orange, on Wednesday the 11th of June, for the purpose of making a final decision on the subject. The next session of the Institute, it is expected, will commence in July."

We learn that the main ostensible reason assigned for this step of the Presbytery, was the alleged unhealthiness of the present location. This is an endorsement of the grossly exaggerated reports of disease here which was not expected—calculated to affect, to a degree which facts by no means warrant, the best interests of our community. The subject demands and will receive a farther and more thorough notice.

VIRGINIA ELECTIONS.

All we know about the congressional elections is, that Dotis is beaten by a small majority. Syme, the spirited Editor of the Intelligencer, is elected to the Legislature from Petersburg.

The Intelligencer of the 29th says, the returns come slowly, in, but we think enough is even now known to warrant us in believing that the Locos have carried a majority of the House of Delegates. This result will not surprise any thinking Whig. Our defeat in the State and in the Union last fall was wretchedly to dampen the ardour and relax the energies of the Whig Party, and they have done as much as could reasonably be expected under all the circumstances of the case.

"PROCU L'ISTE."

A writer in the Fayetteville Observer, signing himself "Procu L'iste" and dating from Richmond county, goes dead against a whig-nominating convention in this congressional district. He objects—1st to the place proposed, Asheboro—2dly he objects to the holding of a convention at all—3dly he says that if Gov. Morehead be not the nominee, there will be more than one Whig candidate in the field. He argues these matters at length.

It is perhaps too late for any thing we might say to alter such notions as "Procu L'iste" has got into his head; but we will nevertheless briefly notice his objections, because they are entitled to consideration.

May Court at Asheboro was suggested as the proper time and place, for the reason that no court week occurs at Lawrenceville in time; or otherwise the latter would be the preferable place as being more central. In so large a district advantage ought to be taken of a public time to ensure a more prompt and general attendance of delegates.

Secondly—as to the propriety of holding a convention. We sincerely believe it to be the best, nay the only, mode of reconciling personal claims and sectional differences. We can think of no other way to prevent the seeds of bitterness being sown between the upper and the lower Whigs of our big district. Let an upper and a lower man come out in opposition, and the excitement of sectional feeling will be inevitable. And the unhappy consequences will be felt in our ranks as long as the district continues in its present form. When we have a sure path to harmony let us take some pains to continue in it.

As to opposition to any nominee of a full and fair convention, we apprehend none, unless "Procu L'iste" chooses to make a practical exhibition of his independence by coming out himself. For Guilford county we may safely say, there is no citizen of hers so desirous of the public service as to volunteer himself in opposition to the judgment of a respectable delegation of the Whigs of every county in the district.

We do not admit any shadow of right in any sort of political meeting or convention to dictate a candidate to the people. But in circumstances like the present, when a free conference of gentlemen who know the wishes of every point in a large district, may save a world of unnecessary ill feeling, we do desire the benefit of their counsels and believe the people may profit by them.

IOWA.

The people of this Territory having rejected the new Constitution just submitted to them, new plans are put forth. Among others, the Dubuque Express proposes that the Legislature just elected, and which assembles in May, shall take measures for calling a new Convention to devise another Constitution, with such boundaries as may be acceptable to Congress. Admitting that the boundaries of the State, as defined in the rejected Constitution, were too extensive, the Express proposes that the Missouri river shall be insisted upon as the western boundary, and that a limit shall be adopted on the north which shall exclude Dubuque, Clayton, Delaware, and other counties from the proposed State. The country thus excluded, it is proposed, shall form a new Territory, to be called the Territory of Washington. The boundaries of Iowa will be much reduced in this way as to roll up Congress from

FROM MEXICO.

Breaking up of our Diplomatic Relations. Advice from Vera Cruz to the 12th April have been received at New Orleans.

Mr. Shannon, the American Minister, had retired to Toluca, and was expected to take his departure for the United States in a few days.

The Mexican papers literally teem with articles upon Annexation, showing that the public mind is deeply excited upon that subject, and probably ripe for extreme measures. The New Orleans Bulletin of the 15th ult. says:

"A letter from a respectable source in Vera Cruz, under date of the 24 inst., states that an act has been passed to a second reading in the Mexican Congress, making it high treason for any person to propose a recognition of the independence of Texas, or the peaceful possession of that country by the United States. A majority of the members, it is further stated, are in favor of active hostilities against Texas, in order to provoke a war and throw the onus of it on the United States."

The following is the correspondence between Senor CUEVAS, the Mexican Secretary of State, and Mr. SHANNON, (on the latter being put in possession of his "walking papers,") as translated for the N. O. Picayune:

NATIONAL PALACE, Mexico, March 28, 1845.
The undersigned Minister of Foreign Relations, in addressing himself for the last time to his excellency Mr. Wilson Shannon, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, desires to inform him that as both Houses of the United States Congress have sanctioned the law in relation to the annexation of Texas to the territory of the United States, and as the Minister from Mexico has withdrawn from his mission at Washington, and protested against the act of Congress and the Government of the United States, diplomatic relations between the two countries cannot be continued.

What can the undersigned add to what has already been said by his Government upon the grave offence offered Mexico by the United States in usurping a portion of Mexican territory, and violating the terms of treaties of friendship, which the Republic of Mexico has observed on her part as long as her honor and the desire to avoid a rupture with the United States have permitted? Nothing more than to lament that two nations, free and republican, contiguous (vecinos) and worthy of a fraternal union, founded upon mutual interests and a common and honorable loyalty, should have cut short their friendly relations, and by an act as offensive to Mexico as it is derogatory to the honor of the American Union.

The undersigned renews to his excellency Mr. Shannon the protest already directed against annexation; and moreover, would add, that the Mexican Republic will oppose the measure with all the decision due to her own honor and sovereignty, and that the Government ardently desires that considerations of loyalty and justice should yet outweigh with the citizens of the United States designs for extending their territory at the expense of a friendly Republic, which in the midst of its misfortunes, (disgracias), seeks to preserve an unspotted name, and thereby the rank to which its destinies call it.

The undersigned has the honor to offer to his excellency Mr. Shannon his personal respect, and to assure him of his very distinguished consideration.

LUIS G. CUEVAS.

To his Excellency Wilson Shannon,

Envoy Extraordinary, &c.

UNITED STATES LEGATION, March 31, 1845.

The undersigned, Envoy Extraordinary, &c. of the United States, has the honor of acknowledging the receipt of his Excellency's, Senor Cuevas' Minister of Foreign Relations, &c. note of the 28th of March, announcing that the Congress of the United States has sanctioned the annexation of Texas to its territory; that the Mexican Minister at Washington had terminated his official relations and protested against the said act of the Congress and Government of the United States; and that diplomatic relations between the two countries could not be continued.

The liberal and honorable sentiments entertained by the actual Government of Mexico had induced the undersigned to hope that the differences which exist between the two Governments could be arranged amicably, upon terms just and honorable to both. It would appear, however, from the note of his excellency Senor Cuevas that Mexico declines to adjust these differences in this manner, and thus preserve the peace of the two countries.

The undersigned can assure his excellency Senor Cuevas that his (Mr. Shannon's) Government entertains the liveliest desire to cultivate amicable relations with that of Mexico; and here he will improve this opportunity to repeat that which he has before communicated to the Government of Mexico, to wit, that the United States has not adopted the measure of annexation in any spirit of hostility towards Mexico, and that the United States are anxious to settle all questions which may grow out of this measure, including that of boundaries, in terms the most just and liberal.

Having offered the olive branch of peace, and manifested a sincere desire to arrange these questions amicably, and upon principles just and honorable to both Governments, the United States have done whatever is in their power to preserve the friendly relations between them, and it now remains for Mexico to decide whether they shall be broken by a conflict equally injurious to both, and which can give satisfaction only to the enemies of civil liberty and republican institutions.

The undersigned will pass over in silence the charge made against his Government of having violated the treaty of friendship with Mexico. The right of her territory to the United States, and the right of the United States to accept such cession, have already been amply vindicated repeatedly.

The undersigned has received no official communication as to the action of his Government in regard to the annexation of Texas to the Union; nevertheless, he cannot doubt, from the tenor of his personal correspondence, that the measure has been passed by Congress and approved by the President. He expects daily despatches from his Government, with special instructions upon this subject, and, before taking any further steps, has resolved to await their arrival.

The undersigned has the honor, &c.

WILSON SHANNON.

NATIONAL PALACE, Mexico, April 2, 1845.

The undersigned, Minister of Foreign Relations, has the honor to communicate to his excellency Mr. Shannon, Minister, &c., in reply to the note of his Excellency of the 31st March, that the Government of Mexico cannot continue diplomatic relations with the United States upon the presumption that such relations are reconcilable with the law which the President of the United States has declared to be the law of the land.

of the Department of Texas to the American Union; that this determination is founded upon the necessity which Mexico is under of maintaining no friendship with a Republic which has violated her obligations, usurped a portion of territory which belongs to Mexico by a right which she will maintain at whatever cost; that the relations between the two countries cannot be re-established before a complete reparation of that injury, (agracio,) such as is demanded by good faith, justice to Mexico, and the honor of the United States, is made.

Moreover, the undersigned will take the liberty to say to his excellency Mr. Shannon, that if the United States Government thinks that it is entitled to friendly sentiments towards Mexico at the time of giving such offence, and when attacking the integrity of the republic of Mexico, this Government (Mexico) is very far from entertaining the same views, or of acquiescing in the assurances which his excellency Mr. Shannon has given, whatever may be his sentiments towards his excellency personally.

The undersigned, in making this announcement to his excellency Mr. Shannon, doing so by the order of the President of Mexico—cutting short a new discussion which the interruption of the relations of the two countries will not permit, and because nothing can be added to what this Department has already said—the honor to renew the assurances of his very distinguished consideration.

LUIS G. CUEVAS.

Senor Cuevas has also addressed a general circular to the Ministers Plenipotentiary of England, France and Spain, to be transmitted to their Governments as "the solemn and formal protest of the Mexican Republic, suggested by an act which, wounding to the last degree the rights and honor of Mexico, is equally destructive to the universal principles of justice, to the respect due free and intelligent nations, and the good faith which civilization has fixed as the basis of international intercourse."

FROM ENGLAND.

The British mail steamer Caledonia, arrived at Boston, brings Liverpool dates to the 5th, and London to the 4th of April.

The debate in the House of Commons on the Oregon question, has assumed an important character. The remarks of Sir Robert Peel, the British Prime Minister, are calculated to create apprehensions as to the result of this question. He asserts and uncompromisingly maintains the right of Great Britain to the Territory, and says that there is but little chance of an amicable termination of the controversy, while the United States Government continues to maintain the ground assumed by Mr. Polk in his inaugural address.

The following is an extract from his speech, which will be interesting to our readers at this time:

"He (Sir R. Peel) could confirm the language of President Tyler respecting the amicable spirit in which the negotiations had been carried on; but he could not confirm his statement as to the progress of the negotiations, and to his hopes of an amicable termination. On the 5th of March 1845, Mr. Polk made his inaugural address as President. Since that time we have received no communication from our minister, who had only been able to communicate the message, but had not had time to make any comment on it. The government of President Polk has been recently appointed, and no diplomatic communication as far as he was informed, has taken place with it. He thought it highly probable that Mr. Packenham would have continued with the present Government the negotiations which he had commenced with the last; but he had no information on the subject. He trusted that the negotiations would be renewed. At no very distant period they would know the result of them. He did not despair of their favorable termination, but if the proposals of the British Government should be rejected, and no proposals were made by the Government of the United States to which we could accede, he should not object on the part of the Government, to lay on the table all the communications between the two Governments. He still hoped that an amicable and equitable adjustment of the claims of the countries might be made. He must, however, express his deep regret that, while the negotiations were still pending, the President of the United States should, contrary to all usage, have referred to other contingencies than a friendly termination of them. (Hear, hear and cheers.) Such an allusion was not likely to lead to such a result as the friends to the real interest of both countries desired. He regretted not only the allusion, but also the tone and temper in which it was made. As the subject had been brought under discussion, he felt it to be his duty, on the part of the Government, to state, in language the most temperate, but at the same time the most decisive, that they considered that we have a right to this territory of Oregon, which is clear and unquestionable; that we desire an amicable adjustment of the differences between ourselves and the United States; but that having exhausted every effort to obtain it, if our rights are invaded, we are resolved and prepared to maintain them."

It is said that a tremendous burst of applause followed this announcement, from all parts of the House.

WHIG MEETING IN WILKES.

WILKESBOROUGH, N. C., April 15th, 1845.

At a meeting of the citizens of Wilkes county at the courthouse in Wilkesboro, on Wednesday the 16th, the following proceedings were had, to wit: On motion of Major Alexander Church, Col. James Martin was called to the Chair, and L. B. Carmichael and Charles Harris were requested to act as Secretaries. After a few appropriate remarks from the Chairman explanatory of the object of the meeting, the following resolutions were offered by Doct. James Calloway, and unanimously adopted.

Whereas, in the opinion of this meeting, ALEXANDER B. McMILLAN, of Ashe county, is a man of tried principles, distinguished ability and undoubted integrity, in every way qualified and deserving a seat in our National Councils: Therefore

Resolved, That we do nominate the said ALEXANDER B. McMILLAN as the Whig candidate to be run for a seat in the next Congress of the United States, and do recommend him as such to our Whig friends throughout the several counties composing this district.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be sent to the Editors of the Raleigh Register, Greensboro Patriot, and Milton Chronicle, for publication.

JAMES MARTIN, Chmn.

L. B. CARMICHAEL, Secretaries.

CHARLES HARRIS, Secretaries.

Probably the oldest steamboat in the world, now in service, is the Henrietta, plying on the Cape Fear river, between Wilmington and Fayetteville. She was built at Fayetteville in 1818, has never met with an accident, either from steam or snag, and has run to and fro for many years.

THOMAS W. DORR.
Jackson, the Governor elect of Rhode Island, goes for the liberation of Thomas W. Dorr, not because he thinks Dorr has done no wrong, but as a matter of State policy. In a public address he says—

"I do not come here to advocate the unconditional liberation of Mr. Dorr on the ground that he has done no wrong, or that he is entitled to claim his liberation as a matter of right,—far from it,—such is not my opinion, but in consideration of the circumstances of the State, and the peculiar character of the individual, and his extraordinary determination, patience and firmness, I deem it proper that the State should pass an act of unconditional liberation, for the purpose of disposing of this subject forever, and restoring harmony among the people of this State."

Neither love nor fear of the traitor should prevent the punishment of the treason. We confess we cannot understand that sort of State policy which contravenes right and justice. In the shortness of our vision we cannot see why a big Democrat should be turned out of the Penitentiary, where he has been shut up for crime, any sooner than a little one.

DIED.—In this county, on the 22d ult., of erysipelas, Mrs. MARY ANN McLEAN, wife of Col. Joel McLean, and daughter of John Paisley, in the 45th year of her age.

It is but seldom that we have to record the death of any one, in the common walks of life, whose life is more extensively left or more sincerely lamented. The child of parents beloved and instructed from her childhood in the things that belonged to her peace, she became at an early period of life the subject of renewing grace, and joined in communion with the church of her fathers. From that time forward, her life furnished the most satisfactory proof of her sincerity and was a standing monument to the truth and value of religion. Few indeed, manifest so uniformly, and in all circumstances, the patience, meekness and humility, the firmness of spirit, the punctuality in the discharge of private as well as domestic duties, the unfeigned good will and kindness evinced and inspired by the gospel, and at the same time, in a manner so calculated to win the confidence of all about her and to impress them with a sense of the excellence and power of vital piety. If ever any one acted habitually in obedience to the injunction of the Apostle, "give all diligence to make your calling and election sure," she did; and her concern for her children was certainly next, it was not equal to that which she felt for herself; nor was her "labor in vain in the Lord." Of fourteen children, two died shortly before her—one in infancy, being only a few days old; the other, when nearly grown, and in the full assurance of eternal life. Of the twelve which she left behind, the three eldest were members of the church, and some of the others, though not yet in communion with the church, she left with the strong hope of meeting them in a better world. Her sufferings were more severe than can well be conceived by any one who has not actually experienced a violent attack of that most distressing complaint, Erysipelas, and they were unusually protracted, having continued nearly two months, but she was never heard to murmur or complain. Altho' she had from the first no fear of death and no wish to live on her own account, she frequently expressed some desire to continue here a little longer for the sake of her children; but when she found that death was approaching and that she must go, she gave all up to the Lord with the utmost resignation and composure, and spent her remaining time and strength for the good of her family and friends. She died about sunset; and the whole of that day, which she knew would be her last, was spent in prayer, and in counsel and exhortations to those who were most dear to her. This was perhaps the most useful day of her life; for in her previous years were made on those who were about her, which were of the most salutary kind, and which cannot be soon forgotten. She had all her children brought to her bedside, first one at a time and then altogether, and not only counselled them as to their course here, but exhorted them to do all things to seek the salvation of their souls. To every one who called to see her she had something to say, and something suitable. It was not only instructive and pleasant to the Christian but profitable to all to be there; and she will be had in long and grateful remembrance by an unusually large circle of friends and acquaintance who knew best how to appreciate her worth and to whom she had been endeared by a life of benignity and usefulness. To the last moment her light shone with increasing lustre, and at last sunk below the horizon in mild but full orb of inspiration. Truly we may say of her, in the language of inspiration, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

In this county, the 18th, EBENEZER JACKSON.

In this place, Wednesday night last, ELEANOR WHITE, wife of Isaac White.

In this county, recently, RANKIN DONNELL, a most estimable citizen.

CASWELL AND GASTON.

Mr. J. W. Bryan, in a late communication to the Newbernian, says that a history of the life of Gen. Caswell is in the hands of an author of eminent ability and classic attainments. This expected work, says Mr. B., with a biography of the lamented William Gaston, which we learn is also in preparation, will fill up truly "an aching void" in the history of North Carolina.

MISSIONARIES IN SYRIA.—One of the editors of the Savannah Republican, now travelling in foreign lands, says in a letter to that journal:

"During our stay we had no opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the American missionaries, who seem justly entitled to the respect which they receive. It is a singular fact, that up to a recent date the American mission is the only one established at Beyrout, and of the many Arabs who speak good English, there is not one who will not answer you that the missionaries have taught him."

It is said that by planting tansy around the roots of peach trees, the peach worm will be effectually driven off.

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Advertising Rates of the Patriot.

One dollar per square (15 lines) for the first week, and 25 cents for every continuance. Deductions made in favor of standing advertisements, as follows:

Three months. Six months. One year.

One square, \$3.50 \$5.00 \$8.00

Two squares, 7.00 10.00 14.00

Three " (14 col) 10.00 15.00 20.00

Half column, 1.00 2.00 3.00

Randolph Macon College.

An address will be delivered before the two literary Societies of Randolph Macon College, on the 11th of June next, (the annual commencement,) by the Rev. Mr. Plumer, D.D., of Richmond, Va. Several orations will be delivered by the graduating class, which will add interest to the occasion.

* The Raleigh Standard will please copy.

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

A SPLENDID VARIETY.

HENRY T. WILBAR would respectfully inform his friends and the citizens of Guilford that he has just received a large and extensive assortment of Hats, Caps, Boots, and Shoes of every variety and style now worn, all of which he will sell at reasonable prices and accommodating terms to punctual customers. His stock consists, in part, of the following articles, viz:

White Russia Hats, Black do, Nutria Beaver do, Mole Skin do, Silk do, all of his own manufacture, together with common Black tur Hats, do, Black & white Russia do, do, Lambs wool Hats of every description, both black & white; Panama, Leghorn, Palm Leaf & other Summer Hats.

Hats made to order at the shortest notice and old hats taken in part payment for new ones.

Persons will find it greatly to their advantage to purchase hats of us, as they will at all times be repaired and kept in good order free of charge, and warranted to do good for the money laid out.

Country Merchants also will find it advantageous to deal with us as they can be furnished with every description of Hats at Northern prices.

Cash paid for all kind of fur, such as Otter, Mink, Raccoon, Fox, Muskrat, &c., and any kind of country produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Greensboro, May 24, 1845.

THE "INTERESTING SITUATION" of Queen Victoria is described in the following manner by a London letter writer:

"Her Majesty is stated to be in her usual annual condition, and another royal race may be expected to bloom upon the country about May 1846."

NOTICE.—The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Greensboro Female College will be held in Greensboro on Wednesday the 16th of May next. A general attendance of the members of the Board is respectfully desired.

GEO. C. MENDENHALL, Pres. Bd.

May 18, 1845.

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May 18, 1845.

STATE OF N. CAROLINA, RANDOLPH COUNTY, Superior Court of Law, Spring Term, A. D. 1845.

Leave Ruth vs. Petition for divorce.

Lilly Ann Ruth. It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Lilly Ann Ruth, the defendant in this case, is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made for three months in the Southern Citizen and Greensboro Patriot for the defendant to appear at the next Term of this Court, to be held for said county, at the courthouse in Asheboro, on the fourth Monday in September next, and plead, answer or demur to the said plaintiff's petition, or the same will be taken pro confesso, and set for hearing and heard ex parte.

Witness, J. M. A. Drake, Clerk of the said Court, at office in Asheboro, the 4th Monday of March, A. D. 1845. J. M. A. DRAKE, C. S. C.

THE SHOEMAKER.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."
The shoemaker sat and wax and leather,
With his lapstone over his knee.
Where, singing in his shop, he defied all weather,
Drawing his quaters and sole together;
A happy old man was he.

This happy old man was so wise and knowing,
The worth of his time he knew.
He bristled his ends, and kept them going;
And felt to each moment a stitch was owing.
Until he got round the shoe.

Of every deed his wax was sealing,
The closing was firm and fast.
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling
Of pain to the toe; and his skill in healing
Was perfect and true to the last.

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,
With gentle and skilful hand
He took its proportions with looks of pleasure,
As if you were giving costliest treasure,
Or dubbing him lord of the land.

And many a one did he save from getting
A fever, or cold, or cough;
For many a foot did he save from wetting,
When whether in water or snow 'twas setting,
His shoeing would keep them off.

When he had done with his making and mending,
With hope and a peaceful breast,
Resigning his awl, as his thread was ending;
He passed from his bench to the grave descending
As high as the king to rest.

The St. Louis Reveille declares the following
to be a well-authenticated fact which occurred
at Boston, in Maine:

In old New England, long ago,
When all creation travelled slow,
And nought but backless deserts lay
Before the early settlers' way.
A youth and damsel, bold and fair
Had cause to take a journey where,
Through night and day, and day night,
No house would greet their wearied sight,
And thinking Hymen's altar should
Precede their journey through the wood,
They straightway to a justice went—
By love and circumstances sent!
The justice—good old honest pate—
Said it was quite unfortunate;
But at that time he could not bind
These two young folks of willing mind;
For his commission—said to say—
Had just expired—but yesterday!
Yet, after all he would not say
That single they should go away,
And so he bade them join their hands
In holy wedlock's happy bands,
And "just a little" he would marry—
Enough, perhaps to safely carry
As they were in connubial mood—
"Enough to do them through the wood!"

From the Richmond Enquirer.
Letter from his *Satanic Majesty*, to a Lawyer,
who wrote an *Appeal to lawyers against the
Temperance Society*.

BEDFORD HALL, Feb., 1845.
Friend and Cousin—I praise thee. Whoso
doth or sayeth ought to widen the sway of AL-
cohol, on earth, is a laborer for me; and, as my
servant shall have his reward.

Among them who serve me thus, are many
degrees. The least, in my account, are the com-
mon head of drunkards, who wallow, and are no-
isy. They curse, yea, and fight. They roll in
the mire, and have redness of eyes; their faces
are blotched, and filthy odors encompass them
round about: so that men and women turn from
them with loathing, and none are enticed by their
ways. They come to me in the end: but each
cometh alone drawing none other along with him.
They that make strong drink, and the sellers
thereof, are nigher to me. Each of them enlist-
eth many soldiers for my host. Each maketh
many drunkards. Each causeth men's passions
to rise, and blows to be given, and blood to flow,
and sin to abound, until my soul is glad. Each
maketh widows, and orphans, and many woes.—
He that said, "Sure I am, a hundred men have
died by my hand: as sure as if, man by man, I
had shot them down,"—was he not a liquor-seller?
And he who hearkeneth not to the wife's
and mother's prayer, that he will no more make
her husband drunken, nor bring her offspring to
penury—is not he also a liquor-seller? And he
that causeth murder to stalk on earth, and crime
to abound, so that I and all my demons laugh, is
not he, too, the vendor of strong drink? He do-
th me good service; and verily, he shall have his
reward.

Mayhap he calleth himself a servant of the
Most High, and uttereth prayers before men, and
communion with the true servants of God. Yea,
oftentimes he reckoneth himself truly one of them,
and deemeth himself a good soldier of mine en-
emy, who cast me out from Heaven—me and my
angels. Chiefly doth such a Christian please
me. When he draweth liquor for his customers,
and scattereth the seeds of misery round about,
of a surety I am at his elbow, unseen. While he
groweth rich upon the spoils of his neighbors, I
pat him on the shoulder, and say to my imps,
"Ah, this is Christian for me!"
But he standeth not higher in my halls, than
they and thy brethren, and the Doctors, who es-
pouse the cause of my great ally, strong drink.—
Mighty among men, are doctors and lawyers.—
Whosoever they do, seemeth right in human
eyes; because they are knowing of good and
evil; and doctors are held wise touching what
hath, and what helpeth. Therefore, is their
word taken for true. To all of them that use al-
cohol, and them that counsel thereto, say I—"He
doth good and faithful!"

Yet be not puffed up, ye dealers in Law and
in drugs, as thinking that ye stand nigher unto my
throne! Ye stand not nigher than all they of
riches and knowledge, to whose words other men
give ear, and in whose ways the common herd
follow, even as the flock follow the bellied sheep.
The man who sitteth high in the synagogue of
law-givers, who is marked as he walketh the
streets; and the woman clothed in silks and fine
linen, who maketh rich feasts for her neighbors;
both serve me when they set the wine cup be-
fore their neighbors. I am there, and I bless
that cup, and make it sparkle; and I give flavor,
and strength to its juices, and tempt even him
who is pledged against drinking, to drink. He
refuseth at first. But I prompt the giver of the
cup to encourage him; and divers guests to say,
"It is nothing but wine—it will not hurt thee—it
will do thee good—Art thou a cold water man,
and afraid of the Society? So we are cold water
men, but we drink a little wine." The President
and thy brother-members drink it. Be a good
fellow and take just a little." Then drunketh he
a very little, yea, he suppleth cautiously. But
again I put it into his mind, and he saith within
himself, "Now that I have broken the pledge, I
may as well have my fill of pleasure." Then

quaffeth he plentifully, till the end cometh. Now
the end is death; and after death, I repeat.
The givers of such feasts (whereat, mayhap,
none is drunken) serve me excellently. They
are seed-sowers for my harvest. Yet do they
loathe a drunkard. He is a scuffling and a by-
word to them. They scorn him, and point the
finger, saying "Poor beast!"—And verily, he is
far lower than they, in my account. For he mak-
eth me one subject, but they make me an hundred
subjects.

But give way, all ye of whom I have spoken
—give to one who outranketh you all! Ye are
as mannikins in my service, to the temperate
drinking Christian. From him, no man turneth
away with loathing. He is pious—he is a pat-
tern for men. Whoso imiteth him hath merit.
To him, pointeth the reclaimed drunkard, and
say, "Surely, so good a man would not drink if it
were wrong; we will drink, but temperately,
like him." So they try to drink temperately,
but excess always overtaketh them at last. To
him point those that only stagger somewhat, or
have red faces, but never fall down, saying, "that
good man drinketh temperately; and we are con-
tented to do like him." To him point the young
men, children of his neighbors; saying, "Lo, who
is better, or wiser than he! And he hath been a
drinker these forty years. We will walk in his
footsteps." So they drink; and many among
them list under my banner. His own children
point to him, and say, "He gave us good liquor
in our childhood, and made us love it—no doubt
he trained us up in the way we should go, for he
read his Bible every day, and when we are old,
we will not depart from that way. So, they, also,
drink more and more, till many of them die
drunkards—more, than half of the drunkard's chil-
dren. And the husbands of his daughters like-
wise become drunkards.

Of a surety, the vendor of strong liquor sendeth
me his thousands, but the temperate drinking
Christian his tens of thousands. His name is
great in my courts—and even if he cometh not
to me himself, his good services maketh me large
amends.

Yet even his name is greater among us when
he is a preacher of the Word. Exceedingly, then,
doth he serve me. He argueth suitably against en-
tire abstinence from good drink; and he quoteth
Scripture to prove his argument. It is I, then,
that speak through him; for still, as of old, I can
quote Scripture for my purposes. I prompt him
to dwell upon the wine-making at Cana of Gal-
ilee, and upon what one Paul saith: "Take a lit-
tle wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often
infirmities." Now, a little, in such a preacher's
meaning, is a quart, or any less measure daily.—
And as he taketh it more and more, his stomach
always needeth it more and more, till he groweth
a bibber of wine and strong drink. Peradventure,
he seemeth to the people not drunken, but afflic-
ted with aches, and stiffness of limbs, and divers
ailings, because of his preacher-labor. He com-
mendeth the drink, as one of the good creatures
of God; and telleth often how it easeth his pains,
and relieveth his weariness. At the table, he fill-
eth his glass with strong liquor, and drinketh it
before many beholders. The drunkard, seeing
him, is comforted and strengthened in his course.
They, whose nose are red, say one to another,
"What a liberal-minded man!—He is no puritan;
but is even as one of us." The young men, and
the middle aged, fill and drink likewise: "for,"
they say, "what a preacher doth, cannot be a-
miss." The dealer in drink praisth him, and
saith to his friends, "He is always near at such
times, also praise him; I laugh and say to my
imps, 'Ah—this is the preacher for me!'"

There were of the late two brothers, Christian
preachers; mighty men, learned and eloquent;
called by men Bishops; who presided over the
elders, in their synagogues. And great was their
word among the elders and people. On whom-
soever they listed to lay their hands, and say,
"go—preach!"—he went, and preached. And he
to whom they said, "sit down!"—straightway
sat down. Now, these two men looked often upon
the wine cup. Of wine, and of strong drink,
quaffed they plentifully. For I whispered one
of them, and made him believe that it eased him
of certain pains. (But, in truth, it made them
worse afterwards.) And the other I taught,
that it was good for the spirits. So they increased
their draughts. And certain persons, my ene-
mies, called cold water men, urged them too, great-
ly, to join them, and drink nothing alcoholic. And
their own consciences urged them likewise, with
many reasonings. But I, and Belial, and Beel-
zebub, cunningly urged counter reasonings, and
fortified these with great temptations, which at
length, prevailed over conscience and the cold
water men: for, not liking to lose two such sub-
jects, one of us attended them every where. We
threw, continually, new enticements into their
way—we contrived new and luscious draughts—
we gave to eat, provocations of thirst—we caused
reverend elders, and the fairest young women
with wreathed smiles resistless, to hand them the
glass, and press them to drink—we taught them
to say, "Worldlings may do well to abstain from
these good drinks—but for us, the Bible is suf-
ficient law. The pledge of Total Abstinence is a
mere human invention, not needful or proper for
Christians. A higher law bindeth them to be
temperate—temperate in all things; and it would
disparage that law, to do ought implying its in-
sufficiency." Thus reasoned they, after our
prompting; and they quoted the Scriptures abun-
dantly. Then they drank more and more; and
when we, in Pandemonium, once heard from
Belial, how he, seeing them almost persuaded to
become cold water men, had, unto them, "made
the worse appear the reason," so, that their doom
was sealed; our host sent up a shout that tore
the vault of Hell.

Go on, thou and thy brethren, and do my work
by spreading the sway of Alcohol. I promise
thee, and them, riches and honor if ye serve me
thus faithfully.

Thine, as thou shalt merit. SATAN.

Decidedly Rich.—An exchange paper gives
the following, and gravely avers that several per-
sons were witnesses of the scene, in Saratoga,
New York:—A rascally man who had drank a little
too freely fell from a part of the raft where he was
employed, and was near drowning, when his brother
plunged in to his relief, seized him by the hair,
and was struggling with him to the shore.
The tide was strong, and the brother's strength
being nearly exhausted, he was about relinquish-
ing his hold when the despairing one, raising his
head above water exclaimed, "Hang on, Sam
hang on!—Pll treat—I swear I will!" These
words were stimulating, and his brother saved his
life.

A gentleman travelling in Ireland a short time
since, was desirous of seeing some of the san-
ctuary belonging to a convent, and on being shown
by a priest two apparently very old skulls, one
of a child, the other seemingly of a grown per-
son, asked to whom they belonged, when the
priest replied, "The larger one was that of St.
Patrick, the smaller one that of the same saint
when a boy."

"A Sinner." Office Notice.—A correspondent
at Washington informs us that the Knickerbocker with
the following language, &c.

"Knickerbocker" draw some laughable caricatures
now on hand here. The new President
has just advised them all to go home and leave
their papers behind them, and such a scattering
you never saw! One fellow came here from Il-
linois, and was introduced to a wag, who he was
told had great influence at court, and who, al-
though destitute of any such pretensions, kept up
the delusion for the sake of the joke. The suck-
er addressed the man of influence something in
this wise: "Now, stranger, look at them papers.
Them names is the fist in our town. There's
Deacon Stiles; there aint a pousser man in
all the country; and there's John Rogers, our
shoe maker; he made them boots, and a better
pair never tramped over these diggings. You
wouldn't think them soles had walked three hun-
dred miles of Hoosier mud, but they have though,
and are sound yed. Every body in our town
knows John Rogers; just you go to Illinois and
ask him about me; you'll find out how I stand.
Then you ask Jim Turner, our constable, what I
did for the party; he'll tell you I was a screamer
at the polls. Now I've come all the way from
Illinois, on foot too, most of the way, to see if I
can have justice."

LOOK IN!
NEW SPRING GOODS!
The thanks of the subscriber are due to his nu-
merous customers for their many favors bestow-
ed for the last 24 months which have just elapsed
since the opening of this store. For the future we
shall aim to make our store more attractive and hope
to retain former customers, and add to our list many
new ones. The Fall and Winter stock of goods be-
ing reduced to a skeleton, the store is now filling up
with new, rich, cheap SPRING GOODS, such as
black silks, dress silks of different styles, balmaines,
lace, ginghams, printed lawns, new styles dark mor-
ning prints, light summer prints, a great variety,
white goods, handkerchiefs, sheeting and shirting,
some 3 yards wide, linens, cloths, casimeres, and
summer cloths suitable for men's and boys wear, and
a general variety of

RACE AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,
wholesale and retail. Also a large stock of GROC-
eries, such as brown sugar, loaf do, fine and coarse
sugar, molasses, rice, indigo, madder, pepper, speer,
pickled pineapples, cheese, raisins, sperm and tal-
candies, glass & by 10, 10 by 12, 14 by 20, and
by 20.

Country produce taken in exchange, such as bees-
ax, bacon, lard, corn, and almost any thing else that
the price can be agreed on.

Encourage Home Manufacture,
PAPER MANUFACTURING AND BOOK
BINDING IN SALEM, N. C.—The sub-
scriber informs the public that he has purchased the Pa-
per Mill at Salem, and is now putting it in a con-
dition to do the best of work. He will shortly be pre-
pared to supply any orders for Wrapping, Writing
and Printing PAPER, Blank Books, &c. Country
merchants and others are informed that any quantity
of clean Cotton or Linen RAGS, white or colored,
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other articles.

The Book Bindery continues in operation, where
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variety of Blank Books furnished in a style equal to
the best Northern work.

Messrs. J. & R. SLOAN, OF GREENSBORO,
have kindly consented to act as Agents for the deliv-
ery of orders or work from Guilford county. All or-
ders for binding, for paper, all Books to be bound, and
for Blank Books, delivered to the Messrs. Sloan, will
be as punctually attended to as if given directly to
the subscriber.

Orders sent through the post office should come
free of postage.
DAVID CLEWELL,
Salem, Stokes Co., N. C. Jan. 1845. 42—3mc.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, DAVIDSON
County. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
February Term, 1845.
Pettis Finch & wife and others,
vs.
Elizabeth Pope, adm. of Hawood Pope, and William
Carrel & Mary his wife.

Petition for Account.
It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that
the Defendants, William Carrel and Mary his wife,
are not inhabitants of this State. Ordered that pub-
lication be made for six weeks successively in the
Greensborough Patriot for the said William Carrel
and Mary his wife personally to be and appear before
the Justices of our said Court at the next Court to be
held for said county at the courthouse in Lexington
on the second Monday in May next, and answer or
demur to the said petition, or it will be set for hear-
ing ex parte as to them and judgment entered against
them. Test: CHAS. MOCK, C. C.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, ROCKING-
ham County. Court of Pleas and Quarter Ses-
sions, February Term, A. D. 1845.
Thomas Reynolds,
vs.
Randal D. Scates.

Original Attachment levied by garnisheeing Alfred
M. Scates and Micajah Magence.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that
Randal D. Scates, the Defendant in the foregoing
attachment resides beyond the limits of this State,
It is therefore ordered that publication be made for
six weeks successively in the Greensborough Patriot,
printed in the town of Greensborough, N. C. for the
said Randal D. Scates to be and appear before the
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for
the county of Rockingham at the courthouse in Wen-
tworth on the 4th Monday in May next, then and
there to plead or reply, otherwise judgment
final will be rendered against him and the amounts
in the hands of the garnishees condemned subject to
plaintiff's recovery.

Witness, T. B. Wheeler, Clerk of our said Court
at office in Wentworth the 4th Monday of Feb. 1845.
Pr adv \$5 16 T. B. WHEELER, C. C. C.

THE CONDITIONS upon which God has given
health to man, is a constant care to keep his stom-
ach and bowels free from all morbid or unhealthy
accumulations. The means to effect this must be
those remedies which cleanse the bowels and purify
the blood. Dr. B. Brandreth's VEGETABLE UNI-
VERSAL PILLS tend to cure all disease, because
they are the natural medicine of man; and therefore,
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and healthy state, to give life and strength to the body.
Many have been restored to health and happiness
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sons in this county: J. & R. Sloan, Greensboro, Col.
Wm. H. Britton, Bruce's Roads, E. & W. Smith,
Alamance, Shilly & Field, Jamestown.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, GUILFORD
County. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,
February Term, 1845.
E. F. Cummings' Original Attachment
vs.
A. G. Coffin.

In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the
Court that the Defendant, A. G. Coffin, is not an in-
habitant of this State,—It is therefore ordered by the
Court that advertisement be made in the Greensboro
Patriot for six weeks, notifying him the said A. G.
Coffin to appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quar-
ter Sessions, to be held for the county of Guilford, at
the courthouse in the town of Greensborough, on the
third Monday in May next, then and there to reply,
plead and demur, or judgment by default final will
be entered against him, and an order of sale granted.

Witness, John M. Logan, Clerk of our said Court,
at office the third Monday of February, A. D. 1845.
Pr adv \$5 516 JOHN M. LOGAN, C. C. C.

COMMITTED
TO the jail of Guilford County on the 25th Decem-
ber, 1844, a negro man who says his name is
BOB EDWARDS, that he was born free, but taken up
and committed as a runaway slave, which he no
doubt is. He says he was born in Hyde County in
this State, that his relations left there when he was
young, and that there is no person there who can
prove his freedom. Said negro is about thirty years
of age, five feet nine inches high, stout made, black
complexion, has a small scar on his left hand, right
eye tooth out, laughs a great deal when talking, ra-
ther a fine voice for a negro, and no doubt has worked
on or near the railroad from Raleigh to Wilmington.
The owner of said slave will come forward, prove
property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will
be dealt with according to law.

JAMES W. DOAK, Sheriff,
Greensborough, March, 1845. 51H

JUST received, a lot of fine shot guns, and cross-
cut saws, which will be sold low for cash.
W. J. McCONNEL

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PETERSBURG BARKER.

SPRING OF 1845.

We are now ready for the Spring trade, having
received our stock, put up, and ready, by one of
our firms in private, in the best markets and at the
lowest possible prices. We have on hand a very
heavy assortment of every thing desirable in the
drug business. All of the best quality.

We respectfully solicit a call from our old friends
and the public generally, assuring them that we are
prepared to offer them greater inducements than
ever, for cash or on the usual credit to punctual cus-
tomers.

Below we enumerate a few of our leading articles
all of which, together with everything we sell, we
warrant to be of the BEST QUALITY, and at
PRICES WHICH CANNOT FAIL TO GIVE
SATISFACTION.

Epsom Salts
Alum
G. Camphor
Opium
Sugar Lead
Cream Tartar
Tartaric Acid
Alum
Calomel (best)
Supr. Car. Soda
Rhubarb, Ipecac, Jalap
Magnesia, Quicksilver
Soda Powders
Sedlitz do
Balaam Copvina
Castile Soap, G. Arabic
Brunstone, Flower Sul-
phur
Sulphate Morphine
Acetate do
Muriate do
Sulph. Quinine and
Castor Oil (in bottles
barrels)
Sweet Oil do do
Spirits Turpentine do do
Best Sassa Oil
Liquorice (best Calabra)
White Lead, (in kegs and
dry)
Litharge, Red Lead
Crown Green
Crown Yellow
Crown Red
Paris Green
Prussian Blue
Verdigris (dry and in oil)
Serra De Soda
Umour, Lampblack
Vermilion
Brunze
Limeoil, Lamp Oil (of
best quality)
Tanners' Oil (best qual)
Spanish Red
Venetian Red
INDIGO (best Florent &
Morilla)
Madder, Copperas
Blue Stone
Log wood, Camwood,
Resin
Cochineal, Red Sanders
Cologne, Florida and Tur-
key Water
Extracts, Otto Rose
Fancy Soaps
Brushes of all kinds
Pepper, Mustard, Spice,
Mace, Nutmegs, Ginger,
Glu, Licks of all kinds
Putty, Shoe Blacking
Varnishes of all kinds
WINDOW GLASS of all
sizes
Surgical and Dental In-
struments and Medical
Bones
TYLER & HILL,
Wholesale Druggists, Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.
February 28, 1845 49

Catch the Scoundrel.
ON the night of the 12th of March, 1845, a noto-
rious scoundrel who called himself at my house
William Jones (though his real name is understood
to be Yancy Winningham) stole from me a bright
bay race mare, with a snap on the end of her nose,
a knot on one of her ankles, and is about 14 1/2 hands
high, together with a saddle, a bridle, and marti-
ngales. The saddle has a quilted seat, and the skirts
are double, but not quilted, with blue casinet housing
and sweat-pad, and is bound round behind with black
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