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GREENSBOROUGH,

Saturday Morning, September 21, 1844.

HOMESTEAD BILL.

We publish this week a copy of this Bill as introduced into the Legislature. The copy we have was furnished by a friend from abroad. We commend it to the perusal and reflection of our fellow citizens as a measure fraught with much good to North Carolina. It was supported in a very able speech by the lamented Gaston, *Clarum et Venerabile nomen*, and was only lost, as we have before stated, by the casting vote of the Speaker in the Senate or House of Commons, we do not know which. If Mr. Gaston's speech was reported, our friend of the Register can tell. Would he not do service by publishing it?

It is greatly to be regretted that we have no stated reporters in our Legislature. The speeches of our leading men would be valuable, and particularly those of Mr. Gaston.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

A BILL.

To secure a Homestead Freehold to the citizens of North Carolina.

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That hereafter every citizen of this State, possessed of Land in fee or for life, shall be entitled therein to a homestead freehold, to consist, if in the country, of one hundred acres; and if in any town, of one lot; which said homestead when laid off and assigned as hereafter directed, shall be exempt from execution for any debt contracted or liability incurred ninety days after such assignment.

Sec. II. Be it further enacted, That any person desiring the benefit of this act, shall file his or her petition to that effect in the County or Superior Court of the county where the land may lie, describing the same and designating such particular part thereof, not exceeding one hundred acres, or such town lot as may be desired to be set apart. Whereupon the court shall direct the Sheriff to summon three freeholders and a surveyor, who shall, on oath, allot by metes and bounds said homestead; and the said freeholders shall make return thereof in writing to said court; and the same, if confirmed therein, shall be entered of record, and be registered in the Register's office; and thereupon the decree of the said court shall constitute a legal assignment of said homestead freehold.

Sec. III. Be it further enacted, That if any debtor shall be arrested, by virtue of a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, for any debt contracted as aforesaid, said debtor shall not be compelled to surrender or account for his homestead: *Provided, however*, that if, afterward, said debtor shall dispose of such homestead, he shall be subject to the same process as if there had been no discharge.

Sec. IV. Be it further enacted, That any conveyance by a husband, of his or his wife's homestead freehold, shall pass no interest or estate, unless the wife be a party thereto, and her assent to such conveyance be ascertained, as in cases of deeds of wife's land.

Sec. V. Be it further enacted, That all the crop made on said homestead shall likewise be exempt from execution.

Sec. VI. Be it further enacted, That all officers performing any duties under this act, shall be paid as for like services as in other cases; and that this act shall not be in force until the 1st January, 1845.

NAG'S HEAD.

The Editor of the Edenton Sentinel says he has been sojourning at Nag's Head a while for his health. We subjoin some things he says about this famous place, as furnishing information of one of the curious localities of our State.

"Nag's Head, of itself, (we mean the sand and tress), has little to attract the wonder or admiration of any one.—It is a strip of sandy land running along the sea-coast, bounded on the west by an arm of the Albemarle and Croatan Sounds, latterly known as 'Roanoke Sound'—and that portion of site upon which the buildings have been erected varies (commencing at the proposed place of cutting the Inlet and running Northwardly) from a quarter to two miles in width, and two and a half miles in length, diversified only with a low, flat, sandy, unarable soil, with now and then high sand hills, which are moved and formed at every change of the wind. Immediately along the sea-board nothing is to be seen save sand, sand hills, and sand ditches—but farther back there is much small growth, composed of myrtle and other sorts of shrubbery, indigenous to the sandy soil. Most of the trees of a larger order are the live oak, now and then a cedar, and a few very tall pines, standing high over all other vegetation, and seem to be the bare representatives of what was once a large and heavily wooded forest, ere the sea and sand had made its mighty havoc.

"The whole coast of Nag's Head may be identified with the strip of land running from Currituck Inlet to the point of land running to Hatteras—so our readers may perceive that we do not intend to confine Nag's Head to the small portion or strip of land which we have before described as containing the buildings, and which is now the place of resort.

"In arriving at Nag's Head you enter Roanoke Sound, (which is, as before stated, but an arm of the Albemarle and Croatan Sounds)—Vessels drawing but little water may go within a moon-light or in the sunshine, nothing either remarkable or curious is to be seen, save by those who have never before seen a sand hill. A

number of small, unpainted, but comfortable looking buildings are to be seen—such as are situated on hills. You are conveyed to the shore by row boats, belonging to the taverns; but before you get sight of either of the Hotels, (for there are two) you must clamber a high sand hill by means of steps or ladders arranged for the purpose. The number of visitors were estimated to be 500.

"Of the health of the place, we will only remark, that improvement seemed to mark our path from the moment we inhaled the sea air.

"Of the Inlet, abler pens than ours have and may again scratch paper.

"Of a view of the mighty ocean, upon whose shores one may stand and gaze with rapture, we will not descend, but refer our readers to Byron's 'Childe Harold' and D'Stael's 'Corinne.'

"And lastly, but not least, we must not forget 'Roanoke Island,' about four miles West of Nag's Head. One would be surprised in his visit to this place—'sandy land,' yet arable—good corn, potatoes, peas, &c. are raised here in abundance; and of the large, deliciously flavoured white grape, what shall we say? read Jones and Bancroft, and go and taste them yourself.

"The Packet between this place and Nag's Head is a large and commodious schooner, and makes her trips regularly twice a week. She has two cabins—one for ladies and the other for gentlemen—and is commanded by an experienced and accommodating captain."

Our Whig brethren all over the Union are in motion. We hear almost daily of immense gatherings, in different parts of the country, outwicing in numbers and imposing array those which distinguished the era of 1840. Among those held recently in New York, was one at Leroy, numbering fifteen or twenty thousand and one at Seneca Falls of about ten thousand. In Vermont there was a gathering at Manchester of nearly fifteen thousand. In Ohio at Piqua, ten thousand. And in Tennessee at Greenville, twelve thousand. Besides these hundred Ladies.

POLK AND THE "CHIVALRY."

The South Carolina "chivalry" are very much dissatisfied with Mr. Polk's letter to Mr. Kane, on the Tariff. They can see through the Colonel's rapid somersault upon this question. The Charleston Mercury, talks on this wise about him: "This gentleman, within two little months from his nomination, which we accepted as that of a free trade man, boldly electioneers upon the very ground of the Syracuse resolution, for which we denounced Mr. Van Buren, and is vauntingly proclaimed by the Albany Argus, a democratic paper, as occupying on the tariff identical ground with Henry Clay. Agreeing with the Argus, we disclaim all hope of relief from tariff oppression, through the agency of Mr. Polk, and we would despise ourselves as hypocrites, did we pretend to hope for it from him."

From the Knoxville Post.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE HERO OF THE HERMITAGE.

The 29th epistle of Andrew Jackson will be found below. The Old Gentleman seems determined to render himself conspicuous at least in the present contest. Many of the letters that have recently appeared over his signature, have been evidently the productions of those political blacklegs about Nashville who desire to promote their own selfish ends by the use of his once potent name, but the one now before us, has every appearance of being *bona fide* from the pen of Jackson himself. The shaft aimed at the late lamented Hugh L. White falls harmless upon the grave of that buried statesman and patriot. One would have supposed however that the malignity which rankled at the heart of Gen. Jackson towards this distinguished individual, would not have found vent after the grave had closed over his victim. We publish the letter with the single remark, that his worst enemy could not desire that it should not contain a syllable more or less than it does.

Hermitage, Tenn., July 8th, 1844.

CAPT. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

My Dear Sir: I can assure you that I have not forgotten you nor the Beans. They were amongst my first acquaintances in Tennessee, amongst my first patriots in arms and the field—from whom, I always, and on the most trying occasions, received the most prompt and efficient aid. No, my dear sir, I have not forgotten you, and as long as my faculty of recollection remains I cannot forget the Russels and the Beans. My memory for your father and his noble deeds in war is as fresh as it was when he was so gallantly leading on his company to battle and to victory. I never can forget him, or your gallant brother who was wounded in the battle of Tallahatchy and died of his wounds, and the arduous, long, and gulfant services of your father, throughout the whole war. It would give me great pleasure to see you at the Hermitage.

I am greatly debilitated; reduced to a skeleton, with a constant cough and pain in my left side—with, lately great shortness of breath—I can scarcely wield my pen, but delighted to hear from your numerous family, I have summoned up resolution to attempt it.

It is true, we have been cursed with whiggery in Tennessee for several years, led into it by two of the most arch hypocrites the world was ever cursed with. But since the Democratic Convention at Baltimore nominated Polk for President, and Dallas for Vice President, the Democracy is united—gathering strength from the whigs, who are abandoning Clay daily, and next November will bury whiggery in Tennessee, and over the whole United States, and federal whiggery will be buried, I trust forever.

The exciting question, between the democrats and federal whigs and abolitionists, is the annexation of Texas. The democracy, viewing it as absolutely necessary to secure Texas to the United States, to shut out all British and foreign influence from tampering with the Indians on our western frontier, and with our slaves in the south

west and west. Clay, with his federal whigs and abolitionists, are for shutting the door against the annexation of Texas, fearful of offending England, and Clay to get the abolition votes, notwithstanding Texas is all important to our National defence and safety. How humiliating, to every true American, the idea of America, a great and independent nation as we are, to be overruled by the dictates of England. But Texas must and will be ours. I think Polk and Dallas will get 20, out of the 20, States.

I must close with the request that you tender my kindest wishes to your amiable wife, and all your dear children, and all the Beans, and to you and them long lives and a happy immortality, where I hope to meet you.

Your friend sincerely,

ANDREW JACKSON.

To CAPT. WM. RUSSELL.
Pleasant Hill P. O., Franklin co., Ark.

WHIG GATHERINGS IN VIRGINIA.

"Hurra! the whole country is rising,
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen."

Eight thousand Whigs assembled at Staunton, Va. on the 18th ult. The Hon. A. H. H. Stuart presided, and the speaking was kept up two days with much spirit. Among the speakers were Hon. B. W. Leigh and John Janney, Esq.

Fifteen or twenty thousand attended the great meeting at Wheeling, on the 9th. Among the speakers on the occasion was Mr. Rives, who declared himself "a Whig now and forever." The finest spirits prevailed.

The Whig Convention at Lewisburg on the 8th ult. was another spirited affair, and next to the assemblage at Wheeling was one of the greatest gatherings of the kind ever assembled in the Valley of Virginia. Several thousands were there.

At Winchester on the 22d ult., the whigs had a great time of it also. Thousands attended as in the memorable era of 1840, and were addressed by the most distinguished speakers.

At a great whig meeting in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, a few days since, at which governor Ritner presided, among the 12,000 present were 1,500 straightwhigs, who have recently abandoned the cause of Locofocoism, Polk and free trade, and go for Clay and Frelinghuysen, a protective tariff, and whig principles and whig measures.

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

The Rochester Democrat relates that a delegation of Locofocos on board a Canal boat from Rochester to Lyons, displayed a banner exhibiting Henry Clay with a pack of cards. The same gentleman who hoisted this moral flag played cards all night, got drunk and ended the debauch at a roulette table. The story is told by some persons who accompanied them. The Albany Journal has a similar anecdote:

"Not many weeks since there was a Locofoco gathering at Coeyman's Landing, and a steamboat was expressly chartered to carry down a delegation from this city. On board this steamboat, besides a well stocked bar, were several Roulette tables and other gambling appliances for the special accommodation of the delegates. And among the individuals most conspicuous about the tables were some of those who are loud in their denunciations of Mr. Clay as a 'gambler,' and have 'resolved' that as 'moral men' they cannot support him."

The Whigs of Lynchburg are making extensive preparations for a Grand Mass Convention to be held in that place on the 8th of October. Arrangements are in progress for the accommodation of 20,000 persons on the occasion.

The mass meetings in Ohio this year exceed in the numbers who attend, all that have gone before them. At Zanesville on the 14th ult. there was a meeting at which 20,000 Whigs met in council. Addresses were made by Hon. Thomas Ewing and others.

FROM THE OXFORD MERCURY.

On Thursday of our Superior Court, Judge Pearson presiding, Henry, a slave, the property of Mr. William Blackwell, was arraigned for murder, and upon the evidence, found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to be branded.

The punishment in this case, (judging by the effect produced), was so entirely disproportionate to the offence, that we have been requested by some learned in the law, to endeavor through the medium of the press, to draw the attention of the Legislature, to the necessity, and propriety, of so amending the law, as either to substitute some specific penalty, in cases of manslaughter, where negroes are convicted or else leave it *wholly* question at the discretion of the presiding judge, to award such punishment, as he may deem suited to the nature and character of the offence. In the institution of branding as a punishment, the amount of bodily pain inflicted, was not we presume, for a moment taken into consideration. It was the moral degradation, the sitting of a mark upon a man, which like that of Cain should point him out from among his fellows, as one who had so violated the social compact, as to render it necessary, that the law, the sole conservator of the general welfare should so designate him by the seal of its condemnation, that all good citizens might shun and avoid him. To render this, in fact, and truth, a punishment; there must be a certain position in society, to be either lost or maintained; either to operate faithfully upon the mind of the criminal, or to render the loss of caste a matter of regret. In the case of an ignorant slave of brutal propensities, it is not to be presumed that any such effects are likely to be produced; so that the influence exercised upon the public mind, by the open infliction of the punishment, the ends of justice are completely defeated.

Law has been styled the perfection of commerce

sense and had we not been advised by those who certainly have the reputation of knowing, that we could not err far, in applying the ordinary rules of common sense to it, we had not now poked our finger into "his old rusty pie." The subject seeming to be one of interest and importance, we however unsuited to the task, have endeavored in as brief a manner as possible to perform the part assigned us, leaving to some abler brother of the quill the task of doing the subject the justice it deserves.

A Young Lady Killed at Niagara Falls.—A most heart-rending accident occurred at Niagara Falls, on the 21st ult. resulting in the death of a beautiful and accomplished young lady, Miss Martha K. Rugg, aged about 20 years, whose parents reside at Lancaster, Mass., which place she left a few days previous to visit her sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Howe, of Detroit. The Buffalo Gazette says, she was under the care of Mr. John Long, the partner-in-business of Mr. Howe, her brother-in-law.—Arriving at Niagara Falls, they stopped with the intention of spending a short time. On Saturday about noon, in company with a party from Buffalo, they walked out, and when on the bank just below the Falls, near the Museum, on the Canada side, Miss Rugg suddenly left the arm of her protector to gather some bushes growing on the very brink of the precipice, and almost instantly lost her balance—falling about 100 feet perpendicularly! She was heard to utter one fearful cry as she was falling, and all was still. It was some twenty minutes before her companions could reach her. When they did so, they found her still alive, but senseless—uttering a few incoherent words. Medical aid was afforded almost immediately, but she died in about three hours. The only discernible injuries on the body were a slight scratch on one temple, and one ankle broken.

The Methodists.—From the minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1843-44, (says the N. Y. Post) it appears that the net increase of members during the year, was 102,831. This, added to the increase of the previous year, namely, 153,624, makes the unprecedented increase of 257,455 in the short period of two years, and the whole number of members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1,171,386. The number of the travelling preachers, or regular clergy, is 4,282; of the superannuated, or worn out travelling preachers, 330; and that of the local or lay preachers, 8,087. Total number of preachers, 12,700. In other words, the number of Methodist preachers in the United States and Texas, exceeds that of the standing army of the United States. It is a fact worthy of notice, that out of the whole number of travelling preachers, it was found necessary during the last year to expel only two from the connexion. The number of withdrawals was thirty-one.

A Guano Island.—A friend has just shown us an engraving of "Elchaboe," one of the best known and earliest discovered of the Guano Islands.—We have here a view of the island, which resembles a small mountain in the midst of the sea, (Lat. 26 22 S., Long. 141 51 E.) and around and above it are millions of guils and other aquatic birds. A number of vessels are also visible, and we perceive that this new manure is conveyed into them from the top of the island in tubs, and by the agency of tackles from the top-gallant yards. Some estimate may be formed of the extent of this trade, when it is known that nearly six hundred vessels are now employed in it. Numerous Guano Islands have recently been discovered. Embedded in the Guano thousands of dead birds have been found. We may add that counterfeit Guano, containing only one-twentieth of the real article, has already been manufactured and sold in large quantities in England.

Constable Killed by Runaway Slaves.—A rencontre took place on Sunday afternoon, about five miles and a half from Chester, Pa., between four runaway slaves, and Constables Moody and Sharp, of Wilmington, in which the latter was killed. The constables attempted to arrest the slaves, when two of them seized Sharp by the throat, and strangled him. Moody made his escape, and gave the alarm, when a number of citizens went in pursuit, and captured three of them. One of them was shot before he was secured. The fourth one was chased to Darby Creek, but succeeded in getting off.

Curious Water Power.—Two Connecticut travellers were making a journey through one of the western states. One day in a stage coach containing several western passengers, they had listened to various surprising stories of the extraordinary fertility of the valley of the Mississippi. To match these, one of the Connecticut travellers related concerning one of his neighbors, a Deacon Brown, that he made annually a million of pounds of butter, and a million of pounds of cheese. The western men looked a little incredulous. "It was Deacon Brown of our neighborhood," continued the traveller, turning to his companion: "you know Deacon Brown very well," replied the other. "I cannot say that quantity of butter and cheese he makes yearly, but this I know, that he has nine saw mills turned with buttermilk."

A Strange Gal.—Every thing is arranged for your wedding with Susan Thompson," said a father to his only son the other day: "I hope you will behave yourself like a man, Thomas." The individual thus addressed was a young man seated in a chair, despatching a piece of bread covered with molasses. His only answer was a sigh, accompanied with a flood of tears. The parent started, and in an angry voice demanded, "What objection can you have? Susan is handsome and wealthy, and married you must be, some time or other. Your mother and I were married, and it is my command that you prepare for your nuptials."

"Yes," finally sobbed Thomas, "that's a different case; you married mother; but I've sent out to MARY A STRANGE GAL!"

A person out West met with an amusing rebuff a short time since. Walking up to a quiet old gentleman in the midst of a crowd, he held out his hand and remarked with a smile, "My dear sir, I cannot call your name, but I am sure we have been together somewhere." "Perhaps we have," said the old gentleman, "for I have been in some very bad company in my day!"

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

It is one of the most remarkable propensities of the human mind, that the consciousness of guilt may remain a long time dormant in it—producing no uneasiness and no suffering—and yet, after the lapse of years it will burst forth with most terrific power, and drive the victim of it to actual despair. This has often been the case. A man who has committed sin, is like one bitten by a mad dog. The momentary pain is slight. The wound soon heals. It may keep up from time to time a slight irritation, just enough to remind him occasionally of the occurrence; but ordinarily it is forgotten, and he goes on with his daily amusements and pleasures, entirely unconscious of danger.

But though the wound is healed, the dreadful infection which it has admitted into the system, is circulating insidiously there. The poison glides harmlessly along his veins and arteries for weeks, months, years. It does not mar his enjoyments or disturb his repose, but still the dreadful enemy, though slumbering, is there. At last, in some unexpected hour, it rises upon him in all its strength, and overwhelms and conquers him entirely. It brings agony to his body, and indescribable horror to his soul, and hurries him through the most furious paroxysms of madness and despair, to inevitable death.

Every person, therefore, who commits sin, takes a viper into his bosom, a viper which may delay stinging him for many years, but it will sting him at last, unless it is removed. He is unaware of the misery that awaits him, but it must come, notwithstanding. This is particularly the case with sins against God; and the wonder is that the sense of guilt will remain so entirely dormant as it often does, so that no warning, no expostulation, no remembrance will disturb the death-like repose, and yet at last the volcano will often burst forth spontaneously, or from some apparently trifling cause, and overwhelm the sinner in suffering.

THE STORY OF A LEG.

The following funny story of a broken leg may be found in Horace Walpole's letters to S. H. Marm:

"I must surmise a curious story, which I believe will surprise your Italian surgeons, as much as it amazed the faculty here. A sailor who had broken his leg, was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that having fallen from the top of the mast and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure.—The society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and I suppose a corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still it was difficult to believe that the man had made no other application than tar and oakum; and how they should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn assertions that he had used no other remedies, and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man speaks the truth.—It is a little uncharitable, but I hear there are some surgeons who might not like the advertisement of attendance and expense. But on the other hand, you will be charmed with the plain, honest simplicity of the sailor: in a postscript to his last letter he added these words:—'I forgot to tell your honors that the leg was a wooden one.' Was there ever more humor? What would one have given to have been present, and seen the foolish faces of the wise assembly."

A LIVING WONDER.

Within five miles of Huntsville Alabama lives a negro boy. He was 17 years old last August and weighs over two hundred pounds. But his body is not the wonder—it is his mind, if it may be said he has any. On the 6th of June, Rev. John C. Burriss, Mr. T. Brandon and myself, went to see him, and were amazed. From himself and Mr. McLemore (his master) we learned that he has no idea of a God. When asked, "Who made you?" he answered, "Nobody." He has been but a few times half a mile from the place of his birth. He has not mind enough to do the ordinary work of a slave's ears and steps in the same house with white folks, having his own table and bed. He will not ask for anything, nor touch food however hungry, unless it be offered him.

He was never known to commence a conversation with any one, nor continue one farther than answering questions in the fewest words. He has never been known to utter a falsehood, or to steal, and is but little subject to anger—will not strike a dog or animal of any kind; but when vexed by his sister, he will take hold of her arm as if he would break it with his hands. He cannot be persuaded to taste intoxicating liquors. His utter aversion to this base is either the result of his having seen its effects in his master or it is instinctive. He has never manifested any predilection for the sex. There is nothing remarkable in the configuration of his head or his countenance, save that his eye is uncommonly convex, and continually rolling about with a wild and glaring expression. His laugh and movements are perfectly idiotical. He does not know a letter or figure. Withal, he was the most extraordinary instance being I ever saw. Almost his only mode of action of mind is in relation to numbers. His power over numbers is at once extraordinary and incredible. Take any number under 100, and ask him the product when multiplied into itself or into any other number, and he will state at once, as readily as any one can give the sum of 12 times 12. He multiplies thousands, adds, subtracts and divides with the same certainty, though with more mental labor. He has, however, no idea of numbers above millions. With pencil and paper we then made the following calculations, and asked him the questions, thus: How much is 10 times 99? He answered immediately, 9,901. "Well how much is 74 times 80?" He answered 6,041. "How many nines in 2,860?" He answered two hundred and twenty-two nines and two over.

If a stick, standing straight up, three feet long, makes a shadow five feet long, how high would a pole be, that has a shadow thirty feet long? At this he put his hand to his chin, drew himself up and gave a silly laugh. His master, and he did not understand such a that. We asked him how much is 3,333 times 5,555? In this instance, as in some of the others, he looked serious, began to twist about in his chair, to pick his clothes, finger nails, to look at his hands, put the points of his thumb to his teeth, move his lips, and then his countenance would give indications of mental agony, and so on. His master told him to walk about in the yard and rest himself. He went into the yard and appeared alternately elated with rapture and depressed with gloom. He would run, jump, throw his arms into the air above his head; then stand still, and then drag his feet over the weeds, look up and down—in a word, he took on all sorts of crazy motions. We sat down to dine, and when we arose, we found him on the piazza, sitting perfectly composed. On being told he had done it, I said, how much is it? He answered, 18 millions, five hundred and fourteen thousand, eight hundred and fifteen. What? said I. 18,514,815.

We could get no clue to the mental process by which he ascertained such results. When asked how he did it, his unvarying answer was "I studies it up." But what do you do first, and what next? He merely drawled out, "I studies it up." He did not count on his fingers or anything external, nor indeed did he seem to count at all; and yet he combined thousands and millions, and played with their combinations, just as others would do with units. All the instruction he ever received was from his master, who taught him to count one hundred, and would ask him how many twenties in a hundred, how many fives, &c.

His recollection of numbers is almost as wonderful as his power to combine them. I submit these facts to the consideration and reasoning of mental philosophers—for whoever has carefully read this paper, knows as much as I do about this living wonder.

JOHN W. HANSEN.

Huntsville, Ala., June 11th, 1844.

How to Die Easy.—A few weeks ago, Mr. William P. Chilton, the great Whig of Tallahassee, related an anecdote before the Clay Club of this city, which exhibited a correct idea of the Democratic nomination at Baltimore. Mr. Chilton said that a certain Dutchman had a sick son by the name of Jacob. The old Dutchman said, "dat he phisic Shumacher mit de phisic of all de doctors, and Shumacher got no better fast, but began for to die; but could not die nodder for de phisic." So Shumacher he struggled hard, but could not die; so I sent for de todder of doctor, and he comes, and gives Shumacher some *Poke* root tea, and Shumacher died so easy right off, dat no body knew it."

So with the Democratic party, said Mr. Chilton. They were dying hard at Baltimore, gasping for breath, and in a fit of desperation took a dose of *Poke* root tea for the purpose of dying easy. The medicine will have the desired effect; the party are now dying serenely, under the operation of the *Poke* drink, that like Jacob, no body will know when their breath is gone.—*Tues. Monitor.*

Dreadful Affray.—The Marion (Miss.) paper containing the particulars of a most tragical occurrence in that place, says:

"Mr. Fisher had put up a brickyard near the town of Marion on what he supposed his land and after he had made a considerable quantity of bricks ready for burning, it was discovered that the land belonged to some person in Georgia, who appointed a Mrs. Shumacher his agent. Mrs. S. ordered Fisher from the land, and notified Fisher in writing that he must quit the premises; to which Fisher replied that he would die first, and proceeded to settle up his little matters. On the 6th inst., Fisher and his two sons on one side, Mrs. Shumacher and her husband on the other, all heavily armed with guns and pistols, repaired to the brickyard. It seems that the Fishers arrived first, and on the arrival of the other party the battle took place. It is said that Mr. Shumacher fired the first gun, which was succeeded by a general firing from both parties, in which Mrs. Shumacher was mortally and Southey Fisher dangerously wounded. Eight guns were fired, and two shot by Mrs. Shumacher herself. She lived about twelve or thirteen hours after she received the wound, and expired. It is thought that Fisher will recover. Shumacher has been committed to jail."

Ludicrous Transmutation of Names.—Peter Gun and Mr. O'Trotter.—The following amusing story is told by Mr. Livingston, in his address to Mr. L. for cutting him from the possession of the famous *butter* at New Orleans, purchased by Mr. L. from Gravier. It is intended to show how, by translations and re-translations, a troublesome word may be made to mean anything: "An unfortunate Scotchman, whose name was Ferguson, was obliged, in pursuit of fortune, to settle among some Germans in the Western part of New York.—They translated him literally into German, and called him Feuerstein. On his return to an English neighborhood, his new acquaintances discovered that Feuerstein in German meant Flint in English. They re-translated instead of Ferguson his name, and the descendants of Ferguson go by the name of Flint to this day. I ought however, to except one of his grandsons, who settled at the Acadia coast, on the Mississippi whose name underwent the fate of the rest of the family; he was called, by a little translation into French, 'Pierre a fusil,' and his eldest son returning to the family clan, underwent another change and was called Peter Gun."

The case of the worthy Irishman Mr. O'Trotter is not so remarkable, but it is sufficiently ridiculous. He started out upon his travels as Mr. O'Trotter. In Scotland he was called Mr. McTrotter. In England he was accented as Mr. Trottington. Arriving at Paris, he was saluted as M. Trotteuse, and in another part of France M. Trotteville. He went to Italy, where he was addressed as Trotti; thence to Holland, where he became Van Trotten; subsequently, in Germany, he was designated Von Trotten; in Poland, it was Trottski; in Russia, Trotgindoff; and when at length he reached the Celestial Empire, the Chinese immediately transcribed his plain name into Trottoot!

Another instance of the curious changes to which names are incident in their passage from one language to another is that of Campbell, derived from the French *Campbell*, through the Italian *Campobello*. So Duponceau is in English Bridgewater.

The mystic alphabetical symbols, O. K., are now said to stand for *Oh for Clay*.

BY G. WILCOX.

The sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year—
All mists, soothing loneliness and peace;
The falling season ere the falling comes,
More sober than the buxom blooming May,
And therefore less the favorite of the world,
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.
'Tis now far spent; and the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling with attenuated beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,
Checked by one night's frost with various hues;
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it ting'd
Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees,
That, singly, or in tufts, or forest thick,
Adorn the shores; to see, perhaps, the side
Of some high mountain reflected far below
With its bright colors, intermixed with spots
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly said
To wander in the open fields, and hear,
E'en at this hour, the noon-day hardly past,
The falling insects of the summer's night:
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were
heard,

A lonely bee long hovering here and there
To find a single flower, but all in vain;
Then, rising quick and with a louder hum,
In widening circles round and round his head,
Straight by the listener flying clear away,
As if to bid the fields a last adieu;
To hear, within the woodlands' sunny side,
Late fall of music, nothing, save, perhaps,
The sound of nutshells, by the squirrel dropped
From some tall beech, fast falling thro' the leaves.

A Yankee Shoemaker.—"You can't see no occasion for a new pair of shoes, I s'pose," said a jolly son of Crispin from the land of wooden nutmegs, as he entered a shoe establishment, with his kit nicely done up in his apron.

"Wonder if I can't," was the reply of the Boss. "Why, I should like a dozen if I could get them; but what kind of a shoe can you make?"

"Oh, as to the matter of that," said the snob, "I reckon as how I can make a decent sort of a craft."

"Spread your kit, then," said the Boss; "I'll give you a pair to try, and if your work suits me, I can give you a steady state of work."

Crispin was soon at it, hammering and whistling away, as happy as a clain at high water, and the Boss was called away on some business which detained him two or three hours. Meanwhile, the tamping he had produced a thing which bore some faint resemblance to a shoe, and feeling somewhat ashamed of it, hid it in a pile of leather chips that lay on the floor, and proceeded to make another, which he had barely time to finish when his employer entered and began to examine it.

"Look here, mister," said he, "I guess you needn't make the mate to this; it is the greatest botch that ever was made in my shop, that's a fact."

"Praps you'd like to bet a trifle on that, said the snob.

"Bet," responded the Boss, "why I'll bet a ten dollar bill against a hand of tobacco, that there never was a shoe made in this shop half so bad as this."

"Done," said Crispin, at the same time casting a sly wink at his shopmates; "but stop, let me see if I have got so much of the weed with me. Oh yes, here's a whole hand of Cavendish," and laying it on the cutting board, he ventured to suggest the propriety of having the snob's skin laid along the side of it, which was no sooner done, than he proceeded to draw from his hiding place the other shoe.

"Here, Boss," said he, "you must decide the bet; say which of the two shoes is the worst."

"Well, I guess I'm fairly sucked in this time," replied the Boss, pushing the Cavendish and shinsplaster towards the rightful owner, and throwing a nippence to the youngest apprentice.

The boy needed no further instruction as to his duty, but was off in the twinkling of a bed post, and soon returned with a quart of black strap. After all hands had sufficiently regaled themselves, the shrewd Yankee put his sticks together, and bidding the Boss a hearty good-bye, started again on a tramp, very well satisfied with his forenoon's work.

Story of a Jackass.—By the by, speaking of pumps, there is a mysterious contrivance of this sort in the village of Cherry Valley. When the good citizens are pumping, it utters a sort of subdued screech, that seems to be a cross between the guttural caterwaul of an enraged grimalkin, and the opening bray of a donkey. We heard it three or four times with increasing amazement; and at length ventured to ask of a by-stander, who was watching the Ritefield cohorts wind their way down White's Hill into the village, "In the name of discord, friend, is that a pump or a jackass?" "It's a pump, I guess, though it does sound sumthin' like a jack, that's sartin'."

Our informant was a singular looking genius.—He had a jolly, twinkling eye, a broad-brimmed, low-crowned old hat, a nose that turned under instead of up, and a face that laughed in every line of its surface. "We had a curious jack," he continued, "down in our town. He belonged to a terrible obstinate man, who kept him in a lot back of the meetin'-house. Every Sunday, when the hosses were driv' under the shed along the back end of the meetin' house, that tarnation jack would begin to bray, and keep it up all sermon-time. In summer when the windows was up, you could hear nothin' else, s'censly. The man that owned him hated the minister as he did pizen, and he wouldn't put the blasted critter into any other lot out of clear spite. But the folks couldn't stand it, and one day one of the deacons's sons caught the jack, and putting a knife up his nose, cut out a piece of the dividin' gristle, about the size of a dollar, so's to prevent his braying any more; and he didn't make a great deal of noise while 'twas gettin' well; but when it healed, and he tried to play a bray upon it, it made the awfullest noise you ever heerd! At first goin' off it was a terrible bray, but it came out at end with the shrill test whistle you ever see; sharper than a file, and louder than the scarping of a locomotive engine. It was tew much; folks couldn't bear it; and a good many of the congregation f'ined together and went to buy the plaguey nuisance off. The owner heerd when they called on him and told their business; but they g'n him his own price and put the noisy critter out of the pale of the church!"

The Scotch Prize or the Little Yankee.—It happened in 1776, that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps, in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return again, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping Highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came, and having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder. The boy then left his covert, went softly behind him, cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow, "You are my prisoner: if you attempt to put your bag down, I will shoot you dead; go forward in that road." The boy kept close behind him, threatened and was constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed, "A British grenadier taken prisoner by a d—d brat." The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, and gave him several pounds. He returned, fully satisfied for the losses his mother had sustained. The soldier had side arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of his bag.

Putting Things too far Apart.—Samba was a slave to a master who was constitutionally addicted to lying. Samba being strongly devoted to his master, had, by dint of long practice, made himself an adept in giving plausibility to his master's stories.

One day when the master was entertaining his guests in his customary manner, among other marvellous facts, he related an incident which took place in one of his hunting excursions.

"I fired at a buck," said he, "at a hundred yards distance, and the ball passed through his left hind foot, and through the head just back of his ear!"

This evidently producing some little doubt in the minds of his guests, he called on Samba to corroborate him.

"Yes, massa," said the almost confounded slave after a moment's hesitation, "me see de ball hit 'im. Jes as massa lift up de gun to he eye, de buck lift up him foot to scratch he ear, and massa's ball went clear frough 'im foot an head at de same time."

The guests were perfectly satisfied with Samba's explanation, and swallowed the whole without hesitation; but when the guests were gone, Samba ventured upon his master's good humor so far as to remonstrate:

"For goodness sake, massa, when you tell anudder such a big lie don't put him so far apart; me hab tarnation hard work to get 'em together."

Saving time.—A clergyman, who had considerable of a farm, as was generally the case in our fore-fathers' days, went out to see his laborer who was ploughing in the field, and found him sitting upon his plough, and resting his team.

"John," said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a hub-scythe here and be hubbing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?"

John, with a countenance which might have become the divine himself, instantly returned "Would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swinging beard made in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to swing a little flax?"

The reverend gentleman turned on his heel, laughing heartily, and said no more about hubbing bushes.

Battles on the Sabbath.—The battle of Waterloo was fought on the Sabbath, and Napoleon, who began it, was defeated. The battle of New Orleans was fought on the Sabbath, and the British army, who began the battle, were defeated with a terrible slaughter. The naval battle, fought by Commodore McDonough with the British fleet, on Lake Champlain, took place on the Sabbath. The British began the attack, and were defeated, although their force was so great that it was a matter of wonder that a small American force should have been able to capture a force so greatly superior. Here, then, are three battles, not to name more, which were fought on the Sabbath, and in each case the force which began the attack were defeated. The coincidence is striking, however it be accounted for.

"Have you ever remarked, Dr. Crusty, quoth Mrs. Stimp, yesterday, 'that my children have different ways from most people?'"

"Frequently," retorted the doctor.

"Entirely different!" continued Mrs. Stimp.

"Entirely different," echoed the doctor.

"Well, how do you account for it Dr.?" asked Mrs. Stimp, inquiringly.

"Because," rejoined the doctor, "you have humored them so much that they have ways of their own. I noticed it particularly when little Benny threw that apple core at you, right in your face, and told you he'd do it again if he wanted to."

Mrs. Stimp has not alluded to her children since.—N. O. Picayune.

Finding Fault with an Editor's Grammar.—We cut the following from the Boston Courier. It tells its own story:

Boston, August 23, 1844.

May a clerk venture to ask the senior editor of the Courier if, in his paper of this day, Mr. Tyler has 'built himself' or 'a house'?" From the paragraph either case might be construed.

Then "senior editor" is happy to inform "a clerk" that President Tyler is supposed to have built for himself a house; and further, that Mr. Tyler has built the said house on his plantation in Virginia, and not, as the clerk seems to imagine, in the Courier of yesterday.

"Look a hea, Sam," said a western negro one day to a field hand over the fence in the adjoining lot, "look a hea, do you see dat tall tree down dar?"

"Yass, Jim, I does."

"Wall, I got up dat tree day fore to-morrow, to be berry top."

"Wot was you arter, Jim?"

"I was arter a coon—an wen I'd chased him clear out to tadder end ob dat longest limb, I hearn sumthin' drop. What you guess 'twas, Sam?"

"Tyer gin 'em up."—"Twas dis foolish nigger!—Eyah! Eyah! Like to broke my neck—bin limpin' 'bout ever sence!"

Speak Pleasantly.—Don't speak so cross to that boy. What if he is an apprentice? He has feelings as well as you. Tell him pleasantly to do that job, and he will go about it immediately, and do it as soon and as well as he can. If you look cross and snap at him, he will not care how much time he takes, and how bunglingly the work is done. This may be wrong in the boy—but it is human nature. You can coax, but you cannot drive.—Portland Tribune.

There is nothing of which a man can live so long unconscious, as the extent and strength of his prejudices!

An Irishman was speaking of the excellence of a telescope. Do you see that wee speck on the edge of the hill yonder? That now is my old pig, though it is hardly to be seen, but when I look at him with my glass it brings him so near that I can plainly hear him grunt.

The following judicious prescription for calumny given by some ancient philosopher, will apply equally well at the present day:—If you would be well spoken of, learn to speak well of others; and when you have learned to speak well of them, learn to do well by them, and thus you will reap the fruits of being well spoken of by them.

"A verb is a word as signifies to be, to do, to suffer (which is all the grammar, and enough, too, as ever I was taught); and if there's a verb alive, I'm it. For I'm always a bein', sometimes a doin', and continually a sufferin'."—Martin Chuzzlewit.

We have been young, and are not yet old; yet we have never seen a man prosper who was intractable and unaccommodating, and who cheated the printer.

Accomplishment.—To be able to thump a piano, yawn over a novel and turn up the nose at anything approaching to usefulness.

"You may talk of the bonds of affection, the ties of fellowship, and all that," says Krantz, "but I know of no stronger ties than that which a sheriff entertains for a poor debtor who can't fork up."

Opening a Grocery.—The New York Planet says, "A journeyman printer, who is rather hard up at present, says he intends to open a grocery, provided any one will lend him a crowbar."

"Mr. Cobb, I am sorry to see you in this condition."

"You are, eh—well I ain't—I'm corn'd, just as a cob ought to be."

The magnetic power of a compass needle will be entirely discharged or changed by being touched with the juice of an onion.

"You are no gentleman," said an angry disputant from a House in Petersburg with every thing he may require for the public accommodation.

"Jan. 1844. H. HENDERSON.

Mr. Hecla Steam Mills, Greensboro', N. C.

When men are striving for the right, Against a corrupt, factious might, There is a weapon better far Than e'en the Iron shower of war.

When swells the trumpet's battle note! That weapon is a freeman's vote, And does its work as certainly, And surer than artillery!

Married, at Orange C. H. Va., Mr. Reuben Newman to Miss Nancy Hackney, both of Orange county.

How fickle and how changeable Is fair and lovely woman! A Hackney she may be to-day— To-morrow, singular to say, She changes to a Newmann.

The following, from one of the old British poets, is exquisite. It is the very essence of the aroma of fancy. It is addressed to a lady, upon whose bosom a flake of snow fell and melted.

The curious snow comes down in haste To prove thy breast less fair, But grieves to see itself surpassed, And melts into a tear

The Last Joke.—A poor man called on a wealthy individual a short time since to solicit charity. The rich man listened to his story, and gravely replied—"You had better call on our wealthy citizens."

Old Bachelors.—Reservoirs of whims and caprice and wholesale dealers in notions. May they take old maids for pay.

Great Britain reckons at the present time, one hundred and twenty-five steamers of war.

Did you ever see a stripling use tobacco who didn't think he was a man?

A DEAD SHOT FOR WORMS IN THE HUMAN BODY Or, Drs. Peery & Hamlin's Vermifuge.

ITS proprietors have taken much pains to test the comparative merits of the principal Vermifuge preparations of the day, which, numerous as the flies of Egypt, have overspread the land, each claiming for itself the high name of specific; and while we frankly acknowledge, that many of them are often successful, and do great good, were we not assured that this combines advantages possessed by no other Vermifuge, its introduction at this day would not have been attempted.

The exceedingly small quantity of medicine required to test the existence of worms, or to remove every one from the system; its operating in a few hours, unaided by any other purge, and generally without repeating the dose, together with its great certainty of effect, constitute it one of the most brilliant discoveries of the age.

Had we space here, scores of certificates might be adduced, to show its progressive and rapidly increasing reputation for the last three or four years in the South and West; but to promulgate its fame and establish its character, we only ask for a trial.

Certificates.—This is to certify that I have used Drs. Peery & Hamlin's Vermifuge in my family with the greatest success, one of my children having been much afflicted for five or six years. On giving compound me medicine, discharged a large number of the same worm and many pieces of tape worm. Its operation was in a few hours, when the child was entirely relieved. I therefore take pleasure in recommending it to the people. KAMP THOMAS.

Wythe county, Dec. 6, 1843.

Jefferson, Tazewell county, Va. 13th May, 1843. I hereby certify that about four months since I made use of Peery & Hamlin's Vermifuge in case of one of my children about the age of four years. The child was very low, no much so that I thought her almost at the point of death. In a few hours she passed one hundred and ninety worms, and in the course of the next day, was entirely restored to her former health. I have given it to others of the family with the same beneficial effects. The above vermifuge is made up of altogether in this part of the country with the greatest success. ALEX. ST. CLAIR.

For sale at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR, Greensboro', Jan. 5, 1844.

JOHN M. ROSE, Fayetteville, N. C.

Will give strict attention to the forwarding of all goods consigned to his care.

April 2, 1844.

GARDEN SEEDS.—Just received a fresh stock of Garden and Flower Seeds of the stock of 1843 warranted. Also Hyacinth bulbs, pink, blue and white (double). Tube Roses, Dahlia & Tiger Flowers.

Feb. 1844.

GUNS.—A small lot of RIFLE GUNS for sale by Dec. 10.

RANKIN & McLEAN.

MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR.

REDUCTION FOURFOLD IN PRICES.—OR, nothing if the user is not delighted with it.—An article that every family must consider indispensable, when they know its power and value, and which has heretofore been sold too high to reach all classes, has now been reduced FOURFOLD in price, with a view that rich and poor, high and low, and in fact every human being may enjoy its comforts; and all who get it shall have the price returned to them if not delighted with its use. We assert, without the possibility of contradiction, that all Burns and Scalds, every external Sore, old or fresh, and all external pains and aches, no matter where, shall be reduced to comfort by it in five minutes—saving lime, oil, or scar. No burn can be fatal if this is applied, unless the vitals are destroyed by the accident. It is truly magical, to appearance, in its effects. Enquire for "Connell's Magical Pain Extractor Salve," at Comstock & Co.'s, 21, Cortlandt Street. Price 25 cents, or Four times as much for 50 cents, and ten times as much for \$1.

All country merchants are requested to take it to their towns on commission, as the greatest blessing to mankind that has been discovered in medicine for ages. This is strong language, but you may depend its power will fully justify it. Sold at 21, Cortlandt Street, where it can be found genuine in New York City.

CAUTION.—Be sure you get CONNELL'S, as our plate with Dalley's name on it has been stolen, and counterfeit and worthless stuff may appear under that name. See that it is direct from Comstock & Co. or never touch it.

For sale by J. & R. Sloan, Greensboro'; Dr. N. L. Smith, Raleigh; D. Heart, Hillsboro'; George P. Taylor, Oxford; John P. Mabry, Lexington; and in Salem and Salisbury by Comstock & Co's Agents: the above are the only Agents.

CONFECTIONARY.

THE subscriber keeps on hand, one door west of the courthouse, between Garrett's and McColl's stores, a variety of well selected articles in his line. Among others the following:

Candies, of every description
Pound Cakes, Sponge Cakes and Tea Cakes
Nuts, of various kinds
Apples and Chesnuts, French Pickles
Shaving or Toilet Soap
Cologne Water, Fine Macearon Oil
Cigars—best quality, always on hand.
Pesse's Hoarhound Candy, celebrated for curing colds.

Toys of every description.

The subscriber is furnished, by a regular arrangement, from a House in Petersburg with every thing he may require for the public accommodation.

Jan. 1844. H. HENDERSON.

WOOL CARDING.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is completely prepared to card any quantity of wool the coming season. His machines were put up and are conducted under the superintendence of Mr. Elswick S. Field, whose fidelity and long experience in the business will insure good work for such customers as may favor him with a call. Bring clean wool and you shall have good work.

WOOL ROLLS kept constantly on hand for sale at the factory. THOS. R. TATE.

May 1845.

THE CONDITIONS upon which God has given health to men, is a constant care to keep his stomach 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 UNIVERSAL PILLS tend to cure all diseases, because they are the natural medicine of man; and therefore, only remove the corrupt or vitiated humors—the cause of pain and sickness, leaving the blood in a good and healthy state, to give life and strength to the body. Many have been restored to health and happiness from their use, and the consequence is they are now recommended by thousands that they have cured of Colds, Influenza, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Head Ache, Stomach Fever, Jaundice, Fever and Ague, and Bilious Fevers of all kinds.

These Pills are for sale in every county of this State, at 25 cents per box; and by the following persons in this county: J. & R. Sloan, Greensboro', Col. Wm. H. Brittain, Bruce's Roads, E. & W. Smith, Alamance, Shelly & Field, Jamestown. 7:1y.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the travelling Public that he is now prepared to entertain travellers. His TABLE and STABLES shall be supplied with the best the country affords, at the well known stand, by the name of Rich Fork, on the road, eight miles from Lexington, 27 from Greensboro', and 16 from Salem. His house will undergo a repair in the course of the Summer, when he will be prepared to receive boarders for any length of time.

Rich Fork, Davidson, co., March 23, 1844.

PATENT PLOWS.

I have the agency for the sale of Teague's patent one and two horse Plows, which are very highly recommended in East and West Tennessee as being among the best and most simply constructed plows now in use. It can be used as a turning plow or with a shovel, bull-longer, by simply moving two screws. Call at the store of the subscriber and examine the plow for yourself and you will not be disappointed.

W. J. McCONNEL.

June 1, 1844.

PARLOR STOVES.

DO you wish to purchase a Stove for your Parlor or Dining Room—call on the Subscribers and examine the article manufactured by Mr. David Graham, of Va. Every Stove warranted.

Also, COFFEE ROASTERS by using which, a saving of 20 per cent, in the article of Coffee is claimed for them.

January 25th, 1844.

NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS.

I am now receiving directly from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, my stock of Spring and Summer Goods, consisting of every article usually kept in retail stores in this country. If you want goods cheap call and see before you buy.

Also, the Life of Henry Clay, and the Clay Minstrel, which every whig should have—only 25 cents, call and get one.

W. J. McCONNEL.

April 18th, 1844.

BARGAINS—BARGAINS, And no mistake!

I have determined to get rid of my Goods, I would prefer to sell at wholesale or in large quantities, but until such opportunity offers I will sell any quantity at cost. By this I mean the prime cost of the goods, without any addition for carrying or buying, &c.—Every one who calls, may be assured of getting goods upon these terms.—They shall go off, and he who wants a bargain must call soon, or he may be lost.

GEORGE ALBRIGHT.

May 25, 1844.

DR. DELAMATER'S NERVE AND BONE RHEUMATIC Liniment and Indian Specific.

A warranted CURE for RHEUMATISM or no pay. Also, Dr. Libby's Vegetable BITTERS and PILLS.

For the Cure of Yellow Fever, Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Cramp, Liver Complaint, Sick Head-Ache, &c. &c.

THE CHINESE HAIR EXTRACTOR, Warranted to remove superfluous Hair from the Face and Throat, and to improve the Skin.

Sold by D. P. WEIR, sole agent for Greensboro', and by N. P. genuine without the signature of Connstock & Tyler.—51

GREENSBORO' DRUG AND MEDICINE STORE.

THE subscriber, grateful for past patronage, would respectfully inform his friends of the Medical profession and the citizens generally, that he has on hand an extensive stock of fresh and genuine DRUGS, MEDICINES and DYE STUFFS, which will be disposed of at such prices as cannot fail to please. He would respectfully solicit a call from Physicians before sending North, as he is confident he can furnish their articles at such rates as will make it their interest to purchase from him.

Orders promptly attended to, carefully packed, and sent to any part of the State.

Botanic Medicines. A full assortment of Botanic Medicines. Those practicing the Thompsonian system will please call at the Drug Store. D. P. WEIR.

J. & R. SLOAN Have received their Spring Purchase of BOOKS, STATIONERY & C.

which they will sell at prices that will compare favorably with any establishment in the old North State. Antho'n's Classical Dictionary Bullion's Greek Grammar

Webster's large do " Latin do Andrews' Reader " Lesson do Andrews' and Stoddard's Grammar

Gumery's Surveying Perkins' Arithmetic Greenleaf's do Davies' do Mitchell's Geography and Atlas Mitchell's Geographical Reader

Johnston's & Moffatt's Philology Joseph Infant School Manual Elements of Mythology

Virgil, with English Notes. A large assortment of Post and Cap PAPER, Quills, Waters, &c. &c. May 1, 1844.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

EVERY person using weights or measures or steel yards, is required to bring them to the Standard Keeper and have them tried, and if a trader or dealer by profession, or a miller, must have them re-examined every two years.

Every person using (that is buying or selling by) weights or measures or steel yards and neglecting to have them examined as required by law, forfeits \$50.

Every person for buying, selling or bartering by weight or measures or steel yards not tried and sealed according to law, and for selling and delivering any kind of grain, salt or other articles, in measures or weights not the standard established, forfeits \$40—to the use of the person suing, to be recovered before any jurisdiction having cognizance.

R. M. SLOAN, Standard Keeper.

January, 1844.

The oldest Literary Paper in the U. States. RURAL REPOSITORY,

Vol. 21, Commencing Aug. 31, 1844. EACH NUMBER EMBELLISHED WITH ONE OR MORE CUTS BY CUTTERS.

Price \$1—Clubs from 50 to 75 Cents.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Travelling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. The first number of the Twenty-first Volume of the Rural Repository will be issued on Saturday the 31st of August, 1844.

The character and design of the Rural Repository, being so generally known, it would seem almost superfluous to offer any thing further; but we