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From the Columbian Magazine. The Child and the Profligate.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

Just after sunset, one evening in summer, that pleasant hour when the air is balmy, the light loses its glare, and all around is imbued with soothing quiet, on the door step of a house there sat an elderly woman waiting the arrival of her son.—The house was in a straggling village, some fifty miles from New York city. She who sat on the door step was a widow—her neat white cap covered locks of gray, and her dress, though neat, was exceedingly homely. Her house—for the tenement she occupied was her own—was very little and very old. Trees clustered round it so thickly as almost to hide its color—that blackish gray color which belongs to old wooden houses that have never been painted, and to get in it you had to enter a little rocky gate and walk through a short path, bordered by carrots, beets, and other vegetables. The son whom she was expecting was her only child. About a year before he had been bound an apprentice to a rich farmer in the place, and after finishing his daily task, he was in the habit of spending half an hour at his mother's. On the present occasion, the shadows of night had settled heavily, before the youth made his appearance. When he did, his walk was slow and dragging, and all his motions were languid, as if from great weariness. He opened the gate, came through the path, and sat down by his mother in silence.

"You are sulky to-night, Charley," said the widow, after a moment's pause, when she found that he returned no answer to her greetings.

As she spoke, she put her hand fondly on his head; it was as wet as if it had been dipped in water. His shirt, too, was soaked; and as she passed her hand down his shoulder, she felt a sharp twinge in her heart, for she knew that moisture to be the hard-wrung sweat of severe toil, exacted from her young child, (he was about thirteen years old) by an unyielding task-master.

"You have worked hard to-day, my son."

"I've been mowing."

The widow's heart felt another pang.

"Not all day, Charley!" she said, in a low voice; and there was a slight quiver in it.

"Yes, mother, all day," replied the boy; "Mr. Ellis said he couldn't afford to hire men for wages are so high. I've swung the scythe ever since an hour before sunrise. Feel my hands."

There were blisters on them like great lumps. Tears started in the widow's eyes. She dared not trust herself with a reply, though her heart was bursting with the thought that she could not better his condition. There was no earthly means of support on which she had dependence enough to encourage her child in the wish she knew he was forming—the wish not uttered for the first time—to be freed from his bondage.

"Mother," at length said the boy, "I can stand it no longer. I cannot and will not stay at Mr. Ellis's. Ever since the day I first went into his house I've been a slave; and if I have to work there much longer I know I shall run away and go to sea, or somewhere else. I'd as lief be in my grave as there." And the child burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

His mother was silent, for she was in deep grief herself. After some minutes had flown, however, she gathered sufficient self-possession to speak to her son in a soothing tone, endeavoring to win him from his sorrows and cheer up his heart. She told him that time was swift—that in the course of a few years he would be his own master—that all people have their troubles—with many other ready arguments, which though they had little effect in calming her own distress, she hoped would act as a solace to the disturbed temper of the boy. And as the half hour to which he was limited had now elapsed she took him by the hand and led him to the gate, to set forth on his return. The child seemed pacified, though occasionally one of those convulsive sighs that remain after a fit of weeping, would break from his throat. At the gate he threw his arms about his mother's neck; each pressed a long kiss on the lips of the other; and the youngster bent his steps toward his mother's house.

As her child passed out of sight the widow returned, shut the gate, and entered her lonesome room. There was no light in the old cottage that night—the heart of its occupant was dark and cheerless. Love, agony, and grief, and tears, and convulsive wrings were there. The thought of a beloved son condemned to labor—labor that would break down a man—struggling from day to day under the hard rule of a soulless gold-worshipper; the knowledge that years must pass thus; the sickening idea of her own poverty, and of being on the grudging charity of neighbors—thoughts of former happy days—these racked the widow's heart and made her bed a sleepless one, and without repose.

The boy bent his steps to his employer's, as has been said. In his way down the village street, he had to pass a public house, the only one the place contained; and when he came off against it he heard the sound of a fiddle—drunken, however, at intervals, by much laughter and talking. The windows were up, and the house standing close to the road, Charles thought it no harm to take a look and see what was going on within. Half a dozen footsteps brought him to the low casement, on which he leaned his elbow, and where he had a full view of the room and its occupants. In one corner was an old man, known in the village as Black Dave—he it was whose musical performances had a moment before drawn Charles' attention to the tavern; and he it was who now exerted himself in a violent manner to give, with divers flourishes and extra twangs, a tune popular among that race whose fondness for melody is so well known. In the middle of the room were five or six sailors, some of them quite drunk and others in the earlier stages of that process, while on the benches around were more sailors, and here and there a person in landsman's attire, but hardly behind the sea gentlemen in uproar and mirth. The individuals in the middle of the room were dancing; that is, they were going through certain contortions and shufflings varied occasionally by exceeding hearty stamps upon the sanded floor. In short, the whole party were engaged in a drunken frolic, which was in no respect different from a thousand other drunken frolics, except, perhaps, that there was less than the ordinary amount of anger and quarrelling. Indeed every one seemed in a remarkably good humor.

But what excited the boy's attention more than any other object, was an individual seated on one of the benches opposite, who, though evidently enjoying the spree as much as if he was an old hand at such business, seemed in every other particular to be far out of his element. His appearance was youthful. He might have been twenty-one or twenty-two years old. His countenance was intelligent, and had the air of city life and society. He was dressed, not gaudily, but in every respect fashionably; his coat being of the finest black broadcloth, his linen delicate and spotless as snow, and his whole aspect that of one whose counterpart may now and then be seen upon the pave in Broadway of a fine afternoon. He laughed and talked with the rest, and it must be confessed his jokes—like the most of those that passed current there—were by no means distinguished for their refinement or purity. Near the door was a small table, covered with decanters and glasses, some of which had been used, but were used again indiscriminately, and a box of very thick and very long cigars.

One of the sailors—and it was he who made the largest share of the hubbub—had but one eye. His chin and cheeks were covered with large bushy whiskers, and altogether he had quite a brutal appearance.

"Come, boys," said this gentleman; "come, let us take a drink! I know you're all getting dry. So curse me if you sha'n't have a suck at my expense."

This polite invitation was responded to by a general moving of the company toward the table holding the before mentioned decanters and glasses. Clustering there around, each one helped himself to a very handsome portion of that particular liquor which suited his fancy; and steadiness and accuracy being at that particular moment by no means distinguishing traits of the arms and legs of the party, a goodly amount of the fluid was spilled upon the floor. This piece of extravagance excited the ire of the personage who gave the "treat;" and that ire was still farther increased when he discovered two or three loiterers who seemed disposed to slight his request to drink.—Charles, as we have before mentioned, was looking in at the window.

"Walk up, boys! walk up! Don't let there be any skulking among us, or blast my eyes if he sha'n't go down on his marrow bones, and taste the liquor we have spilt! Hallo!" he exclaimed as he spied Charles, "hallo, you chap in the window, come here and take a sup!"

As he spoke, he stepped to the open casement and put his brawny hands under the boy's arms, and lifted him into the room bodily.

"There, my lads," said he, turning to his companions, "there's a new recruit for you. Not so coarse a one either," he added as he took a fair view of the boy, who though not what is called pretty, was fresh and manly looking, and large for his age.

"Come youngster, take a glass," he continued. And he poured one nearly full of strong brandy.

Now Charles was not exactly frightened, for he was a lively fellow, and had often been at the country merry-makings and at the parties of the place; but he was certainly rather abashed at his abrupt introduction to the midst of strangers. So putting the glass aside, he looked up in the face of his new acquaintance with a pleasant smile.

"I've no need of anything now," he said, "but I'm just a much obliged to you as if I was."

"Poh! man, drink it down," rejoined the sailor; "it won't hurt you."

And by way of showing his excellence, the one-eyed worthy drained it himself to the last drop.—Then filling it again, he renewed his efforts to make the lad go through the same operation.

"I've no occasion. Besides, my mother has often prayed me not to drink, and I promised to obey her."

A little irritated by his capricious refusal, the

sailor with a loud oath, declared that Charles should swallow the brandy, whether he would or no.—Placing one of his tremendous paws on the back of the boy's head, with the other he thrust the edge of the glass to his lips—swearing at the same time that if he shook it so as to spill its contents by no means agreeable to his back and shoulders.

Disliking the liquor, and angry at the attempt to overbear him, the undaunted child lifted his hand, and struck the arm of the sailor with a blow so sudden that the glass fell and was smashed to pieces on the floor; while the liquid was about equally divided between the face of Charles, the clothes of the sailor, and the sand. By this time the whole of the company had their attention drawn to the scene. Some of them laughed when they saw Charles' undisguised antipathy to the drink; but they laughed still more heartily when he discomfited the sailor. All of them, however, were content to let the matter go as chance would have it—all but the young man in the black coat who has before been spoken of.

What was there in the words which Charles had spoken that carried the mind of the young man back to former times—to a period when he was more pure and innocent than now?—"My mother has often prayed me not to drink!" Ah how the mist of months rolled aside and presented to his soul's eye the picture of his mother, and the sound of an injunction, conveyed in almost those very words! Why was it, too, that the young man's heart moved with a feeling of kindness toward the somewhat harshly treated child? Was it that his associations had been hitherto among the vile, and the contrast was now so strikingly great? Even in the hurried walks of life and business may we meet with beings who seem to touch the fountains of our love and draw forth their swelling waters! The wish to love and to be beloved, which the forms of custom and the engrossing anxiety for gain so generally smother, will sometimes burst forth in spite of all obstacles; and kindled by one, who, till the hour, was unknown to us, will burn with a permanent and pure brightness!

Charles stood, his cheek flushed and his heart throbbing, wiping the trickling drops from his face with a handkerchief. At first the sailor, between his drunkenness and his surprise, was pretty much in the condition of one suddenly awakened out of a deep sleep, who cannot call his consciousness about him. When he saw the state of things, however, and heard the jeering laugh of his companions, his dull eye, lighting up with anger, fell upon the boy who had withstood him. He seized Charles with a grip of iron, and with the side of his heavy boot, gave him a sharp and solid kick.

He was about to repeat the performance—for the child hung like a rag in his grasp—but all of a sudden his ears rang, as if pistols had been snapped close to them; lights of various hues flickered in his eye, (he had but one, it will be remembered) and a strong propelling power caused him to move from his position, and keep moving until he was brought up by the wall. A blow, a cuff, administered in such a scientific manner that the hand from which it proceeded was evidently no stranger to the pugilistic art, had been planted in the ear of the sailor. It was planted by the young man of the black coat. He had watched with interest the proceedings of the sailor and the boy—two or three times he was on the point of interfering, and when the kick was given, his rage was uncontrollable. He sprang from his seat, and assuming, unconsciously, however, the attitude of a boxer, he struck the sailor in a manner to cause those unpleasant sensations which have been described. And he would have followed up the attack in a manner by no means consistent with the sailor's personal safety, had not Charles, now thoroughly terrified, clung round his legs, and prevented his advancing.

The scene was a strange one, and, for the time quite a silent one. The company had started from their seats, and for a moment held breathless but strained positions. In the middle of the room stood the young man; in his not at all ungraceful attitude—every nerve out and his eyes flashing brilliantly. He seemed rooted like a rock; and clasping him, with an appearance of confidence in his protection, hung the boy.

"Dare! you scoundrel!" cried the young man, his voice thick with passion, "dare to touch this boy again, and I'll thrash you till no sense is left in your body!"

The sailor, now partially recovered, made some gestures of a belligerent nature.

"Come, on drunken brute!" continued the angry youth; "you have not had half what you deserve!"

Upon sobriety and sense more fully taking their place in the brains of the one-eyed mariner, however, that worthy determined in his own mind, that it would be most prudent to let the matter drop. Expressing therefore his conviction to that effect, adding certain remarks to the purport that he "meant no harm to the lad," that he was surprised at such a gentleman being angry at a little piece of fun, &c.—he proposed that the company should go on with their jollity as if nothing had happened. In truth, he of the single eye was not a bad fellow at heart, after all; the fiery enemy whose advances he had so often counted that night had stolen away his good feelings, and set busy devils at work within him, that might have made his hands do some dreadful deed, had not the stranger interposed.

In a few minutes the frolic of the party was up to its former stage. The young man sat

down upon one of the benches, with the boy at his side, and while the rest were loudly talking and laughing, they two conversed together. The stranger learned from Charles all the particulars of his simple story—how his father had died years since—how his mother worked hard for a bare living—and how he himself, for many dreary months, had been the servant of a hard-hearted, avaricious master. More and more interested, drawing the child to his side, the young man listened to his plainly told history—and thus an hour passed away.

It was now past midnight. The young man told Charles that on the morrow he would take steps to relieve him from his servitude—that for the present night the landlord would probably give him a lodging at the inn—and little persuading did the host need for that.

As he retired to sleep very pleasant thoughts filled the mind of the young man—thoughts of a worthy action performed—thoughts too, newly awakened ones, of walking in a steadier and wiser path than formerly.

That roof, then, sheltered two beings that night—one of them innocent and sinless of all wrong—the other—oh, to that other, what evil had not been present, either in action, or to his desires?

Who was the stranger? To those that, from ties of relationship, or otherwise, felt an interest in him, the answer to that question was not pleasant to dwell upon. His name was Langton—parentless—a dissipated young man—a brawler—one whose too frequent companions were rowdies, blacklegs and swindlers. The New York police officers were not altogether strangers to his countenance; and certain reporters who notice the proceedings there, had more than once received a fee for leaving out his name from the disgraceful notoriety of their columns. He had been bred to the profession of medicine; besides, he had a very respectable income, and his house was in a very pleasant street on the west side of the city. Little of his time, however did Mr. John Langton spend at his domestic hearth; and the elderly lady who officiated as his housekeeper, was by no means surprised to have him gone for a week or a month at a time, and she knowing nothing of his whereabouts.

Living as he did, the young man was an unhappy being. It was not that his associates were below his own capacity—for Langton, though sensible and well bred, was by no means talented or refined—but that he lived without any steady purpose, that he had no one to attract him to his home, that he too easily allowed himself to be tempted—which caused his life to be, of late, one continued scene of dissatisfaction. This dissatisfaction he sought to drive away (ah, foolish youth!) by the brandy bottle, and by mixing in all kinds of parties where the object was pleasure. On the present occasion, he had left the city a few days before, and was passing his time at a place near the village where Charles and his mother lived. He fell in, during the day, with those who were his companions of the tavern spree, and thus it happened they were all together. Langton hesitated not to make himself at home with any associate that happened to suit his fancy.

The next morning the poor widow rose from her sleepless cot; and from that lucky trait in our nature which makes one extreme follow another, she set about her toil with a lightened heart. Ellis, the farmer, rose, too, short as the nights were, an hour before day; for his God was gain, and a prime article of his creed was to get as much work as possible from those around him. He roused up all his people, and finding that Charles had not been home the preceding night, he muttered threats against him, and calling a messenger, to whom he hinted that any minutes which he staid beyond an exceeding short period would be subtracted from his breakfast time, despatched him to the widow's to find what her son was about.

What was he about? He had a beautiful dream—and thus it was in seeming.

With one of the brightest and earliest rays of the warm sun a gentle angel entered his apartment, and hovered over him, and looked down with a pleasant smile, and blessed him. And the child thought his benefactor, the young man, was nigh, sleeping also. No! lessly taking a stand by the bed, the angel bent over the boy's face, and whispered strange words into his ear, it seemed to him like soft and delicate music. So the angel pausing a moment, and smiling another and doubly sweet smile, and drinking in the scene with his large soft eyes, bent over again to the boy's lips, and touched them with a kiss, and the languid wind touches a flower. He seemed to be going now, and yet he lingered. Twice or thrice he bent over the brow of the young man—and went not. Now the angel was troubled; for he would have pressed the young man's lips with a kiss, as he did the child's—but a spirit from Heaven who touches anything tainted by evil thoughts, does it at the risk of having his bosom pierced with pain, as with a barbed arrow. At that moment a very pale bright ray of sunlight darted through the window and settled on the young man's features. Then the beautiful spirit knew that permission was granted him; so he softly touched the young man's face with his, and silently and swiftly waited himself away on the unseen air.

In the centre of the day Ellis was called upon by young Langton, and never perhaps in his life was the farmer puzzled more than at the young man's proposal—his desire to provide for the

widow's family, a family that could do them no pecuniary good, and his willingness to do so for that purpose. In that department of Ellis's structure where the mind was, or ought to have been situated, there never had entered the slightest thought assimilating to those which actuated the young man in his benevolent movements.—Yet Ellis was a church member and a county officer.

The widow, too, was called upon, not only on that day, but the next and the next.

It needs not that I should particularize the events of Langton's and the boy's history—how the reformation of the prodigal might date to begin from that time—how he gradually severed the guilty ties that had so long galled him—how he enjoyed his home again—how the friendship of Charles and himself grew not slack with time—and how when in the course of seasons he became head of a family of his own, he would shudder at the remembrance of his early dangers and his escapes. Often, in the bustle of day, and the silence of night would he bless the utterance of those words, "My mother prayed me not to drink!"

Loved reader, own you the moral interwoven in this simple story? Let your vision be sad, and to them draw forth the moral, argue a mission—and dwell upon it.

The English Bible.

In "Horne's Introduction to the Critical study of the Bible," a work of high celebrity, the following historical outline is given of the English translation of the Bible.

The earliest English Bible was executed by an unknown individual, which Archbishop Usher places in the year 1200; of this there are three manuscript copies preserved in the Bodleian library, and in the libraries of Christ Church and Queen's Colleges at Oxford. Towards the close of the following century, John de Trevisar, vicar of Berkeley in Cornwall, at the desire of his patron Lord Berkeley, translated the Old and New Testaments into the English tongue; but no part of this work appears ever to have been printed, though several copies are known to exist in manuscript. Nearly contemporary with him was the celebrated John Wicliffe, who, about the year 1380, translated the entire Bible from the Latin Vulgate; the New Testament of Wicliffe, was published in folio by Mr. Lewis, in 1731; and was handsomely re-edited in quarto, in 1810, by the Rev. Henry Hervey Bates, one of the librarians of the British Museum, who prefixed a valuable memoir of this "Apostle of England," as Wicliffe has sometimes been called.

The first printed edition of any part of the scriptures in English, was of the New Testament, at Hamburg, in the year 1524. It was translated by William Tyndale or Tyndale, with the assistance of John Fry and William Ray; it is said, of a single copy) being burnt up and burnt by Tostard, bishop of London, and Sir Thomas More, Tindal put forth a new edition in 1527, and a third in 1532; and, two years after, his translation of the Pentateuch appeared at Hamburg, with another edition of his Testament. In 1535, was published the translation of Miles Coverdale, a grate part of which was Tyndale's; and two years after, John Rogers, martyr, (who had assisted Tyndale in his biblical labours) edited a Bible, probably at Hamburg, under the assumed name of Thomas Matthew's, whence it is generally known by the name of Matthew's Bible. A revised edition of this translation, corrected by Crammer and Coverdale, was printed at London in 1539, by Grafton and Whitchurch, in large folio, and from its size is usually denominated the GREAT BIBLE. No new version was executed during the reign of Edward VI; though several editions were printed, both of the Old and New Testaments.

During the sanguinary reign of Queen Mary, Miles Coverdale, John Knox, Christopher Goodman, and other English exiles, who had taken refuge at Geneva, published a new translation, between the year 1557 and 1560, with short annotations, inculcating the doctrines espoused by Calvin. The New Testament of this edition was the first in English, which was divided into verses. The Geneva Bible was highly esteemed by the Puritans, and in the course of little more than thirty years afterwards, not fewer than thirty editions of it were printed in various sizes, principally by the royal printers. This translation is allowed to possess considerable merit, for its general fidelity and perspicuity. Eight years after the completion of the Geneva Bible, a new version was published, with two prefaces, by Archbishop Parker, now generally termed the *Bishops' Bible*, from the circumstance of eight of the translators being bishops; although this translation was read in the churches, the Geneva Bible was generally preferred in families.

At length, in the reign of James I., several objections having been made to the Bishop's Bible, at the conference held at Hampton Court in 1606, the king in the following year gave orders for the undertaking of a new version, and fifty-four learned men were appointed to this important labour; but, before it was commenced, seven of the persons nominated were either dead, or had declined the task for the list, as given us by Fuller, comprises only forty-seven names. These, being ranged under six divisions, entered upon their work in 1607, and completed it in 1611; it was then revised by a committee of six of the trans-

lators, and finally reviewed by Bishop Bilson and Dr. Smith; the latter prefixed the arguments, and wrote the preface. This translation, generally known by the name of King James's Bible, was first printed in 1611, and is that now universally adopted where-ever the English language is spoken. The edition generally reputed to be the most correct, is that of Oxford, in quarto and folio, 1769, printed under the superintendence of the late Rev. Dr. Blayney; the text was carefully collated with several correct editions, and the punctuation amended; the summaries of chapters and running titles at the top of each page were also corrected, and 30,195 new references were inserted in the margin. From the singular pains bestowed, in order to render this edition as accurate as possible, it has hitherto been considered the standard edition, from which all subsequent impressions have been executed. Notwithstanding, however, the great labour and attention bestowed by Dr. Blayney, his edition must now yield the palm of accuracy to the very beautiful and correct edition published by Messrs. Eyre and Strahan, His Majesty's printers, but printed by Mr. Woodfall in 1809 and again in 1812 in quarto; as it is fewer than one hundred and some errors were discovered in collating the edition of 1809 with Dr. B.'s, and one of these errors was an omission of considerable importance. Messrs. Eyre and Strahan's edition may therefore be regarded as approaching as near as possible to what bibliographers term an *immaculate text*. Of all the modern versions now extant, the present authorized English translation is followed by those who are competent judges, to be the most exact; its style is incomparably superior to any thing which might be expected from the financial and perverted taste of our own age. It is simple; it is harmonious, it is energetic, and which is of no small importance, use has made it familiar, and time has rendered it sacred.

To this testimony of bishop Middleton, we may add that of Selden, who recommends it as "the best translation in the world." The committee for religion in the time of Cromwell, allowed it to be "the best extent;" and Poole in his Synopsis says, that "in this royal version occur very numerous specimens of great learning and uncommon skill in the original languages, and of an uncommon acumen and judgement." Dr. Geddes observes, that "every sentence, every word, every syllable, every letter and point, seems to have been weighed with the most exactitude, and expressed either in the text or margin, with the nicest precision." It was remarked by Robinson, more than a century ago, that it may "serve for a Lexicon of the Hebrew language, as well as a translation."

* Bishop Middleton on the Greek article, p. 322.

A Revolutionary Sketch.

There are many traditions of our early history, particularly among the old families of the Cape Fear which ought not to be lost. Will not some one who is capable, make the effort to rescue them from oblivion, and to embody them in a substantial form?

An incident was related to us a few days ago, which is worth preserving. It is well known that the Scotch settlers of ancient "Cross Creeks," (now Fayetteville,) and of the Cape Fear generally as a body, sustained the British Government during our Revolutionary struggle. In this they no doubt acted conscientiously, as they had, after the disastrous defeat at Culloden, been compelled to take an oath of allegiance and fealty to the British King, which they did not deem to be cancelled by their subsequent expatriation to his colonies.

Soon after the war had commenced, Gen. Rutherford led a portion of his army to Bladen, for the purpose of awing into submission those who might be dissatisfied to the new regime. Gen. R. was a man of great worth, and a brave soldier, but not of very polished manners. His exterior was even rough, though it covered a pure and patriot heart. Alfred Moore, afterwards Attorney General of North Carolina, and still later a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, commanded one of the Companies in that expedition. He was sent out with his corps to bring into camp some Tories in that neighborhood, who were then supposed to be plotting resistance to the new Government. Among others was captured and brought in a very old man of dissipated deportment, but manly clad and evidently extremely poor, who respectfully uncovered himself before the General, and calmly waited his orders. "Well, who are you sir?" sternly demanded the General. "I am Charles Stuart," replied the old man, "of the blood of those who should now by right possess the throne of my own native land." "Why then," asked the General, "enraged here in favor of that very house that dethroned your ancestors, against men struggling for their rights?" "Sir," replied he, "my blood flowed freely at the battle of Culloden, in defending my country against the aggressions of the Eldest of Hapsburg, who now proudly assumes to be king of England, Ireland and Scotland. I fought for the independence of my own country then, and little spirit have I now to oppose the efforts you are so nobly making to establish yours. I am old and useless now, and can do nothing on either side; but if this arm had strength it would aim no blows at your cause or in favor of the Guelph Courser." "Enough," said Gen. R. "you are a retired old man. The out-

horses need corn, and those who make this ex-
pense necessary, must furnish it. Show Cap-
tain Moore & his men where they can help them-
selves." The farmer party were mainly com-
posed of their large fine horses, while their aged
guide bore a poor but garrison, which staggered
under its rider. They rode on in company
several miles. During their progress, they passed
several fields of corn—large, rich and ready
for gathering, belonging to Tories. The old pos-
sessor said nothing, and the farmers thought the
fields of course belonged to the patriots. At last
he pointed them to a patch of miserable, stunted
corn, that evidently belonged to some wretched
creature, upon whom this quasi pillage would be
absolutely shameful. "This was reduced to a cer-
tainly for the sorry fellow in the middle, and the
lean legs and cattle standing around imploring—
which hardly hid, however, seemed to be afflicted
with a premature old age. "This is a pretty
sight," said Captain Moore. "Show us a field
that will answer our purpose. These ears are
so small, that we should be obliged to carry them
in a basket; and besides, they belong to some
idle rascal of a Tory who even with his patch, will
have to starve or die. Why did you not point
us to some of those luxuriant fields we passed?"
"This is mine, sir. These belong to my neigh-
bors," was the reply. "You are welcome to all
I have. Take it, and may the God of Heaven
prosper your cause!" It is unnecessary to say
that the farmers supplied themselves elsewhere.
In the above more sketch, we have endeav-
ored to catch "riding words" from the lips of a
narrator, who might, if he would, illustrate our
history by a kind of Revolutionary anecdotes and
adventures, treasured up in his family. We call
upon him to devote at least some of his leisure
hours to this subject. Let no suggestions of false
modesty deter him, because some of his ances-
tors figured largely on those scenes. They gave
themselves up to the public. Their blood was
shed in the public service and may not the State
now claim that these rich treasures should not be
hoarded? May he not claim the right to know
more of the personal history and adventures of
those brave men who sacrificed all to their cause?
Whig Chronicle.

From Niles' National Register. ABOLITION CANDIDATE'S EXPOSE.

The following letters from Mr. Birney, the ab-
olition candidate for the presidency, in reply to
enquiries addressed to him, and which we find
published in all the papers of that party, express
his views upon the tariff, the proposed annexation
of Texas, and other prominent topics supposed to
be involved in the issue of the election, belong to
the history of the times, and therefore inserted.

It will be seen that Mr. Birney agrees, substan-
tially, with Mr. Polk in regard to a tariff, and is
opposed to a tariff affording any other protection to
American manufactures, than what may be inci-
dental to a strict revenue tariff. But he concludes
with a very broad qualification or doubt, whether
his theory may not be contradicted by facts, to
which they are now, he admits, subjected, and if
so, why then he says he will give up his theory,
and stick to the tariff.

Query: now is he for or against the tariff, taking
his letters as data?

LETTER FROM J. Q. BIRNEY ON THE TARIFF, AN-
NEXATION, SLAVERY, &c.

Lower Saginaw, Mich., Aug. 5, 1844.

DEAR SIR: Your friendly letter of 12th July,
reached me more than a week ago. Agricultural
collis, particularly imperative on us here at this
season of the year, have prevented my answering
it till today. Their continuing pressure will com-
pel me now, in replying to your letter, to confine
myself rather to a statement of the conclusions I
have been brought to on the tariff question, than to
insisting on the reasons by which I have been
led to them.

That our government will ever adopt direct tax-
ation of any sort, as a permanent revenue system,
seems to me altogether improbable—at least, too
improbable to serve as a basis to reason from. A
commercial people, as we are, will draw their re-
venue from the customs. They will believe—and
rightly, as it strikes me—that the proper objects
of taxation may be as effectually and as equitably
realized by this mode as any other.

A tariff for revenue to meet the ordinary ex-
penditures of the government, will have to be the
rule. This once settled, should occasion arise de-
manding extraordinary expenditures, the people
will cheerfully consent to higher duties to meet
the exigency. But higher duties than are neces-
sary for revenue will never I apprehend, become
the permanent policy of the country. It would
not be acquiesced in by a majority largely pre-
ponderant as to produce even silent submission,
much less cheerful assent to it, on the part of the
people.

The most influential of our political in-
stitutions forbid our looking for such a result.—
These institutions have impressed on the nation
that any inequality of right to enjoy all the
benefits flowing out of the action of the govern-
ment, is unjust. The existing generation has
grown up under its influence. It has begotten
in them strong repugnance—nay, even a spirit of
resistance to any and every thing that has even
the semblance of inequality or privilege conferred
on a particular portion of the community. Right or
wrong, they believe it sacrosanct of the aristocratic,
in the most odious sense of the word, as it is re-
ceived—and naturally enough—by a people whose
constitution and form of government declares them
all equally entitled to its benefits. To insist on a
protective tariff, then, further than a revenue tariff
can be made protective, is, as it seems to me, to
oppose the natural, the constant, and therefore, in
the end, the irresistible influence of principles that
lie at the foundation of our political organization.

There are other circumstances too important to
be passed by unnoticed. The uninterrupted
peace that we have enjoyed with European na-
tions, and that they have generally enjoyed a-
mong themselves for now more than a quarter
of a century—the nearest union which this happy re-
lation, aided by the eternal engine, has brought us
and them—the constancy of our mutual intercourse
with them—the sympathy and co-operation that
this intercourse has already brought about among
the good and the learned among ourselves and in
other countries in the pursuits of humanity, litera-
ture and science—the ties that it has created by
marriages and in business of almost every name
and description—ties that, under its influence, are
multiplying and strengthening themselves every
day—all, all contribute to arouse and foster our dis-
content at being compelled to pay, at New York
or Philadelphia, double price for articles made in
Birmingham or Lyons, merely to encourage, com-
pensatively, a very few in our country to engage in
the competition to produce them. It is true, that
these causes are almost imperceptible in their pro-
cesses—but they are, on that account, the harder
to be resisted. They may be slow and tedious, but
unless I am greatly deceived as to their power,
they will be found sure ones, in removing the ob-

stacles yet remaining in the way of labor every-
where receiving all that a man justly lay claim to.

The sentiments I have expressed above, would
not, I know, meet with acceptance in many parts
of the country. Many, even of the most faithful
of the liberty party, would probably dissent from
them. I have not been forward to publish them,
lest, by doing so, I might, in some degree, con-
tribute to divert our friends from our paramount ob-
ject, the overthrow of the slave power;—and be-
cause I felt assured, as I still do, that if the liberty
party come into power, the whole country will
soon be brought into most favorable circumstances
for harmonizing all its apparently discordant inter-
ests, and for settling on their proper basis all the
important existing questions of national policy.—
Now, the labor of the country is made up of two
hostile parts—slaves and free. Irreconcilable in
their nature, they can never be brought to operate
harmoniously together under one system of legisla-
tion. Let no one, then, look for jarrings and dis-
sensations to pass away from among us, till slave la-
bor have passed away, or be seen to be passing a-
way, with a certainty of its speedy and entire dis-
appearance.

The accession to power of the liberty party im-
plies—as I take it—the speedy extinction of sla-
very every where within our country; and of
course, the bringing of all its labor into a homo-
geneous state. Till our labor be brought into this
state, all legislation for its benefit must, neces-
sarily, be, in a great measure, unavailing; and this
can be done only by the extinction of slavery.

But you are ready to ask, how could the lib-
erty party, if in power, extinguish slavery, seeing,
as is admitted on nearly all hands, that the gen-
eral government—except as a war measure to save it-
self—has no constitutional power over that institu-
tion in the states? I reply—all that is necessary
to be done, is, for the appointing power of the gen-
eral government to bring into its offices and sta-
tions of honor and trust and profit, throughout the
south, only such as are not slaveholders—only
such as practically acknowledge that all men are
created equal and entitled to their lives and lib-
erty. No objection can be made to the constitu-
tionality of such a course. It is as simple, too, as it
is constitutional, and it will be found as effective
as it is simple. Its spirit and object would command
it to all, except the slaveholders themselves; for I
have always found it true, that however slow a
people may themselves be, to put away wrong
from among them, yet once justice is boldly
done on it by their rulers, the act never fails of re-
ceiving their hearty sanction and approbation.—
The slaveholders would at first huddle together
for their mutual defence. But it would be un-
availing. They could no more withstand the in-
fluence of public opinion, now purified by an il-
lustrous act of justice, and flaming on them from
every side, than the snow-drift of an April night
can withstand the meridian rays of the next day's
sun.

I have written you a much longer letter than I
intended when I commenced writing. The use
you may make of it is left entirely to your discre-
tion. I impose no terms of a "confidential" char-
acter. I entertain no opinions on subjects of gen-
eral concern, to which my fellow-citizens who feel
interested to know them are not perfectly welcome.
My opinions are the offspring of the best data that
I can command. As long as I believe them true
I respect them too highly to be ashamed of them.
If I ascertain them to be false, it costs me no strug-
gle to disown them.

A single remark I beg to add to what I have said
on the tariff. I am opposed to all rash legislation
or to violent changes in the existing order of things
when lawful interests have become implicated with
it. Were I now a member of congress, I should
oppose the repeal of the present tariff, before it
was fairly and fully tried. If it should be found to
work well for the country, and the country gener-
ally were satisfied with it, I should continue to
support it. In this case; my theory would be
proved false by facts—against which no theory
ought to be maintained. But should it work ill
for the country, and there should be a growing dis-
content with it, I should favor its reduction to the
revenue standard—but so gradually, that all the
interests involved in it might, in the highest pos-
sible degree be saved from loss. I am, sir, very
respectfully your obedient servant,

JAMES G. BIRNEY.

TO THE HARTFORD COMMITTEE, HARTFORD, CT. OHIO.

Lower Saginaw, Mich., Aug. 15, 1844.

GENTLEMEN:—Your letter of the 1st instant,
came to hand a few days ago. You do me but
justice in according to me entire willingness to
communicate the opinions that I entertain on the
subjects of national concern, to such of my fellow
citizens as feel enough of interest in knowing
what they are, to make inquiry of me in relation
to them. I proceeded, therefore, to answer your
questions in the order in which they appear in
your letter—except the first, relating to the tariff.
On this, I communicated my views very recently,
to a gentleman in Pittsburgh. He will, doubtless,
publish the letter in which these views are pre-
sented, if he has not already done so. To that
letter I beg to refer you for my answer to your
first interrogatory.

2. I am not in favor of distributing the proceeds
of the public lands among the states, by handing
over to each state its proportional share. The
most safe, simple, just and effectual way to make
them subserve the interests of all the states now
existing, as well as of others that may hereafter
be admitted to the union, is to place them in the
treasury of the United States.

3. Congress has power under the constitution
to establish a national bank. Opposite views of
this power have been taken at different times by
congress. The constitutional point, however,
has been submitted by the constitution for authori-
tatively deciding this and all such questions.—
That tribunal has decided in favor of the constitu-
tionality of a national bank. In this decision I
fully concur.

4. I am not in favor of creating a national bank
which slavery is continued in our country. Slave
labor, on a large scale, can never support itself;
or, I should rather say, it can never support the
indolence and the prodigality which it never fails
to beget in those who lay claim to its fruits. It
has been estimated that the slave states were in-
debted to the free, in at least three hundred mil-
lions of dollars at the crash of 1837. I am not
aware that this estimate has been called in ques-
tion, because of the largeness of the sum. The
interest on it, I suppose, was not paid to any con-
siderable extent, before the principal was dis-
charged by the legal bankruptcy of the debtors.
The late national bank, with its branches extend-
ing throughout the south, afforded great facilities
to that in-lavish portion of the country for pos-
sessing itself of the homely earned, and often the
hard earned capital of the north. I would not re-
view these facilities. What might be my views
on this subject, if all the labor of the country were
free, it would, perhaps, be superfluous in me now
to say.

Commercial men of all parties speak favorably
of the present state of the exchanges throughout
the country. As it has been brought about by

the natural course of commercial dealings, it is, I
think more to be relied on as a permanent con-
dition than if it had been produced by a forced or
artificial process.

As to the safety and availability of a national
bank as a depository and fiscal agent of the gov-
ernment. I should think favorably of it, if the
time should ever come, when the general welfare
of the country would call for such an institution.

5. My mind strongly inclines to the opinion,
that, if congress can rightfully abolish slavery in
time of war, it may also abolish it in time of peace.
A vicious and dangerous state of things exist-
ing in the community generally, or in any part of it,
may as certainly, if not as suddenly become as
destructive of the government in a period of peace
as of war. The principle, then, on which con-
gress might rightfully proceed to abolish slavery
as a measure of relief and safety in war, might
be equally applicable and imperative, on the same
grounds, in time of peace. In both cases the in-
stant at which emancipation would be ordered to
take place would depend on the sound judgment
of the government.

As a people, we have undertaken before God
and the nations of the earth, to maintain in our
political organization the principles of liberty as-
serted in the Declaration of Independence, and
substantially incorporated into the constitution.—
Thus have we voluntarily brought ourselves un-
der a guaranty, to purge our country from what-
ever is inconsistent with these principles. Noth-
ing is more palpably so than slavery. We are
under a pledge, then, to the world and to one an-
other to abolish it; and in so far as our govern-
ment has permitted slavery to remain at ease—
much more to enlarge and magnify itself—it
has proved recreant to its solemn undertaking—
has brought on us, as a people, the charge of hy-
pocrisy and dishonored us before the heavens and
the earth.

Persons of great experience and intelligence, as
jurists, have satisfied themselves that the constitu-
tion authorizes in express terms the fulfillment of
this guaranty, by the government. Congress
say they, has nothing to do with the relation of
master and slave. Neither the relation itself, nor
the parties between whom it exists are any where
mentioned in the constitution, whilst at the same
time (amendment IV.) it declares that no "person"
shall be deprived of liberty without due process
of law; and this without the slightest reference
to his being a native or a foreigner—a citizen or
an alien—black or white. Those who are called
"slaves" at the south, are called "persons" in the
constitution. Are these persons deprived of their
liberty? Yes. By the process of law? No.—
Then why, it may be asked, are they not entitled
to the benefits of the constitutional provision with-
in the words and spirit of which they are so ex-
pressly brought?

But should the liberty party be brought into
power, a proceeding wholly unobjectionable as to
its constitutionality—as simple as it is a constitutional
and one that would prove as effectual as it is
simple, would, doubtless be adopted for the aboli-
tion of slavery. It is to confine the appointments
to office under the government to such as are not
slaveholders. The justice and the propriety of
such a course would be as unobjectionable as its
other characteristics; for surely nothing could be
more reasonable than to exclude from all share
in the administration of the government—from its
offices and its honors—those whose whole lives
are passed in open contempt of its fundamental
principles.

6. It is my opinion that congress can stop the
domestic slave trade between the states under
that provision of the constitution which gives it
the power to regulate commerce among them. It
be said that congress has no power to obstruct the
transit or removal of persons, from one of the states
into another—it may be replied, that, if commerce
lay her hands on "persons" and transmute them
into things to deal in, she brings herself, by that
act, and in relation to that matter, completely
within the scope of the constitutional provision.

I ought not to conclude this reply to your com-
munication, without stating, that all my views
merely of policy are greatly qualified by
the consideration of their practicability, consistent-
ly with the harmony and the fraternal feelings of
our whole populations; as well as by a decided
preference of economy, simplicity, impartiality,
and directness, in the management of public af-
fairs, over what is prodigal, or artificial, or exclu-
sive, or indirect. The genius and spirit of our
population will not bear patiently with any other
system of administration—the who disregards or
overlooks this truth, proves himself incompetent,
as a statesman, for the country and the times in
which his lot is cast. I remain, gentlemen, very
respectfully, your most obedient servant.

JAMES G. BIRNEY.

To Messrs. Lucian C. Jones, Salmon N. Han,

Robert M. Beebe, committee, &c.

MR. POLK'S SPEAKERSHIP.

The following sketch of a scene in the House
of Representatives, copied from a contemporary of
that date, will afford the reader some idea of the
estimation in which Mr. Polk was held as Speaker:

"Very late in the evening, Mr. Elmore, of S. C.,
offered the resolution of thanks to the Speaker,
which it is customary to offer at the close of a Con-
gress, and which pays a compliment to his prompt-
ness, impartiality and dignity.

"Mr. Prentiss, of Mississippi, moved to strike
out the word 'impartial.' He said as matter of
form, custom and courtesy, he was willing to vote
for the rest of the resolution, but he could not con-
scientiously vote for a declaration that the Speaker
was 'impartial' in the face of the most conclusive
evidence to the contrary. Mr. Prentiss then alluded
to the notorious fact that several of the most im-
portant Committees were composed by the Speaker
on principles of the grossest partiality. The Com-
mittee on Foreign Affairs now has six Van
Buren to three of the opposition. Others have
seven Administration men to two Whigs. After
dwelling on these points with great force and effect,
Mr. Prentiss called on all those who had voted for
the appointment of the Investigating Committee, to re-
member that they then expressed, in the most de-
cisive manner, the opinion that the Speaker was
not 'impartial,' and was unworthy of their confi-
dence. Mr. Prentiss spoke throughout with great
force and effect.

"Mr. Gray, of New York, followed Mr. Prentiss,
and after a few remarks, moved the Previous
Question! The Previous Question! proposed
by one of the Speaker's own friends—on a ques-
tion of courtesy.

"The Speaker got his vote of thanks from nine-
ty-eight members out of the whole House—fifty
seven voted against it! More than two hundred
members had been voting on almost every preced-
ing question. And a number larger than that
was sufficient to have sent the Speaker home to
his constituents with another decision of the House
against him, retired under the bar, and declined
to vote at all from motives of decency and extreme
discontent.

you, my friends, of one solemn truth, and that is,
that rather than pay all expenses, preach for noth-
ing and find myself into the bargain, I will see
the whole generation damned first!"

QUALIFICATIONS OF (SOME) VOTERS.

The day after the general election in Maine we
had occasion to ride down to Gardiner—on the
melancholy duty of attending a funeral in the fam-
ily of a brother. Ascending the Loudon Hill in
Hallowell we overtook three travellers on foot, and
as they appeared to be honest workmen, quite fa-
tigated, we halted, and invited one of the company
to take a seat in our carriage, offering to convey
him to Gardiner with pleasure. (By the way when
alone, we never allow ourselves to pass a foot pas-
senger without inviting him—we say him not her—
to ride.) One of the three—a noble great body
weighing over two hundred pounds—advanced
and seated himself by our side. The conversation
which was interesting to us as showing the politi-
cal qualification of some—we fear too many—vo-
ters, and so we relate it, not so much for the amuse-
ment, as for the melancholy reflections of the so-
ber part of our readers. The stranger appeared to
be well clad, and ordinarily intelligent and civil
—as much so as the average of persons we usual-
ly pass on the roads.

Editor.—You appear somewhat tired, sir, have
you walked far?

Passenger.—Yes I am very tired—I have walk-
ed all night and all this forenoon, on my way to
Gardiner.

Editor.—How came you to walk all night, pray?

Passenger.—Why, yesterday you know was
election, and I must stay at home to get out voters
and make them vote right. Our town meeting
did not adjourn till dark, and I have been travel-
ing on foot all the way.

Editor.—In P. some forty or fifty miles from
here?

Passenger.—In P. some forty or fifty miles from
here.

Editor.—Then you take much interest in elec-
tions?

Passenger.—Yes I suppose I am pretty shrewd
at that. I can get out more voters and make
them vote right,—more than almost any other man
in town.

Editor.—Was there a full meeting yesterday?

Passenger.—Yes very full—old folks and sick
ones were all there. I carried one man who had
not been out of his house, and hardly out of bed
for five years and he voted as I told him to.

Editor.—How did the vote stand in P.?

Passenger.—The Abolitionists had 23, the whigs
67, and the Democrats 164.

Editor.—You seem to have charged your mem-
ory very faithfully, and I doubt not you can give
me further information. How did the vote stand
on the Constitution Question relative to Summer
Sessions, and the law agt. Town Courts?

Passenger.—(Hesitating and rubbing his
nose.) Do you know how far it is to Bath?

Editor.—Did you not vote on those questions?

Passenger.—O yes indeed! I voted on those
questions.

Editor.—Well—how did you vote Yes or No?

Passenger.—I cannot say now exactly, but I
voted—(giving the name of his party) you
know.

Editor.—Pray how did you contrive to vote a
party vote on those questions?

Passenger.—I am—a you know always vote
for our side.

By this time I began to suspect the man knew
no more who he voted for, than what he voted for;
and soon we determined to put him to a test. The
reader will have noticed that in giving the state of
votes, he had only mentioned the names of the
parties and not of the candidates.

Editor.—Let's see—how many did you say
Anderson had for Governor?

Passenger.—(promptly) twenty-three.

Editor.—But twenty-three was what you said
the Abolitionist got.

Passenger.—Well—is not Anderson the Aboli-
tionist?

Editor.—Certainly not. How many did Ap-
pleton get?

Passenger.—I can't say.

Editor.—How many did Robinson have?

Passenger.—I have forgot.

Editor.—Who did you vote for?

Passenger.—I voted the—ticket.

Editor.—Yes; but whom did you vote for, for
Governor?

Passenger.—(Looking out of the carriage over
the river.) I don't know as I can tell; but I vot-
ed the—ticket.

Editor.—A pretty fellow are you, sir, to go to
the polls—don't know what you vote for, nor whom
you vote for; only you know you go for your
party, miserable slave! And yet you boast of your
political influence, and tell what a wonderful fac-
ulty you have to make others vote as you do.

By this time we were passing the residence of
Hon. George Evans, and as the place is a beauti-
ful one, we thought to call his attention to it.
Editor.—I suppose you have heard of George
Evans?

Passenger.—No—I never knew that man.

Editor.—I mean Mr. Evans, the Senator in the
Congress of the U. S.—you have heard of him
certainly, as much of a politician as you are.

Passenger.—No—I never heard of him before.

Editor.—He lives in that house—and there he
is now mending his fence.

We parted with the passenger lamenting that
our elections must be in any way controlled by
men as ignorant as he. Men to be qualified as
voters should at least understand what they are
voting for and what they vote for.—Gospel Banner.

OMO.—All the counties but six small ones hav-
ing been heard from, the majorities in the election
for Governor stand as follows:

For Bartley (Whig) 20,690
" Tod (Loco) 17,671
" King (Abolition) 1,318
Majority for Mr. Bartley 3,016 over Mr. Tod.
The Legislature stands thus:

Whigs. Locos.
Senate, 20 16
House, 41 26

Whig majority 19, and five representative dis-
tricts to boot.

Notwithstanding the large majority of the popu-
lar vote in favor of the Whigs, the Locos have ec-
lected 13 out of the 21 members of Congress to
which the State is entitled. This was effected by
the outrageous manner in which to subvert party
purposes, the State had been gerrymandered by
the last Locofoco Legislature.

A Flint.—The Richmond Star says.—Folks
who don't like the way papers are edited, ought
to ask leave to put in a specimen of the rights.
Any editor will be glad to give such individuals
a chance at any time. We would, just for the fun
of seeing them cut up and slashed by the critics,
afterwards. Every man who thinks it easy to
edit a paper exactly right, and to universal ac-
ceptance, ought to try it. May-be he would suc-
ceed, and if so, would be better entitled to a re-
ward, than even the discoverer of a perpetual mo-
tion.

SHOES, SHOES, SHOES.

DON'T go barefooted, when the subscribers have
just received a large and excellent assortment
of leather.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

which they are as anxious to sell as the Democrats
are to elect James K. Polk President, and as deter-
mined to sell them cheap as the Whigs are to elect
Henry Clay; and owing to the opposition in trade will
feel as thankful for custom as either of the above
named candidates will for votes. Call and see if it is
not so. You will find.

DRY GOODS

exceedingly low for cash, and

Groceries still reduced in price.

We are now selling the very best articles of Coffee
and Sugar at 10 and 12 1/2 cts per lb, Indigo, Iron,
Salt, Tea and Molasses, and other articles in propor-
tion. Those who give us a call shall not be disap-
pointed, but have goods cheap and no mistake—see
example, Collins' axes \$1, nails 6 1/4 per lb.
T. CALDWELL & SONS,
Oct. 20, 1844. 36-11

THE TRUSTEES

OF THE GREENBOROUGH Female College will meet
on Wednesday the 20th of November next, in
the town of Greenborough, for the purpose of re-
viewing the buildings of said College as completed by
Messrs. Whitte & Dabbe, the undertakers.
Oct. 1844. GEO. C. MENDENHALL, Pres.

50 or 60 Town Lots for sale.

Will be offered for sale on Thursday the 21st
of November, 1844, in Greenborough, on a
credit of 12 months with interest from date, some SIX-
TY OR SEVENTY VALUABLE TOWN LOTS.
Among them are some beautiful sites for building,
and also many well timbered lots. Let all who wish
to purchase attend, as desirable bargains may be had.
J. L. M. LINDSAY,
J. REID,
Commissioners.
C. F. MENDENHALL,
IRA T. WYCHE.
Oct. 24. 33-11

NOTICE.—A young man with a small family, who
can come well recommended for sobriety, indus-
try and honesty, unencumbered with any stock, may
procure a good situation, to superintend and cultivate
a farm with a few hands and already stocked. Call
early. None need apply unless they can come as a
above specified. Inquire at THIS OFFICE.
Oct. 22, 1844. 30-11

COMMON SCHOOLS.

The amount due to each District out of the
moneys received this Fall from the State and
County will be seen below:

Country will be seen below:					
No.	1	\$62 37	No.	30	\$37 35
"	2	49 35	"	31	41 46
"	3	31 27	"	32	50 03
"	4	25 02	"	33	67 51
"	5	44 80	"	34	70 71
"	6	56 86	"	35	47 68
"	7	47 29	"	36	46 12
"	8	32 21	"	37	37 01
"	9	45 23	"	38	118 57
"	10	30 81	"	39	25 70
"	11	40 78	"	40	27 76
"	12	38 72	"	41	27 07
"	13	38 18	"	42	25 70
"	14	17 47	"	43	28 78
"	15	23 99	"	44	20 22
"	16	42 49	"	45	35 64
"	17	17 82	"	46	33 58
"	18	41 12	"	47	29 81
"	19	34 61	"	48	45 23
"	20	23 99	"	49	20 22
"	21	31 52	"	50	46 20
"	22	30 15	"	51	21 56
"	23	38 01	"	52	34 61
"	24	47 29	"	53	49 00
"	25	32 21	"	54	29 81
"	26	33 21	"	55	32 21
"	27	27 76	"	56	31 19
"	28	52 09	"	57	44 53
"	29	42 15	"	58	24 33

JESSEE H. LINDSAY, Chairman

