

# The Greensborough Patriot.

VOLUME VII.

GREENSBOROUGH, NORTH-CAROLINA, APRIL 26, 1845.

NUMBER 4

Published Weekly  
BY SWAIN & SHERWOOD.

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS A YEAR,  
OR \$2.50, IF PAID WITHIN ONE MONTH AFTER THE DATE  
OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Failure on the part of any customer to order a discontinuance within the subscription year, will be considered indicative of his wish to continue the paper.

## From the Rural Repository. THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

When're abroad our eyes we turn,  
From all we see a God we learn,  
Each leaf that quivers in the breeze,  
Each drop that forms the liquid seas;  
The herbs that in the valley grow,  
Each ray that glides the mountain's brow,  
Proclaim a God that rules above,  
In glory, majesty, and love.  
The morn'ring and the rippling stream,  
That in the sun's resplendent beam  
So gaily sparkle as it leaps,  
And plunges down the rocky steps,  
Thence onward to the ocean rolls,  
The being of a God unfolds.

The flowery field and shady grove,  
The birds that in the blue vault rove,  
The valley clothed in verdant green,  
Where scattered flocks are grazing seen,  
The woods, the hills, the clouds that drift  
Above the lofty mountain's cliff,  
With united voice proclaim  
There is a God that rules the same.

We read it in the twinkling stars,  
In Venus and in fiery Mars,  
We see it stamped upon the Sun,  
And all the worlds that round it run.  
Almighty and eternal God!  
We see thee in the stormy cloud;  
We hear thee in the tempest's blast  
When warning winds are sweeping past,  
We see thee in the lightning's flash,  
We hear thee in the thunder's crash,  
And billows roll from shore to shore,  
"Through earth and air and sea and sky,"  
The proofs of his existence rise;  
In blazing letters we may read,  
There is a God who rules indeed!

Conan, N. Y. 1844. Adelaide.

## AMELIA.

### An Instructive Tale from Real Life.

BY MISS LUCY E. MILNOR.

"I will not marry yet," was her reply, her face half averted from the kneeling figure beside her, whom she still suffered to retain her hand—whose arm still encircled her waist unforbidden. "I will not marry yet," and love was in the tone of the very accents that withheld the boon of love, or deferred the bestowal of it.

James Griswold was a young man of moderate fortune; accomplished, unsophisticated, and of quick sensibilities. A student, and fond of retirement, he had selected for his summer residence a small hamlet on the Long Island sea coast, about twenty miles from New York, where between his books and the smooth sea shore, along which he loved to ramble, his time passed any thing but heavily. Here he had resided about a month, when the little community received an addition, in a young lady and her mother, who joined it for the purpose of a temporary residence; and young Griswold stepped back in surprise, when issuing one morning from the cabin in which he lodged, he beheld two females, in the attire, and with the air of fashion—the one leaning upon the arm of the other—approaching the humble portal whence he had just emerged. He bowed, however and passed on.

He had scarcely more than glanced at the strangers, but, transient as was his survey of them, he saw that one of them was an invalid—the younger.

"How touching is the languor which indisposition casts over beauty!" exclaimed Griswold to himself; "health would improve the loveliness of that face, but the interest which now invests it would vanish. No visitation," he continued—"but late hours and crowded rooms have sent her hither—for I prophesy she comes to make some stay."

He was right. Griswold returned from his ramble earlier than was his custom. His thoughts that day were in the hamlet, and not upon the shore. He approached his lodgings with something like the emotions of expectation and suspense.

He looked at his landlady, on entering, as if he expected she would communicate something; and was disappointed when she merely returned the ordinary response to his salutation. He entered his apartment dispirited, and threw himself into a chair near the window, the sash of which he threw up as if he wanted air. For the first time! he felt the oppression of loneliness—"They have not come to stop," said he to himself, and absolutely with a sigh; and no wonder! In an assembly, a lovely, graceful, and delicate woman beheld for the first time, would have exacted from him only the ordinary tribute which beauty shares with beauty—but in a remote little fishing hamlet, inhabited by beings as rude as their neighbors, the sea, and the rocks, such a vision could hardly come, and vanish, without leaving a strong impression on the beholder:—Young Griswold sat abstracted, elated—mused.

roused him. The sash was thrown up by a white arm, shining through a sleeve of muslin, thin as gauze. Presently a dimpled elbow reposed upon the sill, and a cheek of pensive sweetness sank upon a hand, so small, so white, that it seemed to have been modelled for no other office than to pillow such a burden. A thrill ran through his frame, quickening him into wakeful life.

How the hand talks! What passion, thought, and sentiment are in it! What tongues are the fingers! Oh! the things that the hand which this young man sat watching, discoursed to him, as it changed its posture—now with the palm, now with the back, kissing its owner's cheek—now extending one finger upon the marble, ample temple—now enwreathing itself with one jetty curl and another—now passed over the arched bright forehead—now lowered, and languidly dropping from the window-frame, upon which the arm to which it belonged lay motionless—then raised again, with slow and waving motion, till it closed with the cheek that half met it—then gradually crossed over the bosom that seemed to heave with a sigh, as it passed, and pressed to the heart—then clasped with its beautiful fellow, and carried to the back of the head, the full, elastic arms, swelling and whitening as they contracted!

Griswold gazed on entranced. Hitherto, the cheek alone of the fair invalid had been presented to him, but now her head turned; his eyes met his and dropped—she rose and withdrew.

Only glimpses of her did Griswold catch again that evening—but they were frequent. A hand, an elbow, the point of her shoulder—once or twice her figure, flitting backward and forward, as she paced up and down the apartment. Dusk fell; still he remained at his post. Was it a guitar that he heard? It was but awakened as the first tones of an Æolian harp, which you hold your breath to hear. Her hand was on the strings; one chord at length she struck full; another succeeded—and another. Then all was silence for a time. Griswold still remained at the window—not in vain. The music woke again, as fairy soft as before, and a voice—soft as the music, but oh! far sweeter—awoke along with it. She was singing, but he could hear nothing except the strain; and yet he heard enough to tell him that it was the theme of tenderness, tho' sung by fits, that rather seemed to help than mar the passionate mood. The stars shone out; the moon, in her first quarter half completed, showed her bright crescent clear, though setting; the folds of a white drapery shone dimly through the still open casement. Did the wearer approach, to look out and gaze upon the fair night? No. The sash was pulled down; the string and the voice were hushed; the interesting minstrel had retired. Griswold retired too; but though his head was upon the pillow, not a moment of that night were his vision and his ear withdrawn from the open window.

It was broad day before forgetfulness cast her spell over the excited spirits of young Griswold, nor was it broken till high noon. He arose, emerged from his chamber, and took an anxious survey of the habitation opposite. The room appeared empty. He partook hastily of a slight repast, and sallied out, made his way to the sea shore. He had not proceeded far, when, turning a point, he beheld the elder female in advance of him, standing still, and looking anxiously upward toward a projecting summit, some hundred yards from the shore. He followed what appeared to be the direction of her eyes, saw the younger, half way up reclining upon her side. Something appeared to be amiss. He quickened his pace, and, joining the former, learned from her that her daughter, attempting to climb to the top of the steep hill, had incautiously turned; and, unaccustomed to look from a height, was prevented by terror from proceeding or descending; that from the same cause, she had slipped down several feet; and that she, herself, durst not attempt to go to her assistance. Griswold had heard enough; he bounded up the steep. As he approached the fair one, modestly half evercame terror, and she made a slight effort to repair the disorder into which her dress had been thrown by the accident. The young man assisted her to complete what she had effected but imperfectly; he encouraged her, and propping her fair form by his own, led her step by step, down to the beach again. Nor, when she was in perfect safety, did he withdraw his assistance—nor did she decline it; though as apprehension subsided, confusion arose—coloring her pale cheek to crimson, at the recollection of the plight in which she had been found. Her ankle was slightly sprained, she said, having turned under her when she slipped. What was this, if not a warrant, for the proffer of an arm? At all events Griswold construed it as such, and escorted the fair stranger back to her lodgings. From that moment a close intimacy commenced. They were constantly together—sometimes accompanied by the mother—more frequently, and at last wholly alone. Communicating in solitude, between the sexes, and in the midst of romantic scenery, where there is no impediment: no distaste on either side, is almost sure to awaken, and to foster love. Young Griswold loved. The looks, the actions, all but the tongue of Amelia, assured him that his passion was returned. Her health had improved rapidly, the autumn was advancing, and the evenings and nights were growing chill. The mother and daughter now talked of returning to New York; a

day was fixed for their departure—and, on the eve of that day, young Griswold threw himself at the feet of the lovely girl and implored her to bless him with her hand. Yet, though she did not deny that he had interested her—though her eyes and her cheek attested it—though her hand which was locked in his, locked his as well—though she suffered him to draw her towards him, by the tenure of her graceful waist—still was her reply, "I will not marry yet."

Griswold did not require to ask if his visits would be permitted in town—he was invited to renew them there. A journey to Charleston, however on a matter of pressing necessity, respecting the affairs of a friend, prevented his return for a month. At the expiration of that time he found himself in New York, and, with a throbbing heart, repaired to the habitation of Amelia's father, near Union Square, on the very evening of his arrival. The house was lighted up—there was a ball. He was scarcely dressed for a party yet he could not overcome his impatience to behold again the heroine of Long Island shore. He rang at the same moment when a knot of other visitors came to the door, and entering along with them, was ushered into a ball room, the footman hurriedly announcing the names of the several parties. The dance was proceeding. It was the whirling waltz—

The dance of contact, else  
Forbidden! abandoning the free hand,  
The sacred waist; while face to face, that breath  
Doth kiss with breath, and eye embraceth eye—  
Your tranced coil relaxing, straighten—round  
And round, in wavy measure, you entwine  
Circle with circle—till the swimming brain  
And panting heart, in swoony lapse, give o'er!

It was a waltz, and the couple consisted of a man of the town, and—Amelia.

The party who had entered with Griswold immediately took seats, but he stood, transfixed to the spot where his eyes first caught the form of the young lady, in the coil of another. She saw him not. With laughing eyes, and cheeks flushed with exertion, she continued the measure of license—her spirits mounting as the music quickened—until she seemed to float round her partner, who freely availed himself of the favorable movement of the step, to draw her toward him in momentary pressure. They sat down, and were soon engaged in earnest conversation. Griswold withdrew. He retired to a room where he thought he should escape observation, and threw himself into a chair.

"Who, think you now, is the happy man?" said one of a group of gentlemen who at that moment came into the apartment where he sat.

"Why, who, if not Singleton?" replied another; "he has waltz himself into her heart. This is the twentieth time I have seen her dance with him."

"Oh another will waltz him out of her heart," interposed a third; "she is an incorrigible coquette, from first to last."

Here the party separated. Griswold, scarcely knowing what he did, after sitting abstracted for a few minutes, rose and descended the stair case.

He started with the intention of quitting the house, but the supper room had just been thrown open, and the press carried him in. Nor was he allowed to stop, until he had reached the head of the table. Every seat but two, close to where he stood, was occupied. "By your leave, sir," said a voice behind him. He stepped back, and the waltzer led Amelia to one of them, and placed himself beside her. Young Griswold would have retreated, but could not without incommodeing the company, who thickly hemmed him in. Amelia drew her gloves from the white arms they little enhanced by covering—the waltzer assisting her, and transferring them to the custody of his bosom. His eyes explored the table in quest of the most delicate of the viands, which one after another, he recommended to her, until she made a selection. He filled a wine glass with sparkling Burgundy and presented to her, then crowned a goblet, till the liquid almost overbowed the brim—breathed her name over it in a sigh—and quaffed it off to the bottom at a draught. He leaned his cheek to hers, till the neighbors almost touched. He passed his arm over the back of her chair, partly supplanting her shoulders. He pressed so close to her, that it would have been the same had both been sitting on one seat. She was either unconscious of the familiar vicinity, or she permitted it. The whispering continued; the word "marriage" was uttered—repeated, repeated again. Griswold heard her distinctly reply, "I will not marry yet," as she rose—and, turning, met him face to face.

"Griswold!" she involuntarily exclaimed.—But he spoke not, save with his eyes, which he kept fixed steadfastly upon her.

"When did you arrive?" she inquired hurriedly, and in extreme confusion.

"This evening," replied the young man, without removing his eyes.

"When did you join our party?"

"While you were waltzing," returned Griswold with a smile.

"And how long have you been standing here?"

"Since supper commenced; I made way for your partner to hand you to that seat, and place himself beside you."

"You have not supped! sit down, and I will help you to something."

"No!" said Griswold, shaking his head and smiling again.

"My mother has not seen you yet, and she and daughter now talked of returning to New York; a

"No, I have not a moment to spare, I leave town again immediately."

"When?"

"To-night. Farewell," said he, turning to go.

"You, surely, are not going yet," earnestly interposed Amelia.

"I must not stay," emphatically rejoined Griswold. "For one object alone I came to town.—That is finally disposed of. The necessity for my departure is imperative. Remember me to your mother. Good night!" he added, moving toward the door.

"Have you been well?" she inquired, almost tremulously.

He continued his progress as far as the throng permitted him, affecting not to hear her. She followed, laid her hand upon his arm, and stopped him.

"You surely are not well now," she remarked, in a tone of solicitude.

"No," he replied, passing on till he reached the door.

"Griswold!" she exclaimed, heedless of those who surrounded her, "stay a little longer!—an hour—half an hour—the quarter of an hour!"

Griswold stopped, and, turning looked upon her with an expression so tender, yet so stern, that she half shrank as she met his gaze.

"Not a moment," he replied; "I should be only a clog upon your pastime. I do not wait!" Then snatched her hand—raised it to his lips—kissed it—and dropping it, hurried down the stair case and departed.

Amelia at once perceived the awkwardness of her situation—recovered her self possession—and with well dissembled mirth, affected to laugh.

"A poor lunatic!" she exclaimed, "whom I pity, notwithstanding his extravagant aberrations of mind. He is innocent in his madness. But come let us forget him."

The dance was resumed. She was the queen of the waltz, that shone surpassing all. She laughed, she rallied, she challenged, she outdid herself—her spirits towering the more, the more the revel was. Party after party dropped off, still she kept it up, till she was utterly alone—then she rushed up to her chamber, and cast herself upon a couch dissolved in tears.

She loved young Griswold. Vanity had been touched before—but never sentiment, till she visited the little hamlet on Long Island. At first, she could not or would not persuade herself that Griswold would not return; but a month set that point perfectly at rest. She drooped.—Society—amusement—nothing could rouse her into her former self. Her partner in the waltz in vain solicited her to stand up with him again.—She declined the honor; his visits were discouraged. Her mother anxiously watched the depression of spirits that had taken possession of her, and seemed daily to increase. The winter passed without improvement—the spring. Summer set in; bloom and fruit returned, but cheer was a stranger to her heart. Change of scene was recommended. She was asked to make choice of the place whither she would go; she replied with a sigh, "to the Long Island shore."

She and her mother arrived at the same little hamlet which they had visited before, early on a Sunday morning, and re-occupied the identical lodgings. The landlady, a kind hearted creature expressed her surprise and sorrow at the altered appearance of her once delicate young lodger.

"Ah!" said she, "the young gentleman would be sorry to see this, though he has had his turn of sickness too; but he is now almost recovered."

"Mr. Griswold!" breathlessly inquired Amelia.

"Yes," replied the landlady, "that same handsome, kind, young gentleman."

"Merciful Heaven! is he here?" she vehemently demanded.

"He is my lady," returned the landlady.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, as she turned upon the latter a look, in which pleasure was painted for the first time since the momentous night of the ball.

"Where does he lodge?" asked Amelia turning to the landlady.

"In the same place. He came back about a month after he left," added the landlady. "Poor young gentleman!" she continued, "we all thought he had come to die among us—so pale, so melancholy. He would keep company with no one—he would speak to no one—and at last took fairly to his bed."

Amelia laid her head upon her hand, covering her eyes; her tears had begun to flow.

"But the daughter of our neighbor who had a rich brother that sent his niece to school at New Haven, and had determined to adopt her, having completed her time, came upon a visit to her father, shortly after the return of the young gentleman, and her mother made her read to him constantly, to divert him—and he grew fond of listening to her—and well he might, for she is a sweet young creature—and at last his health took a turn, and he was able to quit his bed, and to walk, as he used with you, my dear lady—rambling whole hours along the sea shore with her."

The eyes of Amelia were now lifted to the landlady's face. Her tears were gone, all but the traces of them; they seemed as they were glazed. The landlady had paused at the sound of several voices, and a kind of bustle without, and now ran to the window.

"Come hither ladies!" she exclaimed, "they are just coming out."

Amelia by a convulsive effort, rose and hastened

approached the window with her mother.

"Here they come!" returned the landlady, "and this is the end of my story. The young gentleman at last fell in love with his sweet young nurse, and offered to marry her. She had already fallen in love with him; she accepted him, and this very morning they are going to church.—There they are! look! did you ever see so fine a sight? What a couple! God bless them!—They were made for one another!"

The landlady started and looked round. Amelia had fallen in a swoon upon the floor. With difficulty they recovered her. In an hour her mother was on her way with her to New York. In a month, she was dressed in a shroud.

## THE FIRST LOAF.

An emergency at last came in my domestic arrangements for which I was wholly unprepared, despite the admonitory warnings of all good housekeepers, to be prepared when such do occur, as occur they must, in these days of help wanting. An excellent girl had gone, and her place was supplied by one who I felt, when I beheld her, could never answer that description which had induced me to engage. She stood demurely before me, awaiting her new instructions.

"You can make some bread, Nancy; now I want you to sift some flour and set some rising."

"How shall I make it? That never was my work before, but you will tell me how, ma'am, and I can learn quick," was the reply; and the anxious, yet willing expression of her face, bespoke a teachable spirit as it also did an inexperienced hand. Heavily did that answer fall upon my ear—how shall I make it? Yes, that was the question, how? What a world of experience and power did that little word comprehend. I remember my mother talked of "settling the sponge," placing it in a warm situation, baking it when it is just enough raised; these snatches of information I well remembered, but the right quantity, quality and number of ingredients, with the just how they should be put together, was the still unanswered question. There stood Nancy. "Upon the whole," said I, after a moment's thoughtful pause, "as there is so much that is more important to do, we will put this matter off and try baker's bread," and I felt thankful for the respite.

Days passed on.

"Cannot Nancy make bread?" asked my husband, at last, "I am getting quite tired of baker's bread."

"She shall make some; but this is beautiful baker's bread, George. I don't know but it is nicer than any home-made bread I ever ate," I replied in a most commendatory tone, taking another slice which I did not want.

"There is nothing like good home-made bread, such as my mother used to make." To the first part of this remark, I did not materially object, inasmuch as it was secretly my own opinion; but when he suggested an equality with his mother's bread, which nothing in his estimation ever excelled, I felt a sad shrinking of heart at my own conscious inability of attaining it.

"May you be blessed with just such an appetite as you had, when a boy, you ate your mother's bread!" was my inward benediction, as he arose to return to his afternoon business. Sometimes I thought of confessing our dilemma. Had it been the first week of our marriage, it had all been well; he would have smiled at my experience; and we had unfortunately been married sometimes; and, however lovely inefficiency and want of skill may appear in a lady love or a bride, it assumes quite a different aspect, when not to know is inexcusable ignorance. "Oh, I can't do that," could no longer be viewed in the light of maiden timidity, or delicate helplessness; besides, savored too little of "his mother," who was a pattern house-keeper.

But the bread must be made. I arose one morning feeling quite cool and courageous, and resolved that day to attempt it. "I will begin with pearl-ash bread; that I am sure will be easiest and much less trouble. So upon pearl-ash bread I was decided."

With what deep and earnest interest did I prepare my flour, milk, salt and pearl-ash. With what anxiety did I mix these important ingredients together. "I will have pearl-ash enough," thought I; "I am determined it shall be light," and another spoonful was quickly added. The bread was made, the pans were ready, the fire kindled, and at last it was satisfactorily deposited in the well heated oven. I took my seat beside the stove to watch its progress. How anxious was I to see it rise. How readily did I remember the round, plump aspect of my mother's loaves. Time passed on & despite my watchful inspection and ardent wishes, it was still flat, flat, flat! It grew beautifully brown, but there it lay, so demure, so unassuming.

Dinner came, and my husband walked in with a friend or two to dine, as in hospitality of his heart, he often did. I extended a welcome hand, but I am sure my burnt face and disquieted look were tell-tales of a heart not particularly glad to see them.

We sat down at table; the machined was well-broiled, the potatoes well done, the butter was melted, but the bread—the bread! the article above all, which my husband considered most important, which he considered indispensable to be good—was handed round—he took a slice; it certainly did not resemble bread, thickly crusted as it was

with little brown spots of undissolved pearl-ash and then how it tasted! a strange mixture of salt and bitter, which was altogether unbearable. My husband looked surprised and mortified, and how did I feel? "Is there no other?" he looked significantly at me.

I shook my head, while he involuntarily removed the unpalatable slice afar from his plate. How little did I enjoy the society of my agreeable guests. How distant did I wish them; any where but at my own table.

"Had you not better attend to the bread making yourself, Mary," said George, as soon as we were alone, "and not leave that most important part of cooking to such miserably inexperienced hands?" There was a decision in his gentle tone which I well knew to give me no choice in the matter, and I saw that he little imagined the "miserably inexperienced hands" upon whom he had laid such strong emphasis were neither more nor less than my own; and it did not afford me much consolation, that he expected better things of me.

I went away and wept heartily and humbly with this pitiful lamentation, "what shall I do?" There stood the piano. What availed all the time, talent and industry, which had long been spent upon learning a few tunes? It added not an iota to the real comfort of my household. Handsome worsted work adorned our parlor. O that I could recall an hundredth part of the time spent with the embroidery needle and repass it, in thoroughly and skillfully acquiring the important arts of housewifery. From that moment I resolved to study into my domestic duties; not lightly and loosely, as if they were small matters, easily gotten over; but I resolved to know how, to become a skilful, economical, thrifty house-keeper. Upon success in this, how much of happiness depends. When I have cut my sweet, light, wholesome loaves, there still lingers the sad remembrance of the pain, the anxiety, nay, the mortification of my first efforts; with no one to advise, and no one to aid me. Mine was a long and wearisome probation in bread making, and all because I lightly esteemed these great duties, when time and opportunity were freely offered under a kind mother's eye.

Let not young ladies look upon these duties as menial, or of slight importance. A household cannot be well ordered and happy unless they are faithfully and intelligently understood. Let no woman imagine that a husband's comfort, enjoyment or prosperity, depends alone upon the smiles and ornaments of his parlor. It is skilful and judicious management in the kitchen which does so much toward home pleasant and prospects bright. Let every young lady who expects to become a wife (and who does not?) look well to these things before she leaves the maternal care. Let her remember, that to become truly a "help meet," implies prudence, sagacity and experience in domestic duties; and let no one enter into that important and most interesting relation with untutored powers and unskilful hands.

## Appearances Deceptive.

BY DOW, JR.

My hearers—It is impossible to judge by the outside of a hickory nut whether or not it be withered within; and neither can we tell to a certainty by the outward show of a fellow mortal what pangs are endured within. If we could only take a peep into the temple of the human heart and behold how care, perplexity, grief, anxiety, and sorrow are continually scattering their thorns about where we expected to find joy, hope and happiness weaving wreaths of flowers, we should then see how many are entitled to pity, and how few capable of raising our envy. Oh, my friends! if every one's internal cares were written upon his brow, the live parchment of his brain shell would present a worse appearance than a bit of scribbling paper in a school-boy's copy book.—We should then see no happy beings around us, all would appear miserable—every one would bear the record of his ills upon his front; and the pen of Time would every moment be writing new troubles upon old ones half faded in forgetfulness.

My dear friends—appearances are truly deceiving. Yonder sits a handsome young lady—as well as I can see with these dim eyes and poor specs of mine. She has a smile upon her lips, and bloom upon her cheek finds there its native soil, or whether she may not have purchased it at some shop in Broadway; and, as for the smile it may have sprung spontaneously and ready-made from the heart, or it may have been manufactured with lips for some particular purpose—and I shouldn't wonder if the latter were true, as I happen to see in a dangerous direction.

"PUTTING IT ON THICK."—A house painter of our acquaintance has a son, a mere lad, who occasionally assists him in his jobs. He uses the brush dexterously but unfortunately he has acquired the habit of "putting it on too thick."—The other day his father after having frequently scolded him for his lavish dabbling, and all to no purpose, gave him a severe flagellation. "There, you young rascal," said he, after performing the painful duty, "how do you like that?" "Well, I don't know dad," whined the boy in reply, "but it seems to me you put it own a darn'd sight thicker than I did."

Polity infirmities, like breaks in a wall, have often become avenues through which the light of heaven has entered to the soul, and made the present moment here for reform.



It is well known that, in the year 1781, North Carolina passed a law, under the name of the "Bill of Rights," which gave to the United States, prior to Congress, the jurisdiction of the territory within two years; the jurisdiction to be retained by North Carolina, as far as applicable, were declared to be in force in the territory, and the aid of Congress was invoked for the formation of a New State. Meanwhile, they declared that the territory should be governed by a Convention should send a delegate to Congress.

Congress did not accept this session, and North Carolina repealed her law. Meanwhile, however, parties were formed in Tennessee; and while, on one side, it was wished to return under the jurisdiction of North Carolina, on the other side, it was resolved to adhere to the separation. A new Convention was called, and the territory was declared to be an independent state, under the name of *Frankland*. The Convention announced to North Carolina the independence of the new state, and sent a delegate to Congress; but it does not appear that any notice was taken, by that body of these proceedings.

In 1796, the state of Frankland had two conflicting Courts in its limits. The one acted under the authority of its own state, and the other under that of North Carolina. Each Court claimed that its decisions were paramount; and in fact, the only one that had a right to act in the case. A more fruitful source of collision and quarrel cannot be imagined, than such a state. The Sheriff of Frankland, with his posse, in some instances, went into the other Court, seized the papers, and turned the officers out of doors. The North Carolina party, as soon as it had power, retaliated in the same way. Colonel John Sevier was elected the first Governor of the state of Frankland. The Governor, soon after his induction into office, met the principal man on the North Carolina side of the question. From the windy and inefficient war of words, it soon proceeded to the more decisive war of blows. The argument was soon settled in the primitive way by the dint of fist. But these leaders of state were separated, before victory declared on either side. Their humbler retainers, as they felt in duty bound, imitated the example of their superiors, and lost an eye, or a piece of flesh of less importance from some other part of the body, without being either cooled, or convinced. It was obvious that in such a crisis things must soon come to a more serious issue, than a fist-fight, or gouging an eye.

The county of Washington elected members to represent them in the Assembly of North Carolina. Col. Tipton, who had fought the Governor of Frankland, was one of these representatives. A paper containing the names of those, who were willing to accept the terms of North Carolina, and accede from the authority of Frankland, was sent by these members to the Assembly. Taxes, were imposed by the authority of both Legislatures and, as may be easily foreseen, the people paid neither, with much speciousness, assigning as a reason, that they did not know to which authority they ought to yield their money.

This year the Cherokees renewed their attack upon Tennessee. William Cocke, Esq., was delegated to Congress. He made, before that body, an eloquent speech, placing in a strong light the helplessness and misery of their condition, engaged in civil war on the one hand, and assailed by the merciless savages on the other. This time he was heard, and his representations acted upon. A general amnesty was passed, in regard to all who expressed a readiness to yield themselves to the authority of North Carolina.

It was enacted, too, that the officers, who had held under the state of Frankland, should be displaced, and their places filled by persons appointed from North Carolina. Many, who held under the new state, had been originally appointed by North Carolina, and had been retained in their offices by Frankland. They were considered by Congress in the light of persons, who admitted the authority of the new state. The pacific, and yet decisive measures of Congress seemed at once to restore things to their former position, before the formation of the state of Frankland. But under the external appearances of tranquility remained the smoldering fire.

There still remained a considerable number, staunch for the cause of the fallen state, and disposed upon the first favorable appearance, to rear it up again. Governor Sevier offered the services of these men to Georgia, in the prospect of an approaching war of that state with the Creeks. The Legislature of that state having deliberated upon the proposition, returned a very polite answer, expressing gratitude for the kindness of the offer, and promising a return of their services in any way, which should not be incompatible with the interests of Georgia. They sent a state of their case to Dr. Franklin, soliciting advice. He wrote them in reply, that he thought they had better accede to the propositions of North Carolina.

Notwithstanding all these discouraging circumstances, Gov. Sevier retained the integrity of faith in the new State. Georgia, as a state, indeed, was only ready to avail herself of their military services, without promising any return of good offices. But several distinguished individuals of that state wrote to him, expressing their own good wishes, and those of many of the people. He was elected a member of the distinguished society of Cincinnati. A copy of the Constitutions of the thirteen states, neatly bound, was presented him, with a very flattering address. The mention least in Georgia, was "Success to Frankland and its virtuous citizens." But, all these symptoms of concavescence notwithstanding, in 1797, the Legislature of Frankland met for the last time. Little was done, and shortly after Frankland fell by natural disease.

**GRANT THORNBURN.**—The Legislature of the State of New Jersey, which has just adjourned, we are gratified to say, forty thousand dollars for the erection of a Lunatic Asylum.

The bill nominates five Commissioners to select and purchase a site for the Asylum, with sufficient ground for farming and gardening purposes, and with special reference to an ample and unobstructed supply of pure soft water.

Pennsylvania, too, has just passed a similar law appropriating \$500,000 for a like purpose.

In both States Miss Dix may be said to have in a great degree brought about these results. Having first visited in both States the various jails and bridges, in which pauper lunatics suffer unnumberable tortures, she presented a memorial to the Legislature of each, setting forth the facts—unnamed—and imploring, in the name of humanity, that a proper asylum and proper treatment should be provided for these wretched and unfortunate creatures.

She has returned, and I encourage her to persevere, as we understand, to pursue the work of benevolence until every State makes adequate provision for its insane poor. Glorious mission of peace and mercy!—*New York.*

We recently alluded to the efforts in progress by a number of our philanthropists, for the amelioration of the condition of the Insane Poor. We have since met with a very interesting article upon the subject, in the *Edinburgh Review*; and as many of the facts and illustrations are not without instruction, we proceed to notice them. The writer well observes that the "loss of reason" is one of the heaviest of afflictive depredations; and yet there are grounds for believing that the most acute sufferings which the insane have undergone, have arisen in past times, from the exaggerated fears and the cruelty of the sane. Lunatics had their golden age before laws were made, when they wandered forth at large, and were revered as sages, or as partakers of something holy or divine, but with laws and civilization their iron age began. It has continued almost to the present time. During the last half century, however, the treatment of the insane of the civilized countries of Europe, has been greatly ameliorated. It is now thought right to exercise towards them the ordinary principles of humanity.

Ancient legislation regarded merely the protection of the public against the dangerous acts of lunatics, and that of their families from the dissipation of their property. But fortunately a more benevolent doctrine is finding favor. Asylums for the insane have been established in various portions of the world, and in many cases with the most beneficial results. The atrocities of the old system cannot be alluded to even now that they have in a great measure passed away but with a thrill of horror. In former times, lunatics, if violent and dangerous, were not only lodged in jails, but were loaded with chains, fetters and muzzles—were fastened in dark cells, were flogged with severity, and in some cases were exhibited in cages by their keepers like wild beasts, as objects of curiosity. The commencement of the more humane practice was made in France by St. Vincent de Paul, and during the Reign of Terror, a good and wise physician named Pinel, struck with the injustice of keeping so many madmen in chains, while hundreds of his countrymen were at large to work the bloody frolics of the revolutionary phrenzy, formed the resolution of releasing from their rigid restraint 300 maniacs who were chained in the loushous coils of the horrible Bedlam of France. He succeeded in obtaining the consent of the authorities, and was accompanied to the Bedlam by the notorious Couthon, who turned away with horror, but still permitted Pinel to pursue his enterprise.

He first unchained twelve of the most violent, and the extraordinary proceeding is described by his nephew. The first man set at liberty was an English captain. He had been forty years in chains, and his history was forgotten by himself and all the world. His keeper approached him with dread; he had killed one of his comrades by a blow with his manacles. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and acceded him in a kind and confiding manner, and told him that it was designed to give him the liberty of walking abroad, on condition that he would put on a waistcoat that might confine his arms. The madman appeared to disbelieve; but he obeyed. His chains were removed, and the door of his cell was left open. Many times he raised himself and fell back; his limbs gave way; they had been ironed forty years. At length he was able to stand, and to start to the door of his dark cell, and to gaze with exclamations of wonder and delight, at the beautiful sky. He spent the day in the enjoyment of his newly acquired privilege; he was no more in bonds; and during the two years of his further detention at Bicetre, assisted in managing the house. The next man liberated was a soldier, a private in the French Guards, who had been ten years in chains, and was an object of general fear. His case had been one of acute mania, occasioned by intemperance—a disorder which often subsides in a short period under abstinence from intoxicating drinks, unless kept up, as in this case, by improper treatment. When set at liberty this man willingly assisted Pinel in breaking the chains of his fellow prisoners; he became immediately calm, and even kind and attentive, and was ever afterwards the devoted friend of his deliverer. In an adjoining cell there were three Prussian soldiers, who had been twenty years in chains and darkness; through grief and despair they had sunk into a state of stupor and fatuity, the frequent result of similar treatment, and they refused to be removed. Near to them was an old priest, harmless and patient, who fancied himself to be the Saviour of the world. When taunted by his keepers, who used to tell him that if he was Christ, he could break the heavy chains that loaded his hands, he replied, with solemn dignity, "Frustantentis Dominum minium tum." After the release he got rid of his illusion, and recovered the soundness of his mind. Within a few days Pinel liberated fifty three maniacs from their imprisonment. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquility and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder, and even the most ferocious madmen became more tractable. This took place in 1792; and the example of Pinel was followed in various parts of France. In England some improvements began about the same period as in France; but they advanced more slowly, and only as the state of public opinion gradually forced them on.

The subject has since been agitated more or less from the period named to the present time; and within a few years the energies of philanthropists have been directed to it in an especial manner. Yet much remains to be done. In Europe many asylums have been established, and various improvements have been introduced into their arrangements. One result seems to be very generally conceded, namely—that in the great majority of cases, a kind and gentle treatment may, with advantage, be substituted for harshness. It is certain that classification is all important. The degrees of insanity, and the modification of cases being so strikingly different. There are many, for example, who are hopelessly yet harmlessly insane, who while they are unfit to provide for themselves, would nevertheless not injure a worm. Surely this class should not be promiscuously with the passionate, those liable to paroxysms of fury, or those whose appetites are naturally depraved. It is to obtain this classification—in short, to adopt the best means for the treatment of the insane generally, for their cure, if curable, and for the amelioration of their condition as far as possible, if incurable, that the philanthropists of the present day, who are interesting themselves in the benevolent cause, desire to see conducted and properly organized Insane Asylums established in every State in the Union. Their persevering efforts deserve the aid of every Christian and lover of his kind.—*Richmond Reporter.*

**PRINTING'S LANGUAGE.**—Every profession has its technical terms, and, of course, the printers have a "small smattering," which is intelligible only to the craft. The following (says the *Delaware Republican*) is a specimen; it don't mean, however, as much as it would seem to the uninitiated.

"Jim, put General Washington on the galley, and then finish the matter of that young girl was."

**GRANT THORNBURN.**

**GRANT THORNBURN.**

**GRANT THORNBURN.**

**GRANT THORNBURN.**

**GRANT THORNBURN.**

commenced yesterday. Set up the ruins of Heracles, and distribute the small peas; you need not finish that runaway match; have the high water in the paper this week. Let the pie alone till after dinner, but put the barbecue to press, and then go to the devil, and he will tell you about the work for the morning."

Not much wonder that Dr. Faustus was lamed for inventing such a diabolical art.

From the *New York Mirror*.

**THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.**  
DEAR MR. MINOR.—If you love horses, print what I here send you. I say if—but, excuse me, there is no if in the case. You do love them—I know you do. Had not this been so, you never would have written what has so often been quoted as the "horse's motto."

"Up hill and down hill, down the steep descent; Sighs and don't urge him when his strength is spent; Let him bicker his way to the level earth; But, in the stable, don't forget his worth."

Some people who keep them are not aware that they are thinking animals, and have feelings, passions, and affections, very much like human beings; to be sure, they cannot talk. People who do not appreciate the character of horses are apt to treat them without love or mercy, and without any appeal to their glorious intelligence. "The horse knoweth his owner," and he knows much more, he knows when he is used as a horse should be; and, in respect to treatment, the Turk and Arab have much the advantage of many Christians I could name. The Pagans make friends of their horses; they love each other; and on the sandy desert or the wild plain, they lie down side by side, and each is equally ready to re-act the approach of an enemy.

A horse may be thought like a child by those who have won his affections; but the method of teaching is by showing distinctly what you want him to do, not by beating him, because he does not understand and perform at the outset all you desire. Horses, like men, have very different intellectual capacities and tempers; but all may be mastered by kindness, while the best, the most high spirited, the most generous, will be ruined by harsh measures.

At the circus, you have ocular demonstration that the horse understands the language of man; and man may learn more virtues than one, if he well observes the habits of his horse—"ask the beast, he will teach thee."

To illustrate the position that a horse by kindness may become as docile, as fond of his master, and as obedient as a dog, I will tell the readers of the *MINOR* something about my horse Billy. I was out with him one day in my light wagon; part of the way led through a path where they were making a stone fence; the place was encumbered with stones, lime, barrels, carts, and ox-chains, so as to be almost impassable in daylight. On returning, the night was so dark that I could not see the horse's head. I approached the dangerous pass with fear and trembling. I thought of getting out to walk and for the purpose of leading the horse, but this was impossible; the frost was coming out of the ground, and had I left the wagon I would have sunk in the mire. When we came to the spot, Billy stopped of his own accord. "Now, Billy," says I, "I can't see, and I can't walk; you may get on your own way, but try and don't upset me." I slackened the reins and gave him his own way. It was a ticklish job, but he managed it nobly; he stopped now and then and made a survey as carefully as could be done by the men running the line on the north-eastern boundary. He turned and tacked, and worked ship like an old sailor among the breakers, and brought me out safe as a steamer beyond the overlaugh. "Well done, Billy," says I, "now you have a good road, go ahead as quick as you like." I never use the whip. "You shall have a good bed and four quarts of oats as soon as we get home." While I kept talking, he walked at a slow pace as if listening. "Now gang your ain gait," said I; he clapped his feet to the ground—he is a racker—and in ten minutes we were home. As I was stripping off his harness, I kept putting and praising him occasionally, made a comfortable bed and gave him his oats. He seemed more grateful than many of these black-whiskered gentry who scour the Third Avenue, for they neither thank God nor man for any benefit.

Billy is a white Canadian pony. I have fed him for seven years with my own hands, and generally caress and talk to him all the while he is fed, so now he seems to understand every word I say as well as if he had been born in Scotland. Sometimes he kicks up a few high capers in the clover field, and will let none approach him; but as soon as I go out, and call him by his name, he comes stepping gingerly along, as soberly as an old continental bishop.

The war-horse, the race-horse, and the horse in the circus, all partake of the feelings of their rider; yet this noble animal is more abused by a set of two-legged brutes than perhaps any other that treads on four feet. Look at the poor tortured animals, chained to a clam-cart, a fish-wagon, a potatoe, an apple, an oyster, or a mud conveyance; the sight is harrowing to my feelings, and painful to my eyes. A merciful man is merciful even to his neighbor's beast; what must we think of the man who starves his horse to death, and then sells his skin for drink. Among our four thousand cartmen there are many respectable citizens—and you will know them by their horses. If the horse's skin is sleek and shining, if he wears a fly-net in summer, and a horse-blanket in winter, my life on it, you may entrust the owner with a load of uncounted gold.

No city in the world, with the same population, has so many horses driven through the streets as the city of New York. But New York is a by-word among strangers on account of her jaded horses. The thing is easily remedied, however. Let there be an *inspector of horses*! Let him and his assistants perambulate the streets from morning until night; if they see a horse in cab, east, omnibus, hack, stage, or wagon, whose ribs may be counted, let them seize this horse in the name of the sovereign people, give the driver a ticket, with day and date, and walk the poor animal to the large *horse hotel*, now erecting on Harlem Commons, and let him there be kept until he is in good condition for work. On the first of every month let a printed list be hung up at the Post-office window, alongside of the unclaimed letters; said list to contain the numbers of such horses as are fit for removal, and calling upon the owner to come forward, produce the ticket, pay charges and take him away; or, in default thereof, let the horse be sold on the tenth of the month, at Tattersall's, to pay expenses. If this plan were adopted, we would see no more living horse skeletons staggering through our thronged thoroughfares. If this, or some similar plan be adopted, I hope, as soon as the doctrine of transmigration becomes universal, that the members of our corporation may be transformed into horses, chained to carts, and made to drag chains through the Bowery, till their shoulders are galled and their bones ache.

**GRANT THORNBURN.**

**GRANT THORNBURN.**

How war is now regarded.—No one now justifies war in itself. By common consent it is denounced as an accursed thing—worse than the pestilence which walketh in darkness—worse than the destruction which wasteth at noonday, the martial array no longer appears as a beautiful pageantry; the battle trumpet no longer delights the ear. We associate with the sword its deeds of blood, and deem it no more suitable for an ornament than the surgeon's amputating knife. We look upon the parade of arms, and think of the death-agonies of the battle-field, and consider its pomp and display, its "form and circumstance," as unfitted for the duty of the soldier, as they would be for the public executioner. If it be necessary to destroy life in any manner, we no longer attach to it either glory or honor. There is a true democracy looking in upon the world! Each man is considered as a brother, whatever be his country or his home, or however poor or degraded he may be. Individual life is no longer considered of little value. Happiness to the people is more thought of now than the glory which associated itself in times past with the talent for human destruction.

What patriot will now tell the people that war is not an accursed thing, when it bids thousands and thousands of them abandon their wives and children, and happiness, that they may fill the ditch for other men's good; when it compels so many to sell themselves, their liberty, their rights making them the mere automata, moving at the nod of another, without the semblance of freedom and this for a few dollars a month!

What Christian shall say that war is not an accursed thing, when it is known that there is not a crime that it does not sanction,—not a sin that it does not produce; practically suspending the laws of God, making robbery and murder a duty!

Who, let me ask, can say that war is not an accursed thing, when the soul sickens as it looks upon its horrid scenes of suffering and moral degradation! What! two nations exerting themselves to the utmost for human destruction—using all their skill, all their knowledge, by force and by stratagem, in the night time and in the day, on the ocean and on the land, to banish happiness from the earth, and to fill it with crime and misery! and is not this an accursed thing.

**Advocate of Peace.**

**REMOVAL FROM WASHINGTON.**—The Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Courier* writes: There is mischief going on with respect to annexation, and if the country is kept in ignorance, and if the administration can have its way, will be kept in ignorance until it is too late to interpose any remedy. Mystery indeed is now one of the great arts of Government, and in this republic, where it is sometimes boasted there are no secrets, and that everything is above board in political transactions, there is preserved the most studious and systematic silence and secrecy, as to measures of the highest interest to the whole people.

Without further preface than I state as certain, First, that a sort of agent has been sent to Mexico to feel about as to whether there be any chance for any mode of resuming diplomatic intercourse with that country. This person whose position more resembles that of spy than of an authorized commissioner, is of a character to be avowed or disavowed at pleasure, and according to circumstances. His name is *Parrott*, a Virginian by birth.

Second, Mr. C. A. Wickliffe late P. M. General, whom the papers chronicle as on his way with his family to Kentucky, is in fact on his way to Texas, as confidential agent of the administration to aid the *Charged Affairs*, Mr. Donelson in persuading the authorities and people of Texas, to accept the terms of annexation offered by the joint resolution.

Third, The administration is taxing to the utmost the powers of the Secretary of State, Mr. Buchanan, (powers by the way more overrated than those of note in the nation,) in an attempt to vindicate towards foreign States, the conduct of the United States in relation to annexation.

**REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS.**—The following is a list of the General Officers of the Revolutionary Army in 1781, agreeably to rank:

**GEORGE WASHINGTON, Commander-in-Chief.**  
**Major Generals.**—Israel Putnam, Connecticut; Charles Lee, Horatio Gates, Virginia; Wm. Heath, Massachusetts; Nathaniel Green, Rhode Island; Wm. Alexander, Earl of Stirling, Jersey; Arthur St. Clair, Pennsylvania; Benjamin Lincoln, Massachusetts; Marquis de la Fayette, Baron de Kalb, France; Robert Howe, North Carolina; Alexander McDougall, New York; Baron Steuben, Prussia; William Smallwood, Maryland; Samuel Parsons, Connecticut; Henry Knox, Massachusetts; Duportail, of Engineers, France.

**Brigadier Generals.**—William Thompson, Virginia; John Nixon, Massachusetts; James Clinton, New York; William Moultrie, South Carolina; Laughlin Mcintosh, North Carolina; William Maxwell, Jersey; Enoch Poor, New Hampshire; John Glover, Massachusetts; John Paterson, Connecticut; Anthony Wayne, Pennsylvania; William Woodford, Peter Muhlenberg, Virginia; Edward Hand, Pennsylvania; Jedediah Huntington, Connecticut; John Starke, New Hampshire; Mordecai Gist, Maryland; William Erwin, Pennsylvania.

**Promoted after that period.**—Daniel Morgan, Virginia; Messrs. Sumpter and Marion, South Carolina; Joseph Groaton, Rufus Putnam, Massachusetts; Otho Williams, Maryland.—*Boston Journal.*

"Charles Lee, suspended for one year by sentence of court martial, for charges exhibited against him by General Washington, at the battle of Monmouth, in June 29, 1778; but his pride would not suffer him to resume his command at the expiration of his sentence; notwithstanding, he was still retained on the list of general officers until his death, which happened in Philadelphia in 1782. His funeral was attended by the President of Congress and members, French Minister, and a vast number of the most respectable gentlemen of that city.

**THE FIRE IN THE SWAMP.**—We learn from Capt. Dunbar of the sch. Virginia, from North Carolina, that in coming through the canal on Thursday he passed along a distance of eight miles, where the fire was more or less burning on the edge of the tract, on the south side, and with great difficulty preserved his vessel and her deck load of cotton and stores from being burnt, by spreading sails over the cotton and keeping them constantly wet.

The heat and smoke at times was so great that he was apprehensive of being compelled to abandon the vessel.

Capt. Perry of the sch. John Martin, who was astern of him, was also near losing his vessel from the same cause.

By the way what now becomes of Professor Espy's theory for the establishing of which he applied to Congress for a good sum? Here is a test of it, which while it has cost perhaps \$100,000, does not take a dollar from the public treasury—and it completely proves the Professor's theory to be a humbug. Here we have had a fire spread over a space of some 300 square miles for almost a fortnight, constantly blazing, and without any aid of wind.—*New Herald.*

**INDUSTRY WASTED.**—The author of a series of essays at the South is sounding an alarm among the people of that region upon the State of public feeling in that section of the country on the subject of industry. In the course of one of his essays he says:

"My recent visit to the Northern States has fully satisfied me that the true secret of our difficulties lies in the want of energy on the part of our capitalists, and ignorance and laziness on the part of those who ought to labor. We need never look for thrift while we permit our immense timber forests, granite quarries and mines, to lie idle, and supply ourselves with heavy granite, pine boards, latins, and shingles, &c., furnished by the lazy dogs at the North—ah, worse than that, we see our back country farmers, many of whom are too lazy to mend a broken gate, or repair the fences, to protect their crops from the neighboring stock, actually supplied with their axe, hoe, and broom handles, pitchforks, rakes, &c., by the indolent mountaineers of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The time was when every old woman in the country had her gourd, from which the country gardens were supplied with seeds.—We now find it more convenient to permit this duty to devolve on our careful friends, the Yankees. Even our boat-owners and handsjakes for rolling logs, are furnished, ready-made, to our hand, and what juncaker can possibly be invented of which we are not the purchasers? These are the drains which are impoverishing the South—these are the true sources of all our difficulties. Need I add, to further exemplify our excessive indolence, that the Charleston market is supplied with fish and wild game by the Northern men, who come out here as regularly as the winter comes, for this purpose, and, from our own waters and forests, often realize in the course of one winter, a sufficiency to purchase a small farm in New England."

**SCURRILOUS NEWSPAPERS.**—Nothing can be more foolish than for a man of respectable character to suffer himself to be dragged into a controversy with a *scurrilous newspaper*. In every fair contest there is something like equality in the combatants, something like the same stake in the issue. But in warring with the editor of a scurrilous newspaper, a virtuous high minded man is sure of being worsted; for while the former, regardless of all laws of published hostility, and feeling not the least restraint from delicacy, either of taste or feeling, will use, at one and the same moment his sword and poisoned dagger—his hands and his teeth and his venomous breath—and will not scruple, upon occasion, to discharge on his adversary a shower of filth, from which neither courage nor dexterity can afford any protection; the latter, being not only unversed in the foul slang of the pot-house, and the vulgar ribaldry of the brothel, but anxious not to assert any thing which is not strictly true, will be temperate in his language, and will make use only of those polished sarcasms which pass in decent society, but whose edge is too fine to pierce the skin of a professional black-guard. Such a controversy, therefore, must necessarily be an unequal match. *Faustic Blade.*

**GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE.**—Col. Hopkins stated, in his speech here last week, that he honestly believed the Texas resolutions never could have been carried through the House of Representatives but for the influence of Government patronage upon certain Democrats! How complimentary! but it was understood before. Democrats sacrificing principle—*Constitutional principle*—at the shrine of filthy lucre!—Well, when their own men charge such things upon them, who can longer doubt?

"Government patronage!" That is the love of office—the desire of office—weighed heavier with some 'nine or ten Democrats' than the obligations of the Constitution, or the good of their country! Most disinterested representatives, truly! Most fit and proper servants of a brave, magnanimous and patriotic people! Merrick of Maryland may go with these, and Allen and Tappan of Ohio, who are lauded by the Locofoco press for violating the instructions of their constituents, on this subject.—*Hytheville Whig.*

**THE LOCUST.**  
**MESSRS. GILES & SEATON.** The seventeen year locust will appear this year in the northern part of South Carolina and a part of North Carolina, bordering upon that State—say in Spartanburg district, South Carolina, and Rutherford county North Carolina. The district of country in which they will appear is probably very large, embracing several counties in each State. The object of this note is to request the newspapers in that part of the country to notice their appearance, and the extent of country occupied by them, and send me a copy of their papers containing such notices. All postmasters will also oblige me much by giving me such information. It is most likely that other portions of our extended country may be visited by the locusts this year. I wish to make my history of this insect as perfect as possible, and have no other means of obtaining the information required than those now resorted to. I have already twenty-six distinct districts, all separate, in which they appear in thirteen different years, and have proof that in each they appear every seventeenth year. All other particulars of their natural history have been completed.

Editors friendly to the development of this most curious portion of natural history will oblige me by copying this article. Respectfully,  
**GIDEON B. SMITH, M. D.**  
Baltimore, Maryland.

**Catch the Scurdrel.**  
ON the night of the 12th of March, 1845, a notorious scurdrel who called himself at my house William Jones (though his real name is understood to be James Winningham) stole from me a bright bay race mare, with a snap on the end of her nose, a knot on one of her ankles, and is about 14 1/2 hands high, together with a saddle, a bridle, and martingales. The saddle has a cut tool seat, and the stirrups are double, but not quilted, with blue canvas housing and sweat pad, and is bound round behind with black leather. The bridle and martingales are black leather, with ivory rings, and red spotted plush in the breast, and a broad browband.

The said Winningham is about 20 years of age—has a very light beard, sandy hair, too rarely red complexion somewhat freckled, with yellow eyes, and would weigh about 130 or 135 pounds. He is quick spoken, swears very frequently, and generally talks when he goes to settlement new to him, that he has been caught and injured in a falling mill.

I will give ten dollars to any person who will apprehend this man and commit him to Stokes jail, and also a reasonable reward for the recovery of the property. In addition to that the people of Old Town, Stokes county, offer twenty dollars reward for his apprehension at Lexington, Davidson, or other towns, where he is known.

My residence is on Reddy River, in Wilkes county, North Carolina, 11 miles west of Wicksborough, on the stage road.

**ALEXANDER G. WHITTINGTON.**  
April 2nd, 1845.

**ALEXANDER G. WHITTINGTON.**

**ALEXANDER G. WHITTINGTON.**

**ALEXANDER G. WHITTINGTON.**

**ALEXANDER G. WHITTINGTON.**

**ALEXANDER G. WHITTINGTON.**

**ALEXANDER G. WHITTINGTON.**

**ALEXANDER G. WHITTINGTON.**

"And recollection's pleasing smile, the student forgets his pains, throws his cares away and unbends his mind. Perchance he lays his books aside to visit some fair one—recites to her the beauties of some favorite author, to raise her fancy or engage her heart; watches with anxious glance her gentle countenance, beaming with intelligence and grace, and listens while her keen remark discerns the brilliant or illumines the dark, scarcely knowing which the more to admire, the writer's fire or the critic's judgment. He enjoys hours of pleasure,—she kindles new fire in his bosom and dispels from his heart that cold indifference which the repudiation of lucubrations and hours of seclusion in meditation had conspired to produce. Nature has now for him new charms—virtue increased incentives—energy new springs—honours redoubled attractions.

He is no longer with dizzy head, forced "to thread some labyrinth without end," or to mete out with points and lines

The hand of diagrams and mystic signs  
Where forms of colors, being given "on a plane  
He must transform and bend—within his brain.

But the untrammelled energies of his soul revel with rapturous joy over the inspired pages of Fancy or the magic enchantment of a song, conjuring up the mighty dead, and with the magician's wand peopling the earth with departed forms. He now crosses the snow-capped Alps and descends with Hannibal like an avalanche into the classic plains of Italy—now traverses the burning sands of Africa, and the blood-crimsoned snow of Russia with Napoleon, and sees the Kremlin of Moscow wrapt in sheets of flame—visits Athens in all her ancient splendor—hears Demosthenes pouring forth those strains of sublime eloquence which rolling like a mountain torrent, bears upon its bosom everything with an irresistible impetuosity—accompanies Milton in the illimitable flights of his imagination—hears Homer's voice in the storm, and catches the sweet whisperings of Shakspear in the low rustling of the leaves. But

Imagination, "the high born soul  
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing  
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth  
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft  
Through fields of air, pursues the flying storm;  
Rides on the volleys lightning through the heavens,  
Or yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast  
Sweeps the long tract of day."

Often soaring upon the pinions of Imagination, he lives in worlds of his own creation—he seems to be a mighty king reigning over time and space—his dominions extend to the extremest ends of the world—he has silver valleys and tall mountains in the clouds—can travel at will the blue canopy of heaven and tread the winding walks along its dreary steepness. Away into the gloomy back-ground he drives stern reality with all its forbidding hues, and orders forward in colours more dazzling than those of the rainbow the bright and airy phantoms of Imagination, that peculiar badge of human superiority; and while dull and glutinous indolence snores in happy forgetfulness, he mounts her dizzy car and pictures to himself scenes of transcendent earthly bliss, such as Milton never dreamed of; and which for a moment swell his soul with a transient thrill of rapturous delight. In his imagination he travels over many years of the future. His collegiate career, the first chapter of his existence, is ended; his youthful brow is encircled with the fresh laurels of academical honors; he has returned to his long anxious friends; unspeakable kindness greets his happy return; already the warm pressure of the hand thrills along the cords of awakened sensibility; joy is seen in every countenance. He enters upon his profession; fortune smiles; success crowns his every effort; friends multiply; his fame is rapidly spreading—but one thing more to complete the measure of his happiness. O, say, he exclaims,

"Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
O! what were man! a world without a sun!"

Now some silver voiced seraph floats before him, more beautiful than earth ever knew; some being whose beauty transcends the sublimest conceptions of the most exalted imagination, blending in harmonious unison the perfections of every creature; he has now made love; the consummation of his highest hopes arrives; his whole being swims in the ecstasies of impassioned yet virtuous attachment; he is filled with happiness complete; he has now reached the bright oasis of his existence—feign would he linger, but ambition points to the golden spires of "Fame's proud temple," and bids him climb the "lofty steep." He sees a ladder reaching to its loftiest summit, like Jacob's, it has only three rounds, Determination, (the manly wisdom to resolve) Perseverance, (the unshrinking firmness to do) and Good Fortune. He mounts it, though assailed and buffeted by the winds of adversity and the waves of opposition. Amid the tumultuous scene of gathering misfortunes, the wife of his bosom, the angel of his love, receives him—animates—encourages—inspires—creates him anew—and again hope flashes upon him; his energy is aroused by new springs; his efforts redoubled; mountains of difficulty melt before him; and while the banners of other chiefs have been dropped in the confusion of the combat and been trailing in the dust, his planted firmly in Determination and studded by Perseverance, waves "still high advanced," flapping as proudly as the morning breeze. Amid the joyous exclamations of millions, he at length triumphs and mounts to the summit, with her



# THE PATRIOT

GREENSBOROUGH,

Saturday Morning, April 26, 1845.

## THE THIRD DISTRICT.

We received for publication the proceedings of a Whig meeting in Wilkes county; but unluckily have them not now at hand. We carried the manuscript to Newworth, the early part of the week, for the purpose of exhibiting it to Whig friends there earlier than our publication day; and in the hurry of business neglected to call upon the gentleman in whose hands it was placed. The publication shall nevertheless be attended to as soon as possible.

The Whigs of Wilkes nominate ALEXANDER B. McMILLAN, of Ashe, as a suitable candidate for election to the next Congress. And from conversations with gentlemen of almost every county in the district, within the past three weeks, we are induced to believe this nomination will be heartily responded to by the Whigs from every point in the district. In Mr. McMILLAN, we are assured, Col. Reid will find an opponent of honest principles, strong sense, and a straight-forward, go-ahead disposition—in short, about the "ugliest customer" whom he has ever met upon the stump. If McMILLAN runs, we prophesy for the shoe-string district such a scouring "fra" end to end," in all its awful lococofo longitudes, as it never had before. While our personal good wishes are with Col. Reid in all his honorable aspirations unconnected with his party principles, our patriotic "sentiment" will be, *success to the Man of the Mountains!*

## THE 5TH OR WAKE DISTRICT.

No Whig candidate is yet brought out. James C. Dobbin, of Cumberland has received the nomination of a Locofoco convention. The Register thus speaks of the way in which it was done:—"The Loco Foco Convention for the Wake District, met at Mrs. BARCLAY'S in Cumberland, on Friday last, and nominated as their Candidate Mr. DOBBIN, of that County—a very clever man, we learn, but not at all thought of, so far as we heard, before the Convention met. It is stated that, but for the adoption of the two-thirds rule, which was suicidally sanctioned by the Wake Delegation, the nomination would have fallen upon PERAZZ BUSSES, Esq., of this City, who came more than once within a single vote of the nomination, even under the operation of that rule. The friends of Mr. Siferano are very indignant, not so much at the result, they say, as the manner of its accomplishment. We should not be surprised if, like Mr. TOOLE, he comes out "on his own hook," though we have heard of no such declaration on his part."

## THE 7TH OR HALIFAX DISTRICT.

The Hillsborough Recorder of Thursday last says:—"We learn, verbally, that the Democratic District Convention, which met in Henderson on Saturday last, to nominate a candidate for Congress for this District, selected the Hon. J. R. J. Daniel as their candidate. We understand that the names of Abram Venable and Sidney Smith esqs. were brought before the Convention; but the extraordinary efforts of Mr. Daniel, who was himself present, enabled him to roust them from the nomination. It is very apparent that Mr. Daniel is not the first choice of a large portion of the party in this District, and he is evidently afraid to leave the selection of the candidate to the free unrestrained action of the people; but must attend the little county meetings, as well as the Convention, to urge his own claims upon them. The full particulars have not reached us, and we cannot, therefore, state the relative strength of the gentlemen in the Convention."

## THE TARBORO DISTRICT.

The "Newbernian" states that Mr. Toole, dissatisfied with the action of the late Convention, by which Mr. Clark was nominated for Congress, has declared himself a candidate. We told Mr. T. weeks ago, that he would be tricked out of the nomination. And although, in Convention, Mr. Arrington only obtained the vote of Nash County we believe he would have received the nomination, had Mr. Toole been his only competitor.—Mr. Toole is a favorite with the masses, but not with the leaders.

P. S. Since the above Paragraph was in type, we have received the "North State Whig," giving an account of the Convention, which will publish in our next. It confirms however, the statement, that Mr. Toole will be a Candidate, in defiance of the Caucus nomination, that gentleman having addressed a large assembly when the result was known, and declared his determination to "appeal from a packed Convention, to the great unpacked Jury of the people."—Register.

INDIANA.—Extract of a letter from Washington county, Pa., under date of April 5th, 1845:

"The last winter has been the mildest we have had since I have resided in this State. We have not had more than five or six cold days during the winter. The weather is now cool for April. I have just examined my peaches, which are in bloom, and find most of them killed by the frost; the rest will go to-night. Our prospect for a wheat crop is very promising. The price of produce has much improved within two years past. Bacon is now worth from 5 to 5½; corn from 20 to 30 cts. per bushel; oats 10 to 15; wheat 75; potatoes 25."

## DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.

Mr. William D. Cooke, Principal of the State Institution about to be established in Raleigh, has arrived in this city with his fixtures and apparatus, and will open the school on the 1st of May next.

Geop.—The President has dismissed from the Navy Lieut. W. D. Hunt for fighting a duel on the coast of Africa with a nabobism under his flag.

## ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

NEWS TO THE 29TH OF MARCH.—The Steamship Great Western, Capt. Matthews, left Liverpool, 29th March, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M.—She arrived off Sandy Hook 16th April, at 45 minutes past 6 A. M., making the passage in 17 days and 12 hours. She experienced very severe weather on her passage which has detained her three days beyond her usual time. On the 1st of April, at 1 P. M., lat. 51, 23 N. lon. 15, 24 W. exchanged colors with the Danish brig Irene, running to the east. 7th April, 9 P. M., lat 17 N. lon. 40, W. exchanged colors with the Steamship Cambria, running to the eastward.

Parliament had adjourned for the Easter holidays. There had been much debate both upon the Texas and Oregon questions, and as much, or even more in the public press, than in parliament. The English tariff also formed a subject of very grave discussion among the business men in the kingdom.

The cotton market was a little depressed notwithstanding the abolition of the cotton duties.—The cause is to be found in the fact that an abundant crop, it was expected, would be added to the large stock on hand, speculation in the article appeared to be nearly at an end.

The debate on the sugar duties, and the other matters involved in the budget, as propounded by Sir Robert Peel, occupied the attention of the House of Commons prior to the adjournment.—The sugar duties were slightly altered, to meet the wishes of the East India proprietors, but the differential duty of 10s. per cwt. in favor of the British Colonies in the West Indies, remains substantially the same.

The Sugar trade was active, and the Corn trade heavy.

The demand for American Beef and Pork had been tolerably productive during the last two weeks in March, but the supply has been mainly for ship's stores and for exportation. Lard, in barrels and kegs, moves off slowly, albeit the price of the article has induced a remunerating profit.

There has been some little doing in American Securities, but the state of doubt which hangs over them will remain until the fate of the August dividends of the Pennsylvania bonds is known. In Pennsylvania stocks large purchases have been made at 60 to 70, and the price will continue to improve, if it is found that the dividends are regularly paid.

There was much disposition to purchase other Stock, but there are few sellers at the quotations. The missing New York packet ships had not been heard from, and there can now be no good reason that they ever will be.

The Hibernia did not arrive until the 17th of March, which was two or three days behind her time. The Oxford arrived on the 21st, the Rochester on the 23d, and the Indiana on the 25th, with news from the United States to the 1st of March, and information of the adoption of the Resolutions for the Annexation of Texas to the United States.

The Indiana was followed in less than twelve hours by the George Washington, with the inaugural Address of Mr. Polk, which was expressed in a very rapid manner, reaching London the same night. The intelligence by those later arrivals was of the most exciting and interesting nature—more so, it is said, than anything received from the U. States for some years past. A messenger was sent from Birmingham with New York papers to Sir Robert Peel, who was staying, during the holidays, at Drayton Manor, Tamworth.

The London Times is severe on President Polk's Inaugural. The leading article in that paper of the 29th, in relation to the Texas question, opens in the following language:

"If Mr. Tyler strained every nerve in the singular race which has recently taken place between the late and the present Chief Magistrate of the U. States to consummate the work which his administration had brought to maturity, and to gratify the passions he had roused, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Polk trends very closely upon his predecessor's heels."

The first arrival of sugar from the U. States, was on the 8th inst., in the American ship Franconia, which arrived in Liverpool bringing, as part of her cargo, twelve hogheads of Louisiana sugar, and being the first arrival of American-grown in that country, it was the subject of much remark.

## Further Extracts by the Great Western.

The Swiss Diet had adjourned, without adopting any decided measures for the expulsion of the Jesuits. England, France, Austria and Prussia had each addressed a strong note to the Swiss government, recommending peace, concessions, &c. No fresh outbreaks had taken place.

The Due de Broglie, the French Commissioner, has arrived in London, and, with Dr. Lushington, commenced at once the discussion of the negotiations on the right of search. The substitute proposed is the blockade of the Coast of Africa by the two powers, joined, of course, to the squadron of the United States already there.

On the 5th ult. the Seine was frozen over at Paris: the ice was strong enough to sustain the weight of carriages.

In the British House of Lords on the 11th ult., on the motion for a third reading of the Jewish disabilities bill, the Duke of Cambridge took occasion to express his cordial concurrence in that measure, and to pronounce a high eulogy on the benevolence of some members of the Jewish persuasion. The bill was read a third time and passed.

In the House of Commons, on the 19th ult., Mr. Goulburn stated that it was not the intention of government to make any present alteration in the duties on tobacco.

TEXAS.—On the 29th ult. the Texas Annexation Resolutions reached London on the 29th March, as did also the Inaugural Address of Mr. Polk.

dress of President Polk. The reception given to them in the British capital is indicated in the extract which follows:

From the London Times of March 27.

The consent of Congress to the annexation of Texas is an event so long expected, that the question of its justice has gradually merged in the vision of its certainty. There was a time when the most enlightened and thoughtful men of the Union could venture to entertain a strong moral objection against it; and their arguments are on record. It was clear, however, that the mass of the Union, its newest and most active elements, were in favor of the measure. Their eyes were always reverting to Texas. Texas unappropriated, like independent Menra within sight of Athens, was the eyesore of the Union; not but that there are other eyesores to the ambitious gaze of that people. Whatever they see they love, whatever they love they covet, whatever they covet they expect and endeavor to obtain.—But Texas was the first thing in their way, and formed the bold foreground of their hopes. Texas adjacent, revolted, independent, still menaced and molested by the weak and impolitic rulers whose yoke it had broken, already peopled and governed by the citizens of the Union, or adventurers of the same language on principles, was an acquisition absolutely necessary, not so much to the happiness, as to the very comfort, the ease, the sleep, the digestion, of certainly more than half the republic.

The only part of the business, therefore, on which there could be any surprise, would be the particular time and manner which republican wisdom and taste would select for the acquisition. To an European understanding there is something quite grotesque in the time and manner actually adopted. The Congress comes to the momentous decision in the very point of time between the two presidencies. Mr. Tyler completes his career with a determination which he cannot have the smallest share in carrying out, and Mr. Polk will be engaged throughout the whole term in the arduous execution of a project imposed upon him at the first moment of his official existence. The former President, as he approaches his end, seems, horror-struck at the thought of leaving his four years a blank in his country's annals.

For the Patriot.

## WHIG MEETING IN MONTGOMERY.

At a Whig meeting of the citizens of Montgomery, at Lawrenceville, on Wednesday the 9th April, (it being court week,) Doct. John H. Montgomery was appointed chairman, and John A. Lilly and C. W. Wooley, requested to act as secretaries.

On motion, Resolved, That the Chairman appoint a committee of five to report resolutions to this meeting. Whereupon the chairman appointed Thos. Pemberton, Esq., Colonel Wm. Butler, George Allen, Esq., Nathan Cranford and Wiley Scarborough, Esq., said committee:—who after retiring a short time, reported through Col. Wm. Butler, the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, our late representative in Congress, Edmund Deberry, Esq., has declared his intention to decline a re-election.

1. Resolved, That we have a lively sense of the services he has rendered to this district and the country, and that we tender to him our thanks for the faithfulness and ability with which he has discharged his duty as a member of Congress.

2. Resolved, That it is the wish of this meeting that JOHN M. MORHEAD, Esq., our late Governor, should be our representative in the House of Representatives, and that he be desired to accept this nomination.

3. Resolved, That the citizens of the other counties in this Congressional District, be requested to consult together, and signify their concurrence with the above resolution, or to appoint delegates to attend a convention, at such time and place, as may be agreed on, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the House of Representatives from this District.

Which, on motion, were unanimously adopted.

On motion of S. H. Christian, Esq.

Resolved, That in the event there should be a Convention as expressed in the 3rd resolution, that the Chairman be authorized to appoint five delegates from each Captain's District in this county, to attend said convention.

On motion of Thomas Pemberton, Esq.

Resolved, That the chairman be added to the list of delegates, who may be appointed to attend said convention.

On motion of Jas. C. Roper, Esq.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretaries, and forwarded to the Editors of the Greensborough Patriot, Southern Citizen and Fayetteville Observer, with a request that they be published.

On motion of Jas. C. Roper, Esq., the meeting adjourned, sine die.

Jno. H. MONTGOMERY, Chm'n.

J. A. Lilly, } Secretaries.  
C. W. Wooley, }

## COMMON SCHOOL MONEY.

At a meeting of the Literary Board on the 1st of April, it was resolved that there now be distributed the sum of forty thousand dollars, among the several counties of the State, according to law, in part of the net income of the Literary Fund for this year. That the statement on the Journal of the Board, of the amount of Federal Population of each county, and the sum to which it is entitled as made on the 1st of April, 1844, when a similar sum was distributed, be adopted as the basis of this distribution.

TEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.—Father MATTHEW says, in a recent letter: "Our sacred cause is steadily progressing, notwithstanding the trouble some times upon which we have fallen. There are over five millions of teetotalers, and the proportion of backsliders is not one in five hundred. The whole of the rising generation are being educated in the strictest habits of temperance; and in a few years drunkenness will be as a thing passed away, never to return."

CENOTAPH.—It is stated that the Hon. Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, who was, whilom, a sejourner in these diggias, has declined the appointment of U. S. Senator tendered him by the Governor.

VIRGINIA.—The elections in Virginia for Congress and for the State Legislature were held last Thursday. Strong hopes were entertained for the success of Mr. Bates in the Richmond district.

## LATE FROM MEXICO.

The arrival at New Orleans of the schooner Water-Hitch has put us in possession of intelligence from Vera Cruz to the 31st ultimo, and from the city of Mexico to the 22d, which we compile from the New Orleans papers as follows:

SANTA ANNA still remains a prisoner at Perote, awaiting the action of his Judges. The treatment he received was much mitigated, and his friends in the different Departments were gathering strength and courage to a degree that was believed to cause some apprehension to the existing Government, and to induce the delay and hesitation which are evinced in disposing of him. Indeed, it is not considered improbable that, under the pretence of prosecuting a war with the United States, he may yet be invested with the command of the army, and through that means restate himself in power.

The British sloop-of-war *Eurydice* sailed from Vera Cruz on the 25th ultimo for Galveston, with despatches for the British Minister in Texas, and also, it was reported, for the Texas Government. A great many rumors prevailed with regard to the nature of these communications. It was generally credited, however, that they contained a complete recognition on the part of Mexico of the independence of Texas, on the condition that she rejected the proposed annexation to the United States.

The Texas question, as may be supposed, creates much excitement in Mexico.

On the 21st of March the Chamber of Deputies took into consideration the subject of annexation. Resolutions were introduced, and warmly supported, for declaring the provisions of the Treaty of 1831 (ratified in 1832) at an end; for closing the ports of Mexico against all vessels of the United States, and prohibiting the introduction of our manufactures; and, finally, that no proposition from our Government for the restoration of friendly relations should be listened to, save upon the condition that the United States should renounce altogether the plan of annexation.

At the last accounts, the passage of the resolutions through the Senate was known, but their final passage through the House, as amended, was unknown. The press appeared disposed to think that the House would not accept them. There is, of course, much indignation expressed at the idea of annexation, and many harsh things said of this Government. *El Monitor Constitucional*, a journal commenced immediately after the last revolution in support of the existing Government, indulges in a philippic particularly violent. It is sadly at a loss to know how "a miserable majority of two votes" in the Senate should be allowed to plunge the nation into war with so redoubtable a country as Mexico. Nothing, it declares, can prevent hostilities; and it accordingly exhorts all Mexicans to die together, rather than suffer degradation and loss of honor. The whole of the Press is extremely pugnacious.

Senor GOMEZ PEDEAZA has been declared Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic to France, to settle with that kingdom a treaty between the two countries.

A letter from Ojaca, dated the 13th March, states that, on the afternoon of the 9th instant, a frightful earthquake was experienced in that city, which lasted but two minutes, producing considerable injury and destruction. Not a single edifice, public or private, but was overthrown or damaged by the violence of the shock. Fortunately, very few persons were injured. The next day the shock was again felt, but more slightly. The escape of the city from absolute destruction is ascribed to the short period which the convulsion lasted.

PITTSBURG.—An idea of the intense heat of the fire which desolated Pittsburg may be inferred from the fact that in some of the iron stores, nails were melted together and formed solid balls, iron safes were melted, and large chain-cables conglomerated into one mass.

We see it stated in the Pittsburg Gazette that the transportation business is going on in that city with great activity, having suffered no suspension.

One of the papers contains the following account of a praiseworthy presence of mind and energy exhibited by a lady of that city:

The very able government of the wife of the Sheriff saved the County Jail during the fire.—Sheriff Trevillo was absent conveying a prisoner to the House of Refuge in Philadelphia; the Deputy was also absent on business, and when the fire got up into that neighborhood, Mrs. Trevillo had the whole burden on her own shoulders. At the very height of the danger she called all the prisoners who were not in the cells to the grate, and by name let all the vagrants out. That done she set them to work to carry water to the top, and this only saved it, as the roof was on fire several times. The fellows worked like horses, and as they merited so we presume they received a discharge. Had the Jail caught we have no doubt some of the prisoners would have burned, and very probably the Court House too; at all events it would have been greatly injured. \$200,000 would have been a large bill for the county at this time. For saving all this praise is due the lady of the Sheriff.

One of the Pittsburg papers says—  
"We can give no idea, on paper, of the distress which prevails—thousands are left destitute—men who yesterday were worth thousands, are now bankrupt. It has been estimated that the burnt district contains SIXTY ACRES! The total loss, in dollars, cannot be arrived at with any kind of accuracy—say guess at TWELVE MILLIONS! This is probably near it. All the insurance offices are broken up they will not be able to pay two per cent. Only about 15,000 dollars were taken in insurance companies in other cities."

We would like to be able to give to our friends abroad, a list of the sufferers; but the number is so vast, that it is impossible.  
Our fellow-citizens at the North, are doing what they can to relieve the suffering at Pittsburg.—The Authorities of the City of Washington, have voted \$2,000 from the Corporation funds, and Baltimore, \$5,000 from their Treasury, for this purpose.

THE SWALLOW.—The following is the result of the official statement:—Whole number of passengers known to have been on board 251  
Lost and bodies recovered 13  
Lost and not recovered 1  
Ascertained to have been saved 191  
Unaccounted for by name 46-251

THE SWALLOW.—The following is the result of the official statement:—Whole number of passengers known to have been on board 251  
Lost and bodies recovered 13  
Lost and not recovered 1  
Ascertained to have been saved 191  
Unaccounted for by name 46-251

WE HAVE an excellent new two horse carriage which can be brought low, and payment made to suit the purchaser's means.

## For the Patriot.

CERTAIN CURE FOR THE ST. ANTHONY'S TIRE.  
The following is said by Dr. HALL, of St. Louis, Mo., (who passed through this place a few days since) to be a certain cure for the above named disease:

THE REMEDY.—As soon as any part is affected, rub sweet oil over the affected part thick; then sprinkle fine flour over the oil until a thick coat is formed; cover this coat with cotton batting, and wrap the whole over with a bandage, the object being to keep the air entirely from the affected part. Keep the bowels open; but the best for this is to take the Peruvian bark in wine in such doses as to purge. This remedy hath recently been discovered, and effects a cure in every instance.

Dr. HALL is very anxious that this prescription, which is so simple and effectual, should find its way into the hands of his fellow-men.

## RULES IN COURTSHIP.

Paint yourself what, dost thou think  
To taste love's honey, and not to drink  
One draught of gall! Or to devour  
A bowl of sweets, and taste no sour!  
Dost thou ever think to enter  
Thy Nysian fields, who dar'st not venture  
In Charon's barge? A lover's mind  
Must use to sail with every wind.  
He who loves and fears to try,  
Learns his mistress to deny.  
Dost she chide thee?—'tis to show it  
That thy coldness makes her do it.  
Is she silent?—is she mute?—  
Silence fully grants thy suit.  
Dost she pout and leave the room?—  
Then she goes to bid thee come.  
Is she sick?—why, then, be sure,  
She invites thee to the cure.  
Dost she cross thy suit with No!—  
Tush! she loves to hear thee woo.  
Dost she call the faith of man  
In question?—nay she loves thee then;  
And if e'er she makes a plot,  
She's lost, if that thou hit'st her net.  
He who after ten denials  
Dares attempt no further trials  
Hath no warrant to acquire  
The dainties of his chaste desire.

DIED.—A few weeks since, in the State of Indiana, of dropsy, SARAH SHERWOOD, in the 55th year of her age. Mrs. S. was a native of this county; her maiden name was Swain; at an early age was married to Benjamin Sherwood, and moved to the county of Davidson, where she resided for many years; afterwards lived in the north-western part of this State, but had been for the last ten years in Indiana. She was the mother of thirteen children, eleven of whom survive her, and were all raised to years of maturity.

In Hillsborough on Monday morning last, after an illness of some months, of Rheumatism THOMAS CLANCY, Esq., for many years Post Master in this town, aged 64 years. Mr. Clancy has long enjoyed the confidence of the community for his honesty and sterling integrity. He has been Sheriff of the county, has represented the Town of Hillsborough in the Legislature under the old Constitution, and has twice received the appointment of Post Master; which last appointment he held till his death, and discharged the duties with faithfulness and impartiality. He was uniformly kind to all persons; and no one asked him aid or counsel without finding in him a sympathizing heart.

On the 13th inst., at his residence in Stokesburg, Stokes county, Dr. JAMES E. STAPLES, of congenital fever, being confined only nine days. To eulogize the dead has become too common a thing ever to tell the characteristics of a man while living; but to say the least of Dr. James E. Staples could be said of this truly good and pious man would be inadequate to his true worth and merit. As a physician he had attained an eminence that few men ever attain at a more advanced age, he being only in his 34th year. As a citizen and neighbor no man was more universally beloved, and none will be more regretted. But as a husband and a father, those who have suffered the bereavement can possibly alone form any correct knowledge of his tenderness as a husband and father. He has left a wife and two small children to mourn this deprivation of Providence; and however sad and lamentable this stroke may be, to all let us recollect that our loss is his eternal gain.—Com.

In Rockingham county, on Friday, the 18th inst., Mr. ZACHARIAH JARRELL, leaving a wife and 8 or 10 children. He was a good citizen, and his death furnishes ample proof of the truth of the proverb that "in the midst of life we are in death," for he died without a moment's warning.—Com.

In this place, the morning of the 23d, ANDREW M. SMOKEY, a native of Germany.

## Advertising Rates of the Patriot.

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

Three months.	Six months.	One year.
One square, : \$3.50	\$5.50	\$8.00
Two squares, : 7.00	10.00	14.00
Three" (1-4 col) 10.00	15.00	20.00
Half column, : 15.00	25.00	35.00

## Randolph Macon College.

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

\* The Raleigh Standard will please copy.

## NOTICE.

OUR CUSTOMERS in arrears are reminded that the close of another volume is a good time to settle up; and all who owe for the paper, for advertising, or for work are notified to make settlement during the approaching Spring Courts. Notes, and accounts which have been standing, will otherwise be put out for collection, without exception.

SWAIN & SHERWOOD.

Greensboro, March, 1845

NOTICE.—The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Greensborough Female College will be held at Greensborough on Wednesday the 19th of May next. A punctual attendance of the members of the Board is greatly desired.

GEO. C. MENDENHALL, Pres. Bd

April 1845

## Just received and for sale

English Calomel	Peppermint
Black Mustard	Ess. Cloves
Quinine	Oil Cloves
Rhubarb	Pink Root
Caster Oil	Opodeldo
Godfrey's Cordial	Cayenne Pepper
Batemans Drops	Peters Pills
Lyons	Brandy Pills
Purgative	Wills Strept. Plaster
Oil Wormseed	Sedlitz's Powders
Senna	Castle Soap
Low for cash	W. J. McCONNELL.

## ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

CURAN LINEN AND COTTON RAGS will be taken in exchange for Goods.

## IMPROVED THRASHING MACHINE.

THE SUBSCRIBER, Agent for the sale of Kirkpatrick's Portable Horse power and Thrashing Machines, respectfully notifies the public that he continues to dispose of this valuable labor saving machinery on the same terms as heretofore. The character and success of these Machines are now too well established to require any elaborate description or recommendation.

WILLIAM J. McCLINTON.

Oakley Ferry, Davis County, N. C.

April 25th, 1845

## MASONIC.

THE MEMBERS of Greensboro Lodge, No. 7th, propose to celebrate the anniversary of St. John the Baptist on the 24th of June. A public oration will be delivered by Dr. J. S. Dure. Members from the country will be expected to attend. Transient members respectfully invited.

N. R.—A full meeting of the members of this Lodge is desired on the 1st Saturday in June, at 2 o'clock, P. M. as there will be business of importance to transact. By order of the committee of arrangements.

April 1845

L. SWAIN, Sec.

## Twenty Dollars Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber in Lexington, N. C., on the night of the 10th April, a

## NEGRO BOY LEVIN.

Levin 22 years old, about 5 feet 3 or 4 inches high, of a dark complexion, weighs about 115 lbs, and has a hopping gait, owing to his having had the rheumatism in his ankles. He took with him different kinds of clothing, among which were one pair of striped muslin drawers; also one pair of striped twilled woolen pants; a cloth coat, and cloth cap. He is a very intelligent boy, can read and it is believed write. He is a tolerably good pointer, and will not attempt to pass himself off as free, and panting as his occupation.

The above reward will be given for his apprehension and delivery to me in Lexington, or \$10 for his apprehension and confinement anywhere in this State, so that I get him again.

ROBT. FOSTER.

Lexington, April, 1845

## WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, &c

A. P. ECKEL would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensborough and the surrounding country, that he has taken the house on north street nearly opposite to Messrs. McAdoo & Scott, which he has fitted up for the purpose of carrying on the WATCH, CLOCK, and JEWELRY business.

Having a thorough knowledge of his business, he hopes by strict attention thereto, to meet a share of public patronage.

He has now on hand and will continue to keep constantly an assortment of

## GOLD & SILVER WATCHES,

BRASS EIGHT-DAY AND 24 HOUR CLOCKS.

## BREAST PINS, OF ALL KINDS.

## Finger Rings, Bracelets, Gold & Silver

## Pencils, Table, Tea, & Salt Spoons.

## GUARDS, CHAINS, SEALS, KEYS, &c. &c.

Together with a variety of other articles usually kept in his line.



# THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL.

BY ALICE G. LEE.  
In the season of youth, which fate reserves for a bright  
manhood, there's no such word as fail.

(Bulwer's Play of Richelieu.)

The proudest motto for the young—  
Write it in letters of gold  
Up on thy heart, and in thy mind  
The stirring words unfold.  
And in the morning's dreary hour,  
For fortune's prosperous gale,  
"I will have a holy, charming power—  
"There's no such word as fail."  
The sailor on the stormy sea,  
May sigh for distant land;  
And free and fearless though he be,  
Would they were near the strand.  
But when the storm with angry breath,  
Brings lightning, sleet and hail,  
He clings the slippery mast and sings:  
"There's no such word as fail."  
The weary student bending o'er  
The tomes of other days,  
And dwelling on their magic lore,  
For inspiration prays:  
And though with toil his brain is weak,  
His brow is dully pale,  
The language of his heart will speak,  
"There's no such word as fail."  
The wisest statesman bends his knee  
Before fame's glittering shrine;  
And would an humble suppliant be  
To genius so divine;  
Yet though his progress is full slow,  
And enemies may rail,  
He thinks at last the world to show  
"There's no such word as fail."

The soldier on the battle plain,  
When thirsting to be free,  
And throw aside a galling chain,  
Sighs, "Oh, for liberty!"  
Our household and our native land—  
We must—we will prevail;  
Then breast to breast, and hand to hand,  
"There's no such word as fail."  
The child of God, though oft beset,  
By foes without—within—  
These precious words will ne'er forget,  
Amid their dreadful din;  
But upward looks with eyes of faith,  
Armed with the Christian's mail,  
And in the hottest conflict saith  
"There's no such word as fail."

## FRIENDSHIP.

The following story, says the Boston Transcript, has long been a favorite in private circles, but we are not aware that it has ever appeared in print. We believe it originated somewhere in the neighborhood of old Cape Ann. A traveller in a stage coach overheard an old lady from the country, thus address her companion:

"Friendship, Miss Bishop, is like a spider's web, the least breath of air will destroy it. Bets Wade and I was gals together; all the difference was, I was rich and Bets was poor. Well, one day, Bets got married, and there's no end to the things my husband did for me (did give) that gal—He gin her sights and sights o' things. He gin her a great keeler tub. He gin her two wooden bowls painted, yaller outside, and red inside, he gin her a churn, and a churn dash too, Miss Bishop, and he gin her a peck of raisins and a quart of tea, and yet that ungrateful wretch never set her foot inside our house for two years! One day as I was calling (calling) to be before the door—I never thought myself above calling too, Miss Bishop—a chaise drove up. Who should it be but Bets Wade! I thought I must be polite in my own house, and so says I, "Bets come in." She came in and so set down. My husband soon came in, I hit him the wink not to speak to Bets, and that touched her up pretty well, for my husband always not every thing by Bets—all the world and more too, sometimes. She told him she'd been living so long to that seaport town Pawtucket, she thought she must once more wait on her country friends. That seaport town Pawtucket! that made me mad, Miss Bishop; its no more of a seaport town than Merrimack River! but Joe had lived too long in the woods to be sheared by an owl, much more by Bets Wade. I told her I would if she'd wait till tea time come; so I went down into the cellar and I got a pound of pound cake, and a pound of short cake, and two pounds of sage cheese of my own making—Bets Wade never put better into her mouth in her life—and I brought 'em up and I put 'em on the table, and says I—Bets, eat! and good Lord! she did eat! if she eat one mouthful she eat two mouthfuls. I should think the critter hadn't had any thing to eat for two months. When she finished, she said she believed she must go, for she had an antic horse and a new chaise. Antic horse and a new chaise! The horse was a better than a Newfoundland dog, and they had to be the poor creature to a post to keep him from running down, and as for the chaise, that was made in Adam's day, and then went new! no, it never was new! and if Bets Wade ever got a ride off that horse, she did well—no, she never did! She had to take the poor critter into the chains afore she got home, and that's a fact certified."

Eastern chuchette.—As a woman was walking, a man looked at her and followed her.  
"Why do you follow me?" asked the woman.  
"Because I have fallen in love with you!" was the reply.

"Why are in love with me?" said the woman.  
"My sister is handsome; she is coming after me; go and make love to her."  
The man turned back, and saw a woman with an angry face; being greatly displeased, he turned to the first woman and said—  
"Why did you tell me a falsehood?"  
"Neither did you speak the truth," replied the woman, "for if you were really in love with me, why did you leave me to look upon my sister?"

Married, on the 25th ult. by Rev. John C. Dunly, Mr. Frederick Pulse, aged 102, to Miss Dorcas Mannon, aged 41—all of Jefferson county, Tenn.—*Knowlton's Register.*

"To strange the parents of these rash children would permit them to act so imprudently. They should have been kept under parental control until they arrived at years of discretion!"

A gentleman boasting of the neatness and regularity of his wife said—"I got up in the night, took a look at my clock, and found it was ten o'clock, and I thought I was late."

# THE DYING STUDENT.

(Written expressly for the Patriot.)

'Twas February's wintry reign, and night,  
Cold, bleak, and cheerless, from the vaulted sky  
Stole down; and, in her ample folds enwrapt,  
Lethargic vapours lay. High Heaven's deep arch,  
With sable hue o'erspread; and angry clouds,  
Fast gathering, thick and massive, fill'd the void,  
That boundless lay between them, with chaos  
Deep and mystic; then from'd on earth beneath,  
With fearful, shuddering from the aspect dark  
Of heavy winter's realm, came loud and swift  
The chilly blast—now bringing on its wings  
The cry of woe, want, and misery, rung  
With bursting anguish from the traveller lost  
The barren wilds amidst—now loudly moans  
The mournful murmur of sylvan spirit,  
Caught from forest depths in passing by—  
Or comes, that soon all nature'll be convuls'd,  
As harbingers of fate to tell—Now look!  
Yon lonely star, true to its proper place,  
Peeps forth; but, as before grim visag'd hosts,  
Spotless, with purity, the maiden queen  
Recedes, thus, its pure lustre full encloses,  
And backward shrinks. Now mark the falling drops!  
Feel the cold mist, that round them large, but few,  
Circles closely! Hear them patter on the roof!  
And it seems, of horrid deeds, they've full  
Would speak, or cast the veil of mystery around.  
Now faster, smaller, more profuse they come—  
On howling blasts and with the driving winds—  
E'en now, in drizzly sheets, or copious drops—  
In fitful gusts, or on the whistling gale  
Fast hurried. The surcharged clouds pour down  
Their watery deluge from their inmost fount!  
Earth, air, and sky, reverberate the sound,  
By Echo rolled along the dismal void!  
Nature quak'd, and, 'neath the broad expanse  
And canopy of night, the ghastly shades  
Of long forgotten dead perambulate;  
As if to mingle with the elements,  
And to the horrid scene fresh terrors lend;  
Or spirit-like, with superstitious fear  
And dread, the minds of mortal man pervade.  
See, from yon window streams a lurid light!  
Which, 'midst the darkness prevalent without,  
Is like to that, which phosphorescent shines,  
From deep within the vacant tomb, or vault,  
Of souls in everlasting slumbers wrapt.  
'Twas on this drear and solitary night  
I sat beside the dying student's bed.  
Around confusion lay.—Here, heaps of books,  
From which he once was wont to learn the road  
To honor, fame, and happiness; the paths  
Of virtue to pursue; and wisdom seek,  
Lay scatter'd; while there stood a sum'rous heap  
Of vials, which the sufferer's poison held;  
Or boxes, that some nauseous drug contain'd.  
A small horologe hung near, and tick'd  
The heavy hours of lingering Time away.  
The flickering rays pour'd from an only lamp,  
And shed an opake, mystic light, on all  
The room around. I look'd, and lo! the fire  
On yonder hearth had e'en burnt down, and left  
The glimmering coals enwrap in embers hot.  
Methought I saw some being, hovering high,  
Poised on its funeral wings of sable hue;  
As if to catch the spirit, now prepar'd  
Its flight to take beyond this weary world.  
Entranc'd I stood! imagin'd forms seem'd near!  
Wild visions flit across my brain, while I  
Unconscious of the reverie was! Round,  
"The iron tongue of midnight" chiming twelve)  
I gazed upon the dying youth, and mark'd  
The pallid hue of Death steal o'er his face!  
I caught the wild gaze of his eye, once full  
With bright expression, and, on his broad brow  
The clammy moisture settling rapid, saw!  
I view'd his features alter'd by disease,  
His cheeks thus grown, and flesh so deadly pale;  
And heard his respiration, grown faster,  
Sho'ter, heavier; as if all breath, at once  
To leave his body desolate, desir'd!  
Survey'd his frame then wasted to decay;  
His bony fingers on his breast firm clasp'd.  
As if in secret prayer they'd been lock'd fast!  
While stillness reign'd around, "my friends,"  
"My home!"  
I thought I hear him say; then deep engan'd  
He seem'd to be aware, his eye on heaven  
Still set, as though his Maker there he saw. (far:  
Alas! poor youth, from home and friends you're  
Torn from your parents dear, to this strange land  
A few short months ago you came in health!  
That hope, which once beat high, that soon  
In safety you'd return, they know not is  
Destroy'd; nor dream, nor idea have they now.  
That prostrate here you lay, with no kind hand  
To smooth your dying pillow, nor to watch  
Your lonely bedside with parental care!  
Poor child of sorrow! well I know thy thoughts  
Have sped to thy paternal roof, and there,  
The grief and mourning for thy loss portray'd:  
I have trac'd a weeping brother's tears, and caught  
A sister's loud lament, rung from their hearts,  
Convulsed with pain and bleeding from distress.  
Ah surely does such torture rack thee now,  
And thoughts like these your vagrant mind disturb.  
Poor soul! I'm well assured, that one kind look  
From those you love so well, would quickly calm  
Your dying hour, and make your anguish flee:  
But ah, it cannot be! you must expire,  
Almost alone; the stranger knows you not,  
You only have a fellow-student's care,  
'Tis all that cold humanity will spare.  
Oh! how I mourn your lot, your cruel fate,  
Nearly unknown, unpitied, here to die! [press'd:  
Quick sped these thoughts across my mind de-  
When soon the momentary crisis came,  
In which, I heard the angel, sent to catch  
His dying spirit in its flight, low chant  
A solemn dirge! I saw the gloomy pall  
Of morose Death drop from the ceiling white,  
And hang in drooping folds! I saw him stand  
Beside the sufferer's bed, and draw his bow  
Back with his sinewy arm! his steady aim  
I mark'd; and viewed the hasty arrow [breast!  
Speed its winged flight, and strike deep in his  
Convulsive throbs, nor one deep groan ensued,  
But calm, resigned, his ransomed spirit fled!  
Yea fled, beyond this wretched vale of tears,  
His rescued soul may live in happier lands,  
With shades of those gone from this mortal world,  
And sing loud praises to his Saviour's name!  
I look'd without; the angry clouds were gone;  
The boisterous winds were in dead silence laid,  
And Nature seem'd lock'd fast in slumbers sweet.  
The placid heavens pour'd out the silv'ry light,  
And smil'd in radiance bright. The universe  
Was satisfied; the envious one had fled!  
And all was calm again, dead, solemn calm!

## LOOK IN!

### NEW SPRING GOODS!

THE thanks of the subscriber are due to his numerous customers for their many favors bestowed for the last 21 months which have just elapsed since the opening of this store. For the future we shall aim to make our store more attractive, and hope to retain former customers, and add to our list many new ones. The Fall and Winter stock of goods being reduced to a skeleton, the store is now filling up with new, rich, cheap SPRING GOODS, such as black silks, dress silks of different styles, balgarens, lace, gingham, printed lawn, new style cork-mourning prints, light summer prints, a great variety, white goods, handkerchiefs, sheeting and shirting, some 3 yards wide, laces, cloths, cassimere, and summer cloths suitable for men's and boys wear, and a general variety of

### FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,

wholesale and retail. Also a large stock of GROCERIES, such as brown sugar, molasses, coffee, rice, macaroni, butter, lard, pepper, ginger, salt, pickles, cheese, raisins, sperm and tallow candles, glass 8 by 10, 10 by 12, 14 by 20, and 16 by 20.

Country produce taken in exchange, such as wheat, wheat, bacon, lard, corn, and almost anything else that the price can be agreed on.

April, 1845. W. J. MCCONNEL.

### SPRING AND SUMMER SUPPLY.

WILLIAM S. GILMER invites his old customers and the public to examine his late purchase of material for

### GENTLEMEN'S SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHING.

His assortment consists of Cloths, Cassimeres, Casimere, Vestings, Linens for Pantalions, &c.—comprising every variety of style from the finest and most durable article of CLOTHS to the most splendid checks and stripes. Particular attention is directed to his varied stock of LINEN GOODS for Summer wear.

He has on hand and will shortly receive almost every article of Gentlemen's Ready-Made Clothing requisite for the approaching warm season—Coats, Pantalions, Vests, Stocks, Bosoms, Collars, Suspenders, &c.

Work made to order at his establishment, in the latest style of fashion, and on accommodating terms.

East Street, Greensboro', April, 1845.

### Encourage Home Manufacture.

### PAPER MANUFACTURING AND BOOK BINDING IN SALEM, N. C.

The subscriber informs the public that he has purchased the Paper Mill at Salem, and is now putting it in a condition to do the best of work. He will shortly be prepared to supply any orders for Wrapping, Writing and Printing PAPER, Bonnet Boards, &c. Country merchants and others are informed that any quantity of clean Cotton or Linen RAGS, white or colored, will be taken in exchange for paper, blank books, or other articles.

The Book Binding continues in operation, where any works are bound, old books rebound, and every variety of Blank Books furnished in a style equal to the best Northern work.

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

Orders sent through the post office should come free of postage.

DAVID CLEWELL, Salem, Stokes Co., N. C. Jan. 1845. 42—3mo.

### DYING & SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT

J. O'NEIL returns his sincere thanks to the citizens of Guilford County and its vicinity for the liberal patronage which he has received since his arrival in this place, more especially to the ladies. It is to them he is obligated for the best part of his encouragement. He begs leave to give a sentiment to wards them in return. To all those who are candidates for marriage may they soon be married to their desire, and that the married may always be happy! This is his sincere sentiment to the female class of all communities in all countries throughout the universe, more especially to the Ladies of Guilford, by whom he is now supported. He has been so kindly and liberally treated by both Ladies and Gentlemen since his commencement in this place, he has located himself permanently in Greensboro' and hopes that he will be a useful citizen in his line of business to the community. He has received a supply of dye stuffs from New York to suit the colors generally called for in this place: that is, Black, Blue-black, Red, Brown and Green of all shades from the darkest to the lightest, pea-green, light Blues from the darkest shade to mazarine or the palest shade of Blue. Gentlemen's clothing and Ladies' cloaks and cloth coats that have graced spots on them or have lost their brightness, he pledges himself to clean and renew them that they will look not inferior to new without injury to the texture, if the nap is not damaged. He assures his customers that he will spare no pains or care to please and accommodate all those who may favor him by their custom. Any orders with which he may be intrusted will be promptly attended to.

Greenboro' Feb. 13th, 1845. J. O'NEIL. 46 ft

### 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.

### Connel's Pain Extractor

FOR the cure of Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, Piles, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Corns, and general Sores of all kinds. From two to eight times cheaper than before, 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 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 they are 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 life, limb, or fear. 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 "Connel's Pain Extractor," at Constock & Co's, 21, Cortland St. New York. Price 25 cents or four times as much for 50 cts. and near ten times as much for a dollar.

A certain quantity is given every day to the poor in New York, and there is not a boy four years old in the city, but can tell all about this wonderful extractor of all pain. Sold wholesale by Constock & Co, 21 Cortland street, New York, J. & R. Sloan, Greensboro', J. P. Mabry, Lexington, and E. Belo, Salem N. Carolina. 46

# LOOK IN!

## NEW SPRING GOODS!

THE thanks of the subscriber are due to his numerous customers for their many favors bestowed for the last 21 months which have just elapsed since the opening of this store. For the future we shall aim to make our store more attractive, and hope to retain former customers, and add to our list many new ones. The Fall and Winter stock of goods being reduced to a skeleton, the store is now filling up with new, rich, cheap SPRING GOODS, such as black silks, dress silks of different styles, balgarens, lace, gingham, printed lawn, new style cork-mourning prints, light summer prints, a great variety, white goods, handkerchiefs, sheeting and shirting, some 3 yards wide, laces, cloths, cassimere, and summer cloths suitable for men's and boys wear, and a general variety of

### FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,

wholesale and retail. Also a large stock of GROCERIES, such as brown sugar, molasses, coffee, rice, macaroni, butter, lard, pepper, ginger, salt, pickles, cheese, raisins, sperm and tallow candles, glass 8 by 10, 10 by 12, 14 by 20, and 16 by 20.

Country produce taken in exchange, such as wheat, wheat, bacon, lard, corn, and almost anything else that the price can be agreed on.

April, 1845. W. J. MCCONNEL.

### SPRING AND SUMMER SUPPLY.

WILLIAM S. GILMER invites his old customers and the public to examine his late purchase of material for

### GENTLEMEN'S SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHING.

His assortment consists of Cloths, Cassimeres, Casimere, Vestings, Linens for Pantalions, &c.—comprising every variety of style from the finest and most durable article of CLOTHS to the most splendid checks and stripes. Particular attention is directed to his varied stock of LINEN GOODS for Summer wear.

He has on hand and will shortly receive almost every article of Gentlemen's Ready-Made Clothing requisite for the approaching warm season—Coats, Pantalions, Vests, Stocks, Bosoms, Collars, Suspenders, &c.

Work made to order at his establishment, in the latest style of fashion, and on accommodating terms.

East Street, Greensboro', April, 1845.

### Encourage Home Manufacture.

### PAPER MANUFACTURING AND BOOK BINDING IN SALEM, N. C.

The subscriber informs the public that he has purchased the Paper Mill at Salem, and is now putting it in a condition to do the best of work. He will shortly be prepared to supply any orders for Wrapping, Writing and Printing PAPER, Bonnet Boards, &c. Country merchants and others are informed that any quantity of clean Cotton or Linen RAGS, white or colored, will be taken in exchange for paper, blank books, or other articles.

The Book Binding continues in operation, where any works are bound, old books rebound, and every variety of Blank Books furnished in a style equal to the best Northern work.

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

Orders sent through the post office should come free of postage.

DAVID CLEWELL, Salem, Stokes Co., N. C. Jan. 1845. 42—3mo.

### DYING & SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT

J. O'NEIL returns his sincere thanks to the citizens of Guilford County and its vicinity for the liberal patronage which he has received since his arrival in this place, more especially to the ladies. It is to them he is obligated for the best part of his encouragement. He begs leave to give a sentiment to wards them in return. To all those who are candidates for marriage may they soon be married to their desire, and that the married may always be happy! This is his sincere sentiment to the female class of all communities in all countries throughout the universe, more especially to the Ladies of Guilford, by whom he is now supported. He has been so kindly and liberally treated by both Ladies and Gentlemen since his commencement in this place, he has located himself permanently in Greensboro' and hopes that he will be a useful citizen in his line of business to the community. He has received a supply of dye stuffs from New York to suit the colors generally called for in this place: that is, Black, Blue-black, Red, Brown and Green of all shades from the darkest to the lightest, pea-green, light Blues from the darkest shade to mazarine or the palest shade of Blue. Gentlemen's clothing and Ladies' cloaks and cloth coats that have graced spots on them or have lost their brightness, he pledges himself to clean and renew them that they will look not inferior to new without injury to the texture, if the nap is not damaged. He assures his customers that he will spare no pains or care to please and accommodate all those who may favor him by their custom. Any orders with which he may be intrusted will be promptly attended to.

Greenboro' Feb. 13th, 1845. J. O'NEIL. 46 ft

### 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.

### Connel's Pain Extractor

FOR the cure of Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, Piles, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Corns, and general Sores of all kinds. From two to eight times cheaper than before, 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 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 they are 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 life, limb, or fear. 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 "Connel's Pain Extractor," at Constock & Co's, 21, Cortland St. New York. Price 25 cents or four times as much for 50 cts. and near ten times as much for a dollar.

A certain quantity is given every day to the poor in New York, and there is not a boy four years old in the city, but can tell all about this wonderful extractor of all pain. Sold wholesale by Constock & Co, 21 Cortland street, New York, J. & R. Sloan, Greensboro', J. P. Mabry, Lexington, and E. Belo, Salem N. Carolina. 46

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

### Root's Penmanship

FOR SALE at the Drug Store, by D. P. WEIR.

# PETERSBURG MARKET.

## SPRING OF 1845.

WE are now ready for the Spring trade, having received our stock, just purchased, by one of our firm in person, in the best market, and at the lowest possible prices. We have on hand a very large assortment of every thing desirable in the drug business. All of the best quality.

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

Below we enumerate a few of our leading articles all of which, together with everything we sell, we warrant to be of the BEST QUALITY, and at 100 PER CENT. WHICH CANNOT FAIL TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

Epsom Salts  
Aloes  
G. Camphor  
Opium  
Sassafras  
Sage Leaf  
Cream Tartar  
Tartaric Acid  
Aloes  
Calomel (best)  
Supr. Car. Soda  
Rhubarb, Ipecac, Jalap  
Magnesia, Quicksilver  
Soda Powders  
Sedativs  
Balaam Copavia  
Castile Soap, G. Arabic  
Brunstone, Flower Sulphur  
Sulphate Morphine  
Acetate do  
Nurture do  
Sulph. Quinine  
Castor Oil (in bottles barrels)  
Sweet Oil do do  
Spirits Turpentine do do  
Best Salad Oil  
Liquorice (best Calabra)  
White Lead, (in kegs and casks)  
Litharge, Red Lead  
Crown Green  
Crown Yellow  
Crown Red

Wholesale Druggists, Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va. February 28, 1845.

### Something Good and Pretty.

RANK