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### SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT WEST.

FROM CAPT. FREMONT'S NARRATIVE.

We have before us the "Narrative of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the year 1842, and to Oregon and North California in the years 1843-44. By Brevet Captain J. C. Fremont, of the Topographical Engineers." It is a pamphlet of 278 pages, and consequently too long for us to pretend to present any thing like a synopsis by a connected review. But we have marked some passages of peculiar interest, which we propose to extract into our columns.

Capt. Fremont is now again on an expedition to the Great Basin of North California, under the order of the Government.

The extracts below are from the Narrative of his first expedition, and relate to the country on the upper waters of the Great Plate or Nebraska river. It should be mentioned that his party consisted of thirty-nine men, with the necessary animals and carts for transporting instruments, provisions, &c.

"July 1.—Along our road to-day the prairie bottom was more elevated and dry, and the hills which border the right side of the river higher, and more broken and picturesque in the outline. The country, too, was better timbered. As we were riding quietly along the bank, a grand herd of buffalo, some seven or eight hundred in number, came crowding up from the river, where they had been to drink, and commenced crossing the plain slowly, eating as they went. The wind was favorable; the coolness of the morning invited to exercise; the ground was apparently good, and the distance across the prairie (two or three miles) gave us a fine opportunity to charge them before they could get among the river hills. It was too fine a prospect for a chase to be lost; and, halting for a few moments, the hunters were brought up and saddled, and Kit Carson, Maxwell, and I, started together. They were now somewhat less than half a mile distant, and we rode easily along until within about three hundred yards, when a sudden agitation, a wavering in the band, and a galloping to and fro of some which were scattered along the skirts, gave us the intimation that we were discovered. We started together at a hand gallop, riding steadily abreast of each other, and here the interest of the chase became so engrossingly intense, that we were sensible to nothing else. We were now closing upon them rapidly, and the front of the mass was already in rapid motion for the hills, and in a few seconds the movement had communicated itself to the whole herd.

"A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear, and every now and then some of them faced about, and then dashed on after the band a short distance, and turned and looked again, as if more than half inclined to stand and fight. In a few moments, however, during which we had been quickening our pace, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane. When at about thirty yards, we gave the usual shout, (the hunter's *pus le charge*), and broke into the herd. We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction in their heedless course. Many of the bulls, less active and less fleet than the cows, paying no attention to the ground, and occupied solely with the hunter, were precipitated to the earth with great force, rolling over and over with the violence of the shock, and hardly distinguishable in the dust. We separated on entering, each singling out his game.

"My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the west under the name of *Prouen*, and, with his eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, and, rising in the stirrups, I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering at the termination of the long hair, and passing near the heart. She fell head long at the report of the gun, and, checking my horse, I looked around for my companions. A little distance, Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow which he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands, at some distance below, I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and while I was looking, a light wreath of white smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report. Nearer, and between me and the hills, towards which they were directing their course, was the body of the herd, and, giving my horse the rein, we dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear, which filled my mouth and eyes, and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffalo were not distinguishable until within thirty feet. They crowded together more densely still as I came upon them, and rushed along in such a compact body, that I could not obtain an entrance—the horse almost leaping upon them. In a few moments the mass divided to the right and left, the horns clattering with a noise heard above every thing else, and my horse dashed into the opening. Five or six bulls charged at me as we

dashed along the line, but were left far behind; and, singling out a cow, I gave her my fire, but struck too high. She gave a tremendous leap, and scoured on swifter than before. I reined up my horse, and the band swept on like a torrent, and left the place quiet and clear. Our chase had led us into dangerous ground. A prairie-dog village, so thickly dotted that there were three or four holes in every twenty yards square, occupied the whole bottom for nearly two miles in length. Looking around, I saw only one of the hunters, nearly out of sight, and the long dark line of our caravan crawling along, three or four miles distant. After a march of twenty-four miles, we encamped at nightfall, one mile and a half above the lower end of Brady's island. The breadth of this arm of the river was eight hundred and eighty yards, and the water nowhere two feet in depth."

"July 1.—The morning was very smoky, the sun shining dimly and red, as in a thick fog. The camp was roused with a salute at day-break, and from our scanty store a portion of what our Indian friends called the "red fire water" served out to the men. While we were at breakfast, a buffalo calf broke through the camp, followed by a couple of wolves. In its fright, it had probably mistaken us for a band of buffalo. The wolves were obliged to make a circuit around the camp, so that the calf got a little the start, and strained every nerve to reach a larger herd at the foot of the hills, about two miles distant; but first one, and then another, and another wolf joined in the chase, until his pursuers amounted to twenty or thirty, and they ran him down before he could reach his friends. There were a few bulls near the place, and one of them attacked the wolves, and tried to rescue him; but was driven off immediately, and the little animal fell an easy prey, half devoured before he was dead. We watched the chase with the interest always felt for the weak; and had there been a saddled horse at hand, he would have fared better. Leaving camp, our road soon approached the hills, in which strata of a marl like that of the Chimney rock, hereafter described, make their appearance. It is probably of this rock that the hills on the right bank of the Platte, a little below the junction, are composed, and which are worked by the winds and rains into sharp peaks and cones, giving them, in contrast to the surrounding level region, something of a picturesque appearance. We crossed this morning numerous beds of the small creeks which, in the time of rains and melting snow, pour down from the ridge, bringing down with them always great quantities of sand and gravel, which have gradually raised their beds four to ten feet above the level of the prairie, which they cross, making each one of them a miniature Po. Raised in this way above the surrounding prairie, without any bank, the long yellow and winding line of their beds resembles a causeway from the hills to the river. Many spots on the prairie are yellow with sunflower, (*Helianthus*.)

"As we were riding slowly along this afternoon, clouds of dust in the ravines, among the hills to the right, suddenly attracted our attention, and in a few minutes column after column of buffalo came galloping down, making directly to the river. By the time the leading herds had reached the water, the prairie was darkened with the dense masses. Immediately before us, when the bands first came down into the valley, stretched an unbroken line, the head of which was lost among the river hills on the opposite side; and still they poured down from the ridge on our right. From hill to hill, the prairie bottom was certainly not less than two miles wide; and, allowing the animals to be ten feet apart, and only ten in a line, there were already eleven thousand in view. Some idea may thus be formed of their number when they had occupied the whole plain. In a short time they surrounded us on every side; extending for several miles in the rear, and forward as far as the eye could reach; leaving around us, as we advanced, an open space of only two or three hundred yards. This movement of the buffalo indicated to us the presence of Indians on the North fork."

"July 8.—Journeying along, we came suddenly upon a place where the ground was covered with horses' tracks, which had been made since the rain, and indicated the immediate presence of Indians in our neighborhood. The buffalo, too, which the day before had been so numerous, were nowhere in sight—another sure indication that there were people near. Riding on, we discovered the carcass of a buffalo recently killed—perhaps the day before. We scanned the horizon carefully with the glass, but no living object was to be seen. For the next mile or two, the ground was dotted with buffalo carcasses, which showed that the Indians had made a surround here, and were in considerable force. We went on quickly and cautiously, keeping the river bottom, and carefully avoiding the hills; but we met with no interruption, and began to grow careless again. We had already lost one of our horses, and here Basil's mule showed symptoms of giving out, and finally refused to advance, being what the Canadians call *resté*. He therefore dismounted, and drove her along before him; but this was a very slow way of traveling. We had inadvertently got about half a mile in advance, but our Choyennes, who were generally a mile or two in the rear, remained with him. There were some dark-looking objects among the hills, about two

miles to the left, here low and undulating, which we had seen for a little time, and supposed to be buffalo coming in to water; but, happening to look behind, Maxwell saw the Cheyennes whipping up furiously, and another glance at the dark objects showed them at once to be Indians coming up at speed.

"Had we been well mounted, and disencumbered of instruments, we might have set them at defiance; but as it was, we were fairly caught. It was too late to rejoin our friends, and we endeavored to gain a clump of timber about half a mile ahead; but the instruments and the tired state of our horses did not allow us to go faster than a steady canter, and they were gaining on us fast. At first, they did not appear to be more than fifteen or twenty in number, but group after group darted into view at the top of the hills, until all the little eminences seemed in motion, and, in a few minutes from the time they were first discovered, two or three hundred, naked to the breech cloth, were sweeping across the prairie. In a few hundred yards we discovered that the timber we were endeavoring to make was on the opposite side of the river; and before we could reach the bank, down came the Indians upon us.

"I am inclined to think that in a few seconds more the leading man, and perhaps some of his companions, would have rolled in the dust; for we had jerked the covers from our guns, and our fingers were on the triggers; men in such cases generally act from instinct, and a charge from three hundred naked savages is a circumstance not well calculated to promote a cool exercise of judgment. Just as he was about to fire, Maxwell recognized the leading Indian, and shouted to him in the Indian language, 'You're a fool, G—damn you, don't you know me?' The sound of his own language seemed to shock the savage, and, swerving his horse a little, he passed us like an arrow. He wheeled, as I rode toward him, and gave me his hand, striking his breast and exclaiming, 'Arapaho!' They proved to be a village of that nation, among whom Maxwell had resided as a trader for a year or two previously, and recognized him accordingly. We were soon in the midst of the band, answering as well as we could a multitude of questions; of which the very first was, of what tribe were our Indian companions who were coming in the rear? They seemed disappointed to know that they were Cheyennes, for they had fully anticipated a grand dance around a Pawnee scalp that night.

"The chief showed us his village at a grove on the river six miles ahead, and pointed out a band of buffalo on the other side of the Platte, immediately opposite us, which he said they were going to surround. They had seen the band early in the morning from their village, and had been making a large circuit, to avoid giving them the wind, when they discovered us. In a few minutes the women came galloping up, astride on their horses, and naked from their knees down, and the hips up. They followed the men, to assist in cutting up and carrying off the meat."

"July 9.—This morning we caught the first faint glimpse of the Rocky Mountains, about sixty miles distant. Though a tolerably bright day, there was a slight mist, and we were just able to discern the snowy summit of 'Long's peak,' (*la montagne des neiges*) of the Canadians, showing like a small cloud near the horizon. I found it easily distinguishable, there being a perceptible difference in its appearance from the white clouds that were floating about the sky. I was pleased to find that among the traders and voyageurs the name of 'Long's peak' had been adopted and become familiar in the country."

### Passion and Prayer.

Or a Reason why Parents lose their Influence.

One defect spoils the beauty of a piece of mechanism, and one fault cripples the influence of a parent. The most prominent reason we know of, why religious parents are often without successful moral influence over their children is, because they don't take care of their temper. They teach well, pray well, advise well, but a bad temper neutralizes all.

"Father's cross!" said a little girl to her eldest sister one day, after being corrected. That impression outweighed all consideration of her own fault in that child's mind. If she had committed one wrong, her father had done another, and why should she be punished? Take another fact: A man of very sensitive feelings, prayed one morning with deep emotion in his family—emotion amounting to tears; for he was a very sensitive man. Rising from his knees he went out at the back door, and lo! a sight which transformed his very pious feeling into passion. His boy Joe had left the swill pail at the door, and during breakfast the cow had kicked it over and broken it. Flying into a whirlwind of passion, he kicked poor Brindle, cuffed his forgetful boy Joe, and fell into a most graceless frame of mind. Alas, for such a parent! Even poor Brindle herself would almost pronounce his religion a form, and as for the boy Joe, he could but fancy his father a hypocrite, while smarting under the strokes of his angry cuffs, with the echo of the morning prayer still lingering in his ears. What wonder if that boy should reject the gospel, despise his parents, and become a bad man? Better for the father not to pray than to follow his petitions with such passionate outbreaks. Let parents, we say again, especially religious parents, look well to their tempers.

### The Flight of Captain Crabtree.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

Captain Ebenezer Simcox was a dapper little fellow, who had an exalted opinion of his own merits and good looks, who took great pleasure in decorating his person, especially when about to enter into the company of the ladies. He was a little choleric in his temper, but smart as a steel-trap, and always on shore looked as nice as a new pin, or as if he had just been taken out of a band-box marked "this side up with care."

Captain Simcox once commanded the ship *Spouter*, of Providence, on a voyage to Copenhagen. One evening, at a party, he formed an acquaintance with an odd-looking German nobleman who seemed quite pleased with the conversation and bearing of the gentlemanly Yankee. A few days afterward, his friend the American consul put in his hands a note, written on embossed gilt edged paper, (not so common in those days as now,) and with armorial bearings on the seal. "What's in the wind, now?" exclaimed the Yankee with a look of surprise, as he drew off his kid gloves and opened the note.

"An invitation from Count Wogonostrofsky to dine, I expect," replied the worthy Consul.

"I believe it is," remarked Simcox with a smile which was soon changed into a terrible frown as he read these words:

"Count Wogonostrofsky's compliments to Captain Ebenezer Simcox, Esq. and would be much happy to be honored with his company to dinner on Wednesday next at six o'clock in the evening."

N. B. It is expected that Captain Simcox will not make his appearance at table without his shirt—as ladies will be present. A dickey alone will not do."

It is difficult to conceive of the rage which burned within the bosom of Captain Simcox, on reading this insulting letter. Although a pigmy in size he was a giant in spirit. "What does the rascal mean?" said he with a grin of defiance. "Dickey indeed! I will go forth and pull the villain's nose in the public gardens. Even the presence of the king himself shall not screen him from the chastisement he deserves." Saying this, the redoubtable Simcox seized his cane, a rattan switch, with a convulsive grasp, and was about to sally forth in quest of Count Wogonostrofsky.

The Consul, with a quiet smile, saw the exciting effect which was produced by the harmless looking missive. "Stop," said he, as he gently laid his hand on the arm of his friend. "What is the matter?"

"The scoundrel!" sputtered the furious Yankee—the sour crout-eating, gin-drinking Hessian sends me an invitation to dinner, and says that as ladies will be present, I must not come without my shirt! Let me go, my friend. I beg of you—I long to be at him. I'll learn him to play off his jokes on a Yankee. Dickey indeed."

"But there is no occasion to hurry," added the Consul, after indulging in a hearty laugh—"you can as well give him his lesson half an hour hence as now. I have a little story to tell you, which may possibly account for the Count's singular message, that has so very naturally excited your choleric. After you have heard what I have to say, if you are determined to give the Count a thrashing—why peg away, that's all."

Captain Simcox, with a dogged air, turned round, looked in his friend's face, which was lighted up by a meaning smile, and threw himself on an ottoman saying—"You are right; there is no hurry—I can flog the rascal as well an hour hence as now—so heave ahead, my fine fellow, as there is surely no time to be lost. But don't think to change my purpose—for a terrible flogging I will give him as sure as—"

"Poh, my dear fellow, don't make rash resolutions: The Count is a good fellow enough, and had not the least idea of insulting you."

"What! ask a man to join his dinner party and insinuate that he never wears a shirt, and yet intend no insult?—The idea is preposterous, and the little man brought his fist down upon a table, which was conveniently near, with a violence that threatened to demolish it."

"Count Wogonostrofsky," resumed the Consul, without seeming to notice the fury of the Yankee, "is a German noble, of great wealth, and is distinguished for his hospitality to strangers. He has always admired the character of the American and for years after he located himself in this city, was fond of forming acquaintance with respectable and intelligent Yankees, and inviting them to his house and his parties, where they always found a large and select company, and good entertainment."

About a year ago a large American ship, the *Backwoodsman*, of Boston, arrived here from Pernambuco, after a long passage of seventy-five days. The Count fell in with the captain, whose name was Crabtree, soon after the ship hauled into the inner harbor. He found him an honest, open-hearted sailor, liked him, and invited him to dine with him that very afternoon, which Crabtree unthinkingly accepted.

"He got through his business with all possible despatch, and hurried on board his ship, to adorn and beautify himself for the dinner party; he entered his state room, and in a few minutes his gruff voice was heard calling for the steward. That important functionary soon opened the door of the state-room, and thrust within it his sable visage."

"Steward!" exclaimed the skipper, with a tremendous accent indicating alarm, "find me a clean shirt!"

"Clean shirts all gone sare."

"All gone? What do you mean? Get me a shirt at once, don't stand grinning there."

"Your last clean shirt, massa captain, you put on yesterday morning, when you came ashore, and that would hardly keep together, it was so old, and all the others have gone to be washed!"

"Here's a pretty predicament," growled Crabtree, "invited to dinner, and can't go for want of a shirt! Oh! it is too bad, steward, what shall I do?"

"Better wear the old one, sare," suggested the steward.

"That's out of the question, snowball," replied Crabtree, "I found it unseaworthy when I took it off, and threw it out of the cabin window."

"Ah!" said Crabtree, "that's very bad! I expect I shall have to land you one of my check shirts that I scrubbed nice and clean in the salt water 't'other day."

"Be off, you stupid blockhead. You lend me a checked shirt! Away with you, on deck," and as the steward, with a broad grin overhanging the whole of his face, successfully dodged a "Bowditch's Epitome" aimed at his head, and darted up the companion way, Captain Crabtree's countenance kindled with a gleam of satisfaction. I have it," said he, "I have it," he repeated, with all the enthusiastic joy of the old Syracusean sage when he untied a knotty problem in mathematics—and he hastened to avail himself of the wise thought which had just popped itself into his noddle.

Now Captain Crabtree had a very neat dickey in his trunk. A dickey, as every one knows, is, or was, a shirt bosom, a handsome collar attached, and which served on a pinch as a very good apology for a shirt—indeed dandies in those days often dispensed with a shirt for weeks and months together. Crabtree, with a degree of presence of mind and fruitfulness in expedients, which were characteristic of that worthy seaman, resolved to fret himself no longer for the absent shirt, but to make the dickey do double duty on the important occasion.

He arrayed himself accordingly, looked in his glass, and admired his appearance. He felt cool and comfortable, too—and that was something gained on a sultry day in July. He even began to entertain the idea of discarding altogether, as superfluous, that article of dress which he had hitherto considered indispensable, especially when in full dress. In the meantime as he had a strange habit of throwing off his coat when oppressed with heat, without much regard to his company or circumstances, he took the precaution to prevent such an awkward occurrence on the present occasion, by stitching his coat and his black velvet vest together.

At the appointed hour, Capt Crabtree entered the mansion of the German nobleman, where he was received with marked courtesy by the Count and introduced to a good company of ladies and gentlemen principally natives of Denmark. Crabtree understood no language but his mother tongue but by dint of a tolerable assurance and emphatic gestures, he got along tolerably well. Dinner passed off—and the wine, as is usual abroad, circulated freely. Crabtree found himself somewhat in a melting mood, and soon ceased to remember the peculiarity of his costume.

When dinner was over, he was challenged by a lady to play a game of billiards. The greater part of the company adjourned to the billiard room to be witnesses of the game—and the captain, after a few unsuccessful strokes with his cue, involuntarily essayed to throw off his coat, declaring that he could never play well with that heavy garment on. The coat clung with a sort of fraternal affection to the vest, but the impetuous sailor could not take the hint, or brook delay. Another desperate effort, a couple of buttons gave way, and the coat and vest, being unwilling to part company, were both stripped off, and thrown triumphantly on a chair! When lo! the captain stood in the midst of the assembly, grasping his cue with a business like air, arrayed as if for a pugilistic contest in the prize ring!

A scream from the ladies, and some emphatic exclamations from the gentlemen, first reminded the forgetful sailor that something was wrong.—He glanced at his bare arms, then caught a view of his whole person in a large mirror, and the truth rushed upon his mind like a flash of lightning.—The dickey was doing all it could to supply the place of a more ample garment, but it was woefully deficient in dimensions—and to the astonished captain seemed shrunk to half its usual size!

Captain Crabtree dropped his cue, gave a sort of convulsive jump, which would do credit to a harlequin vaulter, uttered a loud demi-savage salt-water howl, which was heard a mile off, and scampered down stairs into the street, regardless of the blushes of the ladies or the storm of hisses and revilings from the scandalized gentlemen.—He stopped not, but flew through the streets, looking like a frightened madman, while the wondering populace shouted and clapped their hands, or sprang aside to give him a fair field for his race. This only added to his speed, and in a few minutes he was snugly moored in his state room, on board his good ship with the door closed behind him and securely bolted. The flight of Captain Crabtree was a theme of story and song for months afterward—and those who beheld it, will never forget it until their dying day.

As for Count Wogonostrofsky, he hardly knew what to make of it—at first, he was disposed to resent it as a deliberate affront, and soon Crabtree a polite and pressing invitation to meet him in the

Deer Park to settle the affair with pistols. An explanation, however, disarmed the good-hearted German of his wrath and provoked his mirth—and he dearly loves to tell the story to every stranger who visits his house. He formed a resolution at the time, however, to be cautious how he invited "old salts" at his select parties in future—and solemnly declared that if he ever again asked a Yankee shipmaster to dine with him, he would caution him to bring a shirt along with him! You my dear fellow, are the first Yankee whom he had honored with an invitation since Capt. Crabtree's "hegira."

Such was the Consul's story. Simcox whose anger had been gradually oozing away at the corners of his mouth, while he listened to the adventure of Crabtree, laughed heartily at its close—and Count Wogonostrofsky was suffered to escape with a whole skin.

### LOOK ABOVE.

BY JAMES WEAVER.

Oppressed with many woes, we fly  
To transient joys to seek relief:  
Alas! we learn they're all a cheat,  
The sweetest evanore most brief.

And if to friends we turn, in hope  
Some solace for our lot to find,  
Too oft we mourn their faithlessness,  
Inconstant as the shifting wind.

The brightest hour precedes the storm,  
The sunset fades to darkest gloom,  
And all of life we know proclaims  
It soon will perish in the tomb!

Then if no peace this earth affords,  
Turn from its cheats and look above,  
Where heavenly skies are ever bright,  
And all is purity and love!

### Scenes After a Battle.

War is not the holiday thing we see now and then on our peaceful parade grounds. We must look for the reality elsewhere; and, if you would conceive what it really is, take an account like the following, written by a clergyman on the spot, of scenes he witnessed after the battle of Soladin:

"At one o'clock," says he, "the cannonading ceased; and I went on foot to Soladin in order to learn to whose advantage the battle had turned out. Towards evening seven hundred of the Russian fugitives came to Soladin, a painful sight indeed; some holding up their hands cursing and swearing; others praying and praising the King of Prussia—without hats, without clothes; some on foot, others two on a horse, with their heads and arms tied up; some dragging along by the stirrups, and others by the horses' tails.

"When the battle was decided and victory shouted for the Prussian army, I ventured to the place where the cannonading was. After walking some way, a Cossack's horse came running full speed toward me. I mounted him, and on my way for seven miles and a half on this side the field of battle I found the dead and the wounded lying on the ground sadly cut in pieces. This further I advanced the more these poor creatures lay heaped one upon another.

"That scene I shall never forget. The Cossacks, as soon as they saw me, cried out, 'Dear sir, water! WATER! WATER! Righteous God! what a sight! Men, women, and children, Russians and Prussians, carriages and horses, oxen, chests and baggage, all lying one upon another to the height of a man! Seven villages around were in flames, and the inhabitants either massacred or thrown into the fire!

"The poor wounded—what a horrid exhibition of the war-spirit—were still firing at one another in the greatest exasperation! The field of battle was a plain two miles and a half long, and wholly covered with dead and wounded; there was not even room enough to set my foot without treading on some of them! Several brooks were so filled up with Russians that I do affirm: *they lay heaped one upon another as high as two men and appeared like hills to the even ground!*

"I could hardly recover myself from the fright occasioned by the miserable outcry of the wounded. A noble Prussian officer, who had lost both his legs, cried out to me, 'Sir, you are a priest, and preach mercy; pray show me some compassion and dispatch me at once.'"

Here is war; and can the disciples of the Prince of Peace sanction such a mode of settling disputes between rational civilized Christian men—between nations any more than individuals? In all this, what is there which the Gospel can approve, or on which a God of peace and love can look with complacency? Yet such things are inseparable from war; a part of its legitimate, designed, inevitable results.

### Man's Progress.

Animals make no progress. The hexagonal cells of bees were as accurately measured and finished a thousand years ago as they are at the present day. It is not so with man, who is born for eternity. He is ignorant at first, but constantly acquires knowledge; not only from his own experience, but from the accumulated wisdom of his predecessors. Men are now very nearly in the same condition that the ancient philosophers would have arrived in if they could have lived till our times, constantly adding to their knowledge what they might have acquired by study, during so many centuries. All the generations of men during so many ages, ought to be considered only as one man. Hence how improper it is to respect







# THE PATRIOT

GREENSBOROUGH,

Saturday Morning, December 6, 1845

We take the liberty to suggest Thursday the 1st day of January, as a suitable time for the Whig people of Guilford to assemble in the court-house, to appoint Delegates to the State Convention which is to be held in Raleigh to select a candidate for Governor.

Guilford county will be prepared to give the candidate a big vote next August—he has therefore a right to a loud voice in the nomination. Let her be heard.

## FROM WASHINGTON.

We have not received any Congressional intelligence except the following, which came under the postscript head of the Raleigh Standard of Wednesday:

"We learn by the Mail of this morning that the two Houses of Congress met and organized on Monday last at 12 o'clock. JOHN W. DAVIS, of Indiana, was elected Speaker of the House. Vote: Davis, democrat, 120; Vinton, whig, 72."

The Message of President Polk will no doubt reach us by this evening's mail.

## THE MORMONS.

On the opposite page may be seen a very interesting compilation of intelligence concerning this singular people. They seem now determined to remove to the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains, and will go off in no very good humor with the United States in general—and Illinois in particular. The Washington Union concurs with a contemporary in the belief that "our government should look to this matter in season," and goes on to say—"With angry and fanatical feelings such as the Mormons would carry with them, our own citizens would find them 'troublesome customers,' let the tide of emigration be directed to Oregon or to California." The Editor of the Union understands that the number of Mormons is already estimated at 57,000.

## THE MEMPHIS CONVENTION.

An abstract of Mr. CALHOUN's address to the late Memphis Convention, with the Resolutions adopted by the Convention, may be seen on the opposite page.

Much information is to be gathered from Mr. Calhoun's remarks; and the good policy of his recommendations will be generally assented to. The great works of improvement indicated would form so many additional bonds to our beloved Union, and we confess that we are rejoiced to find them sanctioned by the great man whose devotion to the Union we have heretofore had so much reason to doubt.

But it must not be considered ill-natured, if we remark that others as well as ourselves could not but perceive, at once, the dilemma in which Mr. C. has involved himself—between his beloved State rights doctrine, and that of internal improvements by the General Government. The following remarks on this subject, by the Raleigh "Independent," are in no bad spirit—and they are true:

"It is a little singular that Mr. Calhoun and his friends should call on the General Government to perform these works of internal improvement, because they are 'unpracticable by State or individual enterprise.' They have thus abandoned the ground for which they have so long contended, and assumed that for which they have abused Mr. Clay and the whig party, without stint or mercy. We never heard that the whigs desired internal improvements by the General Government, when States and individuals could do the work. The same necessity was urged by them that is now urged in the Memphis Convention.

"We do not record this fact in a censorious spirit, against Mr. Calhoun or the democratic members of the Convention. They have but said they are 'wiser to-day than they were yesterday,' and in the case of Mr. Calhoun, it is pleasant to see a great mind becoming conscious of its errors, and willing to correct them.

"But we do condemn the manner of electioneering which we have seen and shall still see adopted by the democratic leaders, by which the people are grossly deceived. We shall still have the caption, 'No internal improvement by the General Government,' in the very teeth of those recommendations to Congress—and while internal improvements by the General Government receive the high sanction and potent influence of democrats in a Convention, we shall find stump politicians railing against the whigs for supporting the doctrine. Such is the character of the party with which the whigs have to contend—such the hypocrisy that marks its iniquitous career."

## GREENSBOROUGH HIGH SCHOOL.

The winter session of this institution commenced last Wednesday, under favorable prospects. The Board of Trustees have assigned to Rev. E. W. Caruthers the office of President of the School.

JOHN C. CALHOUN was on the 26th ult. elected by the Legislature of South Carolina Senator in the Congress of the United States, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Rizer.

By a late report of the Grand Jury of New York, it is ascertained that of the 1,328 inmates of the Bellevue almshouse, 812 are natives of the United States, and 516 are foreigners. In the lunatic asylum, on Blackwell's Island, of the 387 inmates, 138 are natives of the United States, and 249 are foreigners.

## OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

Some of our citizens, who have been unfortunate in getting the "hang" of the Common Schools, are disposed to grumble at the system. The system is not to blame; it is as good as could be expected under the embarrassments attending its establishment; but difficulties have occurred, and may still be looked for in the carrying out of details. Nothing is wanting to its ultimate success but *patience and perseverance*. Let this be your motto, fellow citizens, one and all. Your time, your money, your best energies, devoted to this institution of Common Schools, are applied to a far nobler purpose than the erection of colleges and universities the benefits of which can only be conferred on the wealthy few. The cultivation and elevation of the masses, should be the constant paramount object of every free citizen. That object attained, human freedom is safe. And how—and where—can it be attained, except in Common Schools?

If complainers, and all, could be imbued with the spirit of the following remarks from a Northern paper, the difficulties of the system would soon vanish before their united and harmonious efforts. We commend to every head of a family the advice here given:

"Now is the time for our farmers to commence preparing for the winter school. We are afraid the importance of this business is too much underrated. In the first place, it is all important that the school room should be a comfortable house; not a rickety old barn with half the windows out and the wind howling through the cracks. Children cannot study, with every thing uncomfortable around them. Their health must be attended to, unless you wait them coming home at night with colds, coughs and fevers, and before the winter is half out, compelled to stay at home, and lose half the benefit of the school. Then, we beg you not to hire a teacher, because you can get his services cheaply. Your cheap teachers are not the thing. This education is a matter for life; and economy in this business is misplaced. Your boys and girls are forming habits, and receiving impressions which last always. A good farmer would not engage a vicious or incompetent man to break his cattle for him—no, not if he would do it at half price. And lastly, when you have got a good school house and a good teacher, don't imagine that you have finished the business. Every man, who sends to the school, should take interest enough in it, to call in occasionally, and see how the school comes on. A farmer would hardly set a stranger at work in his field, and pay him a sound price, without looking in to see if the business went on properly. Let the teacher feel, and the children see that you attach some kind of importance to their mental and moral training; it will encourage and stimulate them both to greater usefulness and activity."

## HOPKINS L. TURNER.

Mr. Hopkins L. Turner, the newly elected Senator from Tennessee, has had the bad luck to make his Democratic fellow creatures 'mad as flugens.' But they made him mad first, and he turned State's evidence. The majority of the party in the Legislature, it seems, wanted to elect Mr. Polk's man Nicholson; but the Whigs joined a small remnant of the Democrats in the promotion of the 'lesser evil.' Mr. Turner has made a publication defending himself against the Nicholson & Polk portion of the Tennessee Democracy, in which he goes for distribution of the proceeds of the public lands among the States; pronounces the tariff doctrine laid down in Mr. Polk's "Kane letter" an absurdity; and charges the President with "exercising his influence, private and official," to secure the election of Mr. Nicholson. It is that "last brick-bat" that hurts the Democracy! The Raleigh Standard regards it as "a foul libel upon the character of the President." May-be so. But we more than suspect that Mr. Turner feels himself in a position in which it is justifiable to "tell tales out of school"—hurt whom it may.

WEBSTER'S HEAD.—Soon after Hiram Powers went to Europe he received a visit from Thorwaldsen, the greatest living sculptor, whose attention, on casting his eye around the studio, was attracted by the bust of Webster. Mr. Powers says—"He examined it with great attention. 'This,' said he, 'must be the bust of Mr. Webster. No modern resembles him in character. I never saw anything that approached the sublimity I see here, except a few antique heads. But the expression surpasses every bust I ever saw, Greek or Roman. I doubt if ever he had an equal.' After a long and careful examination of Mr. Webster's head, he stood back a few steps from it, and again taking off his hat, he declared with surprise, 'I never saw so grand a head before!'"

THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.—Mr. Cist, of Cincinnati, in the late Memphis Convention, moved a resolution in favor of removing the Seat of Government of the United States into the Valley of the Mississippi. It was voted down, unanimously, with the exception of the mover and seconder.

"The time is not yet"—but it will come! The glory must depart from the Atlantic border, and comparatively little be left to its memory but its battle-fields. It is destiny! "Westward the star of empire takes its way."

## FAMINE IN IRELAND.

A letter from Dublin to the New York Tribune says:—"Here this letter shall have reached you, the famine will actually have commenced, and whatever may be done in the interim here to avert its evils, immense suffering must ensue. Could I detail to you the many cases of wretchedness and want daily coming under our observation I believe it would rouse our country to immediate and energetic action. But I need not detail them. It is not enough that six millions of human beings in Ireland and England are within eight weeks of starvation? But I cannot pursue the awful subject. Help! oh, help! ye who can! Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers—friends of humanity, children of a common Father, your brothers and sisters are starving. Here I leave the entire matter, mournful as it is, for the profound and solemn consideration of the American people; and may God open their hearts to do unto others as they would under reverse circumstances have others do to them."

The New Orleans Bulletin criticizes, with earnestness, Mr. C. J. Ingersoll's History of the late War. It is remarkable that one who was an important actor in the times of which he writes, should have fallen into the error of noting the battle of New Orleans as following that of Waterloo—yet this passage occurs:

"Nothing was wanting to his amazing triumphs, but that Wellington, instead of Pakenham, as was at first intended, should have headed the invasion of Louisiana, that Jackson might tear from the brow of Napoleon the conqueror the laurels of Waterloo."

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—In the Senate of Georgia, on the 21st, a bill for the protection of the rights and property of married women, after discussion and amendment, was passed, by yeas 23 to nays 20.

The great object of the bill is the securing of all the property of the wife owned before marriage, as well as that of which she becomes possessed afterwards by purchase, devise, gift or otherwise, with all its natural increase, to the benefit of herself and children free from the debts or contracts of the husband. The artificial increase or income of the estate, over and above the support and maintenance of the family, and the education of the children, is to be the property of the husband. The details are such as are deemed the most judicious by its friends for carrying out and enforcing through the Courts, this leading object of the bill. Good.

The trial of the Abolitionists, (citizens of Ohio,) who were concerned in abducting slaves from Virginia, came on at Parkersburg, Va., on the 17th inst. The jury, says the Baltimore Patriot, found a special verdict, which rested on the question, whether the defendant's were within the jurisdiction of Virginia; at the time of the act, and this is to be settled by the General Court at Richmond. Virginia claims that her jurisdiction extends to the West bank of the Ohio river, and the question is, what is to be regarded as the West bank.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPHY, are being rapidly erected on various routes. The line between New York and Philadelphia will be in operation in a few days, and the line from Philadelphia to Harrisburg in a few weeks. The line between Philadelphia and Baltimore is expected to be in operation in January. Upwards of one thousand miles in extent will be operating early in the spring. There has been some difficulty in arranging the charges for communications for the public presses, not yet adjusted. The tube across East River, that was fished up by an anchor, has been replaced.

77 MILES LV. for challenging MOSES CALLAWAY to a rencontre with deadly weapons, has been tried and found guilty of a breach of the law against duelling, in such case made and provided, in the State of Alabama. Judge Goldwaite, has sentenced him to one year's imprisonment in the State Penitentiary, at hard labor. This is the first conviction under the statute.

THE GREAT GUN.—We learn from the New York Express that the great gun, brought over by the ship John R. Skiddy, weighs 8 tons, or about 16,000 pounds. The duty on it amounted to \$1,100. The freight on it cost about \$250. The consignee, R. Kermit, Esq., paid \$30 for hoisting and landing it on the wharf. It took a large truck and seven or eight horses to move it.

Thorwaldsen's statue of Lord Byron, after lying some twenty years in the vaults of the custom-house, having been refused a place in Westminster Abbey by the dean and chapter, was set up in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge (England,) at the close of October.

The Legislatures of South Carolina and Virginia are both in session, and the Messages of their Executives are before the public.

THE NEW BOAT.—On a casual visit to the River Landing a few days ago, we had the pleasure of seeing in operation, for the first time, the new Steam Boat built by the Henrietta Company, (making the third steamer now owned by that Company.) She is a beautiful boat, and performed a short experimental trip very well. But what is the best of all, she is of lighter draft than any Steam Boat ever built or run upon our waters—actually drawing, with all her machinery on board, only from 11 to 16 inches; and with a load sufficient for the Henrietta, she will only draw as much water as the latter boat without a load. This is the description of boats we have long wanted on our river. In almost the worst state of the river she will be able to run empty, and tow up the loaded flat boats. She is as yet without a name, we believe.

Since the above was in type, we learn that the new boat left on Saturday, with a small freight, drawing only 12 inches water. She is capable of carrying about 1200 sacks of Salt. Country Merchants may now, it is believed, order their goods by Wilmington with a moral certainty that they will come cheaper and quicker than by any other route.—Fayetteville Observer.

RAILROAD FROM RALEIGH TO FAYETTEVILLE.—There are indications that we are much nearer to the commencement of this enterprise than we supposed a few weeks ago. The sale of the Raleigh and Gaston Road, which is positively to take place on the 23rd of this month, has thoroughly drawn public attention to the subject; and plans are understood to be now forming, for the purchase of the Road, with a view to its extension South to Camden. The last Raleigh Star says:—"We understand there is a strong probability that the State will be overbid for the Raleigh and Gaston Road, which is to be sold on the 23rd December with the view of connecting it with the South Carolina road."

We understand from various sources, that those interested in the Rail Road North and South of us are exceedingly anxious to form a connection on this the Metropolitan Route. In this place a very large subscription may not be made, under the circumstances at present existing; but it will be such, we doubt not, as will manifest a disposition to do our part in a work of so much importance to us; which will make this one of the great thoroughfares of travel—a travel which has materially increased, and will be still greatly added to by the improvements in Georgia. We learn that the Rail Roads in that State are now rapidly approaching the Tennessee River; and it is even said that in a few weeks the Mail from Nashville, Tenn., will take this direction, in which it will be conveyed 48 hours quicker than on the Western route. This must turn a heavy current of travel this way, which would be perhaps quadrupled if the connection were complete, and the Rail Road communication continuous through North and South Carolina.—Fayetteville Observer.

REBUILDING THE LAFAYETTE HOTEL.—We have great pleasure in stating, that the full amount necessary to accomplish this object, so important to the best interests of our town, was subscribed a few days ago, and that the work will be immediately commenced on the old site, but on a plan even more extensive and convenient than were the buildings destroyed. The buildings are to front 140 feet on Hay Street, and 120 feet on Donaldson Street, and to embrace, besides the Hotel, a large Hall for the Old Fellows Lodge and five tenements for Stores.

As to the other portions of the burnt district, the work of rebuilding has been much retarded by the difficulty in procuring Lime; but notwithstanding, there are twenty substantial fire proof Stores, besides warehouses, either completed and occupied, or nearly ready for the tenants. Others will soon be commenced.—Fayetteville Observer.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT SOCIETY.—has, we learn, decided upon commencing the work upon the proposed Monument to the Memory of WASHINGTON so soon as a suitable site can be obtained in this city for that purpose. A very fine design for the Monument, prepared by Mr. ROBERT SMITH, Architect, of this city, has been adopted, and has been ordered to be lithographed and sold in aid of the funds of the Society.

The cost of the execution of this design will not exceed two hundred thousand dollars; towards which the Society has in hands upwards of fifty thousand dollars. Reasonable expectations are entertained that the residue of the necessary sum will be realized by another appeal to the patriotism of the American People. We cannot suffer ourselves to doubt that this reliance will be fully justified by the event.

We learn that Col. Pitchlynn, of the Choctaw nation, is now in this city, and will remain during the winter, as the representative of his people, for the purpose of conducting and settling their business with the Government, which mission, we are sure, from the high character of the agent, will be well discharged.

Three nations of Indians are now represented here: the Choctaws, Cherokees, and Pottawatomies. And the presence of their ambassadors suggests the apprehension that there must have been some defect in the management of their business heretofore, or that they are preparing to assume it may be, a higher rank as members of the human family, and desire to place their affairs on such a solid basis as will enable them to do so.—Nat. Int.

FIGHTING BOSS.—Gen. GREEN, in his History of the Texan Expedition against Mier, observes that those Texan soldiers who had the most bloody motives painted upon their caps were the last to prove them true, and he does not recollect seeing one with a "liberty or death" motto who did not take the liberty of returning home a little too soon.

It is aptly enough remarked by the Baltimore American that the illustration here given of loud-talking bravery should be kept in mind when we hear noisy declaimers about war treating it as though it would be to them a mere holiday amusement.

DIVORCES IN CONNECTICUT.—The law of Connecticut allows or compels the Court to grant divorces where either husband or wife are habitually intemperate. At the late session of the Supreme Court in New Haven county no less than thirteen divorces were granted.

MARRIED.—At Fair Grove church, Guilford County, on Sunday the 20th November, by the Rev. Adam Clarke Harris, Mr. IRA D. REID, of Rockingham, to Miss MARY ELIZA THOMAS, daughter of the Rev. Willis Harris, of Granville county.

DIED.—At her residence in Stokes county, on the 20th ult. in the sixty-ninth year of her age, Mrs. MARTHA WOLFF, widow of the late Daniel Wolff. The life of the deceased was a practical illustration of the benefits resulting to her children, neighbors and friends, from the exercise of those christian and social virtues which not only fitted her for the discharge of every duty in this life, but gave her a confident assurance of happiness in that undying state of existence to which she has been called. [Continued]

## 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

## NOTICE.

HAVING been qualified as Administrators on the estate of John W. Caldwell, deceased, we will on the 23rd day of December, 1845, at the courthouse door in Greensboro, proceed to hire the negro slaves of said deceased, consisting of men, women, boys, girls and children. Bond with approved security will be required. Conditions made known on the day of hiring.

All persons indebted to the estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those persons having claims against the estate are requested to present them within the time prescribed by law, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of a recovery.

ROBERT C. CALDWELL, Adm.  
MARGARET CALDWELL, Adm.  
December 2nd, 1845.

## Etna Insurance Company.

Agency in Milton, Caswell county, N. Carolina.

THIS highly respected and long established Agent of the Etna Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, for the counties of Orange, Guilford, Granville, Person, Caswell and Rockingham, in North Carolina, and for the counties of Putnam, Halifax and Mecklenburg, in Virginia, including the towns of Danville, Competition, Halifax C. H. and Clarksville, he is prepared to receive applications and issue Policies of insurance against losses by Fire, on houses, goods, wares, and merchandise, including manufactured work of every kind. The amount of premium will range from one to three per cent, according to the nature and risk. Blank checkbooks and surveys will be furnished, on application to the undersigned, by letter or otherwise.

JOHN JAMES M. PALMER, of Hillsborough, Dr. J. I. M. LINDSEY, of Greensboro, and BENJAMIN C. COOK, Esq. of Oxford, have been appointed Sub-Agents, who will make surveys, and policies of insurance will be issued through them.

The property of effecting an insurance on property daily exposed to loss by fire, a calamity of frequent occurrence of late, must be evident to every reflecting mind.

When the destructive fire occurred in Fayetteville, some years ago, but few were insured, and the loss to many was their all. At the late fire most of them were either wholly or partially insured; and some had negligently suffered their policies to expire without renewing them.

NATHANIEL J. PALMER, 303

Milton, N. C., Oct. 1st, 1845.

## GAINES, RICHES & CO.

SYCOMORE STREET, PETERSBURG, VA.

Dealers in Books, Piano-fortes, Music, Musical Instruments, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.

All of which will be sold at Northern prices.

EDMUND P. GAINES, RICHARD RICHES, HARRY B. GAINES

## STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, MOORE

County. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, October Term, 1845.

Joseph Cook, adm'r. of William Cook, vs. David Cook & others.

Petition for settlement.

On this case appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that David Cook, Lydia Norvell, Martha and Emily Horsey, William P. Cook, defendants in this case, are not inhabitants of this State—it is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made as to them for six weeks in the Greensboro Patriot, for them to appear at the next term of this Court on the fourth Monday of January, 1846, at the Court House in Carthage, and plead, answer, or demur to the petition filed in this case, or the same will be taken pro confesso and set for hearing, and heard ex parte as to them.

Witness, Alexander C. Curry, Clerk of our said Court, at office the 4th Monday of October, A.D. 1845.

Pravdy \$5 A. C. CURRY, Clerk.

## STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, MOORE

County. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, October Term, 1845.

Mary Arnold vs. Henry Arnold & others.

Petition for Dower.

In this case appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that David Arnold, Robert Arnold & Martha his wife, Dudley House, Jr. & Mary S. House his wife—defendants in this case, are not inhabitants of this State—it is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made as to them for six weeks in the Greensboro Patriot, for them to appear at the next term of this Court, on the fourth Monday of January, 1846, at the Court House in Carthage, and plead, answer, or demur to the petition filed in this case, or the same will be taken pro confesso and set for hearing, and heard ex parte as to them.

Witness, Alexander C. Curry, Clerk of our said Court, at office the 4th Monday of October, A.D. 1845.

Pravdy \$5 A. C. CURRY, Clerk.

## PIANO-FORTES.

GAINES, RICHES, & CO.

WILL sell Piano Fortes for cash or town acceptance, at lower prices than the same description and quality of instruments were ever before offered in this market. They keep none on hand except those of the most approved makers, which they will invariably warrant to purchasers. One of the firm having served a regular apprenticeship at the business, enables him at once to detect any deficiency or imperfection that may exist in them. Their assortment is very complete, and are from the manufacturers of Messrs J. Chickering and Wicks & Newhall, Boston; and Messrs. Nims & Clarke and H. Worcester, New York. Among their present supply is a splendid Aeolian Attachment, which they take pleasure in recommending to their friends, at a very low price.

Petersburg, Nov. 21.

## NEGROES FOR SALE.

BY virtue of a decree of the County Court of Rockingham, passed at November Term, 1845, I will sell at the late residence of Micajah McGehee, dec'd, two miles west of Madison, on Wednesday the 24th of December next,

TWENTY-SIX LIKELY NEGROES,

consisting of men and women, boys and girls. A credit of nine months will be given, the purchaser giving bond with approved security.

JOHN B. STOCKTON, Adm. of Micajah McGehee, dec'd.

Nov. 29, 1845.

## POPULAR REMEDIES.

The most popular remedies of the present day are those which cleanse and purify the blood, and which are known to be infallible in the treatment of such diseases as Anemia, Mercury, Zet, and having recourse to Bleeding in disease, are now, it is hoped, going out of Fashion, and Vegetable remedies will be soon the popular Remedies. Then Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills will be used and appreciated. They are known to act beneficially on every part of the body; being taken up by the cycle they pass into the blood, which they purify, and it should be remembered that they only remove those parts from the blood which were the cause of inflammation or disease of any kind—Nothing is equal to rid the vitiated humors with a vegetable medicine of this kind, which eighty-four years have proved never to do injury, but always good.

These Pills are for sale in every county of this State, at 25 cents per box; and by the following persons in this county: J. & R. Sloan, Greensboro; Col. Wm. H. Britton, Bruce's 22 Roads, F. & W. Smith, Annandale, Smith & Field, Jamestown, J. & R. Gilmer, Gilmer's Store.

9-17.

## FOR SALE.

A LARGED commodious HOUSE AND LOT, with suitable out houses, (and a well of excellent water) well adapted for a Public House, situated near the courthouse in the

TOWN OF LEXINGTON,

immediately adjoining

ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND

which I will also sell. Persons wishing to purchase will please call and examine the premises; immediate possession given if desired. Also,

TWO PLANOS,

which I will sell on reasonable terms.

P. K. ROUNSAVILLE.

Lexington, N. C., Oct. 6, 1845.

## Lime, Lime.

A QUANTITY of E. L. & J. Martin's Lime—unstacked—constantly kept on hand and for sale low by the barrel, at the Tannery of

MOOREHEAD & WILLIS.

Greensboro, Nov. 1845.

22-17

## Sale for Slaves.

BY virtue of letters of administration on the estate of Samuel Cummins and others, and by virtue of a decree of the County Court of Guilford, on the 22nd day of December, A. D. 1845, I will sell at the courthouse door in Greensboro, at a credit

EIGHT LIKELY NEGRO SLAVES,

men and women, to wit: in the possession of Ann Cummins. Terms made known on the day of sale.

Nov. 20, 1845. 314

Concomitator.

## RANKIN & McLEAN

Are now receiving and opening their stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

and solicit a call from all persons wishing to purchase, and trust they will be able to give satisfaction, both as to quality and price. They deem it unnecessary to say more, as their stock is quite good, and their terms generally well known to wit: cheap for cash, or a reasonable credit to punctual dealers.

Greensboro, October, 1845

## Valuable Property FOR SALE.

BY virtue of two Deeds of Trust to me executed by Mrs. Frances Shenton, of Guilford county, and duly registered, and for the purposes in and needs respectively mentioned,—will be sold at public auction on the premises two miles south of Greensboro, on Wednesday 17th of December, 1845, that valuable and desirable

TRACT OF LAND,

now occupied by Miss Shenton, containing 244 acres. The improvements are desirable. A comfortable

Two Story Dwelling,

with all necessary out buildings. Also, a variety of HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE.

Farming Utensils, a Wagon, Brouche & Harness, Cows, Hays, Fodder, Hogs, Cattle and Horses, with other articles.

Terms made known on the day of sale.

JOHN SLOAN, Trustee

Greensboro, November 24th, 1845. 303c

## VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

I OFFER my valuable House and Lot for sale, lying on south street. The lot contains about two acres of ground, with a dwelling house 40 feet long 20 feet wide two stories high with a passage above and below, with all necessary out houses, a good garden and ice house. The property is situated near enough the courthouse for business men to let for enough off for a man of pleasure. Persons wishing to buy property of this kind, would do well to see me, as I am disposed to sell a bargain and make the payments easy. Persons from a distance who would like to settle in a thriving village need have no lease or account of sickness, for I take pleasure in saying the same is now removed and health restored.

June, 1845.

W. J. McCONNEL.

## HOUSE & LOTS IN LEXINGTON, N.C. AT PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, as Executor of the last Will and Testament of Wilson Womack, dec'd, will sell at public sale in the town of Lexington, on Thursday the 1st day of January, 1846, that very desirable

HOUSE AND LOT,

the late residence of the deceased, lying in the North part of the town on the main street leading out to Salem and Danville. The house is large and comfortable. There is a good stable with three rooms in it, with other necessary out houses, a good well and first rate garden, and under good fence and in good repair.

I will also sell at the same time and place two other Lots near



