

# The Greensborough Patriot.

VOLUME X.

GREENSBOROUGH, NORTH-CAROLINA, NOVEMBER 11, 1848.

NUMBER 31

Published Weekly  
BY SWAIN & SHERWOOD.

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS A YEAR,  
IN ADVANCE.

A failure on the part of any customer to order a discon-  
tinuation within the subscription year, will be considered  
in favor of his wish to continue the paper.

## THE KINGS OF THE SOIL.

Black sin may nestle below a crest,  
And crime below a crown;  
As good hearts beat 'neath a fustian vest  
As under a silken gown.  
Shall tales be told of the chiefs who sold  
Their sinews to crush and kill,  
And never a word be sung or heard  
Of the men who resp and ill?  
I bow in thanks to the sturdy throng  
Who greet the young morn with toil;  
And the burden I give my earnest song  
Shall be this—The Kings of the Soil;  
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown  
But the blue sky o'er their head;  
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they  
To withhold or to offer bread.  
Proud ships may hold both silver and gold,  
The wealth of a distant strand;  
But ships would rot and be valued not,  
Were there none to till the land.  
The wildest heath and the wildest brake,  
As rich as the richest field,  
For they gladden the wild birds when they wake,  
And give their food to feed.  
And with willing hand, and spade and plough,  
The gladdening hour shall come,  
When that which is called the "waste land" now,  
Shall sing with the "Harvest Home."  
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown  
But the blue sky o'er their head;  
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they  
To withhold or to offer bread.  
I value him whose foot can tread  
By the corn his hand hath sown;  
When he hears the stir of the yellow reed  
It is more than music's tone.  
There are prophet-sounds that stir the grain  
When its golden stalks shoot up—  
Voices that tell how a world of men  
Shall daily dine and sup.  
Then shame, oh shame, on the night's creed,  
Which holds back his praise or pay  
From the men whose hands make rich the lands,  
For who earn it more than they?  
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown  
But the blue sky o'er their head;  
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they  
To withhold or to offer bread.  
The poet hath gladdened with song the past,  
And still sweetly he striketh the string,  
But a brighter light on him is cast  
Who can plough as well as sing.  
The wand of Huzza hath double power  
To soften the common heart,  
Since with harp and spade, in a double trade,  
He shared a common part.  
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown  
But the blue sky o'er their head;  
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they  
To withhold or to offer bread.

## A LIFE EPISODE.

—Of which the reader may believe just as much  
as he chooses—though, for my part, I believe it  
all. Nor is it amere outline garb—the drapery in  
which we pen artists enfold our model-truths,  
which we may arrange exactly as we please—  
but deep world-wide verity of human feeling that  
lies beneath, and is eternally the same.  
The man whose life episode I propose here to  
unfold, was one whom you might have met any  
day, in a London street, park, or omnibus, and not  
have known that he was different from other men.  
Perhaps, reader, when you peruse this episode  
you will be astonished that I thus take from its  
hero every romantic accessory that could throw a  
halo around him, and reconcile in a degree the  
strange mingling of real and ideal which overshad-  
ows him. I might have clothed him in a Roman  
toga, instead of plain broadcloth. I might have  
placed his existence in the ages where mysteries  
abounded. But no! life is as true, as earnest, as  
full of wild romance and deep spirituality in these  
so-called matter of fact days as in those upon which  
we look back through the all-hallowing shadows  
of the past. Is not the inward life of every one a  
mystery? The poet whom you meet looking  
just like any other man—ready to dine, to talk  
about the weather or the state of Europe; yet over  
whose heart you glance the next day in your  
solitude, whilst the inner depths of his heart, ming-  
ling with yours, lift your soul into communion with  
the Infinite—the artist, with whom you may shake  
hands and interchange ordinary chat; and anon,  
looking at whose work, you become transported  
into the glorious ideal world which his genius has  
created, in which the "shadowy people of the  
realm of dreams" grow visible—are not these  
things mysterious?—aye, as deep and strange as  
were ever dealt in by necromancers of old?  
Therefore, let the reader not start at the con-  
trast which may jar against his sense of the  
supernatural when I take for my hero a man of this  
age in every respect. His name is—no, he shall  
have a feigned name; the same as the mournful  
mother-queen Marguerite gave to her new-born  
babe at Damiette—Tristan—it suits well,—for  
this man was one most sorrowful. Let him, then,  
be Tristan.

You may meet, as I have said, his likeness many  
a time in London streets; and in the faded dress,  
the heavy listless gait,—the eye which never seeks  
the sky but always the ground,—as if it there  
alone were to rest—you may recognise a brother to  
whom life has been full of thorns. Oh, be thank-  
ful and rejoice if your hand has planted hope for  
him or his followers!

Tristan walked along in the soft sunny light of  
a June evening:—a time most joyous in country  
lanes and fields, but in London bringing only sad-  
ness. He passed through the dull close West-end  
Streets—where the heated air was never stirred  
by one fresh evening breeze, and not a shade of  
the glorious sunset was visible save one faint golden  
sparkle on a church tower near. Tristan  
saw neither gloom nor light. His eyes were blind-  
ed—his heart was pressed down—with misery.  
He found himself crossing the green-gard towards  
the Serpentine River. It glittered in the sun-  
light like a beacon;—and his eyes were opened  
now. He saw it; he would have rushed towards  
it with the speed of a hunted deer flying to a dis-  
tant shelter,—but he dared not. It seemed as if  
every passer-by cried out to him—"Man, whither  
goest thou?"

The answer to the question belonged not to  
time, but to eternity.  
Tristan felt as if each eye was directed to him  
in this mute inquiry—why, look where he could,  
he could not escape. There was not a lad who  
went whistling past, not a milliner's girl tripping  
lightly with her burden, that did not seem in the  
man's disordered fancy to be an accusing spirit,  
knowing his purpose and taunting him with it.—  
To elude this, he went a long way round—and  
reached the bridge just when the sun had set.—  
He tried to lounge upon it as he saw other people  
do, watching the cockney-Waltonians who pursued  
their harmless amusement in the twilight. His  
eyes rested on each tiny float; and his wandering  
thoughts followed the line down, down, to the deep  
bed of the river. What was there?

He could not answer that—he hardly tried.—  
All that he felt was, that it must be a place of  
stillness, and coldness, and silence—he sought  
nothing more. Even the blueness which the still  
bright sky cast within it was painful, he wanted  
it dark—all dark. He could not enter the portals  
of that home, while a ray of light rested on them—  
while one worldly sound broke above them. There  
was yet near him a murmur of boyish talk and  
laughter, and a robin sang in one of the distant  
trees. He would wait—wait until night and its  
stars should be the only witness of the great  
change.

Tristan sat down underneath the parapet of the  
bridge. A man passed by, looked at him, seem-  
ing to wonder what he was doing there. So he  
took out of his pocket a biscuit, and pretended to  
eat. Then a woman crossed, leading a sickly  
child—who gazed wistfully at the food. Tristan  
gave his morsel to the famished boy.

Now the world owes me more than it would  
fain bestow—a crust of bread! thought he; and he  
felt a savage pride in the reflection.

Colder and darker came on the night,—and  
Tristan waited still. A dreaminess, a stupor  
seemed to cramp his energies, making them un-  
equal even to that last effort of all. A mist was  
over his eyes; yet still he saw through its gather-  
ing folds the dark waving ghostly trees—the stars  
over head and the calm rippling waves below.

As, uncertain still, he seemed to lean over the  
parapet, he felt it give way. A shudder—and  
unconscious and vain effort to spring back—and  
the waters had drawn him in. The terrible re-  
fuge which he sought had of itself opened its doors  
to receive him—and there was no regret.

And in dreams we sometimes feel ourselves  
plunging deeper and deeper into an abyss which  
we know to be fathomless and yet experience no  
terror, nor pain,—so Tristan sank. He seemed  
to feel the cool dark waters above him, around  
him, fold him in an embrace which he knew was  
that of death—and yet the parting of soul and  
body brought no agony. He thought it would  
have been a terrible pang—but it felt only like the  
loosening of a burthen. The putting off of a robe.  
He would not believe in the reality of the im-  
mortal change.

Tristan felt himself rising up—up to the sur-  
face of the river. A faint idea haunted him that  
it was always so with the drowning; whom the  
wave tauntingly casts forth once or twice,—giving  
a chance of life before it swallow them in for ever.

He might have one more sight of the real world,  
before entering into the land of shadows, on whose  
verge he stood. He could not reconcile to him-  
self the truth that he had already passed through  
the eternal gate—for he had yet powers of thought  
and sense. He heard the murmur of the little  
waves—and saw the stars shining through the  
waters.

He reached the surface—he resolved to make  
one struggle and rise himself from that dark abyss.  
But there was no need. As easily as a winged  
thought, Tristan felt himself disengaged from the  
waters and floating above them with the lightness  
of a bird. Then he knew that the mysterious  
change had indeed passed over him:—that he was  
no longer a living man, but a spirit.

And there, wafted powerless to and fro by the  
eddies of the river with a motion that awfully sim-  
ulated life, lay the thing that had been Tristan!  
The soul shuddered as it looked upon that dead  
form.—It knew then what was the guilt of mortal-  
des. Aye, though this had been its own mortal

dwelling-place which it had destroyed, or wished  
to destroy, still it was murder! How dared he  
to make stiff and helpless the hand which might  
have aided a human brother—which had respond-  
ed to many a friendly clasp? How dare he dar-  
ken with that terrible gaze the orbs into  
which but three hours ago beloved and most lov-  
ing eyes had looked, seeing there a reflected  
image—knowing well that as that image dwelt in  
his eyes so it dwelt in his heart, and blest in that  
knowledge! To cast among the dark weeds the  
bright hair where her fingers had a right to stray  
—the lips which hers had a right to press? Oh!  
it was a sin, a deadly sin; and he—the spirit of  
the dead Tristan—felt it to be so, now, parted  
from its mortality—from that change which by  
the might of the senses had dragged it down from  
high impulses,—the soul knew wherein it had er-  
red. Yet something of the selfishness of its earth-  
ly nature encumbered it still.

"It was a bitter and a heartless world to me!"  
thought he—for the spirit of Tristan was 'Tristan  
still.—"I ever sought for good therein, but found  
none. My friends tempted me with kindness,  
and left me to starve; my very flesh and blood  
set their faces against me; I doubted Love itself,  
and had I not cause? And now, what is there  
lying that thinks of the one this night thrust  
into the dark land of nothingness?—Would I  
knew."

And with that desire came the knowledge of  
all the power that is possessed by a disembodied  
spirit. The shadow floated on the wings of the  
night over the sleepy city; and found itself at the  
entrance of a house to which Tristan had crept  
not twelve hours before—a blot of insignificant  
misery on his stately threshold—a butt for the un-  
derlings' ill-concealed scorn. So he deemed it  
then,—and rejoicing pride thrilled through the  
spirit now, as, defying all human power, all bars  
of pomp and ceremony, he passed into the inner-  
most chamber. The man he sought sat there  
with his wife by his side.

Tristan had never seen that face, but when its  
lines were made harsh by the pressure of world-  
ly cares. He could hardly believe it was the  
same that now wore a pleasant, kindly smile—or  
that the voice which now chatted about liv-  
ely domestic nothings was the very one that sound-  
ed so cautious and severe among the array of  
ledgers and cheque-books in a little dark office.  
Yet there they were; the cold man of business  
and his fashionable wife, looking contented home-  
like, affectionate—talking together after the day  
was done. Even among the dazzling splendors  
of that luxurious abode shone the little glow-worm  
lamp of domestic love.

The lady was taking out her watch. "My  
dear, I think we have had talk enough for to-night.  
Only before we went to bed I just wanted to know  
about that poor young man who came as we were  
going out to dinner—Tristan was it not?"

"Yes, the wild scapegrace of a fellow—so  
proud there is no doing anything for him. And  
yet, I would help him if I could for his dead fa-  
ther's sake."

"What did he come for?"

"I could hardly make out; for he stopped me  
in the hall, and told him to come to-morrow, for I  
was busy (as you know, Emma, how the mat-  
ter of poor Williamson's bankruptcy had occupied  
me all day.) But young Tristan spoke so  
deprecatingly—almost threateningly—that I vexed me,  
and I told him he had better not call again until  
he could treat with civility the best friend he  
had."

"Poor fellow! perhaps, he was in want," said  
the lady gently;—he looked wild and haggard as  
he darted past the carriage."

"O, I had never thought of that. Dear  
me! I wish now that I had waited a minute.—  
But he has a brother pretty well off in the world,  
who would keep him from poverty."

"But you will do something for him, Ed-  
ward?"

"Certainly my love. I intended to speak to  
Hill and Venables next week about a vacancy  
they have in their office. I will go to-morrow."

Poor Tristan! His father was a good man. I  
should be sorry for any harm to come to the boy,  
though he is rather headstrong.

Self-convicted Tristan lingered, hearkening to  
the echoes of that compassionate voice. Then with  
a thrill of remorse that ran like an arrow of  
conscience through his spiritual frame, he fled a-  
way.

Through the still moonlight that made long  
shadows in the streets the spirit wandered, itself  
as impalpable. It floated over the same scenes  
which Tristan's mortal feet had traversed;—but  
now, no jarring sound of worldly traffic broke the  
holy quiet. A watchman's heavy footfall re-  
sounded along the pavement. When he had  
gone by, a woman with a child crawled to some  
doorstep and crouched down.  
When the man came past again, she crept back  
into the shadow; but he perceived her, and asked  
what she was doing there. The tons was  
hardly so rough as he was in the daytime.  
"I have not been drinking,—indeed, Sir, I have  
not," was the faint answer;—but I have had no  
food to-day, except a biscuit that a poor gentle-  
man in the Park gave my boy. We divided it  
between us."

"Poor soul!" said the watchman, searching in  
his wallet;—here is half a loaf and some cheese.  
I can do without my breakfast for once in a way.  
Only don't lie there any longer, good woman;

for there'll be somebody else passing soon, and  
it isn't far to the station-house."

"God reward you, Sir!" said the woman.—  
The world is much better than people say—I  
have always found it so. Eat, little Johnny, and  
be patient. It is not long till morning."

It is not long till morning. Oh! what a deep  
lesson of endurance was in those words of the  
poor desolate wanderer. And he—the spirit who  
now with his opened eyes and ears listened—had  
in his life reviled the world; struggled in its dark-  
ness, nor waited meekly for the dawn that would  
surely come at last. He who, though poor, had  
never wanted for a meal—who, though wretched  
had found in his wretchedness the blessed balm  
of love—who, though friendless, had never been  
altogether desolate—he had shrunk from his des-  
pair like a coward,—while this lonely forsaken  
one lived patiently on, enduring to the end.

Tristan's spirit yearned repeatedly over the  
world which he had in his bitterness contemned.  
It was of God's creating—and the smile of divinity  
rested on it yet. With all its harshness, its  
coldness, its sufferings, it was a blessed world.

"On, on, over myriads of human spirits that  
the bosom of the night-stilled city enfolded, did the  
soul of Tristan pass—resting with none till he  
came to a small, neat, suburban dwelling. When  
last he crossed its threshold, it had been with  
wild anger in his heart and a curse on his lips.  
From that threshold seemed yet to ring the part-  
ing words of strife.

"Brother Tristan, I had been careful and you  
a spendthrift. Every man ought to think of him-  
self first—you were too great a fool to do that.  
I shall not help you any more. You may stop  
here one night more, and then you must turn out  
and work in the street—or starve there, if you  
like it better."

And the terrible answer had been, "No, but  
I will die, and bring Cain's curse upon your  
head."

Could it be that the very roses which sleep  
their still and fragrant sleep under the moonlit  
porch had ever been shaken by the breath of  
such words as these?

The spirit of Tristan stood in his brother's  
chamber—self justifying even now. For the man  
slept as peacefully as though his mother's  
son had still lain within a few yards of him in the  
little closet from which he used to call when, boy-  
like, they talked together half the long summer  
night. He had no thought of that dark, weed-  
tangled pass floating beneath the stars.

But a little while, and the sleeper stirred. His  
breathing grew thick, and his forehead's veins  
were knotted—while incoherent words came from  
his lips.

"Tristan, you are a dolt! I always was master  
—I always will be, there be a good lad; don't  
resist, and I'll play with you again. Ha, ha!"

And the almost boyish laughter showed how  
many years that world-worn man had re-traver-  
sed in his dream. Again he murmured, though  
in a changed tone,

"Father, don't say I ill-used him. Tristan must  
take care of himself.—Well, well, we are broth-  
ers, as you say. Dear father, only live a little lon-  
ger, and I will treat him much better.—I will in-  
deed! Now, father, be content; I do promise!  
Tristan, give me your hand. It freezes me.—  
Ah!"

And the sleeping man leaned out of bed, and  
awoke in terror.

"What a fool I have been," he muttered, as  
he vainly tried to reassure himself that he had  
been only dreaming. "But it is only because  
that stupid Tristan put me in such a passion.—  
By-the-by, I wonder if the lad has come in yet.  
His temper must be cooled by this time. Hallo,  
Tristan, called he,—opening the room door.

There was no answer,—so he went to see. A  
strange fear oppressed that once cold-hearted  
man as he saw the empty chamber. The threat  
that he had scorned as idle words rang in his ear  
like a warning from the grave. He trembled, and  
sat down on the bed.

"I hope the silly boy has done himself no harm.  
Yet he was always passionate and desperate. I  
wish I had not said what I did. God forgive me  
if any evil comes to that poor lad!"

He drew aside the window-curtain: the first  
streak of dawn already mingled with the moon-  
light.

"The fellow must be drinking," he tried to  
think. "Yet I don't believe the fellow had a shil-  
ling. Besides, he was always sober enough.—  
Poor Tristan! I wish he would come home."

The man lay down again,—not in his own room  
but in his brother's. He thought he could soon-  
er hear the street-door open there. He lay—lis-  
tening to every breath—until he could rest no lon-  
ger. Each sigh of the morning breeze that arose  
and shook the casement seemed to cry out to him-  
like the voice that haunted Cain.—"O man,  
where is thy brother?"

When daylight came the spirit of the drowned  
hovered over that man as he hurried out with a  
face as white as death. Those shadowy arms  
would have encircled his neck, that air-voice  
would have whispered, "Brother, my brother! let  
us forgive one another."—but it was too late; Death  
had stepped between them and shut the gate of re-  
conciliation forever.

The winged soul threaded the gray shadows of  
early dawn as swiftly as the yet unawakened sun-  
beams. The first stirrings of life had already dis-  
turbed the quiet of the great city, but in its gloom,

last recesses somewhat of the freshness and peace  
of night lingered still. It was in an upper cham-  
ber in the darkest of those streets which desolate  
poverty seems to haunt like a spectre that the  
spirit of Tristan rested.

Its sole occupant was a young woman. You  
could not call her a girl, for the freshness of girl-  
hood no longer tinted the thin worn cheek;—not  
had the outside show of fine-ladyism replaced the  
pure womanliness of her face and mein. She had  
thrown herself on the bed, all dressed as she was  
after what seemed to have been a long vigil;  
for the faint glimmer of the expiring candle yet  
struggled with the encroaching light of morning.  
"And she, too, can sleep—such a sound, peace-  
ful happy sleep!" sighed the spirit. "Even now  
there is in her heart no memory of Tristan!"

It was not so, for on the table lay the letter to  
write which she had sat up half the night—a  
night when every hour was so precious to one  
who toiled all day in the weary life of a gover-  
ness.

"Why did you leave me in such anger?"—  
ran this mute record of vain tenderness. "Tris-  
tan—my heart's joy—my only comfort in this  
world—how could you say I loved you not?—  
Must I tell you over and over again how many  
years my whole soul was filled with you; how  
that from girlhood to womanhood I have lived  
but to make myself worthy of you,—lived through  
change and hopelessness and world-sorrows, still  
keeping my heart pure and strong with the single  
thought that I might one day be your wife. And  
yet, when you ask me to take that blessed name,  
because I dare not answer to the cry of your des-  
pair you say I never loved you! What were  
your own words? "Maud, the world and fate  
are against our union. Let us thwart them—  
let us marry, and then die." And when I an-  
swered to that wild daring of misery with words of  
patience, you took the denial they implied as  
springing not from prudent love but cold con-  
tempt. Tristan, you said I scorned you because  
you were poor! But I will not think more of  
that bitterness, which was wrong only from your  
despair. Listen to me, my dearest! If we are  
so poor that we must wait until the time of gray  
hairs before we can have one home and one name,  
still I will wait. I would rather work until old  
age, and live and die your betrothed, than wed  
the richest man in England. And you, Tristan,  
take courage! Life is never hopeless to those  
who have youth and health and mind. I will  
watch you rise, step by step, in the world—my  
love shall cheer you and give you strength. You  
cannot fail—you shall not fail. My own! my  
husband that will be! you do not know how  
strong love is—how much it can endure and be  
conquered at last. Come to me tomorrow, and  
let us forgive one another. I know that I am  
very dear to you—both Tristan, you are all in all  
to the heart of Maud."

An agony of despairing love, more terrible than  
human heart could feel or human tongue describe  
appeared to convulse the airy frame of the spirit.  
Its term of wandering over, it felt dragged down,  
down, through storms and lightning and dark-  
ness, to the regions of the dead. A cry of fear-  
ful anguish burst from it—and the spell was  
broken. All had been a dream!

Tristan awoke, and found himself lying under  
the parapet of the bridge in the misty light of  
dawn.

Humbled to the meekness of childhood did that  
pride-competed son of man rain his tears in the  
dust, and bless the sleep, with its strange dream-  
peopled mystery, which had saved his soul from  
the doom of suicide.

Tristan went home. Under the rose-porch,  
stood his brother; who uttered an exclamation of  
joy, ran forward and stopped—  
"Where have you been young scapegrace?—  
I was a fool to make myself so uncomfortable about  
you."

But Tristan felt, and returned the hand's warm  
clasp, and saw there a quivering in the thin  
lips. Peace and forbearance healed all strife be-  
tween the brothers, now. Both had learnt life's  
lessons in one night.

In the evening light Maud's arms were round  
Tristan's neck, and her tears were falling on his  
bosom.

But in his joy there was a solemnity,—a qui-  
tude which showed that a change had come over  
him.

Many years after, when he chanced to be walk-  
ing with his wife in the spot, he told her of that  
marvellous dream.

Maud, in her holy woman's faith, doubted not  
one word. But while, with a shudder that she  
could not repress, she crept closer to her husband,  
her eyes uplifted and lips moved in a thankful  
prayer.

"Life is full of mysteries!" she murmured.  
D. M. MURLOCK.

## A True Story.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after  
many days it will return to thee." This is a  
Scripture truth, which, like all truth, has been  
verified by thousands. The following little story  
may serve to illustrate the verity of this text—  
Allow me to promise that my story is a true one  
in all particulars:—

Some thirty years since, a lad of one of our  
eastern States, about ten years of age, was sent  
by his employer to carry a basket, very heavy  
laden with wares, to a purchaser; while stop-  
ping, a gentleman of about thirty years proffered  
his assistance, and acquired the lad's acquaintance.

the way by pleasant anecdote, good advice and  
kind words. They parted: fifteen years passed  
away—the senior of these two, now nearly fifty  
years of age, sat in his study with melancholy  
countenance and heavy heart. His door opened,  
and his young and fascinating daughter, just  
blooming into womanhood, entered to announce  
that a gentleman, an old gentleman, desired to  
see her father. "Show him in my darling daugh-  
ter," said the father, "and do you, my child,  
have us to ourselves." She obeyed. The old  
gentleman entered:—"Well, sir," was his salu-  
tation, "have you considered my proposition?"—  
"I have; and have determined, happen what  
may, I will not force or sway, by any act of mine,  
the will of my child: she shall ever be left to her  
own free choice." "Then, sir, to-morrow, by 3  
o'clock, your property must go into the hands of  
the sheriff, unless you find some friend to pay  
the twenty thousand dollars." This he said with  
a sneer, and coldly bowing, he left the house.—  
The poor father's heart was racked. "I am ru-  
ined—my daughter is homeless—I have no  
friend to offer assistance in this hour of my never-  
ending trial."

In the midst of these bitter reflections, again  
his daughter entered, introducing a gentleman of  
some twenty-eight years of age—a stranger.—  
"Am I in the presence of Mr. G?" was his ap-  
pealing remark; which, being affirmatively an-  
swered, he continued by saying, that he was a  
successful merchant of New York;—that he had  
been the husband of Mr. G., and had come on pur-  
pose to ask the amount of his liabilities, that he  
might loan the necessary funds to relieve his  
wants. Nor was he shocked at the mention of  
the large amount of \$20,000. He handed him  
his check, which was duly honored; the father  
was once more a happy man; his daughter was  
no longer less; he had found some friend to pay,  
despite the sneer of his hard-hearted creditor.—  
"But, pray, sir," said the agitated father, "to  
what am I indebted for this unusual, this munifi-  
cent kindness, from an entire stranger?" "Per-  
haps you have forgotten," was the reply, "that  
some eighteen years since, you aided a friendless  
boy of ten years of age to carry his loaded basket  
up the hill—that you gave him good advice and  
kindly words. I am that boy. I followed your  
advice—I have lived honestly—I have gained  
wealth, and now, after many years, have come to  
return to you, kind sir, the bread which you then  
cast so freely upon the waters."

It is said, gentle reader that our young friend  
caught a glimpse of a beautiful girl of nineteen  
as he passed through the entry, and that he called  
again, and still again, and won, at last, the heart  
of the old man's daughter. I say, this is said—  
and I know it is truly said.

## The Congress of '75.

The following picture of the Congress of '75 is  
extracted from an article on "Early American  
Eloquence," in the Knickerbocker for June:

In the President's chair, sits Hancock, crown-  
ed with a demeanor graceful and splendid, like  
"blazing Hyperion in his orb throne." Pre-  
minent in the heroic band and oldest of their num-  
ber, is he who at the same time snatches the  
lightning from the skies and the oppressor's hand.  
There, too, is Morris, the financier of the revolution,  
whose generous aid, advanced on his own  
credit, paved the way for the victories at Trenton  
and Princeton, and in the gloomiest hour caused  
the American eagle to soar aloft towards Heaven.  
More replete, but not less interested, is that old  
puritan, Samuel Adams, "on his front engraved  
thought and public care." He was among those  
very first to excite popular rebellion against wrong,  
and he is here to aid in its progress and pray for  
its consummation. Of few words, but abounding  
in great and beneficent deeds, he sits in council  
grave and majestic, like "gray haired Saturn,  
quiet as a stone," his soul firm as granite and un-  
bending before the storm. His more oratorical  
namesake, John Adams, with watchful eyes and  
ear scanning the proceedings; while every  
look and motion betrays his readiness to assem-  
ble his favorite maxim, "I would rather be in  
the wrong with Plato than in the right with Epi-  
curus." Lee, with inimitable suavity and elabo-  
rate grace, moves in chivalric majesty on the  
scene. Witherspoon, the divine, "visibly writ-  
ten blessed in his looks," is there, with the meek-  
ness of a minister of Jesus Christ, but with a firm-  
ness that never failed in the presence of his coun-  
try's foe. In the alternative between the sacri-  
fice of freedom, or the loss of life, like the Spar-  
tan mother, he would rather have seen his son  
brought home a corpse upon his shield than dis-  
honored by its loss. And Rutledge, the young-  
est of the patriots, comes forward in his own per-  
son to illustrate the ancient apologue of the youth-  
ful Hercules, in the pride and strength of beauty,  
surrendering his entire soul to the worship of ex-  
alted virtue. But it is needless any further to  
specify; all, as one man, are ready to exclaim,  
—our mother is America, our battle is for free-  
dom, purity of purpose, our breastplate, and the  
favor of Heaven is our shield.

## A Picture.

The following glowing and beautiful picture,  
which we take from Willis's "Tragedy of Bianca  
Visconti," illustrates eloquently the success attain-  
able upon rectitude and energy under opposing  
circumstances. "Sweet," truly saith the Poet,  
"are the uses of adversity"—for it creates power  
out of listlessness, and bedecks the pathway of life,  
hitherto strewn, perhaps, with the idle weeds of  
lazy luxury alone, with the roses of hope and ac-  
tive enjoyment. We, who are bereft, as that brave  
esqlet, of the support and stay of your lingering  
poise but a moment, to gather strength, upon the  
pinion of a determined resolution, and stretching  
earnestly upward, you will succeed, "straight and  
gloriously."

Bianca.—An eagle once from the Egean hills,  
Soared bravely to the sky. In his giddy track,  
Scarce marked by them who gazed upon the feat,  
Followed a new-fledged eagle, fast and well.  
Upward they sped, and all eyes on their flight,  
Gazed with admiring awe, when suddenly—  
The parent bird, struck by a thunderbolt,  
Dropped lifeless thro' the air. The eagle paused,  
And hung upon his wings; and as his sire  
Plashed in the far-drawn wave, men looked to see him  
Flee to his nest affrighted!

Sforza (with great interest). Did he so?  
Bianca. My noble lord, he had a monstrous heart!  
He wheeled a winged id in mid air, and shook  
Proudly his royal wings, and then right on.  
With crest uplifted and unwavering flight,  
Sped to his sun's eye, straight and gloriously.











THE EPISTLE from the Yearly Meeting, held in London, by adjournments, from the 24th of the Fifth Month to the 2d of the Sixth Month, inclusive, 1848; To the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends in Great Britain, Ireland and elsewhere.

DEAR FRIENDS, In coming together for the transaction of the affairs of the Church, we have been brought low under a sense of our manifold shortcomings; but, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we have been comforted together in Him; our strength has been renewed, our faith and hope have been confirmed, and our hearts have been warmed with love one towards another, and towards all our dear absent brethren everywhere.

The answers to the queries annually brought up to this Meeting are designed to lay before us the state of our religious Society, and especially to show how far our members are faithful in the support of our various Christian testimonies. On this occasion, as in former years, we have been engaged in a careful examination of the reports which they furnish on these important particulars. But whilst thus entering into the details, we have also been led to take a more general view of the subject. These testimonies concern the several branches of a religious life and conversation; and the queries which relate to them may be all included in one comprehensive inquiry. What is the state of the free? If the tree be corrupt, the fruit must be evil; if the tree be good, the fruit will be good also. Have we, dear friends, known that change of heart whereby the tree becomes good, and without which it is impossible to bring forth the fruits of the spirit? Have we, through repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, experienced a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness? Are we united unto Christ, the true vine? Do we know the operation of the Holy Spirit in the soul, even as the sap circulates through the branch; and are we willing to be subject to its quickening, renovating and restraining influence in our daily life? These are solemn inquiries, in which we are all deeply concerned. May they be brought home to the heart and conscience of every one of us by the power of the Spirit of Truth!

The primitive believers in Christ are described as "walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost." The fear of God, which thus marked the disciples at the beginning, was also an eminent characteristic of the religious experience of our forefathers in the Truth: they were made to tremble before the Lord, under the sense of their own corruption in the fall, and of his holiness; and when brought, thro' the grace of Christ, to partake of the joy and peace of believing, this holy reverence and awe dwelt with increasing power upon their spirits, kept them in watchfulness and tenderness, and in a remarkable manner accompanied the outpouring of the Spirit upon them for services in the Church. Abundant are the evidences in the Sacred Scriptures of the blessed effects of this fear of the Lord, in preserving against temptation, and in giving a practical sense that God is everywhere present, and knoweth even the thoughts and intents of the heart. It is not the fear in which there is bondage; it is a filial fear, in perfect harmony with that love in which the child of the Lord breathes the language of adoption. Abba, Father! It grows with his growth; and the further his advancement in Christian experience, the more place it will have in his heart, the more powerful and constant will be its influence over his actions, his words, and his very thoughts. As he comes, through faithfulness to the teachings of the Holy Spirit, to be quick of understanding in this fear, what carefulness does it work in him! not only restraining him from the abuse, but limiting him in the use of outward things; it leads to a vigilant discharge of his stewardship of time, of talents, and of substance; the pursuits of business, of intellect, and of taste, will be subject to its holy restraints.

Under the influence of this fear, and with a comprehensive view of the requirements of the Divine law, we are brought to the Christian standard of truthfulness and simplicity in language, and of plainness and self-denial in clothing, in furniture, and in deportment; and, as becometh men professing godliness, we are led out of a conformity to the varying fashions of the day, and restrained from the pursuits of music and dancing, from theatrical entertainments, and from vain sports, and other frivolous and hurtful amusements of the world. Suffer, then, we beseech you, dear brethren, the word of exhortation. Be willing to be kept within the bounds of this holy fear. Abide in it all the day long. Allow its restraints to be so laid upon you that your moderation may be known unto all men, and that being preserved by it in a quiet and lowly mind, you may, under its influence, and in simple dependence upon Christ, witness for yourselves the evangelical blessing promised by the Lord through his Prophet,—"Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

The events which have been recently passing in surrounding nations cannot fail to have seriously impressed those who sympathize with the social condition of their fellow men. Truly, the vanity of trusting in princes and in armies has been strikingly exhibited; and whilst witnessing the workings of the wrath of man we have been afresh taught that the Lord doeth according to his will among the inhabitants of the earth, and that none can stay his hand, or say, What doest thou? It is not for us to unfold the designs of the Almighty in permitting the events which have been passing before us, but we think they clearly proclaim that it is righteousness, and righteousness alone, forms the true basis for the prosperity and stability of nations. We rejoice with trembling in contemplating the condition of comparative order and tranquility which prevails in our own country. We have not been without threatenings and warnings.—May they lead us, individually and as a nation, into a close examination of our state, and into a fuller recognition of the Divine laws of justice, mercy and truth, as the governing principles of national as well as individual action. It is our prayer that all the turnings and overturnings of kingdoms may be overruled to the spreading of the truth, and to the extension of the government of Christ in the hearts of the children of men; and may it please the Lord to continue his protecting care to our beloved Queen, to endue her counsellors with wisdom, and in his unmerited mercy, to grant a continuance of peace and internal tranquility to our country.

May we, dear friends, be individually preserved from the excitement and strife into which many are hurried by the things which are passing around them! Let us rather be concerned by watchfulness unto prayer to know what is our own duty, whether civil or religious, and in humility and without self-seeking, to fulfil it aright as to the Lord and not unto men. And whilst taking our part in endeavouring to relieve the wants of the poor, and to promote, in accordance with our Christian principles, their religious, moral and social amelioration, may we be kept from an undue meddling with political affairs, lest they draw us aside from our proper sphere of action, and from that quiet, retired and trustful mind which so becomes the disciples of Him who declared, "My kingdom is not of this world."

Amidst the rumours of wars prevailing around us, we continue to feel the value of the testimony which has been given us to bear against the use of arms, and against all war, defensive as well as offensive. But in making this declaration, we are not unmindful of the difference between bearing this testimony in a season of peace, and in a time of actual war or civil outbreak. It is therefore our earnest desire that it may be given to all our dear friends, under what ever circumstances they may be placed, so to feel for themselves individually the ground of the testimony, and to be so strengthened of the Lord for its support, that they may act therein with Christian boldness and consistency in all things. And may they be so preserved in watchfulness against any compromise of principle, trusting not in the arm of flesh, but in the Lord alone, that this precious part of our Christian profession may be maintained inviolate, and through their faithfulness more widely diffused in the earth.

Our tender sympathy has been excited towards many of our dear friends who have suffered the loss of all, or nearly all that they possessed, by the severe commercial distress through which this country has been passing; and we desire that they may receive a full measure of the help and of the true religious concern of their brethren. In some instances we doubt not these calamities have fallen upon them without any breach of integrity, or possibly any want of commercial prudence, at least in its ordinary sense. But we believe that we might appeal to some of our friends, even of this class, who would have to make the acknowledgment, that if there had been a closer adherence to the conviction and limitations of the Spirit of Truth in reference to their religious and temporal duty, they might have escaped some of the trials which have thus overtaken them. Our main concern, however, at this time, applies to the future course of all who, from whatever cause, have been brought into pecuniary difficulty. For you, dear friends, who are thus circumstanced, and for your families, we feel an earnest desire that you may be preserved from yielding to the peculiar temptations incident to your situation, that you may be enabled to make a right use of your trials, and that, through the help of the Lord, these trials may work together for your good. We believe that your comfort and peace of mind, your respectability in the eyes of all good men, and your future success in life will be materially promoted by a willingness to come down at once to the true level which your altered circumstances require. Few things are so dangerous in cases like yours as the attempt to maintain in some degree the appearances of your former condition. Endeavour to depend to as small an extent as possible upon borrowed capital, and should the Lord crown your honest industry and your prudent and contented economy with that prosperity which is often the blessing of the upright, be persuaded not to regard the fruits of this success as fairly your own until you have paid all your former creditors in full. Nothing less than this is consistent with that uncompromising integrity into which true Christian principles lead.

We have in usual course received accounts of the sufferings of our members in Great Britain and Ireland, in the maintenance of our testimony against all ecclesiastical claims. The amount thus reported, including the costs and charges of distraint, is upwards of nine thousand one hundred pounds. We would again commend this, our Christian testimony, to the continued faithful support of all our Friends, under whatever circumstances they may be placed, whether as owners or as occupiers.

Epistles have been received and read in this meeting from our dear Friends in Ireland, and from those of the several Yearly Meetings of Friends in North America.

Finally, dear Friends, let brotherly love continue. It is the token that we are the children of God, who is emphatically love. It is the evidence that we belong to Christ. The Psalmist compares the unity of brethren to the anointing oil and the fertilizing dew. Where it is wanting there is no true fragrance or fruitfulness in the Church.—May the Lord himself cause this fragrance and this fruitfulness to abound yet more and more amongst you to his praise!

Grace be with you and with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Signed, in and on behalf of the Meeting, by

GEORGE STACEY, Clerk to the Meeting, this year.

#### British Periodical Literature.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribe early while the terms are low.

REPLICATION OF

The London Quarterly Review

The Edinburgh Review.

The North British Review.

The Westminster Review.

AND

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

The above Periodicals are reprinted in New York, immediately on their arrival by the British steamers, in a beautiful clear type, on fine white paper, and are faithful copies of the originals, Blackwood's Magazine being an exact fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition.

They embrace the views of the three great parties in England—Tory, Whig, and Radical.—"Blackwood" and the "London Quarterly" are Tory; the "Edinburgh Review" Whig; and the "Westminster Review" Radical. "The North British Review" is more of a religious character, having been originally edited by Dr. Chalmers, and now, since his death, being conducted by his son-in-law, Mr. Hanna, associated with Sir David Brewster. Its literary character is of the very highest order.

PRICES FOR 1848, (if subscribed for EARLY.)

For any one of the four Reviews, 3/00 per annum.

For any two, do. 5/00 "

For any three, do. 7/00 "

For all four of the Reviews, 8/00 "

For Blackwood's Magazine, 3/00 "

For Blackwood and three Reviews, 9/00 "

For Blackwood and the four Reviews, 10/00 "

Payments to be made in all cases in advance.

PREMIUMS.

Consisting of back volumes of the following value

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Metropolitan Magazine.

The Dublin University Magazine.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The London, the Edinburgh, the Foreign Quarterly, and the Westminster Reviews.

Any one subscribing to Blackwood or to one of the Reviews, at \$3 a year, or to any two of the Periodicals at \$5, will receive, gratis, one volume of the premiums above named.

A subscriber to any three of the Periodicals at \$7 a year, or to the four Reviews at \$8, will receive two premium volumes as above.

A subscriber to Blackwood and three Reviews, at \$9 a year, or to the four Reviews and Blackwood, at \$10, will receive three premium volumes.

Please be particular in naming the premium desired and the works subscribed for.

CLUBBING.

Four copies of any of the above works will be sent to one address on payment of the regular subscription for three—the fourth copy being gratis.

No premium will be given where the above allowance is made to clubs, nor will premiums in any case be furnished, unless the subscription is paid in full to the publishers, without recourse to an agent.

EARLY COPIES.

A late arrangement with the British publishers of Blackwood's Magazine secures to our early sheets of that work, by which we shall be able to place the entire number in the hands of subscribers before any portion of it can be reprinted in any of the American Journals. For this and other advantages secured to our subscribers, we pay so large a consideration, that we may be compelled to raise the price of the Magazine. Therefore we repeat—subscribe early while the price is low.

Remittances and communications should be always addressed, post-paid, or franked, to the publishers, LEONARD SCOTT & CO., 79 Fulton St., New York.

EDGEWORTH

FEMALE SEMINARY.

REV. PROFESSOR G. MORGAN, PRINCIPAL.

GOV. I. M. MOREHEAD, PROPRIETOR.

THE year begins with July, and closes on the last Thursday in May; an unbroken term of ten months.

The several departments which form a comprehensive and ornamental Education, as Music Drawing, Painting, French, Latin and English Languages and Literature, Mathematics and the experimental Sciences, Mental and Moral Philosophy, the Bible and its Literature, are conducted by professional Teachers, of much experience.

EDGEWORTH is organized on a well defined plan, to impart to a moderate number of pupils, the highest order of Education, and at an expense far less than in institutions of like grade, in the large cities.

The greatest parental care and oversight, exemption from improper associations, good society, a well arranged course of study; valuable Libraries and apparatus, approved methods of instruction, religious culture, love of study; great improvement, and whatever qualifies a Lady to perform with dignity and wisdom, the station which Providence assigns her, are secured to Edgeworth pupils, to an extent seldom attained in the most renowned institutions.

The expenses for each of the five months are, Board, &c., and the instruction in all Studies not extra, \$75. Music on Piano or Guitar \$20, Oil Painting \$20, either of the Ancient or Modern Languages, \$10, Drawing and Painting \$10.

Fifty dollars are paid on entering, and the bill paid on the 1st of January and May.

Pupils should enter at the opening of the year, when the classes are formed. They counter at any time, but not to be withdrawn before the close in May; when they are examined on the studies of the year, advanced to higher grades; and the Senior Class having completed the course, receive Diplomas, as a permanent memorial of a finished Education.

Pupils, who are allowed insufficient time to graduate, are permitted to join the classes for which they may be qualified, and all receive the full benefit of their former studies.

Parents and Guardians are expected to write, for more particular information, especially for the course of students, when preparations can be made at home for entering Edgeworth to the best advantage. Greensboro', N. C., March, 1848. 4-11

NEW GOODS.

I WOULD SAY to the public that I have moved my Store to South Street, three doors below the courthouse and opposite J. R. & J. Sloan's, where I am receiving a general assortment of new Goods, consisting of

CLOTHS, CASIMERS AND VESTINGS OF ALL KINDS

PRINTS, MUSLINS, DRILLINGS, &c., &c.

A good assortment of

EIGHT-DAVE AND THIRTY HOUR BRASS CLOCKS;

Shoes, Boots, and Hats;

A general assortment of Saddlery; a splendid

STOCK OF READY MADE CLOTHING;

SUGAR, COFFEE, PEPPER, SPICE, &c.

I cannot say that I will sell at cost, or sell lower than any other house in town, as such a statement would be absurd in the extreme; but I am determined to sell as low as others. My Goods are ALL NEW, as I have only been in business six months. I will receive—Gord, Corn Meal, Flour, Bacon, and other articles of country produce in exchange for Dry Goods. I would be pleased if the people would give me a call, as I am satisfied all that is necessary is to call and see and judge for yourselves.

JOAB HIATT.

Greensboro', April, 1848.

TWO APPRENTICES—Lads about sixteen years of age, who can come recommended for steady moral character—would be taken to the Hattings business, by

H. WILBAR.

June 8, 1848.

#### STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, DAVIDSON County.

Court of Equity, Fall Term, 1848.

Bill for the construction of a Will.

Smith Curry, Exr. of Jacob Leonard, deceased, and Elizabeth Curry his wife.

vs.

Susannah Leonard, widow of said Jacob Leonard, John Leonard, David Leonard, George Leonard, Abraham Leonard, Valentine Leonard, Jesse Leonard, William Leonard, Susannah Leonard and Christina Leonard.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that John Leonard, George Leonard and Abraham Leonard, Defendants in this case, are not inhabitants of this State—it is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made for six weeks in the Greensboro' Patriot, a paper published in this State, for the said defendants to appear at the next Term of this Court to be held for the county of Davidson, on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in March next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the complainant's Bill, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be entered and the case will be set down and heard as to them.

Witness, Peter K. Rounsaville, Clerk and Master of said Court at office in Lexington the 9th of October, 1848.

P. K. ROUNSAVILLE, c. m. s.

Pr. adv. \$5. 27-6

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, DAVIDSON County.

Court of Equity, Fall Term, 1848.

Petition for sale of Land.

A. H. March, J. March, Anderson March, Eli Penry and wife Sarah Ann, Margaret March, Franklin Haden, William Haden, James Haden, Jann McRary, Jefferson Wilson, Spruce Wilson,

vs.

Boone Wilson, sen., Anrod Wilson, John Wilson, Thomas Smith & wife Rebecca, Boone Wilson, jun and William Roberts & wife Malinda.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the Defendants in this case are not inhabitants of this State—it is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made for six weeks in the Greensboro' Patriot, a paper published in this State, for the said defendants to appear at the next Term of this Court to be held for the county of Davidson on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in March next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to complainant's bill, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be entered and the case will be set down to be heard as to them.

Witness, Peter K. Rounsaville, Clerk and Master of said Court at office in Lexington the 9th of October, 1848.

P. K. ROUNSAVILLE, c. m. s.

Pr. adv. \$5. 27-6

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, STOKES County.

September term, 1848.

John Bonner and Abraham Scales,

vs.

Adm'rs of Jos. H. Scales, deceased.

Petition to set aside a deed for the payment of debts.

Jos. Scales, Peter C. Scales & others.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the court that the defendants John Scales, Peter C. Scales, &c., are not inhabitants of this State. It is therefore ordered by the court that publication be made in the Greensboro' Patriot, for six weeks, notifying said defendants to be and appear before the justices of our next court of pleas and quarter session to be held for the county of Stokes at the Court House in Germantown, on the second Monday of December next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to said petition, otherwise the allegations set forth therein will be taken pro confesso and the petition heard ex parte as to them.

Witness John Hill, Clerk of our said court at office the second Monday of Sept., 1848.

JOHN HILL, c. c. c.

20-6

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, SURRY County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, 1848.

Tyie Glen

vs.

Joseph Glen and Robert W. Glen.

Original attachment laid on land, &c.

In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendants, Joseph Glen and Robert W. Glen, are not residents of this State. It is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made for five successive weeks in the Greensboro' Patriot, published in Greensboro', N. C., notifying the said defendants to be and appear at the Court House in Rockford, on the second Monday in November next, to plead or reply to said attachment, otherwise the same will be taken as confessed, and the lands laid on will be sold in conformity to the satisfaction of the Plaintiff's debt.

Witness P. K. Rounsaville, Clerk of our said Court at Rockford, the second Monday of August, 1848.

F. K. ARMSTRONG.

Pr. adv. \$5. 25-6

PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Patronize your own Mechanics.

I WOULD respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I am now manufacturing

ALL KINDS OF HATS

from a superior cream Otter to a Rabbit for children, of all shape and sizes, suitable for the season. My varieties consist of Drab or Cream Otter, Superior Beaver and Mole skin, Nutria, Muskrat, Silk, Russia, Racoon, and Rabbit; smooth hats made with white ribbons.

The above Hats are all got up, with especial care and cannot fail to give entire satisfaction, as my standing rules are well known to make up any deficiency I keep them in proper order free of charge. Those who may not have been engaged in their trip, the name of Beebe & Costar, 136 Broadway, New York; we they shall have the simple name of Henry T. Wilbar, who challenges the State of North Carolina to produce hats equal in taste, durability and style.

Persons calling on me may depend on a real substantial Hat worth the money charged, and at a much lower price than can be afforded by the merchants, and as I am determined to decide whether a person can live in this community or not by a faithful attention to business and selling for very low prices for cash. I earnestly invite all who wish to support and cherish the manufactures of the "Good Old North State," to call on Henry T. Wilbar, Hopkins' corner and get good, cheap, and fashionable hats. Panama and Leghorn hats bleached and pressed in superior style.

HENRY T. WILBAR.

Greensboro', N. C., April, 1848.

SALT.

FOR SALE in one and two bushel sacks, from the salt works at McCall, King & Co. Saltville, Va. We bespeak for this article an examination, satisfied we are that the purity and beauty, and withal the favorable terms which we are selling the same, will ensure to the enterprising owners of the works a large share of the trade in this and the adjoining counties.

J. R. & J. SLOAN.

October, 1848.

#### GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE.

Guilford County, N. C.

THE SECOND SESSION of the College year 1848-9 will commence in this Institution on the first Monday in January next. The Literary department will be supplied with seven or more competent and faithful Professors and Teachers. The Boarding department will be conducted under the immediate control of the President of the College. It is earnestly requested that all applicants for College classes be present at the very commencement of the Session. Particular attention is invited to the reduced rate of board in the Institution.

EXPENSES.

Board and Tuition for each Session in advance.

Board per Session at \$8 per month, : : \$40

Tuition either in the Classical or Eng. depart'm't 20

French or Spanish, : : : 5

Painting and Drawing, : : : 5

Needle work and Sewing work, : : : 5

Music, : : : 20

Tuition in Preparatory department, : \$12 to 15

Primary department, : : : 8

The College uniform adopted by order of the Trustees, consists, in Summer, of a plain white dress, in winter of some suitable material of blue color.

GEO. C. MENDENHALL, Pres. Board of Trustees.

November, 1-48.

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL.

THE Trustees are happy to state to the community, that they have placed this institution under the care of the Rev. T. J. Brown, Principal and Professor of Ancient Languages, and Mr. David B. Garrison, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Both of these gentlemen come highly recommended, and from their long experience in the instruction of youth, the promise to impart to the institution a character worthy of the patronage and support of all parents and guardians, who desire to give their children and wards a thorough education. Further particulars will be given in a future advertisement. The next Session will commence on the first Thursday in January, 1849.

By order of the Board,

JED. H. LINDSAY, Secretary of the Board.

Oct. 1848. 29-11

The Raleigh Register and Fayetteville Observer will please insert three times and forward accounts to this office.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

At a meeting of the Board of Superintendents held this day, the following regulation was adopted and directed to be published:

Ordered: That every order for the payment of money for teaching school, when presented, must be accompanied with the Certificate of the Committee of Examination in favor of the teacher therein named.

JESSE H. LINDSAY, S. S.

October 25, 1848.

BIBLES & TESTAMENTS.

BIBLES from 25 cent to \$12.50.

TESTAMENTS 6 1/4 to 2.00.

For sale at the Guilford County Bible Society's Repository. October, 1847. J. R. & J. SLOAN

Bolting Cloths

OF the Anchor brand—of tried and approved quality, always on hand.

We have just received a fresh lot, at reduced prices embracing the following numbers—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

J. R. & J. SLOAN.

April, 1848.

Wrapping Paper

MANUFACTURED at the Salem mill, of the different sizes, for sale by the subscribers at the manufacturer's prices, for cash.

October, 1847. J. R. & J. SLOAN

SUGAR.

20 COGS HEADS of brown sugar at 8 cents for the cash, and every other article in the Grocery line equally as low. Call and see.

W. J. McCONNEL.

July 1.

COGNITING FOR

Wool Carding Machines.

WE are prepared to furnish Cards of every kind We will sell any quantity for any part of the Machine that may be wanted.

Also Comb Plates and Cleaning Cards, and Emory. April, 1848. J. R. & J. SLOAN

JUST received and for sale Pale and Dark French Brandy, Holland Gin, Port Wine, Madeira Wine, Malaga Wine, Champagne Wine, Monongahela Whiskey, do. Rye Whiskey. Persons wishing any of the above Liquors may be certain of getting a pure article. Oct 1848. W. J. McCONNEL

NOTICE

THE subscriber would respectfully request a notify those indebted to him by note or account to make payment by the first of July next, as longer indulgence cannot be given.

I. J. M. LINDSAY.

7-11

DR. JOSEPH A. McLEAN.

HAVING located in Greensboro, tenders his professional services to the public.

His office is in the new building, one door north of Rankin & McLean's store.

July 1st, 1848. 42-11

PLOUGH