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## CENTRAL RAIL ROAD.

The subject of a letter, written to a gentleman in this Town, will be found highly encouraging to the friends of the Central Rail Road. The author, it is due him to say, has been uniformly of the opinion, since his first visit to this part of the country, that the Central Rail Road is bound to succeed; and few have done more than he to enlighten the public mind on the subject of its advantages, and to encourage men of means to take hold of the work with unwavering confidence of the happiest results.

His scheme for the extension of the Road to the Tennessee line, is magnificent, and we feel confident that it will sooner or later be accomplished. When the Road shall be finished to this point, like a plant, it will send out its main branch in the direction whence greatest nourishment is to be derived; and the valleys of the Catawba, French Broad, and the rich plains of Tennessee is the natural course for it take; and there it will go. Then shall North Carolina have a back-bone to support her fair proportions; and her children will toss up their caps with joy to see their old mother drop her miserable crutches, and stand erect, firm and independent, as do her sisters.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

ASHEVILLE, OCT. 16, 1849.

DEAR SIR: A letter now before me from one of the Northern Contractors, to whom I wrote when in Salisbury, referring to the project for building the Central Rail Road, holds the following language:

"Send me the charter, and I will immediately proceed to raise the necessary men and funds. Your scheme cannot fail to be a productive one."

Another writes that he likes the project well, and wishes to know what steps he shall take in the matter. Both of these men are fully able to take the whole subscription list themselves, so that I now consider the Central Rail Road as safe.

We must not stop here. The Road must be continued from Salisbury West to the Tennessee line—the difficulties in the way of this project, are nothing like as great as those from Salisbury to Raleigh. The valleys of the French Broad and Catawba offering the easiest of plateaus for such constructions.

Three millions more will carry the Road to Tennessee, and I speak advisedly when I say that with the same facilities now given by the State in the Central Rail Road Charter, I will undertake to have a million raised on the extension in six months. Keep talking of this matter, and keep the people talking of it, and it will be done.

Very truly, &c.,  
S. MOYLAN FOX.

## POSITION OF BISHOP IVES.

The last Southern Churchman, an Episcopal paper, has a brief review of a late pamphlet issued by the Diocese of N. Carolina, entitled, "A Personal Letter to the Clergy and Laity of his Diocese." The Southern Churchman promises a further notice hereafter. It says: Bishop Ives now candidly discloses what we conjectured from the first, that the proceedings of the late Convention at Salisbury, which have excited so much attention, had reference to himself. In speaking of the Committee which reported on that occasion, he says: "It was still their business to pass an implied, but not on that account, the less oppressive censure upon that portion of the clergy, with the Bishop at their head. I say the Bishop—since it is notorious that, both in the Convention and the Committee, he was named as the chief offender." And thus viewing the subject the Bishop re-asserts the doctrine he has hitherto taught, and defends it against the censures of the Convention, protesting at the same time against the right of the Convention to act in the premises. Bishop Ives in this letter avows his approbation of the Oxford Tracts for the Times and declares that it has been his purpose to employ all his influence in bringing his Diocese to a conformity with the system which the set forth. The circumstances which led to the formation of "the Holy Cross," under Bishop Ives at its head, are detailed in the Pastoral Letter, and its objects are explained. These, among other things, were "to inculcate upon all within their influence the sacramental system of the Church, particularly Baptismal Regeneration, the Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and Sacerdotal Absolution," &c. "The Society" was to "consist of three orders." 1st. Perpetual members, who must be unmarried men. 2. Other persons living in the institution. 3. Persons not residing at Valle Crucis." Very much to our astonishment, as we presume it will be to the surprise of a large majority of readers, there is not a word respecting the dissolution of this society. The fact was affirmed in connexion with the proceedings of the late Convention, but has not we believe, been formally announced by the Society itself or any of its late officers.

*Fatination of danger.*—At the siege of Gibraltar, Lieutenant Lowe, of the 12th regiment, a superintendent of the working parties, lost his leg by a shot, on the slope of the hill under the castle. He saw the shot before the fatal effect, but was fascinated to the spot. This sudden arrest of the faculties was not uncommon. Several instances occurred to my own observation, where men totally free, have had their senses so engaged by a shell in its descent, that, though sensible of their danger, even so far as to cry for assistance, they have been immediately fixed to the place. But what is more remarkable, these men have so instantaneously recovered themselves on its fall to the ground, as to remove it, and place it in its proper position, as if it were a mere object of curiosity.

## MR. WILEY'S CARD.

From the Register.

MR. GALES: About the middle of September, as I was returning to North Carolina from Western Virginia, I learned, for the first time, that an Editor of the South had discovered in "Roanoke" a publication treasonable to our section of the Union. I passed across the State, and through Raleigh, and I saw many acquaintances, of all parties and professions, and nearly all of them, when consulted by me, advised me to treat the charge alluded to with silent contempt. The origin of the article, the coarseness of the language and the brutality of the sentiment, seemed to make it unworthy of my notice; but after mature reflection, I have concluded to make a publication of my principles upon the subject of Abolitionism. I was deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude towards my North Carolina friends who had so generously defended me; and I wish to show to them that their confidence is not misplaced. Besides, there are some well-meaning persons, who regard literature and fanaticism as inseparably connected; and in the opinion of such, all authors are mono-manics on some subject or other. In addition to all this, we have fallen on evil times; there never was a period in the history of this country, when the evils connected with slavery; and he expressed the opinion that generally the slave's best friend is his master, and this for obvious reasons. Sometimes a brutal master will endeavor to force his slave to pander to his vicious appetites; and sometimes such attempts deeply shock the sensibilities of the slave, while they are, if known, severely condemned by the majority of slave-owners. "Wild Bill," as the reader can see, manifested a strong affection for all the members of the family to which he had first belonged; and he was not ashamed of his first condition. The rumors of his misdeeds, &c. were mere rumors, and true to the history of countries where there are fugitives from justice, or from legal bondage; and his conversations were intended for the eyes of intelligent white people, and not to be scattered among the negroes as incendiary documents. The runaway was a Utopian, and though a negro, fond of discussing abstract questions; nor would it have been exactly natural to make his boyish interlocutor equally as wordy, eloquent or passionate. Still, the boy's arguments were conclusive; and such discussions as those in the text may be heard in the South at every fire-side which is graced with intelligence.

The note to which I alluded was left out of the Magazine, because it obviously tended to provoke controversy; and it was thought that the final denouement which was all written and stereotyped last winter, did not need an explanation for its own sake. I dread fanatics of all kinds as much as I dread mad-dogs; and I regard the former as being about as great a nuisance as the latter. We have fanatics at the South who are nearly as wild as those at the North, and some of them, at both ends, are obnoxious to the additional and odious charge of hypocrisy. There's a method in their madness; and well will it be for the people, if they will look into each other's hearts, for their own intentions and wishes, and for those of their brethren, and not trust too much to the inflammatory addresses of those who would lose their consequence if there were no elements of strife. Though we have some enthusiasts in North Carolina, I do not believe there is a single soul of that good old Commonwealth who has aims against the Union; and it is not improbable that the sturdy sense and honesty of our people will yet prove one of the bulwarks of our Constitution, and thus of freedom and even of civilization over the world.

I believe myself to be a friend of the human race, because I am myself a man; and I desire first the welfare of the Whites, for to this class I belong, and with it are all my associations, political and social. I am, therefore, not an abolitionist, nor do I entertain extreme opinions on any subject. In conclusion, I will say of "Sartain's Union Magazine," that it is not tainted with any species of fanaticism; and while it desires to inculcate sound morals and to propagate a taste for polite literature, religious and political sectarianism is carefully excluded from its columns. The Publishers and Editors are practical and sober-minded and liberal-minded men; they go for the Union of the States and the union of all honest men. I know the men of whom I write; and I know that while they regard with contempt the scurrilous ebullitions of illiterate scribblers, they desire and deserve the good will of the intelligent people of the South.

Will the North Carolina papers do me the justice to publish this card? C. H. WILEY.  
Oct. 17th 1849.

*Good Example.*—Governor DANA, in his recent inaugural message, says that three-fourths of the population of Maine are farmers; and that three-fourths of the rising generation will be farmers, and yet there is no opportunity for one of all this number to obtain an education adapted to, and in aid of his vocation. He recommends the establishment of an agricultural school as a model and commencement of a system of such schools.

*New York Tailors.*—In the chief cities of Europe, it is now acknowledged that the New York tailors make the best coats in the world, and can best fit the important article of civilized dress to the form of man. American gentlemen in Paris, wearing New York made coats, have been repeatedly requested to loan them to French tailors, to make others exactly like them, as it was impossible otherwise to match them in nicety of fit and in general style. A member of the house of Jennings & Co. (No. 231 Broadway,) while in Paris some time ago, was frequently

annoyed with such requests for opportunity to "study" a coat made in his establishment, and not regarded by him as equal to the best of his productions. The coats made by the best tailors of Paris and London have generally a loose "baggy" fit, and lack the graceful closeness of adaption to the form, which is characteristic of the work of the fashionable *scheiders* of New York. The Parisian tailors display great taste in design; but those in New York, taking the fashions from Paris, excel them in execution.

## RIP VAN WINKLE.

By Woden, God of Saxons.  
From whence comes Wednesday, that is Wednesday.  
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep  
Till the day in which I creep into  
My sepulchre.—CARTWRIGHT.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descended the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses, (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten,) there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbour, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to this latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a certain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was three blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder, for hours together, trailling through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them; in a word, Rip was ready to attend to any body's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work

on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cows would either go astray, or get among the hedges; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than any where else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his paternal estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off gaiters, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. Thus, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever secured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his erect tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a glances air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawn out by Derriek Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this strong hold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far, below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around him but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard, the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard loud rattling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, towards which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brink of which, impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object in carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of their guide. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggy eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a

weather-beaten countenance, he wore a broad doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Schaiick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Holland. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wo-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—Oh! that wicked flagon! thought Rip—what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs, to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of foamy foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered his rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture, induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, which he did with astonishment. He



found his head had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—very things were strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flag on last night," thought he, "has added my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. "This was an unkind old indeed," "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgot, ten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolation overcame all his comradely fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speculations, or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politician. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp voice penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!" Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"a Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! hush him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them." Rip bedighted himself a moment, and inquired, "where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tomb-stone in the church-yard that used to tell all

about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?" "Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony-Point—others say that he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?" "He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these and changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony-Point—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-headed man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it: some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the heads throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urthins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree he employed to work on the

farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to any thing else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolution—war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States.

Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or of joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all hempecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NEW ORLEANS A DOOMED CITY.

A very intelligent writer in the Memphis Daily Enquirer, devotes a column of that paper to the consideration of the late Crevasse and the ultimate fate of New Orleans. He very properly says that the beds of all rivers which flow through a level country, like the territorial formation of the Mississippi valley, are gradually, but certainly filling up. This is the case, for instance, with the Po in Italy, of which the embankments at Ferrara, are so high that the surface of the river is above the tops of the houses. The beds of the Po, Adige, &c., are filling up by the annual deposits of detritus brought down from the Alps. All these rivers are confined within their channels by artificial embankments, like the levee on the shores of the Mississippi. Men are talking every day of running these levees up to the mouth of the Ohio, and St. Louis. It is perhaps among possibilities to do so but what will be the consequence? Manifestly that the bed of the Mississippi will fill up and elevate its waters until by successive elevation of the embankments its bed would be on a level with the adjacent country.

At New Orleans, since the embanking system commenced, the bed of the river has been elevated some 30 or 40 feet. This is proved by the depth of water which passed through Sucre crevasse, the roar of which could be heard some seven or eight miles. In this crevasse the water was about 30 feet deep. Here then we have the startling fact revealed to us, that the coasts on the lower Mississippi are at this time from six to nine months of the year, far below the level of the vast deluge of waters which half a continent pours out incessantly, and rolls along in silent majesty to be swallowed up and lost in the abyss of the ocean.

It may not be uninteresting here, to inquire what will be the ultimate fate of New Orleans. This can, we think, be easily foretold. Obviously, the city is a doomed one, for if the bed of the river has been already elevated 30 feet since the levee first began to protect it, a very ready calculation may be made of the time required to raise it 30 feet higher. And if at its present elevation the city has been one half submerged, to what extent may we anticipate any subsequent breach, when the waters shall sweep with tenfold fury through a channel twice the depth for this it must come at last, however far removed the time.

In fact, the days of the increase of New Orleans are already numbered. The child is now born who will when he visits that city, find only a few hundred instead of thousands of houses now there. A great commercial depot there must be somewhere below Baton Rouge, but it must be on higher ground, where business can be transacted at a less appalling sacrifice of human life.

There is indeed, but one excuse even now for continuing to make New Orleans this depot; and it is, that there is no other. That city was founded before Fulton brought steam into vogue for the Western waters. It was placed there because it was accessible to shipping from the Gulf, where steam tow boats were not—and when it required all the patience and nautical skill, favored by wind, tide, setting poles and spring cables of the most experienced navigators to reach the port. This excuse for planting a great emporium in the very jaws of death no longer exists, or exists only in the logic of the purse. It is a question of dollars and cents against human life and human suffering; a question of bricks and mortar already up in a slaughter house for human victims, against bricks and mortar to be put up in some locality where health shall find a safer habitation.

Nowhere.—The Pittsburg Chronicle says, "Nowhere is the place where the banks lend money to poor men—who need it instead of the rich—who do not."

What singularly diverse effects "the Spoils" have upon the parties. A Loco-foco will give his death for the party that gives officers and honors to himself or his friends. Whigs, on the contrary, who get office, at once become Loco-focos. It is only those who get little or nothing who maintain their integrity.—*Tag, Ohio.*

## Latest Foreign News.

By the arrival of the Europe at Halifax, on the 24th ult., we have seven days later news from Europe. We present a summary of all that is important.

**Russia and Turkey.**—The English papers contain many speculations and reports concerning the pending decision of the Emperor of Russia in regard to the appeal made to him respecting the extradition of the Hungarian refugees. Nothing definite, however, can be arrived at concerning the issue, until the resolution of the Emperor and his imperial council shall be made known. The Emperor's reply was expected to reach the Turkish capital about the 10th or 12th of October.

The London and Paris cabinets, from the representations of their ministers at Constantinople, have despatched a large fleet of steamers to the Bosphorus and the harbor of the Golden Horn. Between the entrance of the Black sea and the Propontis, in the sea of Marmora, twelve ships of the line are at anchor, fully equipped and plentifully provisioned.

An armed body of 100,000 troops are assembled around the Turkish capital, and are reviewed daily from daybreak until dark. A letter, dated Constantinople the 25th ultimo, states that, before entering Turkey official assurances were given Kossuth that he and his fellow-refugees would be welcomed and allowed to proceed to any part of the world they might desire.

A considerable number of the patriots have been put on board an American corvette and a French steamer, destined, it is said for Greece. An eloquent letter from Kossuth to Lord Palmerston is published in the English journals.

By the news from Widdien, it appears that Amiliah had been sent to urge the refugees to embrace the Islamite faith, and had been unsuccessful. Kossuth, Guryon, Zomoriski, and others, swore that no power should induce them to apostatize. Bem had no scruples.

The most unwelcome feature in the news from Turkey is that those Pashalies in Europe which are partly Greek and partly Turkish, are in a state of ferment in consequence of the threatened rupture between Russian and Turkey.

Under the influence of Russian emissaries, members of the Greek church, these Pashalies have betrayed serious intention of taking advantage of the present opportunity to get up a revolt. Great activity prevails in sending couriers to and from the principal parts of Europe, but the firmness in the public funds allays any apprehension of serious results.

A Paris correspondent of the London Times says that a note has been addressed by the English government to its ambassador at St. Petersburg on the subject of Turkish affairs, couched in firm and moderate terms, and contains nothing calculated to wound the sensibilities of Nicholas, but announces its determination to support the Porte against any exigencies that would compromise the dignity of an independent sovereign.

Lord Palmerston likewise sent the proper instructions to Sir Stratford Canning, and placed the Mediterranean fleet at his disposal.

France has imitated England in this respect, and a perfect unanimity exists between the two powers.

The statement that Gorgey had been shot is contradicted. The news from other parts of Europe is not important.

**Cotton has again advanced.**—On the 13th instant the market at Liverpool was much excited, and spinners and speculators were purchasing largely. The cotton market was also extremely animated at Havre.

The grain market was firm, and the London money market was easy.

IN FOR IT—HOW TO GET OUT OF IT.

Once on a time there was a gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle.

It was a very fine elephant, and very cheap at the price the gentleman paid for his chance.

But the gentleman had no place to put it in. Nobody would take it off his hands.

He couldn't afford to feed it.

He was afraid of the law if he turned it loose into the streets.

He was too humane to let it starve.

He was afraid to shoot it.

In short, he was in a perplexity very natural to a gentleman with moderate means, a small house, common feelings of humanity—and an elephant.

France has won her elephant at Rome.

She has brought back her Pope.

She is at her wit's end what to do with him. She can't abet the Pope and the Cardinals, because she interfered in the cause of liberty.

She can't abet the Republicans, because she interfered in the cause of the Pope and the Cardinals.

She can't act with Austria, because Austria is absolutist.

She can't act against Austria, because France is conservative and peaceful.

She can't continue her army in Rome, because it is not treated with respect.

She can't withdraw her army from Rome, because that would be to stultify herself.

She can't go forward, because she insisted on the Roman people going backward.

She can't go backward, because the French people insist on her going forward.

She can't choose the wrong, because the public opinion forces her to the right.

She can't choose the right, because her own dishonesty has forced her to the wrong.

In one word, she is on the horns of a dilemma, and the more she twists, the more sharply she feels the points on which she is impaled, like a cockchafer in a cabinet, for the inspection of the curious in the lighter and more whirling species of political etymology.

Poor France—will nobody take her precious bargain off her hands? Rome is her bottle-in-p. She bought it dear enough, but can't get rid of it "at any price"—*Punch.*

The Press!—Give me, said Sheridan in one of his speeches, but the freedom of the Press, and you may have corrupt Kings, Ministers and Statesmen, yet will the liberties of the people be secured.

Those who conduct a newspaper, should not abuse this power, nor forget the respect due to all, as men and citizens. He should grant to them, in whatever capacity, all that he himself would require, and nothing more can be demanded.

What singularly diverse effects "the Spoils" have upon the parties. A Loco-foco will give his death for the party that gives officers and honors to himself or his friends. Whigs, on the contrary, who get office, at once become Loco-focos. It is only those who get little or nothing who maintain their integrity.—*Tag, Ohio.*

## General Intelligence.

**A Tragedy.**—We learn, says the Danville Register, that a man named Bowen, residing in the neighborhood of Berger's Store in this county, was killed a few days ago in an attempt to resist with fire arms the officers of the law who had been directed to take him in custody for the commission of a high misdemeanor.

It appears that on Monday last Bowen attempted to kill his wife, by shooting at her with a rifle, through a window at the residence of his father-in-law, and bidding defiance to the laws of the land, swore that he should not be taken alive. Representation of the fact being made to the Circuit Superior Court now sitting for this county, his honor Judge Taliaferro issued orders for the immediate arrest of the outlaw; and the sheriff summoned several persons to assist him in executing the Judge's order, who armed themselves for the encounter which was anticipated with the desperado. Accordingly, on arriving at Bowen's house, he confronted them in the yard with his rifle and revolvers, the former of which after a short parly with them, he levelled at one of the party, who dropped from his horse at the instant and thereby saved himself, as the ball aimed for him barely grazed the top of the horse's head. Bowen then advanced on the crowd with a revolver, when finding they must either run or fight for their lives, a volley of pistols and musketry were discharged at him which brought him to the ground a dead man.

**The Round Islanders.**—The last remnant of the Round Island expedition was, at its own request, removed on the 11th inst. by passed midshipman Dyer, and landed at Pascagoula. Forty of them immediately left for New Orleans, and the rest, some twenty-five in number, for Mobile. It has been a matter of speculation for some time what country the Round Islanders were to conquer. Mr. Griffith H. Williams, sergeant major of the late regiment on Round Island, informs the editor of the *St. Louis Union* that their ultimate destination was the Island of Cuba.

The men were to have been shipped to the Island of Lopez to be drilled and armed. The expedition had been in contemplation for many years, and the funds for its support had been accumulated by annual donations from the planters of Cuba, and were deposited in New York, subject to the order of General Lopez, the general manager of the expedition. Its object was the establishment of a Republican Government in Cuba. For the present the expedition has been abandoned, but Colonels White and Bieco, the leaders, entertained no doubt as to its ultimate success.

**Personal Rencontre.**—On Monday night between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, P. M. or about that time, Messrs. Barringer and Caldwell met under Sadler's portico in this place, when a rencontre took place between them. Four pistol shots passed from Major Caldwell, we learn, which were wasted off by Mr. Barringer, with the exception of one, which entered and came out of the fleshy part of his left leg below the knee, doing only slight injury. Mr. Barringer had not drawn his pistol before they were parted. We only make such a statement as rumor seems generally to sustain, not being present ourselves, nor desirous now of advancing any comment.

Major Caldwell gave himself up to the authorities, and has given bail for his appearance at the present term of the County Court.—*Charlotte Herald's Nest.*

**The National Common School Convention.**—The late season, the number of Boarders at this fashionable place of resort has been, Adults 647, Children 55, Servants 153, Horses 375. Of the Adults, 541 were from South Carolina, 57 from North Carolina, 32 from Georgia, 10 from Alabama, &c.

When we get the Plank Road, and Central Rail Road, to Salisbury, and the Turnpike thence to Asheville, there will be need of a few more Hotels in that far off region. We know many who would like to go to our own mountains instead of the Virginia Springs, Saratoga, &c., if it were not for the difficulty of the route.

**The Eureka.**—The bark Eureka, which sailed from Cleveland, Ohio, bound for San Francisco, but proved too large for the locks of the Welland Canal, was cut away so as to pass through, and she accomplished her voyage down the St. Lawrence in safety. On Thursday the 18th, she cleared at the Montreal Custom House, with her valuable cargo and thirty-eight passengers. This is the first American merchant vessel that ever sailed below Montreal, and she was allowed to do so by special authority from England.

**American Tract Society.**—The receipts of this Society in September were \$25,218. Since the 1st of April the receipts have been \$126,145, and for the same period the issues were 18,734, 164 pages, including, we presume, volumes as well as tracts. An auxiliary tract society has been established in Oregon, and has applied for \$1500 worth of tracts, remitting at the same time \$100 for publications. The mission at the Sandwich Islands requests an appropriation of \$2000. A colporteur sailed in the ship Mechanics Own for California.

**Lime.**—An excellent quality of Lime is furnished at a Kiln 12 miles from Asheville, Buncombe county, at only nine cents a bushel. The limestone lies on and just beneath the surface of the ground. What a fine opportunity for the farmers of the good old State of Buncombe to enrich their lands.

**Mammoth Cheese.**—There is a Mammoth Cheese exhibiting at the Agricultural Fair in New York, made from a tub of milk of 690 Cows, by A. E. Austin, Ash-tahula county, Ohio. It weighs 2,000 pounds, and cost \$250, at the rate of seventeen cents per pound, and is undoubtedly the largest in the world.

**Manumission of Slaves.**—The New York Colonization Society having succeeded in securing the fund proposed last winter, (\$6000) for the passage to Liberia of the Ross slaves, have offered to the American Colonization Society to defray the expense of the passage of another lot of slaves, one hundred and fifty in number, lately emancipated in Darien, Georgia. The estimated sum, in addition to what the late owner of the slaves, Major Wood, appropriated, is about \$3000, or twenty dollars for each one of them.

**Senator Benton** addressed an immense mass meeting at St. Louis, last Friday evening, on the subject of his instructions from the Legislature. He refused to answer questions respectfully put, in relation to his future action in Congress on the subject of slavery. Another large meeting, held in the rotunda, passed resolutions strongly condemnatory of Mr. Benton. Much disorder prevailed, and the police were called in, there being quite a disturbance.

**The Colonization Society.**—The American Colonization Society has been applied to for a passage to Liberia, on the next vessel, for sixty slaves, now residing near Murfreesboro', North Carolina, who enjoy, by the will of their late owner, the privilege of emigrating to Liberia, if the Society can pay their expenses. It will require \$3000 to do this, and the Secretary of the Society has issued an earnest appeal for contributions to that amount. He desires to secure it within thirty days.

**A Long Canal.**—The American Railroad Journal states that the Wabash and Erie Canal, when finished to the Ohio River, will be three hundred and seventy-five miles in length, in Indiana, and including the eastern end of it, which lies in the State of Ohio, will be four hundred and fifty-nine miles in length from Toledo to Evansville, the longest canal in the United States. It is nearly one hundred miles longer than the great New York and Erie canal.

**Poetry and Prose.**—All of our readers have heard of Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Conn., one of the first female Poets of our country. We observe that she has received two premiums from the Hartford County Agricultural Society—not for the best Poems, but for the best pairs of Silk and Linen Stockings, of her own knitting! Her daughter also received a premium for the best Bead Bag, of her own handy-work.

**Tunnel through the Blue Ridge.**—The contract for this great work (4200 feet in length) was awarded by the Board of Public Works on Saturday last to Messrs. John Rutter & Co., of the State of New York, they being the lowest bidder for the same. Those gentlemen produced the most ample testimonials of the energy, skill, faithfulness and punctuality with which they have executed other important Tunnels in the United States.—*Rich. Eng.*

**Next Congress.**—The house will be so tied up by factions that it cannot proceed very rapidly in business. It is not difficult, in advance, to estimate the whole amount of important business that will be done. It is safe to say that no act tending to strengthen or weaken any party system can become a law. There will probably be a concurrence of all parties in a liberal system of harbor improvements, the promotion of internal navigation.

**The Indigo Plant in South Carolina.**—The South Carolinian, noticing a statement that the Indigo Plant, a native of that State, is no longer raised, says this is a great mistake, the supply increasing rather than diminishing. More attention, probably, is given to its cultivation now than for some years past. In every inland town in the State, and in every country store, there can be found a regular supply of South Carolina Indigo.

**Slaves in Different Countries.**—The following is said to be a correct estimate of the Slaves in the following countries; to wit:

United States	3,095,000
Spanish Colonies	900,000
South American Republics	140,000
Brazil	3,250,000
Dutch Colonies	85,000
African Settlements	30,000
Total number of slaves	7,500,000

**Good Pickings for the Lawyers.**—The Asheville Messenger mentions that on the Docket of Buncombe Superior Court, at its late Term, there were 107 Civil, and over 60 State Cases. Judge Ellis succeeded up to 11 o'clock on Saturday night, in disposing of about 80 of the former, and nearly all of the latter, including one case of manslaughter, one of rape and two of grand larceny, all of which met with appropriate sentences.

**Rome.**—A letter from Rome, of the 21st ult., states that the Papal manifesto and amnesty were posted up a second time in Rome on that day, and that they were defiled with mud, and in several places with blood. The Cardinals dared not show themselves in the streets, notwithstanding the presence of the French troops.

**Canada.**—The Counter Protest.—The friends of British connection have got up a protest as a set-off to the annexation memorial. It has six hundred signatures. A few of the signers are respectable names. The rest are unknown, or dependent on the Government.

**Increase of Steamships.**—There are now under construction at New York, and fast advancing towards completion, twelve steam vessels whose combined tonnage is 18,800 tons. Of these, three are to be built by the Navy, and the

In speaking of General Taylor's proclamation forbidding the invasion of Cuba from the United States, the European Times says:

"We are glad to find that President Taylor is not disposed to sanction a mighty act of spoliation, to be committed by a band of mercenary and unprincipled adventurers. Throughout the whole of these doings, it is carefully kept out of view that a specific treaty exists, to which France, Spain, England and the United States are parties, by which the dependency of Cuba to the mother country of Spain is especially guaranteed."

**Pennsylvania Election.**—The official vote in Pennsylvania for Canal Commissioner is as follows: Gamble, (Dem.) 146,771; Fuller, (Whig) 134,265; Cleaver, (Native) 3,993. Majority for John A. Gamble, (Dem.) over Fuller, (Whig) 12,506. There were 85,000 less votes polled than there were at the Presidential election; the falling off in the Democratic vote was 25,895, and in the Whig vote 41,848. The Democrats will have a majority of 20 on joint ballot in the Legislature—1 in the Senate and 19 in the House.

**Manumission of Slaves.**—The New York Colonization Society having succeeded in securing the fund proposed last winter, (\$6000) for the passage to Liberia of the Ross slaves, have offered to the American Colonization Society to defray the expense of the passage of another lot of slaves, one hundred and fifty in number, lately emancipated in Darien, Georgia. The estimated sum, in addition to what the late owner of the slaves, Major Wood, appropriated, is about \$3000, or twenty dollars for each one of them.

**Senator Benton** addressed an immense mass meeting at St. Louis, last Friday evening, on the subject of his instructions from the Legislature. He refused to answer questions respectfully put, in relation to his future action in Congress on the subject of slavery. Another large meeting, held in the rotunda, passed resolutions strongly condemnatory of Mr. Benton. Much disorder prevailed, and the police were called in, there being quite a disturbance.

**The Colonization Society.**—The American Colonization Society has been applied to for a passage to Liberia, on the next vessel, for sixty slaves, now residing near Murfreesboro', North Carolina, who enjoy, by the will of their late owner, the privilege of emigrating to Liberia, if the Society can pay their expenses. It will require \$3000 to do this, and the Secretary of the Society has issued an earnest appeal for contributions to that amount. He desires to secure it within thirty days.

**A Long Canal.**—The American Railroad Journal states that the Wabash and Erie Canal, when finished to the Ohio River, will be three hundred and seventy-five miles in



# THE PATRIOT

GREENSBORO, N. C.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1849.

Thursday, the 15th of the present month has been set apart by the Governor as a day of Thanksgiving in this State.

The Railroad Convention in Greensboro will be held on Thursday the 29th inst.

The meeting last Saturday on the subject of our Common Schools was an interesting one. The Teachers present, who formed a majority of the meeting, were remarkably steady intelligent young men, (and one young lady of superior qualifications in her vocation,) who cherish a proper sense of the responsibility and dignity of their profession. We looked upon them and thought they were the sort of men to regenerate the State. Sixty like them, with any thing like constant employment, in every county, would work such a moral and intellectual improvement on the rising generation that North Carolina would hardly know herself! These young men are the Sons of the People—it is therefore with peculiar propriety that they take the initiative in a hearty effort to improve the People's Schools.

We say to them, and to all in the State who have popular education at heart,—go on and prosper! It will never do to abandon the present system of Common Schools. With all its difficulties, we could not get a better in fifty years. The old associations which existed before the enactment of the present School laws are broken up, and cannot be again re-created. We should regard it as a fatal relapse. The present system is defective in many particulars; but it affords a sure foundation to build upon; we must cure its defects as fast as time and progressive improvement will allow, and a few years will show the fulfillment of the rational hopes of the most sanguine.

"Old Rip."—Those who have Washington Irving's Sketch Book in their libraries, and can open up to "Rip Van Winkle" at their pleasure, will nevertheless hardly complain of the space taken up in this paper with that immitable story, when we assure them that numbers of our readers have never seen it. Thousands are in the habit of calling every sleep-loving weather-beaten specimen of animated nature an "old Rip," without knowing the origin of the term. Illustrative allusion is often made by public speakers and writers to Rip Van Winkle, of whom numbers of hearers and readers know nothing, except in some indistinct idea that he was some sleepy-headed fellow said to have indulged in a twenty years' nap. We therefore copy the story of Rip Van Winkle entire. It is one of the most wonderful and pleasant creations of genius, and destined to live in a popularity coeval with English literature.

## THE WHIGS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The position of the Whigs of North Carolina is one of which they may justly be proud. Without a reward or the hope of reward from the Federal Administration they have been found almost the only true and faithful to that Administration and to their principles; while other States on whose eminent Whig citizens the highest appointments of the Executive have been conferred, have faltered and failed to maintain their strength at the late elections. Pennsylvania with a Secretary of the Treasury, Ohio with a Secretary of the Interior, Maryland with an Attorney General, Virginia with a Secretary of the Navy, Georgia with a Secretary of War, Connecticut and Tennessee that had the offer of places in the Cabinet—all have gone against or given a faint support to the Whig Administration in their recent elections. Vermont with her Post Master General has been found true. And North Carolina has been found true, not on account of any "spoils" which has fallen into her hands, but for her principles' sake, and for the preservation of her consistency and her ancient integrity. What Whig does not love her for this? For the sake of the country, let us stand firmly in our position. We support an honest Administration, which maintains the best interests of the Union at home, and its honor abroad. The time will come in less than four years, we confidently predict, when the plain, honest-hearted, firm-handed old man at the head of the Government will command the zealous support of every recreant who has been seduced from his "propriety" by locofoco clamor, or been lulled (as Whigs are too apt to be) by over-confidence in the justice of his cause and the popularity of his leader.

If somebody would bring home our ladder, and saddle, one or two bridles, and about half a dozen missing umbrellas, it would mightily affect the adoption of a resolution, which we now have under consideration, to return certain things which we have borrowed. But if the ladder, saddle, bridle and umbrellas don't come, we confidently predict that said resolution will not pass.

## GOOD READING.—The American School Reader.

Charles Tappan, Boston, publisher, has been used in Edgworth for several years in preference to all other books on the science and art of reading; and it is recommended to the teachers, committees, &c., engaged in introducing the best as well as uniform books to the public schools. Greensboro, N. C., Oct. 23, 1849. [Com.]

The Observer of the 30th ult., says that an immense quantity of goods had been received the past week in Fayetteville by merchants of that place and the vicinity.

RELATIONS WITH FRANCE.  
The Paris Monitor of the 5th ult. states that the French Government entirely disavows the conduct of M. Poussin. It also announces the appointment of M. Boist Le Compt, at present French Minister at Turin, to be Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington. He is to be replaced at Turin by M. Lucien Tarat. This information, remarks the National Intelligencer, in showing the acquiescence of the French Government in the correctness of the course adopted by our Executive towards the French Minister, and removing all apprehension of any difficulty arising between the two Governments from that cause, will afford sincere satisfaction to the American people.

The New York Tribune publishes a letter from its Paris correspondent, of the 5th ultimo, (received by the Niagara,) which states that "our minister, Mr. Rives, is now here. As yet, he has not been presented to the French government; but, in a day or two, will be, at which time he will be cordially received and recognized. Mr. Rives leaves Paris next week for the United States."

THE RALEIGH REGISTER comes out enlarged so as to contain nearly a third more matter. The typographical execution is elegant. We trust the young and talented Editor of this sterling old State gazette will meet due reward for his enterprise.

## OUR FIRE APPARATUS.

The details of cost of the apparatus and fixtures of the Greensboro Fire Company are inserted for the satisfaction of those who contributed to the purchase and of all others interested. The selection and purchase of the Engine, &c., developed on Mr. W. J. McConnell, who promptly and satisfactorily discharged the trust. His bill is subjoined:

Greensborough Fire Company in account with W. J. McConnell.

April 1849.	DR.	
To paid for Suction Engine,	\$600 00	
" Hose Carriage,	100 00	
" Bells for same, and putting them on,	9 00	
" 344 1/2 feet copper-riveted Hose, at 53 c. per ft.,	182 50	
" 6 pairs connecting Screws, at \$3.50 per pair,	21 00	
" 4 dozen Leather Buckets, at \$21 per dozen,	84 00	
" Engraving Company's name on Engine and reel,	6 00	
" Package and drayage,	2 62	
" Freight to Wilmington,	25 00	
" " from Fayetteville to Greensborough,	14 00	
" Postage on letters to ascertain information about cost, &c., of Engine,	2 50	
" Paid engineer for superintending construction of the Engine,	1 25	
" 2 Door-Bells for Engine House,	1 50	
" 1 Stock-Lock for do	88	
" 13 lbs. Rope, at 16 c. per lb.,	2 17	
" 1 lb. Candles for Company,	08	
" For varnishing Hose Carriage & painting Engine after arrival,	1 00	
	\$1053 59	

By Cash received from former Commissioners, \$223 95  
" From the County, 400 00  
" From the Citizens on their subscriptions, per Town Officer, G. C. Townsend, 429 64

\$1053 59

The Engine House, a neat brick building on the public lot near the jail, was put up at an entire cost not exceeding \$925. The balance of subscriptions—a portion of which is already collected by the Town Officer—is sufficient in amount to discharge the greater part of this debt.

In the above bill there appears to be no freight charge on the apparatus from Wilmington to Fayetteville. For this liberality the Town is indebted to the "Merchants' Steamboat Company."

THE BRITISH IN AMERICA.—"Ion," the intelligent correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says:

In regard to the Nicaragua canal, there can be no doubt that such an arrangement will be made between Great Britain, the United States, and Nicaragua, that it may be speedily completed and made free to the commerce of the whole world.

Great Britain exhibits no disposition to encroach upon the American continent, nor to extend her monarchical system over them; but, on the contrary, she is ready, as soon as she can, with a good grace, to get rid of her possessions in North America. She is ready to concede independence to the Canadas, and aid them in establishing an independent confederation. As to the Hudson's Bay possessions, they are offered to us dog cheap, and nothing but a slight matter of etiquette prevented the British Government from giving her permission to the proposed sale, and transferring to the United States her right of eminent domain. It is only necessary, in order to consummate that purchase, that Congress should, by a simple resolution, invite the offer. So I have been informed by those who have consulted some of the members of the British Ministry on the subject.

Appointments by the President.—John S. Gallagher to be Auditor of the Treasury, vice Peter Hager.

[Virginia has been so much overlooked in the bestowal of office, that the reader will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Gallagher is from that State. Is there any body else from that State that wants an office? He has only to make it known.]—Fayetteville Observer.

A Convention assembled in New York a few days since, composed principally of dealers in boots and shoes, who came together once a year to consult on the mutual interests of the trade. Some important facts were stated by the chairman worth repeating here. One house in Connecticut makes \$250,000 worth of pegged, every year, another makes \$500,000 worth; and in Massachusetts the aggregate value of this kind of manufacture was stated to be \$18,000,000. Still the demand was greater than the supply.

## MEETING OF TEACHERS.

GREENSBORO, Oct. 27, 1849.

Agreeably to notice a number of Teachers and friends of popular education assembled in the Common School House, and organized their meeting by calling Jesse Wheeler to the chair. Samuel H. Wiley was appointed secretary.

Dr. N. Mendenhall, being called upon, made some brief remarks in explanation of the objects of the meeting, followed by Mr. M. R. Moore, of Davidson, in a course of correct and impressive views of the importance of popular elementary education.

On the suggestion of Professor Morgan, the names and location (as to school districts) of the Teachers and others present were given to the Secretary; and every Teacher proceeded to state the condition of the school in his district, the difficulties he found in conducting the school, the public sentiment of the district in regard to the same, &c. The principal difficulties to contend with, which were mentioned, were—want of funds to continue school any considerable portion of the year—want of uniformity in books—irregular attendance of children—the indifference of committee-men and of parents to the progress and success of the schools. It appeared, however, that in a few of the districts the schools had been prosperous and free from the drawbacks mentioned, and had been continued by individual subscriptions after the public fund ran out. A general and satisfactory interchange of views and information was indulged by the meeting, and suggestions made with view to a proper course of action.

On motion of William Reynolds, a committee was raised to draft and report resolutions for the action of the meeting—the chair appointing N. Mendenhall, Wm. Reynolds and L. Swain to that duty.

While the committee was absent Prof. Morgan occupied the attention of the Teachers with some encouraging and pertinent remarks.

The committee reported resolutions which were discussed, amended and finally adopted unanimously, as follows, viz:

Resolved, That we believe the improvement of our Common Schools is a matter in which all our people should be vitally interested.

Resolved, That we believe the adoption of a uniform set of text books would conduce to this object; and we therefore highly approve of the recommendation of the Board of Superintendents, requesting the Examining Committee to make a selection of books for this purpose.

Resolved, That it would also be of much benefit, after due notice, to call in the Certificates already granted to Teachers, with a view of examining applicants in a more rigorous manner—thus raising the standard of education; and if a legal objection be found to this course, that we will unite in a memorial to the next Legislature for an amendment of the School law to that effect.

Whereas, we believe that popular education in our country will be materially advanced by associated action.

Therefore, Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to suggest a permanent plan of organization, comprising Teachers, Committee-men, Superintendents, and the friends of education;—said committee to report to an adjourned meeting to be held in this building, on Saturday the 24th of November next.

The Chairman subsequently appointed Prof. G. Morgan, Jesse H. Lindsay and E. W. Ogburn the committee under the last resolution.

On a motion that some suitable person be appointed to address the next meeting, the chair named Dr. N. Mendenhall to perform that duty.

The three several resolutions following were introduced by Prof. Morgan and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That Teachers of Common Schools be requested to invite parents and educated persons to visit and examine their schools.

Resolved, That public examinations, rightly conducted, be recommended as of great and public utility.

Resolved, That Teachers be requested to consult with their several districts on their willingness to increase their funds.

E. W. Ogburn moved the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we believe the "Common School Advocate" calculated to advance the interests of our schools and of sound popular education, and therefore recommend that paper to the patronage of the people of the State generally.

On motion of L. Swain the following resolution passed unanimously:

Resolved, That the Teachers and friends of education of Guilford county present, tender their thanks to persons from neighboring counties who have participated in our proceedings, and that their future co-operation is cordially invited.

The following resolutions were adopted on motion of D. F. Caldwell:

Resolved, That our thanks are tendered to the chairman and secretary for the manner in which they have discharged their duties.

Resolved, That a publication of the proceedings of this meeting be requested in the Common School Advocate and the Greensboro Patriot.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

JESSE WHEELER, Chm'n.

S. H. WILEY, Secretary.

Until the 1st of March, 1829, the Federal offices were, as a general rule, bestowed upon competent persons, who, as long as they faithfully exercised their functions, were retained in office. A new rule was then adopted, and the offices were distributed among the friends of the incoming Administration. General Jackson undertook, at first, to remove all those persons from office who, in office, had used their influence in elections. But, after giving directions to this effect, he found that he would have to remove many of his own friends as well as his opponents. He therefore removed his enemies, and appointed his friends. This has become the regular course of action ever since, and will continue to be so until the end of the Government, no matter what vague pledges and professions may be made to the contrary by any Presidential candidate, or his friends for him.

Facts relative to Building.—One fact is, that a square foot requires more room with a given cost for outside walls, than any other rectangular figure. Great length and little width may afford convenient rooms, but at an increased expense.

Another fact is, that ventilation is an essential in a human dwelling. No other consideration should exclude this. The halls, windows, and doors should be so situated with regard to each other, that a full draught of air can be secured at any time, in the summer season, by day and night through the whole house. The stories should also be sufficiently high to afford a sufficiency of air in all the rooms. Nine feet is a good height for lower rooms, and eight for upper. Bed rooms should also be larger than they commonly are. Great injury to health is the result of sleeping in small, close apartments.

The third fact is, that a steep roof will not only shed rain and snow far better than a flat one, but will last immensely longer.

The fourth fact is, that a chimney in or near the centre of the building will aid to warm the whole house, while if built at one end or side, the heat will be thrown out and lost.

The fifth fact is, that a door opening from the outside into any principal room, without the intervention of a hall or passage, costs much more than it saves, in the free ingress of air into it.

The sixth fact is, that the use of paint is the best economy, in the preservation it affords to all wood work.

The seventh fact is, that if the front door is made at one side instead of the middle of the front, a partition will be saved, and for small houses this should not be forgotten, but for large houses have the main door and lobby in the middle of the house.

It is estimated that the oak tree lives in a state of nature one thousand five hundred years. Hour-glasses were invented at Alexandria one hundred and fifty years before Christ.

Vaccination was first tried upon condemned criminals, in the year 1721.

The interest of the national debt of Great Britain is over twenty-four million pounds sterling. Looking-glasses were first made at Venice in the year 1600.

Iron was first discovered by the burning of Mount Ida, one thousand four hundred and five years before Christ.

Muslins were first manufactured in England, during the year 1781.

The first jury ever empaneled was in England, during the year 970.

Air is eight hundred and sixteen times lighter than its bulk in water.

Military uniforms were first adopted in France, by King Louis XIV.

Letters were invented by Memnon, the Egyptian, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two years before Christ.

The plague in Europe, Asia, and Africa, commencing in the year 588, lasted for fifty years. Linen was first discovered and made in England in the year 1253.

The average coinage of the mint of Great Britain for the last thirty years, is eighteen million pounds sterling per annum.

Microscopes were first invented and used in Germany in the year 1621.

The cost of cigars smoked every day in the city of New York is ten thousand dollars.

The first private library was that of Aristotle's, collected five hundred and twenty-four years before Christ.

According to the statistics, one-third of the population of England are paupers.

The first literary magazine in America was published by Franklin, in 1741.

As a general rule, we are not only dependent upon the Northern States for all the fabrics from our raw material, but for the very bread of our mental existence. Here, in North Carolina, with a population of eight hundred thousand souls, we have but some thirty-five or forty newspapers, and no periodical or paper whatever of a literary character. We look to the North for every thing; and such being the case, no wonder many of the Northern people regard us as beasts of burden, patient under wrong, and prepared to carry as much as they may pile upon our shoulders.

The New York Herald, for instance, issues more sheets in one week than our entire press does in twelve months; and the profits of its proprietor during one year would purchase every printing establishment in North Carolina. Whose fault is this? Let our people, of both parties, think of it seriously, and apply the remedy.—Raleigh Standard.

## The Boston Post lately published the following:

I WOULDN'T GIVE MUCH FOR A GIRL WITH A BONNET.

I wouldn't give much for a girl with a bonnet.

That cost fifty dollars when it was first new.

Who sports a large muff with a hairy tail on it.

That hangs down in front of it just as it grew;

I wouldn't give much for this female—

Would you?

I wouldn't give much for a woman who prances.

Promenading all the thoroughfares through.

Giving turns to the clerks, or else amorous glances.

Enough to turn her eyes all askew—

I wouldn't give much for this female—

Would you?

I wouldn't give much for a chap with a collar.

That's made to stand up, almost over his ears;

Who wears white kid gloves that cost over a dol-

lar,

And a coat that belongs to some knight of the

shenars;

I wouldn't give much for this fellow—

Would you?

The following has since been sent to the Post by a Lady in reply:

I wouldn't give much for a chap who has "gone

it."

'Till he's run every cent of his legacy through.

Whose "sweeping chin" has a huge goatee on it.

That hangs down upon it just as it grew;

I wouldn't give much for this fellow—

Would you?

I wouldn't give much for a chap with a collar.

That's made to stand up, almost over his ears;

Who wears white kid gloves that cost over a dol-

lar, and a coat that belongs to some knight of the shenars;

I wouldn't give much for this fellow—

Would you?

Seven years in childhood's sport and play,

Seven years in school from day to day,

Seven years at trade or college life,

Seven years to find a place and wife,

Seven years to pleasure's follies given,

Seven years by business hardy driven,

Seven years for fame, a wild-goose chase,

Seven years for wealth, a bootless race,

Seven years in hoarding for your heir,

Seven years in weakness, age, and care,

Then die and go—I don't say where?

Advertising.—One of the great secrets of trade is a judicious and well directed system of advertising. An advertisement is to those who wish to make purchases or transact business with our merchants and mechanics, what a finger board is to a traveler in a strange land, pointing to the place he desires to find. Hundreds and thousands of persons look to the cards of merchants, mechanics, &c., for articles they are in search of, and are much more likely to visit the house that advertises what they need, than stumble along the street from one store to another to find what they want.

The Time to Read.—How often do we hear men excuse themselves from subscribing to a paper or periodical, by saying they have no time to read. When we hear a man thus excuse himself, we conclude he has never found time to confer any substantial advantage either upon his family, his country, or himself. To hear a freeman thus express himself, is truly humiliating and we can form no other opinion than that such a man is of little importance to society.

Father Mathew was at Worcester (Mass.) on Monday last, but so unwell that he could not meet the crowd of people who had assembled to bid him welcome. He is laboring under a partial paralysis of his side and tongue, and there is reason to fear that he will be obliged to cease his benevolent and arduous labors for a time at least.

There is a man up country, says a exchange, who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life, never had any corns or tooth-ache, his potatoes never rot, the weeds never eat his wheat, the frost never kills his corn or beans, his babies never cry in the night, and his wife never scolds!

Elderly Roses.—There is a rose bud flourishing near Bristol, Pa., known to be more than a hundred years old.

Thinking Tools.—The human brain is the twenty-eighth part of the body, but the brain of a horse is but the four hundredth.

## The Markets.

FAIRFAXVILLE, Oct. 30.—Apple brandy 30 to 55, peach 75 to 85. Bacon 5 to 6. Cotton, a little higher, say 10 to 10 1/2. Coffee 9 to 10. Corn 45 to 55. Flour \$4.75 to 5.00. Flaxseed \$1.00 to 1.10. Lard 6 1/2 to 7. Oats 25 to 30. Linseed oil 65 to 70. Sugar, brown, 6 to 9; loaf 11 to 12. Salt \$1.50 to 1.75 per sack; alum salt 50 to 60 per bushel. Tallow 8 to 9. Wheat 75 to 80. Whiskey 35 to 40. Wool 12 to 15.

CHERRY, Oct. 30.—Bacon 6 to 6 1/2. Butter 15 to 20. Coffee 9 to 11. Cotton, sales of 1100 bales during the week at 9 to 10 1/2. Corn 40 to 45. Flour \$5.50 to 6.00. Lard 7 to 8. Sugar, brown, 7 to 10; loaf 12 1/2 to 15. Liverpool salt \$1.92 to 1.75 per sack.

WILMINGTON.—Bacon, hog round, 7 1/2 to 8, market well supplied. Corn 50 to 52. Fayetteville Flour \$5.50 to 5.75. Lard dull at 8 to 9.

NEWBERN.—Butter 20 to 25. Flour \$6.75 to 7.00. Bacon, hams, 9; assorted 7 to 7 1/2.

PETERSBURG.—Tobacco, demand active and prices improving. Flour \$5.25 to 5.50 for superfine; \$6 to 6.50 for Family. Corn 55 to 59. Bacon, Virginia cured, 7 to 7 1/2. Lard 8 to 8 1/2.

Cotton, at New York has advanced half a cent per pound. At New Orleans it advanced 1/2 of a cent on reception of the Europa's news.

DIED.—In this county, the 29th ult., after a painful affliction which had been for some time impairing his health, William Watson, in the 63d year of his age. The deceased was extensively known and universally respected for his sterling honesty and the practical benevolence of his disposition.

## COMMON SCHOOLS.

### SUPERINTENDENTS.

The Board of Superintendents will meet at 10 o'clock on Tuesday of November Court.

### EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

The Committee of Examination will meet on Wednesday of November Court.

At the late meeting of the Board of Superintendents, it was ordered that the Examining Committee meet regularly, four times a year, on the Wednesday of every Court Court.

### MEETING OF TEACHERS.

The Teachers of Common Schools and the friends of Common School education, will hold their second meeting on the Saturday of November Court, at 12 o'clock. (203) October 30, 1849

## NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

RANKIN & McLEAN  
ARE now in the receipt of the principal part of their late purchase, which makes their present stock quite full. They invite a

Call from all persons

wishing to purchase, and hope they will be able to

Please, both as to quality & price.

They are thankful for past favors, and solicit a continuance of the same.

November, 1849

## COMMON SCHOOLS.

Fall Dividend from the State and County.

No. 1 \$47 85	No. 23 \$72 21	No. 45 \$31 06
" 2 50 46	" 24 39 58	" 46 26 97
" 3 31 75	" 25 30 45	" 47 30 91
" 4 27 40	" 26 43 98	" 48 50 55
" 5 40 02	" 27 39 15	" 49 26 10
" 6 06 12	" 28 73 51	" 50 56 11
" 7 52 63	" 29 57 42	" 51 28 73
" 8 35 07	" 30 55 24	" 52 43 06
" 9 50 02	" 31 32 19	" 53 33 93
" 10 29 58	" 32 51 33	" 54 31 32
" 11 38 28	" 33 72 64	" 55 38 25
" 12 53 07	" 34 55 24	" 56 34 36
" 13 40 54	" 35 40 51	" 57 55 65
" 14 27 84	" 36 63 51	" 58 34



## VARIETY.

### THE LOVE LORN.

There is a strain of natural pathos running through the following beautiful verses, that renders them irresistibly attractive. We commend them to all true lovers of genuine poetry:

My eyes are dim with tears, John,  
My heart is sair with woe,  
I lie an' watch the stars, John,  
Awakening for the day;  
Yet it winna bring me rest, John,  
An' it canna bring me peace,  
Till the day is on my breast, John,  
An' I docht feelin' cease!

I hae lga, ee ye weel an' lan, John,  
An' shall while I hae life;  
But ye've caused me mony a pang, John,  
Wha should hae been your wife,  
Though ye never said a word, John,  
My trustin' heart to win,  
Ye hae leed\* before the Lord, John,  
An' that is deeper sin!

Ye're hand leed seeking mine, John,  
When naeboddy could see;  
An' ye kissed it mony a time, John,  
An' wassa that a lee?  
An' your een leed looking love John,  
When'er they turned on me;  
An' your gifts, what did they prove, John,  
But love—or treachery?

An' your step leed coming here, John,  
Sae aft' in eauld an' rain,  
For mny a happy year, John,  
Whase memory is pain?  
For I thought the time would come, John,  
When we nae mair would part;  
Yet ye gaed without a word, John,  
To ease my breaking heart!

Ye can't o' your ain will, John,  
Ye saw that I was poor;  
Ye ken'd I was nae light o' love;  
Ye should hae passed our door,  
But I lay ye after all, John,  
An' pray to God in heaven,  
That I may be 'a'en here, John,  
An' your deest forgiven!

\*"Leed" means "lied."

**Taking Toll.**—A snow having fallen, the young folks of the village got up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern at some distance, and the interesting Widow Lamkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo robe with myself.

"Oh, oh—don't!" she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, catching me by the arm, and turning her veiled face towards me, while her little eyes twinkled through the gauze, in the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked; "I'm not doing anything."

"Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied Mrs. Lamkin.

"Toll?" I rejoined, "what's that?"

"Now, do tell!" exclaimed the widow, her clear laugh ringing above the music of the bells. "Dr. Mellows pretends that he doesn't know what toll is!"

"Indeed, I don't then," I said, laughing in turn.

"Don't know that the gentlemen, when they go sleighing, claim a kiss as toll when they cross a bridge? Well, I never!"

But still I tell it all? The struggles of the widow to hold the veil were not sufficient to tear it, and somehow, when the veil was removed, her face was turned directly towards my own, and the snow glistening on of herself, the toll was taken for the first time in the life of Dr. Mellows.

Soon we came to a long bridge, but the widow said it was "no use to resist," and she paid up as soon as we reached it.

"But you won't take toll for every span, will you doctor?" she asked. To which the only reply was a practical negative to the question.

Did you ever, reader, sleigh ride with a widow, and take toll at the bridges?—[The Doctor.]

**Interpretation of Dreams.**—To dream of a milestone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife.

To see apples in a dream, betoken a wedding, because where you find apples you may reasonably expect to find pairs.

To dream that you are lame is a token that you will get into a hobble.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.

If you dream of a clock it is a token that you will gain great credit, that is, tick.

To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed.

To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water.

To dream of walking barefooted denotes a journey that you will make bootless.

To dream of eggs is a sign that you will discover a mare's nest.

**Who struck my brother Bob?**—Billy Patterson is done for—thrown into a mere shadow, as will be seen by the following:

Old Bob Hilton was one of the hardest cases that ever existed in Georgia or any where else. He excelled in only two things—in the frequency of his "sprees," and the number of "serapes" they led him into. No election day, "court week," or fourth of July ever passed over his head, free of some difficulty, resulting from his free use of the intoxicating beverage, or as he termed it "serapes."

Bob had a brother whose name was Peter, called by his friends Pete. Pete was a tall specimen of the genus homo, standing about six feet two, in his stockings. He was very far from being a Julius Caesar in point of bravery, but where there was no danger, no man could talk louder, or come to blood and thunder on a larger scale. One day, during a court week, Bob, as usual, became decently tight, or, in Georgia dialect, "slightly interrogated." Getting rather quarrelsome, some person had presented him with a slight blow between the

eyes, which stretched him at full length on the floor. Pete heard of it, and understanding that the gentleman who had been kind enough to give Bob the floor had left, he started up and putting on a ferocious countenance exclaimed:

"Who struck my brother Bob?"

No one answered, for all were too busy talking for themselves.

"Who struck my brother Bob?" continued Pete, waxing bolder, as he saw no notice was taken of his first question.

"Who struck my brother Bob?" he cried the third time, working himself into a perfect fury, and stalking about the piazza of the grocery as if he didn't tear any body. He felt convinced that no one would take up the matter but the "striker" himself, and as he was not in the vicinity, he wasn't afraid, not he. He was, however, doomed to disappointment, for just as he yelled out the terrible question for the fourth time, a tall broad shouldered fellow, who was known as the bully of the county, stepped up and said:

"I struck your brother B b b!"

"Ah!" said Pete, after surveying his brother Bob's enemy for several minutes, "Well, you struck him a powerful lick!"

**A Good One.**—The Hartford (Conn.) Gazette tells the following good one, which well hits off the practice of running ourselves down, that others may be induced to pay us compliment. Very few, as in the case of the pious Mr. H. that would like to be taken at their word:

In a village not a dozen miles from Hartford, the members of a religious society were in the habit of holding prayer meetings in the church in which they made a kind of confession, commonly called "telling one's experience." A very pious member of the flock, Mr. H., sometimes invited Mr. P., who was not a member, to attend the "experience meetings." At one of these, Mr. H. in relating his experience, stated that he was a great sinner—that he had sinned daily, and with his eyes open—willfully and knowingly sinned—that goodness dwelt not in his heart—that he was absolutely depraved, and that nothing but the boundless mercy and infinite goodness of Jehovah manifested through the atoning blood of the Redeemer, could save him from eternal destruction.

Mr. P., who had accidentally been placed upon the "anxious seat," was called upon after his neighbor H. had ended, to relate his experience. He arose, and with great gravity said he had very little to say of himself, but the brethren would remember that he had lived for twenty-five years the next door neighbor to Mr. H., that he knew him well, and it gave him great pleasure (because he could do it with entire sincerity) to confirm the truth of all brother H. had confessed of himself!

When Mr. P. sat down, under the smile of the whole congregation, the worthy parson not excepted—Mr. H. went up to him and said, "You are a rascal and a liar, and I will lick you when you get out of church!"

"The little darling—he didn't strike Miss Smith's baby a purruss did he?" It was an accident, wasn't it dear?" "Yes mar, to be sure it was, and if he don't believe I'll crack him again."

The latest definition of a "kind husband" is one who sits and smokes after breakfast, while his wife, with a child on one arm, and pail of water on the other, pursues her washing.

**A SMILE.**—By Peter Pepper. The mildest breeze that fans the trees In Autumn's lovely weather, Though e'er so mute will bring the fruit That's mellow soon together.

For none can brave the winds that wave In this bright sunny season, Except the crab, and they're so bad I'm glad they have cohesion.

For if they fall, I'm sure that all Whose teeth should ever bite them, Would gear on edge, and then I'd pledge They'd find all fruit was like them.

Thus the least word, that e'er was heard, 'Tis but fully spoken: Like cupid's dart, will touch the heart, And win the best of Women;

For apple-like, all true ladies fall, On the first intimation; Right in your arms, with all their charms, Through life, to seek protection!

And there that plan, to keep a man, Forever round them staving, Are like the crab, both sour and bad, And are not worth the having.

And those that win such heaps of sin, Will find they'll wear the breeches; And cut such shivers, of various kind, As'll prove them heartless wretches!

So may such jades, all live old maids, And honest men all live old bachelors; Like crabs to swing, 'till time shall bring Them down, for death to wed them!

Greenborough, N. C., 1848.

**BONNETS.** Take this method of informing the people of Greenborough and surrounding country, that I have again commenced bleaching and dressing Bonnets, and also making Silk Bonnets. As my work is known to most of the people, I hope I will be prepared to give general satisfaction to those who may call on me. These disposed to give their custom will find me at Mr. Martha Adams's.

Oct. 1849. 25-3n. MARY KIRKMAN.

**BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.**—BIBLES from 25 cents to \$12.50. TESTAMENTS 6-14 to 2.00. For sale at the Guilford county Bible Society's Repository. J. R. & J. SLOAN.

**WRAPPING PAPER.**—Manufactured at the Salem mill, of the different sizes, for sale by the subscribers at the manufacturer's prices, for cash. October, 1849. J. R. & J. SLOAN.

**FOURTH PROOF FRENCH BRANDY.** Extra pure FORT WINE. Best quality MADIRA WINE. For medicinal purposes. For sale by D. P. WEIR.

**FOR CONSUMPTION.**—Hastings' compound Syrup of Naphtha—A Cure for Consumption, Decline, Asthma and all diseases of the chest and lungs. For sale by D. P. WEIR.

**SALE.**—A superior article—at 75 cents per bushel—sold at the Factory. Oct. 1849.

## ART-UNION OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE Art-Union of Philadelphia is established in the city of Philadelphia, is chartered under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, and has been in active and successful operation over two years. Its object is, to encourage the labors of American Artists by creating an increased amount of patronage for the benefit of the Painters and Sculptors of the United States—now dependent wholly upon individual support.

The Annual subscription is Five Dollars, for which each subscriber, in addition to the right of membership, receives an ELEGANT ENGRAVING, a copy of the transactions for the year, and a chance of obtaining a VALUABLE PAINTING.

The money obtained from the subscribers is first appropriated to the payment of the necessary expenses of the Institution, and to the engraving and printing of an original American Work of Art; after which the remainder is distributed in the form of certificates applicable only to the purchase of such works.

The Institution is conducted by a board of Managers who receive no compensation; so that all the money received, after deducting the above named expenses, finds its way into the hands of the Artists of the United States.

The drawing takes place on the first Monday of May, annually. The subject of the Engraving for 1849-50, is MERCY'S DREAM, by Huntington, a work that has been justly praised and admired—to be engraved by Kitchie, in the most style of line, stipple and mezzotint, 15 by 21 inches in size, and ready for delivery before the drawing in May next.

October, 1849.

## THE SOUTHERN INDEX.

The subscriber proposes to publish a periodical of sixteen double-column octavo pages; to be issued every two months. The following are the leading objects:

1. To review the text books now in use in our Schools, Academies and Colleges; that knowing their merits we may make a wise selection.
2. To review books, periodicals and reading matter of every description, showing the character and tendency of works, old and new.
3. To suggest the best method of studying text books, and of reading generally.
4. To point out the best sources of information on all subjects of interest.
5. To announce the various forms and prices of books.
6. To give concise notices of the different literary Institutions in the South.

North Carolina's best talent has been engaged to accomplish these objects; Divines, Statesmen and Scholars have pledged their aid. Arrangements have been made with the principal publishing houses, North and South, to give the earliest intelligence of every literary movement, to announce books for the press, and to present their merits as soon as published.

A complete system of Orthography, by a Southern Scholar, will be published in the Index. A work of this kind the South evidently needs; a liberal support is all the Editor asks, to make the Index guide many lost wanderers to the temple of Truth.

TERMS.—One dollar per annum, in advance. All subscriptions and other matters relating to the Index, to be directed, post-paid, to the Editor, at Union Institute, Hunt's Store, N. C.

October 10, 1849. B. CRAVEN.

**STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Forsyth County.** In Equity, Fall Term, 1849.

John Hiatt, Enos Hiatt, sen., Coleman Jenkins, and Solomon Spaulover, vs. Enos Hiatt, William Hiatt, and the other children and heirs at law of Isaac Hiatt, dec'd, whose names are unknown to this Court.

Original Bill. It appearing to the satisfaction of this Court that the said defendants, Enos Hiatt, William Hiatt, and the other children and heirs at law of Isaac Hiatt, dec'd, are not residents of this State: It is therefore ordered that publication be made for six weeks in the Greenborough Patriot for all the said non-resident defendants personally to be and appear at the next term of this Court, to be held for the county of Forsyth at the courthouse in Salem on the 2nd Monday after the 4th Monday in March next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the complainant's Bill, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be taken against them, and the case heard ex parte as to them.

Witness, D. H. Starbuck, Clerk and Master of our said Court at office in Salem, this the 22nd day of October, A. D. 1849. Pr adv 85 2-6 D. H. STARBUCK, c. m. s.

**STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Forsyth County.** In Equity, Fall Term, 1849.

George P. Wilson & Leonard Conrad, administrators of David Reynolds, dec'd, Michael Dook & his wife Grace, Rebecca Freeman, Edward Voss, Cleve Voss, Thomas Voss, Washington A. Lancaster & his wife Harriet C., Lydia Anne Voss, and Sarah Voss under age, who sues by her brother and next friend Edward Voss, vs. William Voss, administrator of Ann Reynolds, dec'd, Joseph Dook & his wife Susan, and Samuel F. Reynolds.

Supplemental Bill. It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the said defendant, Samuel F. Reynolds, is not a resident of this State: It is therefore ordered that publication be made for six weeks in the Greenborough Patriot for the said non-resident defendant personally to be and appear at our said courthouse in Salem on the 2nd Monday after the 4th Monday in March next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the complainant's Bill, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be taken against him and the case heard ex parte as to him.

Witness, D. H. Starbuck, Clerk and Master of our said Court at office in Salem, this the 22nd day of October, A. D. 1849. Pr adv 85 2-6 D. H. STARBUCK, c. m. s.

**\$200 worth of Cabinet FURNITURE** is now offered for Sale by the Subscriber at my shop, 24 miles southwest of Greenborough, and in Greenborough consisting of almost all kinds that are made of domestic materials from a fine curled maple and cherry side board down to a candlestand, all of which is offered on the very lowest terms sold in this country. Any kind of country produce, wheat or birch plank will be received in payment at customary prices but for cash 10 per cent will be deducted from my usual or former selling prices, and having had for several years a liberal share of custom, I hope and solicit a continuance of the same.

ISAAC ARMFIELD, Sen. N. B. I shall also offer for sale to the highest bidder \$150.00 worth, \$75.00 worth for cash with reserve the balance on a credit of six months on Tuesday of our next Superior Court at Gen. Logan's long piazza commencing at one o'clock, P. M., therefore all you that want bargains, come on and I'll ensure that you get them. Also a good milk cow & 2, also a good wagon mare will be sold at the same time and place. Due attendance given by me.

Oct. 1849. 25-7c. I. ARMFIELD.

**HIRSH C. WORTH, HOUSE CARPENTER AND JOINER.**—Tender his services to the people of Guilford and the surrounding country. Having for several years shared a liberal custom, he hopes and solicits a continuance of the same.

Sash, Doors, Window Blinds of various patterns, Pillars and Columns of the heaviest patterns, Capitals for Tuscan and Doric orders; or any other job of heavy turning in wood, done to order and with care that the proper proportions are given.

Designs furnished for Dwellings, Cottages, Counting Houses, Jails, Churches, Taverns, &c., Working Draughts and all kind of wood carving.

Shy three-fourths of a mile south of Greenborough. Jan. 1st, 1850.

**Anchor Bolting Cloths.** I HAVE the agency for the sale of the genuine Anchor Bolting Cloths from No. 1 to 11, which we warrant, and at prices lower than they have been sold at for years. We would like to call the attention of millwrights and mill owners to an examination of the Anchor Bolting Cloths, as they are of recent importation and of superior fabric, to what is usually sold. Orders taken for Anchor Bolting Cloths, as early as possible.

W. J. McCONNEL. Those who wish to buy better bargains than ever bought in this market, can do so with safety by calling very soon. JOAB HATT, Jan. 1849.

## GREENSBOROUGH FEMALE COLLEGE.

GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C.

THE first Session of the College year 1849-50, commenced in this Institution on the 4th Monday in July, and will close on the 4th Monday in December. The second session will begin on the first Monday in January next, and close on the first Thursday in June, with the graduation of the senior class, preceded by a public examination of the students.

**EXPENSES:** Board for 5 months at \$2 per month, \$10.00 Tuition, either in the classical or English department, 20.00 Music, 20.00 French or Spanish, 5.00 Painting and Drawing, 5.00 Oil Painting, 15.00 Needle Work and Sewing, 5.00

A person paying the sum of \$100 per session is entitled to board and tuition in all the studies of College. Beyond this there are no extras.

N. B. No account to be opened in stores unless expressly ordered by parents or guardians.

The College is recommended to public patronage by a retired and healthy location, a safe and praiseworthy government, and a full and experienced Faculty, consisting of eight or more Professors and Teachers, with every facility for imparting the highest order of instruction to its inmates.

GEO. C. MENDENHALL, Aug. 6, 1849. Pres. Board of Trustees.

## LAND AND TOWN LOTS FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER being desirous to remove to the Western District of Tennessee, offers for sale the Tract of Land on which he resides, lying in the county of Guilford, N. C., on the main road leading from Greenborough to Yanceyville, 10 miles from the former and 30 from the latter place. The Tract contains over 1000 acres, with a good frame Dwelling 44 by 46 feet, two stories high, with a passage running through the centre, with 9 rooms. Also a large frame Barn and Cattle Shed, Kitchens, Smoke house, Ice house, Store house, Lumber house, Tailor and Shoe Shop, a good Yard in full operation Also, Overseer's House, Stables, and every necessary building.

The quality of the land is about as good as any in the neighborhood, having a good portion of bottom lands and meadow.

This is one of the most desirable country residences in this section, being near Greenborough, where it is believed the Central N. C. Rail Road will run, and where there are already Schools and Institutions of learning equal to any in the State. It is within about 35 miles of Danville, Va., to which place there is a rail road from Richmond now under contract and the work rapidly progressing.

Also, a Lot in the Village of Wentworth, N. C., containing about 4 acres, lying at the Southeast corner of the courthouse, with a Store house, Dwelling, Kitchen, Smoke house, &c. Also one other lot in said Village, with a Harness Shop, Stable, Crib and Spring.

Also a Tract of Land near Wentworth on which Mr. T. Alcorn resides, containing 150 acres, mostly in woods.

All the above property will be sold very low and the terms accommodating. A part or all the purchase money could be paid in slaves at a fair price. Any person wishing to examine the premises in Guilford will apply to the subscriber living on the same, or to Mr. A. T. M. Woods residing in Wentworth. All communications addressed to me at Monticello, Guilford county, N. C., will meet with prompt attention.

August 24, 1849. J. BRANNON, 16-11.

**BRANDRETH'S PILLS ARE A SURE CURE FOR INFLUENZA.** This complaint has become so frequent, that there are few persons who have not had it several times. It is a kind of malignant contagious cold, attended with much fever, and great prostration of strength. So soon as possible, swallow six or eight pills; a large dose is absolutely necessary to relieve the brain, that organ appearing to suffer greatly in this complaint. When they have operated well, put your feet and legs in hot water, or take a warm bath. Be sure and be purged, life may be the forfeit. Now go to bed; and when in bed, take two more pills and some hot sweet tea, catnip, or balm of balsam, or some water gruel—any of these warm drinks will do—and which may be left to choice—either of them will help to restore insensible perspiration, and this method will generally cure. Should, however, the patient, after the pill and this other treatment, not be better till in the morning, let him take another six or ten pills, or more according to urgency of symptoms, and the warm drinks and foot or general bath at night. My experience has shown me that this third generally finds the patient well, when this plan has been adopted in the beginning. Buy in any event, the continuance of the treatment is the best that can be adopted, whether it takes one, or twenty to effect the cure. However bad the head may be, never let blood be drawn or leeches applied we want all the blood we have. Instead of losing this "life of our flesh," let us use more pills, which will take the death principle from us, leaving our power, and restore warmth to the surface, previous to being chilled by the coldness of approaching death. There is no occasion for fear, provided Brandreth's Pills are on hand and ready for use; their prompt administration will vanquish the maldy, and restore the health. Use them as directed in the diseases enumerated above.

**CHOLERA.** This terrible disease has resisted nearly all the efforts of medicine to arrest its progress; but Brandreth's Pills, almost immediately they are swallowed, exert a beneficial influence; they carry out of the system the irritating matter upon which the disease depends for its continuance; they remove the vital power, and restore warmth to the surface, previous to being chilled by the coldness of approaching death. There is no occasion for fear, provided Brandreth's Pills are on hand and ready for use; their prompt administration will vanquish the maldy, and restore the health. Use them as directed in the diseases enumerated above.

The above medicine is for sale by J. R. & J. Sloan Greenborough, Wm. H. Brittain, Summerfield; Bow man & Russell, Oak Ridge; Shelly & Field, James town; Worth & Storey, Centre; J. & R. Gilme Gilmer's Store; E. & W. Smith, Alamance; H. J. Lindsey, Friendship; B. G. Worth, New Salem.

**REMOVED.** 120 Hillsboro' street, one door below T. Caldwell & Sons, where will be found an excellent assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Cloths, Hats, Boots and Shoes, &c., &c. Dry Goods exchanged for country produce.

I would return my thanks for the liberal patronage given me by the public, and hope to merit a continuance of the same. No pains shall be spared on my part to give satisfaction to all those who may favor me with their custom.

The 1st of January has come, when all men should settle their accounts either by cash or note. In my case cash is preferred, as I shall start North soon, and cannot go without money. Interest will be charged from Jan. 1st, as that is the custom of all the merchants.

Those who wish to buy better bargains than ever bought in this market, can do so with safety by calling very soon. JOAB HATT, Jan. 1849.

**Anchor Bolting Cloths.** I HAVE the agency for the sale of the genuine Anchor Bolting Cloths from No. 1 to 11, which we warrant, and at prices lower than they have been sold at for years. We would like to call the attention of millwrights and mill owners to an examination of the Anchor Bolting Cloths, as they are of recent importation and of superior fabric, to what is usually sold. Orders taken for Anchor Bolting Cloths, as early as possible.

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## STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Surry County.

Court of pleas and quarter Sessions. August Terms 1849.

Murlin Sparger vs. Burrel Badgett & wife Eliza

Original attachment levied on 35 acres of land.

In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the Defendants are not residents of this State. It is ordered by the Court that advertisement be made for six weeks in the Greenborough Patriot for the defendants to appear at the next Court of pleas and quarter sessions to be held for the county of Surry at the Court-house in Rockford on the second Monday in November next, then and there to plead and answer or demur to the plaintiff's Bill, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be taken against them and the land levied on condemned to the use of the plaintiff.

Witness, F. K. Armstrong, clerk of our said court at office, the second Monday of August 1849. Pr. adv. 85. 25-8c. F. K. ARMSTRONG.

**HOUSE'S INDIAN TONIC.** PLEASANT and never failing cure for Chills or Ague & Fever, in three hours, and a remedy for Bilious and Remittent Fever.

The cures found on the wrapper of NINE and TEN years standing, are the most remarkable on record, proving it clearly, to have been superior to every other known remedy in curing Intermittents. Persons of Bilious or Debilitated habits will soon find relief from using it. Nursing mothers, who need something to invigorate and strengthen them, will find it the very thing, taken in large table-spoonful doses three or four times a day. Do try it. Price \$1 per bottle.

**HOUSE'S OINTMENT.** A soothing and perfect cure for Piles, and for Burns, Bruises, External Sores, Numbness, Sprains, Fresh Cuts or Wounds, whether on