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## THE PATRIOT

[The reason why the following articles appear in a rather unfinished, fragmentary condition, is because they are only excerpts (we believe that's the big word in cases like the present) from a communication of considerable length and singular humor, the publication of which, entire, has been reluctantly declined. These, among others, are "a bit too good to be lost." The account of the village tribes of N— is a lively hit at the population of other towns besides "N—"]

### The Ruling Passion.

Much has been said and written, concerning the ruling passion—that it is strong even in death; that when the physical powers are completely prostrated by disease and suffering—when the heart has almost ceased to throb and no longer sends the life blood warm and healthy, coursing through its wonted channels, when the limbs, once so strong and active, so obedient, so swift and ready to accomplish the dictates of the will, now lie stiff and palsied, with the cold chill of death slowly creeping upon them,—when the eye once so restless, and which sparkled with so much brilliancy as it roamed over the beauties of nature, or beamed forth, the index of the workings of the soul within, has become fixed in its gaze, about to be closed forever upon all in which it once delighted—when the ear has become deaf, alike, to the tones of calumny, the voice of praise or the soothing endearments of weeping friends—that then, just in that brief moment which divides time and eternity—the mind unconscious of all the realities of the present, but wandering back upon the past—some expression, some sign, gives evidence of the ruling passion,—evidence of what had been the all absorbing motive of the man, during his short career upon the stage of action. The expiring warrior though stretched upon a bed of down, surrounded by all the elements of peace and quietness,—fancies himself upon the field of battle; again he hears the roaring of the artillery, the thundering of the cannon—on he spur his furious charger, and the last sound which ever greets his ears, is the fancied shout of victory and glory—the last view that flits before his fading vision is the flag of his country waving triumphant over her slaughtered enemies. The expiring statesman is planning and maturing some party intrigue, or is deep in the mysteries of finance, the tariff or some great national question, upon which in his own estimation hangs the fate of the world, and while weeping and admiring friends are standing around his dying body to perform the last act of kindness, he stands in the senate chamber, a delighted audience hang upon his lips while in glowing terms he depicts the future greatness, glory and destiny of his country. The physician while stretched upon that bed of death, from which he has been the means of rescuing so many—is in his own diseased imagination, standing by the side of some poor patient, and the smile which flits across his emaciated countenance, is caused by the fancied contortions of the features of some poor wretch, while palpating one of his nauseous compounds of jalap, calomel and molasses, or the execrating agonies of some one, from whose extended jaws he has twisted by mistake, a grinder in which there was no sign of decay. The lawyer, whose voice will never again be heard either to protect the downtrodden and oppressed, or to screen the guilty from merited punishment, while he struggles in the agonies of death, is extending his hands as he vainly supposes to receive and pocket some exorbitant fee. The dying lady of fashion, whose soul has been compressed into so small a space, by the pressure of whalebone, that there is danger it will be overlooked at the last great day—fancies that the weight which she feels upon her breast, is caused by the efforts of her maid, to make her look still more like a wasp—and so she weakly and patiently bears it all. As to the poor week-end dandy, who thinks of nothing but dress, sports his gold-headed cane, his mustache and imperial, it matters but little, what are his fancies either living or dying.

### Village Tribes.

The citizens of N— are comprised of the usual tribes of which I suppose the most of our villages and towns are made up. First and foremost are the Hittites whose chief occupation seems to be, seeking after a fight; yet strange to say, none of them were ever seen engaged in their proper calling—for though at times this tribe appears to be very numerous, yet to two of them were ever seen sufficiently near each other to call forth any dormant fighting principles, which this tribe most assuredly possesses, in a high degree. That none of the Hittites ever came to blows is truly astonishing and can only be accounted for on the ground, that they were entirely too spunky—and were kept separate on the same principle that two bodies when highly charged with electricity always repel each other. The next tribe in order are the Gadites: what their occupation is, sufficiently appears from their name. They are generally seen in company with Hittites, for every Hittite seems to have at least three Gadites in his employ, and who revolve around him, as around a common center; they add fuel to the flames—and serve to keep the fire of the

Hittites up to a welding heat—and it is generally believed that if the Gadites were driven from town, that we should have no more of the Hittites. Next come the Amorites;—this tribe is generally made up of the young and foolish, though occasionally some of the oldest inhabitants are found in their ranks,—they are looked upon as partially deranged, have but little influence, and except on moonlight nights, never prove very troublesome. Occasional-ly some of them look as though they had been kicked, but as they always keep a dignified or rather a dogged silence, as to who kicked them, it is impossible for their friends to have their injuries redressed; so they are generally permitted to wander about by themselves, and as they are always peaceable and quiet, nobody seems disposed to do them any harm. Now these Hittites, Gadites and Amorites, are very intimately connected with each other, inasmuch that it is often difficult to tell to which of the three tribes a man belongs; for every Amorite is more or less of a Gadite, and every Gadite, owing I presume to the company he keeps, is somewhat of a Hittite; and a kicked Amorite after a few months' sojourn becomes, almost invariably a confirmed Gadite. And although Minerva was but little inclined to the tender passion, yet even a Hittite is seen sometimes, to smooth his angry brow, assume a "modest stillness and humility," and dress his warlike person forth, in fantastic colors to catch the eye of beauty; for even Mars himself was not always proof against the charms of Venus. As the Man-ass-ites, are dispersed all over the world, so of course the town of N— had its complement, neither indeed was it deficient in the Lazi and the Zani tribes. That there are quite a number of Gadites you may rest assured. There are no Gesherites, but any quantity of Geshu-wongs. All desire to be Gadites and Hittites, but these tribes are becoming nearly extinct. \* \* \*

**Sulky Dignity.**—[It may show, here and there, a self-mistaken man his likeness, to quote the following:—]

"We sometime meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart.—Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness, God is love. Love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God.—Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture, to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, love to man."

**United States and Austria.**—The Baltimore American remarks:—"The American people would undoubtedly rejoice to see a vigorous and flourishing Republic established in Hungary. If Austria is dissatisfied, with such a preference, we do not see how it can be helped. It is not our business as a nation to establish a Republic in Hungary—whatever particular individuals here and there amongst us, may choose to do with themselves or their money. And until the Government of the United States does undertake such a project, the displeasure of Austria, we think, need not go beyond the nursing point."

**A Fiery Trial.**—The Hon. Rufus Choate, in a late speech in Boston, Massachusetts, referring to the stormy aspect of the political horizon of Europe, said:—"It has seemed to me as if the prerogatives of crowns, and the rights of men, and the boarded up resentments and revenges of a thousand years, were about to unshackle the sword for a conflict, in which the blood shall flow as in the Apocalyptic vision, to the bridges of the horses, and in which a whole age shall pass away—in which the great bell of time shall sound for another hour—in which society itself shall be tried by fire and steel—whether it is of nature and of nature's God, or not!"

**The Territory of Utah and its Officers.**—A Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial says:—"The sensation caused by the very singular expense of the officers returned from Utah has subsided, but there will be decisive action in this respect. As soon as the spring opens the President will supersede Governor Brigham Young by a competent and vigorous man. A military post will be established at Salt Lake City, and the judges will go back with instructions to enforce the common law, in respect to a plurality of wives, and other points of morality in which the practice of the Mormons conflicts with that code and with public policy."

**Virginia Farming.**—A very great improvement has taken place in agriculture in every one of our States, within the past fifteen years. In Virginia, like the Mohawk Valley, where many farms, once fertile, had become deserts—these very deserts, by superior cultivation, now blossom like the rose. We see by an article in the *Plow*, that General B. Peyton of Richmond, Virginia, purchased a farm, a few years ago, on the James river, which had been abandoned as almost worthless, it having been reduced by improper cultivation; but now, merely by ploughing deep, instead of scratching, he raises the finest fields of wheat. He has subsoiled the farm and restored its fertility.

"Isn't the world older than it used to be?" said a young hopeful to his senior. "Yes, my son." "Then what do folks mean by old times?"

From the National Intelligencer.  
**M. KOSSUTH AND MR. CLAY.**

The interview between M. Kossuth and Mr. Clay has excited a general interest in the country, and the reports hitherto given to the public have been somewhat inaccurate, and, at the best, imperfect.

The company present on the occasion consisted of Senators Cass, Jones, of Tennessee, Mr. Fendall, of this city, and the Hon. Presley Ewing, of Kentucky. The last-named gentleman has been induced, at the instance of several persons, and with the consent of Mr. Clay, to give a more extended and careful report of the interview, and especially of Mr. Clay's remarks, which we publish below, and which may be regarded as authentic, having, besides the authority of Mr. Ewing, the sanction of Senator Jones, by whom the report has been examined and approved.

M. Kossuth was introduced by Mr. Cass at about three o'clock.

On being presented to Mr. Clay, who rose to receive him, "Sir," said he, "I thank you for the honor of this interview."

"I beg you to believe," said Mr. Clay, interrupting him, "that it is I who am honored.—Will you be pleased to be seated?"

After the mutual interchange of civilities, "I owe you, sir," said Mr. Clay, "an apology for not having preceded before to the desire you were kind enough to intimate more than once, to see me. But really my health has been so feeble that I did not dare to hazard the excitement of so interesting an interview. Besides, sir," he added with some pleasantry, "your wonderful and fascinating eloquence has mesmerized so large a portion of our people, wherever you have gone, and even some of our members of Congress," waving his hand towards the two or three gentlemen who were present, "that I feared to come under its influence, lest you might shake my faith in some principles in regard to the foreign policy of this Government which I have long and constantly cherished. And in regard to this matter, you will allow me, I hope, to speak with that sincerity and candor which becomes the interest the subject has for you and for myself, and which is due to us both as the votaries of freedom. I trust you will believe me, too, when I tell you that I entertain ever the liveliest sympathies in every struggle for liberty, in Hungary, and in every country. And in this, I believe, I express the universal sentiment of my countrymen. But, sir, for the sake of my country, you must allow me to protest against the policy you propose to her. Waiving the grave and momentous question of the right of one nation to assume the executive power among nations, for the enforcement of international law, or of the right of the United States to dictate to Russia the character of her relations with the nations around her, let us come at once to the practical consideration of the matter. You tell us yourself, with great truth and propriety, that mere sympathy, or the expression of sympathy, cannot advance your purposes. You require material aid. And indeed it is manifest that the mere declarations of the sympathy of Congress, or of the President, or of the public, would be of little avail, unless we were prepared to enforce those declarations by a resort to arms, and unless other nations could see that preparation and determination upon our part. Well, sir, suppose that war should be the issue of the course you propose to us, could we then effect any thing for you, ourselves, or the cause of liberty? To transport men and arms across the ocean in sufficient numbers and quantities to be effective against Russia and Austria would be impossible. It is a fact which perhaps may not be generally known, that the most imperative reason with Great Britain for the close of her last war with us, was the immense cost of the transportation and maintenance of forces and the munitions of war on such a distant theater, and yet she had not perhaps more than thirty thousand men upon this continent at any time. Upon land Russia is invulnerable to us, as we are to her. Upon the ocean, a war between Russia and this country would result in the mutual annoyance to commerce, but probably in little else. I learn recently that her war marine is superior to that of any nation in Europe, except perhaps Great Britain. Her ports are few, her commerce limited; while we, on our part, would offer as a prey to her cruisers a rich and extensive commerce.—Thus, sir, after effecting nothing in such a war, after abandoning our ancient policy of amity and non-interference in the affairs of other nations, and thus justifying them in abandoning the terms of forbearance and non-interference, which they have hitherto preserved towards us; after the downfall, perhaps, of the friends of liberal institutions in Europe, her despots, imitating and provoked by our fatal example, may turn upon us in the hour of our weakness and exhaustion, and, with an almost equally irresistible force of reason and of arms, they may say to us, 'You have set the example, you have quit your own to stand on foreign ground, you have abandoned the policy you professed in the day of your weakness, to interfere in the affairs of the people upon this continent, in behalf of those principles the supremacy of which you say is necessary to your prosperity, to your existence. We, in our turn, believing that your anarchical doctrines are destructive of, and that monarchical principles are essential to, the peace, security, and happiness of our subjects, will obliterate the bed which has nourished such noxious weeds; we will crush you, as the propagandists of doctrines so destructive of the peace and good order of the world.' The indomitable spirit of our people might, and would be equal to the emergency, and we might remain unsubdued even by so tremendous a combination, but the consequences to us would be terrible enough. You must allow me, sir, to speak thus freely, as I feel deeply, though my opinion may be of but little import, as the expression of a dying man."

"Sir, the recent melancholy subversion of the Republican Government of France, and that enlightened nation voluntarily placing its neck under the yoke of despotism, teach us to despair of any present success for liberal institutions in Europe; it gives us an impressive warning not to rely upon others for the vindication of our principles, but to look to ourselves, and to cherish with more care than ever the security of our in-

stitutions and the preservation of our policy and principles. By the policy to which we have adhered since the days of Washington, we have prospered beyond precedent; we have done more for the cause of liberty in the world than arms could effect; we have shown to other nations the way to greatness and happiness. And if we but continue united as a people, and persevere in the policy which our experience has so clearly and triumphantly vindicated, we may in another quarter of a century furnish an example which the reason of the world cannot resist. But if we should involve ourselves in the tangled web of European politics, in a war in which we could effect nothing; and in that struggle Hungary should go down, and we should go down with her, where then would be the last hope of the friends of freedom throughout the world? Far better is it for ourselves, for Hungary, and for the cause of liberty, that, adhering to our wise pacific system, and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamps burning brightly on this western shore, as a light to all nations, than to hazard its utter extinction amid the ruins of fallen or falling republics in Europe."

Throughout Mr. Clay's remarks M. Kossuth listened with the utmost interest and attention; and, indeed, throughout the whole interview he illustrated the rare combination of the profoundest respect without the smallest sacrifice of his personal dignity, exhibiting in all his bearing the most finished and attractive stamp which can be given to the true metal of genius. He did not enter, in his turn, upon a controversy of Mr. Clay's views, but began by stating what he thought the reasons of the repeated failures to establish liberal institutions in France. Education and political information, he said, did not descend very deep into the masses of the French people; as an illustration of which fact he stated that hundreds of thousands, when voting for the first time to elevate Louis Napoleon to the Presidency, thought the old Emperor was still alive and imprisoned, and that the vote they then gave would effect his deliverance. He gradually diverted his remarks to the affairs of Hungary, Austria, Russia, Turkey; speaking of the exaggerated estimate of the strength of Russia; of the strength and weakness of Turkey—her strength, which consisted in her immense land force, and especially in her militia, or *landwehr*, as he termed it; her weakness, which was the liability of the assault of Constantinople by sea. And here, apparently in allusion to Mr. Clay's conviction of our being unable to effect any thing in a European war, he spoke of the material aid which might be rendered Turkey in a war with Russia by a naval force for the protection of her capital. After a series of entertaining and instructive remarks about the condition and prospects of Europe generally, he rose to depart.

Mr. Clay rose and bade him farewell forever, with the utmost cordiality and the kindest sympathy beaming in his face and suffusing his eye; and grasping Kossuth's hand, he said, "God bless you, and your family! God bless your country—may she yet be free!"

Kossuth, apparently overwhelmed by the warm and earnest sympathy thus exhibited for himself, his suffering family and country, profoundly bowing, pressed Mr. Clay's hand to his heart, and replied, in tones of deep emotion, "I thank you, honored sir! I shall pray for you every day that your health may be restored and that God may prolong your life!" Mr. Clay's eyes filled with tears, he again pressed the hand that clasped his own, probably for the last time, but he could say no more.

Thus closed one of the most interesting scenes it has ever been the fortune of the writer to witness. Two such men rarely meet in this world. The one, having finished the course of his destiny, have lived and acted through the better part of his country's lifetime, and with its growing greatness and renown having achieved his own; the sun of his glorious career just going down; the other, still acting, still hoping and fearing, his star just rising amid storms and clouds and darkness; before him, all the vicissitudes of an uncertain future for himself and for his country; the one, like a prophet of old, proclaiming the principles of the fathers of his country, to whom he was shortly to be gathered—those principles, living by which that country had achieved her greatness; the other, like a scholar, listening to catch the words of wisdom, and hear the lessons of experience, which should be treasured up, and which might yet one day profit his country in his pupilage; to portray that scene might well challenge the skill of the poet and the painter. The writer would rival, too, the art of a Handel and a Hayden, could he transmit to this paper the sweet melancholy cadences of the voice of the Hungarian exile, sounding like the low melancholy wail of the stricken children of freedom; or the trumpet-toned voice of the old Statesman, gathering some of its ancient strength, and ringing almost as full and sonorous as when in days of old its clarion peal sounded its note of cheer and courage to a nation in its triumphal march to glory and to greatness.

### Fillmore and the Presidency.

The Washington Republic says:—"We have met a paragraph in the letter of a Washington correspondent to a Northern paper stating that the friends of President Fillmore had called upon him and requested him to decline becoming a candidate at the approaching Presidential election. We have reason to believe that precisely the contrary is the truth, and that the friends of Mr. Fillmore have called upon him with the view of dissuading him from the expression of any such determination."

This is just what we expected, and told our readers. The truthful correspondent of the Baltimore American goes further and tells us, that at the solicitation of many friends, President Fillmore has consented "to place himself at the disposition of the Whig party, to nominate him or not, in National Convention, as may be deemed proper. This is the true, the patriotic course, and will give very general satisfaction. Mr. Fillmore has made an excellent President—the country has prospered and is prospering under his administration, and his claims and merits should therefore be duly and generously considered."

Raleigh Star.

### Never Despair.

The opal-hued and many-perfumed Morn  
From Gloom is born;  
From out the sullen depth of ebon Night  
The stars shed light;  
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth  
Have their slow birth;  
From wondrous alchemy of winter-hours  
Come summer flowers;  
The bitter waters of the restless main  
Give gentle rain;  
The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more  
The year's fresh store;  
Just sequences of clashing Tones afford  
The full accord;  
Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,  
Thought reaches truth;  
Through efforts, long in vain, prophetic Need  
Begets the Deed:  
Never then thy soul with direst need to cope;  
Life's brightest hope  
Lies latent in Fate's deadliest lair—  
Never despair.

### BATTLE OF MOUNT TABOR.

[From Abbott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, in course of publication in Harper's Magazine.]

Napoleon had been engaged for ten days in an almost incessant assault upon the works of Acre, when the approach of the great Turkish army was announced. It consisted of about thirty thousand troops, twelve thousand of whom were the fiercest and best trained horsemen in the world. Napoleon had but eight thousand effective men with which to encounter the well-trained army of Europeans and Turks within the walls of Acre, and the numerous host rushing to its rescue. He acted with his usual promptitude. Leaving two thousand men to protect the works and cover the siege, he boldly advanced with six thousand men, to encounter the thirty thousand already exulting in his speedy and sure destruction. Kleber was sent forward with an advance-guard of three thousand men. Napoleon followed soon after, with three thousand more. As Kleber, with his little band, defiled from a narrow valley at the foot of Mount Tabor, he entered upon an extended plain. It was early in the morning of the sixteenth of April. The unclouded sun was just rising over the hills of Palestine, and revealed to his view the whole embattled Turkish host spread out before him. The eye was dazzled with the magnificent spectacle, as proud banners and plumes, and gaudy turbans and glittering steel, and all the barbaric martial pomp of the East were reflected by the rays of the brilliant morning. Twelve thousand horsemen, decorated with the most gorgeous trappings of military show, and mounted on the fleetest Arabian chargers, were prancing and curvetting in all directions. A loud and exultant shout of vengeance and joy, rising like the roar of the ocean, burst from the Turkish ranks, as soon as they perceived their victims enter the plain. The French, too proud and self-confident to retreat before any superiority in numbers, had barely time to form themselves into one of Napoleon's impregnable squares, when the whole cavalcade of horsemen, with gleaming sabres and hideous yells, and like the sweep of the wind, came rushing down upon them. Every man in the French squares knew that his life depended upon his immobility; and each one stood, shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, like a rock. It is impossible to drive a horse upon the point of a bayonet. He has an instinct of self-preservation which no power of the spur can overcome. He can be driven to the bayonet's point, but if the bayonet remains firm he will rear and plunge, and wheel, in defiance of all the efforts of his rider to force his breast against it. As the immense mass came thundering down upon the square, it was received by volcanic bursts of fire from the French veterans, and horses and riders rolled together in the dust. Chevaux-de-frise of bayonets, presented from every side of this living, flaming cinder, prevented the possibility of piercing the square. For six long hours this little band sustained the dreadful and unequal conflict. The artillery of the enemy plowed their ranks in vain. In vain the horsemen made reiterated charges on every side. The French, by the tremendous fire incessantly pouring from their ranks, soon forced around them a rampart of dead men and horses. Behind this horrible abatis, they bid stern defiance to the utmost fury of their enemies. Seven long hours passed away while the battle raged with unabated ferocity. The mid-day sun was now blazing upon the exhausted band. Their ammunition was nearly expended. Notwithstanding the enormous slaughter they had made, their foes seemed undiminished in number. A conflict so unequal could not much longer continue. The French were calling to their aid a noble despair, expecting there to perish, but resolved, to a man, to sell their lives most dearly.

Matters were in this state, when at one o'clock Napoleon, with three thousand men, arrived on the heights which overlooked the field of battle. The field was covered with a countless multitude, swaying to and fro in the most horrible clamor and confusion. They were caupied with thick volumes of smoke, which almost concealed the combatants from view. Napoleon could only distinguish the French by the regular and unintermitted volleys which issued from their ranks, presenting one steady spot, incessantly emitting lightning flashes, in the midst of the moving multitude with which it was surrounded. With that instinctive judgment which enabled him, with the rapidity of lightning, to adopt the most important decisions, Napoleon instantly took his resolution. He formed his little band into two squares, and advanced in such a manner as to compose, with the square of Kleber, a triangle inclosing the Turks. Thus, with unparalleled audacity, with six thousand men he undertook to surround thirty thousand of as fierce and desperate soldiers as the world has ever seen. Cautiously and silently the two squares hurried on to the relief of their friends, giving no sign of approach, till they were just ready to plunge upon the plains. Suddenly the loud report of a cannon upon the hills startled with joyful surprise the weary heroes. They recognized instantly the voice of Napoleon rushing to their rescue. One wild shout of almost delirious joy burst from the ranks, with the square of Kleber, a triangle inclosing the Turks. Thus, with unparalleled audacity, with six thousand men he undertook to surround thirty thousand of as fierce and desperate soldiers as the world has ever seen. Cautiously and silently the two squares hurried on to the relief of their friends, giving no sign of approach, till they were just ready to plunge upon the plains. Suddenly the loud report of a cannon upon the hills startled with joyful surprise the weary heroes. They recognized instantly the voice of Napoleon rushing to their rescue. One wild shout of almost delirious joy burst from the ranks,

"It is Bonaparte! It is Bonaparte!" That name operated as a talisman upon every heart. Tears of emotion dimmed the eyes of those scared and bleeding veterans, as, disdaining longer to act upon the defensive, they grasped their weapons with nervous energy, and made a desperate onset upon their multitudinous foes. The Turks were assailed by a murderous fire instantaneously discharged from the three points of this triangle. Discouraged by the indomitable resolution with which they had been repulsed, and bewildered by the triple assault, they broke and fled. The mighty host, like ocean waves, swept across the plain, when suddenly it was encountered by one of the fresh squares, and in reffluent surges rolled back in frightful disorder. A scene of horror now ensued utterly unimaginable. The Turks were cut off from retreat in every direction. The enormous mass of infantry, horse, artillery, and baggage, was driven in upon itself, in wild and horrible confusion. From the French squares there flashed one incessant sheet of flame, Peal after peal, the artillery thundered in a continuous roar. These thoroughly-drilled veterans fired with a rapidity and a precision which seemed to the Turks supernatural. An incessant storm of cannon-balls, grape-shot, and bullets pierced the motley mass, and the bayonets of the French dripped with blood.

Murat was there, with his proud cavalry—Murat, whom Napoleon has described as in battle probably the bravest man in the world. Of majestic frame, dressed in the extreme of military ostentation, and mounted upon the most powerful of Arabian chargers, he towered, proudly eminent, above all his band. With the utmost enthusiasm he charged into the swollen tide of turbaned heads and flashing scimitars. As his strong horse reared and plunged in the midst of the sabre strokes falling swiftly on every side around him, his white plume, which ever led to victory, gleamed like a banner over the tumultuous throng. It is almost an inexplicable development of human nature to hear Murat exclaim, "In the hottest of this terrible fight, I thought of Christ, and of his transfiguration upon this very spot, two thousand years ago, and the reflection inspired me with ten-fold courage and strength." The fiend-like disposition created by these horrible scenes, is illustrated by the conduct of a French soldier on this occasion. He was dying of a frightful wound. Still he crawled to a mangled Mameluke, even more feeble than himself, also in the agonies of death, and, seizing him by the throat, tried to strangle him. "How can you," exclaimed a French officer, to the human tiger, "in your condition, be guilty of such an act?" "You speak much at your ease," the man replied, "you who are unhurt; but I, while I am dying, must reap some enjoyment while I can."

The victory was complete. The Turkish army was not merely conquered, it was destroyed. As that day's sun, veiled in smoke, solemnly descended, like a ball of fire, behind the hills of Lebanon, the whole majestic array, assembled for the invasion of Egypt, and who had boasted that they were "numerable as the sands of the sea or as the stars of heaven," had disappeared to be seen no more. The Turkish camp, with four hundred camels and an immense booty, fell into the hands of the victors.

This signal victory was achieved by a small division of Napoleon's army, of but six thousand men, in a pitched battle, on an open field. Such exploits history cannot record without amazement.

"We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order; who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society; whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claim as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the cheeked conversation, the hesitating compliance, the well-fore too apt to manifest to those a little down, with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance."—Daniel Webster.

**What we call Duties.**—Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can. Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers—if he can. Every woman should please her wife—if he can. Every woman should please her husband—if she can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth—if he can. Every one should take a newspaper, and pay for it—if he can.—E. E.

The latter thing he ought to do any how—whether he can or not.

**The Man in the Moon.**—Professor Lee, in a note to his translations of the travels of Von Btarn, says, "The following account of the man in the moon, I had from the mouth of a New Zealander: A man named Celano once happened to be thirsty, and, coming near a well by moonlight, he intended to drink; but a cloud coming over the moon prevented him. He then cursed the moon because it refused to give him its light; but upon this the moon came down and took him up like a fly, together with a tree on which he had laid hold; and there he is now seen, continued the Zealander, with the tree, just as he was taken up. I would merely remark, that it is by no means surprising that vulgar credulity should be much the same all the world over; but that it should arrive at almost precisely the same results, is curious enough."

"Did your fall hurt you?" said one Patlander to another who had fallen from the top of a two-story house. "Not in the least, honey; I was stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

If you put two persons to sleep in the same bed-room, one of whom has the toothache, and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

Virtue is a garb of honor, but wickedness is a robe of shame.



# THE PATRIOT

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

**SUPREME COURT.**—In reply to frequent inquiries as to decisions of the Supreme Court in certain cases, we can only say that no decisions have yet appeared in the Raleigh papers.

We would caution our Whig brethren of the Western part of the State if they desire the co-operation of the East to avoid dragging into the Convention any new issues.

The question of an open Convention had better be dropped if they desire the success of the Whig party in the coming election. Amendments to the Constitution we are opposed to—it is good enough for us as it stands, but, if they must come, we prefer to have them by Legislative enactment to any other mode.—*Old North State.*

It is a caution candidly, and we hope timely, spoken. The Whigs of the East desire the success of their party, but they are not willing to attain it at the expense of their dearest and most essential rights and interests.—*Albemarle Bulletin.*

The above paragraphs are from the Elizabeth City and Edenton papers. How far they are to be regarded as expressing the general sentiment of the East we are unable to say; but we confess our surprise at their blunt manifestation. If it should turn out that they indeed embody a correct expression of the purpose of the East, the inevitable tendency will be to develop a counter purpose in the West, more active and determined than has been heretofore manifested. The fermentation of such strife is to be deprecated; and our own columns bear witness that we have habitually used language and pursued a course calculated to prevent acrimonious feeling and a marked separation of interests. In company with our fellow citizens of the West, whose numbers, and respectability and interests in North Carolina are worth something to the State, we have borne and borne. We have ever been ready, and are now ready, to make all reasonable concessions for the sake of harmony and unity with the brethren. But, truly, in this day of compromises, it would look well before the world and display a becoming magnanimity, to find some concession coming from the side which possesses the power. The provisions of the Constitution of 1835 have left but little that we can concede: the substantial and available power which they confer is in the hands of our fellow citizens of the East—we have left to us only the moral power possessed by freemen conscious of the right;—if it is expected for this power to slumber forever, those who indulge the fond fancy are doomed to find out their mistake. "Revolutions never go backwards."

The Elizabeth City newspaper, in another article, on the "duty of the Whigs," holds this language:

"The East cannot and will not support the Candidate of any Convention, which shall show a disposition to tamper with the present basis of representation, or the present distribution of the School Fund of the State; and it would be worse than madness for our Western brethren to hope to succeed without our co-operation. Mutual forbearance and respect for the existing Constitution and laws should actuate the Whig party, the slightest division of sentiment producing acrimony will inevitably result in the discomfiture of the party in the approaching contest."

The morbid sensitiveness thus exhibited is taken advantage of with great eagerness by the Democratic organs of the State—the papers committed to Reid's free suffrage, and "nothing else." The Standard takes up the parable and says that the western Whigs want a Convention "called for the avowed purpose of destroying the present basis, and of building up the interest of the party on the ruins of just organic law." That is, we suppose, the Standard means, it will be "just organic law" when it is altered to suit the views of Gov. Reid and the Democracy. And the Fayetteville Carolinian enumerates a terrific array of

"Harpies, Gorgons and Chimeras dire," which it thinks the western Whigs intend to conjure up to frighten the eastern folks, the Un-terrified, and the rest of mankind, withal.—"They would," says the Carolinian, "disturb the basis of representation in the Senate and perhaps in the House, and distribute the school fund according to white population. A fine state of affairs we should then have doubtless—the East paying the taxes into the State Treasury and the West disbursing them," &c. . . . . And this movement comes from the soi-disant conservative party. God help us, when conservatism consists in tearing up the foundations of the Constitution, by destroying its compromises and reducing one portion of our people to a state of vassalage to the other."

With what impudence the man talks of "vassalage" in this connection! With the same reason did the wolf accuse the lamb of muddying the water, when he presumed to drink below him in the running stream.

But why this sensitiveness?—this jealousy?—this unmanly suspicion of western citizens? Why should it be taken for granted that it is the object of the West to upset the basis of representation and the mode of distributing the school fund? Is it from any apprehension that the operation of justice and equity would detract something from the power of their section? Are they afraid to submit the question to the People, who alone, according to republican theory, have the right of decision in such cases? The western as well as the eastern people are North Carolinians, possessing the old North Carolina habits of caution, discretion, and regard for the "traditions of the fathers" in government affairs.—But still they are not to be trusted!

This is not the occasion to specify the particulars of reform which are desirable; but for ourselves, we have no concealments. As individual

citizens of the West, we are ready to say,—that while we are conscious our share of power in the legislative councils, under the present constitution, is by no means commensurate with our numbers and interests in the State,—yet we should go for no change in the basis which was not fairly arranged in view of taxation and with a due respect to our old habits of government. We are willing for those who bear the heaviest burdens to have the loudest voice in our councils. But we do contend that the free men of the commonwealth, as well as the property, are entitled to a respectful and respectable share of consideration in the framing of our organic laws. For, after all, it is "men, high minded men, that make the State."

In good time, and in good faith, we utter a word of warning in this matter to our fellow citizens of the East. We are not radical—the West is not radical, but conservative in its demands. While we feel that we are not allowed equal or fair privileges under the present constitution, we take it upon us to say, that no purpose exists to make a leap in reform which would do manifest violence to the old customs of the commonwealth. We simply ask the privilege of progress—progress *pari passu* with the age in which we live. A denial of this privilege beyond the point of reasonable endurance will naturally drive the West into a radical position. And when a definition of government terms begins to be made according to abstract principles, rather than practical views and the customs of the past, our brethren of the East may have occasion to look back upon their close-fisted grasp of power with vain regret.

We cannot close these remarks without suggesting a belief that "the masses" of the East would be ready to go into a free Convention with their fellow citizens, and take their chances, after a fair representation of the justice of the measure. We have the most abiding confidence in the judgment and justice of The People, every where, when acting upon proper information.—It is our opinion, founded upon observation of the popular heart, which is every where pretty much the same, that a bold, honest, fair-minded advocate of a Convention would raise up an amount of popular support in the East which would astonish all the politicians and demagogues of that region to a degree.

We have no more to say upon this subject for the present. We have "made a clean breast," and things must take their course.

## Fire Alarm.

Last Saturday evening, between sunset and dark, the cry of fire was raised in the northern part of the town; the fire-bell and the court-house bell rung out peals of alarm; the Fire Company with the engine, hose and buckets, together with "the public generally," hurried toward the scene of conflagration. But they were fortunately met with the news that the cry was occasioned by a fire in a foul chimney, which after a fierce blaze of a few minutes, went out of itself.

Some of the crowd returning had occasion to note the sudden change on the excited countenance of the crowd going, when informed that the fire was out. It was a damper. We are inclined to think that the pleasure imparted by the information was not so much the result of immediate impulse as of a little reflection. The nature of the emotion could not, perhaps, be more exquisitely illustrated than in the case of the individual running, but in hand, exclaiming at every third step, "where's the fire?" "It's put out," coolly remarks a chap, with his hands in his pockets, leisurely winding his way back from the scene. "What a pity!" involuntarily ejaculates the individual, as he suddenly draws up;—but he revolves the matter over in his mind a few moments, puts on his hat, and falls into the "refluent tide" of homeward bound citizens.

It is not always that people know where the fire is, even when they see the smoke. We recollect that several years ago, the town was aroused one cold night by the cry of fire at Townsend's hotel. The inhabitants gathered up from all quarters, only to witness a cloud of smoke issuing from every crevice in roof and window of the building. Not the first red streak of flame was to be seen. Some ran around the house; some climbed upon the roof; some traversed the rooms, passages, and cellars; others stood aloof and indulged sagacious guesses. The matter was literally in a fog; but whether it would end in smoke, as it had begun, was a question of no little anxiety. All were ready and eager to attack the enemy, if he would only lick out his tongue the least bit in the world, so that his whereabouts might be identified. It was in the palmy days—and nights—of the Caldwell Institute, and "the boys" had assembled in full force in front of the hotel, indulging in sage remarks on the mystery before them. We observed one of them throw himself into an attitude, with his eye cocked steadily at the roof: "boys," said he, "just hand me a rock—I think I see it!"

But he did not see it; for Townsend himself found it at last: he opened the door of the bar-room, and beheld the flames creeping with a fierce shimmer over the walls and ceiling. He had the presence of mind to step in, and shut the door in an instant, before a draft of air accumulated. A bucket full or two of water, which stood in the room, soon extinguished the fire. It was a narrow escape.

Other anecdotes of fires,—how men and women have been seen to walk about with a candle in one hand and a gourd of water in the other, seeking to discover and extinguish an incipient conflagration,—how people, in their trepidation, have carefully carried the firelogs, shovel, tongs and poker to a safe distance; tossed their looking glasses and china ware out of the window; and went off and forgot their money and plate;—

behold these stories are kept in perpetual remembrance by the traditions of the village.

It is serviceable for the town to be "rung up" occasionally, as it was on Saturday evening last. We are thus reminded of the necessity of constant vigilance and care.

## The Greensboro' Mutual.

We have heard of three dwellings, with their contents, being recently destroyed by fire in Randolph county.

How comfortable the owners would now feel, had their property been covered by policies in the Mutual Insurance Company of Greensboro'. For risks are taken on dwellings, barns, &c., in the country, as well as all sorts of town property. And the per centage is generally so much cheaper on the former than the latter, that country proprietors can afford themselves this protection without feeling very sensibly the expense.

Our merchants and business men are beginning to understand the beauty of effecting their insurance at home; and instead of sending North, are successfully building up State establishments. Right! If any profits are realized in any body, by these transactions, let it be by our own people.

The Greensboro' Mutual Insurance Company has already assumed a permanent and flourishing stand, under the auspices of the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Adams. He remarked to us a fortnight since that he had issued over a hundred policies, and that applications were constantly coming in for consideration. If our joacular remark, made some weeks ago, about keeping the office in his hat had been indeed true,—an enlargement and fixed locality would now be required, for the amount of business is such that the documents are no longer portable.

We trust that no pains will be spared by the friends of home enterprise, to turn the attention of all who have been in the habit of insuring their effects, and all who ought to insure, from the wealthy and overgrown corporations of the northern cities, to the equally safe and more deserving establishments within our State.

## Mr. Clay and the Locomoco Press.

No man of the past and present generations, perhaps, has endured the abuse which has been constantly heaped upon Henry Clay by the locomoco press of the country. But now that age and disease have shorn away the locks of his strength, and that his power to do good to his country and damage to its enemies is fast departing, notes of praise are raised by this same locomoco press, with an impudence only equalled by the hypocrisy of its former censure and abuse. The Raleigh Standard, for instance, uttering praises of Henry Clay! Faugh!

The Louisville Journal, in noticing the recent eulogies of the Democratic press towards Mr. Clay, remarks:

"The eulogies now bestowed on Mr. Clay by the Democratic presses can never repair the fearful wrongs which have been done him, yet they may serve, and no doubt will serve, as an instructive lesson to the country. The man who has been the object of ten times as much Democratic denunciation as any other individual in the republic is now acknowledged by them and proclaimed by them to be one of the purest and greatest patriots that the world has produced. Let this fact be remembered and deeply pondered as often as the Democratic organs assail with their calumnies the distinguished patriots now at the head of the Government. Surely the time will come when the praise of honest intention, of firm and patriotic purpose, and of enlightened statesmanship, will be accorded to President Fillmore, by even the most vindictive and relentless of those who, to promote their own partisan views, are now loading him with the vilest obloquies."

## Contributions to Hungary.

We have seen an anecdote of Tom Hood at an alderman's dinner in London. His generous host pressed him to continue his repast after his appetite was fully satisfied and he could hold no more. "If it is all the same to you, sir," said Hood, "I will take the balance in cash." So of Kossuth. He has been dined and wine, "trotted round," bespoken, and stuffed to repletion,—and now very naturally wants "the balance in cash," and very candidly says so. The following reply was made by him, at Pittsburg, in answer to a committee inviting him to Cleveland, Ohio:

"GENTLEMEN: You will know my wishes when I tell you that already one hundred and sixty thousand dollars have been raised in this country for the Hungarian fund, and but thirty thousand of it has been realized for my suffering cause. The rest has been eaten, drank, and tossed out in costly banquets and foolish parties, for which I have no taste, and in which I take no pleasure. I have contracted for 40,000 muskets at \$2 each—\$80,000. I have made one payment, and have got others to make, or lose what has been paid. If all the money raised could have been properly expended, my mission would ere this have been ended, and the basis of my country's liberty secured."

The following is an extract from a letter of M. Kossuth to the Committee at Cincinnati, which Mr. Pulsky was to deliver and explain:

"I decline in the most solemn way every procession, illumination, banquet, and costly entertainment. Allow me to provide for my lodging and board; and whatever you may have resolved to bestow for those objects, let the amount be given to the Hungarian fund."

THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG, under the proprietorship of Holton & Williamson, and edited by A. C. Williamson, succeeds the late Charlotte Journal. The Whig is a very large paper, and filled with good taste and judgment. It promises to be an able auxiliary to the political cause, which, as its name indicates, it espouses.

We are indebted to Dr. Jowers, a member of the Texas Legislature, for a copy of the impressive proceeding of the Legislature on the occasion of the death of General Burleson.

## Whig Meeting in Rowan.

A meeting of the citizens of Rowan county was held in Salisbury on the 3d inst., which appointed delegates to the Raleigh Convention in April. Messrs. Boyden and Jones addressed the meeting. The material portion of the resolutions adopted, is here given: and it will be seen that the sterling Whigs of Rowan are right side up on the subject of a Convention to amend the State Constitution:

Resolved, That in the selection of a Candidate for Governor of this State, our delegates be requested to use all proper exertions to secure an individual, who shall be favorably known to the people of the State and acceptable to the Whigs of the whole State—a man at once, honest, capable, and true to the interests of the State and Union—and one who shall be able and willing to snatch the Constitution from the hands of Demagogues and political capitalists, and submit it to an open and free Convention of the people for revision and amendment.

Resolved, That our Delegates be authorized, if they shall deem it expedient upon conference with other Delegates present at said Convention from this Congressional District, and from the whole State, to appoint one Delegate for this District and two Delegates for the State at large, to meet in National Convention to nominate Candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States.

Resolved, That the prudence, energy, and patriotism, which have marked the official conduct of MILLARD FILLMORE throughout the eventful crisis which has occurred during his Administration, impress upon our minds the grateful conclusion that he is a man especially qualified to fill, during another term of office to which he has been called by a mournful dispensation of Providence.

Resolved, That with feelings of unmingled pride and gratitude, that we cordially endorse the unanimous nomination of North Carolina, and of meetings in many of the States of the Union, of North Carolina's favorite son, WM. A. GRAHAM, for the office of Vice President, and that we recommend him to the Whigs of the Union, as a Statesman, Patriot, Scholar and Gentleman, in every way qualified to fill that high office.

Resolved, That notwithstanding the acts passed at the last session of Congress, commonly known as "the Compromise Measures," have not secured to the South every thing that we desire, yet in the true spirit of concession, we consider, and will obey them as a final settlement of the vexed question of Slavery; and while we congratulate the friends of the Union upon the issue, and exhort them to follow our example, we warn fanatics to beware and to remember that "there is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue," and that we especially demand that the Fugitive Slave law shall be literally executed, without a repetition of those murderous and treasonable hindrances which have heretofore so disgracefully marked its enforcement.

## Homestead.

The Wadesboro' Argus thus expresses its wish for Legislation on the subject of a Homestead law in North Carolina:

"We have always greatly desired to see a Homestead Law enacted in North Carolina. Such a law would do more for the State, more to stay the tide of emigration that is draining it of its population, and far more to enrich and beautify its surface than any railroad or other scheme of improvement that has yet been devised by its political physicians. But demagoguism, demagoguism is to be the ruin of us, we fear. We wish the people would send men to the Legislature possessed of magnanimity enough to soar above their little store accounts; and generosity enough not to pray for an opportunity to buy the little land of their poor neighbors at execution sales."

And the Salem People's Press speaks out on this subject as follows:

"Political aspirants!—All you who delight to sniff the popular breeze!—Here is a hobby for you to ride, of which you need not be ashamed!—Take hold of the matter in right good earnest, and while you are elevating yourselves in the estimation of the People, you will do the State essential service. We know we have men possessed of magnanimity enough to come out and soar above the petty follies which have characterized some of our Legislative campaigns, as well as some of the acts of the Legislature."

## Progress of the Plank Road.

The Fayetteville Carolinian gives the following information of the progress of the work on the Fayetteville and Western Plank Road:

"It will be recollected that the road is now completed and under toll as far as Johnsonville, a distance of 88 miles from Fayetteville. From Johnsonville to the Gray School House, a distance of 7 miles, the road is being constructed by Jesse Walker, leaving the distance from the Gray School House to Salem, about 25 miles, to be constructed. When the Road is completed to the Gray School House, it is estimated that about \$15,000 or \$20,000 of the original capital stock will remain on hand. In addition to this amount the Company own five Steam Saw Mills, costing about \$15,000. Add the \$27,000 subscribed on the line, and you have the means of the Company to be applied to the work.

"In addition to the \$27,000 subscribed as above, we are informed that a considerable amount has been subscribed on condition that the Road shall run through the town of Winston to Bethania."

Gov. Morehead, President of the N. C. Railroad, has advertised in the Salisbury, Concord and Charlotte papers for the delivery of Sills for the Road from Charlotte to Salisbury, to be got during the present winter or next spring.

We transfer the specifications to our paper, for the information of those interested in work on the Road, in order that they may understand what is to be done, when the time arrives for similar contracts along this portion of the line:

The sills to be eight feet long, to be hewn on two sides,—which sides must be parallel—to be eight inches thick and show eight inches heart on the hewn side, the other two sides to be barked or hewn.

The sills to be of good white or post oak and subject to the inspection of the Engineers after delivery on the road. The delivery to be the latter part of the present or beginning of the next year, and not to be paid for until inspected and received. The bidders will name in their bids, the price per sill, the sections on the road on which they propose to deliver their sills, which sections will be pointed out to them by the Engineers on the Road.

The section stakes being 100 feet apart, twenty sills will be placed at a convenient point near each section stake, and twenty sills at fifty feet from the stakes, and so put up as not to damage by lying on the ground.

Proceedings of division meeting at Holly Springs, Surry county, inserted next week.

## Indications.

Mr. CLEMENS, Democratic Senator from Alabama, in a letter under date of January 28th, defining his position, says:

"If Gen. Cass, or any other democrat untarnished by free-soil or secession heresies, receives the nomination at Baltimore, I shall support him; and so, I believe, will the Union whigs of the South, unless, indeed, they have presented to them a man of their own party equally unobjectionable. If any man who owes his election to free-soil or secession influences, is nominated, I shall not support him no matter what personal sacrifice it may entail."

Mr. CABELL, of Florida, declared in a late speech in the House of Representatives, that the Whig party of the South would not support Gen. Scott, or any other candidate for the Presidency, who did not come out for the Compromise, and an inflexible determination to abide by it.

## Marriage of Jenny Lind.

JENNY LIND was married on the morning of the 5th, in Boston, to OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, Pianist, of Hamburg. She was married after the Episcopal service by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, in the presence of Ex-Governor Everett, N. J. Bowditch, her legal adviser, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ward, and the Swedish Consul. Mr. Goldschmidt has performed with her at several of her recent concerts. They will reside for the present at Northampton, Mass.

The "Baltimore News" thus chronicles the "important event."

"Jenny's popularity is gone. She is married.—A bachelor clergyman's popularity will stand any trial with the ladies but matrimony, and the same may be said of the popularity of a songstress like Jenny, with the gentlemen. Jenny will settle down, we fear, into the humdrum, common place Mrs. Goldschmidt. The romance of the Nightingale is over. She must learn to sing lullabies now, and be they ever so tuneful, they will not always bring respite to the cradle. Alas, for the many worshippers of the Nightingale.

"Inez is married now."

## Literary Notices.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for January, has a finely written paper by Albert Smith, describing the ascent of Mont Blanc. An article entitled "Husband, Wives, Fathers, Mothers," has for its text the Woman's Rights Convention, held last October in Worcester, Massachusetts; and Bloomerism, with other masculine manifestations of the heroic of the sex in America, come in for a full share of ridicule. "My Novel," by Bulwer, is continued; and the number enriched with other elegant articles.

THE WHIG REVIEW, for February, contains part third of the Life and Times of William H. Crawford. The political article for the month is "Whig Principle and its Development." The present interest of another of its articles is indicated by the title—"The Crisis of the Century. Alliances, European and American." The conclusion of the Life of Gen. Leslie Combs is given; and an article or two purely literary appear in its pages.

GOODY'S LADY'S BOOK, for February, has been received, presenting increasing evidences of industry and taste on the part of the publisher. By the way—the January number was received, and was duly noticed by us. We are pleased with the visits of this elegant magazine, and always willing to render a *quid pro quo* by a good word of our own.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE. The number for February, besides a large variety of elegant reading matter and embellishments of usual but really fine character, presents its patrons with an engraving of the Capitol of the United States with the additions now in process of erection, which is one of the most superb pictures ever presented in a magazine. It is worth the price of the work for a year.

As regards national measures and national men, there appears to be a gratifying unanimity of view among the Whigs of the whole State.

Greensborough Patriot.

This "unanimity of view" would be much more "gratifying" if the Patriot would tell us who are the men and what are the "measures" of which it speaks. The "view" may be very "gratifying" to the Whig leaders, and the Patriot itself may have had some good glimpses; but we outsiders are entirely in the dark.

"Give us but light, and Ajax asks no more." Where are you, gentlemen? What are you up to? Who are you for? What are you for? Raleigh Standard.

We are here, sir! Up to snuff! For Fillmore and Graham now, and the Union forever! And afraid of nothing but the elephant!

The Louisiana State Colonization Society have chosen as their President the Right Rev. Bishop POLK, of the Episcopal Church. The New Orleans Bulletin says:

"The Society is doing a quiet but steady work in conjunction with the American Colonization Society. During the last year it sent out fifty-six emigrants. So soon as a sufficient number of settlers will warrant, it is intended to occupy Louisiana, in Liberia, a fine territory in the Blue Barre country, and adjoining Mississippi."

Improvement of Tar River.—Gov. Reid, (to whose attention the subject has recently been called by the "North State Whig,") has appointed the following gentlemen as Commissioners under the act of Assembly, to superintend the contemplated improvements in Tar-river, to wit:

William Norfleet, Esq., of Edgecombe. Richard H. Lewis, Esq., of Pitt. James K. Hatton, Esq., of Beaufort.

FAYETTEVILLE MARKET, FEB. 10.—Bacon 10 to 11. Coffee—Rio 9 to 10; Laguira 11; St. Domingo 9 to 10. Cotton 7 to 7½. Flour—superfine, \$4.60 to 4.75; fine, \$4.35 to 4.50; scotch, \$4.25. Corn 80 to 90. Wheat 85 to 90. Oats 55 to 60. Peas 80 to 85. Rye \$1. Lard 10 to 11. Molasses 24 to 27. Flaxseed \$1.15 to 1.20. Peach brandy 50 to 55. Apple do. 47 to 50. Whiskey 40 to 45. Wool 18 to 20.

## Items.

Sixty-seven shares of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad stock were recently sold at auction, in Wilmington, at \$60 per share. It is not long since the stock was sold at \$10 per share.

The amount of toll collected on the Fayetteville and Western Plank Road during the month of January was \$800.

The Asheville Messenger says that in Yancey county, during the late cold weather, the thermometer was at 12° below zero.

The State-house of Ohio, at Columbus, was destroyed by fire on the 1st inst.

The Treasurer of the Mint at Philadelphia states that over six millions of Three Cent pieces have been coined. They are supplied in sums of \$30, \$60, or \$150, or their multipliers—the bags of the mint containing these amounts.

Granville John Penn, great-grandson of William Penn, on a visit to this country from England, was formally received by the municipal authorities of Philadelphia, on the 2d inst.

The newly elected Senator from Louisiana, Mr. Benjamin, is a Jew.

An extensive and rich silver mine has been discovered on the public lands in New Mexico, in the vicinity of Fort Fillmore, about 20 miles north of El Paso.

It is stated that Col. Benton has recently sold Col. Fremont's Mariposa tract of land in California to an English company for the sum of \$1,000,000.

Of all the criticisms on Wheeler's book that we have seen, (and we have seen "any quantity") the review perpetrated by Cameron of the Wadesboro' Argus beats the Jews!

The Edgefield (South Carolina) Advertiser thinks it best to make the most of a hard case, and that if South Carolina is to remain in the Union, that she ought to turn the Presidential election to the best purpose possible. No doubt of it, in our minds. Discretion is the better part of valor.

The Petersburg Intelligencer commenced re-issuing within a few days after being burnt out. It is one of the very best newspapers in the country.

The Norfolk Herald, in consequence of the continued neglect of the interests of Norfolk by the Legislature of Virginia, makes a serious proposition for the annexation of that city to North Carolina.

A bill has passed the Senate of Alabama prohibiting the introduction of slaves for sale in that State.

A Dr. Kinkel is preaching Intervention in the Southwest, and raising money for a German republic. It is said that Kossuth has no liking for him.

On the 5th instant, two steamers left New York with 988 passengers of all sorts and sizes, and standing, bound for the Gold Region, of California.

It is rumored that the trial of the Syracuse rescuers will not come on until August next, and the United States Attorney intends getting up a new indictment at the June term.

After the bell was tolled for the death of a child of Mr. Jacob Delberts, of Schuylkill Haven, Pa., some doubts being entertained of its death, it was placed in warm water and restored to consciousness.

California widows are abundant in Michigan, 200 married men having left one county and 20 others a single village.

Kossuth was at Columbus, at our last dates. At Cleveland he stated, in reply to the welcome of the authorities, that he was then making his 156th speech in the English language.

The Weldon Patriot nominates the Hon. W. P. Mangum for Governor. The name of Gen. Dockery has also "got into the papers" extensively in this connection.

The Fayetteville Observer states that Prof. Emmons, State Geologist, proceeded from the examination of the Chatham coal-fields to the marl beds in the vicinity of Elizabethtown, Bladen county.

Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, has arrived in Washington city—not to play the fiddle, but on business connected with a plan of emigration entertained by some of his countrymen of Norway.

A shock of an earthquake was felt at Memphis, Tenn., the 23d ult., which "seemed to come from the usual head quarters of all the earthquakes of the Southwest—the direction of New Madrid, Missouri."

The New Arrangement of the mails, as far as this office is concerned, is a great improvement on the former one. We get our news some hours earlier, send off our paper to the east one day earlier, and the Sabbath, as it should be, is made a day of rest.

We are sorry, however, if, with all this advantage to us, it shall incommode our Raleigh friends—but we opine that, after a little experience in the matter, they will find it is not so bad for them after all. The Standard, finding it interfered with his old arrangements, pours out a val of wrath upon the Department, and misses the mail; but the Register, more philosophically sets himself to work, and by sutting his publication to the new arrangement, furnishes his subscribers some hours earlier than before!

But we hope soon to have a daily mail on this route, as we learn the petitions are filling up pretty strong, and then all sides will be accommodated.—Hillsboro' Recorder.

The remarks of the Recorder will also apply to our office.

HILLSBORO'.—The annual municipal election, in the town of Hillsboro', resulted as follows: Magistrate of Police—Dr. Thomas H. C. Turner. Commissioners—William F. Strayhorn, James M. Palmer, Dr. Samuel D. Schofield, Dr. Edmund Strudwick, Joseph Allison, Robert F. Morris, Thomas Webb.

Melancholy Affliction.—We learn with heart-felt sorrow that the Rev. Hezekiah Leigh Presiding Elder of this District for the Methodist Episcopal Church has been visited with a severe attack of Paralysis, by which his face has been drawn round on his shoulder and the entire system prostrated. His long and useful career as a Minister has thus suddenly been brought to a close, and it is feared life itself will not long survive this afflictive dispensation of Providence.

Spirit of the Age.



From the Raleigh Standard.

### Letter from Professor Emmons.

We are gratified to have it in our power to lay before our readers the following interesting and important letter from Prof. Emmons, State Geologist, in relation to the Chatham coal-fields:

FAYETTEVILLE, Feb. 7, 1852.

To His Excellency, Gov. Reid:

SIR: I have executed the preliminary examination of the Chatham coal-field, which your Excellency proposed when I visited Raleigh. The results of this examination are highly satisfactory. I began it at Farmersville, the most easterly point where coal had been discovered, and have been able to trace it in its outcrop seventeen or eighteen miles. Along this outcrop, it rises to the surface at nearly a uniform dip and strike, pursuing nearly a direct line from point to point, and maintaining withal, through the whole distance, an average thickness of at least six and a half feet. The principal bed exceeds seven feet at one or two points. A two foot bed lies below the main one, with ten or twelve inches of slate only between them. Another three foot bed lies thirteen feet beneath, with bituminous slate intervening. The thickness of the main bed is all that can be wished, inasmuch as it is more profitable than one of nine or ten feet.

As there can be no question, then, as to the length of the outcrop and the thickness of the respective beds, the important question is, will these beds thin out and become lost in the shales, or will they preserve their present average thickness? This question, though it cannot be decided positively, still, if we may place confidence in geological principles, we may feel a great degree of assurance that they will prove as permanent as the beds of coal of Virginia and Pennsylvania. In the first place, diluvial action, as it is termed, has never been felt here. There is no drift. The beds of pebbles are not transported masses, like our Northern drift, but simply the remains of an old sea bottom. Beds of coal have not, therefore, been swept away. In the second place, we find all the usual accompaniments of coal, as shales, fossils, beds of the hydrous peroxide of iron, &c. In the third place, there is a sufficient breadth and depth to the coal series, though the amount of coal is not always in proportion to the breadth and depth of strata; thus in the coal-field of Nova Scotia, which I examined in 1835, I found only one bed of coal of four feet in strata, whose aggregate thickness is fourteen thousand feet. In the fourth place, there is an uplift or an undulation of the strata, by which the main bed of coal is brought to the surface at one and a half or two miles south from the first outcrop, which last is within the outer rim of the basin. There can scarcely be a doubt, therefore, that there is a breadth of coal of two miles, at least, and which extends seventeen or eighteen miles continuously. I have, however, no idea that the coal-field is thus restricted either in length or breadth.

There is only one place where a bed thins out, and this is the effect of a local disturbance common to all formations. From the facts and phenomena, then of the Chatham coal-field, we have little reason to fear its early failure. It is proper for me to observe, in this connection, that I do not regard this coal-field as extensive as many others in this country. The Appalachian, the Illinois and Michigan coal-fields are much longer and wider—the former being nearly 900 miles long, and from 150 to 200 broad. The quality of the coal of Chatham is excellent. It is adapted to parlor use, but particularly to the manufacture of gas for lighting houses and streets; and also for coke, which may be employed in the manufacture of the best kinds of bar iron. I see no reason why it may not supersede the foreign bituminous coals. It is remarkably free from the sulphuretted of iron. This mineral, however, is disseminated through the black shales—an important fact to be borne in mind when large quantities are to be sent to market, for if this shale is mixed with the coal in considerable quantities, it may produce spontaneous combustion.

I am, most respectfully yours,  
E. EMMONS.

### From Europe.

The steamship Niagara has arrived, with Liverpool dates to the 17th ult.

The French Constitution had been promulgated. Napoleon was styled Prince President. Justice is to be dispensed in the name of the President, who is to have power to originate laws, the pardoning power, the command of the forces, the declaring of War, the making of treaties, and the appointment of Senators and officials, who swear obedience to the Constitution, and the President's power to designate his successor.

Napoleon was about to marry a Princess of Sweden. The National Guards had delivered up their arms without trouble.

At Vienna, the American Charge d'Affaires and the Turkish Ambassador were not invited to a grand ball—the Austrian Cabinet thus marking its dissatisfaction with the course pursued by their respective Governments towards Russia, by putting their diplomatic representatives in Coventry.

Later.—We have seven day's later intelligence by the steamer Europe.

France was quiet. By a decree of Napoleon, who is really Emperor and a despot, the Orleans family cannot possess property of any description in France, and are bound to sell what they now hold within one year. The great bodies of State are to wear particular dresses. Those of the Council, Senate, and legislative bodies, will be rich, and resemble what was worn under the Empire.

It is stated that a second, if not third attempt had been made on Napoleon's life.

The news from England is not important.

The Religious excitement in this community continues to increase. It has developed itself in the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Christian congregations; many have professed conversion; a large number of inquirers after truth through the Churches, and a deep thought quiet feeling seems to pervade the entire City. We have never known so general and hopeful an awakening on this subject, as that with which we are now blessed. May it continue until all are redeemed from the service of sin and Satan.

Spirit of the Age.

A gentleman of the name of Pepper had been several times thrown from a spirited young horse, and was relating the circumstance to a friend, and at the same time observing that he had never given his horse a name. "I think," replied his friend, "you shall call him Peppercaster."

### CONGRESS.

SENATE.—Friday, Jan. 30th. The bill from the House for the relief of American citizens recently pardoned by the Queen of Spain, was referred to the committee on foreign relations. Several private bills were passed. The Senate adjourned to Monday.

Monday, Feb. 2d. Mr. Stockton presented the joint resolutions of the Legislature of New Jersey against intervention. He addressed the Senate in favor of intervention, and against any declaration that the United States would never interfere in behalf of struggling liberty.

Mr. Hamilton presented the joint resolutions of the Legislature of Maine in favor of intervention.

Mr. Douglas reported the bill for the relief of the lately pardoned Americans in Spain, and the bill was passed.

The resolution declaring the compromise a settlement of the slave question was taken up, and Mr. McRae concluded the speech commenced by him on Thursday last.

After a few remarks in reply from Mr. Badger, the Senate adjourned.

Tuesday, 3d. The bill relative to discipline in the navy was further debated, amended, and ordered to a third reading.

Mr. Cass gave notice that he would to-morrow call up the non-intervention joint resolutions.

Wednesday, 4th. Mr. Stockton presented a memorial from Com. Wilkes, asking an appropriation of \$500,000 to fit out an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.

Thursday, 5th. The bill in relation to printing the census was taken up and the debate continued.

Friday, 6th. Mr. Badger presented several petitions from assistant marshals in N. C., asking additional pay for taking the census. The day was devoted to private bills.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. Friday, Jan. 30th. A large number of reports from committees were read,—among them a bill granting public lands to A. Whitney to build a railroad to the Pacific. Adjourned to Monday.

Monday, Feb. 2d. A large number of resolutions were introduced. Among them, Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, offered a joint resolution, proposing amendments to the Constitution of the United States, (which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary;) first the election of President and Vice President of the United States by the people directly; next, limiting the term of the Judiciary to twelve years; and, lastly, providing for the election of United States Senators by the people, instead of by the State Legislatures.

Wednesday, 4th. The bill, introduced some time since, by Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, proposing to give a quarter of a section of land to every man or widow, the head of a family, was taken up, and, on his motion was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and made the special order of the day for the first Tuesday of March next, and so to be continued until it shall have been disposed of.

On Thursday and Friday, 5th and 6th, the bill making land warrants assignable occupied the House, and was finally ordered to a third reading.

JAMES G. BIRNEY, who was the "Liberty" candidate for President in 1840 and 1844, died recently at his residence in Saginaw, Michigan. Although long known as an ultra-Abolitionist, the New York Tribune expresses the opinion that he was the voluntary instrument of greater evil to the cause of emancipation than any man who has lived during the last half century. A short time before his decease he wrote a letter to a Convention of colored persons in Cincinnati, recommending colonization in Liberia. Freedom from political excitement, and more clear, mature observation of the condition of the colored people of our country, as well as the advantages offered by Liberia, had doubtless changed his sentiments.

Mr. Birney writes to Washington, by telegraph, that he is not dead. But his publication advising the negroes of the free States to emigrate to Liberia is a fact.

Rail Road.—The contractors on this part of the line have not permitted the least diminution of energy and speed in their operations. On the contrary, it seems, just now, that they are just "getting their hand in." The work goes bravely on. It will be seen, by reference to our advertising columns, that the President is now ready to receive proposals for the sills on the line between Salisbury and Charlotte.—Salisbury Watchman, 5th.

The Southern Press, alluding to the dilemma in which the promulgation of Kosuth's views of intervention, has placed certain individuals, is reminded of the apt story of the man who was lucky enough to win an elephant in a raffle. He was a man of humane feelings, of limited means, and very little spare space about his premises, yet had to take his huge prize away.

He did not like to kill it. He did not know where to put it. He could not afford to feed it. He could not give it away; and, in short, he found, like certain politicians, that the winner of an elephant, in a raffle, may be placed in a very awkward and painful predicament.

Lake Superior.—The water level in Lake Superior is higher this winter than it has been for a long period. At the mouth of Ontonagon river, it is sweeping over the marks of its ancient boundaries, and uprooting trees of 20 or 30 years' growth.

The Opinion Publique of Paris lately appeared with one column blank, the censor having stricken out so much of an editorial article.

For the Patriot.

Valentine to the Ladies, for Leap Year.

Saint Valentine is come again,  
Raise up your heads, poor bashful men;  
To-day he smiles or sighs for aid by  
Faint heart that never won fair lady.  
My heart, that at the mercy lies,  
Of every glance from brilliant eyes,  
O, would some one bid me to take it!  
She'd keep it safe nor let them break it.  
Fair ladies, pause and look before you,  
How many timid hearts adore you;  
Dispel the mist that freezes round them;  
Speak but the word—for life you've bound them.

Messrs. Editors:—The following ticket will be supported at the ensuing election for Commissioners the 19th inst., by  
Wm. S. Rankin, F. M. Walker,  
Wilson S. Hill, Andrew Weatherly,  
Robt. M. Sloan.  
Feb. 12, 1852.

From the Wadesboro' Argus.

### Horrid Murder.

Mr. John D. Watkins, of De Soto county, Mississippi, formerly of this county, and son of Dr. Christopher Watkins, was murdered by two of his negroes on the 16th of January. A letter received from Byhalia, Mississippi, gives the following particulars of this distressing affair.—After killing him, they carried the body some sixty or seventy yards and cut down a large hickory tree across it, designing, as they afterwards confessed, to fell it on his head, so as to mash it on the frozen ground; but failing to throw it on his head, they told that the tree fell contrary to the way their master expected, and in attempting to get out of the way, his feet became entangled in a brush and he fell, and before he could recover, the tree fell on his head and bounded back on his body;—but the wounds on the head bore the marks of an ax. The corpse was discovered by the neighbors, and while washing off the blood they came to the conclusion that the real cause of his death was not from the falling of the tree, and a search was made, but they could make no discovery. The next morning, however, they were again on the spot, and discovered in the ashes where a brush-heap had been burned a quantity of burnt blood, and by care they traced the blood from thence to the place where the body lay under the tree, although shelled corn had been strewn along the way the body had been carried, for the purpose of causing the hogs to root over and erase any blood-marks; but the hogs were fed so near the scorched blood that they rooted it up and led, in part, to detection. After the negroes were arrested, they acknowledged their guilt. This outrage greatly excited the neighborhood, so much so that on the third day, while the fatal spot was stained with their master's gore, and ere his remains were consigned to the tomb, a gallows was erected within a few feet of the place where their master had breathed his last, and they were hung three hours to satisfy the clamors of an infuriated people.—There were three women, belonging to Mr. Watkins, criminated in some degree, and the leaders in this summary movement had them removed to another part of the country. The negro fellows acknowledged having tried for three or four years to poison their master, but had always failed, and for some time they had sought other opportunities to kill him.

From the Fayetteville Observer.

### Monstrous Murder.

The public mind is occasionally shocked by some horrid butchery, which would disgrace a savage, yet is committed in the heart of one of our great cities.

Such a crime has just come to light in Philadelphia. Some little girls, playing on the banks of the Delaware, discovered three sacks, connected together, frozen in the ice. They called some men, who cut the bags out of the ice, and on partially opening one of them discovered portions of a human body. The suspicion at once flashed upon their minds that was the body of a boy, the son of a German Jew pedlar, who had himself been engaged in his father's occupation of peddling watches, jewelry and fancy articles, but who had been missed for a few days. An immense crowd of excited people soon assembled, in whose presence the bags were opened, and a horrid spectacle was presented.

In one sack was a hand, and legs and feet; in another a thorax, arms and hands, with the viscera of the chest; and in the third, the lower portion of the trunk, and the hips and thighs, with the viscera of the abdominal region. The portions of the body in the different sacks were, with parts of the clothing of the deceased, fixed and tied together, so as to occupy the least space. The head had been severed from the trunk, the knee hewn in twain, the legs chopped off at the ankles, and the feet partly cut from the legs, at the ankles, so that they might be bent upward! There had also been an attempt to cut the thorax in two lengthwise. On the top of the head were two frightful wounds, fracturing the skull. The nose was likewise broken, and the eyes blackened.

On putting the mutilated parts of the body together, and laying the whole out in the Coroner's ice-box, they formed the perfect corpse of a youth about 17 years old—the exact age of the lad, Lehman. The body, furthermore, corresponded to his in size, height, and general appearance. The clothing, too, was of the same description as his. Indeed, no doubt whatever remained that the corpse was that of young Lehman.

When last seen the deceased had with him about \$200 worth of jewelry, &c. Circumstances fixed suspicion on two Hungarian refugees as the perpetrators of this shocking murder.

Married.—In Selma, Alabama, on the 21st ult., by the Rev. A. A. Porter, Mr. Samuel R. Shelton to Miss Martha C. Gantt.

In Alamance county, on the 22nd ult., by the Rev. Thomas Crouse, Mr. Sampson C. Fox, of Randolph, to Miss Catherine Judith, daughter of Elias Albright, Esq., of Alamance.

GARDEN SEED. A LOT OF FRESH GARDEN SEED just received and for sale at T. J. Patrick's Drug Store on West Street. February 13, 1852.

JOHN D. WILLIAMS, Commission and Forwarding Merchant, Fayetteville, N. C. Feb. 8, 1852. 665.3m

### ATTENTION GUARDS!

Parade in front of the courthouse on Saturday the 21st of February at 10 o'clock precisely, armed and equipped as the law directs, for dress parade.

By order of the Captain,  
W. M. EDWARDS, O. S.

### THE STEAMER CHATHAM

WILL resume her semi-weekly trips between this place and Wilmington, on Monday the 16th inst., leaving Fayetteville every MONDAY and THURSDAY thereafter, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and running through the same day. Leaving Wilmington every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, after the arrival of the Cars from the North. The Steamer Gov. Graham, with as many Tow Boats as may be necessary, will run in connection with the Chatham, as often as may be necessary to carry all Freight that may offer. The addition of another large Flat (the Gen'l McRae) to this Line, affords increased facilities for the shipping public. Goods shall certainly have as quick transit by this Line as any other. JNO. D. WILLIAMS, Agt. Feb. 9, 1852. 665.3 Cape Fear S. B. Co.

New crop Molasses—of excellent quality, for sale by R. G. LINDSAY.

### GRAT LAND SALE.

PURSUANT to a Decree of the Court of Equity for Guilford County, I shall sell, at public auction, on Thursday the 8th day of April, 1852, at the late residence of John Rhodes, dec'd., the valuable Farm belonging to the heirs at law of John Rhodes, dec'd. The tract consists of about

1300 Acres,

situated 12 1/2 miles North of Greensboro', on the waters of the Haw River and Meares' Fork. There are on the premises a Good Dwelling House and all necessary out buildings, with several other good farm buildings on the tract. This tract is one of the most desirable farms in this part of the State; is surpassed by none in fertility of soil,—being well adapted to the growth of corn, wheat, oats, &c., or tobacco. There are upwards of 100 acres of bottom lands now in a state of fine cultivation. The tract lies immediately in the route of the contemplated Rail Road from Danville to Greensboro'.

The above described lands will be all surveyed and plotted,—commencing the 1st day of March next. Persons wishing to avail themselves of the advantages of seeing the lands, can do so at that time if they think proper.

W. A. WINBOURNE, Feb. 2, 1852. 665.2ow3w Commissioner.

Guilford County Agricultural Meeting.

THE FARMERS of Guilford County are respectfully informed, that an adjourned meeting will be held in Greensboro' on Thursday of February Court, (the 19th) when the GUILFORD COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will be regularly organized, and an address delivered by Ralph Correll, Esq.

It is desired that as many of the Farmers of this County as can conveniently attend, will do so, on that occasion. WILSON S. HILL, Sec. Ch'm'n. Jan. 23d, 1852.

JAS. R. McLEAN, Attorney at Law, having permanently located in Greensboro', can at all times be found at Gott's Hotel, unless absent attending other Courts. Jan. 25, 1852. 662.6

### NORMAL COLLEGE.

THE next Session will commence on the 3d of March, at which time all who intend to enter during the term, should be present. Carriages for conveyance to the College, will leave the following places on the 2nd. Greensboro' at 10 o'clock, Ashboro' at 10, and Lexington at 10. B. CRAVEN, President. Jan. 25, 1852. 63.5w

Standard, Register, Argus and Watchman copy till time.

### A CARD.

DR. J. M. LINDSAY would inform his friends and the public generally that he has removed his Shop to the middle room in the one story white buildings on the east side of the street running north from the courthouse, 2 doors north of the Postoffice, where he may always be found unless absent on professional duties. As he intends for the future to devote his time exclusively to the duties of his profession, he hopes to merit and receive an extended patronage. All persons indebted to him are earnestly requested to call and settle. Greensboro', Jan. 1852. 652.1f

### Pow Flows, greatly improved.

CAN be procured by Farmers the ensuing season at prices never known before, by applying at the Shop and paying cash. The subscriber also keeps on hand some good Two-Horse Wagons, that can be had cheap for cash. And any quantity of Horse-Shoes can be had so that merchants can sell them at an advance of a good per cent. Any communication addressed to the subscriber at Kernersville, P. O. will be attended to. Z. STAFFORD, Bunker Hill, Guilford, Dec. 20. 1851. 659.1f

### HARDWARE.

W. T. HOWELL & Co., Importers and Wholesale Dealers in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC Hardware, Cutlery and Guns, No. 181 Market St., Philadelphia.

HAVE constantly on hand a large and General assortment of Goods in their line, which they offer for sale at as low prices and on as liberal terms as any other house. Merchants visiting the North are respectfully solicited to call and examine their stock. Their long experience in the Carolina trade enables them to fill orders by mail about as well as though given in person. January 7th, 1852. 661.3m

### SAVE COST.

THERE are on my books a large number of accounts that have been standing for one year and upwards. All persons having such accounts will please come forward and settle by note or cash immediately. Interest will be charged on all accounts from the 1st of January of each year. JAMES McIVER. Jan. 16, 1852. 661.1f

### NORTH CAROLINA RAIL ROAD.

THE Stockholders are hereby notified that the following instalments have been called for on the capital stock of the company, to wit: Ten per cent. on the 1st of March; ten per cent. on the 3rd of May, and ten per cent. on the 5th of July next, which said instalments will draw interest after 20 days from the dates above specified, if not paid before.

I will be at Concord on the 1st of March, at Salisbury on the 3rd, at Lexington on the 4th, at Greensboro' on the 6th, at Raleigh on the 9th, at Hillsboro' on the 11th, and at Graham on the 12th, to receive the instalments due in that month. C. P. MENDENHALL, Tre'r. Feb. 3, 1852. 664.3

### TOWN LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned Commissioners propose to sell, at public auction, at the courthouse in Danbury, on Tuesday and Wednesday of the next County Court of Stokes, to wit, on the 10th and 11th days of March next,

All the remainder of the Lots in said Town which have not heretofore been sold, consisting of some twenty or twenty-five Lots of a half acre each, a portion of which are among the most desirable lots in the village.

Terms of sale, one and two years, purchasers giving bond with approved security. WM. C. MOORE, JOHN BANNER, JAMES RYERSON, STEPHEN SMITH. Jan. 30th, 1852. 664.5

\*The People's Press copy till sale.

### TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

A NEGRO who calls himself Willis Perry, ran away from the subscriber about Christmas. He is very large, and walks lame, and will no doubt try to pass for a free man. He was convicted of horse stealing, and sold for Court charges at Randolph Superior Court. The subscriber will pay \$10 for his delivery to him, or will be thankful to any person who will inform him where he ranges. J. W. THOMAS. Fair Grove, N. C., Feb. 3, 1852. 654.4

### MONEY.

ALL persons indebted to D. C. Mebane by Note, will please call, pay part, and renew their Bonds; and all those indebted by account previous to the 1st of January, 1852, will settle by cash or note, before February Court, as longer indulgence will not be given. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Dr. D. C. Mebane will attend to his Professional calls as heretofore. Office at his own house. Greensboro', Jan. 1, 1852.

### PENMANSHIP!

H. J. HARRIS, PROFESSOR OF PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP, RESPECTFULLY tenders his services to the young Ladies and Gentlemen of Greensboro' as Teacher of the beautiful and useful art of Writing in all of its various styles upon new and scientific principles.

REFERENCES. Col. H. L. Roberts, Dr. A. M. Henderson, Col. A. W. Brandon, John I. Shaver, Esq., Joel Jenkins, Esq., B. B. Roberts, Esq., Gen. W. W. Harley, Gen. E. Wheeler, Salisbury, N. C. Marion, S. C. Greensboro', Feb. 3, 1852. 664.1f

### To Merchants of North Carolina.

THE undersigned would take occasion to advise their North Carolina friends, that with increased facilities, they have made arrangements for extending their business; and in addition to a complete assortment of Combs, Brushes, Buttons and German and French Fancy Goods, they have added a full Stock of HOISERY, GLOVES, &c., which have been procured at the lowest importing prices, and to which they invite the special attention of their Southern customers. CUMMINGS & CO., No. 35 N. 3 St., below City Hotel, PHILADELPHIA. 664.4

### REMOVAL.

THE Drug Store of T. J. PATRICK has been removed to W. S. Gilmer's old stand, on West street, nearly opposite the store of W. J. McConnell. January 29th, 1852.

Barrels Linseed Oil, do. Spirits Turpentine. For Sale at T. J. PATRICK'S DRUG STORE. Jan. 29th, 1852.

Leakville Candles.—A first rate article of Tallow Candles, for sale by Feb. 5, 1852. R. G. LINDSAY.

### LEATHER BANDS.

THE subscriber has put up machinery for stretching, cementing and riveting bands with copper rivets. The bands are stretched with powerful machines, made expressly for that purpose, and the difficulty of bands stretching and ripping under the common way of making them, is entirely removed by this process. Bands made in this way will hold their width evenly, run true, and have a uniform bearing on the drum or pulley, and will give from 15 to 20 per cent more power than those made in the ordinary way. They are made out of our best selected oak tanned Spanish Leather, and no pains will be spared to make them equal to the best Northern bands, and will be sold as low as they can be bought in New York.

CHAS. M. LINES, Firm of Tomlinson, Lines & Co., Hunt's Store P. O., Guilford Co., N. C. 3rd Jan. 1852. 660.1y

References.—J. R. & J. Sloan, Greensboro'; Charles E. Shober, Salem; Peters, Sloan & Co., McCulloch Mine; Mr. Endy, Hoigins Mine; Holmes, Earnheart & Co., Gold Hill, Rowan County.

R. M. ORRELL, Commission and Forwarding MERCHANT. FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

T. C. WORT, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, WILMINGTON, N. C.

### \$100 REWARD.

THE above reward will be given to any person who will apprehend and deliver to the subscriber, at Brownsville, Marlboro' District, S. C., his negro boy, who was stolen from him on the 17th of December last, with the thief who stole him. The negro boy is about three years old—light complexion, can't talk plain, unusually bowlegged, with a small scar from a burn on the right side of his nose. The boy was seen in the possession of a low, stout-built wagoner, who was driving two bay horses. JOEL ALLEN. Brownsville, S. C., Dec. 31, 1851. 53.3t

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP. THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and patrons in Guilford and the surrounding counties that he has removed his shop from South to Head Quarters or West street, opposite the store of J. McIver, where he is permanently located, and continues to manufacture

TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE of all descriptions. Also, the celebrated Crane or Goose-Neck and plain capped Stills, Kettles, &c. He would also herein return his sincere thanks to his friends for their liberal patronage, and hopes in future to merit a still greater share of the same, for he flatters himself that he can sell as good an article for the money as any man in the United States. So if you want the substance instead of the shadow, call at the sign of the mammoth Tin Horn and Coffee Pot as above stated.

Guttering and repairing Stills and old Tin done right, and all kinds of good barter taken in exchange. A good boy or two, of unimpeachable character, would be taken to learn the trade, say 13 to 15 years of age. Please call and let's settle that old account. C. G. YATES. N. B. I have a good buggy for sale or constant hire for cash. C. G. Y. Greensboro', N. C., Dec. 1851.

### MOST SUITABLE PRESENTS FOR THE Christmas Holidays.

WHAT more appropriate and valuable present, or better token of affection to a near and dear friend or relative, than a faithful Likeness? We have just returned from the North with new styles of splendid Papier-Mache (inlaid with pearls) shell and ivory, and other superior cases, lockets, breast-pins, &c., in which we would insert Likenesses of all sizes, finished in our usual unique style; and though not taken (ala Hill) in "natural colors," yet will be naturally colored.

Persons having work with us, unfinished or engaged, will please call early, as owing to other positive engagements, we must close in a few days. WILDE & DAUGHTER. Greensboro', Dec. 19, 1851.

### GREENSBORO' MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, Greensboro', N. C.

THIS Company is now in successful operation, and ready to take risks upon nearly all classes of property in the State, upon favorable terms. Much the larger portion of its policies is in country risks.

The cost of Insurance, upon the mutual plan, is trifling in comparison with the benefits to be derived therefrom.

The following persons are the Directors and Officers for the present year.

### DIRECTORS.

James Sloan, John A. Mebane, W. J. McConnell, Andrew Weatherly, William S. Rankin, C. P. Mendenhall, Jed. H. Lindsey, Lyndon Seaton, of Greensboro'; Shubal G. Coffin, Jesse Shelly, William H. Reese, Jonathan W. Field, Jamestown; Tyne Glenn, Yadkin county.

All Directors are authorized to receive applications.

### OFFICERS.

JAMES SLOAN, President. S. G. COFFIN, Vice President. C. P. MENDENHALL, ATTORNEY. PETER ADAMS, Secretary and Treasurer. W. J. McCONNELL, W. S. RANKIN, JOHN A. MEBANE, Executive Committee. All communications in reference to Insurance should be addressed to the Secretary, post-paid. PETER ADAMS, Secretary. Greensboro', Oct. 21, 1851. 650.1f

### ENTIRELY NEW AND LARGE STOCK OF DRY GOODS AND HARDWARE.

THE undersigned are now prepared to offer to Merchants of the interior and others one of the largest stocks of DRY GOODS AND HARDWARE, ever before offered in this market.

Their Goods have been bought this fall by the package at the regular trade sales and of Commissioners' Houses in New York, and they are prepared to offer them unusually low and upon favorable terms, and feel confident that an examination of their stock will induce purchasers to make their selections of us. The undersigned will spare no efforts to give entire satisfaction to those who favor them with their custom.

Our Stock of Boots & Shoes, Hats, Caps and Straw Goods is large and worthy the attention of the trade. Our stock consists in part of 400 to 500 pieces of Woolen Goods. 500 to 1000 " Prints. 5000 pr. Boots and Shoes;

with all the variety necessary to make our assortment complete.

Merchants visiting this market will please give us a call and examine our Goods before making their purchases.



The following beautiful stanzas have been frequently published, and yet the afflicted eye can scarcely see them too often. There is nothing in the whole round of consolatory verse, which surpasses their sweetness and pathos.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE DEPARTED.

BY T. R. HENRY.

I know thou hast gone to the home of the blest,  
Then why should my soul be so sad?  
I know thou hast gone where the weary rest,  
And the mourner looks up and is glad,  
Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth,  
The stains it had gathered in this,  
And Hope, the sweet singer, a creature of earth,  
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred  
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul.  
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,  
Northy spirit flung back from its goal.  
I know thou hast drunk of the river that flows  
Through a land where they do not forget,  
That sheds o'er the memory only repose,  
And takes from it only regret.

This eye must be dark, that as yet is not dimmed,  
Ere again it may gaze upon thee;  
But my heart has revelations of thee and thy home,  
In many a token and sign—  
I never look up with a vow to the sky,  
But a light like thy beauty is there;  
And I hear a low voice like thine in reply,  
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,  
I know thou hast visions of mine;  
And thy love, that made all things as music to me,  
I have not yet learned to resign.  
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,  
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,  
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,  
And my spirit lies down and is still.

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,  
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,  
Yet the grief of my bosom—O, call it not gloom—  
Is not the dark grief of despair.  
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,  
Far off a bright vision appears,  
And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,  
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

#### KATE'S VALENTINE.

Kate, my sprightly niece, like most young ladies of her age, has her own opinions on matters and things currently transpiring. She thinks independently, and generally speaks what she thinks. Of course, her knowledge of human nature is not very deep; nor is she as wise in all her conclusions as she is led to imagine. I do not say this disparagingly, for Kate has quite as good sense as nine in ten who have only numbered her years, which are about twenty-one.

On one subject, Kate had, for a year or two, been particularly decided in her expressions. The Valentine epidemic, which has raged so violently, she considered a social disease emphatically. It was no healthy manifestation of right feelings, in her estimation.

As last St. Valentine's day approached, and the store windows and counters began to be filled with emblematic love missives of all kinds from the most costly, delicate, and refined, down to the cheapest, coarsest, and most vulgar, Kate exhibited more and more strongly her antipathy to the custom about to be honored.

"If any one were to send me a valentine," said she, "I would take it as a direct insult to my common sense."

"Oh, as for that," I replied, sportively, "lovers are not so silly as to address the common sense of those whose favor they desire to win."

"Whoever wins me," was her prompt answer, "must appeal to that. At no other point will I be accessible."

"We shall see," I said, "and we will see."

"I'll wager a new hat against a spring bonnet," said I, "that you receive a Valentine this year from a certain young man named —."

"Never mind; don't blush so; I won't name him."

"I would discard any one who insulted me with a Valentine," replied Kate, indignantly.

"Don't say that, for fear you will have cause to repent the indiscretion."

"Yes, I do say it. No man of good sense would stoop to such trifling."

"I don't know, Kate. A little trifling, now and then, is relished by the best of men."

"That's rhyme, which does not always go hand in hand with reason."

"You'll grow wiser, Kate, as you grow older."

"If that is the kind of wisdom age brings, I'm sure I don't want it."

I answered with a laugh, for to be grave on such a theme was not in me. As the fourteenth approached, Kate frequently repeated her expressions of disgust at the silly custom of sending Valentines that had become so popular, and declared, over and over again, that such a liberty with her, would be taken as a direct insult, and resented accordingly.

Among the visiting acquaintances of Kate, was a young man named Loring, for whom, I could see, she had kinder feelings than for any other male friend; but, either in consequence of a natural reserve of character, or because he was in doubt as to Kate's sentiments regarding himself, he never seemed perfectly at ease in her company, though he sought it on every proper occasion. I had him in my mind when I suggested the reception of a Valentine from a certain young man, and Kate understood me perfectly.

Well, Valentine's day came round. At dinner time, I came home as usual, and almost the first word my wife said to me was—

"What do you think? Kate's received a Valentine."

"Indeed!"

"It's true. It came by the Dispatch Post. I received it at the door, and sent it up to her room."

"Have you seen her since?"

"No."

"Of course, she's particularly indignant."

"I don't know any thing about that. It was a handsome one I infer, from the size and envelop; and had in it something hard, which I took for jewelry—a breastpin or a bracelet."

"Where do you think it came from?" said I.

"I've guessed young Loring," answered my wife.

"If he has sent it he has committed a great mistake," I replied.

"How so?"

"You know Kate's antipathy to Valentines."

"Young ladies often talk a great deal without really knowing what they say; and Kate is not altogether free from the fault," said my wife.

"I readily enough assented to this. When the bell rang for dinner, Kate came down from her room. Her face was rather more sober than usual, and she did not join in the conversation

with her accustomed animation. She was first to retire from the table.

"I don't think she is mortally offended," said I to my wife.

"No, not if I am skilled in mental indications," was replied.

During the afternoon, two or three more love missives came; but not a word touching their reception, or the feeling produced thereby, was breathed by Kate. It was plain, however, to one with even half an eye, that she was pleased at the mark of attention or, it might be, a token of love.

Evening, instead of being passed as usual with the family, was spent by Kate in her room.

On the next morning, at the breakfast table, I mentioned the fact that a certain number of Valentines had passed through the post office on the day before. This was in order to introduce the subject, and call out some remark from Kate; but she remained silent on the subject, though not without indicating, by her heightened color and restless eye, that her thoughts were busy enough.

"I rather think our young lady has changed her opinions," said I, smiling, after Kate had left the table.

"Circumstances alter cases, you know," replied my wife, smiling in turn.

On the next evening, young Loring called in. Kate was longer than usual in making her appearance, and when she came into the parlor, was dressed with more than ordinary care. For the first time, I noticed on her wrist a new and beautiful bracelet. She blushed, slightly, as she met Loring; seemed a little embarrassed, but was soon conversing with him in an animated style.

"Did you see that new bracelet?" asked my wife, when we were next alone.

"I did."

"Where did it come from?"

"Didn't you say that in one of the Valentines she received there was something hard, like a piece of jewelry?"

"Yes."

"That bracelet, probably."

"No doubt of it."

"And moreover," said I, "it is plain that she believes the Valentine came from Loring; for, at her first meeting with him, she wears it for the first time."

"Thus," remarked my wife, "notifying him that she receives the token kindly."

I laughed aloud, for I could not help it.

"Why do you laugh?" asked my wife.

"She was going to discard any one who insulted her with a Valentine!"

"That was idle talk. I've heard such things said before."

Two or three evenings went by, and Loring came again. Since his former visit, the new bracelet had not been seen. Now it was worn again. As we knew the young man well, and liked him the better the more intimately we knew him, saw no impropriety in leaving the young couple alone in the parlor.

From that time, there was a marked change in my niece. She was less sprightly and more absent minded than usual. Next, her appetite failed her, and she began to grow thin and lose her color—sure signs of a heart disease. Meanwhile, Loring was a constant visitor; and whenever he came, the bracelet was displayed, evidently in token that she knew from whence it came, and wished its full acceptance to be understood. At last, I received a formal visit from the young man, and a formal offer for the hand of Kate. Of course, I had no objections to urge. The match was, in my mind, already fully settled.

After that, the bracelet aforementioned was always to be seen on the arm of Kate. One evening, as I sat talking with Kate, for whom my affection had always been as tender as that of a father for his child, I took her hand, and said, as I examined the bracelet—

"That is very beautiful."

"Yes, I have always admired it very much," she replied, the color growing warmer in her cheeks.

"A love-token, I presume?"

And as I said this, I looked at her archly.—"The hue of her cheeks became still deeper."

"A Valentine?" I added.

"The blood mounted to her temples."

"But it was not an ordinary Valentine. It did not come from a trifler, and was not received as an insult. I thought you were not the girl, Kate, to reject a sincere offer."

Kate blushed still more deeply.

"This little love-token, dear Kate, is for thee: Accept it, and keep it, and wear it for me."

As I repeated this couplet, the young girl started with surprise, and looked with inquiring earnestness in my face.

"But I'm afraid, Kate," said I, with a meaning smile, and a voice half-regretful in its tone, "that you were less for the real than for an imaginary giver."

She did not reply, but looked at me more earnestly, while a sudden light appeared to break upon her mind.

"Dear uncle," said she, at length, bending towards me, "had you seen this bracelet before you saw it on my arm?"

"Yes, love," was my tenderly spoken reply; and I pressed her pure forehead with my lips as I spoke.

"And you sent it?"

She seemed half breathless as she waited my reply.

"Yes, dear."

She covered her face suddenly with her hands and sat motionless for some moments. In a little while, I saw a tear come stealing through her fingers. My feelings were touched, for I feared lest I had done violence to her by this little confession of the truth. But, ere I had looked for composure of mind, she withdrew her hands from her face, on which an affectionate smile shone like a rainbow amid the parting drops of a summer shower, and said, as she arose—

"Henceforth, I will wear it for the real giver."

Bending to kiss me, she left a tear on my cheek and then glided from the room.

On her wedding night, Kate wore her Valentine bracelet; and I am weak enough to believe—if the sentiment may be called a weakness—that she prizes it even more highly than if Loring himself had been the giver.

Scene by "Phazma," Jr.—First class in geography come up. Bill Toots, what's a cape?"

"A thing that mother wears over her shoulders."

"What's a plain?"

"A tool used by carpenters for smoothing off boards."

"What's a desert?"

"It is goodies after dinner."

"That'll do, Bill; I'll give you the 'goodies' after school."

The foregoing actually occurred in a school in N—County, Kentucky. It is needless to say that Bill was one of 'em.

From the Methodist Protestant.

#### OLD MOSES.

Mr. B. was a merchant in Baltimore, and did a very heavy business, especially in grain. One morning, as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf with their various commodities for sale, he stepped upon the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro man sitting, whose dejected countenance gave some indication of distress, and he accosted him with:

"Hey! my man, what is the matter with you this morning?"

The negro lifting up his eyes, and looking at Mr. B. replied—

"Ah, massa, I'm in great trouble."

"What about?"

"Kase I'se fucht up here to be sold."

"What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing? or did you run away?"

"No, no, massa, none o' dat; it's because I didn't mind de sudres."

"What kind of sudres?"

"Well, massa stranger, I tell you. Masse Willum werry strick man and werry nice man too, and werry body on de place got to mine him; and I break trow de rule; but I forgot meself, and got too high."

"It is for getting drunk then, is it?"

"O, no, sah, not dat nuther."

"You are the strangest negro I have seen for a week. I can get no satisfaction from you. If you would not like to be pitched over board, you had better tell me what you did."

"Plesse, massa, don't frow de poor flicted nigger in de wa't."

"Then tell me what you are to be sold for."

"For prayin, sur."

"For prayin! that is a strange tale indeed. Will your master not permit you to pray?"

"O yes, sah, he let me pray easy; but I holler too loud."

"And why did you halloo so loud in your prayer?"

"Kase de Sperm comes on me, and I gets happy for I knows it, den I gone; can't trul meself den, den I knows nothing bout massa's rule; den I holler if ole Sartin himself come, wid all de rules de quistion."

"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"

"O yes; no help for me now; kase when Masse Willum says one ting he no do anoder."

"What is your name?"

"Moses, sah."

"What is your master's name?"

"Massa name Colonel Willum C—."

"Where does he live?"

"Down on de Eastin Shoah."

"Is he a good master? Does he treat you well?"

"O yes; Massa Willum good; no better massa in de world."

"Stand up and let me look at you." And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame; and Mr. B. stripped up his sleeve, his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

"Where is your master?"

"Yander he is, jist comin to de wa'f."

As Mr. B. started for the shore, he heard Moses give a hearty sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that Mr. B. was a trader and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Col. C. did. He introduced himself, and said:

"I understand that you wish to sell that man yonder on board the schooner."

Colonel C. replied that he did.

"What do you ask for him?"

"I expect to get seven hundred dollars."

"How old is he?"

"About thirty."

"Is he healthy?"

"Very; he never had any sickness in his life except one or two spells of the ague."

"Is he hearty?"

"Yes, sir; he will eat as much as any man ought, and it will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand?"

"Yes, sir, he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"

"Because he disobeyed my orders. As I said, he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any moment I might want him, I built his quarters within a hundred yards of my own house; and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning, that his horn did not answer in five minutes after. But two years ago he got religion, and commenced what he terms family prayer—that is, prayer in his quarters every night and morning; and when he began his prayer, it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if (as he termed it) he got happy."

Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear him a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and children, and all my brothers and sisters and their children, and out whole family connexion to the third generation; and sometimes, when we would have visitors, Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry, and the children would cry, and it would sometimes be nearly daylight before I could go to sleep; for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbade his praying so loud any more. Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed; and my rule is never whip, but whenever a negro proves incorrigible, I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection, and is less trouble than whipping. I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him; or every negro on the farm would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders."

"You spoke of Moses' quarter; I suppose from that he has a family?"

"Yes, he has a woman and three children—or wife, I suppose he calls her now, for soon after he got religion, he asked me if they might get married, and I presume they were."

"What will you take for her and the children?"

"If you want them for your own use, I will take seven hundred; but I shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the State."

"I wish them all for my own use, and will give you the fourteen hundred dollars."

Mr. B. and Colonel C. then went to B's store drew up the writings, and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel; and Mr. B. approaching the negro; who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, seemingly wrapt in meditation of the most awful forebodings, said—

"Well, Moses, I have bought you."

Moses made a very low bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied—

"Is you massa? Where is I gwine, Massa? Is I gwine to Georgy?"

"No," said Mr. B. "I am a merchant here in the city; yonder is my store; I want you to attend on the store; and have purchased your wife and children too, that you may not be separated."

Bress God for dat! And, Massa, kin I go to meeting sometime?"

"Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on Sabbath, and every night in the week; and you can pray as often as you choose, and as long as you choose, and as happy as you choose; and every time you pray; whether it be at home or in church, I want you to pray for me and my wife, and all my children, and single handed, too; for if you are a good man your prayers will do us no harm and we need them very much; and if you wish to you may pray for every-body of the name of B. in the State of Maryland. It will not injure them."

While Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses the negro's eyes danced in glee, and his full heart laughed right out for sockets, and his full chest heaved with gladness exposing two rows of even clean ivory fangs; and his African cast countenance, and his hair's res-ponse was "Bress God, bress God, all de time, and bress you too massa. Moses neber forgit about he gwine to have all these commodation-ers; it make me tink about Joseph in de Egypt."

And after Moses had poured a few blessings on Colonel C. and bidding him a warm adieu, and requesting him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, to the children and all the servants, he followed Mr. B. to the store, to enter upon the functions of his new office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring, as Mr. B. was one day standing at the store door, he saw a man leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel and walk hurriedly towards the store. He soon recognized him as Colonel C. They exchanged salutations, and to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was up stairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him.

Soon Mr. B.'s attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened, and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one sobbing violently, and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected upon Colonel C.'s singular movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed, and determined to go up and see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs, he was startled by seeing Moses in the middle of the floor, down upon one knee, with his arms around the Colonel's waist and talking most rapidly, while the Colonel stood weeping audibly. So soon as the Colonel could control his feelings he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses' prayers, and that during the past year he and all his children had been converted to God.

Moses responded; "Bress God, massa C., doe I way up hea, I neber forget you in my prayers; I oillers put de old massa side de new one. Bress God! I dis make Moses tink about Joseph in de Egypt again."

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that that was out of the question, for he could not part with him; and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty and his children at thirty-five years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold into Egypt God overruled it to his good, and he obtained blessings that were beyond his expectations; so with Moses. Joseph eventually proved the instrument of saving the lives of those who sold him. Moses proved the instrument in God's hands of saving the man's soul who sold him. Old Moses is still living, and doing well. He long since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own; and I suppose sings and prays and shouts to his heart's content.

"The Word 'Fast.'"—This word is as great a contradiction as we have in the English language. The Delaware was fast because the ice was immovable, and the ice disappeared fast for the contrary reason, it was loose. A clock is called fast when it goes quicker than time, but a man is told to stand fast when he is desired to remain stationary. People fast when they have nothing to eat; and eat fast, consequently, when opportunity offers to eat.

A cautious fellow.—A few days ago, in Berwick, Me., a good honest looking country fellow was looking at the telegraphic wires with astonishment. A passer-by asked him what he thought of it. "Wall I don't know exactly," replied the fellow, "but I'm sure they won't get me to ride on the darned thing—they wires and posts would tear my breeches all to pieces."

What constellation most resembles an empty fire-place?—Some one says the Grate Bare.

People's toes are like oaks when they bear ache-corns.

Why is the letter A like a honeysuckle?—Be cause a B follows it.

State of North Carolina, Stokes County. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, December Term, 1851.

Wm. A. Lash and John Banner Vs. William Boyles.

Original Attachment Laid on Land.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the Defendant in this case is not a resident of this State, it is therefore ordered that publication be made for six successive weeks in the Greensboro' Patriot, printed in Greensborough, that he be and appear at our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Stokes, at the courthouse in Crawford, on the second Monday of March next, and then and there reply, plead, answer or demur, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be entered against him and the Land levied on condemned for the satisfaction of the plaintiffs' debt.

Witness, John Hill, Clerk of our said Court at office the second Monday of December, 1851.

Pradv \$5 660-6 JOHN HILL, c. c. c.

RANKIN & McLEAN

ARE now in receipt of the principal portion of their Fall Supply of Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats and Caps. And we expect in a few days to receive the stock of Hardware, Cutlery, Queensware, Groceries, Coach Materials, Books, &c.

October, 1851.

Chairs, Chairs.—We have and expect to keep constantly on hand a fine lot of Chairs of various patterns and prices. Also, several sets of Bedsteads, which will sell cheap.

Aug. 1851. RANKIN & McLEAN.

125 KEYS NAILS for sale by J. R. & J. SLOAN.

Nov. 1851.

State of North Carolina, ROCKINGHAM COUNTY, Court of Equity, Fall Term 1851.

Alfred M. Seales, Petitioner Vs. Margaret Seales, Defendant.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant Margaret Seales, is not an inhabitant of this State, it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made for six weeks successively in the Greensboro' Patriot, for the said defendant to appear at the next term of this court, to be held in the court house in Wentworth, on the fifth Monday after the fourth Monday of March next, then and there to plead, answer, or demur to the said petition, otherwise the same will be taken pro confesso, and heard ex parte.

Witness Thomas Ruffin, Jr., Clerk and Master of said court at office in Wentworth, the fifth Monday after the fourth Monday in September, 1851.

T. RUFFIN, Jr., c. m. e. Jan. 7th 1852. 661-6w.

North Carolina, Randolph County, Court of Equity, Fall Term, 1852.

Nancy Breedlove vs. Thomas Breedlove, Daniel Bernet and William Patterson.

In this case it appearing to the Court that the Defendant, Thomas Breedlove, is not an inhabitant of this State. It is ordered by the Court, that publication be made for six weeks in the Greensboro' Patriot, notifying the said defendant to appear at the next Court of Equity to be held for the county of Randolph, at the court house in Asheboro, on the 4th Monday of March next, then and there to plead answer or demur to the bill