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Agricultural.

From the Bridgeport Farmer.

A Few of the Benefits of Agricultural Societies.

The question is often asked, are Agricultural Societies any benefit to the people in general? I reply, they are. They hold annual Fairs, at which are exhibited every thing new (or ought to be) under the sun. It is the Farmer's and Mechanic's holiday; they assemble together to see the works of their neighbors, to hear their experience, and to pass two or three days profitably and pleasantly.

Profitably, did I say? This puts me in mind of a conversation which took place between one of my neighbors and myself after returning from the Fair. I asked him why he did not attend.

Neighbor, O, I never went nor cared nothing about going, and I alers thought 'twas time thrown away.

Reply. Perhaps you have not thoroughly investigated the matter; you only think of the days of the Fair, and not of the future benefits.

N. I don't see what future benefits can come from spending two or three days and as many dollars in what you call an Agricultural Fair, my father alers got along well 'nuf, and he never went to one on 'um.

R. Let me explain to you a little. We will take the article of butter.—We offer a premium of five dollars for the best butter; a man who takes an agricultural paper long enough to see what is for his own interest brings in a sample of fine butter; he tells his breed of cows, the time the butter was made, the kind of feed the cows had, the number of times they were milked in a day, whether the butter was set in cold water or hot, the time the milk stood before skimming, the time the cream stood before churning, the number of times the butter was worked, the quantity of salt used, the manner of preserving the butter, &c. He gets the premium. Is not that a benefit?

N. O yes, it helps him five dollars; but what help is that to any one else?

R. He brings in his statements; these are published in a newspaper, which is read by five hundred people who make butter, they follow his example, and are thereby enabled to get two cents more a pound for it than if they had gone on in the old way. Now suppose each man made but 500 pounds a year, and get two cents a pound extra; it gives him \$10; this multiplied by 500, the number of dairymen who read and follow this statement, we have \$5,000; now to know that you are doing so much good by taking your butter to the Fair, will it not compensate a man for his trouble?

N. Wal, you know that's one of the principal products of the farm, 'tain't so with everything.

R. We will take fruit, and see if that is not a benefit. A few years since, Mr. —, brought some Baldwin apples to our Fair, and received the first premium; and what was the consequence? Why, the following spring I went for some grafts, and he afterwards told me that he gave away all that were small enough for grafts, and he believed they would have used it. Those which I obtained have commenced bearing, and if others have given grafts as I have done, you can see how widely they are spread at the present time. If a large apple which is beautiful to the eye and delicious to the taste, is any better than a small, mean, sour one, which to bite is enough to make a pig squeal, (I am sorry to say so many pigs will eat them,) are not Agricultural Societies a benefit? I calculate the profits of taking this variety of fruit to the Fair, is more than we express: for who would have known that such fruit existed, if they had not seen it there? I have only spoken of one kind of fruit for exhibition, and are there no other kinds of fruit of equal importance?

N. I guess that'll do on that point.

R. If you are tired of fruit, we will feed on grain awhile. In the year 1849, I bought a few bushels of wheat (wishing to change my seed,) and finding it full of trash, I was obliged to spend two days in cleaning it, before it was fit to sow in any respectable man's farm. The next year, I had the finest piece of wheat that I ever saw; I took some to the Fair and it was just the way to advertise it. It was looked at and admired by all, and wanted by many, so I sold all I had to spare for seed. It was so much better than common wheat that I obtained 25 cents more a bushel than my neighbors.—So carrying my wheat to the Fair was putting money into my pocket; adding notoriety to my character, and more than all, it was the means of people's raising ten bushels of wheat where they formerly raised eight of trash. What do you think of our Agricultural Fairs?

N. O it'd do for you book farmers, but what good does it do to take so many cattle and horses to the show?

R. What good does it do? Why five years ago our Society offered a premium of \$5 for the best horse, and there were several exhibited, but none of them considered worthy of a premium. The next year the Society offered a premium of \$25 for the best horse, and the result was an ambitious enterprising man went and purchased the finest one he could find in the country. And why did he do it? Because he knew he could get the premium. There are now probably 500 descendants from this horse, each worth 25 dollars more than the same number were before this horse was brought into this part of the country. Here we have twelve thousand dollars,—

Will not that pay for spending two or three days at a Fair?

N. O I don't know but 'twill do.* But you have a plow match, where they most kill their oxen to see who can plow the fastest; what good does that do?

R. Yes, you would most kill your oxen and yourself to have done what we did at our plowing match, with one of your old straight wooden mould plows, such as I have seen used among farmers who never saw a plowing match, or read an agricultural paper. Let us compare two farmers for one year, one with the old fashioned plow, the other with the improved steel plow. The old fashioned man, with plow to match, has five acres of corn to plant. He goes into the field with his plow and tries to turn over the green sod, at every other step the furrow wants a kick; and by working hard with hands and feet, he is enabled to root up a small patch in the course of the day. It takes him six days to stub over his five acres.

It then takes him two days with his harrow to roll over the clods and try to mellow it up. A great part of the sods which were disturbed by the plow, are now showing their green faces to the sun. Next he tries to plant it, but his plow only skimmed the surface and the harrow has no loose mould—and consequently it takes seven days to plant it. At the first hoeing the corn looks as if it had the yellow fever—but he drags his old plow through, shoving the clods over the corn; he spends seven days at each hoeing—but few at gathering.

We will now look at the other farmer, who has that quantity of land, the same kind of soil, and like it in every respect. He goes into his field with his long, improved plow, and lays out his work. If the question is asked, are long plows any better than short ones, I reply they are. If you wish to raise a hoghead of sugar two feet in height, does it not take much less force to raise the same, by rolling it only four feet? So with the plow—you raise the furrow much easier by having your plow three feet in length than you would if it was only one and a half. All the plowman is required to do, is to follow the plow standing straight in the furrow. His plow cuts a furrow of equal width and about three inches more in depth than the common plow—instead of having one half roll back, it leaves it nicely inverted. By having his plow run so much easier, and cutting such a nice straight furrow, he is enabled to save one day's work in the first plowing. As good plowing makes easy harrowing, he here saves another day's work with his team and still has his ground in good order for the reception of the seed.

When a field is thus commenced, the crop is easily taken care of through the season, and all will agree with me in saying, that it will save at least two days work in planting and at each of the other three hoeing, or eight days in all; equal to eight dollars. Good plowing also helps to make a good crop—say six bushels to the acre or thirty bushels on the lot, which at sixty cents a bushel would be eighteen dollars. Here we see he saves twelve dollars in work, and makes eighteen dollars in his crop; equal to thirty dollars on the single field of corn—would not a good plow be of equal benefit to other crops?

The man with his improved plow is of course a member of the Agricultural Society. They hold a plowing match at some given time, and two thousand men assemble to see the work performed. He comes with his improved plow, enters the contest, comes off victorious, and receives the first prize. One-fourth of these men present wishing to purchase a new plow, procure one like the one which received the prize, they use them on their farms the next season, and are benefited as the man mentioned above, to the amount of twelve dollars. This multiplied by one hundred, the number which buy new plows, we have 1200 dollars. Don't you think that the Agricultural Societies do some good?

N. Wal I don't know but they do—but I guess my wife's got dinner ready, so good morning.

Coffee, Tea and Indigo.

A writer in the National Intelligencer estimates the value of the Coffee consumed in the United States, England and France, at \$59,000,000; Tea in Europe and America at \$35,000,000, and Indigo \$21,000,000. He states that the genuine Tea tree, in its full perfection, grows to a height of forty to fifty feet, and is cultivated from lat. 27.6 deg. to 32 deg. north latitude, under severe frosts and snows, and many of the mountains high upon whose sides the plant grows, are capped with perpetual snow. The idea that Tea will only flourish in a hot climate appears to be erroneous. He recommends the cultivation of both Tea and Indigo, for which the climate and soil of different sections of this country are well adapted. He says:—

"Tea can be produced in this country under seven cents a pound, calculating labor at 50 cents per diem. A tea plantation requires care the first and second years, after which it is a most hardy plant, and will yield tea for twenty-five to thirty years. So the only trouble is plucking the leaves and drying them, which is labor for women and children. A man actively engaged ten hours in the day may collect 50 to 60 lbs. of green leaf, and another would manufacture them, and the quantity of dried tea would be 12 1/2 to 15 lbs. A fair plantation would produce 300 lbs. per acre. I have made as much as 480 lbs. per acre in this year on some land I held on the west of China."

Of Indigo he is equally sanguine, and denies that its cultivation is unhealthy; nor is that its character where it is known and cultivated. He is of opinion that it can be produced here under 30 cents per lb. Prices of Indigo for the last forty years vary from \$1 to \$2 per lb.

Discovery of yet another small Planet.—From the London Illustrated News we learn that on the night of the 24th of June Mr. Hind, the Astronomer at Mr. Bishop's private Observatory in Regent's Park, London, discovered a new planet on the borders of the constellation Aquila and Serpens, about five degrees east of the star Tau in Ophiuchus, which shines as a finstar of between the eighth and ninth magnitude, has a very steady yellow light, and at times during that night, appeared to have a disc. This planet is, we believe, the seventeenth now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter, and is the fifth discovered by that eminent astronomer, Mr. Hind, at Mr. Bishop's Observatory, in the course of the last five years.—Boston Traveller.

The Newly-Discovered Asteroid.—The new Planet discovered by Hind, of Mr. Bishop's Observatory, Regent's Park, on the night of the 24th June last, was observed here on Tuesday night, at the National Observatory in this city, by Mr. J. Ferguson, with the filar micrometer of the large equatorial. The planet is of the (9.10) magnitude. It makes the eighteenth in the family of Asteroids that is known to exist between Mars and Jupiter.—National Intelligencer.

Miscellany.

From Godey's Lady's Book for August.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

Andy Cavender was a sad trifler in his way. There was scarcely a maiden in the village to whom he had not made love at one time or another, and all as a pleasant piece of pastime; not seeming to understand that maidens' hearts were tender things, and liable to be hurt in handling. Many tears had he caused to flow from beautiful eyes, yet, if he knew of the fact, it did not appear to give him serious concern. There was always a smile on his lip and a light word on his tongue.

At last, however, Andy's heart received an impression. The image of a fair young girl rested upon it; not as of old, like the image in a speculum, to pass with the object, but like the sun-fixed image of the Daguerreotype. Strange fact! the fickle, light-hearted Andy Cavender was in love; really and truly in love.

There had come to Woodland, to pass a few months during the warm summer-time, a city maiden, whose charms were too potent for the village flirt. She came, he saw, and was conquered. It was soon plain to every one that it was all over with Andy Cavender. Kate—the lively, witty, darling Kate Archer had subdued him with her charms, though all unconscious herself of the conquest she had made.

But others saw what she perceived not, and looked on curious for the issue.

"What do you think of this, Jenny?" said Kate Archer, one day, to the young friend with whom she was spending her summer in the country, and she laughed as she spoke, at the same time holding up a letter.

"News from home?" remarked Jenny, smiling.

"Oh dear, no! It's a love-letter."

"What?"

"A real righty love-letter, and, as they say, nothing else. Oh dear! To think that I should have made a conquest already!"

"A love-letter, Kate? Well, here is an adventure, sure enough! Whose heart have you broken?"

"You shall see and hear for yourself," replied the laughing girl. Then, as she unfolded the letter, she put on a grave countenance, and, opening the pages to the eyes of her friend, read aloud—

"MY DEAR MISS ARCHER: Will you permit one who, from the moment he saw you, became an ardent admirer, to lay his heart at your feet? Until you appeared in our quiet village, no maiden had passed before me who had power to win my love. But from the moment I saw you, I no longer had control over my affections. They flew to you like a bird to its mate. You cannot but have observed, in all our recent meetings, that I regarded you with more than a common interest, and I have permitted myself to believe that you read the language of my eyes, and understood its meaning. You did not turn from me; you did not look coldly on me. Have I erred in believing that your heart responded to the warm emotions of my own? I trust not. If it be so, then am I of all men most miserable. I will wait, with trembling and impatient hope, your answer to this.

Tenderly and faithfully yours,
ANDREW CAVENDER."

"Now, Jenny dear, what do you think of that?" said Kate, gayly, as she folded up her letter. "Hav'n't I made a real conquest?"

"Andy Cavender! Well, that beats everything!"

"None of our country maidens for him," laughed Kate. "He must have a city belle."

"Country maidens! He's made love to every good-looking girl within ten miles round."

"Yes?"

"He's. There's no counting the hearts he has broken."

"Did he ever make love to you?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Jenny, gayly.

"In real earnest?"

"Ah! now you come to the point. Perhaps you've not heard that Andy is our village flirt?"

"A flirt, indeed! And so I am to be one of his victims. Oh dear!"

"I don't know as to that. I more than half suspect him to be in earnest now. In fact, I've heard, from more than one source, that he is desperately in love with you."

"Will he hang himself if I'm inexorable?"

"There's no telling. But what kind of answer are you going to make to this avowal of love?"

"What shall I say?"

"Oh, that depends on your feelings."

"He's a regular flirt you say?"

"I could name you a dozen girls at least, to whom his attentions have been of a character to make them believe that his designs were serious. Two or three were made very unhappy when he turned from them, like a gay insect, to seek another flower."

"Then he must be punished," said Kate, resolutely; "and he mine the task to lay the smarting lash upon his shoulders. For the man who deliberately trifles with a woman's feelings I have no pity. He has been the cause of pain beyond what it is possible for himself to feel; and, if I can reach his sensibilities in any way, you may be sure that I will do it with a hearty good-will."

"I do not like the thought of giving pain," remarked Jenny, "even to a reptile."

"Pain is salutary in most cases; and will be particularly so in this, I hope. He will have some idea of how it feels, as the woman said,

when she rapped her boy over the head with a stick for striking his sister."

It was as Jenny supposed, and as we intimated in the beginning; Andy Cavender was really and truly over head and ears in love with Kate Archer, and every line of his amatory epistle was from his heart. Two or three letters were written and destroyed before he produced one exactly to his mind, and this he finally dispatched in full confidence that, as it came from his heart, it must reach the heart of the lovely maiden.

Two days went by, and no answer was received by the enamored swain. He began to feel anxious. On the third day, a neat little perfumed envelope came into his hands, which, on opening, he found to contain a pink, perfumed, satin-edged sheet of note-paper, on which were a few lines most delicately written. They were as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter, containing a most flattering avowal of regard for one who is comparatively a stranger, has been received. Its effect I will not attempt to describe; nor will I, at this time, venture to put in written language what I feel. To-morrow evening I will send at Mrs. T.—'s. May I hope to see you there?"

Yours, &c.,
KATE."

Andy was in ecstasies at this answer to his epistle. Its meaning to him was as plain as if Kate had said, "Dear Andrew, my heart is yours."

On the next evening, he repaired to Mrs. T.—'s, trembling with fond anticipation.

On entering the parlor, he found but a single person therein, and that a young lady named Herbert, to whom he had formerly paid very marked attentions. Aware that she had been made unhappy by his fickleness, not to call it by a harsher name, the meeting rather threw a damper over his feelings. But Andy had his share of coolness and self-possession, and, although it cost him a considerable effort, he managed to introduce topics of conversation and to talk pretty freely, although the talking was nearly all on his own side, Miss Herbert maintaining a cold reserve, and answering entirely in monosyllables.

For about a quarter of an hour, Andy endured the ordeal, wondering why this particular young lady should happen to be alone in the parlor of Mrs. T.—, and wondering still more why Miss Archer did not make her appearance. Just as he began to feel a little excited and uneasy, the door opened, and in walked another young maiden whom he had reason to remember—Miss Mary Harper. She was also one of his old flames. She appeared surprised at seeing him and greeted him with coldness. Andy tried to say some sprightly things to Miss Harper; but he was far from being in as good condition as at first. The effort to entertain Miss Herbert had somewhat exhausted his reservoir of spirits, and his attempts to draw farther theories were not very successful. The two young ladies drew together on the sofa and maintained a mutual reserve towards Andy that soon began to be painfully embarrassing.

"What does this mean?" Andy had just asked himself, for he was beginning to feel puzzled, when the sound of light feet along the passage was again heard, and the door opening, his eyes rested upon the form of Caroline Gray, to whom he had once paid his addresses. Very particular reasons had Andy Cavender for not wishing to meet Caroline on that particular occasion; for he had committed himself to her more directly than to any other young lady in Woodland, having, on one occasion, actually written and sent to her a love-letter. The precise contents of that epistle he did not remember; but often, when he thought of it, he had doubts as to the extent to which he had committed himself therein, that were very uncomfortable.

Soon another and another entered, and, strange to say, each was an old flame, until there were present not less than six fair, rebuking spirits.—Silent, Andy sat in the midst of these—silent, because the pressure on his feelings had become insufferably great—for nearly a quarter of an hour. It was a social party of a most novel character, and one that he has never forgotten.

About the time that Andy's feelings were in as uncomfortable a state as could well be imagined, and he was beginning to wish himself at the North Pole, Kate Archer and her friend Jenny entered the room slowly, the former with an open letter in her hand, upon which the eyes of both were resting.

In an instant, it flashed upon Andy Cavender that he was to be victimized by the city belle.—No sooner had this thought crossed his mind than rising abruptly, he bowed to his fair tormentors saying—

"Excuse me, ladies." And beat a hasty retreat.

But, ere he had passed beyond the street door, there reached him a gush of merry laughter from the musical throat of Kate, in which other voices mingled.

On the next day, he received a letter directed in a delicate hand. It inclosed the one he had written to Kate, and accompanying it was a note in these words—

"There is, it is presumed, a mistake in the direction of this. It was probably meant for Caroline Gray, Mary Harper, Nancy Herbert, or Jenny Green. In order that it may receive its proper destination, it is returned to the writer."

The village flirt was a changed man after that. He had played with edged tools until he cut himself, and the wound, in healing, left an ugly scar. Poor Andy Cavender! All this happened years ago, and he is a bachelor still, notwithstanding several subsequent attempts to make a favorable impression on the hearts of certain pretty maidens. The story of his punishment at Mrs. T.—'s flew over the village in a few hours, and, after that, no fair denizen of Woodland for a moment thought of regarding any attention from Andy Cavender as more than a piece of idle pastime; and, on the few occasions that he ventured to talk of love, the merry wits laughed him in the face.

DECLARED A NUISANCE.—We learn that the Board of Health have declared the numerous shade trees planted in various parts of the city, called the Aphanthus, (or Tree of Heaven,) which omits, when in bloom, so oppressive an odor, a nuisance, and, as a consequence, will ultimately be supplanted by others less objectionable.

Washington Republic.

The Irishman and the Deacon.

A few months ago, as Deacon Ingalls, of Swampscot, R. I., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and who was in quest of a brother that came before him and settled in some of the dig-gins in that vicinity.

Pat was a strong athletic man; a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sabbath morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired for the road nearest to the church.

Ingalls was a good pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new made acquaintance to accompany him thither, his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting house near by. There was a great revival there at that time, and one of the deacons, (who, by the way, was very small in stature), invited brother I. to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated he turned to brother I., and in a whisper which could be heard all around, inquired—

"Sure, and isn't this a heretic church?"

"Hush!" said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word they will put you out."

"Divil a word will I speak at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely, when presently an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "glory." "His st, ye clear divil," rejoined Pat with his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister, "he decent and don't make a blackguard of yourself."

The parson grew more and more fervent in their devotion. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan. "His st, ye blackguard, have ye no decency at all, at all!" said Pat at the same moment giving the deacon a punch in the ribs, which caused him to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner, said, "Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way, will some one be kind enough to put that man out?"

"Yes, your reverence," shouted Pat, "I will."

And snatching the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and, to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick, a posteriori, as the logicians say, he landed him in the vestibule of the church.

The Battle of the Bees.

Galignani's Messenger, published in Paris, says a curious circumstance occurred recently at Guilleville, in France. A small farmer had in a field about 250 bee-hives, containing a vast number of bees. He sent a man with a cart drawn by five horses, to remove some earth from the wall near which the hives were placed. The carter having occasion to go to the farm house, tied the horse to a tree. Almost immediately after, a multitude of bees, almost irritated at the shaking of their hives by the removal of the earth from the wall, or excited by the electricity with which the atmosphere happened to be charged, issued from the hives, as if in obedience to a given signal, and with great fury attacked the horses. In an instant the poor animals were entirely covered with bees from head to foot; even their nostrils were filled with them. When the carter returned he found one of his horses lying dead on the ground, and the others rolling about furiously. His cries attracted several persons; one of them attempted to drive away the bees, but they attacked him, and he had to plunge into a pond, and even to plunge his head under water for a few seconds, in order to escape from them. The cure of Guilleville also attempted to approach the horses, but he, too, was put to flight by the enraged insects. At length two fire engines were sent for, and by pumping on the bees, a great number were killed on the horses or put to flight. The horses, however, were so much injured, that they died in 15000. The value of the bees destroyed was 15000, and of the horses 2500. A few days before, bees from the same hives killed 17 goslings.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HENRY CLAY—His Advice to Young Men of the Legal Profession.—Two years since, during Mr. CLAY's address to the students of the "New York State and National Law School," in Ballston Spa, Saratoga county, one object of which is to train its pupils in the art of extemporaneous speaking, he said, when commenting on the advantages of the institution, "I owe my success in life, I think, chiefly to one single fact, viz: that at the age of 17, I commenced and continued for years the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made, sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and the ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice of the art of all arts, that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and have shaped and moulded my whole subsequent destiny. Improve then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. CÆSAR controlled men by exciting their fears; CICERO by captivating their affections, and swaying their passions—the influence of one perished with its author, that of the other continues to this day."

The Government is about to try the experiment of illuminating lighthouses with gas. The experiment is to be tried at the Staten Island lighthouse. A contract has been made with Mr. Grant by the Department for that purpose, the last Congress having appropriated \$5,000 for the experiments. A new method of lighting has been invented by Mr. G., and the works were put in order on Monday. Professors Henry, Page, and Smith, of Pennsylvania, are the scientific committee selected by the government to report the success of the experiment. Mr. Grant has entire faith in the success of his work, and believes that better light can be had than the very best oil will give, and at not one half the cost.

From the National Intelligencer.

Downingville Ratification, at last.

Downingville, State of Maine, July 20, 1852.

MR. GALES & SEATON,

Washington, Seat of Congress.

MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS: We've made out to ratify at last, but it was about as hard a job as it was for the Baltimore Convention to nominate. And I'm afraid the worst on't an't over yet; for Uncle Joshua shakes his head and says to me, in a low tone, so the rest shan't hear, "between you and me, Major, the 'lection will be a harder job still." I put great faith in Uncle Joshua's feelings. He's a regular political weather-glass, and can always tell whether we are going to have it fair or foul a good ways ahead. So when he shakes his head I naturally look out for a tuff spell of weather. When I got home from Baltimore, says I, "Well Uncle Joshua, you got my letter in the Intelligencer, didn't you?" And says he, "Yes."

"Well, didn't we do that business up well?" says I. "I don't know about that," said Uncle Joshua: "I have my doubts about it."

"Why, don't you think, says I, the nomination of General Pierce will put the Democratic party on its legs again, and give it a fine start?"

Uncle Joshua looked up to me kind of quizzical, and says he, "It has g'd'n the party a pretty considerable of a start already, it come so unexpected." And then he set as much as two minutes drumming his finger on the table, and didn't say nothing.

And then he looked up again, and says he, "Major, who is General Pierce? It ain't a fictitious name, is it?"

"Why, Uncle Joshua," says I, "how you talk! It is General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire."

"General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, is it?" says he: "well, now, Major, are you sure there is such a person, or did somebody play a hoax on the Baltimore Convention?"

"Yes," says I. "Uncle, I'm as sure of it as I am that there is such a person as Uncle Joshua Downing."

"To make all sure of it, and no mistake, I come through New Hampshire, and went to Concord, where they said he lived, and inquired all about it. The neighbors there all knew him perfectly well, and showed me the house he lives in. He wasn't at home, or I should have seen him myself, and should got his promise to keep the Downingville post office for you. But you needn't be afraid but what you'll have it, for I sent a telegraph to him from Baltimore, as soon as he was nominated, to look it up for you."

Here I see by the looks of Uncle Joshua's eyes that he begun to get hold of some new ideas. Says he, "Well, Major, it is a fact then, is it, that he was nominated in real earnest, and 'twasn't no joke?"

"Upon my word and honor," says I, "there isn't a particle of joke about it; it was all done in real earnest."

"Well, then, if you've really got a candidate, says Uncle Joshua, "I should like to know something about him. Does he belong to the Old Fogy class or Young America class?"

right up in Tammany Hall and made a speech about it; and he said he would go the nomination and he'd stand the platform; at all events, he'd stand the platform for this election, any how. You needn't be at all afraid of the Free-rollers, Uncle; they ain't so stiff as you think for, and they are as anxious to get the offices as any body, and will work as hard for 'em. Now let us go to work and get up our ratification, and blow it out straight. The Democracy of the country expects Downingville to do its duty."

"Well, Major," says Uncle Joshua, "you've made out a better case of it than I thought you could. I'm willing to take hold and see what we can do. But I declare I can't help laughing when I think it's General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, that we've got to ratify. I wish we knew something about him; something that we could make a little illustration about and wake up the Democracy."

"Good gracious, Uncle Joshua," says I, "have you been postmaster of Downingville this twenty years, and always reading the papers, and don't know that General Pierce was one of the heroes of the Mexican war?"

At that, Uncle Joshua hopped up out of his chair like a boy, and says he, "Major, is that a fact?"

"Yes," says I, "it is a fact. You know Mr. Polk sent me out there as a private ambassador to look after General Scott and Mr. Triest. And General Pierce was out there; I knew all about it, and about his getting wounded."

"Good!" says Uncle Joshua, snapping his fingers; "that's lucky; then we've got something to go upon; something that the boys can hoarse about. And if we don't have too strong a team again we may carry the day yet. Who do you think the 'other party' will put up?"

"Well," says I, "it's pretty likely to be Mr. Webster or Mr. Fillmore, and they can't either of 'em hold a candle to General Pierce."

"Of course not," says Uncle Joshua, "if he was the hero of the Mexican war, I 'pose it was General Scott's part of the war that he was in, because that's where you was. Which of the battles did he fight the bravest in, and mow down most of the Mexicans? Did he help storm that Gibraltar castle at Vera Cruz?"

"No," says I, "that little matter was all over before General Pierce got to Mexico."

"Well, the great battle of Cerro Gordo come next," said Uncle Joshua, "I dare say General Pierce was foremost in marching up that bloody Bunker Hill and driving off Santa Anna and his fifteen thousand troops."

"I'm sure he would have been foremost, if he'd only been there," says I, "but he hadn't got into the country yet, and General Scott wouldn't wait for him. It seems as if General Scott is always in a hurry when there is any fighting to do, and won't wait for nobody."

"Well, the next great battle, if I remember the newspapers right," said Uncle Joshua, "was Contreras; and after that came the bloody and hot times of Churubusco, and the King's Mill, and Chupetepce, and marching into the City of Mexico. These were the battles, I 'pose, where General Pierce fit like a lion, and became the hero of the Mexican war. But which battle did he shine the brightest in, and cut down most of the enemy?"

"The truth is," says I, "he got wounded at Contreras, and so wasn't able to take part in them bloody affairs of Churubusco, and the King's Mill, and Chupetepce."

"Then he was in the battle of Contreras," said Uncle Joshua, "and that can't be disputed?"

"O yes," says I, "he was certainly in the first part of it, when they were getting the battle ready, for there's where he got wounded."

"Good," said Uncle Joshua; "he was in one battle, and got wounded; that's enough to make a handle of, any how. Whereabouts was his wound?"

"Well, he had several hurts," said I, "I believe in his foot and ankle, and other parts."

"Rifle balls?" said Uncle Joshua, very earnestly.

"O no, nothing of that kind," says I.

"What then; sword cuts? Or did the Mexicans stick their bayonets into him?"

"O no, nothing of that kind," says I.

"Then it must be grape or boomshells," said Uncle Joshua, "how was it?"

"No, no, 'twasn't none of them things," says I; "the fact was, when they were skirmishing round and getting ready for the battle his horse fell down with him and lamed him very bad."

Uncle Joshua colored a little, and sat and thought. At last he put on one of his knowing looks, and says he, "Well, Major, a wound is a wound, any how, and we can make a handle of it without being such fools as to go into all the particulars of how he came by it. I say let's go ahead and ratify General Pierce, and who knows but what we can make something out of this Mexican business?"

Well, Mr. Gales & Seaton, the thing was done. We ratified on the 21st June, in the evening, and it was a tall piece of business. When I begun, I meant to give you a full account of it, with some of the speeches and resolutions. But I've made my preamble so long that I can't do it in this letter. We had a grand torchlight procession. Cousin Ephraim took his cart and oxen, and went into the woods and got a whole load of birch-bark and pitch-pine knots, and all the boys in Downingville turned out and carried torches. The school-house was illuminated with fifty candles. Uncle Joshua presided as usual. Banners were hung round the room, with large letters, giving the names of all the great battles in Mexico; and the enthusiasm was immense. When we'd got about through, and was just winding up with three tremendous cheers for the "Hero of Mexico," a message came in to Uncle Joshua from the Post office, stating that the telegraph had just brought news that the Whig Convention at Baltimore had nominated General Scott for President. It gin the whole meeting the cold shudders in a minute. Uncle Joshua looked very serious, and says he, "Feller Democrats, to prevent any mistakes, I think you'd better give them three last cheers over again, and put in the name of General Pierce." So we did, and gin three rousin cheers for General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, the Hero of Mexico.

Downingville is wide awake, and will do her duty in November.

So I remain your old friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Marriage at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.—On Saturday the solemn rite of matrimony was celebrated at this institution between Mr. Nehemiah Denton and Miss Louisa A. Frisbie, both deaf mutes, the Rev. Henry S. Wilkins, of Brooklyn, officiating. Mr. Denton possesses considerable wealth, and is a grandson of the late Mr. Nehemiah Denton, of Brooklyn. Dr. Peet translated the service and the reverend gentleman's remarks into the sign language.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

In General Committee of Democratic Whig Young Men of the City and County of New York.

To the gallant Whigs of the old North State, GREETING:

We are at this time able to say to you, with the utmost possible confidence, that the three States which cast eighty-five electoral votes—New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio—will give their suffrages to WINFIELD SCOTT.

The changes from our ranks to our opponents, in these States, are few and far between. There are more who, disappointed that their own candidate was not selected, in the first moment of wounded feeling declared they would not vote the nominee; but their number is daily lessened, and as they part from their hasty declaration, close up as firm friends under our banner.

But we do know, that in the place of these slight defections, we have throughout the whole North and East, and Northwest, large accessions from the conservative portion of the Democracy, with nearly all the old Republicans who were soldiers in 1812, and masses of the adopted citizens heretofore opposing us, will rally with enthusiasm to the support of the hero, who proclaimed that he would be shot down in his tracks, before he would suffer any one, fighting under the stars and stripes, to be claimed as the subject of any foreign potentate.

In addressing you, we claim a kindred feeling, and an ardent attachment to your State and to your people, between whom and ourselves there has been, since the days of '76, a coincidence of action and principle. Like yourselves, we have known no sectionalism—like yourselves, we have always, by our course and conduct, manifested an entire devotion to the Union of the States; to the Constitution and its Compromises; and as steadily exhibited an unflinching will in executing and causing to be maintained all the Laws of the Land.

The son of your State, second on the ticket, is a favorite with the people of this city; and wherever in our State he is known, either through his virtues or his services to the whole nation, we regard him as one of the best and purest men in the country. We honor in him an unsullied integrity in public affairs as well as in the private walks of life, which have endeared him everywhere and made him so beloved by the people of North Carolina.

What need we say to you of WINFIELD SCOTT? Our great leader, now, alas! no more in person with us, but whose counsels and principles will live for ever, said of GEN. SCOTT, in his ever memorable speech of the 5th and 6th of February, 1850, all that praise could add to a name, as a soldier, more exalted than any living captain in the world.

We do not intend to eulogize the soldier. Our history in every war, since the Revolution, is covered all over with his mighty deeds.

We point you to a different career. We find him, by the direction of Gen. Jackson, clothed with the powers of a dictator; uniting all the military with the fullest civic functions—chosen to perform the most delicate and trying mission in the South—restoring harmony there—repressing Indian hostilities all over your borders, and then preserving and enforcing peace between Great Britain and ourselves on our Northern and Eastern frontiers.

Wherever agitation, faction, or sectionalism has endangered the quiet of the country, or threatened the well being of the Union, with all his influence, with unwearied ability and energy, taxing to the utmost every faculty of his mind and soul, we find him urging upon the Representatives in Congress the surest means of arresting the threatening danger. In the last vexed questions disturbing our councils—we quote the most distinguished authority, in saying "that he rendered twenty-fold the service in allaying that strife" that certain others did, who would rob the grave of its due, and despoil the living, so they injured to themselves and to their own selfishness, the lion share in that mighty settlement.

He is, with the loftiest and purest patriotism, a National Statesman. A soldier who has spilled his blood and perilled his life in a hundred battle-fields, ready for service at the instant he is informed of an arrayed foe against the honor of his country. In the hour of victory the protector of his prisoners—tending the sick with a woman's tenderness, where contagion stalked all around him—careful of the wants of the meanest in his camp—dealing exact justice to all under him—treating the humblest as well as the most renowned alike. For these qualities he is revered as well as loved. Above all do we revere him as the peace maker—the pacificator—three times the victor after that peerless campaign in the capital of conquered Mexico, securing peace, so that the crushed heart of a defeated people, might not say that he took advantage of their helplessness, but rather giving them courage to resume their nationality.

Nor are we forgetful of our regard for the signal devotion with which the State of North Carolina, ALWAYS A TRUE WHIG STATE, vindicated everywhere the illustrious Fillmore—now safely and wisely administering the government—declaring that through his virtues and wisdom, he had been so great in his high office, as to place him in your affections, by the side of Washington and the early Presidents.

We have known him long, and the sincere attachment of the good men of all parties is his sure reward, when he shall have retired from a place dignified and exalted by the integrity of purpose that has governed his every act and deed, since he was called to the discharge of his duties. He, rejoicing in common with his fellow-citizens everywhere, at the adoption by the Convention of the cardinal and vital principles of the platform, and declaring to the delegates his honest conviction that they were of more importance than the particular choice of any candidate, has entreated all his friends in behalf of the cause to sustain, with all their ability, the nominees.

We believe we are destined to a glorious victory, if "the union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union," prevails North and South. We would sustain no candidate but a national one. We know that WINFIELD SCOTT is in its broadest sense a National Statesman, and we earnestly hope that the votes of North Carolina will, in November, like New-York's, be given to "the Hero of a hundred battles."

We have the honor to be, very truly, your friends and servants.

N. CARROLL,
A. J. HALE,
L. F. WADSWORTH,
T. W. THORNE,
SAM'L WM. JOHNSON,
Corresponding Committee.

Jenny Lind has concluded to quit the world of song and turn authoress. At last accounts, a contemporary says she was preparing a small edition of "Goldschmidt's Animated Nature."

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

Hon. William A. Graham.

The Hon. William A. Graham, the present Whig nominee for Vice President of the United States, is a native of Lincoln, in Lincoln county, one of the western shires of North Carolina, and is descended from a highly respectable and ancient revolutionary stock. About the year 1824 or 1825 he graduated with distinction at the University of his native State, located at Chapel Hill, in Orange county. The late James K. Polk was educated at the same institution. Mr. Graham completed his collegiate term when scarcely more than his eighteenth summer, and at that early period gave decided presages of a brilliant future.

He very soon embarked in political life, but turned his attention chiefly to the study of the law. In both pursuits he was successful, winning his way to public consideration, not by any covert or skilful arts of management or intrigue, but by diligence, faithfulness, close application to business, an honest ambition, and irreproachable steadiness of character. He has never sought preferment, but has uniformly shown himself endowed with those qualities which are almost always sure to acquire it. On several occasions he represented Orange county in the legislature of North Carolina, and was elected to the speakership. Subsequently he was elected to the Senate of the United States. Afterwards he filled the office of Governor of the State, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents. At present he fills with ability the post of Secretary of the Navy. Gen. Taylor tendered him the unsolicited offer of ministerial representative to the Court of Madrid, which he prudently declined. He is not easily seduced by the illusions of titled honors, and no one discerns more readily the distinction between phantoms and realities. He follows no dazzling lights. Independent, if not affluent circumstances, he persuaded himself that the interests of a rising family did not require that they should be brought in contact with the seductive allurements and expensive formalities of a foreign court. He was apprehensive of the malign tendencies of such strange associations, and his conclusions were sound and rational. Such esoteric influences, indeed, have often proved detrimental to other than youthful minds, by exciting in them a prejudicial taste of foreign customs and pleasures, and impairing thereby the Roman vigor and Spartan simplicity of republican life. Such were the apprehensions entertained by Mr. Graham, and he was unwilling, for motives of personal aggrandizement, to hazard the interests of those who were committed to his charge. Considerations like these are not often respected by men whose ambition has once felt the stimulus of public promotion.

In person Mr. Graham is tall and slender, having a dignified presence, an intellectual countenance, aquiline features, a bright penetrating hazel eye, and manners prepossessing and graceful, but slightly reserved. He is distinguished for uprightness of character, solidity of judgment, and cool sagacity; is eminently conservative in his views and principles; and enjoys in a striking degree that sincerity of purpose, freedom from ostentation, hearty patriotism, and unaffected sobriety, which usually characterize the public men of the old North State. His past career clearly prognosticates his future celebrity and success, and affords ample assurance that the highest trusts may be confided to him with safety and propriety. It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Graham claims for his North Carolina home the quiet and secluded little town of Hillsborough, and that in another town of the identical name in New Hampshire, the Democratic Presidential nominee is said to have been born. There is another coincidence, much less accidental, but more worthy of notice, in the character and fortunes of these two distinguished individuals. Entertaining opposite political creeds, and gratified with the high political position they have achieved—both of them occupying seats in the United States Senate whilst still comparatively in their youthful prime—they were alike willing to lay aside the coveted robes of office, and to withdraw, each of them, to a small and obscure country town, quietly to pursue the avocations, and to practise the substantial virtues and duties of private citizenship. Mr. Graham did not resign his seat as Mr. Pierce did, but was satisfied when the brief time for which he served was completed. They are both of them about the same age.

Many persons will recall to mind the distrust which was originally felt by a great many in regard to the caucus system, when first introduced into this country by party manoeuvre, some years since. It was looked upon as the cunning work of faction, and as having a tendency to foster political intrigues and brawling demagogues, to the unjust exclusion of meritorious men, in the distribution of the spoils and awards of office. But if party conventions shall continue to select such men of patriotism and merit as they have recently preferred, they will not only be faithful representatives of the popular will, but steadfast adherents and supporters of the federal compact.

The hero of a hundred battles, who is now whetting his aspirations for the Presidential prize, could not be associated with a more worthy, discreet, and acceptable colleague, than Mr. Graham. Strategy may, perhaps, be as skilfully employed in a political, as in a military campaign; but on this occasion it will hardly be called into requisition. The unbiased instincts of the people will guide them in the choice of their rulers, into whose custody are to be placed, not only the mighty interests of American liberty and progress, but, collaterally, the universal alliance of freedom and of equal rights throughout the world.

In a nation like this, its permanent progressive welfare and prosperity must depend, to a considerable extent, upon a wise and consistent course of legislation. And, in the event of a Whig triumph, if any "hasty party of soup" shall be served up at the White House, Mr. Graham will be sure to let his allowance cool before he dips into it. He relishes nothing hasty, hot, or strong.

Webster upon Scott.—In a speech in the U. S. Senate, March 1848, Daniel Webster speaks as follows, relative to the character and services of Gen. Scott:

I understand, sir, that there is a report from Gen. Scott; from Gen. Scott, a man who has performed the most brilliant campaign on recent military record, a man who has waged against the enemy, waged against the climate, waged against a thousand unpropitious circumstances, and has carried the flag of his country to the capital of the enemy, honorably, proudly, humanely, to his own permanent honor, and the great military credit of his country.

ACTION.

Mr. Moderator: If the folks in the fore part of the meeting would speak loud enough for the folks in the hind part of the meeting to hear what the folks in the fore part of the meeting said to the folks in the hind part of the meeting, the folks in the hind part of the meeting would feel much obliged to the folks in the fore part of the meeting.

Orange Presbytery—Caldwell Institute.

At a called meeting of Orange Presbytery, held in this place on Wednesday the 28th., the pastoral relation subsisting between the Rev. Daniel Stratton and the church at Newbern was dissolved, and he was dismissed to join the West Jersey Presbytery. The meeting having been called for this particular purpose, no other business was transacted.

The Trustees of the Caldwell Institute also met in this place on the 28th ultimo, and finally wound up the business of that Institution. The Real Estate contributed by citizens of Hillsboro, was conveyed to a Trustee to be sold; and after paying the debt due for the property, the remainder is to be distributed among the contributors, in proportion to the amount paid by each. The Books belonging to the Institute were disposed of as follows: All who contributed Books to the Library are at liberty to claim them; and such as are not claimed, are given to the Presbyterian Church in this place. The Academy Buildings, of course, according to the original agreement, revert to the town of Hillsboro.

The Caldwell Institute has been in existence about seventeen years, and, without the aid of a permanent fund, has sustained itself the greater part of the time. The cause of its suspension and final discontinuance may be found in the fact, that good local schools had become so numerous as to draw off much of its patronage and decrease the general interest felt in its success. There being no permanent fund to provide against the fluctuations incident to all schools, and a debt seeming inevitable, the Trustees felt themselves under the necessity of discontinuing the Institution.

It cannot be doubted that the Caldwell Institute has accomplished a great deal for the cause of sound learning and true religion in this State; and many of its devoted friends will sincerely regret that the liberality of the church did not provide the means for its continuance. But as its mission has been accomplished, we should be thankful for what has been done, and look to the Great Head of the Church for his blessing upon the local institutions which are to take its place in educating the rising generations, that they may be sanctified to the Master's use, and made the instruments of great good to the church and to the world.—*Hillsboro Recorder.*

Raleigh and Gaston Railroad.

We are gratified to learn that the reconstruction of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad is progressing rapidly, and that it promises to realize to the Stockholders and the country through which it passes, all the advantages anticipated by its friends. We are informed that at the meeting of the Stockholders, lately held at Henderson, a very full and detailed report was presented by the President, showing that to equip the Road in a proper manner, and form a connection with the North Carolina Railroad, about \$100,000 would be required, over and above the subscribed capital; and authority was given to the Directors to borrow that sum, requiring them to invest in good stock not less than five nor more than ten thousand dollars per annum, as a sinking fund to pay it off. It was also provided that no engagement should be entered into until after the next annual meeting of the Stockholders, in November, (after the meeting of the General Assembly,) for that portion of the above sum required to make the connection with the North Carolina Road.

We also learn that the receipts for last month were larger than ever before in one month, and that considerable orders are going forward for Guano and other fertilizers, on which the Directors announce their intention to reduce freight to the lowest practicable point.—*Raleigh Standard.*

NEW YORK, July 28.

Distressing Steamboat Disaster on the Hudson.—The Steamer *Henry Clay* took fire at four o'clock this afternoon, about two miles this side of Yonkers. She was from Albany, and had on board about one hundred and fifty passengers. Twelve or fifteen are certainly lost, among whom are the wife and two children of one of the Professors at West Point. One child was burnt to death on board, and another died soon afterwards. Two ladies were drowned, whose bodies were taken ashore. One woman held on to the railing with a child in her teeth until so badly burnt that she dropped into the water. The child was drowned, but the woman saved. The child was a stranger to her. Many women and children are still missing. Stephen Allen, formerly Mayor of New York, is also missing. The boat caught fire about midships. She was entirely consumed. The baggage was mostly saved.—The *Henry Clay* was racing with the steamer *America*. When the steam was at the highest point the passengers remonstrated, but were told that there was no danger just before the fire.

The shocking disaster on the North River turns out to be much more fatal than at first reported in the account in another column. A list of 58 dead bodies found is published, and a large number of persons are missing. It is supposed that from 70 to 100 perished. Among the dead are Mrs. Owen Fennell of Wilmington, N. C. (Mr. F. was saved), and John Heanek, of N. C. (from what part of the State we do not know). J. J. Speed, a distinguished lawyer of Baltimore, Stephen Allen, formerly Mayor of New York, a very wealthy gentleman, and A. J. Downing, the celebrated Horticulturist. Most of the dead are ladies and children.

The fire was caused by the most reckless indifference to life, in keeping up excessive heat, in defiance of the tears of the females, and remonstrances of the male passengers. The officers will probably be sent to the penitentiary for life.

A Toast as is a Toast.—The following is the toast of Major O. J. Donnell, delivered at the Thrasher dinner in New Orleans. It was addressed to and spoken at the guest of the evening:

Mr. Thrasher: Here's a good health to you and all our good families; may we all live long and prosper; also, to you and your good folks; and if you and your good folks love me and my good folks as I and my good folks love you and your good folks, there never was folks that did love folks since folks was folks, as you and your good folks love me and my good folks, and I and my good folks love you and your good folks.

This reminds us of a speech made in a church meeting:

Mr. Moderator: If the folks in the fore part of the meeting would speak loud enough for the folks in the hind part of the meeting to hear what the folks in the fore part of the meeting said to the folks in the hind part of the meeting, the folks in the hind part of the meeting would feel much obliged to the folks in the fore part of the meeting.

Sparkles of the Campaign.

"Hurrah for Scott and Graham!" said a young Whig the other day, to a half inebriated locofoco. The reply was, "Hurrah (hie) for King and (hie)—that other feller!"

The Whigs of Lysander, Onondaga county, have formed an "Anti-Fainting Club."

"There is no reason to charge Gen. Pierce with lack of spirit or courage at Churubusco or Contreras."—*Alb. Argus.*

Nor at Marathon and Thermopylae, for the same reason—because he wasn't there!

A friend of ours called in at our sanctum yesterday, to express his opinion that Pierce, after the Presidential election, would be very much in the predicament of the stick of candy he gave to the "boy who was a total stranger to him,"—licked, clear out of sight.—*Buffalo Rough Notes.*

Scott at Vera Cruz.—During the bombardment at Vera Cruz, Scott, while walking along in the trenches one day, observed several of our troops rising up and looking over the parapet to watch the effect of our shot and shells. The General cried out, "down with you, men! don't expose yourself!" "But General," said one, "you expose yourselves!" "Oh!" replied Scott, "Generals now-a-days, can be made out of any body, but men can't easily be had."

We copy from the Memphis Enquirer, the opinion of Governor Quitman, a political opponent of General Scott, and an ultra Southern man. He treats with scorn and contempt, as mere stuff, the idea which is attempted to be impressed upon the Southern people, that General Scott is or can be controlled by Seward. His testimony cannot be treated lightly by our opponents, especially those who profess such Southern sensitiveness as some of our locofoco contemporaries affect. Governor Quitman says:

"I have been surprised and astonished at a among the Whig party there should be found a single man unwilling to give him a cordial and hearty support. As to his being 'controlled by Seward,' that is mere stuff! I know the man, and he will be controlled by no one contrary to his own convictions of what is right. And, as to his being true to the South, I consider him the most unexceptionable man on that score among all the Whigs who have been named in connexion with the Presidency. I am a Democrat; and, consequently, differing widely as I do from General Scott on every political question, can never give him support; but if there is a Whig in the Union for whom, under any circumstances, I could cast my vote for President, that Whig is Winfield Scott!"

This is from a reliable witness—"I know the man"—and is worth all the unfounded assertions of interested defamers.

A Sailor devoured by a Shark at Norfolk.

The Norfolk Argus says, the other night one of the men on board the U. S. ship *Pennsylvania* attempted to make his escape from the service by plunging overboard in expectation of reaching the shore in safety. The poor fellow had scarcely, however, touched the water, when he was seized by a large shark and speedily despatched. His cries for help are represented as being piteous in the extreme, but before the boat could get to his assistance he was destroyed by the voracious monster of the deep. It is said that a number of these fish are in our waters, having followed the Cyane when she came in from sea, with several men upon her sick list—their instinct, when there is disease on shipboard prompting them to pursue in the wake in hopes of prey. Such sagacity is truly wonderful.

They have had hot weather at Springfield, Mass. The heat must have been intense, judging from its effect on the *Republican*, which is thrown by it into an alliterative spasm,—thus:

"Yesterday was hot. Fat women felt fussy, and fanned furiously. Lean women leaned languidly on lounges, or lolled lazily like lilies on a lake. Shabby, slipshod sisters sat silently and sadly sweating in the shade, while soiled and sozzling shirt-collars, and sticky shirts, stuck to such sap heads as stirred in the sun. Babies howled busily, and bit bobbins and bodkins till bed time. Literary gentlemen who undertook a heavy task of altercation became exhausted in the middle of a weather paragraph, and gave it up for a cooler day. Yesterday was hot!"

That is graphic and good.

Danger of kneeling to Ladies.—One of the drollest occurrences in the annals of gallantry is related of Gibson, the historian, who was short in stature, and very fat. One day being alone with the beautiful Madame de Crouzas, he dropped on his knee before her, and made a declaration of love in the most passionate terms. The astonished lady rejected his suit, and requested him to rise. The abashed historian remained on his knees. "Rise, Mr. Gibson, I beseech you, rise," Mr. Gibson still kept his posture. "Mr. Gibson, will you have the goodness to get up?" "Alas, madam," faltered the unlucky lover, "I cannot." He was too fat to regain his feet without assistance. Madame de Crouzas rang the bell, and said to her servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibson."

Patriotic Sentiment.—The following is the concluding paragraph of Mr. Blunt's oration on the occasion of the Clay obsequies in New York:

Men of America! be steadfast in your country's cause. Falter not! Here, over the grave of the departed sage, by that courage which failed him not, by the memorials of his greatness, by the records of his patriotism, by his unflinching devotion to the cause of freedom, by his undying fame and by that divine faith and resignation which cheered, consoled and comforted his glorious death, swear ye that ye will remit unpaired to your posterity, the inheritance ye possess. "Our glorious Union, now and forever, one and indivisible."

The Richmond Enquirer says that Gen. Pierce is "one of the truest and boldest defenders of the South to be found at the North."

You should have excepted Martin Van Buren, your former candidate for the Presidency, and now your ally in the support of Pierce and King.—*Alb. Telegraph.*

In a biographical sketch of General Pierce, published in the N. York Herald, and written by a friend, it is stated that Gen. Pierce had four falls from his horse during his campaign, in Mexico—in each of which he was severely injured. The same authority states, that after his last fall, he resigned his commission and returned home.—*Ex. Paper.*

Look Out.—Counterfeit Four Dollar Bills on the Branch of the State Bank at Morantown are circulating about Milton. The plate is the same that issued the spurious Fours on the Branch Bank at Charlotte and the Milton Bank. An easy way to detect these bills is to cast the eye at the letters NO to be found at the top of the left hand corner, and if there is no period (.) or dot [thus NO.] after or under the letter O, it is counterfeit. The bill is well executed and calculated to deceive. Spurious One Dollar Bills on the Wadesborough Bank are circulating. The bank issues no bill less than Three.—*Milton Chronicle.*

Signs in the West.—The Columbus Journal, in noticing the arrival of Delegates from various parts of Ohio to attend the State Convention, says:

"We rejoice to state that from every county comes the strongest assurance that every Whig will do his duty, and that thousands who have hitherto voted with our opponents will give a hearty support to the gallant old hero, General Scott."

The Louisville Journal of the 19th inst. says: "A prominent and exceedingly well-informed politician of Indiana called upon us yesterday to express his full conviction that Indiana will go for Scott. He gave such reasons for his opinion as seemed to us perfectly satisfactory. We know that many citizens of Indiana, who have hitherto been always Democratic, are now supporting Scott, and we do not believe there are any changes at all the other way, or that any Whig declines a full participation in the conflict." The same paper expresses the opinion that Kentucky can give as large a majority for Gen. Scott as it gave for Gen. Harrison, and gives the following political items:

"One of the best known and most intelligent Whigs in Kentucky, living in one of the river counties above here, informed us on Friday evening that in his county and the adjoining counties Gen. Scott will receive twenty Democratic votes where he will lose one Whig vote."

"A most reliable gentleman living near the centre of the State, one who has served in Congress with very distinguished ability, says that within the last two or three weeks, more than a score of old Democrats, men who never gave any but Democratic votes, and whom he had never expected to give any but Democratic votes, have volunteered declarations to him that they will vote for Scott."

Another distinguished gentleman, formerly a Representative in Congress, tells us that he recently visited two or three of the mountain counties and made political speeches there, and that, while not a Whig falter in that region, Democrats are constantly coming over to the flag."

WATER! WATER!!

THE greatest preserver of health and the only cleansing agent in the world.—"The beverage prepared by God himself, to nourish and invigorate his creatures and beautify his foot-stool."

The undersigned having purchased the right to make, vend, and use in the State of North Carolina GATCHEL'S PATENT SELF-ACTING HYDRAULIC RAM,

FOR RUNNING WATER UP HILL, Would respectfully notify the citizens of said state that he is now ready to supply Dwellings, Barns, Rail Road Stations, etc., with a constant stream of water from springs, or streams, any height or distance, where a fall of three feet or more can be obtained. The quantity of water thrown up will be in proportion to the fall and elevation.

The cost of this Machine, when put in full operation, will fall far short of the cost of digging, walling, and fitting up wells—with either pump or bucket—an item the cost of keeping it in repair, will not exceed FIFTY CENTS for 10 years if properly protected.

By means of this unrivaled invention, water may be poured out in a constant stream, cold and pure as it comes from your springs—upon your house-tops, in your kitchens, cellars, yards, horse and cattle stalls, or by a little additional expense, may be made to supply your gardens and pleasure grounds with sparkling jetting fountains.

Any man can repair the damage sustained by this machine, in running, in 15 minutes.

I will warrant the performance of said Machine and will ask no pay for it if it does not perform what I propose. I am also prepared to sell county or individual rights.

Any and all persons wishing to deal in or use said Machines may procure them by applying to or addressing, post paid,

ALFRED V. COFFIN,

New Garden, Guilford Co., N. C.

I append a Certificate from Professor Morse, inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph; also one from Judge BUEL, Editor of the Cultivator:

SHREKREE, Chicago Co., }
April 14th, 1847. }
I have used one of "GATCHEL'S RAMS" ever since the first of November, 1846, and cheerfully recommend them to all. It exceeds anything I ever saw, or heard of, both for durability and utility. The distance from my spring to the house is 116 rods. The water is forced up an elevation of 212 feet; the fall or head is 13 feet. I have sufficient water for 200 head of cattle, and also a full supply at my house. I would not be deprived of its use for \$100 per year.

Witness, DAVID C. BUEL.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., }
May 2d, 1848. }

Gent: I have had in use, for many months, one of your HYDRAULIC RAMS. I introduced it here last autumn, and had hundreds of visitors who admired its operation! I consider the Hydraulic Ram as one of the most useful inventions I have ever known! It would not on any account part with mine, so

AUGUST 5, 1852.

April, 1852.

A Foot Upon the Step.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A foot upon the step,
And a hand upon the door—
But I needed courage yet
To adventure any more;
The clouds were rolling fleet,
And the wind was blowing south;
'Twas the very hour to meet—
But my heart was in my mouth!

What power, sweet love, is thine,
That thus the heart can take?
That, like a trembling reed,
Can make a strong man shake?
I pushed the door ajar,
And gently called her name;
And, like an angel-star,
Her gentle presence came.

She blushed me, yet her blame
A smile did often show;
She said she must be gone,
Yet she moved no step to go!
She said she loved me well,
And after years had flown,
We might have—who could tell—
A cottage of our own!

So I must toil away,
My honest heart to prove,
But labor seemeth play,
When we work for those we love;
And sometimes I may smile,
When I think of days of yore,
When my heart was in my mouth,
And I listened at the door.

Courting in the Right Style.

"Git out you nasty puppy—let me alone or I'll tell your ma!" cried out Sally—to her lover Jake—who sat about ten feet from her pulling dirt from the chimney jam.

"I ain't techin' on you, Sal," responded Jake.

"Well, perhaps you don't mean to nuther—do yer?"

"No, I don't."

"Cause you're too ternal scary, you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, gang-kneed old you—you ain't got a bit o' sense; get along home with you."

"Now, Sal, I love you, and can't help it, and if you don't let me stay and court you my dady will sue you'n for that cow he sold him t'other day. By jingo, he said he'd do it."

"Well, look here, Jake—if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—not set off there as if you thought I was pizen."

"How on airth is that, Sal?"

"Why, side right up here, and hug and kiss me, as if you really had some of the bone and sinner of a man about you. Do you souse a woman's only made to look at, you fool you? No; they're made for 'practical results,' as Kossuth says, to hug and kiss, and sich like."

"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must, for I do love you Sal," and so Jake commenced sidling up to her, like a maple poker going to battle. Laying his arm gently upon Sal's shoulder, he thought we heard Sal say—

"That's the way to do it, old hoss—that is acting like a white man orter."

"Oh, Jerusalem a-n-d panekes!" exclaimed Jake, if this ain't better than any apple sass ever marm made, a darn'd sight!—Crack-e-e! buck-wheat cakes, slap-jacks and 'lasses ain't no whar 'long side of you, Sal!—oh, how I love you! Here their lips came together, and the report that followed was like pulling a horse's hoofs out of the mire.

Good Joke on a Widower.

A gentleman at Holly Springs, Miss., tells the following, and vouches for its truth. It is the best joke we have heard of lately:

It appears that a widower in that town, of a somewhat gallant disposition, had been accustomed to visit the residence of the widow M., whether to see the amiable widow herself or her lively daughters, our informant did not know. One evening he found the family hard at work on some garments of cloth. The girls were sewing and the widow was pressing the seams. The widower "hung up his hat," as usual, and took a seat by the fire. Just at that moment it happened that the widow had done with the pressing iron, *vulgo*, a tailor's goose. She set it down on the hearth and called to the negro man, in a loud voice, "Jake! Jake! come and take out this goose!"

The widower started up with astonishment, not knowing what to make of this abrupt order. "Jake! do you hear me?" again exclaimed the widow.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. M.," said the widower, with visible agitation, "but pray don't call Jake, if you wish me to leave your house, I will go at once, without the interference of servants."

The ladies roared with laughter, and it took some moments to explain to the chagrined widower his mistake. He has not been known to visit the widow M., since that memorable evening.

Marriage.

Oh, marry the man you love, girls, if you can get him at all; if he is as rich as Croesus, or as poor as Job in his fall. Pray, do not marry for pelf, girls, 'twill bring your soul into thrall—but marry the man you love, girls, if his purse is ever so small. Oh, never marry a fop, girls, whether he's little or tall; he'll make a fool of himself and you, he knows nothing well but to draw. But marry a sober man, there are a few left on this ball; and you'll never rue the day, girls, that you ever married, at all.

A young man, who was a great talker, was sent by his parents to Socrates to learn oratory. On being presented to Socrates, the lad spoke so incessantly that he was out of all patience.—When the bargain came to be struck, Socrates asked him double price.

"Why charge me double?" said the young fellow.

"Because," said the orator, "I must teach you two sciences: the one to hold your tongue, and the other how to speak."

A lady making inquiries of a boy about his father, an intemperate man, who had been sick for some time, asked whether he had regained his appetite. "No ma'am," said the boy, "not exactly; his appetite is very poor, but his drink-tite is as good as ever."

Different nations have different sorts of loafers. The Italian loafer spends his time in sleeping, the Turkish loafer in dreaming; the French in laughing; the Russian in gambling; the Dutch in smoking; and the American, in talking politics.

A wag sometime ago advertised a carriage to perform without horses, with one wheel, and invited all curious mechanics to see it. Many members of the Society of Arts attended, and in the arduous of expectation, were shown a wheelbarrow.

"My dear sir," said an election acquaintance, accosting a sturdy wag, on the day of election, "I'm very glad to see you." "You needn't be, I've voted."

"Pa, how many legs has a ship?" "A ship has no legs, my child." "Why, Pa, the paper says she draws twenty feet, and that she runs before the wind."

"What are the chief ends of man?" asked a Sunday school teacher of one of his pupils.—"Head and feet," was the prompt reply.

"Coffee, is that the second bell?" "No, Massa, dat's de second ringing of de fust bell.—We hadn't no second bell in dis here hotel."

"What are you writing such a big hand for Pat?" "Why, you see, my grandmother's daf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

You may glean knowledge by reading; but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

A cotemporary says: Female lips are but the glowing gate-way of so much beef and cabbage.

"O. K." means *Only Kissing*—so the ladies say.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

THE fifteenth annual course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on MONDAY, the 11th of October, and continue until the ensuing March.

R. L. BOHANNAN, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

D. W. CHAMBERLAYNE, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

S. MAUPIN, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy.

CHAS. BELL GIBSON, M. D., Professor of Surgery and Surgical Anatomy.

CARTER P. JOHNSON, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.

DAVID H. TUCKER, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine.

A. F. PETICOLAS, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

The study of PRACTICAL ANATOMY may be prosecuted with the most ample facilities, and at an inconsiderable expense.

CLINICAL LECTURES are regularly given at the COLLEGE INFIRMARY and RICHMOND ALMSHOUSE.

The Infirmary, under the same roof with the College, and subject to the entire control of the Faculty, is at all times well filled with Medical and Surgical cases, and furnishes peculiar facilities for clinical instruction. Many Surgical Operations are performed in presence of the class, and the student is freely admitted to the Wards, enjoys, under the guidance of the Professors, unusual opportunities for being familiar with the symptoms, diagnosis and treatment of disease.

EXPENSES.—Matriculation fee, \$5; Professors' fees (aggregate) \$105; Demonstrator's fee \$10; Graduating fee \$25.

The price of board, including fuel, lights and servants' attendance, is usually \$3 to \$3.50 per week.

The Catalogue, &c., containing fuller information concerning the Institution, will be forwarded to those applying for it, or specific inquiries will be answered by letter.

S. MAUPIN, M. D., July 24, 1852-53 Dean of the Faculty.

AGENTS WANTED

TO SELL THE

LIFE OF GENERAL SCOTT.

500 PAGES 12 MO., handsomely and durably bound, illustrated with Engravings. By EDWARD D. MANFIELD, Esq., many years Editor of the Cincinnati Daily Chronicle.

The Subscriber will shortly receive from the Press, an Edition of the above valuable work, and will furnish those who wish to become Agents to circulate the same, on the most favorable terms. For further particulars and all necessary information, applicants will please address their letters to the subscriber, H. MANFIELD, Publisher, 688-3, 134 York Street, New Haven, Ct.

Male and Female School at Mt. Airy.

MR. and MRS. WEST, Teachers. Assisted by Miss E. GILMER in the English, and Miss C. McQUEEN on Piano Forte.

Terms per Session of Five Months:

Elements Algebra, Trigonometry, the Classics, : : : : \$12 50
Higher English Branches, : : : : 10
Solid Branches, : : : : 8
Primary, : : : : 6

For further particulars please address E. W. WEST, Principal.

Reference:—Rev. J. B. White, Pres. W. F. College; Rev. E. Dodson, Rev. T. W. Tobey, Raleigh; Dr. Jones, Milton; A. Miller, Mocksville; John Kerr, Esq., Yanceyville; N. Blackwood, Esq., Rockford, or any of the citizens of Mt. Airy.

July, 1852. 686-52

EDGEWORTH FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE next Session of this Institution will commence on Monday the 2d. of August. It is very desirable that all the pupils be punctual in their attendance at that time.

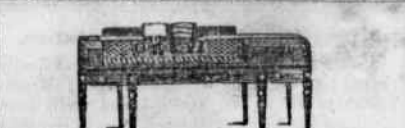
RICHARD STERLING, Greensboro', July 1, 1852. 685-6

Screen, Fan and Sieve Wire-Cloth—kept constantly on hand, of different numbers and widths. R. G. LINDSAY. April, 1852.

COACH MATERIALS.—We have a large stock of Coach Materials on hand, such as Springs, Axles, Patent Leather, Enamelled Leather, Oil Cloth, Carpeting, Oil Cloth for Aprons and Curtains, Dash es, Bands, Lamps—which will be sold lower than ever offered.

May, 1851 W. J. McCONNEL

Wiley's N. C. Reader—100 copies for sale by J. R. & J. SLOAN.



THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA should send to the North for THEIR FURNITURE

SO LONG AS

P. Thurston remains in Greensboro'.

HE gives an especial invitation to persons visiting this place, to call at his Furniture Room, on West street, and examine his work, and if they are not convinced that better bargains, (taking into consideration the faithfulness and beauty of the work,) can be had of him than elsewhere, then he has nothing more to say.

Among his stock will be found a variety of fine Mahogany Dressing Bureaus, Sideboards, Sofas with spring seats, Rocking Chairs, Secretaries, Book-Cases, Washstands, Dressing and Pier Tables, Rosewood Dressing Bureaus, &c., together with a handsome variety of

Walnut and Birch Furniture.

His prices are reduced so low, that all persons wishing any article in his line, will find it to their interest to purchase of him.

All kinds of Lumber used in his business, and country produce, received in payment for Furniture.

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 the 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.

Hunt's Store P. O., Guilford co., N. C. 3rd Jan. 1852. 680-1y

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

North Carolina, Rockingham County.

Hugh Wilson, Petitioner to sell land.

George Halcom & wife.

IN this case, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendants are not inhabitants of this State. It is ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Greensborough Patriot, for the space of six weeks, for the said defendants to be and appear at the next term of the Court of Equity, to be held for the county of Rockingham, at the Court House in Wentworth, on the fifth Monday after the fourth Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer, or demur to the said petition; otherwise, the same will be heard and determined ex parte.

Witness, T. Ruffin, Jr., Clerk and Master in Equity, this 5th Monday after the 4th Monday in March, A. D., 1852.

T. RUFFIN, Jr., c. m. e. 687-6

LOOK HERE.

THE subscriber would inform the public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line of business,—such as making

BAROUCHES, BUGGIES, &c.

of the best material and finished in a neat and substantial manner, which cannot fail to please. He would respectfully solicit a call from those who wish to buy before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels assured that he can please.

All orders will be promptly attended to.

Repairing done at a very short notice.

Shop on North street, 100 yards north of the Presbyterian church.

W. M. LANDRETH, Greensboro', N. C., Sept. 1851. 643

PATENT BUGGIES.

Coach Shop, South Street, Greensboro'.

THE subscriber having purchased the right of making and selling Hubbard's patent combination of cross elastic Springs and Springs, is making and will keep constantly on hand Buggies, Rockaways, &c. The above invention entirely does away the Elliptic Springs and Perch and every thing complicated about the common carriage; is therefore less liable to get out of repair; is at least 150 lbs lighter than the old kind, and from its peculiar construction will run much longer than the elliptic plan. A horse will carry one of these Buggies and the driver with more ease than an empty one on elliptic springs, and from its easy swinging motion, it will be a most delightful pleasure carriage.

To suit purchasers, I will keep on hand an assortment of Buggies, Rockaways and Barouches, both Patent and on the old plan.

All kinds of work in my line done in substantial and elegant style, cheap, and on short notice.

MILTON ROSE, Oct. 10, 1851. 648-1y.

Saddle and Harness Making.

JAMES E. THOM takes pleasure in saying to the public, that he is still engaged in the above business at his old stand, 2 1/4 miles east of Greensboro, on the stage road,—where he will keep on hand or make to order every article in his line, in the most desirable and fashionable style.

Ever thankful for past favors, I am determined to merit, and hope to receive, a more liberal patronage,—as I am giving the business my whole attention, with increased facilities.

REPAIRS done at the shortest notice and on most accommodating terms.

Work always delivered in Greensboro' when required, and good Harness Leather always taken in exchange for work.

July, 1852. 686-6

Rock Island Jeans and Casimires—

kept constantly on hand and for sale by R. G. LINDSAY. April, 1852.

1 Cask of Linseed Oil and 2bbls Spirits Turpentine

just to hand and for sale. T. J. PATRICK. May 13, 1852.

Large Lot of Iron.—

Consisting of English Buggy Tire, Swede Iron, Oral, Half-round, Round, Square and strap Iron. Also, Mountain Iron. RANKIN & McLEAN. May, 1852.

Cod Liver Oil, &c.

COD LIVER OIL, pure, by the bottle or gallon. Citrate of Iron Citrate " " and Quinine. D. P. WEIR. May 15th, 1852.

T. C. WORTE, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

New Crop Molasses—

of excellent quality for sale by R. G. LINDSAY.



CHERRY PECTORAL

For the Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

TO CURE A COLD, with HEADACHE and SORENESS of the THROAT, take the CHERRY PECTORAL on going to bed, and wrap up warm, to sweat during the night.

FOR A COLD AND COUGH, take it morning, noon, and evening, according to direction on the bottle, and the difficulty will soon be removed. None will long suffer from this trouble when they find it can be so readily cured. Persons afflicted with a seated cough, which breaks them of their rest at night, will find, by taking the CHERRY PECTORAL on going to bed, they may be sure of sound, unbroken sleep, and consequently refreshing rest. Great relief from suffering, and an ultimate cure, is afforded to thousands who are thus afflicted, by this invaluable remedy.

From its agreeable effect in these cases, many find themselves unwilling to forego its use when the necessity for it has ceased.

From two eminent Physicians in FAYETTEVILLE, Tenn., April, 16, 1851.

SIR:—We have given your CHERRY PECTORAL an extensive trial in our practice, and find it to surpass every other remedy we have for curing affections of the respiratory organs.

Drs. DIEMER & HAMPTON.

TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS this remedy is invaluable, as by its action on the throat and lungs, when taken in small quantities, it removes all hoarseness in a few hours, and wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

ASTHMA is generally much relieved, and often wholly cured by CHERRY PECTORAL. But there are some cases so obstinate as to yield entirely to no medicine. Cherry Pectoral will cure them, if they can be cured.

BRONCHITIS, or irritation of the throat and upper portion of the lungs, may be cured by taking CHERRY PECTORAL in small and frequent doses. The uncomfortable oppression is soon relieved.

Rev. Doct. LANSING, of Brooklyn N. Y., states: "I have seen the CHERRY PECTORAL cure such cases of Asthma and Bronchitis as leads me to believe it can rarely fail to cure those diseases."

FOR CROUP. Give an emetic of antimony, to be followed by large and frequent doses of the CHERRY PECTORAL, until it subdues the disease. If taken in season, it will not fail to cure.

WHOOPING COUGH may be broken up and soon cured by the use of CHERRY PECTORAL.

Prepared and Sold by JAMES C. AYER, Druggist and Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

Sold in Greensboro' by T. J. PATRICK, and by Druggists and dealers in Medicines every where. June 19, 1852. 683-3m.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN MORTAR.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Perfumery, CHEMICALS, COSMETICS, &c. &c.

The Subscriber is now receiving his large and well assorted Summer Stock of Drugs and Medicines, which were purchased by himself at rates so favorable as to enable him to sell them 33 1/2 per cent. less than heretofore offered in this market, and in many articles he can do even more than this.

Deeming it unnecessary to give an entire catalogue of prices here, which can be furnished at any time to Physicians, and others at his Drug Store, he will simply state a few of the articles and their prices, to-wit:

S. P. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, qt. bot. 75 cts.

Aqua Ammonia, 25 "

Iodine Potassium, 62 1/2 "

Winters Balsam Wild Cherry, bot. 75 "

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, 87 1/2 "

Small profits and quick sales, is the word, call and judge for yourselves.

To his friends and customers, he would say that his stock is larger, and assortment more complete than it has been for the last 12 years, and he is determined to sell them as low as the same quality of goods can be purchased in the western part of the State. Call and examine for yourselves.

Physicians' prescriptions and family medicines compounded and dispensed at any hour, day or night. His personal attention is given to this branch of the business.

D. P. WEIR, May, 1851. 623-4f.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

THE undersigned have now in store and are daily expecting a large and well selected stock of Goods suitable for the Spring trade, which they offer upon their usual low and favorable terms to their customers and all others who make their purchases in this market.

Their stock is new and embraces both in the Dry Goods and Hardware

line every article usually kept in a country Store, and being determined to sell Goods at a very low figure, feel confident that they will give satisfaction to all who favor them with a call.

Their stock of

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Straw Goods,

will compare favorably with any stock in market. Particular attention paid to orders.

HALL & SACKETT, Fayetteville, N. C., March 16, 1852.

BOLTING CLOTHS.

WE are now in receipt of a large stock of fresh Bolting Cloths direct from the Manufacturers at Anker in Germany, these cloths are warranted, and are cheaper than they can be bought in this country. Now is the time to supply yourselves, mill-owners and mill-wrights call or send your orders soon.

June, 1851 W. J. McCONNEL

Not to be Excelled!

THE undersigned hereby informs the public that he will deliver *Smut Machines*, warranted not to be excelled for doing good work, for durability, or for being easily run. If said machines do not perform to satisfaction they may be returned after trial. Price \$75. All letters will receive attention, on short notice, directed to the subscriber at Snow Camp post office, Alamance county, N. C.

WILLIAM HENLY. 686-6v

A CARD.

DR. I. 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. 682-1f

A WORD TO MERCHANTS.

I HAVE and keep constantly on hand a large assortment of *Tin Ware* at wholesale and retail, and you can do as well here at home as at the North. Try it. Also, all kinds of *Copper Work*, Stoves and Stove-pipes, Camp, Fire and Ash Kettles, Copper and Brass Kettles, Copper and Iron Rivets, Wove Brass Wire, Solder, Zinc, Block Tin, Bar Lead, Rod Iron, and Iron Wire, and a large lot of Sheet Iron, Sheet and Bar Copper, Tin Plate, &c.

Guttering and covering Houses, and all repairing done at the shortest notice, and good barter taken in exchange. Address, C. G. YATES, Greensboro', N. C. May, 1852.

Blake's Fire and Water Proof Paint

NOW is the time to prepare against fire when an opportunity is offered. You hear of heavy losses by fire every day—many of them no doubt could have been prevented by two good coats of this wonderful Paint. The subscriber has a large lot on consignment. The price is low. Try it, and our word for it you will not be humbugged.

May, 1851 W. J. McCONNEL.

North Carolina, Rockingham County.

Bethell & Holdery, May Term, 1852.

vs. John Wardlaw. Original attachment levied.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant in this case so consents himself, or has removed beyond the limits of the State, that the ordinary process of law cannot be served on him. It is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made in the Greensborough Patriot, for six weeks, for the defendant to appear at the next Term of this Court, to be held on the 4th Monday of August next, at the Court House in Wentworth, and then and there to plead, answer, or demur, or the case will be heard and judgment final will be taken against him, and the property levied on and condemned for the payment of the plaintiff's debt.

687-6 T. B. WHEELER, c. c. e.

LAND CHEAP AS MUD.

THE undersigned wishes to sell some Twelve or Fifteen Hundred Acres of Land in Surry County, N. C. It will be sold in small quantities to suit purchasers. This Land lies in a healthy region, is well watered and heavily timbered with valuable timber, and is well adapted for agriculture. Any communication addressed to the undersigned to Mt. Airy, post paid, shall receive prompt attention.

Nov. 3, 1851. JOB WORTH. 652-1f

A LARGE SUPPLY OF

Sole and Upper Leather, French Calf

Skins, Ready Made Gearing and Harness, kept constantly on hand for sale.

Hides taken in payment for Leather. Also, hides tanned on shares at the customary rates at the South Buffalo Tannery, (McConnell's old stand,) 4 miles east of Greensboro'. JOHN W. PARKER. March, 1852. 671-1f

D. P. WEIR, DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

South Street, Greensboro'.

IS in receipt of a large and well selected assortment of DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, OILS, PAINTS, and DYE STUFFS, warranted pure, and sold at the smallest possible advance. Call and examine. One door north of the Bank of Cape Fear.

May 15th, 1852. D. P. WEIR.