

Patriot and Flag.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1857.

FOR CONGRESS,
JOHN A. GILMER,
OF GUILFORD.

THE CONVENTION.

From the proceedings of the American Whig Convention, held at Graham on the 22nd inst., as published in another column, it will be seen that Mr. Gilmer was nominated unanimously, as the candidate for the 5th Congressional District. We are sincerely rejoiced at this, for the nomination was due to Mr. Gilmer, for his many and eminent services to the whole State, and we know of no gentleman in the district, better qualified, or more worthy to succeed the Hon. E. G. Reade, our late representative. We hope Mr. Gilmer will find it convenient to accept the nomination thus so unanimously tendered to him, as we feel satisfied, that in so doing, he will greatly assist the cause of the Union, and will restore harmony to the district.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE.

The Commencement exercises of this flourishing institution had not closed when we went to press last week. Notwithstanding the rain on Tuesday, the first day, at 8 o'clock in the evening a large audience assembled in the new college chapel to hear the sermon to the Senior class by the Rev. R. T. Heflin, the deservedly popular Editor of the N. C. C. Advocate. We but speak the common sentiment of all present in saying that the sermon was pre-eminently forcible in argument, and eloquent in appeal. Mr. Heflin's sermon (very properly we think) regarded it as his business to attend to the spiritual department of the exercises, leaving the literary department to the hands of others, and therefore preached the gospel to the young ladies instead of literature. We never heard a sermon on a similar occasion, which we thought likely to accomplish more good.

Tuesday and Wednesday were taken up in the examination of the classes. The patrons of the College present, and the large audience attending expressed great satisfaction at the proficiency of the young ladies in their studies, exhibited in the readiness of their replies and promptness and ease with which they solved the most difficult problems.

Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock the address before the Literary Societies was delivered by J. Parker Jordan, Esq., of Hertford, of which we have already spoken. That night the Concert took place. It was certainly the most interesting Concert ever given in the Institution. Those who have charge of the music department in the College have given indubitable evidence that they well understand the art of getting up a rich treat for public entertainment.

Thursday was Commencement day. Eleven young ladies were graduated. Each one read her own composition. Some of these compositions were better than others, but all were good. This class certainly reflects great honor upon the College.

Upon the delivery of the Diplomas, accompanied by a beautiful copy of the Bible, President Jones delivered one of the best baccalaureate addresses to which we have ever listened. This is the unanimous opinion of all present. Long may he live to bless the Church in presiding over her literature. The whole of the exercises were enlivened from beginning to ending with music and song. Every thing passed off pleasantly and every body seemed to be delighted. We think we may say with the greatest assurance that the College was never more deserving of public confidence and patronage than under the present Faculty.

We subjoin the names of the young ladies who received the Graduating honors of the College:

Miss Mary Wade Speed, Granville county; Miss Julia C. Lindsay, Davidson; Miss Amelia A. Robbins, Randolph; Miss L. J. Troy, Cumberland; Miss Celestia A. Gunn, Vanceville; Miss Esadora A. Williams, Caswell; Miss Eliza D. Millett, Hyde; Miss Mary E. Robbins, Randolph; Miss Ariadne V. Gordon, Hertford; Miss Patricia Cole, Greensborough; Miss Susan Duty, Oxford.

Edgeworth Examination.

The annual Examination at Edgeworth Female Seminary takes place this week, and there are a number of visitors in attendance. We go to press before the exercises are concluded. In our next, we shall probably give a more detailed account of this Examination.

Corn for Guilford.

As agent for Guilford County Court, James Sloan, Esq., has purchased 15,000 or 16,000 bushels of corn to help to supply the wants of the people of Guilford. The purchase was made in Cabarrus county, at \$1.05 per bushel. In order to save the county from loss, this corn will have to be sold at \$1.20 per bushel (51 pounds) at which price it is going off almost as fast as it can be delivered at the Depot. Others of our citizens have, on private account, purchased quantities of corn, and are retailing it out at the same price.

THE COURSE OF THE STANDARD TOWARDS MR. PURYEAR.

The course of the Patriot and Flag in all this, is never quite apparent. It seeks to divert the attention of the people from the highly objectionable, anti-Southern, anti-Constitutional course of Col. Puryear in Congress; but it will fail in this, as it has in its effort in this case to fasten a false charge on Mr. Scates. Col. Puryear will be thoroughly exposed. His affiliation with the black Republicans on the Kansas-Nebraska question will be made clear to every voter in the Sixth District; and he will be called to account for his flight from his seat, leaving the government on the verge of disorganization, and to his return to the post of duty only under the stern muttering of public indignation. All this, and more, will be laid before the people. No artifice, no subterfuge, no excuse made up and whined out for the occasion, will avail to shield him. He must answer for his political misdeeds at the bar of public opinion; and that opinion, though it may appear to be somewhat slow, as in his case, has never yet failed to impale and punish the demagogue and traitor.—*Standard.*

Though we have for many years known that the Standard will not hesitate or scruple to make any assertion however unfounded in fact, which it may conceive necessary to effect its purpose, yet we must confess that we were surprised to find, even in that paper, such a paragraph as the above, containing as it does several most unmitigated falsehoods, and filled with slanderous assertions against one of the most patriotic men and purest politicians of whom any State can boast. We desire every voter, Whig and Democrat, in the 6th Congressional District, to read the above, as taken from the Standard. Let them reflect upon the character of Col. Puryear, his known patriotism, his well known devotion to the South and to Southern interests, and then ask themselves, what reliance, what confidence, can we place in any man, who can sink so low in the filth and slime of a party as to couple the name of Col. Puryear with that of "traitor?" But is that all?—His affiliation with the black Republicans on the Kansas-Nebraska question, will be made clear to every voter in the district. Charges more scandalous, and more unfounded in fact, were never made against any man, and the Standard will find that it has entirely mistaken the spirit of the voters of the 6th district, if it expects to defeat Col. Puryear by such miserable, low-flying, contemptible charges as these. If Col. Puryear is a traitor because he voted against the repeal of the Missouri restriction, then were the whole democratic party traitors, in 1852, when in convention they endorsed the compromise of 1850, and solemnly pledged themselves that said compromise should be a finality on the slavery question. If this vote makes Mr. Puryear a traitor to the South, what shall be said of Henry Clay, of Monroe, and many other distinguished patriots of other States, and what shall be said of Judge Settle and others of North Carolina, who passed this Missouri restriction, and which, at the time, was claimed as a great Southern triumph? No one pretends that the South ever has or ever will gain anything in reality from the Kansas-Nebraska act; it is a mere abstract question of principle, and was never expected or intended by the author of the bill—Judge Douglas—to have any other effect except that of reopening the agitation of the slavery question, which had been so happily allayed by the compromise of 1850, and which it was found necessary to again raise up in order to retain in power the democratic party. It is, we repeat, a mere abstract principle, from which no material or essential good ever can flow to the south, and if voting against the repeal of the Missouri restriction makes Mr. Puryear a traitor, then the same rule must damn as traitors, Henry Clay, Monroe, Judge Settle and every other man who aided in first establishing this restriction. Let the Standard and Mr. Scates make this issue as long as they please in the 6th district—Mr. Puryear fears it not, he courts investigation, he was vigorously prosecuted, and thoroughly tried on this issue two years ago, and the people most triumphantly sustained him, and rendered in their verdict of acquittal from every charge brought against him by his enemies, and they stand ready to endorse that verdict again. As to the abstract question of the Missouri compromise, Mr. Puryear has always been willing to admit that it was wrong in principle, but as it had been established by the sagacious and wise men of the land, the most distinguished patriots which the country had ever produced; and as no practical good could result from its repeal, and as he foresaw that nothing but strife and agitation would be the result of passing the Kansas-Nebraska act, he had the firmness, and the patriotism to vote against it; and well would it be for the country at this day, had there been more men in Congress at that time of equal nerve with Col. Puryear. The dangers, which he then foresaw, and predicted as the result of the Kansas act, have since come upon the country, shaking our government to its very centre, and causing the wise and the good to tremble for the perpetuity of our institutions. And what has the south gained? what has been the result? The organizing of a great sectional party at the North, threatening destruction to our Southern institutions, and a dissolution of this Union. Is that all? No. A civil war, American blood, shed by the hands of American freemen, on American soil. Emigration societies at the North, arming foreigners with Sharpe's

rifles and sending them forth to kill and destroy American freemen of the South. Such have been the effects of this repeal of the Missouri compromise, and because Col. Puryear foresaw all this, and endeavored to prevent it, he is to be called traitor, and denounced as affiliating with black Republicans. And who makes the charge? A renegade; one who for filthy lucre sold his principles. We would suppose that for very shame he would always avoid the use of the word traitor, and choose to have it stricken from the vocabulary of the English language.

We will notice hereafter the Standards charge of Mr. Puryear's "flight from his seat," a charge no less slanderous and untrue than the charge of traitor. And now we call upon the friends of Mr. Puryear to rouse themselves, hurl back these false and infamous charges, rise in your strength as freemen, for know that when the Standard calls Puryear a traitor, he likewise calls all who supported him two years ago, traitors. Let it now be understood that base and slanderous charges are to be brought to bear in this canvass against Mr. Puryear, then be upon your guard, and let every friend of Mr. Puryear be active and determined.

MR. SCATES AS A FINANCIER.

We venture the assertion, and we do so without the fear of contradiction, that in the whole legislative history of North Carolina, no system of taxation can be found as oppressive, unequal and unjust, as that contained in the revenue bill enacted by the last Legislature of this State. We desire the people of Western North Carolina, and especially internal improvement men, to read it carefully, and then, laying aside all party feelings and party ties, to say candidly, if it is not a system fitted up, and intended entirely for the benefit of the rich, and for the oppression of the poor, and if its tendency and effect will not be to increase the money power of the State, which is already too great, and to break down the farming and manufacturing interests, and to crush out all internal improvements. And when the people come to consider of this revenue bill, and when they come to feel and realize next summer how unequal and oppressive it is, we desire them to remember, that Mr. Scates was the chairman of the financial committee, that he was the strong advocate of the bill as it now stands, and that he firmly and strenuously resisted every amendment which was offered to make it more equal and less oppressive, and especially, that he resisted and voted against every effort that was made, to throw a part of this heavy burden of taxes upon the banks and to that amount, to relieve the people. The friend and advocate of the old State Bank, his speeches and his whole course in the Legislature, showed conclusively, that he had no feelings in common, with the internal improvement men of the State, and that he entertained no favor or affection for them. As evidence of this, he advocated and voted for the bill to lay a tax of twenty five cents upon every through passenger, and upon every ton of freight which passed over our North Carolina road. The North Carolina Rail Road is in debt, her stock sixty-five cents below par, and she is now borrowing money at eight per cent, payable semi-annually, and yet Mr. Scates, devoted to internal improvements, as he would have you to believe, advocates a bill to lay a tax upon the road of twenty-five cents for every through passenger, and every ton of freight, passing over it. Will the people consider of this for a moment? Here is a road in which the farmers of North Carolina have invested a million of dollars, the road is in debt, not paying expenses, the stock selling at twenty-five cents in the dollar, and yet Mr. Scates, a particular friend of the road, as he would have the people to believe, coolly proposes to lay a heavy tax upon it, and such a tax as would have inevitably in a few years, made the road insolvent. Such is a specimen of Mr. Scates' financiering, so far as poor men and internal improvement men are concerned. But how is it in regard to the rich, and in regard to the State Bank, the great pet and favorite of Mr. Scates?

The Course of the Patriot and Flag Towards Mr. Scates—Col. Puryear.

Under the above head, the Standard of the 20th instant reads the Patriot and Flag a long lecture and pitches into Colonel Puryear with a perfect vengeance, using many harsh terms and making various and sundry false assertions,—well knowing at the same time that said assertions are untrue. And so the Standard has at last come to the rescue of Mr. Scates and the Sentinel on the one and two dollar bill law. The Sentinel, some two weeks ago, became fatigued on this subject, declaring that it was an "insignificant matter," and that it would not allude to it again; and the Standard now comes forward to hold up its weary hands and to speak a word of encouragement to its weak brother who has fainted on the wayside. The Sentinel says that this one and two dollar business is entirely too insignificant a matter for it to discuss, yet the Standard considers it of a great deal of importance—so much so that it devotes one entire column to the defence of Mr. Scates and abusing the Patriot and Flag for making, as he says, false charges against him. "If one wishes to arrive at the truth," says the Standard, "when reading the Patriot and Flag, he must invariably take it by contraries." Ah, indeed!—Well, we are glad that the Standard admits that the truth can be found in the Patriot, although he says it must be taken in a certain way; and we regret exceedingly that no way has yet been devised by which the "truth could be arrived at" when reading the Standard, but if you want to be certain of finding a falsehood, always look for what it says to be true. We made the charge upon Mr. Scates that he voted against the repeal of the one and two dollar law; and in support of the charge, we quoted the Standard and the Register, showing that he was so reported in both of those papers at the time the vote was given, and in answer to Mr. Scates' charge of slandering him we replied that we repeated what the Standard had before published, and what he (Mr. Scates) had never pretended to deny until he was nominated as a candidate for Congress. And how does the Standard now meet it? Does it dare to deny that what we quoted the Standard correctly?—No. "We have not examined the files of the Standard to see how Mr. Scates voted on these questions, nor is it necessary to do so."—Such is the language of the Standard—not "necessary to do so." We presume not; for the Standard well knows how Mr. Scates is reported in its columns without any trouble of an examination, and that such examination would only prove that the charge heretofore made against Mr. Scates is true. But does any body believe for a moment that the Standard speaks the truth when it says it has never examined its files? It has taken the trouble to write to the Sentinel about this matter, as it now admits itself,—although we could never get the Sentinel to say who its Raleigh correspondent was. And since it turns out to be the Standard, we can't find it in

our hearts to blame the Sentinel for withholding the name of its witness, if, indeed, it expected the people to believe what it asserted. It moreover took the trouble to furnish Mr. Scates with the proof-sheets of the journals, and will it please tell us why it did so, and whether or not this furnishing Mr. Scates with the proof-sheets has not caused the long delay in publishing and sending out the journals, so that the people might be able to see and read for themselves. It has moreover been at the trouble and taken upon itself the labor to examine the journals, and yet, after all this trouble and all this anxiety to protect Mr. Scates from the consequences of his votes, the Standard coolly asserts that it has not examined its files, although we had quoted the Standard to sustain our charge. If any body can believe this, there is nothing too remarkable or too improbable for its credulity. The Standard does not rely upon its own columns to ascertain the truth. Well, we are not surprised at this; for there are very few who do, and none know better than the Standard how little reliance is to be placed upon anything found therein. Yet we had supposed that we were justified in using the Standard's own words, when used as evidence against itself,—as it is a rule of law that although the testimony of an infamous witness is not to be weighed against others, yet as regards himself, he is always bound by what he says, and is not to be heard to say that he is such a liar that no credit should be given him.

Now is it not a little remarkable, that in order to render Mr. Scates acceptable to the Democracy of the 6th District, the Standard should grow so furious, and labor so hard to show that he (Mr. Scates) did vote for the repeal of the one and two dollar law, when every body recollects that the Standard itself advocated such law; said that it was right and proper, and enjoined it upon the people to see that it was enforced, and even went so far as on a certain occasion to read the Patriot a lecture because it advocated a repeal of the same? Truly, the Standard is very consistent in this matter. It was very wrong and very culpable in the Patriot to advocate a repeal, and yet the Standard is now laboring to show that Mr. Scates did the very same thing for which it condemned the Patriot, and that in doing so, he is a marvellously proper man, and has thereby recommended himself to the Democracy of the 6th District. The Standard has come forward as a volunteer witness for Mr. Scates, and now we ask—what would a jury think of a witness that had placed himself in such a position? Would they place any confidence in testimony flowing through such a channel? We repeat the question, is it not a little remarkable that the Standard should be so anxious to prove that its particular friend, Mr. Scates has been guilty of doing the very thing which it condemned in others? Is not Democracy a unit, and is it not the same everywhere and at all times—never changing and knowing no variations, but always playing the same tune? We have often heard it so said, and could prove it from the Standard, but as the Standard places such little reliance upon its own testimony, we deem it useless to do so. Ah, but says the Standard, "We are the State Printers, and have printed a book, and we show from our book that Mr. Scates did vote for the repeal of this law." Yes, the Standard has printed a book, or at least it says so,—but it seems very slow in letting the people see it,—and we doubt not that if you will let the Standard print a book, and then let him make his book testimony, that he can prove any thing that he desires, or any thing that is necessary to be proved to elect his Democratic friends, or to keep the Democratic party in power. What greater credit is to be attached to his book than to his paper? Does he say his book is printed under oath and that his paper is not? All we have to say in reply is, that if a man makes a big mistake when not on oath, he is not any way free from this infirmity when on oath. Yes, the Standard is the Printer for the State, and has received a large sum of money to print a book.—And what was the book printed for? Was it to be kept hid from the people, in the Standard office, for the Standard to quote and prove facts from its own book? The Standard refers us to his book—the journals—quotes chapter and verse, and expects us to admit the truth of it without ever giving us a chance to see for ourselves; it refers us to a book which he knows is 89 miles from us, printed by the Standard itself and safely locked up in its office, strictly guarded from the vulgar eye. This is decidedly cool. Not having seen the journals we can't say whether or not the Standard quotes them correctly, and if we ever do get a view of them—and we fear we shall not till after the election—the fact that they were printed by the Standard will not render them any more sacred in our estimation. "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book," said patient old Job. Now, when Job dropped this remark it never entered his head that his enemy was to use this book as conclusive evidence against him, or we presume he would have never uttered such a desire. The Standard quotes his book,—the House journal, page 328.—We have never seen the book, though some weeks ago the Standard said it was finished and ready for delivery. Why does it not come out? There is a rail road from Raleigh to Greensborough, two daily trains running between the two places, and yet the members of Guilford, all of whom live

in Greensborough, have not received their journals, although they have been printed for several weeks. Will the Standard please tell us why this is so? Such was the hurry to furnish Mr. Scates with the journals, that time could not be allowed for them to be finished, but the proof-sheets must be posted off to Rockingham. And here we would ask, why did not Mr. Scates, having the proof-sheets, exhibit them when he made his speech at Lexington? If he did not intend to use them, why get them? Or is it too small a matter for him to attend to, and fit only to be left with the Standard? A charge is made against Mr. Scates,—he has important testimony in his pocket, and yet won't produce it. Is not Mr. Scates a very strange man? Is there not something very peculiar about this matter, and would not you, the people, like to see the book which the State Printer has made, and which is kept so close,—no part of it ever having seen the light, except the proof-sheets sent to Mr. Scates, and which he also keeps in the dark.—This must, indeed, be a sacred book that no vulgar hand must be allowed to touch. We hope, however, that the Standard will take it and send it to a place box and let it be carried through the 6th District so that the vulgar herd may at least stand afar off and worship it as it passes. We hope the Standard will at least be prevailed on to do this,—and let one of the editors of the Sentinel go before and proclaim that on page 328 of this sealed and sacred volume it has been stamped by the "State Printer," that Mr. Scates did vote for the repeal of the one and two dollar law.

Now, as we are not permitted to lay hands upon the journals, we desire to ask a question of the Standard. Did not Mr. Rushing, at an early part of the session of the last Legislature, introduce a bill to repeal that clause of the law making it indictable to pass a one or two dollar bill, and did not Mr. Scates vote against the bill? Now let the Standard examine its book and give us an answer to the above question. Again: if Mr. Scates did as you say, vote for the Senate bill, repealing this law, had he not before that given a vote directly contrary to that, and before any such bill had passed the Senate, or had come down from the Senate, to the House. We allude to the vote on Rushing's bill.

Now, then, for the present, admitting that Mr. Scates did vote for the bill which had passed the Senate repealing this law, how stands the matter? Two years ago, the Democracy having a large majority in the Legislature, this one and two dollar law was enacted; but who introduced the bill, or how or when it was passed, no man has ever yet been found who can tell. As soon as it was discovered to be law of the land, an indignant people cried out against it and refused to regard it. The Standard, Organ of the Democratic party, advocates the justness and policy of the law, and calls upon all good Democrats to observe and force obedience to it. Well, Mr. Scates was elected to the last Legislature, goes to Raleigh, and is there found at the first of the session advocating the law, and as much in favor of it as ever was the Standard. Mr. Rushing introduces his bill to repeal the clause making it indictable to pass or receive these small notes, and Mr. Scates votes against Mr. Rushing's bill.—Why did he do so? The Standard quotes the journals to show that he was in favor of the repeal. If so, then why vote against it? We charge that Mr. Scates always has been and is now at heart against the repeal of this law,—that he voted against it at the early part of the session, and that although at a later period he voted for the repeal, yet he never did so until he was forced so to do by the complaints and mutterings of an indignant people, and only because he was looking to the office for which he is now a candidate. Whoever heard Mr. Scates say one word in public or in private against this law and in favor of its repeal, until since the adjournment of the Legislature? But says the Standard, the journals show in one place that he voted for the repeal.—Very well. Admit it, and what does it prove? Why, simply that he voted on both sides of this question, determined, if possible, to be on the popular side. When Rushing's bill is up, he votes and throws all his influence against the repeal, but when he finds popular opinion too strong to be resisted, and not having the independence to hold on to his opinions, and thinking prudence the better part of valor, he whips over, and when the vote is taken on the Senate bill, he quietly turns up on the other side.

Now let the Standard quote from the journals and show how Mr. Scates voted on Rushing's bill, and let it say, if Mr. Scates, to its own knowledge, was not at the first of the session opposed to any repeal of this law. Let the Standard say if Mr. Scates did not vote against Mr. Elliott's bill, allowing banks to issue one and two dollar bills in amount equal to 10 per cent. of their capital; and after this bill was lost, did he not then vote for and advocate the bill chartering the State bank, allowing said bank to issue \$6,000,000 in one dollar bills, and that, too, redeemable in any part of the State the bank might think proper? Judge Mr. Scates, says the Standard, by the records. If all this is so, do not the records prove Mr. Scates to be very inconsistent, and that he is entirely under the influence of the State bank. And let the records show what they may, and let Mr. Scates have voted as he may, there is no shadow of a doubt that he was of the same opinion with the Standard, and opposed to

the repeal of this law, as every other man was, who was under the influence of the State bank.

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the repeal of this law, as every other man was, who was under the influence of the State bank.

AMERICAN WHIG CONVENTION.

In accordance with previous arrangements, a number of delegates assembled in the town of Graham, on the 22nd of May, 1857, for the purpose of electing in the selection of a candidate, to represent the District, in the next Congress of the United States.

On motion of Gen. Hiatt, Henry B. Elliott, Esq., of Randolph, was called to the Chair. On assuming the duties of which Mr. Elliott explained the object of the Convention in a few appropriate remarks, and returned thanks for the honor thus conferred upon him. M. S. Sherwood, of Guilford, and William Murdock, of Randolph, were then requested to act as Secretaries. The counties comprising this District, being called, the following gentlemen appeared as Delegates.

Alamance.—George Hurdle, C. C. Gatis, C. Curtis, John Stockard, Dr. Alexander Wilson, Dr. Wm. R. Denny, George McRay, Gen. Joseph Holt, Jos. W. Steele, Dr. E. F. Watson, Thomas Holt, S. A. White, Abel Griffin, H. C. Hurdle, Edw. H. Holt, Jr., J. A. Murrey, Isaac Holt, H. Crawford, Joel Shoffner and J. W. Murray. Caswell.—R. Y. McAdden. Chatham.—Andrew Headen, Dr. H. Albright and Jackson Teague.

Guilford.—Gen. Job Hiatt, C. G. Y. Col. Joseph A. Houston, Col. M. John Wm. U. Steiner, John W. Payne, H. I. Worth, M. S. Sherwood, Wm. L. St. John Denny, Col. Abram Clapp and Z. Foust.

Montgomery.—Dr. J. M. Crump. Randolph.—Dr. Henry B. Maier, Henry Branch, Wm. H. Marsh, Wm. Murdock, Henry B. Elliott, Dr. J. M. Worth, Wm. J. Long, Dr. J. W. Long and Olin A. Pomeroy.

On motion of George Hurdle, Esq., the Whigs and Americans present were requested to take seats in the Convention, participate in its deliberations; and a large number, whose names do not appear above, united in the proceedings.

On motion, the Chairman appointed Messrs. McAdden, Hiatt, Worth, Crump, Hurdle and Headen, a committee, to recommend some gentleman, as a suitable candidate, for the consideration of the Convention.

Before the retiring of the Committee, the Chairman stated that he had a letter from Alfred G. Foster, Esq., of Raleigh, who had frequently been spoken of as a suitable person to represent this District, in the next Congress, which he read, as follows:

THOMASVILLE, May 12th, 1857.
H. B. ELLIOTT, Esq., Dear Sir: I desire to say to you, and through you, to my friends in the Convention at Graham, that I would greatly prefer that my name should be brought before the Convention for the nomination for Congress.

I regard this as an election in which the old States in our Union are vitally interested, and it is of the last importance that where we can do so, we should send men to Congress pledged to obstruct, as far as they may be able, our friends of the public domain, before it is altogether upon rail-road companies in the States. To accomplish this, *honesty* *our ranks is indispensable.* Our opponents are active and vigilant, and already rejoicing in the hope, that they achieve a triumph in our district, their divisions and discussions among ourselves. This must not be. My object in writing you, is not to bring forward my name to bring about, as far as any action of ours can do it, that harmony which will ensure the triumph of our principles.

The aspirations or preferences of any private individual should not be allowed, for one moment, to prevent a complete union of all the members of our party, upon some honest and reliable standard-bearer in the present campaign.

There are older and able men in this district than myself,—men who have written their epistles in many a hot contest with our political foes, and to some such let the post of honor be given, and let me be content to go to work for him and his.

Trusting that the deliberations of the Convention may result in harmony and a good of our party, I remain,

Yours very truly,

ALFRED G. FOSTER.

The Committee then retired, and returning in a few moments, reported to the Chairman, Mr. McAdden, the names of JOHN A. GILMER, Esq., of Guilford, which was received with great applause. After a few remarks by Wm. J. Long, Esq., of Randolph, complimentary to Mr. Gilmer, the Report of the Committee was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted. Mr. Gilmer was declared to be the standard bearer of the Americans and Whigs of the 5th Congressional District.

On motion of Will L. St. John, Esq., was unanimously,

Resolved.—That this convention turn its thanks to the Honorable EDWARD READE, our late distinguished Representative, for the able and satisfactory manner in which he represented us in the Congress; and that it is with deep regret we learn that the state of his health requires as to preclude the use of his name in connection with a seat in our National Congress.

On motion the Chairman appointed the following gentlemen as a committee to inform Mr. Gilmer of his nomination, and to request his acceptance of the same, viz: H. B. Elliott, R. Y. McAdden, J. M. Worth, Andrew Headen, George Hurdle and M. Crump.

On motion of Dr. Crump, the proceedings of the Convention were requested to be published in the papers of the District to wit: The Patriot & Flag, Milton

POETRY.

THE MATCH-MAKING MOTHER.

My married daughter could you see
I'm sure you would be struck—
My daughters are all charming girls,
Few mothers have such luck.
My married one—my eldest child—
All hearts by magic wins,
And my second one so resembles her
Most people think them twins.

My married daughter spoils her spouse;
She's quite a pattern wife;
And she adores her—well he may,
For men love such a life!
She never had married mortal man
Had he not won her heart;
And my second darling is just the same;
They're seldom known apart.

Her husband oft has pressed my hand,
While tears stood in his eyes,
And said: "You brought my Susan up—
With you the credit lies."
To make her a domestic wife,
I own was all my aim;
And my second is domestic too—
My system was the same.

Now do you know, I've often thought
The eldest of the two,
(She's married, so I may speak out)
Would just have suited you!
You never saw her, how shall I
My eldest girl portray?
Oh, my second's just her counterpart,
And her you'll meet to-day.

Satisfactory Explanation.

You ask me, love, how many times
I think of you a day;
I frankly answer, "Only once,"
And mean just what I say.

You seem perplexed, and somewhat hurt,
But wait, and hear the rhyme:
Pray how can one do more than once,
What one does all the time.

MISCELLANY.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

They say money makes the mare go; but Uncle John had a mare once, that at times all the world wouldn't move an inch. She was a sight animal, and could trot at a spanking pace, too, whenever she felt inclined; but that wasn't every day by a jug full. "Old Muley," as Uncle John called her, would go along very well for a while, until something would disturb her equanimity, when all at once she would come to a dead halt, and there she would stay until she got tired or hungry; you might have coaxed till doomsday to no purpose, and as for beating, at the first crack of the whip up would fly her heels, then look out for the dasher (if she was attached to a wagon) and yourselves, too; out of that you would be obliged to come to a dead certainty, or remain to have your brains kicked out. Uncle John bought her from a person who sold her for want of use at what he considered a bargain, but he soon found out that the bargain was over on the other side. Unfortunately for the old gentleman, Muley was in a good mood at that time and the money (\$300) was paid and received with apparent satisfaction by both parties to the transaction, and Muley put her best foot foremost and soon landed Uncle John safe at his home. He was delighted with his purchase; the mare was just the animal he had been looking for, for some time, and he retired to bed that night under the firm conviction that he had at last succeeded in getting a horse entirely to his liking, but he was doomed to bitter disappointment.

It was decided that I was to take her out next morning to test her trotting powers. Jim, the ostler, was ordered to bring her out; but Muley wouldn't stir a peg, not she; she was patted and coaxed, but she declined moving most doggedly. The whip was resorted to, which brought out only her kicking propensities to the fullest extent. Uncle John swore, "What a villain that horse jockey is," said he; he gave me his word of honor as a man that she was kind and gentle as a lamb; if ever I come across him I will horse-whip him—if I don't, then horse-whip me," and he humed again, but it was of no use; Muley was determined to stay where she was, and we were obliged to let her stay until the latter part of the afternoon, when she very condescendingly walked out and kindly permitted herself to be harnessed to the light wagon, when Uncle John and I got in, and she started off finely, and we anticipated a pleasant drive; but as we were passing a small bridge over a creek, about a mile from the house, I inadvertently touched her with the whip on the flank, to dislodge a fly, when bang went her heels through the dasher. We leaped out in less than no time, as a matter of course, and, confound her, she brought all standing to an anchor, as the sailors say; there she was, right in the centre of the bridge, so that nothing in the shape of a wagon could pass on either side; here was a predicament. Vehicle after vehicle came up, and the people in them became impatient. At last we got a rope from a teamster who was waiting to pass over the bridge, and made it fast around her neck.

"Out of that she must come," said Uncle John, "dead or alive. Now, Mr. Teamster, have the goodness to put a couple of your best horses to that rope, and if she don't come, pull her neck off."

The horses were hitched—crack went the whip, and Muley found that if she must move, she must do so. She consented to be pulled a short distance from the bridge into the road. The blockade having been raised, the fleet departed—not so Muley; she remained still till nightfall, when prodence whispered to her, "outs," when, pricking up her ears, with a neigh she was off in a

smart trot for home, which we reached safely, no thanks to Muley, though.

The following morning we tried her again, and to our agreeable surprise she started beautifully, and kept along in fine style, when we overtook a gentleman in a York wagon, going along quite leisurely behind what we took to be a fine looking mare. Holding up a little to examine more particularly, we were accosted by the inmate of the wagon with:

"That's a fine looking mare of yours, sir!"

"Yes," says Uncle John, "and she's as fine as she looks—that's not a bad looking mare you have there, either."

"Can't well be beaten; capital mare, sir, though I must say it myself. Would like to buy your horse; make a good match for one I have—like to trade, sir?"

"Well," said Uncle John, "my mare suits me, but if I can make anything by the operation, that night alter the case; if you warrant your mare kind and sound, and give me fifty dollars to boot, it's a trade."

"Can't think of such a thing, sir—tell you what I will do. I am a man of few words; haven't much time to bargain long; know what I'm about; will trade even; that's all I have to say, sir; speak quick; my mind's made up; even or off?"

"Kind and sound?" said Uncle John.

"Warrant her," said the stranger.

"Done," said Uncle John, and in the next minute the wares were un hitched and the transfer made—the quickest horse trade I ever witnessed.

"Good morning, gentleman," said the stranger, and he gave Muley a touch with the whip, and the next moment her feet went through the dasher. You've stuck me, sir!"

"Surely," said Uncle John; "never knew her to do such a thing before; coax her a little, stranger, and she'll be all right directly—go along!" and he in turn touched his mare with the whip; up she reared on her hind legs and giving a tremendous shiver, upset the wagon, and threw us both out, luckily without injury. Snap went the shafts and she off like lightning down the road.

"Look here," said Uncle John, "didn't you warrant that mare kind?"

"Never knew her to do any such thing before; for curse me if I have made much bargain by the trade that I can see. Woe!" and up went Muley's heels again, and out of the wagon went the stranger.

I could restrain my laughter no longer, and I collapsed; so did the stranger and Uncle John thought it best to follow suit, and for five minutes we roared.

Bidding the stranger good bye, with the assurance that the mare would be ready to go probably about dinner time, we pulled our shattered wagon out of the way, and Uncle John started on foot for home, whilst I took the opposite direction in search of the mare, which I found, about half a mile below at the turnpike gate, the gate-keeper having secured her. The stranger and the mare were still there when I returned, the former sitting upon the fence waiting patiently on the movements of the latter.

The following day Uncle John said to me, "Harry, I wish you would have that infernal mare taken to the horse-market, and sell her at any price; if you don't, I'll have her knocked in the head."

"It shall be done, if possible," said I, and in an hour's time she was under the saddle in the horse-market. I took the old gentleman at his word, and jumped at the first offer, not got seventy-five dollars paid down for her.

"Stranger," said the purchaser, "if you'd a stuck out a while longer, I'd a given you a hundred dollars for this mare."

"Yes," said I, "and if you'd stuck out a while I would have sold her for a quarter of the money;" and I bade him good day. This was the last we ever saw of the two mares.

ALL ABOUT MARRYING.

The world is just now in the midst of its wedding season, and it is a favorable time to whi-per a word in the ears of the flatterers expectants. It is really not so much an object for jesting as for serious thought. We look upon it in that light, and have saved some capital reflections from the *Saturday Register*, and for which we give credit to the graceful and practised pen of Mr. Victor:

It is a mournful fact that this world is full of young men that want to marry and dare not. Deny this, as some will, it is nevertheless true, as we can easily show. In this town, for instance, there are some thirty or forty young men, well to do in the way of salaries and business, yet who refuse to take the step which they all want to take, but do not; and why?

Now the first question to be asked by any sane man is, can I properly support a wife if I take one? Then he counts the cost of living as the woman of his preference would wish, and lo! he finds to his amazement that his income is vastly too small to support even a modest modern establishment, and somewhat saddened by the reflection, he plunges into labor and courts business with an assiduity that takes away his health eventually, in hope of attaining income that shall enable him to marry and have a home of his own. And this is the secret of all the hard unending toil of young men of to-day who are fast approaching thirty years of age—this is the reason of so many disappointed men and waiting women, deny or hide it as you may.

But, says some good woman, you do us injustice, for any woman who truly loves a man will adapt herself to his circumstances with the greatest pleasure. But what man of any sensitiveness, or high sense of honor, would take a woman from easy circumstances and a pleasant and well-furnished home to adorn his household, as the first principles of economy would demand of him? Few will do it; for though the woman signifies her willingness to take up with such experience, we are all such creatures of circumstances that there would be complainings on her part, eventually, and sickness from over exertion, and unhappiness from many cares—all of which would render marriage anything else but pleasant.

And so the young men wisely think, preferring a few years more of single loneliness, in order to obtain money enough to support a modest house of between twelve and fifteen hundred dollars a year, where she must do her own work.

Now, what is the remedy? Plainly that women must fit themselves to be such wives as the young men must fit themselves to be such husbands as the women want, and spend the very choicest years of their life in the ceaseless toil, breaking down health, happiness, energy, only to give themselves up to marriage when the best manhood is gone. The women must choose for themselves, which it shall be, for the matter is solely in their hands. Let mothers say to their daughters, put on that calico gown, go into your household and fit yourselves to become a wife and a mother; let the young women cheerfully consent to such service, and instead of lavishing all thought, and time and money upon the adornment of the body, seek to accustom the hands to proper industry, and to school the mind to proper tastes—then there will be no longer complaints that young men "cannot afford to marry," and we shall have beautiful, modest wives and loving husbands, and life shall once more have something of the truthfulness and virtue which it had in the days of our blessed fathers and mothers, and when it was woman's ambition to become the head of the house, and the mother of noble children.

PAYING TOLL.

It was winter, clear and cold, and the snow was finely packed, when Dr. Meadows was one of a sleighing party, which he describes, so far as he and the young widow Lambkin were concerned, in the words following:

The lively widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh and under the same buffalo robe with me.

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

"Don't what?" I asked. "I'm not doing any thing."

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

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

"Well, I declare!" cried the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, "you pretend you don't know what toll is!"

"Indeed I don't then," I said, laughing, "pray explain, if you please."

"You never heard, then," said the widow, most provokingly, "you never heard that when we are on a sleigh-ride the gentlemen always—that is, so sometimes—when they cross a bridge, claim a kiss, and call it toll. But I never pay it."

I said that I had never heard of it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face were not enough to tear it. At last the veil was removed, her round, rosy face was turned directly towards mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon the toll was taken, for the first time in his life, by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge with several arches; the widow said it was no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

"But you won't take toll for every arch, will you, doctor?" the widow said, so archly that I could not fail to exact all my dues, and that was the beginning. But never mind the rest. The Lambkin had the Meadows all to herself in the spring.

A Rich Case.

Méphis is decidedly a good place in its way. A few days since a case was pending in the common Law Court of that city, in which a Mr. and Mrs. Helbing had sued Philip R. Bohlen, for breach of marriage contract, in failing to marry Mrs. Helbing when she was Miss Agness Handwerker, and the jury has given the injured parties \$1250 damages! The idea of Helbing suing Bohlen because he did not marry his wife, is certainly the richest thing of this fast age!

They Say.

Well, suppose it is true? Are you not sorry for it; or do you rejoice that a brother has been discovered erring? Oh, pity him if he has fallen into sin, and pray for him that he may be forgiven and restored.

If it should be true, don't bruit it abroad to his injury. It will not benefit you, nor him, nor society, to publish his faults. You are as liable to be slandered, or to err, as your brother, and as ye would that he should defend, or excuse, or forgive you, do ye even so to him.

A SERMON.

It hardly seems possible that the subjoined specimen of "Pulpit Exercises in Texas" can be authentic; and yet we are informed by a brother editor in that region that it is entirely true, he himself having heard it delivered.

"One of those zealous preachers who draw illustrations from everything, and suffer no opportunity to pass, at all admitting of a moral, arrived at his log church quite late, and took for his text, 'Marvel not' and then he went on in the following strain, in his peculiarly nasal, half singing voice: 'My friends, the scripture says 'marvel not,' and hence it is wrong to marvel.—As I was riding along this morning on my way to this place, I happened to look up, and I seen a parcel of boys playing marbles. There was a lean boy, so thin that it seemed if he had been a little thinner, the wind, when it blew, would blow him away; and there was a fat boy there, so fat that if he had been a little fatter, he would have been as wide as he was high. And they were playing marbles, and I heard what he said.—And soon I heard the lean boy, that seemed as though he had been a little thinner, the wind when it blew, would blow him away, say, 'I'm fat,' and he lied—er, for he was no more fat than I was—er. And then they played again—er; and I heard the fat boy, so fat that if he had been a little fatter, he would have looked almost as wide as he was high—er, say, 'I'm lean,' and he lied—er, for he was no more lean than I was—er; and there come up a boy as spry as a cricket—er, and he kept a running about and skipping, and jumping and shouting—er. And he played with the rest; and in a little while I heard him say, 'By Jolly, I am dead—er.' And he lied—er; for he was no more dead than I was—er. Now, my brethren, the Scripture says, thou shalt not lie—er, and you see marvelling leads to lying—er. And you see how wrong it is to marvel.—And there, I say again, 'marvel not.'—Knickerbocker.

On Sight and on Demand.

One of "Porter's" staff is responsible for this anecdote:

John C—, a well known, highly respected Knickerbocker, on the shady side of fifty, a widower with five children—full of fun and frolic, ever ready for a joke—to give or take, was bawled the other evening by a Miss of twenty-five, for not taking another wife; she urged that he was hale and hearty, and deserved a matrimonial messmate. The Judge acknowledged the fact; admitted that he was convinced by the eloquence of his fair friend that he had thus far been very remiss, and expressed contrition for the fault confessed; ending with offering himself to the lady, telling her she could not certainly reject him after pointing out to him his heinous offence.

The lady replied that she would be most happy to take the situation so uniquely advertised, and become bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, but there was one, to her, serious obstacle.

"Well," says the Judge, "Name it. My profession is to surmount such impediments."

"Ah! Judge this is beyond your powers. I have vowed to ever I marry a widower, he must have *ten* children."

"Ten children!" Oh! that's nothing," says the Judge, I'll give you five now, and my notes on demand in instalments for the balance." Fact!

The Blonds Riaget at the Fair.

At a charitable fair lately got up by the benevolent fashionables of Paris, the Princess P— had a counter covered with elegant trills. One of her gay acquaintances, Count de R—, approached the stall, and after looking at all the articles, was walking quietly away. The lovely shopwoman, upon this, called out to know whether he was going to be so un courteous as to pass without buying something.

"I would," said he, with a significant look, "if you would sell me what I want!"

"That look of golden hair which falls so gracefully to your shoulders?"

"You shall have it," replied the Princess, very promptly, and seizing a pair of scissors, she clipped it close to her temple. It was then duly wrapped in a piece of paper, and handed across the counter.

"Five hundred francs," said the Princess.

The Count as promptly drew a check from his wallet, and filed it up for the amount secretly thinking it was rather dear, but pocketing it with a very chivalric grace.

The next day the Count, telling the story, with some triumph, to his sister in law, (who happened to be an intimate friend of the Princess,) was surprised to find it received with a burst of hearty laughter.

"The princess made a good bargain out of you," said his sister, "for, as I chance to know, the five hundred francs which she charged you for that single curl, is three or four times as much as she paid the hairdressers for the whole wig."

A Presentation Speech.

The negroes employed in a pork house at Louisville, Ky., on Christmas day, presented the superintendent with a beautiful gold-headed cane. Jim Tyler, a trump among the darkies, spoke as follows on making the presentation: "Massa George—My respects to you, de Captain ob de niggers, and

hopin dat you will be our Captain all the time, and askin ob you to please cept dis cane, and wishin dat you may never die, and I may live all de time, and hopin dat in de mornin ob de general sembly when Gabriel comes down and places one foot on de mighty see and de order on de dry land, and swar by him dat liveth dat time shall be no longer, dat you may get up when de good old angel blows his trumpet, and shakin' off de grave dust, may lib with the blood shed millions and go away up through great tribulation."

New Meaning of Old Words.

Suggestion—Advice given by a servant to his employer.

Young man's best companion.—He who takes him home when he cannot take himself home.

Rights of the people.—The exclusive privilege of grumbling at every imaginary oppression.

Oversight.—To leave your umbrella in a news-room, and bring away a new one.

Unfortunate man.—One born with a conscience.

Abstinence man.—One who never tastes wine or spirits at home.

Remorse.—The feeling of a pickpocket caught in the act.

Precozity.—The impertinence of your child.

Picturesque object.—Your neighbor's house on fire.

Love.—An ingredient very often used in poetry.

Person of regular habits.—One who is carried to bed tipsy every night.

"Home, Sweet Home!"—A song.

Coward.—One who considers circumstances.

Negro Wit.

"How much do you charge massa magistrate, to marry me and Miss Dinah?"

"Why, Clem, I'll marry you for two dollars."

"Two dollars! what you charge to marry white folks, massa?"

"We generally charge them five dollars."

"Well, you marry us like white folks, and I'll give you five dollars, too."

"Why, Clem, that's a curious notion; but as you desire it, I'll marry you like white folks, for five dollars."

The ceremony being over, and Clem and Dinah made one, the magistrate asked for his fee.

"Oh no, masses, you no come to de greement—*you no kiss de bride!*"

"Get out of my house, you black rascal!"

And Clem got married for nothing.

Unpleasant.

Scene—A private parlor; Mr. Thomson, a rich merchant, spending the evening with his brother and wife. Entrance of Julia, their daughter, a girl of six years.

Mr. Thomson—My dear don't you love me?

Julia—No, I don't love you at all!

Pa (who has an eye to his brother's last will and testament)—Oh yes, Julia, you love your uncle don't you?

Julia—No, I don't love him.

Uncle—Why don't you love me?

Julia—Pa don't want me to tell.

Unsuspecting Pa—Oh yes, my dear, tell me.

Julia (after thinking a moment)—Well, it's because you don't die and leave me your money. Pa said you would, but you don't.

Grand Tableau—Wife screams—husband sweats—and uncle makes a hasty exit.

Rational.

A man residing in a New England town, at some distance from a near relative, received a message one cold evening in November, to hasten to his residence, as he was in a dying state. When he arrived he was told that his reason had entirely left him. The sick man presently turned his head, saying, in a faint voice, "Who is that?"

He was informed that it was his relative who had been sent for.

"Oh! oh!" said he, "yes, oh yes! He must be old. Make him a good warm toddy—yes a tod'y! hot tod'y!"

"I guess he ain't crazy," said his visitors, "he talks very rational."

High-Life Below Stairs.

The Richmond Dispatch relates that some few afternoons since, two servant women, neatly attired, called at the residence of a Church Hill gentleman, to see one of his female servants, and to being informed by a smaller one that their acquaintances were they paying a visit to a neighbor, drew out their pearl cases, took from them fashionable cards and handing them to the little imp, marched off with as much formality as if they had been leaders of the "ton."

The affair was such an admirable burlesque upon "fashionable calls," that the lady who witnessed it, felt bound to make it known.

Protection to Married Women.

The Legislature of Missouri has passed a bill which says:—"If any man shall desert his wife, or shall, from worthlessness, drunkenness, or any other cause, fail to provide for her maintenance, so that she is compelled to labor for the support of herself and family, the earnings of any such wife, and any property, real or personal, purchased by her with the proceeds of her labor, shall belong to her own right, separate and apart from her said husband, and shall not be liable for his debts, nor in any manner subject to his cruel treatment."

STORE HOUSE FOR RENT. In Lexington, N. C.—As Messrs. Hunt, Adderton and Company have determined to wind up their business in this place, I now offer that large and commodious Store House now occupied by H. A. & Co. for rent. It is one of the most desirable Stores in this part of the country, and a first rate Stand for business—lying one square north of the Court House. The house is a two story building, running on Main Street 46 feet, and it is crossed street 46 feet. The Store room is 24 by 48 feet—entrance on Main Street, the counter running on both sides and across the lower end of the room, with a number of drawers under the counter and the shelves. The upper floor room is 20 by 46 feet, shelved on both sides and a counter. There is also a large upper back room 24 by 28 feet—a good Counting room, a snug ample room between the Store and Counting room—part of it shelved. Under the Store is a good cellar.

There is also a large new two story Warehouse 24 by 26 feet on E. same lot which will be rented with the Store House if required. This is decidedly one of the best Stores for business in the place. Lexington is one of the most healthy places in the State. Any person wishing to rent will please call. Possession will be given in time for the Spring trade. AND HUNT, Subsbury Watchman copy till forbed. Jan 16 916 ff

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE FOR RENT.—I offer for sale privately the House and Lot on which it stands. The House is a two story with wing attached, and has six rooms, good hall &c. The out buildings are conveniently arranged, all the improvements are new. Plenty of good water in the yard, large flower and productive vegetable garden, and situated on South Elm, mid way between the Court House and the Station. Let containing a fraction over one acre. To a professional man it would be invaluable, and its location is in a portion of the village unsurpassed for health and eligibility, as well as affording an opportunity to any purchaser for an appreciation in value, by its proximity to the business of the town and Railroad. It is sold on such a plan as is offered for sale. Persons desirous of purchasing, can consult me personally or by letter. Terms accommodating. DECATUR P. GREGG, Greensboro' N. C., Jan. 9, 1857. 915 ff.

PAUL LINDSAY (North-East corner of Elm and Market Streets) would invite the attention of his customers and the community generally to his well selected and carefully prepared stock of **Fall and Winter Goods**, consisting of almost every variety of articles suitable for the season.

Clothes, Cassimers, Tweeds and Jeans, C. Voseys, twined and plain Northern Linsey, &c. Ladies Dress Goods—in variety—Merinos, Figured and Plain De Lanes, all Wool Plais, &c. &c. Coats, Shawls and Scarfs, Gingham and Prints, Fine Red Blankets, Negro d'ito.

Full supply of Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Andirons, Spades, Shovels and Axes, &c. Colter, Razors, Teas, green and black Carpenters Rugs and Door Mats, Hats, Caps and Umbrellas &c. &c. &c. Rock Island Jeans and Cassimers, Kerseys—Baking Cloths, Barr Mill Stones, Grindstones, &c. &c. Oct 17, 1856. 904 ff.

Leather Belting or Bands.

At **Thomasville Depot, Davidson Co. N. C.** MANUFACTURED by the subscriber either single or double, made from the best Northern Belting, stretch 1/2, piece by piece, by improved machinery, cemented and copper riveted, at New York prices. CHAS. M. LINES, Thomasville, Davidson county, N. C. All orders promptly attended to, and belting forwarded according to directions. The above belts are for sale by J. R. & J. Sloan, Greensboro', N. C.

GREENSBORO' Mutual Insurance Company.—This Company has never made an assessment. It has in cash and Premium notes near \$100,000 to meet its losses. No Company is more solvent, or has paid its losses more promptly. It is in every way worthy the confidence of the public. Those wishing to secure their belongings, can do so by insuring in this company.

The following are the officers and directors for the ensuing year:

James Sloan, President,
E. W. Osburn, Vice President,
C. P. McDaniel, Attorney,
Peter Adams, Secy. and Treasurer,
W. H. Cummings, General Agent.
Directors—James Sloan, J. A. Melrose, C. P. McDaniel, P. Adams, W. J. McConnel, John L. Cole, W. S. Rausin, James M. Garrett, E. W. Osburn, D. P. Gregg, David McKnight, Greensboro'; W. P. Moore, Newberry; E. F. Gray, Watkerson; S. G. Collin, Lenoir; W. A. Wright, Wilmington; J. I. Snover, Salisbury; John H. Cook, Fayetteville; H. C. Smith, Figgsville; R. E. Troy, Lenoir; R. H. North, Lenoir; C. F. Troy, Lenoir.

All communications should be sent to the Secretary, **PETER ADAMS, Secretary**, Greensboro', July 11th, 1856. 890 ff.

GREAT DAILY LINE!

First Rate Line of Coaches running Daily, (Sundays excepted), from Charlotte to Asheville, in connection with the Rail Road.

Persons in the South or East can find no better country for health than the mountains in North Carolina, a very fine Sulphur Spring 4 miles from Asheville N. C. It has no better warm Spring than that in Blue Ridge.

PASSENGERS taking the cars at Charlotte for Greensboro', then by stage to Danville, Va., will reach Richmond, Va., as soon as by any other route.

By entering to Raleigh, and there taking the Raleigh & Gaston Road, they will run in connection with the Bay line. No detention either way.

There is a line of Stages from Asheville, N. C. through Cherokee, to Georgia. One also to Knoxville, Tennessee.

BAXTER & ADAMS Greensboro', July 11 1856. 891 ff.

CALL AS YOU PASS!—The undersigned having purchased the entire Stock of Goods, of James Melver, on very favorable terms, hereby gives notice to their friends and the public generally, to call at their Store on Market Street, in the large brick house heretofore occupied by Mr. Melver, where they will always be found ready to sell on the most favorable terms, almost any article usually kept in Stores in this country. Without making any high-sounding promises, they would say to all, give them a fair trial, feeling confident of their ability to please, both in quality and price.

We shall, from time to time, renew and increase our already extensive variety of goods so that we at all times will be able to exhibit as an extensive and varied assortment of goods as any establishment in this part of the country.

GRAHAM & DUNN. 861 ff. Jan. 1856. 861 ff.

WATER POWER AND TIMBER LANDS.—I offer at private sale the most valuable Water-Power on Abbeots Creek within one and a half miles of the Depot at Lexington, N. C., near a public road leading to a substantial county bridge over the creek. There is now an old dam and the ruins of a gold mill and saw mill at the place. The water is in the nature of a fall, and is in the mill race. In the mill race is 267 square feet of good wheat and corn land, and a good supply of various kinds of timber, and a good supply of convenient to this tract. I will sell an acre of two hundred acres, all in the highest cleared land. This land is situated on the left of the creek, and is surrounded by the finest growth of pine, and white and red oak, &c. &c. The tract is near the N. C. Rail Road between Goldsborough and Lexington. The town of Lexington would supply a custom at the place of 200 bushels of corn per year. Any one who would like to know more of the place, or who would like to make a little fortune, sooner, later, or never, a very great demand for lumber, &c. &c. county of Davidson is just on the edge of building a \$20,000 court house within one and a half of the mill. W. R. HOLT, Lexington, N. C., March 18, 1857.

A HOME-NEED FOR \$10.—The Farmers Building Lots in the Gold Region of Carolina, Virginia, to be divided among 10,000 subscribers, on the 7th of December, 1857. Subscriptions only ten dollars each. Every subscriber will get a Building Lot in Farm, raising in value from \$10 to \$25,000. These Farms and Lots are sold on easy terms, and the subscriber is not bound to pay for them until he has sold the land. The price of