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## Miscellany.

### FILLMORE.

Am—The days when we went gipsying.

The times that tried men's souls, boys,  
Have come around again;  
We must prepare for action, boys,  
With all our might and main.  
The noble men who led us then,  
Have taught us what to do;  
And for the glorious Union,  
We will be staunch and true.  
We will be staunch and true,  
Like those who led before,  
And for the post before our host,  
Who'll fill it like Fillmore?

### CHORUS.

Fill up, fill up, the sparkling cup,  
To one well tried before,  
Who firm and just, we well can trust,  
Fillmore—Fillmore—Fillmore.

We held that post before, boys,  
And well that work was done,  
And nobly did he win his name—  
"The second Washington";  
For when our good old Taylor died,  
He bravely took the helm,  
And through the storm that deeply tried,  
He steered the troubled realm.  
To stem the waves unshrinking,  
His powers were firmly bent,  
Till all the nation joined to praise,  
"The model President."

CHORUS—Fill up, fill up, &c.  
He knew no North, he knew no South,  
But when the trouble came,  
His hope and strength grew firm,  
In the Union's sacred name.  
And party strife melted vainly roge  
Among the noisy host—  
He stood afar from worldly war,  
In quiet at his post;  
While men in whom the nation hoped  
(Like idols made of clay),  
Turned round to see their mighty trust,  
He never turned away.  
CHORUS—Fill up, fill up, &c.

### THE GUNNER'S SHOT.

#### A THRILLING SCENE.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the bay of Tangier, a fortified town in the extreme northwest of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze blowing from the northward and westward, but towards the close of the afternoon the sea breeze died away, and one of those sultry, even like atmospheric breathings came from the great sun burnt Sahara. Half an hour before sundown the captain gave the order to the boatswain to call the boats to go in swimming, and in less than five minutes the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the gangways, the ports, the nettings, bowsprit, and some of the more venturesome took their leap from the arms of the lower yard. One of the studding sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard arm and swinging boom, and into this the swimmers made their way.

Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily were two of the boys, Tim Wallace and Fred Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and in a laughing mood they started out from the sundown sail on a race. There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips as they put off, and they started through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long and heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic. The vessel was moored, with a long sweep from both cables, and the buoy on the starboard anchor was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the swells like a drunken man.

Toward the buoy the lads made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the lead; when they were within twenty or thirty fathoms of the buoy, Tim shut ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his son with a vast deal of pride, and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped upon the poop, and on the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached him that made him start as if he had been struck by a cannon ball.

"A shark! a shark!" came from the captain of the forecable, and at the sounds of the terrible words the men who were in the water leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Right ahead, at the distance of three or four cables' length, a shark was seen in the water, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys. For a moment the gunner stood like one bereft of sense, but on the next he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn, but the little fellows heard him not. Stoutly the two swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the fatal death spirit that hovered near them. Their merry laugh still rang out over the

waters, and at length they both touched the buoy together.

Oh! what drops of agony started from the brow of our old gunner. A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach them in season, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight, and then he knew that all hope would be gone. At that moment a cry reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had discovered their enemy!

The cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter deck. The guns were all loaded and shotted fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With a steady hand, made strong by sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming wire and picked the cartridge of the guns—then he took from his pocket a percussion wafer and set it in its place and set back the hammer of the patent lock. With a steady, giant strength, the old man swayed the breach of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then, seizing the string lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance off his mark, but yet a single moment would settle his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrible sea monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air was awake by the roar of a heavy gun, and as the old man knew that his shot was gone he sank back on the combing of the hatch, and covered his face with his hands as if afraid to see the result of his efforts, for if he had failed he knew his boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was a dead silence; but as the smoke arose from the muzzle of the water there was a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men; that murmur grew louder and stronger until it swelled to a joyous shouting shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed out upon the water and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark, floating with its belly up, a mangled mass.

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers and half dead with fright they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms and then, overcome by the powerful excitement he leaned upon the gun for support. I have seen men in all the phases of excitement and suspense; but never have I seen three hundred beings more overcome by thrilling emotions than on that eventful moment when they first knew of the effect of the gunner's shot.

### Coronation of the Russian Emperor.

Moscow, Sunday, Sept. 7.

His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Alexander II, was solemnly crowned today at 12 o'clock. The ceremony took place in the Uspenski Sobor, and the act of coronation was performed by Archbishop Philaret, the Metropolitan of Moscow. Among the special Ambassadors who were present, were Earl Granville, Prince Esterhazy, M. Castelnau-Bronne, and the representative of the Sultan. The proceedings had all that august appearance which immense preparation had designed. An immense crowd assembled at the Kremlin Palace and in the streets, and very great enthusiasm was everywhere manifested. The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the parade of troops, the decorations of the church, the procession to the palace, and the decorations of the city, rendered the whole affair most inspiring. The coronation was favored by beautiful weather.

### The Great Comet of 1856.

We have on a former occasion alluded to the probable return, during the present year, of the Comet of 1264 and 1536, with a tail of 90 degrees and much historical celebrity. We now perceive that Mr. Hind, a distinguished English astronomer, who has furnished the best account of the comets observed during many hundred years, has enlisted Prof. Littrow, of the Imperial Observatory in Vienna, in his inquiries. The result is the discovery of the original chart and observations of the celebrated astronomer, Fabricius, and those of the Nuremberg observer, Joachim Heller. Their opinions, supported by that of Halley, confirm Mr. Hind in his own, that this magnificent comet may be momentarily looked for. Its reappearance, says Mr. Hind, is near at hand.

### At Story.

There is an old gray cat in Newark, New Jersey, who has recently had an addition to her family of six kittens, all of which are joined together near the hind legs. In lifting up one you raise the whole, like a bunch of bananas. This interesting group seems to live very harmoniously together, with the exception that neither one can ten which is its own tail. These latter appendages are so twisted and intertwined that even the grave and staid mother cat herself cannot unravel the mystery, and hence the kittens quarrel occasionally.

The Doctor and Hoops.—The editor of the Medical and Surgical Journal comes out strongly in favor of hoops. He says nothing can be more appropriate during the heat of summer than these light frames to raise the weight of the skirts from the hips and lower part of the back. He counsels moderation, however, and cautions the ladies against making very airy sprites of themselves as some do. Yes, ladies, beware of the hoops! cough.

### A Dime a Day.

How a Family Lived on it.

The city editor of the New York Tribune tells the following story of a poor widow of that city: "I had," said she one day last week, "only one dime in the world, and that was to feed me and my children all day; for I would not ask for credit and I could not borrow, and I never did beg. I did live through the day, and did not go hungry. I fed myself and family with one dime."

"How?"  
"Oh, that was not all. I bought fuel too."  
"What, with one dime?"  
"Yes, with one dime. I bought two cents worth of coke, because that is cheaper than coal, and besides I could kindle it with a piece of paper and my little bits of charcoal that some careless boy had dropped in the street just in my path. With three cents I bought a shaggy piece of salt pork—half fat and half lean. There might have been half a pound of it—the man did not weigh it. Now half my money was gone, and the show for breakfast, dinner and supper was certainly a very poor one. With the rest of my dime I bought four cents worth of white beans. By the bye, I got these at night, and soaked them in tepid water on a neighbor's stove till morning. I had one cent left. I bought one cent's worth of corn meal, and the grocery man gave me a pepper pod."

"What is that for?"  
"Wait a little—you shall know.—Of all things pepper and onions are appreciated by the poor in winter, because they help to keep them warm. With my meal I made three dumplings, and those with the pork was salt, and boiled the whole two hours, and then we had breakfast for it was time for the children to go to school. We ate one of the dumplings and each had a plate of soup for breakfast, and a very good breakfast it was."

"I kept my pot boiling as long as my coke lasted, and at dinner we ate half the meat, half the soup, and one of the dumplings. We had the same allowance for supper; and the children were better satisfied than I have sometimes seen them when our tea has cost five cents as much. The next day we had another dime—it was all I could earn, for all I could get to do—two pairs of men's drawers each day, at five cents a pair—and on that we lived well.—We had a change, too, for instead of corn meal and beans, I got four cents worth of potatoes—small potatoes because I could get more of them. I washed them clean so as not to waste anything by peeling, and cut them up and boiled them all to pieces with the meat and meal."

"Which went farthest?"  
"I can't say. We ate all each day and didn't feel the want of more, though the children said, 'na, don't you wish you had a piece of bread and butter to finish off with?' It would have been good to be sure, but times me, what would a dime's worth of bread and butter be for a family?"  
"And I had another change the next day?"  
"What, for another dime?"

"Yes, that was all we had day after day. We had to live on it. It was very hard to be sure, but it has taught me something."  
"What is that?"  
"Oh, yes, I was about to tell you that. Well, I went to the butcher's the night before and bought five cents worth of little scrap pieces of lean beef, and I declare I think I got as much as a pound; and this I cut into bits and soaked over night—an all important process for soup or a stew—cooking it in the same water.—Then I bought two cents worth of potatoes and one cent's worth of meal—that made the eight cents; two had to go for fuel every day, and the paper I got my purchases in served for lighting. The meal I wet up into soft dough and worked it up into little round balls as big as grapes, and the potatoes I cut up into slices, and all together made a stew or chowder, seasoned with small onions and part of a pepper pod that I got with the potatoes. It was very good, but it did not go quite so far as the soup either day, or else the fresh meat tasted so good that we wanted to eat more. But I can tell you, small as it may seem to you, there is a great deal of good eating in one dime."

So there is—what a pity everybody don't know it. What a world of good can be done with a dime!

Eating One's Money's Worth.—The Newport correspondent of the Providence Journal tells the following good story:

"A sleek looking man accosted another visitor by remarking, 'You appear to be well, what do you visit this place for?' 'To enjoy myself,' he replied. 'Oh, certainly so.' 'Then, permit me to remark, as a friend, that, even were you in the most robust health, you eat altogether too much.' At this, the sleek looking man laughed, but the next moment he coughed down, and replied, 'I have your conversation very much, but what on earth is a man to do, who is here paying two dollars a day and a half a day?'"

Heads and Tails.—Peter Cunningham was once telling before Douglas Jerrold of a strange dish he had just dined on. "Such a dish! No body could guess it." "He, of course, provoked the query. 'What was it?' 'Calves' tails,' said Peter. 'Extremes meat,' exclaimed Jerrold.

A St. Louis Paper says that the Grasshoppers have eaten up the entire tobacco crop of Franklin county, and the last that was heard from them, they were seated on the corners of the fence, begging every man that passed for a cigar.

### North Carolina Wheat.

The Carolina Cultivator says:—"At the meeting of the Scientific Association, in Albany, this summer, some private conversation ensued upon the comparative merits of the grains grown in the West, North and South. It was observed that Southern Flour had largely the preference in the West Indies and South America, on account of its being dryer and keeping better in hot climates."

A gentleman who attended the World's Fair in London, at once remarked that the finest flour he ever saw was made from North Carolina wheat, and ground at mills in New York. Being solicited to submit the observation to writing, Dr. Elwyn, of Philadelphia, well known for the interest he takes in agriculture and every thing connected with the useful arts, at once drew up a certificate, of which the ensuing is a copy:

"I have been desired by Dr. Gibbon, of North Carolina, to record the following fact as interesting to the wheat growers of that State. While acting as chairman of the committee 'on articles used as food,' during the exhibition at the Crystal Palace, I was struck with the quality of the bread offered for examination by Hecker & Bro., of New York. It was the whitest and best I ever saw. I asked—being a farmer—the very natural question, as to where they procured their grain; and was told that the bread was made of flour from North Carolina wheat; and to my further astonishment, was also informed that, in their opinion, the best wheat in the United States was that of North Carolina."

(Signed) A. L. ELWYN.

Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1855.

### POLITICAL.

#### An Interesting Letter from an Old Democrat.

The Political opinions of the Veterans who fought the Battles of their Country.

We find the following letter from Henry Riell, in the New York Commercial Advertiser. We commend it to the serious consideration of "American Democrats," to whom it is more especially addressed. The writer is an old resident of Newport, of great respectability:

"Believing it to be the duty of every good citizen to throw whatever influence he may possess on the side of his country, when he is convinced that danger threatens its existence or its peace, I have concluded to address a few words of explanation to those particularly who were once my fellow Democrats of Tammany Hall, as well as to the American Democracy generally. I believe in Democracy. I am still a Democrat—an American Democrat—and thus stand in opposition to that Red Republicanism which has crossed the Atlantic only to mingle its deleterious elements with the half foreign and half American Democracy of my native land. Having witnessed the hasty, careless and indiscriminate manufacture of voters out of Europeans, and knowing their clannish and retained foreign habits, customs and principles, that they were still European, in all respects, notwithstanding the unnatural process of naturalization, and knowing that their votes would counteract the influence of the legitimate suffrages of my own countrymen, I could no longer continue with a party whose practice it is to foster a system so naturally suicidal."

My instincts being all American, how could I observe with any degree of sympathy, such a wholesale process of foreignizing all that was American in the Democratic party, and still adhere to it? Seeing the offices of trust and honor conferred upon foreigners in preference to Americans, and witnessing the struggles of many fellow-countrymen in their efforts to throw off the yoke of that foreign influence, which not only bowed their necks at the ballot-box, but weighed them down in workshops and in every occupation where the competition of imported cheap labor could oppress them, I resolved with many of my fellow Democrats, to join the only national American party in the country, and am now an American Democrat standing upon that broad and strong platform which the American Fillmore and American Democrat Donelson stand.

How could I who know, in the troublesome times of the Revolution, how bravely the patriotic men of the South fought side by side with their compatriots of the North and the East for our common liberties, and braved with us the perils of those days and nights of suffering agony—how could I raise my hand against them at the ballot box when the cartridge box had already united us in one common brotherhood? No, I am with my American brothers all over the Union, with all my heart and all my soul. I am with them all, against all who war upon us as one people. I am with Millard Fillmore, because he is for the people of the Union and with his own countrymen, whether they be American Democrats or American Whigs, so they are Americans in heart and purpose. I am with my whole country, as a great and flourishing agricultural, mechanical, manufacturing and commercial firm, held together by the sacred memories of by-gone days, as well as by the binding and vital interests of a well tried and successful partnership concern."

Seriously apprehensive that a sectional agitation may lead to the most disastrous result, I conjure my former Democratic associates to come out and take their stand with the American party, which is not only the strongest, but the most purely national party in the field. There is no hope of the Union and its peaceful perpetuity but in the success of the American party.

As for the State of New York, it must go for Fillmore and Donelson, but to make it a certainty the Harbors should take the advice given in a New York paper, which has said: 'If the Harbors prefer to expose their own weakness, and to consolidate the Seward-Holy Alliance, they will stand apart from all other parties in November, upon a basis of forty or fifty thousand votes; but if they prefer the extinction of the Cabinet splinters and a deadly blow at the Seward combination, they will unite with the American party and carry the State.' In doing this, however, they should be actuated alone by a desire to 'more Americans' the State and Nation, and not to a wish

merely to do that which would afford them only a temporary gratification. They should do it as patriots, as men who love their country well enough to at least waive any mere party designation, which designing men use to keep Americans asunder.

The crisis calls for a concert of action on the part of all good citizens who are nationalists. I am now past eighty years of age. My father and mother and myself fed the American prisoners who were confined in the Brick Meeting House, in the old Sugar House, and in the Quaker Church in Pearl street, when the British held possession of New York. I served in the last war under General Van Rensselaer. I was two years in the house of George Washington, in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Washington wished to adopt me as her son. I volunteered to serve in the war against the French and Turks in '98, and was a volunteer to go and fight against the 'Whiskey Boys' of Pennsylvania. I was present when General Washington was inaugurated at Federal Hall, corner of Nassau and Wall streets.

I was a Democrat for sixty years, and have joined the American party, for the reasons I have given, and because I believe Americans should rule America. I was an Andrew Jackson man, and now an Andrew Jackson Donelson man, and I am happy to say that, with but one exception, every member of the 'Veteran Corps' (to which I belong), is for Fillmore and Donelson and the Union.—My days are drawing to a close, and 'I have done the State some service,' but I believe I have never performed a duty to my country and my countrymen which gives more heartfelt pleasure, in the hope that it may good, than this duty performed in the simple but truthful avowal of the reasons which have induced me to become an American Democrat. American merchants, mechanics, working men and farmers, an old seventy-sixer speaks to you from his heart when he says your true and only safe place is in the American party of the Union.

Respectfully, &c. HENRY RIELL.

#### Address of Thomas Hart Clay, President of American Council of Kentucky.

To my Countrymen:

Urged by friends from different quarters, who believe that an address put forth by me, as the eldest son of the founder of the Whig party in the United States, would be productive of good, and might tend to induce many to give that calm reflection to the present political condition of our beloved country which it so imperatively demands, notwithstanding the objections which present themselves to me, and which are many and grave, I have determined, from a sense of duty, to comply with their wishes; to appeal to the patriotism of my fellow-countrymen, and, if my warning voice may be heard in this momentous crisis, to urge upon them the selection of such candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States as can alone give permanence to our institutions, and bring peace to our distracted country.

Content to remain in the situation in which Providence has placed me, I have never aspired to any political office. I have, however, from my position, an acquaintance with the public men of the United States and their political histories which few, otherwise situated, could have obtained.

We are called upon to select between James Buchanan, Millard Fillmore, and Col. John C. Fremont for the next Presidency. As for the last named of these gentlemen, I have been unable to learn upon what considerations his friends base his claims. It is but the madness of party spirit and sectionalism which could attempt the elevation of such a man to the high office to which he aspires.

My father, thought Buchanan weak and corrupt; wanting, as General Jackson has it, in moral firmness. I have seen no reason to vary my opinion from his. Mixed up, as he is, in the 'bargain and corruption' plot his card to the Telegraph newspaper in July, 1827, in which he says, 'I attempt not to give the words, but the substance,' Mr. Adams has been elected to the Presidency by Mr. Clay's agency; Mr. Clay has been appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Adams; the people will draw their own inferences; his attempts to prove in public speeches in 1841, in Pennsylvania, that Mr. Polk was a better and man than Mr. Clay, furnish such a damning record of weakness and corruption, that I could conceive how even any Democrat, of the old line, I mean Jackson Democrat, could give him his support. Who could believe, then, that any old line Whig, any friend of my father, would be found enmeshed in his cause?

Whether as author or signer of the Ostend manifesto, he has shown an utter want of those statesmanlike qualities which are requisite in a President of the United States.

The time has come when every lover of his country should speak out boldly and fearlessly. I shall not shrink from the duty. Too much is at stake to tolerate silence in any one who is informed as to the political histories of either Mr. Fillmore or Mr. Buchanan. Col. Fremont has none.

Turn we now to Millard Fillmore.—Hyperion, to a Satyr. By the act of Providence, elected to the Presidency of the United States, we see him national and conservative in all respect; upholding the constitution, carrying out its compromises; attending to the interests of every section; respected both at home and abroad. On the comparison of his term, hailed by honest Whigs and honest Democrats everywhere, with well done thou good and faithful servant, &c.

Can an American public halt in its opinion between such men? Is slavery again to never be put to rest? Is squatter sovereignty and filibusterism to be tolerated by free and enlightened Americans? Even here, are we ready to seal our birth-rights for a mess of pottage? Forbid it, Almighty God!

Away with the wretched plea of availability. Let us do what is right, and look to God with honest consciences for the result.

To the old line Whigs of the Ashland District I take leave to say, I honor them for their course in their own approving consciences they already feel their reward. They want no obsequies, they acted for the good of their country, and they have come nobly up to the work. No cry of availability could swerve them. In pledging their support to Mr. Fillmore, they do so, and their official

er would do, with all his might, could he now once more address his country.

I write warmly, for I feel deeply the importance of the crisis through which we are about to pass. I believe the "spirits of the just made perfect," if they are ever permitted to look down upon the affairs of this earth, are now bending their approving glances upon the efforts of the friends of Fillmore and Donelson, to elevate to the high offices of President these distinguished and trustworthy citizens.

Look at Kansas; what has produced the state of things now being enacted there? Is it not the weak and feeble Administration of Franklin Pierce? Has not James Buchanan adopted the acts of his Administration as part of his platform? And can our abused country submit to such another Administration for four years longer?

Away with such miserable abortions. In Millard Fillmore we have a statesman, calm, and wise, and fearless, who can still the element of discord, and advance the best interests of our country.

Brothers of the American party, stand to your arms and be of good cheer! National and conservative men throughout the land are gathering to our standard. A few weeks, I trust, will produce such results as shall forever put to rest sectionalism, filibusterism, squatter sovereignty, and everything that shall tend to mar the integrity, harmony and peace of this glorious Confederacy.

Respectfully, your old servant,

THOS. H. CLAY.

President of the Council of Ky.

MANEFIELD, Sept. 8, 1855.

### The Candidate of the Cincinnati Platform.

The Baltimore Patriot, in a long and ably written article on Mr. Buchanan's political life shows him up as having been at different periods—Anti-Democrat, Democrat, A Peace Advocate, A Filibuster, A Tariff, Anti-Tariff, Bank, Anti-Bank, Missouri Compromise, Kansas Nebraska, Anti-Slavery, Pro-Slavery.

And, in short, has always kept himself in that soft state which enables the dominant party to mould him in any form it pleased—the newest shape into which he has been converted being that of the Cincinnati platform.

Millard Fillmore has been justly called "the model President"—a glorious title, because it could only be appropriately bestowed on one who did not, like Mr. Buchanan,

Narrow his mind, And to party give up what was meant for mankind, but embraced within the scope of his executive functions all parties and all sections of the Union. There are very few men who have been so long in the public service as Mr. Buchanan, whose inconsistencies are so strongly defined, or whose principles consist of such a bundle of antagonisms.

"Go it, ye Cripples!"—An office holder on yesterday told a friend of our that fifty thousand dollars had been assessed upon Washington city Democrats, to help carry Pennsylvania—and that the different States had been called upon for funds to help carry that State, as it was necessary to carry it to keep up the confidence of their friends; that if Pennsylvania should be lost at the October election, all confidence in Mr. Buchanan's election would be lost.—Wich. Org.

A Plain Answer Devised to a Short Question.—If, as Buchanan and Breckenridge and R. G. Scott of this city assert, the Democratic party has no desire to extend slavery, what prevents it from becoming at once a Free soil party? Will the ages of the Democratic press please answer?—Rich. Whig.

### Interpolating an Oath.

We were considerably amused yesterday at the recital of an anecdote illustrative of the difficulties which are sometimes encountered in the collection of claims. It appears that many years ago, the clerk of one of the courts in this section of the State had made frequent unsuccessful efforts to recover the amount of certain fee-bills which he held against a slippery citizen residing in a neighboring country. Whenever the bills were presented, there were sure to be some obstacle to the payment of the amount due, and thus, in due time to time the settlement was deferred, until our clerk began to believe that his debtor should be ranked among those unprincipled knaves who insist all a man's life, and die grace humanity by dishonestly refusing to pay their just liabilities. An opportunity was, however, soon afforded him of bringing the delinquent "to task." It happened that the fellow was summoned as a witness in a certain case, and the usual oath had to be administered to him by our friend, the clerk. It was put in this wise: "You solemnly swear that you will tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, and also pay me those fee-bills you owe, before you leave town—so help you God!" There was no getting over this, and being fairly circumvented by the wily clerk, the countryman lost no time after the adjournment of the court in proceeding to his office and forking over a Richmond Whig.

Unk Territory.—Accounts from Unk represent that between the drought and the grasshoppers, which have proved very ruinous to the crops for the last two seasons, the people are threatened with want. Brigham Young takes time by the forelock, and has exhorted and ordered the latest care to be taken of whatever the country may produce. The Fourth of July was observed in the territory with some pomp, but it was too good to the 24th of July, the anniversary of the settlement of the Mormons in a new territory, to bring out the full and overflowing feeling of a whole people. The health of the territory was quite good, and with the exception of a failure of the crops from causes mentioned, the industrial interests of the country are in a flourishing condition.

Alexander Gunn was discharged from the ensign's school at Edinburgh for a mal-practice. The entry in the book stands thus: "A Gunn was discharged for making a false report."

What is the difference between a popular spring and a man with theague? One is taken and the other is shaken to.







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WILT THOU LOVE ME?  
Wilt thou love me, gentle maiden,  
When the hours of youth have fled;  
When the heavy locks of winter,  
Thinly cluster round my head?  
When the dawn of life is past,  
And my life is but a faded dream;  
And my love has lost its sweetness,  
Wilt thou love me, maiden, still?  
Wilt thou greet me with a welcome,  
When the busy day is o'er;  
When the parting rays of sunlight  
Cast their shadows on the floor?  
When our youthful years are over,  
When no power can us divide,  
Wilt thou still look softly on me,  
And fondly walk by my side?  
Yes, thou wilt love me when the present  
With its halcyon days is past;  
When our bark is gently gliding,  
As on Time's dark wave we cast.  
When each joyous dream has vanished;  
When my heart is sad and chill;  
And the shades of death hang o'er me,  
Thou wilt love me, maiden, still.

The Merchant.  
The following lines were written by a contributor to the Carlet, a paper edited by the ladies of St. Anthony, Minnesota—away on the verge of civilization—and read each week during the winter months before the St. Anthony Lyceum:  
Time and tide,  
Cross and net,  
Box and hoghead, dry and wet;  
Brandy moon,  
Of every grade,  
Wholesale, retail—will you trade?  
Goods for sale,  
Roll or bale,  
Bil or quarter, yard or nail;  
Every dye,  
Will you buy?  
None sell as cheap as I.  
Thus each day  
Wears away,  
And his hair is turning gray!  
O'er his books  
He nightly looks,  
Counts his gains and bolts his locks.  
By and by  
He will die—  
But the ledger book on high  
Shall unfold  
How he sold,  
How he got and used his gold.

Amusing Quarrel.  
The young folks of Ashland, O., are warring with their wishes in a rather humorous way. The Journal says:  
"A society has been formed among the young ladies of Ashland, having the commendable object in view of inducing the young men to abstain from all intoxicating drinks—even ale, beer, wine or cider. A provision of the society debarring young ladies from associating with those who refuse to sign the pledge, having become public, some of the young gentlemen refused to sign, protesting against such action, and formed another society, which requires of the young ladies, to make them eligible to 'good society,' to abandon hoops, paint and Alabama silk. We have not heard whether the two parties design nominating candidates for the Presidency."

The girls are right—stick to the pledge. The young men are very unreasonable. What would some of the ladies be without hoops and paint? There would not be enough of them for the 'fellows' to court. By the way, what is 'Alabama silk'?—*St. Louis Register*.  
"Young 'un, don't you know? 'Alabama silk' grows on a cotton stalk; it was used at New Orleans by General Jackson for breast works."

"Dying for a Cock Tail."—Luke Davis, says the Nashville Daily Gazette, has only one fault—he sets too high a value on distilled liquors. This habit has reduced Davis to needy trousers and generalship. On Monday last, Davis was "dying for a cock-tail," but, as ill luck would have it, he had not the necessary funds to realize his desires. Davis thought over the matter, and then made a run for the sign of the Devil Tail. He entered the bar room with his hair streaming out behind like a comet:  
"For heaven's sake, hand me a glass of liquor—countryman just fell down in Market street, and cut his head open so that his life is despaired of."  
The bar-keeper flew around and handed Davis about three gills of first quality brandy. Davis seized the mug and rushed out. He returned in about ten minutes, and said the man was better, and had been carried to the hospital. Bar-keeper said: "Glad to hear it, and felt like a Samaritan for the remainder of the day. In about two hours after this, Davis was arrested for singing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' from a dry goods box, in Broadway. Strange fellow, that Davis! Don't mean any harm, but will have his cock-tail."

A fellow found guilty of burglary before Justice Day in Ireland, observed, "that his life was singular, as he lost by Day what he got by night."

A little boy, while writing under the tortures of an ague, was told by his mother to rise up and use a powder which she had prepared for him. "Powder, powder," said he, looking himself on one elbow, and putting on a smock, "mother, I ain't a gun."

To Keep Well.—Take a brandy smash early in the morning—and throw it out of the window.

When is a sick collier getting well? When he begins to sneeze.

The Little Quakeress in a Hurry.  
A very amusing matrimonial story is told of the olden time of New England. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other, as young people sometimes are. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—the young man was poor, but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dared not disobey openly. She met him by moonlight, while she pretended never to see him—and she pined and wasted away in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears, which women often reach to imagination than reality. Still the father remained intractable.  
Time passed on, and the rose of Mary's damask cheek passed off.—She let not her countenance, like a worm in the bud, feed on that damask cheek, however; but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman loved his girl dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride would never have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that the daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking off:  
"Mary, rather than hope to death, thou hadst better marry as thou choosest, and when thou pleasest."  
And what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or till her father had time to change his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat plain bonnet, on her head, walked directly into the street, and then as directly to the house of her intended as the street could carry her. She walked into the house without knocking—for knocking was not then fashionable—and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected an apparition as an heiress at the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not. John looked up inquiringly. She walked to him; and took his hand in hers.  
"John," said she, "father says I may have thee." And John got directly up from the dinner table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes they were man and wife.

A Good Lesson.—The Cincinnati Gazette learns that "a young and handsome girl, residing on Sycamore street, on last Sunday evening to commit suicide by swallowing a large dose of laudanum. Soon after taking it she rued the rash act, told what she had done, and became exceedingly afraid she would die. A physician was called in, used the stomach pump, and yesterday the girl was doing well, and not only likely to recover from the effects of the poison, but also from a love fit, that it seems induced the foolish attempt. "Oh, Doctor," said she to her physician, "wouldn't it have been horrible to have killed myself for such a stupid fellow as—; why, when he heard of it, he said he always thought I was a blamed fool!"

Mrs. Partington says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to "make the engineers bite their water on shore." In her opinion all the bustle is done by cooking the steam on board.

GREAT DAILY LINE!!  
A 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. Virginia has no better water Spring than that in Buncombe.

PASSENGRS by 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 then 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, N. C., July 11, 1856. 894-11

SALISBURY PLANNING MILL,  
Sash Factory and Lumber Yard.  
THE undersigned have now in operation the above Mill and Factory, and are prepared to furnish first quality lumber dressed, or white Pine Tongue and Groove planed, finished by others, and make all kinds of Sash, Doors, Frames, Bands, and wood work of various sizes and Patterns. Scotch sawing, turning in wood or iron, and general blacksmithing.  
The undersigned have first rate workmen from Baltimore, and can guarantee their work as suitable for first class houses.  
Carpenters, builders and others are respectfully requested to call and examine specimens of the work.

MURDOCH & CAIRNS.  
Salisbury, Aug 12, 1856. 894-10

W. P. ELLIOTT, (late of North & Elliot)  
Fayetteville, N. C., General Commission & Forwarding Merchant, Wilmington, N. C.  
Orders for Merchandise, and consignments of Flour and other Produce, or sales or shipments unconditionally received and promptly attended to.  
March 18. 894-1

HATS! HATS!!  
BECK & Co's Fall Style Mole Skin and Cassimer Hats, and other styles of Black and Tan and Pearl Hair for the Season.  
WINDOURNE & WHITTY.  
August 22nd, 1856. 894-11

ALEX. P. SPERRY.  
WITH  
Bell, Brooks, Pace & Co.,  
IMPORTERS and dealers in Sable and Fancy DRY GOODS, No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street, New York.  
Dec. 21, 1856. 862-11

LOT OF NEW CROP MOLASSES just received and for sale by RANKIN & McLEAN.  
500 pair Brogans.—P. M. WINTER, making strictly prime, for sale.  
WINDOURNE & WHITTY.

A Place where Work is Done.  
The subscriber has a shop on East Street, half a mile from the courthouse in Greensboro, where he is prepared to do all kinds of wood work, such as making and repairing Wagons and Buggies, making and repairing Looms of first rate quality and fashion; besides almost any thing else usually done in a wood shop. I will take in payment for work, produce at cash prices. I expect to work as low as I can afford under existing circumstances. All repairing done on the shortest notice.  
Those wishing turning of any kind, will please call on me.  
WILLIAM W. CAUSEY.  
Feb. 8. 862-11

NEW AND CHEAP GOODS.  
Spring, 1856.  
THE Subscriber is receiving their stock of Dry Goods, consisting partly of CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Prints, Ginghams, Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Bleached and Unbleached Sheetings and Drillings, Hosiery, Gloves, Yankee Sponges, Black Silks and a large lot of SUMMER CLOTHING—G-Boots, Shoes, Hats and Straw Goods, Books and Stationery, Hardware and Cutlery, Carriage Materials, Paints, Oils, and Dye Stuffs, which we have bought so as to sell bargains, wholesale or retail. Many thanks for past favors and hope for a continuance of the same.  
RANKIN & McLEAN.  
April, 1856.

GREENSBORO' MUTUAL Insurance Company.  
THIS COMPANY has never made any assessment. It has in cash and Premium notes over \$100,000 to meet its losses. No Company is more solvent, or has paid its losses more promptly. It is every way worthy the confidence of the public. Those wishing to secure their hard earnings, can do so by insuring in this company.  
The following are the officers and directors for the ensuing year:  
James Sloan, President,  
E. W. Ogburn, Vice President,  
C. P. McDaniel, Attorney,  
Peter Adams, Sec'y. and Treasurer,  
W. H. Cumming, General Agent.  
Directors.—James Sloan, J. A. McCabe, C. P. McDaniel, D. P. Weir, W. J. McComel, John L. Cole, W. S. Rankin, James M. Garrett, E. W. Ogburn, D. P. Gregg, David McKnight, Greensboro', W. P. Moore, Newbern, E. E. Lutz, Wadesboro', S. C. Coffin, Jacksonville, N. C., A. Wright, Wilmington, J. L. Slawer, Salisbury, John H. Cook, Fayetteville, R. G. Smith, Plymouth, R. E. Troy, Lenoir, and R. H. Sawyer, Lenoir Castle.  
All communications should be sent to the Secretary.  
PETER ADAMS, Secretary.  
Greensboro', July 11th, 1856. 894-11

200,000 FEET OF PINE LUMBER FOR SALE.  
The subscribers have on hand and for sale a first class, 3 miles from Asheville, 200,000 feet of Pine Lumber of various kinds suitable for building purposes, a large amount of which has been saved from four to eight months, and come quality nearly or quite seasoned.  
LIST OF PRICES.  
For first quality Lumber:  
Flooring, 12x12, 11x11, 10x10, 9x9, 8x8, 7x7, 6x6, 5x5, 4x4, 3x3, 2x2, 1x1, 1/2x1/2, 1/4x1/4, 1/8x1/8, 1/16x1/16, 1/32x1/32, 1/64x1/64, 1/128x1/128, 1/256x1/256, 1/512x1/512, 1/1024x1/1024, 1/2048x1/2048, 1/4096x1/4096, 1/8192x1/8192, 1/16384x1/16384, 1/32768x1/32768, 1/65536x1/65536, 1/131072x1/131072, 1/262144x1/262144, 1/524288x1/524288, 1/1048576x1/1048576, 1/2097152x1/2097152, 1/4194304x1/4194304, 1/8388608x1/8388608, 1/16777216x1/16777216, 1/33554432x1/33554432, 1/67108864x1/67108864, 1/134217728x1/134217728, 1/268435456x1/268435456, 1/536870912x1/536870912, 1/1073741824x1/1073741824, 1/2147483648x1/2147483648, 1/4294967296x1/4294967296, 1/8589934592x1/8589934592, 1/17179869184x1/17179869184, 1/34359738368x1/34359738368, 1/68719476736x1/68719476736, 1/137438953472x1/137438953472, 1/274877906944x1/274877906944, 1/549755813888x1/549755813888, 1/1099511627776x1/1099511627776, 1/2199023255552x1/2199023255552, 1/4398046511104x1/4398046511104, 1/8796093022208x1/8796093022208, 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