

said of it until a wretched squad of Salem-hating Democrats assembled in the Court House at Winston, and adopted resolutions denouncing our town and its citizens.—Then arose those who stood forth for the honor and character of Salem, and by the press they repelled the base and cowardly attempts to break down the character of our town and its inhabitants. It was this that was called "applauding and glorifying over the conduct of the mob." But the Sentinel was very cautious not to mention that an "indignation meeting" was called for the purpose of denouncing Salem. If he expects to make capital out of this old affair, and again array in false colors the character of Salem before his readers, he may fare no better than his predecessors, the "indignation Democrats," who were glad to sneak off like whipped curs from the position they had occupied. If he wants to make some political capital, he had best take up something else, and state the whole case as it is, and not choose, as he has done in this instance, such parts as would only suit his own base purposes.

The only reply he can make to my charges, is to point us to the mob who insulted Dr. Reddick, and tell us "we should either denounce and repudiate our position there or cease forever from accusing him of slandering Col. Puryear." We have never expressed ourselves as the upholders and approvers of those men and boys, who committed this great sin in the eyes of Democracy; but when such a party as that which composed the "indignation meeting," slander and assail the character of better men than they, simply because they happen to live in the town where the occurrence took place, I pity the person who would not turn against these traducers and vindicate the honor of our town. But the Sentinel must be indeed hard put to it for a reply, when he brings forward such an argument as that. We must take into consideration the circumstances attending this "mob." As I stated before, those who cried "traitor" the loudest were "fight." Now if the Sentinel will acknowledge that he was in the same condition when he cried "traitor" and other vile epithets to Col. Puryear, I will "forever cease" to charge him with slandering him; but if he denies it, I contend that the comparison he brings forward has no bearing at all upon the charge I made.

It is, therefore, a small affair to bring forward this old mob story, and it cannot but be clear to every one that the Sentinel has produced it again for the sole purpose of making more capital to carry on its vile assaults upon the character of Col. Puryear. The charges I made in the former paper, have not been refuted, neither can they be; for why did the Sentinel dig up this old affair again, if it were not only to divert the attention of its readers from the main question? The charge of "hopeful and aspiring young gentlemen who write articles for the 'Know Nothing papers'" falls infinitely short of what was intended; but let that matter be as it may, we can assure the Western Sentinel if he again, in any way, degrades anything from the character of Salem, there is not store for him some things which he may not relish so well. HELIX.

Salem, N. C., June, 1857.

For the Patriot and Flag.

"DISTRIBUTION A HUMBUG."
Distributions may be an interesting subject to politicians, but we conceive it to be of little value to the people; or at least such is the history of the past, and there is at this time, little prospect of a change. The administration is against it, and greatly in the majority.

The above is a paragraph of an article in the Greensborough "Times," of the 25th instant, giving a notice of the discussion in Greensborough, on the 23rd, between Messrs. Gilmer, Waddell and Williams. Now, I do not intend to charge the "Times" with laying aside its neutrality and turning Democrat—far from it—for be it known that the senior Editor is a Whig, and member of the Legislature from the good old Whig county of Guilford; but then, all must admit that it *seems* that way, when it talks about "distribution" being "an interesting subject to politicians," but "of little value to the people." I think the writer of the paragraph under consideration, has failed to give the subject of "distribution" that attention which it deserves, else he would have come to a different conclusion.

As the "Times" has thought proper to give an opinion, without being called upon, adverse to "Distribution," I would like to have an answer to the following questions. If answered "square up," I may ask a few more:

Is it of "little value to the people" that the millions of public domain be squandered on the North Western States, for the purpose of keeping them Democratic, while the old States are groaning under heavy debts, which an equal distribution of the public lands would enable them to pay, without burdening their citizens with taxation?

Unless an equal distribution is obtained before the Census of 1860, what is your opinion with regard to it after that date?

But the "Times" goes on to say that "such has been the history of the past, and there is at this time, little prospect of a change." Granted; so long as the Dem-

ocratic party is in power. But in whose hands is the power to change placed?—Why, in the hands of the people—the voters of North Carolina, as well as those of the other States.

But then, "the administration is against it, and greatly in the majority." The more reason, then, why we should stand by Messrs. Gilmer and Puryear, in the 5th and 6th districts, and thus secure the election of two good distributionists.

But the "Times" says in conclusion: "Of the three candidates, Mr. Williams (Democrat) is much the youngest, and his manner of discussion is in every respect gentlemanly and honorable." This leaves us to infer, as we were not present, that Messrs. Gilmer and Waddell were not "gentlemanly and honorable" in the discussion. Are we right? JONATHAN.

Guilford county, June 27th.

Patriot and Flag.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.:

FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1857.

FOR CONGRESS,
JOHN A. GILMER,
OF GUILFORD.

APPOINTMENTS.
Messrs. Puryear and Seales will address their fellow-citizens at the following times and places:
Mocksville, Saturday July 5, 7
Yadkinville, Tuesday 7, 9
Chimcupin, Friday 10, 11
Fork Church, Saturday 11, 12
Husey's Store, Davidson, 14
Frale's Store, Iredell, 16
Mt. Mourne, 18

Stop the Murderer—A Jail Broken—Chimman Escaped.

On Sunday morning last, the quiet of our town was disturbed, and quite an excitement prevailed, as the intelligence quickly spread abroad, that Jas. Romulus Chipman, who had been convicted of the murder of Miss Martha Pinnix, had made his escape from Jail during the night of the 27th. Upon examination it was found that he had effected his escape by cutting with some instrument, the iron bars, which formed the grating of the window—these bars are about two inches wide and one thick, and had been severed in eighteen different places; twice 18 is 36, equal to three feet of solid iron, through which he had to cut, and this he did with a spache-lor—a knife used by doctors to spread their nostrums,—filed on both sides, so as to make it into a saw. Who furnished him with the instrument with which to cut the bars of his prison, how long he had been at work, or at what time of the night he made his escape, no one is able to tell.

The Sheriff has been very prompt in giving notice of the escape, and it is hoped that in a short time, the murderer will be again returned to his cell, to receive the punishment which he so justly merits for the high offence of which he has been convicted. Chipman is a small man, will weigh about 125 pounds, is about 5 feet 6 inches high, has a small head, but long, projecting very much behind, his forehead is low, eyes black, with very heavy eye-brows, meeting on the nose, has a bold intelligent countenance, dark sandy colored hair, a small straight nose, a wide mouth, kept closely shut, his upper lip being slightly turned up. Chipman is about 21 years old. Nothing seems to daunt him, or throw him off his guard, and should he be arrested, he will not be likely to show guilt by any nervous excitement, or exhibit the least degree of trepidation.

The above is as faithful a description, as we are able to give, and in some parts of this, we may be mistaken; some are inclined to think, that his hair is rather too dark to be called sandy, and others again recollect his eyes as being of a hazel color, instead of a black.

HARVEST.

It is now the midst of harvest, and our farmers are busily engaged in reaping their wheat. We learn from every quarter that the crops are very heavy and the yield abundant. The price of corn is coming down, and we hope that in a short time all signs of want and distress will vanish from the land. The whole country is replete with the sweet perfume of newly mown hay, causing many a poor horse, that had not for months had the courage to stand up to the rack in which there was no fodder, once more to prick up his ears, and give a gentle though faint whinny, at the approach of his owner, while the pigs in anticipation of the rich gleanings of the wheat fields, are rapidly elevating their drooping tails, and vying with each other, as to which of them can give this very important appendage, and ornamental member, the most beautiful and delicate curl. Some of the old grunthers had got so very low that they have only succeeded as yet in raising their tails to an angle of 45 degrees, they have very strong hopes, however, of bringing them to a proper curl by the time of oats harvest. With a few exceptions the old cows still have a gloomy and sad appearance, having to mourn the loss of so many of their fellows, though even upon them, the bright prospect in the future has made a very forcible improvement; in a word, the animal kingdom is looking up.

Georgia Democratic Convention.

AUGUSTA, June 27.—The Democratic convention have nominated Judge Joseph Brown for Governor.

THE DISCUSSION.

On Tuesday of last week, it being the week of the special court, Messrs. Gilmer, Waddell and Williams addressed the citizens of Guilford, as candidates for Congress. Mr. Waddell made the opening speech, insisting that he was still a Whig, and advocated a distribution of the public lands. It was very evident, however, that he was attempting to ingratiate himself with the democracy; for a large portion of his speech consisted of eulogies and laudations of that party; asserting, as he did, that the country, with the exception of a very short time, had always been under democratic rule and that the government had been administered on democratic principles. From what we could gather from Mr. Waddell's speech, it was very apparent that he was much more interested, in catching votes, than in advocating any principles which he believed to be correct, and that he is much more anxious and desirous to be elected, than he is to secure the success and triumph of those principles which he professes to believe would be for the best interest of the country—and that instead of placing country first, one Maurice Q. Waddell, in his estimation, evidently stood much higher and was of much more importance than all other interests.

Next came Mr. Williams—*alias* Steph—and in the language of the Milton Chronicle, exhibited his shingle. He professed to be greatly embarrassed for several reasons, and called for the sympathies of the people, which, we doubt not, he received; for he really looked like an object of pity, and the citizens of Guilford being a generous people, we heard several of them express their sympathies for him; and feeling a considerable degree of sympathy for him ourselves, we feel almost ready to let him slide, without any comment. "Save me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies" is an exclamation which politicians have frequently had cause to make, and such we are constrained to say was the case with Mr. Williams at Greensboro, for scarcely had he arrived before his Democratic brethren were around him, not for the purpose of congratulation or encouragement, but to denounce and abuse him for declaring himself a candidate, and thus forcing himself upon a party which did not wish or desire to be troubled with him,—and so strenuous were the efforts of the democracy to take him off the track, and so constantly and assiduously was he beset, that by the time he rose to speak he was evidently much jaded, and very much needed the sympathies of the audience. Mr. Williams is quite glib with the tongue, and "said the democratic speech over very flippantly." He was utterly opposed to any distribution of the public lands, or their proceeds, and was also opposed to the deposit system.—So it appears that Mr. Williams differs from the Standard; for the Standard, although it will not advocate, yet does not oppose, the deposit bill, and very zealously advocates the election of gentlemen who voted for the bill. He also differs, on this question, from Clingman, Branch, Ruffin and Craig, all of whom voted for it; for, says Mr. Williams, Buchanan is opposed to it, and therefore he is, for he contends that every member should vote according to the views of the President, otherwise, he is thwarting the administration, or in other words, the President should let his views be known, and then whether right or wrong, congress should carry them out, and not thwart the executive branch of the government. Mr. Williams met with such a cold reception from his Democratic brethren in Guilford that he took his departure from Greensboro about 11 o'clock at night and has not been heard from since. Whether he intends declining, or whether some other democratic aspirant will run him off the track we cannot tell.

At the close of Mr. Williams' speech, Mr. Gilmer took the stand, the whole crowd greeting him with applause, and giving every demonstration of the great gratification which it afforded them to listen once more to the eloquent tones of a gentleman in whom they all had the utmost confidence, who had been raised among them, had never deceived or disappointed them, and whose whole life had been devoted to their best interests. Mr. Gilmer entered into the history of the question of the public lands, from the time distribution was first favored by Mr. Jefferson up to the present day, and showed most satisfactorily, that the leaders of the Democratic party had often, from time to time, during the last forty years, recognized the constitutionality of distribution. Mr. Gilmer read from a circular letter of Dr. Montgomery, to his constituents, in which he contended not only that distribution was constitutional, but said that he should never cease, either as a representative in Congress, or as a private citizen, to demand an equal share for North Carolina. Dr. Montgomery was a leading democrat, and yet Mr. Williams, a democrat from the very section of country in which Dr. Montgomery resided, contends, that not only is distribution unconstitutional, but he is also opposed to the deposit system. It will be for the democracy of Alamance to say who is the best and most reliable democrat, Dr. Montgomery or this new light from Sampson. Mr. Gilmer, in the course of his speech, read some statistics showing that, there were now remaining of the public lands, 1,350,000,000 acres—that if this was distributed according to the number of Representatives which each State

had on the floor of Congress, it would give to North Carolina 51,000,000, of acres, being an area larger than the whole State of North Carolina by several millions of acres. We cannot attempt to follow Mr. Gilmer through the many interesting facts and statements contained in his able and eloquent speech, but we would enjoin it upon every man who may have the opportunity, to go out and hear for himself. This question of the public lands, although sneered at by the opposition, as an old and hackneyed subject, is still a matter of deep interest and the greatest importance to North Carolina and the old States.—The time is rapidly passing by when we can expect justice to be done in this matter; a delay of a few more years and this rich domain will be all squandered, or placed beyond our reach, and instead of North Carolina having reaped any benefit from this source, the lands will be in the possession of foreigners, and those who are ready, at all times to overthrow our Southern institutions, and to "crush out" the Republic.

MR. GILMER.

Although Guilford county, and other counties in the 5th Congressional district, contain many worthy and distinguished gentlemen, who would have made able and acceptable members of Congress, and would have reflected much honor upon the State—yet we confess that we are particularly gratified, that the American Whigs of the district have selected Mr. Gilmer as their standard bearer in the present campaign. We are gratified at this, not because we have the slightest objection to many other gentlemen we could name, and whose election, had they been nominated, it would have afforded us much pleasure to advocate through the columns of our paper; but because, from many circumstances, we think it was due to Mr. Gilmer that he should be the candidate, and in giving him the nomination the American Whigs have acquitted themselves of a debt of gratitude which they owed Mr. Gilmer for his eminent services, and the many sacrifices which he has made for his party.

Before the meeting of the convention we carefully refrained from saying anything against Mr. Waddell, who was already in the field, or any thing in favor of Mr. Gilmer, although we felt satisfied that he was the first choice of the district. This course was pursued by us, simply because we desired the party to select a candidate without any attempt at dictation from any source, and because we had every assurance that Mr. Gilmer did not desire the nomination, and could only be induced to accept it by its being tendered to him by the unanimous voice of a convention, uncontrolled by any influence or efforts of particular friends from Guilford. Our course was then dictated from a regard to the feelings of Mr. Gilmer, that it might not be thought—from a paper printed in his own town, advocating his nomination—that he desired to be a candidate, when in truth he did not.

But now, since Mr. Gilmer is before the people, by the unanimous voice of the people themselves, speaking through their delegates in a convention, it will afford us great pleasure at all times, to express our gratification of the result of the convention, and to bear testimony to the eminent services heretofore rendered by Mr. Gilmer to his party and to the country. Mr. Gilmer is in the widest acceptance of the term, a man of the people, being what is termed a self-made man, indebted entirely to his own exertions, and the kindness of an intelligent and appreciating community, for the prominent position which he has so long occupied, and for the strong hold which he has upon their affections. His interests are so thoroughly identified with the interest of the people, and he has heretofore given so many evidences of his patriotism, and his devotion to North Carolina, and has so often stood up for her rights, that it is useless for us to attempt to inform the public who Mr. Gilmer is, or to recount before them the many important services, which he has rendered the State, and of which her citizens are now reaping the benefit.

We repeat, that we are highly gratified that the people have now an opportunity of showing their gratitude, and of rewarding a faithful public servant, who has never, under the most trying circumstances, faltered in duty, but was always ready to do battle for them, yielding in zeal, ability or devotion, to none, when their rights or interests were at stake, and we feel well assured that Mr. Gilmer's friends throughout the district, and more especially in Guilford, will show at the August election, that they have not forgotten his past services, and that they are ready and determined to reward those who have proved true to them, and labored and borne the heat and burden of the day for their rights.

MR. WADDELL.

Mr. Waddell, as we presume the most of our readers know, has been a candidate for Congress in the fifth district for nearly three months, and that he is still in the field, notwithstanding the party with which he has always acted, has held a convention and put in nomination a most unexceptionable gentleman, and one who is universally acknowledged to be the first choice of the district. The same reasons which prevented us from advocating the claims of Mr. Gilmer before the meeting of the convention, also restrained us from saying anything against Mr. Waddell; for Mr. Waddell is

a gentleman for whom we have always entertained the most kindly feelings, and if the people saw proper to select him as their candidate, we were not disposed to throw any opposition in his way; and although he was not by any means our first, or even second choice, yet we profess to be of those who practice upon the old Republican rule that a majority should govern, and that a minority should yield, unless the majority should attempt to force upon them men and measures to which, exercising a due regard for themselves and their best interests, it would not be prudent or proper for them to submit.

Since the meeting of the convention, however, and as matters now stand, we cannot but feel satisfied that Mr. Waddell's course is dictated by a spirit of opposition to his party, and that the motives by which he is influenced are not such as should govern a man who desires the good of his country, and who wishes to ensure the success and triumph of those principles which he professes to hold so dear, and the carrying out of which, he professes to consider of so much importance.

We understand that Mr. Waddell, in his speech at the court house in Person, took occasion to deal in some strictures upon the course of the Patriot and Flag towards him. Now, as we had never said one word about him, either good or bad, we can't conceive what objection he could have had to us, unless it was that we had not filled our columns with fulsome praises of the gentleman from Chatham, and lauded him—as is the practice of some of our Democratic papers with their candidates—for his great oratorical powers and other eminent and shining qualities which he no doubt imagines himself to possess in a very eminent degree. Now, it would afford us much pleasure to tickle Mr. Waddell's vanity in this respect; but we profess to have a conscience, and this habit into which many democratic papers have fallen, of making great men out of very small material, has become too common, and we shall endeavor to avoid it, although we thereby incur the displeasure of Mr. Waddell, and call down upon our heads his terrible denunciations. We have no harsh or ungentlemanly epithets to apply to Mr. Waddell. We however deeply regret the suicidal course which he has seen proper to pursue in this campaign—evinced a disposition, as it certainly does, to defeat his own party in order to gratify some personal spleen. We feel very well satisfied that Mr. Waddell can have no hope of his own election, and that the defeat of Mr. Gilmer would be a source of great gratification to him. We are led to this conclusion from the fact that Mr. Waddell has constantly and repeatedly refused to accept of any of the propositions made by Mr. Gilmer for the purpose of bringing about harmony in the district, and thereby putting it beyond any doubt that a Whig would be elected. As to what these propositions were, we refer our readers to an account of the discussion at Roxboro, as published in another column, taken from the Milton Chronicle. Similar propositions had been made before, by Mr. Gilmer at Graham, accompanied with the assurance that he, Mr. Gilmer, would retire altogether, and no longer be a candidate under any circumstances. Mr. Waddell refuses to accept of any of the propositions; and every reasonable man must come to the conclusion that his only object is self-aggrandizement,—a determination to dictate to the party, and if they will not quietly and patiently submit to his dictations, he is resolved to thwart them in every way he can, even though it brings defeat upon the party and ensures the election of a Democrat, who is pledged to resist and vote against all the important measures which he, Mr. Waddell, professes to hold so dear, and professes to think so important. We can't believe that the Whigs and Americans of the 5th district will be disposed to patiently yield to this arrogance, and this self-assumed importance on the part of Mr. Waddell.

His complaints about the convention not reflecting the will of the people, are all stuff; for if he was sincere, he would have accepted some of the many propositions made by Mr. Gilmer. Mr. Waddell's course has caused much regret to many who were kindly disposed towards him; but if he will blindly pursue the very strange and suicidal course which he has marked out for himself, it does not require a prophet to tell what will be his destiny, or to what extent he will forfeit the respect of many whose good opinion he has heretofore professed to desire, and for whom he seemed to entertain a high regard. Examples are not wanting from which Mr. Waddell might take warning.

MR. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Williams is the Democratic candidate for Congress in the 5th district, brought out, as it seems, by no body in particular except himself, and in this respect he occupies a position a good deal similar to Mr. Waddell. There is not a great deal of Mr. Williams, and of the little there is, we do not know much. But judging from the reception which he received from his Democratic brethren in Guilford, we are disposed to believe that he does not stand very high with his party; and from his nocturnal ride and hasty departure from Greensborough, we are lead to believe that he entertains no great love or affection for the Guilford Democracy—otherwise, he would not have torn himself away from their embraces so hastily and rudely, exposing his tender person to the night

damps. It may be, however, that he heard that the measles were in town, and that it was this which hastened his flight; and if so, we have nothing more to say. We are fearful, however, that if he continues a candidate, a worse thing than the measles will overtake him before the election: we understand from the Milton Chronicle that he has already had the shingles, but whether he has ever had any other skin diseases we can't say. We understand that Mr. Williams came originally from Sampson county, and that he located first in Caswell county, where he was a candidate for the Legislature against Mr. S. P. Hill, and ran as the temperance candidate, but finding that the Caswell Democracy were a little too fond of the good creature, he migrated to Alamance, and learning wisdom by experience, we have not heard of his stirring the question of temperance since he came to sojourn among the faithful and unterrified in and about Graham. The Milton Chronicle seems to be well acquainted with Mr. Williams, or "Steph" as it very familiarly calls him, and as it shall give us light, we will bring him to a knowledge of our readers. Mr. Williams said in his speech here last week that he felt himself very much embarrassed by his want of ability. We know of some other Democratic candidates of this State down with the same complaint. We feel sorry for Mr. Williams, and regret that nature did not do more for him; and we would say, for his consolation and encouragement, that in his speech at Greensborough, he did fully as well as any body expected of him.

WHAT NEXT?

We were in Lexington on Tuesday, and were informed by Mr. Grimes, that he had just received a letter from Mr. Airy, enquiring of him, if it was true, that General Leach had come out in favor of Mr. Seales, for that it was circulated all through the county of Surry, that such was the fact. Such a report is so perfectly ridiculous, that we should not allude to it, except to show, to what miserable lies the opposition party will resort, in order to effect their purpose. We saw and conversed with General Leach; he has just returned from a trip to Alabama, having been absent from the State for the last five weeks—he is now at home, and expects to do all he can for Col. Puryear, being very anxious to secure his election.

RAIL ROAD OBSTRUCTION.

The train from the east, due at Greensborough, at 12 o'clock on Sunday night last, was thrown off the track some ten miles below here, by rocks being placed upon it. Two negro men, one the slave of Mrs. Laws, and the other of Robert Thomas, were discovered near the place of the obstruction, apprehended on suspicion, and lodged in Greensboro Jail on Monday. On Tuesday, they were brought up before three Magistrates, for trial; their owners being present, and the proof of their guilt being conclusive, they themselves confessing it, they were sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes. It is understood these negroes have been sold to a gentleman, who has pledged himself to convey them beyond the limits of the State.

Some damage was done the cars; but fortunately the passengers escaped without serious injury. The obstruction was placed at one of the most dangerous places on the whole Road—near Rock Creek culvert, where the embankment is very high. By this fiendish act of these negroes, the persons who were on the train, ran a narrow escape of losing their lives; and we but express the opinion of the whole community, in saying that the punishment which the law prescribes, is too light for the enormity of the crime.

Reported for the Milton Chronicle.

Messrs. Gilmer and Waddell at Roxboro.

A GLANCE AT THEIR REMARKS.

MR. WADDELL commenced his speech by attacking the Convention that nominated Mr. GILMER. Said Person and Moore counties were not represented, and from this Convention he appealed to the people. Said that he was for a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands; he recounted his exertion against the democratic party; said that he had been a hewer of wood and drawer of water as long as he intended to work in that capacity, and that if he did not get something he would break something. He accused Mr. Gilmer of conducting his discussion so as to catch democratic votes; and to illustrate his—Waddell's—indifference as to democratic votes, he complimented the party by saying that it had saved the Country. He scored down upon the Editors of the Milton Chronicle, Raleigh Register, and the Patriot and Flag—insisting that they had done him injustice. Said that he were in a free country; that he had a right to be a candidate and that he would continue to be one, despite all efforts to the contrary, if he did not get but eleven votes; that he had been in the field for 2 months—had spent his time and money, and that he intended to continue until the end. He said that the pay of a member of Congress was now an item of importance, at least to him, and that Mr. Gilmer could get on without it. He made an unsuccessful attempt to excite prejudice against Mr. G., on the ground that he was from Guilford, a county which he had heard called John Morehead's quarter! that Guilford was not entitled to the candidate, and that Mr. Gilmer had been beaten and consigned to a political death in the election of last summer. He concluded his speech with a few anecdotes that will not bear telling.

MR. GILMER made the opening speech, first stating that he had proposed to Mr. W., after the Graham Convention and before he accepted the nomination, to decline and get up a new Convention, as he Mr. Waddell was dissatisfied with the last Convention; that Mr. Waddell might get it up

on any plan that he might prefer, and he [Gilmer] would not suffer his name to be further in his way; which proposition Mr. Waddell had declined. He then proposed to Waddell to leave it to the assembly of Whigs and Americans of Person, in large number assembled before them, inasmuch as Mr. W. complained that Person was not represented in the Convention, which proposition Waddell declined. Mr. Gilmer then proposed to leave it to the Whigs and Americans of Mr. Waddell's own county, Chatham, and to have a meeting called for that purpose; to which proposition Mr. Waddell made no reply.

Mr. Gilmer then proceeded to address the large assembly at length, taking high National Southern grounds; expressing the hope that the rights of our own section of the Union would be more respected, since the Supreme Court has decided that Congress has nothing to do with slavery in the Territories; that we have a guarantee in the Constitution itself, for our institution, and this we should be firm and united in maintaining and securing union among ourselves, and at the same time avoiding useless and unnecessary agitation. He went fully and ably into the question of distribution, and treated the subject in a manner so simple yet so striking that it excited much interest and attention with all who were present. He next showed how much and how greatly to the interest of the old States it would have been if the sting of alien and foreign suffrage had been stricken out of the Kansas Nebraska bill, and how unjustly squatter sovereignty operated against the influence of the old States, especially the Southern States. Mr. Gilmer handled the subjects of his speech with master ability, and was listened to with unusual pleasure and satisfaction. In his whole bearing and language, he was very respectful and courteous to Mr. Waddell.

Mr. Waddell "walked" into us, did he? Let him do it at Yanceyville next week, and we'll pitch "Steph," the "shingle" candidate, at him. Mr. Waddell taunted Mr. Gilmer with last summer's defeat, did he? Pray, was Mr. Waddell never defeated? Was he never "consigned to a political death?" Often a candidate, and always wanted to be, when did he ever flee? That twit of Mr. Waddell's came with bad grace from him. Ed.]

P. S. If the speeches of Messrs. Gilmer and Waddell had been noticed by our correspondent in the order in which they were delivered, it would have looked better.

From the Wilmington Herald.

When the Hon. Mr. Keitt declared in a speech at Cheraw, S. C., the other day, that he had "no confidence in the National Democracy to uphold the Constitution;" and spoke of "its want of principle and its readiness at all times to sell the South at any price which would secure to its leaders the spoils of victory," he only expressed sentiments that every day's experience serves to confirm. In proof of this, we cite the authority of the Charleston Mercury—a paper that acts with the Democratic party, and which, in an article declaring the inability of the Democratic party to ward off Northern aggression upon the South, says:

"We do not believe that the Democratic party is competent to protect the rights of the South. It has been incompetent for forty years to give us a just constitutional tariff. It has been incompetent to defeat the plunder of Internal Improvements made by the General Government. It has been incompetent, with a united South supporting them, to keep Abolition agitation out of Congress by the 21st rule. It has been incompetent to give the South equal rights in California. It has been incompetent to secure to the South the recovery of her fugitive slaves in the North; and it has been incompetent to give the South fair play in Kansas. But for adventitious circumstances, such as Mr. Fillmore being supported by a portion of the North, in the late Presidential election, it would have utterly failed to prevent the election of a sectional anti-slavery President."

This is strong evidence in favor of what has been contended by the presses of the American party; and moreover, contains, an admission concerning the late Presidential election worthy to be placed upon the record. It is this: that the country is indebted to the defeat of the Black Republican candidate for President to the fact, that Mr. Fillmore divided the Northern vote, and thus enabled Mr. Buchanan to secure an election. This is the simple truth. But, Democracy does not always render justice to its opponents. Hence, the admission is valuable.

A PROCLAMATION.

By His Excellency, THOMAS BRAGG, Governor of the State of North Carolina.

Whereas, it has been represented to me that J. R. S. Chipman, who had been convicted of the murder of Martha Pinnix, in the county of Guilford, escaped from the jail of said county, on Saturday night, the 27th instant, and has fled beyond the limits of this State.

Now, to the end that the said J. R. S. Chipman may be brought to justice, I do hereby issue this my Proclamation, offering a reward of three hundred dollars for his apprehension and delivery to the Sheriff of Guilford county.

Description.—Said Chipman is about 21 years old; intelligent, bold countenance; small head; sandy hair; fair complexion, and weighs about 120 pounds.

Given under my hand and the great Seal of the State of North Carolina, at the city of Raleigh, this 30th day of June, A. D. 1857.

By order of the Governor: THOMAS BRAGG.

PULASKI COWPER, Private Sec'y.
June 30th, 1857.

Burning of a Steamer—Frightful Loss of Life—Two Hundred or More Passengers Either Drowned or Burnt to Death.
QUEBEC, June 27.—The steamer Montreal was burnt near this port yesterday, causing a frightful loss of life. The present report is that two hundred of the hapless passengers, mostly Scotch emigrants, were either drowned or burnt to death.

SECOND DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, June 27.—A dispatch from Montreal, via Boston, in reference to the above disaster, says that the steamer had on board 500 passengers, only 175 of whom are known to have been saved. Two hundred were drowned, but it is believed that many other swam ashore, or were saved in other ways. The disaster happened

MISCELLANY.

THE LODGE'S PRIVATE CLOSET.

The Lodge of I. O. O. F., at Woodstown, determined to have their Lodge room done up clean and nice, and it was resolved unanimously that Mrs. K. should be employed to do the job.

After the meeting adjourned, the guarding, who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. K., procured a billy goat and placed him in a closet that was kept as a reservoir for the secret things. He then informed the lady of the wishes of the Lodge, and requested her to come early next morning, as he would then be at leisure to show her what was and what was not to be done.

Morning came and with it Mrs. K., with her broom, brushes, pails, tubs, &c., prepared and armed for the job, and found the guardian waiting for her.

"Now, madam," said he, "I'll tell you what we want, done, and how we want it done. The first thing is to do the job, and not to meddle with the secrets in that little closet; we have lost the key and cannot find it to look the door. I assured them that you could be depended on."

"Depended on?" said she, "I guess I am. My poor dead and gone husband, who belonged to the Free Masons, or anti-Masons, I don't know which, used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and when he showed me all the marks the gridiron made when he was initiated, and how they fixed poor Morgan, I never told a living soul to this day. If nobody troubles your closet to find out your secrets till I do, they'll lay there till they rot—they will."

"I thought so," said the guardian, "and now I want you to commence in that corner, and give the whole room a decent cleaning, and I have pledged my word and honor for the fidelity to your promises; now don't go into that closet, and then left the lady to herself."

No sooner had she heard the sound of his foot on the last step of the stairs than she exclaimed—"Don't go into that closet! I'll warrant there is a gridiron, or some nonsense, just like the anti-masons for all the world, I'll be bound. I will just take a peep, and nobody will be any wiser, as I can keep it to myself."

Surting the action to the word, she stepped lightly to the forbidden closet—turned the button—which was no sooner done, than she went the billy goat, with a spring to regain his liberty, which came near upsetting her ladyship. Both started to the door but it was filled with implements for house cleaning, and all were swept clear from their position down to the bottom of the stairs.

The noise and confusion, occasioned by such unceremonious coming down stairs, drew half the town to witness Mrs. K.'s efforts to get from under the pile of pails, tubs, brooms and brushes into the street.

Who should be first upon the spot but the rascally door-keeper, who after releasing the goat, which was a cripple for life, and upbaiting the rub fish that bawled the good woman to the earth, anxiously inquired if she had been taking the degrees.

"Taking the degrees!" exclaimed the lady. "If you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs, scared to death, taking things by degrees, I have them; and if you fighten folks as you have me, and hurt them to boot, I'll warrant they'll make as much noise as I did."

"I hope you did not open the closet, madam," said the door-keeper.

"Open the closet! Eate ate the apple she was forbidden! If you want a woman to do anything, tell her not to do it, and she'll do it certain. I could not stand the temptation. The secret was there—I wanted to know it. I opened the door, and out popped the tumbler right into my face. I thought I was a goner, and I broke for the stairs, with Satan butting me at every jump—I fell over the tub, and got down the stairs as you found us, all in a heap."

"But madam," said the door-keeper, "you are in possession of the great secret of the order, and must go up and be initiated, sworn, and then go in, in the regular way."

"Regular way!" exclaimed the lady, "and do you suppose I am going near the tumbler place again, and ride that critter without a blade or lady's saddle? No, never! I don't want nothing to do with the man that rides it. I'd look nice perched on a billy-goat would that I? No, never! I'll never go high it again, nor your hall nether. If I can prevent it, no lady shall ever join the Old Fellows."

Why, I'd sooner be a free mason, and be brained on a gridiron as long as fire could be kept under it, and be pulled from garret to cellar with a halter, in a pair of old breeches and slippers, just as my poor dead husband was; I'd live over it, but I never could outlive such another ride as I took today."

A Good One.

The following is reported as having happened in British county:

A witty clergyman was accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, who replied:

"I don't know you sir."

"My name is Cobb," rejoined the man, who was about half as over.

"Yes, sir," replied the clergyman, "you have so much corn on you that I did not see the cob."

Extraordinary Case of Somnambulism.

The Fulton, Oswego county, Pa. Patriot has an account of a singular case of somnambulism, of which Miss Mary Starr, a school girl of sixteen years, is the subject:

Several days since she was afflicted with partial blindness accompanied with severe head ache, from which, however, she soon recovered. At night, after falling asleep, she arose, lighted her lamp and taking pencil and paper, wrote several stanzas of poetry, which she found in the morning and of which she has no knowledge herself, and she could only be convinced of the fact by the assurance of her room-mate, a cousin, and the unmistakable evidence of her own hand-writing.

Anticipating a repetition of the act and fearing danger from a burning lamp in the hands of a sleeping person, her uncle, after she retired on the succeeding night, took the precaution to remove the lamp from the room, and place it beyond her reach. She, however, arose, and in perfect darkness wrote another piece of poetry, which, on examination by day light, was found to be well written, correctly spelled and punctuated, and the ruled lines as accurately followed as they could have been by the best penman with a good light. And this has been repeated from night to night, each time a new piece being produced.

She has no knowledge of the matter herself—cannot repeat a word of the poetry she produces, and insists that she does not write it. Her friends watch her closely. They have interrupted her while writing, when she seems like one aroused from a deep slumber, and cannot finish the line or even the next word of the stanza she happens to be writing. If her writing materials are removed from her room, she arises, and finding them missing, proceeds to search drawers, trunks, &c., in the dark, with as much ease as another would do it by day. One of the pieces which we publish was written on scraps of paper thus found by her between the leaves of an Atlas. The most of her productions are dated "August 1th, 1840," the date of her birth; and many of them are underlined "Written for the Courier."

"The Courier" was the name of a paper published in the village where she resided in childhood. Naturally she has no particular fondness for poetry, and never attempts to write it. Whether her "efforts" asleep are "original," or pieces that she has sometimes read, is not known. One thing is certain, she writes them in an unconscious state, and rooms "pitch dark" at the time. She has, however, sometimes fallen into this condition in the day time, when her writing impulse comes on.

A few nights since she was awakened while writing in the dark. Her sensations, as described by herself, were very peculiar. Her eye emitted a bright light, like the burning of two candles, when turned towards her manuscripts, rendering her writing perfectly visible, but when turned in any other direction all was "dark as midnight." At the conclusion of the piece written on this occasion the following was written: "This is the last you will be permitted to write, lady." Whether she has written since we have not learned.

SELLING A HORSE.

A good clergyman wishing to be rid of his horse and try for a better one, directed his old negro man to sell his best for what he would fetch, or to exchange him for another, adding at the same time an anxious caution not to deceive the purchaser, and even enumerating the faults of the animal least one should be overlooked.

"Remember Pompey, he has four faults."

"O, yes, massa, I take care." Pompey, joggling along the road and coming over the list to himself, as the old lady did her luggage, "big box, little box, band box, bonnets," was overtaken by a man on horseback, who entered into conversation, and among other topics made some inquiries about the horse.

Pompey told his story; said that his master had charged him to tell the horse's faults to the purchaser without any reservation.

"Well, what are they?" said the stranger, who had a mind for a swap.

"There is four, massa," said Pompey, and I don't remember 'em all very well just now, but—"

"Well, tell me those you do remember," said the other.

"Well, sah, one is dat the horse is white, and the white laiks git on massa's coat, and dat don't look well for a clergyman."

"And the next?"

"Why, when he comes to a brook, he will put his nose down and blow in the water, and massa don't like dat."

"What next?"

"I can't any how remember de oders," said Pompey, peering up into the clouds with one eye, reflectively.

The stranger conclude! to strike a bargain and exchange his own horse, which had not quite so "geinted an air as the parson's, for this nearly unexceptional animal. It was not long before the clerical steed stumbled and threw his rider into a ditch. Picking himself up as well as he could, he examined his new purchase a little more closely, and discovered that the horse was entirely blind.

Finding Pompey again without much difficulty, his wrath broke forth in a torrent of reproaches.

"You black rascal, what does this

mean? This horse is broken-kneed and blind as a mole."

"O, yes, massa," said Pompey blandly, "dem's de oder two faults dat I couldn't remember."

THE QUAKER AND MAGICIAN.

It is related of Signor Blitz that, wishing one day, in Pennsylvania to procure a draft on New York, for a certain amount, he stepped into one of the country banks in that State, and made known his wishes to the proper officer who, by the way, was a stiff, staid old Quaker. Being informed that he could be accommodated, he was asked—

"In whose name shall I draw the draft?"

"In my own, Signor Blitz," was the answer.

"Art thou the wonderful man who is performing all these mysterious things?" asked the Quaker.

"The same," answered the Signor.

"And now, friend, will thee show me one of thy tricks?" interrogated the Quaker.

"With pleasure," said the Magician, and taking a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, he handed it to the officer and requested him to mark it so as to he would be able to distinguish it. This the Quaker did.

"And now," said the Signor, taking a glove from his pocket, and placing it over the quarter, which he had laid upon the counter, "are you sure the quarter is under the glove?"

"Quite sure," answered the Quaker, gently lifting the glove and beholding the quarter snugly ensconced under it.

"Sare, quite sare?" asked the Signor.

"Yes, friend, I see it with mine own eyes," answered the other.

"Lift the glove," said the Magician. The Quaker did so, and to his consternation the quarter was gone.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "will thou do that once more?"

Again the Quaker placed the quarter in the same position, and motioning the Signor to stand back, the Quaker placed his eyes down on a level with the counter; and then making a second dive at the glove, he lifted it, and the quarter was gone.

"Jonathan," said the Quaker, crawling a long breath, "place that money," referring to the amount received, for the draft, "away in the safe and lock it up, and put the key in thy pocket."

"Well," said the Signor, who is always fond of a joke, "now I will give you a proposition: If I can, standing where I am, draw that money into my pocket, I will keep it; if I cannot, I will surrender the draft, and the money is yours."

"Go thy way, friend, thou shalt not do such things," said the Quaker politely bowing the Signor to the door.

How Michigan Came to be Called the "Wolverine" State.

Job Calvers, a correspondent of the New York Sunday Courier, tells the following story of the manner in which the State of Michigan became nicknamed. We give it for what it is worth. Job says that Conrad Ten Eyck kept a tavern about ten miles from De rot in 1823, and many years after. But at the period we speak of, a gay party, in the winter, determined to have a sleigh ride out to "Coon's," as he was called. Arrived out there, they called for supper.

"Coon" being one of the early pioneers to the interior of the Territory, then inhabited by Indians, had bought of natives that very day, the carcass of a wolf for the sake of the skin, no premiums were then offered for scalps. Coon, who was put to his "trumps" in order to get up a supper, having nothing fresh on hand, brought himself of the wolf in the barn. In due time the supper was ready, and the gentlemen were invited to "sit down and welcome to our table." There was

"Venison" steak and "venison" fry, "Venison" stew and "venison" pie.

After supper, the merits of the dishes were discussed, and many were the praises bestowed on the catering of "mine host." Applejack and smuggled brandy were likewise discussed until midnight, when the party ordered up their sleigh to depart. Just as they were about to leaving, Coon asked the party to take a parting drink at the expense of the house.

"Gentlemen," said Coon, "you say you like the supper I have furnished you. Now allow me to say that you are here forth to be known as the 'Wolverine Party,' the savory dishes you have partaken of are from the hams of a fine fat young wolf, that I bought today of the Indians."

This announcement was received by the party as a good joke, and "glasses went round to keep it down."

One we once heard an old fellow, famous all over the country for tough yarns, relate the following:

He was telling what heavy wheat he had seen in the State of New York.

"My father," said he, "once had a field of wheat the heads of which were so close together that the wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, could walk around on the top of it anywhere."

We suggested that the turkeys might have been small ones.

"No, sir," continued he, "they were very large ones. I shot one of them one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him, his head dragged in the snow behind me!"

"A curious country you must have had, to have snow in harvest!"

"Well, I declare," said he, looking a little foolish, "I have got parts of two stores mixed!"

SPICY.

A Georgia paper publishes the following spicy correspondence:

Covington, March 24.

Cashier Bank of West Tennessee: Sir:—Enclosed you have a bill on your bank which is rejected by my exchange broker—if it is worth anything send me its value in current money. If dead broke, please send me a lock of your hair.

Respectfully, L. B.

MEMPHIS TENN., March 31.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed I hand you a S. C. bill for our note same amount, received in yours of the 24th. I am nearly bald, or I would send you the lock of hair. If you say so, I will send you a front tooth. Yours, truly, CHAS. D. SMITH, President.

Covington, April 2.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 31st ultimo is at hand, covering the *needful*, for which accept thanks. I supposed you used the razor freely on others, as is usual with gentlemen in your line, but I had no idea you kept up the custom of shaving your own cranium, like the ancient Shylocks of Jewish descent. Save the razor to grind the poor, and you will doubtless find your "front teeth" capable of much to sustain your circulation.

Truly, yours, L. B.

The Latest "Wasp" of Fashion.

It is said that "necessity is the mother of invention." Miss H. C. Traphagen, has proved herself a benefactor to woman kind, and has invented a new style of skirt, susceptible of any degree of expansion, without the numerous inconveniences to which the ladies have been so long subject in the use of hoops of hickory, whalebone, steel, or gutta serena. On the 5th instant, a patent was granted at the U. S. Patent Office for this invention, and we understand steps have been taken to secure patents in all the Countries of Europe.

The improvement consists in a series of air inflated tubes of oiled silk or India rubber. The tubes may be inflated and used separate, or they may be filled at once. What means are to be employed to "rise the wind," whether by the use of the air-pump, or other wise, is not stated.

With the advantages offered by this invention, skirts, however capacious the fashion may demand, may be accommodated to all emergencies. If for an evening walk, they may be expanded to their full capacity; if to attend the morning church, or take a ride, the wind may be let out so as to reduce the tubes to the capacity of the door of the pew or the carriage.

We would suggest to the fair inventor that if she embrace in a new patent the use of hydrogen gas as a substitute for atmospheric air, the skirt may then serve as a kind of balloon, and will be found extremely serviceable when walking in muddy weather.

A Great Country for the Ladies.

The time for marriage in Sparta was fixed by statute—that of the men at about thirty or thirty five years; that of the women at about twenty or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to a prosecution; and old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the fall exercise of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged.

"Why should I give you place," cried a young man to an unmarried general, "when you will have no child to give place to me when I am old?" No marriage portions were given with any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant nor riches tempt him, to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no taxes whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. It was customary for the bride and groom to cut off all the bride's hair on the wedding day so that, for some time at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years.—*Life and Travels of Herodotus.*

Sister Nance and "Ager."

We were travelling not long since in Illinois, and called at a house near the road side to solicit a drink of water, when the following conversation occurred:

"Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?"

"I don't know, sir, but mother says ever since I was born."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, a few."

"How many?"

"Ten or 'leven, I reckon."

"Pretty healthy here, isn't it?"

"Yes, a tew on us 'goin' to have the shakes this afternoon."

"Why all on us, except sister Nance and she's sick a tarnation cross critter, the ager won't take on her; and if it did, she is so cussed contrary, she wouldn't shake nhow ye could fix it."

A Novel Idea.—A few evenings ago some ladies were in conversation, and as usual, the subject of ladies' dresses was brought up and duly discussed.

Said lady No. 1 "They have a new fashion—the steel skirts have superseded the hoops."

"I would not wear a steel one," replied her companion, "I should be afraid of lightning."

"Oh! said a gentleman present, "that can be easily remedied—have a lightning rod attached!"

POETRY.

WOMAN.

BY PHILIP HENDERSON.

Affection's tear, how bright it seems
L. woman's tender eye.
When trembling in the angel gleams
That to the loved one fly.
Proud man, with all his boasted sense
And reason, never knows
The feeling holy and intense,
That in her pure heart glows.
Ten thousand things will lead you far
From those he ought to love,
But woman is a changeless star
That ever beams above.
Her fond, brave heart beats hopefully
Amid the deepest gloom,
And in its flowers of sympathy
In faithful beauty bloom.
Her love will stand both time and tide
And cold misfortune's blast
And through both poverty and pride
Will burn on to the last.
And in the closing scene of life,
When death's dark curtain falls,
A sister, mother, or a wife,
Is seen, heard, last of all.

OUR OLIO.

The tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch oven—always on the spit.

The two neighbors who fell out have got in again. Neither of them were injured.

An Alabama editor calls Young America "the rumble-bed portion of the community."

They dress cool down East. A lady being asked if she would not wear a bonnet to church, replied that she would not wear anything else.

A man being sympathized with on account of his wife's running away, said, "don't pity me till she comes back again."

A young man who has recently taken a wife says, he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

A farmer, when flagellating two of his unruly boys, was asked what he was doing, "thrashing wild oats," was the reply.

To catch mice, place sweetmeats in your mouth on going to bed, and keep your mouth wide open. When you feel the whiskers of the mouse, bite.

"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage looking person. "That's not true," said a lady who heard the remark; "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

An editor out West married a girl named Church. He says he has enjoyed more real happiness since he joined the Church, than he ever knew in all his life before.

Mr. Charles Wilson has written a volume of some hundreds of pages to explain the pathology of drunkenness. We could define it in two syllables—*zig zag.*

Dr. Hall recommends, by way of prevention against taking cold, that persons going out of heated rooms should keep their mouths shut. The caution may be very wise and judicious but what are the ladies to do?

Dick, I say, why don't you turn the buffalo robe 'other side out? "that is the warmest."

"Ban, Jam, you get out. Do you suppose the animal house didn't know how to wear his hide? I only follow his style."

Great men make mistakes as well as little ones. This was illustrated once by Mr. Calom, who took the position that all men are not "created free and equal." Said he, "only two men were created, and one of these was a woman."

A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman and thus accosted:

"So sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony?"

"Surely, old lady," said he, "you mistake, this is only the fruit basket."

"Neighbor Jones," said a rigid church member, "I have been informed that you often drive your team, and even go a fishing or a hunting on the Sabbath."

"True," replied Jones, "but then on these occasions I always whistle Psalm tunes."

"I should mighty like a drive-out," said a dandy to a man on seeing an elegant carriage and horses standing on the street. "Should you?" the man retorted. "Well, get into that carriage, and I'll engage they will quickly drive you out."

A barrister entered one of the Four Courts, Dublin, with his wig so much awry as to cause a general titter. Seeing Curran smile, he said:

"Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?"

"No," replied Curran, "nothing but your head."

A bright child asked his mother where he should go when he died?

"To Heaven, I trust," said the mother.

"Shall I have anything to eat there?"

"Yes, love, you will be fed with the bread of life."

"Well, I hope they'll put lots of butter on it," concluded the youngster.

A sick man, slightly convalescing, recently imagined himself to be engaged in conversation with a pious friend, congratulating him upon his recovery, and asking him who his physician was, he replied: "Dr.—brought me through." "No, no," said his friend, "God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor." "Well," replied he, "maybe he did; but I am certain that the doctor will charge me for it."

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

For sale—1 offer for sale privately, the House and lot on which I reside. The House is on South Elm, and was erected 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 situation on South Elm, and between the Court House and the Station. Lot 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 edification, as well as affording an opportunity to any purchaser for appreciation in value, by its proximity to the business of the town and Rail Road. It is seldom such a place is offered for sale. Persons desirous of purchasing, can consult me personally or by letter. Terms accommodating. DECATUR P. GREGG, Greenboro' N. C. Jan. 9, 1857. 915 ft.

WINTER GOODS.

R. C. LINDSAY (North-East corner of Elm and Market Streets) will invite the attention of his customers and the community generally to his well selected and carefully purchased stock of **Fall and Winter Goods**, consisting of almost every variety of articles suitable for the season. Cloths, Cassimers, Tweeds and Jeans, N. C. Jerseys, twilled and plain Northern Linsey, &c. Ladies Dress Goods—in variety—Mosses, Figured and Plain De Laines, all Wool Hats, Ac. Ac. Ac. Shawls and Scarfs, Gingham and Prints, Fine Bed Blankets, Negro d'ito. A full supply of Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Andirons, Spades, Stoves and Forks. Coffee, Sugars, Teas, green and black. Carpets, Rugs and Door Mats, Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, &c. &c. Rock Island Jeans and Cassimers, Jerseys—Wooling Cloths, Barr Mill Stoves, Grindstones. Oct 17 '856. 904 ft.

CALL AS YOU PASS!—The undersigned having purchased the entire stock of goods, of James McVey, on very favorable terms, has now, as an invitation to his friends and the public generally, to call at **their store** on Market street, in the large brick house heretofore occupied by Mr. McVey, where they will always be found ready to sell at the most favorable terms, almost any article usually kept in stores in this country. Without making any undervalued promises, they would say to all, give them a fair trial, being 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. GRAMM & DEAN, Greenboro', Jan. 1857. 851 ft.

WATER POWER AND LANDS.

LANDS.—1 offer for sale privately, the most valuable Water-Power on Abasco Creek within 10 miles of a rail road, on the Lexington, N. C. road, near a public road, 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. There is an ample supply of water at all times. It is the best water power to the town of Lexington. In the tract there is 267 acres of good wood and corn land, and a good supply of various kinds of timber. Also a fine pond and convenient tract of land. I will sell for two hundred acres, all in the tract, wood land of pine and oak timber without any cleared land. This land is situated in the midst, and is surrounded by the best growth of pine, and white and red oak of any power I know of near the N. C. Rail Road between Goldsboro' and Charlotte. The town of Lexington is about 10 miles from the place, and 200 to 300 feet of corn per day, and I know of no place where an act of enterprise could make a little better source. There is a very great demand for lumber, and the county of Davidson is just on the eve of building a \$200,000 court house within a mile and a half of the mill. W. R. HOLIF, Lexington, N. C. March 18, 1857. 926 ft.

AGRICULTURE FOR SALE.

DIVISION. 230,000 of Farms and Building Lots, in the Gold Region of Culpeper county, Virginia, to be divided amongst the subscribers, on the 1st of December, 1857. Subscribers only ten dollars each. Every subscriber will get a Building Lot or Farm, ranging in value from \$100 to \$500. These Farms and Lots are sold so cheap to place settlements, a sufficient number being reserved, in the measure in the value of which, will compensate for the apparent low price now asked.

Interested persons, called the *Virginia Colonization Association*, is now traveling and will commence a settlement during the summer. Ample security will be given for