

Written for the Patriot.

Urida, his Angel Cousin;
or,

THE SWEETEST MEMORY OF THE PAST.

BY HARRY HALL.

She was like
A dream of poetry, that may not be
Written or told—exceeding lovely.—WILLIS.

DEDICATED TO A BEAUTIFUL FRIEND.

'Tis a serene, golden afternoon in the mild beautiful Indian summer. The "greater light," that ruleth the day, is rapidly nearing the western horizon, and the blaze of gorgeous sunlit beauty is fading along the clouds which fringe the sky, and losing itself in the haziness which curtains the earth. "All the air a solemn stillness holds," save, now and then, the wild, frolicking laugh of children rings up from the deep dale, which lies between the old brick mansion-house that stands in the oak grove on the hill and the slow-winding waters of the Reedy Fork. Edgar and Urida, though akin, had never before met. They were in the midst of the season of youth "when every pathway led to flowers."—Edgar was a light-haired, blue-eyed boy of thirteen, full of gaiety and frolicsomeness, and Urida had just past her eleventh year, "grace was in all her steps," the lily strove wittingly with the roseate hue which blushed out in her cheek, her eye sparkled like that of a gazelle, her little lips were ruby as the cherry, and her hair waved black as night around her snowy neck. She was

"All that the blooming earth can send forth fair;
All that the gaudy heavens could drop down glorious!"

Kind fortune had brought two congenial natures together, and their tender child-hearts were quickly and strongly intertwined in the holiest consoling affection. His father was a nephew of her mother, and they were both visiting at the house on the hill. This kinship readily dispelled all embarrassment, and the youthful cousins, after the interchange of some shy glances, stole off into the vale where we just now heard their voices and sported as freely and unrestrainedly as if they had grown up together beneath the same roof.

Edgar, though he was born near Godsey's Springs in another county, was reared on the banks of the classic Alamance, far distant from the cottage-home of Urida. Both were young, yet they were thoughtful and each was a subject of study and reflection to the other. To Edgar their meeting was a precious blessing. Sad thought—"he had no sister! This, he felt, was a blight upon his life; and though his eyes had looked upon only thirteen springs, the tear of regret had often trickled down his hot cheek at the thought—he had no beautiful, pure-hearted, angelic sister. The rich Saxon word *Sweeter*, which is much more musical and expressive than our sweet *sister*, had deep, inexhaustible charms for him which he could only realize in his brightest childish imaginings. When he gambled with his two brothers on the plain, he felt he had no sister; when he entered the school-room or romped and frisked on the playground with his fellows whose sisters were there, he sighed that he had no sister; when he strolled homeward through the woods and fields, he fancied that those boys, who were all attention to his companions that were blessed with sisters, cast upon him a look of indifference, because he had no sister; when he sat in his father's pew in the old Alamance church and saw other little boys worshipping by the side of their sisters, his heart was saddened, that he had no sister; and when he was building and peopling the splendid air-castles of his boyhood's idle hours, he grieved that he had no sweet sister to whom he could depict them in all their loveliness and brilliance. He had dreamed, both in his sleeping and waking moments, of a creature, pure and lovely, who could fill that void in his soul. Now, he had found her in the person of the bewitching Urida. She, stainless as the snow which whitens the heights of Uri whence she took her name, calmly

"* * * * *
Feeding its flame."

There, he returned to his father's house with his earnest and impassioned longings entirely satisfied. Though widely separated, they met, ever and anon, and always with the effect of heightening and intensifying that holy and disinterested attachment which had been so suddenly but agreeably formed. Friendship and even love not seldom have their dross; but this brother-and-sister affection is neither the one nor the other. Its divineness raises it above either,—it is akin to that sacred passion which the humble and sincere penitent breathes to Him who died on the cross for fallen man. Goldsmith, who learned from sharp and bitter experience, sung, that friendship is

"* * * * *
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep."

And Montgomery, who was taught in the same school, both upon this warning in his Wanderer of Switzerland:

"Then youth, thou fond believer!
The wily system show;
Will surely be undone;
When heavy triumphs, ah, beware!
Her smile is hope! Her frown despair!"

Not so with that other purer and nobler attachment,—it purifies, and brightens, and blesteth, and when the object of it is laid beneath the sod, the memory of her, who is with "the just made perfect," lurches the sorrow-stricken ones on earth to her home in Heaven.

Anon, the wheel of Fortune so turned as to bring them never together. Urida, as she was budding into loveliest girlhood, entered as a pupil into that excellent and well-disciplined Female Seminary which bears the historic name of a celebrated Irish woman, and Edgar was placed behind the counter of a large mercantile establishment in the same village. She had played among the flowers of fifteen summers. Her heart was highly cultivated; and, though the most of her young life had been spent amid the quietude and society of the country, her manners were nevertheless elegant. And such was the natural unobtrusive grace of her character, that

"* * * * *
So gently, that the lily on its stalk
Bent not so easily its dewy head."

She had left her dear old mother and the sweets of home-life, that she might enrich and polish her mind by reading and studying. The grief of parting with the endearments of the antique homestead was somewhat assuaged by the thought, that her cousin-brother was to be the companion of her way. Now, they saw each other almost daily. Edgar was to be a true and devoted elder brother, and she confided implicitly to him all the precious secrets of her little heart and trusted in his superior judgment and larger experience for that counsel and guidance which

an inexperienced girl, in such a situation, so much needs. The place of his business was situated on the street that led to her boarding-house; and, nearly every day, she called, either in going to or returning from school, to while a few moments with him in conversation. Her little girlish wants were freely made known to him, and he promptly supplied them. She was fond of the society of those whom she loved. Her manner was bewitching, and her style of conversation, for one of such tender years, was surpassingly smooth and graceful. Merriment danced and skipped in her eyes and frolicked in her sunny smile; but like most highly gifted minds, hers had a slight tinge of sadness. Occasionally, her beautiful face was "sickled over with the pale cast of" pensiveness; and

"When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face."

At such moments, her thoughts soared from their wonted simplicity and childlikeness to a higher and lovelier grandeur,—she talked like one who had communed with the angels,—as if she had dreamed of an early transit to that glorious home where "the pure in heart see God."

But Fortune, whom the poets have graced with the pretty epithet of *rose-fingered*, but whom Edgar, then, thought cruel-hearted and iron-handed again turned her wheel and carried him to a distant University, that he might walk its shaded groves, learn the languages of the great sages of antiquity, wander amongst the mazes and intricacies of hard and dry mathematics, imbibe the spirit of genuine poetry, catch the ethereal fire of Grecian and Roman eloquence, and prepare his mind to appreciate the rich and splendid learning which adorns and dignifies the pages of the most eminent English writers. That was all important, all greatly needed, all not a little fascinating; still it tore him from the society of Urida and left his heart filled with the ashes of hundreds of anticipated pleasures. He knew not, then, however, what was best for his happiness. Experience taught him wisdom, and separation acquainted him with the richest and rarest graces of her noble heart. Before, they had talked face to face; now, they commenced that silent conversation on paper which is so improving and so delightful. "Blessed be letters!"—exclaimed Mr. Marvel,—they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers! With her guitar in her lap and a cheering smile breaking out through her dark, luscious eyes and playing upon her pouting lips, she sang to her cousin-brother "Ezer be joyous" with a sweetness, that would have abashed and confounded the mermaid as she lieth in the scop of the wave singing her dulcet music. Thus she bid him joyful speed to that seat of the arts and sciences, and thus she enticed him into the ways of hopefulness, cheerfulness and bliss. How thankful, how grateful, was he, that he had a darling sister, adopted but not the less dear on that account, to cheer him on in answering the stern call of duty!

Yes, blessed be letters!—they are the monitors, they are the comforters, they are the only true heart-talkers. Mr. Marvel immortalized his name when he penned these words. Letters are the impressions of the heart on paper. They introduce the writers to the deepest and most hidden whisperings of their souls. There you can study the thought, criticize the garb in which it appears, heard it up in your mind, turn it over and over, weave the traits of character it portrays into a whole, and draw, in your fancy, the invisible, spiritual, heaven-born part of man which animates his flesh-tenement, far better than when the words drop from the lips and melt into air. When Edgar, from his correspondence with Urida, began to realize this pleasing advantage, he thrice blessed the goddess, that had sent him thither.

All, who have passed a few years at College, know how many flowers of temptation to evil lie in the walks of the student; and every one, thus circumstanced, ought to have a guardian angel, in the shape of a good and wise sister, to haunt his walks, to point him to the shrub where lurks the serpent, to lead him by the bush where the thorn is hid beneath the blossom, and to woo him forward into the straight gate, and the narrow way, that passeth through the green pastures and by the still waters of earthly felicity and termineth in the New Jerusalem of the blessed. Such a sister, such an all-present spirit, was Urida to Edgar. Though absent to him in person, she was, frequently, present to him in her written epistles. Ever when she thus came, she was radiant with the most benign expressions of hope and encouragement. Bear in mind, as you toil and sweat over your dry, abstruse, perplexing, not unfrequently uninteresting lessons, that the diamond must receive its polish and that only hard rubbing will bring out its superb brilliance to perfection; bear in mind, that upon an industrious, constantly occupied mind the blandishments of the Evil One lose all their witchery; bear in mind, that application is the best protection from the cup of intemperance when the wine is red in it; bear in mind, that habits early formed cling closest and longest, and, therefore, they should be carefully and discreetly contracted; and bear in mind, that the severest intellectual discipline is essential to prepare the mind for the highest and noblest duties of life. Thus she charmed ever so wisely.

Her gentle letter-society not only engraved such priceless truths upon his memory, but was as cheering to him in his secluded and solitary situation as the cooling brook, which he meeteth far out in the desert-wild, to the toll-worn and dust-covered traveler. He rose from that refreshed, with the burden of the past week removed from his shoulder, ay, even wiser and better. All the news at home was gracefully laid upon his table; sketches, true to nature, of his female acquaintances were written out in her simple and graphic style; her own troubles with her studies were told that he might sympathize with her; the pleasures she enjoyed with her guitar, as she sang—"Thou art gone from my gaze," but "I will often think of thee,"—were sipped from the flowers she scattered upon her sheet; and the bouquet of good wishes, with which she invariably closed her letters, was placed in the vase which he carried in his imagination. Had Tom Campbell lived in her times, he might truly have said of her, as he did of another:

"She is
A gem, reflecting nature's purest light;
And with her graceful wit, there is wrought
A wild sweet unreasonableness of thought."

With the exception of one time, at the setting in of vacation, Edgar bounded home to greet Urida, who ever anxiously awaited his coming and "looked brighter when he came." Those were halcyon days. Proudly did he sit at her feet, not, however, that he might hear the sickly sentimentality of a love-gossip, but that he might enjoy the rich banquet of high intellectual entertainment. The stories of the by-gone session were recited with the enchanting ingenuity of a pretty fairy; the strolls

"When the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,"
revived recollections of the wild pranks and romps of their childhood; the cozy chat, on the severe winter evenings, was enjoyed with a group of merry friends around the glowing fire; and as "Make me

no gaudy chaplet" stole softly upon their ears, Urida's "fingers which'd the chords they pass'd along,
And her lips seem'd to kiss the soul of song."

But not all her moments were so gladsome and joyous. She sang some lively and gay pieces of music, yet most of her selections were somewhat sad and mournful; and the enchantment of her voice often raised in the mind of Edgar the sad thought, that Urida was soon to be an angel in a higher and holier sphere. Sometimes, when her heart was heavy, she herself said, that all her plans for earth would end when her education was completed. Her letters which were generally so cheerful and hopeful, occasionally discovered, though darkly, such a presentiment. "Alas! this time one year hence we will all be separated,—where we will be we know not." And, at another time, when asked what she was going to do when she graduated, while others were laughing and talking around her, she calmly and seriously remarked: "I have no plan for the future—I am going to die!" Nor was it other than gain for Urida to die, for she had hope in Jesus.

The third year of their correspondence and of his student-life was closing. He was looking forward to another meeting of Urida,—Urida in all the prime and matchlessness of young educated womanhood. A letter came and told him she had taken her diploma; and another, that she would be present at his Junior commencement. He had spoken for a room for her and her lady-friend who was to accompany her. But when the day was at hand on which she was expected, she came not,—she had sickened on the road,—she was going to die! And before Edgar had quitted the scenes of the University, the spirit, gentle, lovely, pure, undefiled, of his cousin-sister had passed to the skies and joined the choir of sweet singers around the great white Throne. She died on the fourth day of the new opening summer and the last day of the first week after her graduation. She was in the very summer-bloom of existence,—she was the object of admiration and hope to all her friends! In life,

"* * * * *
A nymph, a maid, or a grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!"

—she was as delicate and lovely as the light harebell, that fairest flower which adorns the blue hills of Scotland,—and in death she was enchantingly beautiful! When she was deposited in the graveyard at Buffalo, so natural and exquisitely charming was her white forehead and her slightly flushed face, that those, who looked upon her could scarcely believe that she would not arise again as from a sweet sleep, but alas! it was the sleep which He giveth his beloved. She died alone,—neither her aged mother, nor her sisters, nor her own brother, or cousin-brother, was present, but her Heavenly Father was with her and took her softly and lovingly to his own bosom.

Edgar's heart sunk within him when he learned that Urida was not of the earth. Indeed, his grief had been madness, could he have realized that he was to see her no more. To him it seemed like an unsubstantial dream,—that she would yet smile him a welcome home, and this curious, strange, doubting, inexplicable state of mind half-assuaged his deep and poignant grief. But when he returned,—when he entered the hall where he was wont to meet her, he heard not her elastic foot-falls coming down the stairs, nor greeted she him with her girlish smile, but her friends met him draped in mourning and sorrowing that Urida was not. Thus was the awful reality forced upon him. *Sera in calum redere* was his ardent, earnest hope,—still it was only cherished to be lost in the blackness of despair!

Nothing is created without design. The least insect, the smallest leaflet, the tiniest grain of sand, the aroma that is emitted by flowers, the mist that striketh down the robust, the mist which floats through the atmosphere, the light emanating from the sun, the rain-drop out of the cloud, the frost that tints the face of all nature, the star that twinkles farthest away in the uni-verse of God, each, and everything, has an end to subserve in His grand and magnificent scheme on earth. So some noble and beneficent purpose was accomplished by Urida's living. Her lovely and upright walk blessed her friends; her sisterly attachment to Edgar kindled a flame of inexpressible happiness in his melancholic bosom which will burn on into eternity; the early losing of the silver-cord of her life illustrates the transitoriness of all sublunary things; her trust in Him who expired on the cross and her calmness in the hour of her dissolution, while she was yet in the flower of youth, bespeak the wisdom and safety, of such a faith; and the unexpected extinguishing of all her hopes admonishes us, that nothing is worth living for except Heaven. Perchance, much more was accomplished by her beautiful life, that human sagacity hath not and cannot comprehend.

In sooth, she lived for a purpose,—she was an almost faultless model of female excellence. All the most winning and lovable traits of human character so clustered in this pure child of the sky as to conceal the defects which lay underneath. She had a form as exquisitely moulded as that of the goddess of Love; a clear, beautiful mind had its temple in that well-chiseled head; her purity of heart beamed out in her own and reflected itself upon every face that basked in her smile; her disposition, mild and unassuming, ever gratified her with those who met her and never repelled them coldly or gruffly; her fidelity ever adhered her to those whom she loved with the faithfulness of the wall-flower, no matter how dark was the adversity which had set in upon them; her open-hearted, unostentatious charity centered in her way the small, blessed courtesies of life; her very voice, in converse, or in the song, witching and enchainment the most listless with its artless and melting sweetness; her queenliness of manner excited in all the most adoring admiration; her sunny socialness threw a bright halo of happiness around the little circle of friends in which she moved; her modesty, meek as the mountain daisy, hued all these virtues with its blushing and mildly brightening beauties; and her trembling hope in the Redeemer, which she scarce ever expressed, crowned the whole with celestial radiance. Such was Urida, when she

"White-wing'd angels met her
On the vestibule of life,"
and took her to be with them.

Urida, that child of his morn, that illumination of his darkened way, "thou art gone from his gaze," yet thy bewitchingly beautiful image still lingereth in the casket of his mind where Edgar hath his rarest treasures! No thy image only, gentle Urida, is treasured there, but the superlative loveliness of thy character still pleasantly haunts wherever thy idolizing cousin-brother treads the rugged path of life: Thy reign will be eternal in his remembrance, thou sweetest memory of the past!

The sorghum crop in Georgia, says the Atlanta Intelligencer, has been unexampled in her history. Molasses from that species of sugar cane brings only \$2 and \$3 per gallon in most parts of the State.

THE WARNING.

The belief in signs, dreams, omens, and warnings, which has in our day, almost entirely disappeared, was once so prevalent that it was a rare thing for a death to take place in a family without some member of it having been warned of the coming event in some supernatural way. My revered grandmother was no exception to this ancient belief; on the contrary, she could relate numerous instances of unnatural visitations, and strange appearances, which had occurred in her own family. But her particular forte lay in warnings. None of her kith or kin were ever called to pass through the dark valley of the shadows without her receiving some supernatural intimation, or, as she called it "being warned" of their decease.

I will here state that my grandmother had been a widow for many years, and resided with my mother, as did her two youngest children, Ralph and Alice. Ralph, a spirited lad of seventeen, assisted my father in his business, and Alice, dear aunt Alice's time, was mostly engrossed by "us children."

For several months she had been troubled with a hacking cough, which was in itself warning enough that the time was soon coming when we should be obliged to part with our kind and careful nurse.

After awhile she became unable to sit up all day, and then my mother moved aunt Alice's bed from her chamber into the parlor, as she was no longer able to go up and down the stairs, and it was more convenient to take care of her there; my grandmother slept in a chamber directly over this, the stove-pipe from the parlor passing up through the floor into the chimney—thus making her room warm and comfortable.

The night after aunt Alice was removed to the parlor, grandmother received a very decided warning of her death. She said that, after she had been in bed a short time, she was aroused by a light shining upon her face, and opening her eyes, she beheld the form of a new moon arise from one corner, slowly sail across the room and finally disappear behind her bed. She was so sure that she had seen this, and became so nervous and excited about it, my mother thought best to have some one sleep with her the following night; so my sister Mary, a girl of fourteen, shared my grandmother's bed. But, strange to say, they had hardly retired to rest before we were startled by a loud scream from Mary. She, too, had seen the mysterious appearance, just as it came the evening before—a half moon, rising in one corner, passing diagonally across the room, and disappearing behind the bed. The room was left vacant, every body in the house believing it to be haunted.

When this came to the ears of my uncle Ralph, he expressed his decided contempt for the whole affair. It was second nature for grandmother, he said, to see sights, and Mary had no doubt, been so scared at the thought of passing the night in a room where grandmother had seen something, that she had fancied, she saw it too. He would sleep in the room himself, and was not at all afraid of being troubled with new moons or old ones either, so he took up his quarters in the haunted chamber. He made no alarm during the night; but at the breakfast table he declined answering any questions. The truth was, he had seen exactly the same thing that had so alarmed his grandmother and Mary; but he was a bold, determined fellow, and had made up his mind to find out the cause of this singular appearance; and, besides he did not like to confess that he had witnessed the same thing that he had scoffed at as a delusion in others.

Six nights in succession he slept in the haunted room, and every night the same thing occurred. On the seventh night, he was lying awake, about midnight, thinking of the strange circumstance, and trying in vain to arrive at a solution of the mystery, when he heard Alice begin to cough in the room below. Immediately, he heard my mother's footsteps coming into Alice's room, as was her custom whenever she had a paroxysm of coughing. At the same time, the supernatural light appeared in the corner, floated slowly across the room, and went down behind his bed. A thought struck him.

"Sarah," he called, "have you got a light?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Are you standing by Alice's bed?"

"Yes," again.

"Well," said he, "walk from her bed to the door with the light in your hand."

At once, the half-moon rose from behind his bed, and moved steadily across toward the opposite corner.

"Now come back again," he said.

She did so, and as if following the sound of her footsteps, back sailed the mysterious light.

He sprang out of bed with a hearty laugh. The mystery was solved. The earthen pot through which the stovepipe passed from the lower into the upper room, was too large for the pipe; and a light, passing from the door to the bed in the lower room, cast its reflection through this aperture, and, as it showed on the wall above, was exactly the shape of a new moon. My mother's repeated visits from her room to aunt Alice's bedside, with a light in her hand, had been the cause of my grandmother's supernatural warning; and, but for the boldness and perseverance of her son, would no doubt, have been handed down to successive generations of grandchildren as a solemn warning of aunt Alice's death, which took place some weeks after. Probably all supernatural appearances might be explained as the effect of some natural cause, if people were not too superstitious to risk the trial.

CAUTIOUS MEN.—Some men use words as riders on do bullets. They say little. The few words used go right to the mark.—They let you talk, and guide with their eye and face, and on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lace out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. You never know where you stand with them. Your conversation falls into their minds, as rivers fall into deep chasms, and are lost in from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go right through to the mark like a gun shot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading.

BE CAREFUL.—There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality of man among men is like sunshine to the day, the gentle renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor hope to cling to the sun illumined landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. It comes to us as provisionally as good—and is a good, if we rightly apply its lessons. Why not, then, cheerfully accept the gift, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of Christianity. The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay, and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy and pure heart.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.—A good woman in Sersey was sadly annoyed by a ter-magant neighbor, who often visited her and provoked a quarrel. She at last sought the counsel of her pastor, who added sound common sense to his other good qualities. Having heard the story of her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself quietly in the chimney corner when next visited, take the tongs in her hand, look steadily into the fire, and whenever a hard word came from her neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongs, without uttering a word.

A day or two afterwards, the woman came again to her pastor, with a bright and laughing face, to communicate the effect of this new antidote for scolding. Her trouble had visited her, and, as usual, commenced her tirade. Snap went the tongs. Another volley. Snap. Another still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" said the ter-magant, more enraged.

"Snap."

"Do speak; I shall die if you don't speak," and away she went, cured of her malady by the magic of silence.

It is poor work scolding a deaf man, it is profitless beating the air. One-sided controversies do not last long, and generally end in victory for the silent party.

DEAD YET LIVING.—The cedar is most useful when dead. It is the most productive; when its place knows it no more.—There is no more use in it than in a grain, and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of an insect will not touch it, and Time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it ceils, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards; all but immortal itself, it transmits its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it. Every Christian is useful in his life, but the goodly cedars are the most useful afterwards. Luther is dead, but the Reformation lives. Knox, Neilville, and Henderson are dead, but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry, a Bible in every house, and a school in every parish. Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still walks the earth in its "Pilgrim's Progress." Baxter is dead but souls are still quickening by the "Saints' Rest." Cowper is dead, but the "golden apples" are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the "silver basket" of Olney Hymns.—Eliot is dead, but the missionary enterprise is young. Henry Martyn is dead, but who can count the apostolic spirits who phoenix-like have started from the funeral pile? Howard is dead but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Raikes is dead, but the Sabbath-schools go on.

The Japanese possess the art of dwarfing and magnifying vegetable products in an extraordinary manner. A recent traveler states that he saw a plum tree, a cherry tree, and a fig tree growing in a small box not more than six inches long, the plum tree being in blossom; whilst on the other hand, cabbages are grown of such a size that one is as much as a man can lift.

Notice of Removal!—DAVID WELSH, PRACTICAL WATCH-MAKER AND REPAIRER OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE, South-east corner of Public Square, at the sign of the LARGE WATCH, Greensborough, N. C. Thankful for the very liberal patronage received at his former stand, has removed to the more central location on public square where he will be happy to wait on all of his former patrons and as many new ones as may please to patronize him. A splendid stock of all kinds of material on hand, such as jewels, hands, mainsprings, watch glasses, guards and keys. All work warranted 12 months. jan29 34-ly

Insurance Office.—Greensborough, N. C. Sept. 10th, 1868. At a meeting of the Directors of this company an assessment of ten per cent was made and ordered to be collected on all premium notes outstanding on the 1st day of March, 1868. 63-4w PETER ADAMS, Sec.

Musical Instruction.—Prof. W. S. B. Mathews will remain in Greensborough and give private lessons in Music, until further notice. Very particular attention will be given to the instruction of beginners. 67-3m

Furs Wanted.—We wish to purchase any quantity of Furs, for which we will pay 5 cents each for Rabbit; 25 cents for Coon, Fox and Muskrat; and 40 cents each for Mink. J. F. GARRETT. 44-1f

Wagon for Sale!—One 3 Horse Wagon Apply to A. A. WILLARD, Greensborough, N. C. 58-2f

Notice to Overseers of Roads.—This is to notify the overseers of the roads between Greensborough and Salem, and between Greensborough and Yanceyville, that if they do not repair the said roads, and put them in condition for the travelling public, that legal proceedings will be instituted compelling them to discharge their duties. M. JORDAN, 72-3w Mail Contractor.

For Sale.—One fine four year old MARE COLT, well broken to harness, for sale, perfectly sound. Apply to CHAS. R. KING, Graham, N. C. 69-4w

Written for the Patriot.

AN OFFERING.

IN MEMORY OF LAM THOMPSON.

Spirit lye! I strike thy strings,
And lend my feeble breath,
To spread the halo glow flings
Around a martyr's death.Hushed sleeps in a lonely grave,
Halle sleeps in a stranger's land;
He fled, our struggling South to save,
From a tyrant's bloody hand.He has crossed death's waters o'er,
In answer to the angel's call;
The home-stead threshold never more
Will echo his foot-fall.Loved ones look on the vacant chair,
Beside the stricken heart,
And weep to know he is not there,
With his gleeful song and mirth.But though in death lost Halle sleeps,
Within his child-hood's home,
Fond hearts his treasured image keep
In memory's sacred dome.And other hearts, outside the pale
Of kindred, strive dear,
Felt a pang and gave a wail
Above his ill-timed bier.The cannon's roar nor drum's "long roll!"
Will disturb him in a slumber more,
War's ravages cannot reach his soul
Upon Eternity's vast shore.When our glorious South is free,
We'll twine a garland for the slain,
And 'mong the first we name shall be
In richest buds, lost Halle's name.

Written for the Patriot.

TIME.

There is something solemn in the roaring wind,
It wakes the dormant scenes that are left behind,
A pleasant melancholy steals the mind,
And makes it sad.The scenes in which we long had found delight
Had lent remotestapture to the sight,
But now we sink beneath the sweeping blight
In sorrow clad.Yet time rolls on destroying all it goes,
Removing all our pleasures with our woes,
Our dearest friends, and most malignant foes,
And nothing leaves.Though pleasures spring again like budding flowers,
As soon are swept away by passing hours;
And ere we raise again our drooping powers,
Again it grieves.O what is there on earth that's worth our hearts,
Where pleasures come so soon and sooner parts,
Where all who are dear and lovely leave such smart,
When they are gone?Where scenes are passing, quickly from the view,
And hopes are failing, never to renew;
While hopes and joys and friends are few,
To rest upon.Before the course of time's ingathering sweep
No pleasure is secure, nor can we keep
Ourselves from falling, soon we fall asleep
And are no more.As life is surely vanishing, quickly take
The precious boon, which time can never make
That which at last, will you most glorious make
When life is o'er. G. E. W. GREENSBORO' N. C.

W. D. Davis lately and for some time past, not to shoot so many of his men. We wish somebody would order him not to shoot so many of ours.—Louisville Journal.

Valuable Land for Sale for Confederate Money.—I offer for sale a valuable tract of land, consisting of two hundred acres, situated on the headwaters of Little Buffalo, six miles south of Greensborough, known as the Fisher tract. It is well improved, containing all necessary buildings in good repair, with a good orchard. W. S. CLARK, Greensborough, N. C.

Neos for Hire.—I will hire privately, on or before the 1st day of Jan. 1869, (for the year 1869.) The following named negroes, two men, three plough boys, five women, and one nurse. The men and boys are splendid tobacco rollers, and also good farm hands. The women are number one cooks, washers and ironers. I can be found at Capt. J. N. Hooper's near Summer's Mill, Guilford county, N. C. J. ALBERT HOOPER, oct22 72-5w N. H.

40 Mules at Auction.—On Saturday the 24th of October, at 10 o'clock, to the highest bidder at public auction, 10 mules before the Court House in Greensborough, sales to begin at 12 o'clock. Terms cash. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, oct22 72-1w N. H.

WANTED AT THE Manassas Gap Rail Road Shops, near the Depot Greensborough, N. C. KITCHEN GREASE, LARD, TALLOW, SPOILED BACON, OLD BRASS, OLD COPPER, CAST STEEL, IRON, FURNACE, CORN, AND CORN MEAL, for which the highest CASH PRICES will be paid. oct22 72-12m

Latest Schedule!—The Greensborough Steam Mills will run as follows until further notice. Saw Mill on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, Grist Mill, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. JOHN SLOAN, Proprietor. 72-2w

North Carolina, Alamance Co. Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, Sept. Term, 1868.

Mary Ripley vs. Sidney Albert and others. PETITION FOR DOWER.

In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that William Jones and wife Eliza are not inhabitants of this State, it is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Greensborough Patriot a paper published in the town of Greensborough, N. C., for six successive weeks notifying said defendants to appear at next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Alamance at the Court House in Graham on the first Monday after the fourth Monday of November next, and show cause if any they have, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted, or otherwise the case will be heard ex parte as to them.

Witness, John Faucett, clerk of said Court at office in Graham, on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in August, 1868. J. FAUCETT, C. C. C. 72-6w advt

Boot and Shoe Makers Wanted.—Liberal prices will be paid. Apply immediately to L. L. THOMAS & Co., Thomasville, N. C. 71-6w

County Salt.—A large lot of salt is now on hand ready for delivery to the distributing agents

THE PATRIOT.

INGOLD & CLENDENIN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PRICE \$5.00 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

TWO DOLLARS per square for the first insertion, and ONE DOLLAR for each continuance, twelve lines or less constituting a square.

Advertisements inserted as special notices will be charged double the above rates.

Tributes of Respect (except those of soldiers) charged as advertisements. Also obituary notices exceeding six lines in length, will be charged for at the rate of TEN CENTS per line of manuscript.

The money should accompany the notice. Mere announcements of deaths or marriages are solicited as items of news.

Notice.—The Partnership heretofore existing under the name and style of Trotter & McFarland, is this day dissolved by consent.

All persons indebted to said firm will please make immediate payment to W. D. Trotter, as the business must be closed. The said Trotter would most gratefully thank his many friends and customers for past favors, and hopes by strict attention and application to business to merit a continuance of the same, and respectfully invites the attention of the public generally to the large stock of GROCERIES AND DRY GOODS which he will constantly keep on hand, consisting of the following articles, to wit: SUGAR, SYRUPS, SPICE, GINGER, CONFECTIONARIES and a fine assortment of DYE STUFFS, together with Ladies' and Gentlemen's DRY GOODS and READY MADE CLOTHING, all of which will be sold low for cash, either wholesale or retail at the old stand on West Market street corner of second square.

W. D. TROTTER.

Hat Manufactory in Greensboro.

N. C. We are now manufacturing all of the different grades of FUR AND WOOL HATS, such as, Homburg, Rabbit, Raccoon, of ALL COLORS; also WOOL HATS of all the different grades and colors. Merchants wanting GOOD, HONEST HATS, made entirely by Southern men, and of Southern material, can have their orders filled on such terms as will prove satisfactory to them and their customers.

We will buy your good felt FURS that we can get, such as Otter, Mink, Muskrat, Beaver, Coon and Rabbit, for which we will pay CASH, or exchange hats on fair terms.

For all coloring of garments hereafter, we shall charge according to the cost of the dye used in the coloring.

J. & F. GARRETT.

Tarpley's Breach-loading Gun.

This Gun has been used by the State at Richmond and Raleigh, N. C., and has stood the test fully, making a favorable impression wherever it has been exhibited. We say, without fear of contradiction, that it is the BEST BREACH-LOADING GUN, in the Southern Confederacy. It can be shot with PERFECT SAFETY, and loaded either from the breech or muzzle. This Gun is LESS COMPLICATED and EASIER TO USE than any gun that has been invented in this country. N. C., and we are now manufacturing it for the State of North Carolina, at our Shop in Greensboro.

We are ready to sell SHOP RIGHTS to manufacturers in the gun business in any of the States in the Confederacy.

TARPLEY, GARRETT & CO.

GREENSBORO MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY.

This Company offers inducements to the public which few possess. It is economical in its management, and prompt in the payment of its losses.

The insured for life are its members, and they participate in the profits, not only upon the premium paid in, but also on a large and increasing deposit capital in active operation.

A dividend of 67 per cent. at the last annual meeting of the Company, was declared, and carried to the credit of the Life Members of the Company.

Those desiring an insurance upon their own lives, or on the lives of their slaves, will please address D. P. WEIR, Treasurer.

L. C. LINEBERRY & CO.,

Wilmington, N. C. Have just received in store and offer for sale, 25 BAGS EXTRA CAPE AND JAVA COFFEE, 50 KEGS B. CARB. SODA.

192 SETS TABLE CUTLERY, 5 cases (30 doz.) BEST ENGLISH MUSTARD, 2 cases (70 doz.) OCEAN SALT constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest market prices.

Improvement.—I have got one of the best MACHINES for ROLLING SOLE and COVERING FAN now in full operation. MY BOLTING CLOTHS are also repaired, and I can safely insure as good work as can be done at any mill in the State. Terms for grinding, ONE-TENTH only.

Also, I have a fine MORTON GIN in the country, which will be in operation in due time.

SAWING done to order.

MY WOOL CARDS are still running.

L. D. ORRELL.

Pedagogue Notice.—The installation of Rev. W. L. Miller as pastor of Amalgam Church will take place on the Saturday before the 3rd Sabbath of November. The Rev. J. C. Alexander will preside and preach the sermon. Rev. P. H. Dalton, alternate, the Rev. J. Henry Smith will deliver the charge to the pastor, Rev. C. N. Morrow, alternate; the Rev. A. Currie will deliver the charge to the people, Rev. F. H. Johnston alternate. Some of the brethren are expected to remain at the Sabbath. The attention of the Church is particularly directed to this notice, and the public generally are invited to attend.

W. L. MILLER.

Notice.—The subscriber having at the November Term, 1863 of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, held for the county of Wayne and State of North Carolina, qualified as administrator of the late James Richardson, deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against or to the estate of said deceased, to present them duly authenticated within the time required by law, or this notice will be paid in bar of their recovery, and all persons indebted to said deceased are requested to make immediate payment.

Wm. K. LANE, Administrator.

\$50 REWARD.—Runaway from the subscriber about the 1st of October ultimo, a young man named CHARLES. He is twenty-three years old, five feet seven inches high, complexion yellow, hair long, quite intelligent and quick spoken, and belongs to Martin Jones, of Martin county, N. C., to which point he may attempt to go. I will pay the above reward for the delivery of said boy to me, or to A. Cunningham, Greensboro, N. C., or I will pay \$25 for his confinement in any jail of the State, so that I can get him.

S. A. POWELL.

Horses and Cows for Sale.—I have for sale two good COWS, and two good HORSES. Apply to me at Centre, Guilford county, N. C.

L. REYNOLDS.

L. C. LINEBERRY & CO.,

COMMERCIAL FORWARDING MERCHANTS.

73-3m/er Water Street, Wilmington, N. C.

Notice.—I am now running a DAILY LINE of Stages from Greensboro to connect with the Piedmont Railroad, thirty miles from Greensboro leaving Greensboro at 5 A. M., and leaving the railroad at 8 A. M.

D. T. HARVEY.

Sugar!

I have just received a large lot of SUGAR, of fine grades, which I offer for sale, wholesale or retail, at prices to suit the times.

W. D. TROTTER.

Wanted.—5000 good Chestnut or Oak RAILS, to be delivered one mile east of Greensboro, on the McColl Road, near the railroad. Persons wishing to contract for the delivery of the same, will apply soon to the subscriber.

R. N. CALDWELL,

Greensboro.

Wanted.—10000 pounds of HIDES, for which the highest prices will be paid, on delivery to me in Greensboro, or at my tannery. I would respectfully suggest to butchers and hide-dealers, that the best and most useful and beautiful appendage to the animal while living, yet they will not make leather, and should therefore be cut off before weighing the hide.

JAMES A. LONG.

Splendid Opportunity!—We are desirous of selling out our whole establishment in Greensboro, N. C., which affords a rare opportunity to any one desirous of embarking in the boot and shoe business. We also offer at fair prices all our stock in trade, consisting of a general assortment of BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

B. G. GRAHAM & CO.

Recipe for Shoe-Blacking.—We are agents of D. W. Edwards for the sale of the recipe by which his shoe blacking is made, and the blacking made by this recipe is guaranteed to be not cost exceeding 50 cents. Price of recipe ONE DOLLAR. Enclose a stamp for pre-paying postage.

J. & F. GARRETT & CO.

Wool Carding.—The undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that they are now CARDING WOOL at their old stand on Haver River, 7 miles north of Greensboro Station, and having put their cards in good order, they are prepared to make the best quality of rolls. Those bringing wool to be carded, are required to wash it clean, and have it free from trash and burs, putting 1 lb. of card to every 10 lbs. of wool, and one sheet to every 10 lbs. of card. The price is 15 cents per lb. for white, and 20 cents for mixed, or tinned, 1 lb. in 15.

J. L. PUGH.

New Tri-Weekly Stage Line.—The subscriber would announce to the traveling public that on and after the first day of July next he will commence running a weekly line of stage from Greensboro to Madison, leaving Greensboro on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 o'clock a. m., and leaving Madison Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at the same hour.

No pains will be spared to render comfortable those who may patronize this line.

J. S. BROWN.

Tanning.—I would respectfully inform the public that my TANNERY is a successful operation, 4 miles North of Greensboro, in the neighborhood of Shallow Ford, in Alamance county. I would be pleased to tan for my friends and customers on the following terms: For tanning hides that will split, the third pound, for those too small to split, half the leather. Hides will be received until first February next. Satisfaction guaranteed.

S. M. CLIMER.

Runaway—\$100 Reward.—Runaway from the subscriber on the night of the 9th Sept. 1863, my boy CHARLES. Said boy is a Blacksmith by trade and is about 23 years old, is about 5 feet 11 inches high, will weigh about 170 or 175 lbs., has a fair set of teeth, and is of a dark mulatto color, had long hair on his face when he left, and is rather slow spoken. Charles has formerly been hired at High Point and Jamestown, Guilford county, N. C., in the employ of Mendenhall, Jones & Gardner, in the manufacture of guns. It is very likely that he will make his way to the west places for the purpose of taking the train or following the railroad in the direction of Raleigh as he has expressed his purpose to go to the enemy. I will pay the above reward of \$100, if delivered to me at my house 12 miles South of Madison, in Rockingham, N. C., or \$50 for his confinement in any jail within the State so that I can get him. Address ALBERT LOMAX.

Summersfield, Guilford Co., N. C.

Read This.—Those who have purchased my Florida Balm are requested to return to me the EMPTY VIALS, for which I will pay TWENTY CENTS per dozen, and my absence from town, the vials will be received at the post office. My room is over the post office.

G. H. LIVINGSTON.

Auction and Commission Business in Greensboro.—We will give our STRICTEST ATTENTION to the above business, looking after the interest of those having property in this part of North Carolina. Hiring and selling Negroes, or any other species of property, produce or goods. Office and warehouse, Greensboro, N. C. Best of references given.

J. & F. GARRETT & CO.

\$50 Reward.—Runaway from the subscriber, on Saturday 8th instant. Bill a dark mulatto, 5 feet 9 inches high, 22 years old, weighs about 160 pounds, one front tooth broke half off which shows conspicuously when he laughs, which he does when spoke to, speaks with a slight lisp. Had on when he left neither hat or coat. The above reward will be paid for his confinement in Guilford jail, or his delivery to me, at Summersfield, Guilford county.

JOSEPH HOKINS.

George Allen,

Greensboro, N. C.

Offers for Sale.

1000 lbs Brown Sheet.

500 " " Colored Dito for Negro Clothing.

500 " " Factory and Country Plaids.

200 " Grey Cassimere.

200 Bunches Cotton Yarn No. 7 to 14.

300 lbs Copperas.

500 lbs Sugar.

And an assortment of notions.

60-6m

Carpenters and Brick Masons

superintendent the brick laying and another the carpenter's work of Greensboro Female College. Also carpenters and brick layers to work under them. Apply soon to us at Greensboro, N. C.

W. E. BARNES.

C. F. MENDENHALL,

Building Com.

J. M. GARRETT,

N. H. D. WILSON.

Stolen.—From my stable in Guilford county, on Friday night, 2nd instant, my MARE, a bay, aged three years, has a good deal of white hair, and hind leg, a white spotted streak on the same leg, a star and blaze in forehead, and when stolen slightly lame in left fore foot—a little grey on the wither, caused by being rubbed by the backband. I will pay a reasonable reward for the return of said mare to me. My post office is Brick Church, Guilford Co., N. C.

PETER FOGLEMAN.

Brass, Copper, Lead and Zinc.—A liberal price will be paid for any kind of old brass, copper, lead and zinc, delivered at the nearest railroad station. Any one wishing to sell, will please notify me of the quantity, price, and where to be delivered.

A. G. BRENZER.

Notice.—On the night when the College building the Depository office for the following articles delivered at the Ordnance Store House, at Danville, Va. to W. N. Davis, the authorized Agent for this Arsenal, who will from time to time take trips through the country, and receive and pay cash for any of the articles below mentioned, viz: Old Brass, Copper, Tin, Hemp Rope, or Packing.

E. S. HUTTER.

Cotton Bonds.—The bonds of the Confederate Government, principal payable in 20 years in coin and the interest annually in coin or cotton, at 6 per cent can be had at the Bank of Cape Fear, the government prices.

J. H. LINDSAY, Cashier.

Notice.—I have lost or mislaid a certificate of deposit in the Depository Office at Greensboro, for the sum of eight hundred dollars dated 27th July, 1863, No. 605. All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing or in any manner receiving said certificate and any information respecting it will be thankfully received.

J. A. GILMER.

In Store and for Sale.

SODA, EXTRACT LOGWOOD, COPPERAS, ALLSPICE, CLOVES, TEA, COFFEE, BOWLS, SPOONS, DECANTERS, SNUFFERS, TABLE CLOTHS, COTTONY, AD. LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, FATIGUE SHIRTS, READY-MADE COATS, &c.

MENDENHALL, JONES & GARDNER.

Notice.—The undersigned will pay the highest cash prices for a number one Hatter over Conscription age.

JONES & SON.

Wanted.—I want to hire ten or fifteen NEGROES, stout, active boys, as laborers at the Confederate States Ordnance Works, Salisbury, North Carolina.

A. G. BRENZER.

For Sale.—30 Barrels Tanners Oil, 200 Boxes No. 1 Tobacco, with large assortment of other goods just run the blockade.

J. & F. GARRETT.

Notice.—We will pay Cash for old Copper Brass, may 28.

J. & F. GARRETT.

Post Quarter Master's Office.

5th Congressional District, N. C. Graham, September 26th, 1863.

In General Orders, No. 117, Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, Richmond Sept. 3rd, 1863, the following order occurs which should be impressed upon the minds of the Producers in the several counties in the 5th Congressional District, N. C.

111. Producers are required to deliver the Wheat, Corn, Oats, Rye, Buckwheat, Rice, Peas, Beans, ground Hay and Fodder, Sugar, Molasses made of Cane, Wool and Tobacco, in such form and ordinary marketable manner, as may be usual in the section in which they are delivered; cotton ginned and packed in some secure manner, tobacco stripped and packed in boxes.

Producers will be paid the excess of transportation, over eight miles, at the rates prescribed by State Commissioners, under the impressment act by the following agents, who are authorized to receive the titles in the several counties in the 5th Congressional District, N. C.

Alamance, P. R. HARDIN, A. P. ECKEL, Guilford, R. H. GRAY, Forsyth, R. H. MASSEY, Stokes, W. R. MEBANE, Rockingham, R. Y. MCADAM, Caswell, G. W. NORWOOD, Person, Special attention is called to the above.

69-4f and Q. M. 6th Congl. District, N. C.

Bring on Your Hides!—You that want them should cheerfully expect to tan all hides (of the ox species) for one-third, and give the owner of the hides the privilege to buy the whole when tanned. I also desire to buy hides at the highest market prices.

D. P. FOUST.

Card.—Those indebted to me either for subscription to the Patriot up to the 1st of May, or for job work and advertising, are requested to call on the first door north of the Post Office, and make settlements at their earliest convenience, as I am very anxious to balance my books. I shall expect interest on all accounts that are not promptly paid. In my absence, Mr. S. G. Thomas will attend to making settlements for me.

M. S. SHERWOOD.

Tailoring.—My Shop is fifty yards north of the Railroad, in the old store building, where I invite my friends and customers to call and intend to give satisfaction to all who call on me. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO GARMENT CUTTING. Prices in accordance with the times. Call and see.

A. DILWORTH.

\$100 Reward.—Runaway from the subscriber about the 1st of July, a negro man JACOB who is stout thick set and dark complexioned, 30 years of age, 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, weighs about 160 pounds, hair thick, grows long on the forehead, nose flat, lips thick, face full and wears a beard. It is supposed that he is trying to make his way back to Perquimans county, N. C., from which he was removed November, 1862. I will give the above reward for his recovery, or \$50 for his confinement in any jail in the State so that I can get him at Greensboro, N. C.

THOMAS NIXON.

Quarter Master's Office.

Greensboro, N. C., Oct. 13, 1863.

PROPOSALS will be received at this office until the 1st of November to furnish 10,000 HICKORY POLES, from one to three inches in diameter. Proposals for a less quantity will be considered.

Also, proposals for three lots of cords of OAK WOOD.

S. R. CHISMAN, Maj. and Q. M.

Lost or Mislaid.—A certificate of deposit in the Depository office Greensboro, N. C. for the sum of \$500 bearing date the 24th July, 1863, 1 No. 550 has been lost or mislaid by me. Any information in relation to it will be thankfully received and all persons are cautioned against trading for the same.

W. M. BOWMAN.

Lost or Stolen.—In Greensboro on Tuesday last I lost a PISTOL. All a PISTOL with a shooting revolver, in a leather case, black inside, and the fair or grain side of the leather outside. A reward will be given for the return of the PISTOL to me.

J. A. M. COBLE, Patterson's Store, N. C.

R. R. ROBERTS,

Corner of 13th and Cary Streets, Richmond, Va. Solicits consignments of Manufactured Tobacco, Whiskey, Brandy, &c., to the sale of which he pledges himself to give PARTICULAR attention.

He begs leave to refer to Dr. Wm. S. Green, President of the Farmers' Bank, and to Messrs. G. T. Pace & Son, Danville, Va. and to Messrs. Mr. John H. Pemberton, of Danville, Va., who will attend to any business connected with this house.

002-9 73-5w

Iron for Sale.—I will sell at the State Armory at Florence, N. C., 2 miles north of Jamestown Station, TEN THOUSAND POUNDS OF IRON in lots to suit purchasers.

Z. S. COFFIN, Agt. Ordn. Dept. for N. C.

Powder for Lead.—I will exchange Powder for Lead in principal small lots, or in large quantities, at the rate of 10 pounds of powder for ten pounds of lead—the lead to be delivered to me at the State Armory at Florence, Guilford county, N. C.

Z. S. COFFIN, Agt. Ordn. Dept. for N. C.

Notice.

C. S. ARSENAL, Danville, Va. Oct. 3d, 1863.

I will pay full price for the following articles delivered at the Ordnance Store House, at Danville, Va. to W. N. Davis, the authorized Agent for this Arsenal, who will from time to time take trips through the country, and receive and pay cash for any of the articles below mentioned, viz: Old Brass, Copper, Tin, Hemp Rope, or Packing.

E. S. HUTTER, Captain Commanding.

Cotton Bonds.—The bonds of the Confederate Government, principal payable in 20 years in coin and the interest annually in coin or cotton, at 6 per cent can be had at the Bank of Cape Fear, the government prices.

J. H. LINDSAY, Cashier.

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A. G. BRENZER.

For Sale.—30 Barrels Tanners Oil, 200 Boxes No. 1 Tobacco, with large assortment of other goods just run the blockade.

J. & F. GARRETT.

DIED.

In Richmond on the 14th of Oct., from a wound received at Battle of the Station on the 14th ult., ROBERT D. WEATHERLY, Sergt. Major of the 23rd Regt. N. C. T., aged about 25 years. Robert was mortally wounded at the disastrous fight at Bristol's Station Va., where so many of Cooke's and Kirkland's brigades were killed, and in a day or two after, his father and mother arrived and were with him until his death—some four or five days afterwards. They found him in great distress of mind as to his future and eternal prospects, but on the next day he was enabled to comfort his soul to Jesus and his father and mother and his friends and dear ones at home, thanking God for his great goodness and mercy in converting his soul, while he begged them not to put off the subject of religion a single moment. He avowed his full convictions of the righteousness of the struggle in which he fell and his willingness to die for his beloved country. Just before he breathed his last, he calmly and distinctly exclaimed, "Farewell! South-ern army! Farewell! Southern Confederacy! Farewell! President Davis, leader of thy righteous cause! Farewell! beautiful earth, etc., etc." Young in years brave and noble-hearted, he has offered up his young life for the defence of our homes and principles, and his ransomed spirit rests with God in peace and glory.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes blest, When Spring with dewy fingers cold, Comes to dew a soldier's forehead cold, And then shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ever trod." J. H. S.

At the residence of Dr. J. M. Worth in Ashboro, N. C. on the 14th day of November inst. Dr. ED- MOND B. CLARK, late of Jackson Hill North Car- olinian, and a member of the Legislature for 1861. He died after a protracted illness of Consumption. In his death the State has lost one of its most skill- ful physicians and the County one of its best citi- zens.

In this county, October 23d, after a long, painful illness, Mrs. JANE CHAPMAN, consort of the late Dr. William Chapman. Deceased was in the 70th year of her age.

THE CEDAR FALLS BOBBIN COMPANY, ARE now prepared to furnish at short notice, all kinds of BOBBINS, SPOOLS AND QUILLS, &c., suitable for Woolen and Cotton Mills.

J. M. ODELL, Agent.

Cedar Falls, N. C., June 9, 1863.

WE WISH TO BUY,

North Carolina Guilford County.
In Equity, Fall Term, 1863.
SALE OF LAND, AND VALUABLE MILLS.
I shall on Thursday the 15th day of December next, sell on the premises, the land and mills known as the Huffman Mill, on Big Alam, on a credit of six months. The land is good, Mills have 1 pair of Bur Stones, a pair of good Corn Stones, bolting chest and cloth on the same place a good Farm, Mill and abundant water power for the machinery, situated in a grain growing neighborhood, there is no more desirable Mill seat and Mills in the county.
By order of the Court.
J. A. MEBANE, C. M. E.

New Tobacco House.
NEAL, SWORDS & CO. 183 Broad Street.
Near Express Company, Augusta, Georgia, General Commission Merchants, and special agents for the sale of Virginia and North Carolina MANUFACTURED TOBACCO, respectfully solicit consignments of Tobacco &c from our friends, assuring prompt, personal and faithful attention to business.
Special attention given to the purchasing and forwarding of goods ordered.
By permission we refer to the Merchants, Manufacturers and business men of Richmond and Danville generally.
NEAL, SWORDS & CO.

North Carolina Randolph County.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, November Term, 1863.
Nancy Chisico vs. William Chisico and others.
PETITION FOR DOWER.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Noah Chisico and the minor heirs of Peggy Yow are not inhabitants of this State; It is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made in the Greensborough Patriot, a paper published in the town of Greensborough, N. C., for six successive weeks, notifying said defendants to appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the county of Randolph at the Court House in Asheboro on the first Monday of February next, and show cause if any they have why the prayer of the petition should not be granted, or otherwise the case will be heard ex parte as to them.
Witness, Joseph H. Brown, Clerk of said Court, first Monday of November, 1863.
J. H. BROWN, Clerk.

North Carolina Randolph County.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, November Term, 1863.
John A. Craven, Frederick Pearce, Executors, vs.
Jacob Coplee.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Jacob Coplee the above named Defendant is not an inhabitant of this State; It is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made for six weeks in the Greensborough Patriot, a newspaper published in the town of Greensborough, N. C., notifying the said defendant of the above levies and requiring him to be and appear before the Justices of our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the county of Randolph at the Court House in Asheboro on the first Monday of February next, and there, to plead or reply, or judgment final will be entered against him, and the land levied on ordered to be sold to satisfy the recoveries in the above cases, and costs of suit.
Witness, Joseph H. Brown, Clerk of said Court, first Monday of November, 1863.
Issued Nov. 10, 1863.
J. H. BROWN, Clerk.

For Rent.—On the 1st day of January next, I will rent public to the highest bidder the large and well arranged STORE HOUSE, formerly occupied by W. J. McConnell, situated on West Street.
J. R. DICK, Guardian.

Land for Sale.—I offer for sale fifty acres of Land, lying one mile east of Greensboro on the Hillsboro road.
R. P. DICK, nov19 76-6w

Book of Instruction
FOR THE PIANO FORTE—NOW READY.
On Friday next, the 4th instant, will be published: Part I. of the C. S. A. Superior Book of Instruction for the Piano Forte. Price \$3.
This part, elegantly printed in Lithography, on good paper, contains the usual instructions to learners, together with eight pages of scales and exercises, marked for fingering.
Part II, completing the work, will follow in about three weeks, and comprise lessons and studies for advanced pupils.
TERMS: One third off to the trade, and half this allowance to schools and teachers ordering ten parts. Cash or check to accompany all orders.
GEORGE DUNN & CO., Richmond, Va.

\$100 Reward.—The undersigned will give a reward of \$100 to the person who will inform him of the whereabouts of the negro, REBECCA, who absconded from his premises on Wednesday morning, Nov. 11. The said woman is about 22 or 23 years old, black complexion, 5 feet 3 or 4 inches high, and quite stout. She has a scar on her right cheek and another around one of her arms near the wrist, caused by a burn. She is an excellent spinner and is believed to be a good weaver. She took several dresses; one a homespun and another a dark calico, and a new pair of shoes; white bonnet. Brought her in Richmond. She was raised in Milton, N. C., and may attempt to go to that place.
Any person completing the said woman and delivering her to me, or confining her so that I can get her, will receive the above reward.
E. B. DRAKE, Statesville, N. C.

Notice.—To the members of Chorion Chapter, No. 13, you are hereby notified to attend at the Hall, on the 3rd Friday in Dec. next, at 8 o'clock, p. m. for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year.
C. P. MENDENHALL, H. P.

Negro for Sale.—A Negro man 24 years old, sound and healthy.
JAMES MILLER, High Point, N. C.

Auction Sale.—On Saturday the 28th inst., we will expose for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, a large and valuable assortment of Household, furniture, beds, bedding, chairs, tables, cooking stoves, bedsteads, and other articles too numerous to mention.
J. & F. GARRETT & CO., W. E. EDWARDS, Auctioneers, 76-2w

Notice.—Having qualified as administrator of the High Rufus Forbes, deceased, I take this method of notifying any one having claims against said Forbes, to bring them forward, in the time prescribed by Law, otherwise this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.
W. S. MOORE, Adm'r.

Hides.—I have a nice lot of Hides to dispose of.
D. W. C. BENBOW, Greensborough, N. C.

List of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Greensboro, N. C., Nov. 15, 1863.
Miss Malinda Antion, Jas. Hoyt
Messrs Allen & Crafton, Col. T. F. Heydress
Miss M. Macon Alston, A. J. Johns
Samuel Apple, Will. E. Lewis
Miss M. L. Burton, Miss A. Lineberry
Whites Mills, Miss Mary C. Lucas
Mrs. Anna Bruce, A. P. Ledbetter Esq.,
Miss Isabel Brown, Adam Moser 2
Miss Blackman, Robert G. McKay
Serge W. J. Brown, Betsy Wood servant of
James Bishop, L. L. Moore
W. C. Clark, E. W. Ward
Miss J. H. Cummings, Allen Powell
The Moss & Calloways, C. L. Pettigrew 2
J. O. Cook 2, Yander Reeves
Wm. & John Clark, Mrs. Mary Roland
J. H. Caldwell, C. B. Riddle
Miss Jennie Christian, Rev. Rush
J. B. Caldwell, Miss Eliza Russell 2
Barney Davidson, Berry Taylor
Capt. Crubet, Charles Valentine
Gall Gings, Joseph M. Williams
Serge Thomas S. R. Deer, Maj. O. A. Waddell
Miss Mary H. Fields, M. Chas. Fisher care
W. P. Fulford, John D. Wilson
Daniel Carter Sen., A. Walmesley Esq., 2
Care of Wm. Goodwin, M. E. White
J. G. Giffin, Miss Agnes Ward
James F. Harrell, Mr. Wm. Ward
J. W. Hanner, James B. Webb
Dr. J. W. Hinds, Mrs. Mary G. Wright
J. R. Hanner, Mr. T. L. Scott
C. M. Fox
George Langford
Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say they are advertised.
J. E. THOM, P. M.

Town Property for Sale.—On the 8th of December next, I will offer at public auction in the town of Jamestown, N. C., a desirable House and Lot, the House in good condition and comfortable, with outbuildings. The lot contains four acres, with orchard, meadow, and water. Also at the same time, and place one other lot, containing one acre with house and well on it. Also one other lot containing 1 acre. Confederate money preferred.
W. A. COBLE, 76-5w

THE PATRIOT.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

The 21st Regiment, Hoke's brigade, which has been on detached duty in this State for some time past under command of that officer, has been ordered to report at Richmond, and the whole regiment take the trains at High Point to-day.

This Regiment has done good service since it has been in this State. We were told by an officer of the regiment yesterday that they have returned to the service at least five deserters or recusant conscripts to each man in the regiment.
Co. M, Capt. J. E. Gilmer, of the 21st, is made up entirely from this county. We have been pleased to see many of these gallant men in our town during their stay in this section.

As a token of the esteem in which they are held by the people of the county, a handsome dinner was prepared for them at Alamance Church on Tuesday last.

A fine table was also set for them at Troy's Store in Randolph county, one day last week.

It being the common rumor on the streets, that the stock of the Manassas Gap Railroad was to be placed on the Piedmont Road, without consulting the proper person on the subject, we last week made a statement to that effect. But from the following note which we have received from the superintendent of the M. G. Railroad, it will be seen that the people in supposing what it would seem should be the case, are in error:

MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD SHOPS, Greensboro, Nov. 12, 1863.

EDITH PATRIOT: In your issue of 12, you say the machinery of the Manassas Gap Railroad Road, and that the rolling stock of the Manassas Gap Road has been leased to the Piedmont R. R. Co. This is an error. The Piedmont Railroad Company have not made any application to me to repair any of their stock, nor has the rolling stock of our road been leased to them—they having never made any application to me on either subject. Do me the favor to correct the statement and believe me, truly yours, &c.
HUGH RICE, Chief Eng. & Gen. Sup. M. G. R. R.

We understand Lt. M. H. Cox, of Co. A, Sixth Regiment, is among the killed in the recent disastrous affair at Kelly's Ford, where two brigades of Confederates were taken prisoners. His regiment is attached to one of the captured brigades—General Hoke's.

An interesting revival of religion is now progressing at the Presbyterian Church in this place. The number of seekers is unusually large, and we learn that about forty have made a profession of religion. A large number of probationers have also been received into the Methodist Church.

From the Atlanta Register.
STATE SOVEREIGNTY PROPOSITIONS TO NEGOTIATE, &c.

There is nothing to distinguish the tyrannical majority in America, which rules without law from an absolute potentate of Europe or Asia, who rules alone by his will. In the issue which we have made—an issue which involves everything distinctively American in politics, authentic to European—the State of Illinois and the State of Ohio, as the man of Illinois and man of Ohio, have as much interest as the States and men of the South. These rights we are maintaining against the power of the North exercised through the Federal Government. These rights we mean to maintain as our birthrights after this war, for they are the only ones of state sovereignty and civil liberty.—*Appeal*, 11th.

For months past the Register has sought to evoke from the press of the South just such expressions of opinion. We have reiterated the declaration that the "State of Illinois and the State of Ohio have as much interest in the triumph of the South as the men and States of the South." The *Appeal* has at length promulgated the idea, and now we would inquire whether that ably conducted journal will take another step in the right direction and inquire how far it is true that this can only be brought to a close through the action of these sovereign States? The *Appeal* "means to maintain the supreme sovereignty of each State after this war." We would earnestly inquire why may not this independence and nationality of each State be practically asserted even now? There lives not a thoughtful citizen who has studied the character of Abraham Lincoln, and of the Cabinet that advises him, who believes that any terms of peace will ever be considered by him. He and his party exist and govern in the North simply and solely through their undisguised and unmitigated hatred of everything Southern. The South gave him not a single vote; the South withdrew from the Union because it despised the man and party called to rule over it. Peace for Lincoln, Seward and Chase? Never! never! Brownlow, in the shape of his snake-like body, is not more nearly assimilated to Lincoln than in his demoniac hatred of the South and its institutions.

President Davis is actuated by no such absorbing passions. He would have peace on any fair and honorable terms. But how can he attain such a desideratum? Is there more than one mode? He represents a Confederation which the whole North to-day deems a consolidated despotism. With it peace will never be made. The North hates and fears the South, but while New York may hate Georgia, New York does not fear Georgia. If the representatives of these two States should meet, they might induce those of other States to concur with them; and while Lincoln and Davis are incapable of negotiation, the several "Sovereignities" of which the *Appeal* speaks might demand a suspension of hostilities,

kill all the States were represented in the Convention.

It may be objected that the Confederate Constitution gives the treaty-making power to the President and Senate. This is very true, but the difficulty is not insuperable. A Convention of the Southern States has the power to amend this Constitution. It is an instrument only sacred while it exists, and we are only sworn to support it while in its present shape.

The proposition for a suspension of hostilities with the purpose of attaining these ends, would lead to a discussion of States' Rights at the North. Men entertaining the views enunciated by the New York *World*, *Chicago Times* and Cincinnati *Enquirer*, would not only have the weight of reason and argument on their side, but all those who dread ceaseless drafts, who fear endless taxation, who tremble before the uprising form of a fearful despotism, who have reflected on the dangers which threaten the liberties of the North, will concur in such a proposition emanating from the press of the South. The Northern press has not been wholly silent heretofore, but has been restrained by the idea that there was in the North only here and there a newspaper which adhered to the idea of unrestricted State sovereignty.

When a man like Lincoln—a savage brute—is invested with dictatorial power, setting at naught all law, and trifling with the lives and liberties of his subjects as did a Nero or Domitian—when citizens are every where imprisoned by the click of the telegraph, and negroes are made a preferred class, there will not be wanting at the North the basals of a party whose watchword shall be "State independence, and off with the head of the national tyrant." A Northern States Rights party will be organized and a Convention of the States demanded.

It may be answered that Vallandigham has been beaten. We answer that with all the influence of those recent Federal bayonets arrayed against him, with untold wealth to combat, with the terror which limitless power inspires, with bribery employed to defeat him, and offices and honors distributed among his most zealous enemies, his defeat was still a triumph. Without money, banished from his home, his friends denounced as traitors and as false to a citizen soldiery, it is a matter of amazement that we discover even the germ of a State Rights party in the Northwest.

In very truth the *Appeal* stops half way—in *line* of the argument. State sovereignty North or South is a "sounding brass and tinkling symbol," unless the principle be applied practically to the present hopeless condition of affairs which with one voice, the people would have remedied. We would have not only the supreme sovereignty of each State North or South conceded, not only that peace may now be secured, if possible, but as the only possible means of its perpetuation.

The *Intelligencer* of this city has admitted that, as now waged, the war must be eternal, or result in the annihilation of either the North or South. The *Appeal* asserts the supreme sovereignty of the several States, North and South; and now we would ask whether the conclusions of the *Intelligencer* and that of the *Appeal* do not point to the remedy? Must not the States intervene when Lincoln will not and President Davis, therefore, cannot?

If this may not all be accomplished without diminishing the strength and efficiency of our armies, we would oppose even the policy which our own and the arguments of the *Appeal* necessarily suggest. Let this be a subject of future inquiry.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *World*, says:

There is an important movement on foot to induce the Pope to come out with a bull, an edict, or some sort of a pronouncement the object of which shall be to turn the tide of Irish emigration from the United States to Mexico. In the former country they are used as "food for powder"; in the latter they will be promised "free farms" exemption from taxation for a certain stipulated period; and they will also receive the special blessings of the Pope for giving preference to the land of the Church. Already the Mexican emigration fever is becoming an epidemic. The last steamer that left St. Nazaire for Vera Cruz took out 625 passengers and refused, for want of room, almost as many more.

We have news by telegram from New York to the 10th, which places "Greenbacks" a greater discount in Wall street than the Confederate loan in Europe. Many of your shrewd rich men are converting their "effects" into bills of exchange, and coming to Europe "for good." Of course, these "bills" have to be drawn against gold, which is now arriving at the rate of \$2,000,000 a week. We are daily expecting to hear that the Czar of Russia has issued an "order" prohibiting the export of precious metal.

A French gentleman who came passenger in the China has visited Chattanooga, Charleston and Richmond since the defeat of Rosecrans. The accounts he brings of the general condition of things in the South are exceedingly encouraging to the rebel cause. He says Bragg's army "is the largest and finest body of men in the world;" that "Charleston is impregnable," and "Richmond jubilant." This gentleman, Count —, passed through New York, and represents the people of Gotham as utterly blind to disagreeable facts, and says that "they will believe nothing that is not favorable to the unholy work of subjugation."

GEN. JONES VICTORY AT ROGERSVILLE, TENN.—The Abingdon *Virginian* of Friday last gives some further particulars of Gen. Wm. E. Jones' brilliant victory at Rogersville, Tennessee, on Friday, the 6th. The force of the enemy was three regiments—the 2d and 23d Tennessee, and 7th Ohio. The fight commenced early in the morning at McKinney's farm, some three miles this side of the town. The enemy, hearing of Gen. Jones' approach, prepared to meet him at the place designated, and planted his artillery upon a high point between the old stage road and the river, but Gen. Jones came from an opposite direction to what they had expected, and approached their guns at the wrong end for them to do much execution. Gen. Jones was assisted by Col. Gillman, as brave a soldier as there is in the service and who has as brave a command. They soon put the enemy to flight, captured 552 prisoners, 4 pieces of artillery, 2 stands of colors, 60 wagons, and 1,000 horses and mules. The prisoners—700 of them—passed Abingdon Monday.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

FARTHER POINT, Nov. 12, 1863.—The steamship Bohemian, from Liverpool at noon on the 29th, via Londonderry 30th ultimo, passed this point at 8 o'clock this evening.

The French blockade of the Mexican ports has been officially promulgated in the London *Gazette*.

The steamship Sidon arrived on the 26th ultimo. The steamship City of London reached Liverpool on the night of the 28th ultimo. THE PRIVATEER GEORGIA AND THE REBEL MANS IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

West India mail advices say the rebel privateer Georgia passed Falmouth, Jamaica, on the 13th of September, under full steam, and on the same evening she was believed to have captured a steamer.

There had been some little commotion in naval circles in England, owing to a rumor that an attempt would be made to take out to sea by force the steam rams in the Mersey. Orders were received at Plymouth to send a vessel around to Liverpool, and it was stated that, after some indecision and countermanding of orders, the iron-plated frigate Prince Consort had started for Liverpool. In the meantime another gunboat had reached the Mersey on the 28th, and was anchored opposite Laird's yard, ready to start at a moment's notice.

The London Morning Star announces that the French government has informed the United States Minister to France, Mr. Dayton, that the authorization for the construction of certain vessels of war, now proved to be building in France for the Confederates, and for certain cannon and munitions of war for their armament, had been withdrawn, and the parties engaged in the business had been warned of the danger of prosecuting the work.

The London Times publishes a letter from Mr. Spence, of Liverpool, which is jubilant at the exciting situation of affairs for the South, and asks what more practical proof is needed of the absurdity of the scheme of conquest than that cotton was quoted at ninety-two cents in New York eighteen months after the occupation of New Orleans.

The London Times' editorial on Mr. Laird's recent speech says if no more can be said for the suspected rams than Laird has now said for the Alabama, it feels sure the public will approve the action of the government in detaining them.

George Saunders, in a letter to the London Times, denies that Laird's rams have anything to do with the contract for furnishing vessels to the rebel government, and contends that his contract is perfectly unimpeachable, it simply covering mail steamers to run between neutral and Southern ports.

The London Morning Post thinks the result of the present campaign will probably decide the issue of the war.

FRANCE.

Rumors were current that the French army would soon evacuate Rome, leaving only a garrison at Civita Vecchia, and that Spain would send ten thousand troops to Rome. It was stated that the journey of the Empress Eugenie to Madrid was not unconnected with this matter.

The Nation asserts that the French finances do not at present necessitate the loan of 400,000,000 francs.

The Bourse continued heavy. Rentes declined to 66f. 90c. Bullion continued to flow from the Bank of France.

The statement has been put forward that Marshal Niel was going to Russia on an extraordinary mission, to make a last attempt to obtain concessions for the Poles; but a Paris telegram pronounces the report unfounded.

POLAND.

An order had been issued that all persons having had passports *visé* at Warsaw were to quit Poland in one day.

The inhabitants of Warsaw had been ordered to carry lanterns in the evening. No one was allowed out after nine.

It was rumored that Mouravieff had asked to be recalled.

RUSSIA.

The election returns indicated a most decided triumph for the united liberal party.

DENMARK.

Swedish and Norwegian journals of all parties continued unanimous in energetic opposition to the Danish alliance.

SYRIA.

It was reported that affairs were serious in Syria, twenty thousand Arabs having revolted in the Hauran.

JAPAN, INDIA, &c.

The overland mail had arrived with Calcutta dates of September 2d, and Hong Kong dates to September 11th, and from Shanghai to September 3d.

Detailed accounts had been received of the English bombardment of Kanagawa, Japan. Seven vessels were engaged, including two frigates. The British lost thirteen killed and fifty wounded. The Japanese ammunition was of a superior quality. The forts mounted ninety-three guns and mortars. The ships were four hundred and fifty yards from the forts, and it was wonderful that they were not all sunk. The prince Satsuma had bought United States guns and ammunition, including four 150 pounders, and some 12 inch shell guns. Without land force Admiral Keefe could do nothing further, and as Satsuma evinced no desire to negotiate, the fleet left for Yokohama to refit. The object of the expedition was as far from being gained as ever and if the Japanese remained obstinate, a large army would be necessary to obtain satisfaction.

India advices say the prospect for cotton in the central provinces was most promising. There is a great increase in the amount of land under cultivation.

We are informed that six women, the wives of soldiers, from the Lillesville, beat having tried in vain to purchase corn, proceeded to Binnum's mill, and not finding anything there for sale, took possession, each, of a sack of flour, put them into a cart and drove off, leaving thirty dollars, (\$5 each) to pay the damage.

Wadesboro Argus.

CONGRESS.—The next session of the Confederate Congress will commence on the first Monday in December. The present Congress will expire the 22d of February, 1864, at which time the new Senators and Representatives will take their seats.

THE EXCHANGE QUESTION.—A further correspondence between our commissioner Mr. Ould, and the yankee commissioner Meredith, in regard to the exchange of prisoners, has been published. Meredith shows an indisposition to make any arrangement to effect an exchange, while the Confederate Commissioner is anxious to have the business go on according to previous agreement. The yankee commissioner resorts to several subterfuges as an excuse for the refusal to exchange. Mr. Ould tells him that his reasons are evasive and false, and that it has been well known for a long time that the yankee authorities are opposed to a fair and regular exchange of prisoners. The correspondence proves that the Lincoln authorities have violated their own pledges and agreement, and are as destitute of honor or correct impulses as the most uncivilized heathens.

By refusing to exchange prisoners, Lincoln hopes to deplete our armies and starve us out by leaving thousands of his soldiers on our hands to be fed. But he will find that the scheme will fail. If any one starves it will be the yankee prisoners. The concluding portion of Mr. Ould's last letter to the yankee Commissioner is as follows:

Not content with all the misstatements of fact which I have cited, you have, in your letter of the 29th descended to a malignant and wanton aspersion of the motives of the Confederate authorities in making the proposal contained in my letter of the 20th inst. You were asked to agree "that all officers and men on both sides should be released, the excess on one side or the other to be on parole." It would have been injustice enough to the many thousands of your prisoners in our hands, and to those of ours in your custody, simply to have declined the proposal. But you have thought proper to add to your refusal the gratuitous insult to the Confederate States, of intimating that their fair and honest offer was made for the purpose of putting into the field officers and men fraudulently exchanged. This calumny is as destitute of foundation in fact, as it is despicable in spirit.

In conclusion, let me tell you that the purpose of your letter is apparent. It has been well known for a long time that your authorities are opposed to a fair and regular exchange of prisoners under the cartel. In rejecting my proposition you have endeavored to conceal, under a cloud of vague charges and unfounded statements, the determination at which your Government long since arrived. Why not be frank at once? Why not say without any further subterfuges, that you have reached the conclusion that our officers and soldiers are more valuable, man for man, than yours?"

A writer in the last *Way of the World* proposes the following plan for relieving the people from the effects of a depreciated currency.

The only remedy I can think of, that appears at all practicable at present to mitigate or remove this great evil, is this: let the next Legislature pass a law authorizing the issuing of some six or eight millions of dollars, in one, two, and five dollar notes, bearing one or two per cent. interest per annum, and redeemable two years after the termination of the war. Then let these notes be divided out among the counties and loaned out to the people by commissioners on good bonds and security being given them for it, on the same terms and conditions that our banks discount paper. The State could in no event lose anything by this arrangement and it would in my humble opinion contribute no little to relieve the suffering that is soon destined to be upon many, very many of our most deserving people.

TERMS OF PEACE.—Under this head, the New York *Daily News* of the 10th says:

There has not been a moment from the commencement of the war troubles, that we could not lay our hand upon the Southern pulse and tell its temper. Without now referring to the intervening stages, we will speak only of its present condition; thus speaking, we do not hesitate to assert our entire conviction that the Southern Confederacy would agree that the question of union or separation would be left to the unbiased vote of the fifteen Southern States respectively; and that in order to insure this unbiased expression of opinion, such mode of ascertaining it should be adopted as a disinterested arbiter, mutually chosen, should indicate.

We commend this matter to the conscientious consideration, not only of Christians, but of all men who really have, or profess to have, any regard for the true principles of republican liberty, and who wish to avoid that fate, which, otherwise, would seem to be inevitable, a settled despotism, the shadows of which already darken the land in all its length and breadth.

FROM THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.—Passengers who arrived by the cars last evening from Fredericksburg state that the Yankees endeavored, Sunday morning, to plant a battery at Raccoon Ford, but our forces at that point advanced upon them and drove them off from their operations. All quiet in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg.

Passengers by the Central cars last night, state that a Yankee brigade came across Raccoon Ford, on the Rapidan river, on Sunday, and endeavored to plant batteries, with the view of crossing a large force, but our troops fell upon them and cut them up so badly that very few regained the opposite bank.

Demonstrations were also made by the enemy at Sonerville and Morton fords, but being promptly met by our troops, no serious effort was made to cross. Slight skirmishing was reported at Morton's Ford on yesterday.—*Enquirer*, 15th.

Although the Lincolnites carried the late elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio, the vote shows an astonishing increase for the democrats or opponents of Lincoln. In Pennsylvania the increase of the democratic vote over that of 1860 is 23,902. In Ohio the increase is 37,000. If the Lincolnites had not fraudulently stuffed the ballot boxes the democratic candidates would have been elected. But it don't make much difference to us which party triumphs at the North—we must achieve our independence by our own exertions.

A DREADFUL TRAGEDY.—The people of our town were startled from their sleep by the announcement that a fearful tragedy had been acted the night previous. Major Geo. A. Turner, who has for some time been stationed here in charge of a lot of government stock, had been shot during Thursday night, the 29th ultimo, by Mr. C. B. Anderson, a citizen of the town. Mr. Anderson, having been led to suspect the fidelity of his wife left town on the afternoon of Thursday saying he would be absent that night, but returning to town after dark he placed himself in a position from which he could observe all that passed in his house. From this position he saw Major Turner enter the house in such a manner as to indicate his purpose. Mr. Anderson thereupon went to the house of several of our citizens, aroused them from their slumbers informed them that Major Turner was then in his house, and asked them to go and witness what passed, but they all declined. Mr. Anderson then returned, alone, entered the house, and discovered the deceased in bed with his wife, *Aggravate delicto* he fired upon him twice with a navy repeater, killing him instantly. It is a wonder how Mrs. Anderson herself escaped being shot. Mr. Anderson immediately gave himself up to the sheriff, and has been bound over to court in a bond of \$2,500.

Mr. Anderson is a quiet, peaceable and respectable citizen, and enjoys the sympathy of the whole community. All approve his conduct.

Maj. Turner was a native of Virginia, but resided in Missouri at the breaking out of the war. We learn that he has a wife and one child in Missouri. He was a man of excellent business habits, insinuating address and fair intelligence, and he had made quite a favorable impression on our citizens. All feel that he deserved his fate.

Mrs. Anderson is about eighteen years of age, is handsome, showy and fond of dress. Take all the circumstances—the undoubted criminal connection of the parties—the time—the dead hour of the night—the seducer dead—the bed drenched in blood—the one hurried into eternity in the twinkling of an eye—the other doomed to drag out her life with a blasted reputation—the husband surveying the ruin of his domestic happiness—it is a fearful tragedy, and one which we trust will set people to thinking.

[Livingston Ala.] Messenger.

MISSISSIPPI "PATRIOTISM."—The Mobile Register says:

We learn on the authority of a respectable citizen of Mississippi, who lives this side of Okala, that there are planters in that neighborhood who have declared that they will allow their fiddler to rot in the field sooner than gather it for sale for the army at Government prices. It is almost incredible that a feeling and expression so stupid and dastardly as this, should have survived the fierce and purifying ordeal of fire through which the spirit of the Southern people has passed. But there are men without souls enough to manifest the divine spark in this world; although, by the miracle of God, possibly enough may be developed to be damned in the next. If you put only drops in the furnace, of course only dross comes out of it. It is thus that we account for the presence of such wretches as are described in the speech we have quoted. Would to God, that they and their accursed property could be parcelled off into one district and turned over to the tender mercies of a Yankee raid. Then they would howl for the protecting arm of the Government whose horses they would starve rather than gather their fodder at a fixed price. Then they would understand their peculiar interest in this struggle—they would open their blind eyes and see the tremendous stake they have in it—how, if the Confederate cause fails, they will be stripped of the fields upon which they intend to permit their fiddler to rot, their slaves will be stolen and they themselves become (what they are only fit for) the slaves of Yankee masters. We have no patience to write of such burlesques of the manly nature. We turn them over to the rewards that surely await them—the contempt and execration of a brave people who have achieved their independence in spite of these miserable drones in the busy hive. Let public opinion mark them and root out the tares from the wheat.

THE JOHNSON ISLAND PLOT.—DEVELOPMENTS RESPECTING THE CONSPIRACY.—The Herald states that it has been ascertained, on inquiry at the proper bureau, that there are now over 2,000 Rebel officers on Johnson's Island, Sandusky Bay, together with 42 others, classed as guerrillas, and that a movement was on foot for their liberation.

The following official despatch explains the whole matter:

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11—Midnight.

To the Mayor of Buffalo:

The British Minister, Lord Lyons, has to-night officially notified the government that from telegraphic information received from the Governor General of Canada, there is reason to believe that there is a plot on foot by persons who have found an asylum in Canada, to invade the United States, and destroy the city of Buffalo; that they propose to take possession of some of the steamboats on Lake Erie, to surprise Johnson's Island, set free the prisoners of war confined there, and proceed with them to Buffalo.

This government will employ all means in its power to suppress any hostile attack from Canada; but as other towns and cities on the shores of the lakes are exposed to the same dangers, it is deemed proper to communicate this information to you, in order that any precautions which the circumstances of the case will permit may be taken.

The Governor General suggests that the steamboats or other vessels, giving cause for suspicion by the number or character of the persons on board, shall be arrested. You will please acknowledge receipt of this telegram, and communicate to this department any information you may now or hereafter have on this subject.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Of course this "startling" intelligence caused immense excitement throughout the whole of Yankeeedom, and warnings similar to the above were sent to all the large cities.

Our cavalry are now and then on both sides of the Tennessee, and occasionally on Burn-sides.—*Chattanooga Rebel*.

Written for the Patriot.
SKETCHES
FROM
The Every-day Life of a Soldier.

Number 9.

BATTLE OF BRISTOL.

How like a requiem for the fallen, sounds the mournful and cheerless October wind, surging by in fitful gusts, now shrieking in loud and fiendish glee, now subdued to a long, low wail of agony!

How the heart sickens, shudders, as nearer comes the dismal sound, bursting through the embowed and dying foliage of a shivering forest!

At this sombre season, how one regrets the calm and cheerful days of summer, down also too soon; down like the dreams of boyhood, like the hopes of happier years. There is a mournful satisfaction, as the autumn winds whistle by, in dreaming over again those same hopes and plans of one's youth. Sheltered from the cold nor easterly by a friendly tent, snugly ensconced by the side of the mud chimney just built, the weary and war-worn soldier, with head drooped upon his many-scarred breast, plunges deep into the flood of by-gone memories, wanders back amidst the dim shadowy realms of an inexorable Past!

'Tis not for us to fathom his thoughts; his dreams may be of home, a father's and mother's love may be the themes upon which he dwells in these dark and troublesome hours: or the recent events of yesterday's battle may claim his attention, while the last words spoken by his dearest friend as he went down among the slain, may still ring upon his ear.

Alas, many a brave boy who would have enjoyed this sparkling fire in our mud chimney, and laughed at the remorseless blast as it passed harmlessly by the corners of our snug little tent, now lies stark and cold beneath the green sod, many miles across the murky Rappahannock.

Upon one of these cold October mornings we left our bivouac fires at Warrenton to resume the line of march commenced several days before; we were in hot pursuit of Gen. Meade's army, and the probabilities were that ere nightfall many a brave spirit that now pressed gallantly on, bearing up under the severest fatigue, would go down before the shock of battle. The Army of Northern Virginia was in excellent plight; the men in the best and most cheerful of spirits. General A. P. Hill's Corps, to which was attached Cooke's Brigade had pursued a circuitous and obscure road along the very foot of the Blue Ridge until with in easy reach of Culpeper Court House, when a junction was formed with Ewell's Corps, and the entire army joined in chase after the flying foe.

The marches were severe, but the men were veterans, and scarcely a soldier was seen away from his file! Many a hearty joke went the rounds as some abandoned article of Yankee manufacture arrested the eye, left where thrown in eager haste by its overburdened owner.

Loud bursts of applause frequently broke from the ranks as some favorite General passed by; while once or twice the very welkin rang as General Lee slowly rode to the front, his venerable countenance beaming with affection for the brave men who so lustily cheered him, while their salutation was returned by an uncovered head and a graceful wave of the hand. At times some splurging cavalier would cause a momentary excitement, but cries of "How are you, Mike!" "Cavalry to the rear!" etc., generally accelerated the pace of his steed, and quiet would once more be restored.

It was not General Lee's intention to bring about a general engagement: thus far events had transpired precisely as he had desired and foreseen. The enemy were driven to Manassas, and now all that remained to be accomplished was the destruction of the Orange and Alexandria rail way, so that any possible advance which the Yankees might contemplate during the fall or coming winter could be guarded against.

On the evening of the 14th, after a march of eighteen miles, two Brigades of General A. P. Hill's Corps came abruptly upon what seemed to be an encampment of the enemy; they had thrown aside their arms, and appeared to be preparing the evening meal, wholly unconscious that a hostile army had reached such a close proximity to themselves.

It must ever be a source of no inconsiderable regret to the chronicler of our achievements that a strict adherence to facts should compel him to record unpleasant truths, but unfortunately the necessity exists; while General Hill has been regarded by the masses as one our first and most reliable leaders, it is painful in the extreme to dwell upon the unpardonable blunder, the fearful oversight, the contumacious disobedience of orders, of which he was guilty on this sad and memorable occasion!

General Lee's commands had been most peremptory, the enemy were not to be attacked unless an express order were given: in the face of this, General Hill ordered Cooke's and Kirkland's North Carolina Brigades to advance immediately upon the foe!

Several days after the engagement, General Lee was heard to remark that never during the present war, possibly never during any war, had such an opportunity for the destruction of an entire army presented itself as on this occasion was offered to the Confederates, but owing to the fatal mis-

take of commencing the attack too soon, and in the wrong place, all advantage was irretrievably lost.

The battle commenced. A shot from one of our batteries into the very midst of a coterie of Yankees was the first intimation they had of our close neighborhood; but the nature of the ground was such that a surprise availed us little, in fact, nothing at all; for although our first fire scattered the foe like chaff before the wind, still scarcely five minutes elapsed before brigade after brigade were seen moving up from the rear and taking a position of immense strength behind a rail road embankment from which to have dislodged them it would have required the whole of Hill's Corps, while only the two North Carolina Brigades had yet come up; the others being far behind.

"Forward!" cries General Hill. Two Brigades against three corps d'armee! Heh remonstrates; Cooke, in his calm but decisive manner, says that an advance is madness: unfortunately no attention is paid to this cautious advice.

"Forward!" again cries Gen. Hill. "Forward!" echoes Gen. Heth. "Forward!" shouts Gen. Cooke.

The charge commences; onward, onward, through a perfect hail storm of death, scores of our best men fall at every step. The gallant Cooke rides at the right of our line, cheering, waving on his men.

Behind their secure embankment, 'twere strange if any of the enemy felt the effect of our fire. Undoubtedly their position was one of the strongest ever held under similar circumstances; nature and art combined could scarcely have rendered it more unassailable by a charging line of infantry.

'Tis possible that at this moment there may have flitted through the mind of our noble Brigadier a recollection of what he had done at Sharpsburg, where with two regiments the enemy's line had been pierced; perchance again he should be left without support; again show to admiring thousands, how, unaided by any save his own few decimated followers, a way could be cut through the serried ranks of opposing foes! but at this moment, among hundreds of others, he fell to the ground severely wounded, and was borne to the field.

It is painful to dwell upon the carnage that now ensued. The Twenty-seventh and Fifteenth North Carolina Infantry were fast approaching the embankment, but alas! both regiments now constituted little more than two good companies; nearly every man had a bullet hole either through his body or his clothes, hundreds were stretched around gasping the agonies of death; most of the officers had been shot down. The brave and chivalrous Gilmer, Colonel of the Twenty-seventh North Carolina Infantry, severely wounded in the first of the charge, had been lifted off; the intrepid Whitfield was down shouting "go on!" "go on!"

Scarcely a handful of men were left, but with this handful Major Webb, than whom a more gallant officer never led a regiment, pressed on to the very foot of the rail road cut! Further progress was impossible; it would have required scaling ladders to mount the high embankment, and even if the ascent had been possible what madness would it not have been for 150 men, for the Twenty-seventh was now thinned to this meagre number, to precipitate themselves into the midst of an entire Division.

The command "about face" was given; slowly and in good order the few surviving heroes retraced their steps—their pathway lay through piles of gastly and weltering dead. Comrades who that morning had set out in all the strength and beauty of youth were now seen grim and black upon the trampled earth; their last battle had been fought—"peace to their ashes."

Written for the Patriot.

PARTED.

BY AFTON BRANCH.

How that one little word has a world full of anguish and heart-breaks and faded hopes and a wearisome hopeless future! I have felt it till experience has been suffocated in its black, bitter dregs, till days have fled frightened away, at the wretchedness with which I have burdened their moments; but though fleeing into their great home of the Past, their hours will still drip and drip with the wild, hot tears, that have soaked them, and when Memory treads their halls where those hours of mine are she will find blackness damp and mould all around. Happiness! oh, it is all past, something faded from my life forever.

Let me tell thee, reader, of this heart break in my life—how the joy boat of happiness stranded itself upon the bleak shore of despair.

It is the old story of an unwilling bride, "given away" by others, while the heart, under the satin and lace and white flowers—scarce whiter than the face they wreathed—beat in agony, while lights and music requiemed the sacrifice. And the groom? Ah! there was no love there for me in that calm, gray eye, and cold impassioned kiss. Pride busied herself greatly in this "giving away," for all told me of my false one, and long silence but confirmed and sealed the doom. So through the weeks of revelry, my heart worried and moaned but it was light then, compared to now.

Years passed, bringing me something to live for—something to weave the broken tendrils of my heart around—my beautiful babe, a dark-eyed, dark-haired boy. Much

happiness crowned and caressed me then, but only for five months, when the "Reaper Death came, with his sickle keen" and took my child away. When the spirit was leaving, a band up the street was playing the mournful notes of "Long, long weary day." I never hear music or a beautiful song, but I think that some child's soul is passing to Heaven on the breath of its melody. I cannot write of that soul agony when I realize my beautiful, cold, pale and still babe before me, or the whirling back into the olden life.

It was just then, when I yearned deep for love—when the Present and Future were freighted down with grief and gloom, that I sat alone in the great, dark parlor. My husband had been absent for many months. The sixth evening chime was dying away in the silence around when the door was gently opened. One moment, one wild moment, I look into that old love of my young life, then lay almost dying in his arms. Forgotten, was the false past, present duty all swept madly away.

God forgive those who wronged us, for with gay hopes and bright joy, he had come to claim me, thinking me still his own. It was a long story of misfortunes of sickness and miscarried letters. The past of both lives were revealed, and when it was told, we sat gazing into each other's blanched faces, under the gas light, with a terrible despair almost sinking with this burial of our love.

"Oh, May, when I sought you here, in the old home, it was with exquisite feelings; how has it ended? God pity us! May, my dear darling, let me hold you one moment to my heart; it may not pain me so much then my pet my poor broken-hearted May! Oh, it cannot be sin for me to love you thus, for my darling, my darling, in the sight of Heaven you have always been mine—mine from a little child."

He fell upon his knees, winding his arms around me and looking into my face with strange haggard eyes. Oh, how a few hours had changed him! One instant I passionately kissed his forehead, cheek, eyes and lips, then became as suddenly calm; for the truth the cruel truth of my position flashed upon me. Very quietly I put my arms from around him. Very quietly I searched the blue eyes, saying, "We must part—part forever." I wonder now, at that fearful calmness, but thank God, that it was so, for it saved my soul.

Those painful, mad, passionate words! I wish I could shut them out forever! He prayed and implored me to go with him to a far off home of happiness—again and again he pictured it with strange, fascinating colors till it seemed as if I would die if he did not take me with him. But I did not say so, I could only answer with cold even words. You cannot tempt me—we must part! I have suffered and can suffer again. My soul must live beyond this parting, though heart and hopes and life die in it. Leave me the one thought, that I am doing my duty—hush—hush those wild entreaties.

As the cheerless morn came wailing in with storm and wind, he left me. We parted—parted! That word, the knell of my life, ever burdens my lips. Day in and day out—week in, and week out—I sit mutely passive, with cold, folded hands in the old ghastly parlor.

War! war! surges throughout the land, upon every returning wave of air. Battles are fought, and earth laps up the blood of cherished ones. But there are star-brows—star-brows for the many dead; and as we look up into the stars at night, know that a good soldier claims one, for God has given them to such.

Too well, I know he would be the first to go—too well I know he would be the first to fall. Yes! upon Manassas Plains he died, noble and brave. Beside me is a blood-stained flag, the Stars and Bars, that sank over, the shrouding him in glory. Arthur, Arthur, accept these tears of mine! They will not taint thy spirit brow, for purity is wholly theirs. This earth-life is wrecked, but Paradise is already singing with the rapturous light of our reunion—with thee and my boy.

CATS—AFFECTION—VOLUNTEERING.—In August, 1861, a German, whose name we forbear mentioning at the request of our informant, left this city as a volunteer, leaving behind him a wife and a house cat that he thought much of. He made his wife promise that whenever his favorite cat had kittens she would not kill them, but keep them and their increase until his return. Faithfully the woman kept her word, and this forenoon we saw ourselves about her house in the third ward, in which she lives, in a shed adjoining, and racing about the premises, the old cat and her children, grand children, great grand children, etc., etc., to the number of two hundred and nine cats, catlets and kittens.

[La Grange Democrat.]

THE FAMILY.—The family circle is God's blessed ordinance, and is the sweetest, the happiest, and the most hallowed spot on earth. It is the nursery of affection, of friendship and of virtue; the place where those ties of mutual dependence and help are first formed, which, in their expanded state, unite human society; and according to the manner in which the rights of the family circle are enjoyed, its duties discharged, and its true benefit realized, are the moral character, the stability and the grandeur of a country.

Don't live in hope with your arms folded; fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves, and put their shoulders to the wheel.

It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

From the Watchman and Harbinger.

EXTRACT
From the Minutes of the N. C. Conference, which convened at Fair Grove, in Rockingham County, 4th inst., and adjourned on the 10th inst.

The following is the plan of appointments for the ensuing year:

- President, T. H. PEGRAM.
1. Albemarle Circuit, unsupplied.
2. Tar River " J. C. Deans, Supt.
3. Roanoke " W. H. Wells, do.
4. Halifax " W. M. B. Roberts, do.
5. Granville " Jas. M. Wayne, Supt., A. C. Harris, Supt. Asst.
6. Orange " J. R. Ball, Supt.
7. Alamance " A. W. Lineberry, do.
8. Randolph " W. C. Kennett, do.
9. Greensboro' " C. F. Harris, do.
10. Ashborough " Quinton Holton, do.
11. Davidson " Z. C. Lineberry, do.
12. Guilford " A. M. Lowe, do.
13. Haw River " R. H. Wills, do.
14. Winston " J. M. Kennett, do.
15. Yadkin " A. Gray, do.
16. Mocksville " W. F. Gray, do.
17. Monroe " James Deans, do.
18. Cleveland " W. A. Lineberry, do.
19. Green River " J. W. Naylor, do.
20. Buncombe " F. S. Gladson, do.

C. A. Pickens, Asst.
21. Catawba Mission, H. A. T. Harris, do.
22. Sea Board " J. Ketchum, do.
23. Fayetteville " Unsupplied.

J. H. Page, R. R. Michaux, and J. H. Gilbreath recommended as Chaplains to the army.

Joseph Parker and J. L. Michaux, Supernumeraries. J. H. Higgins left in the hands of the Pres't. R. W. Pegram transferred to the unstationed list. G. A. T. Whitaker transferred to the unstationed list at his own request.

J. W. Heath and R. R. Prather left without appointments at their request. Isaac Coe and Alex. Robins, deceased.

CONFERENCE STWARD'S REPORT.

President received \$1045.58.
The following amounts assessed to, and paid by, the Cls. &c., to their respective preachers:

- Guilford Ct., J. W. Heath, Supt., claim 900 rec'd 60.00
Do, W. M. B. Roberts, Asst. 200 rec'd 660.00
Alamance, T. H. Pegram, Supt. 1,500.00
Ashboro, Z. C. Lineberry, cl 600, rec'd 507.50
Yadkin, A. Gray, cl 300, rec'd 425.00
Monroe, J. W. Naylor, 500.00
Mocksville, J. C. Deans, 240.00
Granville, R. R. Michaux, 230.00

Do A. M. Lowe, 355.00
Buncombe, F. S. Gladson, 684.00
Orange, J. R. Ball, cl 200, rec'd 651.10
Tar River, W. C. Kennett, 601.00
Halifax, S. P. J. Harris, 907.00
Haw River, C. F. Harris, 1000.00
Randolph, A. W. Lineberry, 369.40
Cleveland, W. A. Lineberry, Asst., 100.00
Catawba Mission, J. A. Higgins, cl 100, rec'd 100.00

Conference Steward received from the Steward of last year, \$21.20.

Total number of Ministers, preachers and members in the District, 8,120; net increase the past year, 709; houses of worship, 104.

The next Conference to be held at Bass' Chapel, on Cleveland Ct., Lincoln County, on Wednesday, 4th November, 1864.

T. H. PEGRAM, President.
R. H. WILLS, Secretary.

LIVING TO PURPOSE.

Nearly a hundred years ago, there lived a young man on the frontiers of Virginia, without money and without a name, dependent on his daily labor for a living; and in the absence of any other special aim in life he concluded to undertake to educate, at his own expense, a youth who seemed to him to be one of more than ordinary promise. What were the thoughts of Gideon Ritchie, when plowing, and hoeing corn, and chopping wood, and hauling rails;—that visions of the future he indulged in during the hours of weary labor, we may never know. He must have carried a warm heart, and a high purpose, and a stern resolve, in that homespun dress of wool, and accented, and hunting shirt, which characterized those who lived on the farthest frontiers of a semi-civilization; for he worked on, without faltering, until he had acquired a minister of the Gospel, who rose like a star in the western firmament, casting its beams of light into the wigwam of the Indians of the West, and away back again into the saloons of the elite about "Boston Common."

Young Ritchie, and but for the shining of his adopted son, his name would long since have passed from the memory of man. But he was placed here for a purpose in the providence of God, and having answered that purpose with a will, his heart being in the right place, he has, doubtless, gone up higher, for an enduring reward among the blessed. Had he been an unwilling instrument, still the purpose would have been answered in some way, but he would have lost the reward.

The young minister became the founder of churches, and schools, and academies. Now, a leader of the soldiers of his country, and then of soldiers of the cross; now at the head of a church, then at the head of a college. Now, we have heard him say, banqueting with the merchant prince of the east; then, wrapped in his saddle-blanket, sleeping across logs of wood, while deluging rains were driving their gathering currents under him in the wilderness of the sage. Now, the benighted listener of the religious experiences of the Indian and the negro; then, himself the listener to the first cry of dependence or of pity. In a contest, face to face, with the old hero of the Hermitage, of might with right, even General Jackson was the vanquished, and Gideon Blackburn became the acknowledged conqueror. Of the hundreds, if not thousands, of young men whom Dr. Blackburn has aided by his teachings, his counsel, and his money, to reach the ministry, not a man of them now living is there, who will not rise up and call his memory blessed. Of his pupils at college, who have been, or are to-day, in the high places of law, medicine, and divinity—as Governors of States, or members of Congress; as professors or presidents in academies, colleges, and universities—there is not a man of them who can, by any possibility, look backward thirty years, and remember in the man, the christian gentleman. The last work of his life was the establishment of a Theological Seminary in the west known by his name, and which bids fair to be a fountain from which streams of ministers shall flow, to found, and feed, and fructify churches, until the end of time.

Man of immortality, mortal of an hour, yet destined, by your acts, to exert influences on the world for all time—influences for good or for evil—for happy your race, or for degrading it—if you can, by any work, save a dime or two a day, go this moment, and resolve to be and to do as Gideon Ritchie, and raise another Blackburn!

Young man, fatherless, motherless, penniless, wake up, and remember, you may be a Blackburn too!

HIGH PRICES OF BOOKS IN EARLY TIMES. Books in all ages have brought fabulous prices. St. Jerome says he ruined himself by buying a copy of the works of Origen. A large estate was given for a Treatise on Cosmography, by King Alfred in 78. Two hundred sheep, and five quarters of wheat, have been exchanged for a single Homily. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In our own times, an illustrated copy of Macklin's Bible has produced five hundred guineas. A yet more superb copy is actually insured in a London office at £3,000. The "Decameron," of 1471, was bought, at the Duke of Coburg's sale, in 1812, by the Duke of Marlborough, for £2,260.

A POOR MAN'S SONG.

A poor and solitary man,
I keep my lonely way;
With hearty welcome could I greet
One joyful, careless day.

A mother's care, a father's love,
Soft tones, and faces mild,
When these are swallowed in the grave;
Wee for the little child!

The gardens of the rich I see,
I see the golden corn;
Mine is a barren wilderness,
Sown but with hopes forlorn.

When, bearing yet my silent grief,
I join among the gay;
My heart or lips cannot withhold
A warm and glad "Good-by."

Oh, bounteous Lord, thou dost not yet
Quite joyful leave me here!
Sweet trust that rises heavenward
Doth keep my soul from fear.

The glory of the light that falls
On countless village spires;
Thou hast still to measure praise
Of organs and of choirs.

Sun, moon, and stars still shed their beams
So lovingly on me,
And at the ring of evening bells,
Then speak I, Lord, with thee.

And when thy mansions are prepared
For those, whom thou wilt call,
I may in festal robes ascend
Unto the banquet hall.

Mrs. M. M. S. Robinson.

North Carolina Stokes County.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, September Term, 1863.
Nancy Hutchinson and others, vs. Nancy Steel and others.

PETITION FOR PARTITION OF LANDS.
In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Percy C. Ally, Mary Scates, Cassy McComb, Moriah Jourdan, Winston Hutchinson, Geo. W. Hutchinson, Joseph Hutchinson, John Hutchinson, Anna Hutchinson, and Sarah Hutchinson are non-residents of this State; It is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made for six weeks successively in the Greensboro Patriot notifying said absent defendants to appear at the next term of this Court to be held for the county of Stokes at the Court House in Danbury, on the 3rd Monday of December, 1863, then and there, to show cause if any they can, why the prayer of the petitioners should not be granted, or this case will be taken pro confesso and heard ex parte as to them.

Witness, Joel F. Hill, clerk of said Court at office, the 3rd Monday of September, 1863.

JOEL F. HILL, C. C. C.

North Carolina Stokes County.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, September Term, 1863.
Landon Duncan and others, vs. Charles Duncan and others.

PETITION TO SELL SLAVES.
It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that Charles Duncan and Peter Duncan, two of the defendants in the above causes, reside beyond the limits of this State; It is therefore ordered by the Court that publication be made for six weeks successively in the Greensboro Patriot notifying the said defendants of the filing of these petitions, and that unless they appear at the next term of this Court to be held in Danbury, on the 3rd Monday of December, 1863, then and there, to show cause if any they can, why the prayer of the petitioners should not be granted, or this case will be taken pro confesso and heard ex parte as to them.

Witness, Joel F. Hill, Clerk of said Court at office, the 3rd Monday of September, 1863.

JOEL F. HILL, C. C. C.

Notice to Shippers.—By experience, we find that we cannot afford to receive, store and forward tobacco for 25 cents per box; and the shippers in Greensboro, have agreed on the following rates to go in effect November 1, 1863:

To receive and store a box of tobacco for one day or more, 25 cents.
To receive, store and forward the same 25 cents additional.

All other goods in proportion to the above rates, as to size.
G. G. YATES,
J. F. GARRETT.

Office Greensboro' M. L. In. & Tr. Co., November 10, 1863.

The Annual Meeting of the "Greensboro Mutual Life Insurance and Trust Company" will be held at the office of the Company on Thursday the 17th December next.

D. P. WEIR, Treasurer.

Furs Wanted.—We wish to buy in large or small quantities the following kinds of furs, for which the highest market prices will be paid: Otter, Beaver from \$3 to \$8; Rabbit from \$1 to \$1.25 per dozen, according to quality; Muskrat from 25 to 35 cents each, according to quality; Mink from 25 to 60 cents; Coon and Fox from 25 to 50 cents; Wood and produce taken in exchange for furs.

By order of Gov. Vance. R. C. GILLIN, Adjutant General.

Executive Department N. C.
Adjutant General's Office, (H. G.)
Raleigh, Nov. 10th, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 5.

I. The operatives in Woolen and Cotton Factories that furnish goods for the Confederate and State Government are exempt from duty in the United States for Home Defence, except when their counties are invaded by the enemy.

II. The drill of the Guard for Home Defence will be dispensed with until the 10th day of December next to allow the farmers time to sow their grain.

By order of Gov. Vance. R. C. GILLIN, Adjutant General.

Caution to Bankers, Brokers and Others.—The public are hereby notified that after receiving any of the Old Issues of the Farmers' Bank of North Carolina, especially any notes that are at all mutilated or that have been parted.

LOW TO KNOW THE OLD ISSUE.
All the new notes of this Bank have been signed and printed in large letters on the face and are signed "Cyrus P. Mendenhall, President" and "W. A. Caldwell, Cashier" and all other notes of the Farmers' Bank of N. C. not so signed and printed are old issues and should be received with caution, as most of the genuine notes of the old issue have been redeemed and cancelled.

On the 24th of August, 1863, we learn, a Regiment from Pennsylvania took forcibly from the vault in Elizabeth City, a large amount of the old issue of the Farmers' Bank of N. C. which had been cancelled and which doubtless they will attempt to pass.

The notes were cancelled with a punch by perforating each note with a number of holes one fourth of an inch in diameter which is obvious to the most casual observer. The notes have not been further mutilated or passed.

All \$1 and \$2 certificates of this Bank should be rejected, the genuine having been redeemed and cancelled and some of the genuine impressions having been stolen with the cancelled notes, spurious signatures no doubt will be attached to them.

Persons having of the old issue not cancelled will please present it and receive new issues for it or the notes of other Banks as they may prefer.

By order of the Board of Directors at Greensboro' N. C. 2d Sept. 1863.

CYRUS P. MENDENHALL, President.
W. A. CALDWELL, Secretary.

\$500 REWARD.—For the arrest of the boxes of Tobacco or its value. Each box as branded in blue letters, "W. F. Flippen, the Prince of the West, Danville, Va.," and was loaded by us on the 27th of September, 1862, to a man calling himself J. F. King, to be delivered to J. F. Garrett, Greensboro, N. C. This man had a two horse wagon driven by a negro, and a one horse wagon drawn by a very large gray mare.

The man was about 45 years old, 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, weight 165 to 175 pounds. We think his hair was slightly gray, and his complexion dark. He said he had been loaded with flour and bacon, which he had sold some 6 or 8 miles back on the road in North Carolina.

This man professed to be from Guilford county, where he said he had lived for about six years. Any information that may lead to the discovery of the tobacco will be most thankfully received and the above reward promptly paid.

CHAMBERS & PATRICK,
Danville, Va.

Thousands of Boxes of the South-
ern Hepatic Pills have been ordered in
one day. Wherever known their use continues
without puffing, they have gained ground by their
real value. More than five hundred persons
are known to have been cured by these Pills. This
excellence of the medicine is recommended
by the proprietor as good only for disease of the
Liver. His correspondents say that they also cure
Bilious Rheumatism, Pneumonia, Chills and Fevers,
Bilious Fevers, Piles and Worms. They are a per-
fectly safe medicine.

Peter Vaden, Esq., of Dinwiddie County, Virginia,
after describing remarkable cures in his family of
Bilious Rheumatism and Pleurisy, says: "My
Doctor's bill has been heretofore from \$175 to \$200
per year. I have used them (these pills) for my
family, which consists of eighteen white and colored,
and have not called in a Doctor since. This is a great
saving. They certainly are the best family medi-
cine ever discovered."

Rev. John W. Potter, of Green county, North
Carolina, had suffered twelve years from a disor-
dered liver, which the physicians had not been able to
cure. He says: "I commenced taking the Hepatic
Pills with no confidence in them. They acted
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