

# The Greensboro Patriot.

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GREENSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

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**PATRIOT.**  
GREENSBORO, N. C.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

**Common Schools.**—The attention of the reader is directed to the communication of Rev. C. H. Wiley, to be found in this issue of the PATRIOT. The labors of Mr. Wiley since he has held the office of Superintendent of Common Schools for this State have been of the most arduous kind, and during the war, while institutions of learning of all grades, and especially the Common School system of all the Confederate States had gone entirely down by the indomitable exertions of Mr. Wiley the Common School system of this State remained in tact, and dispensed the same blessings which were its wont before the war.

The office of Superintendent of Common Schools having never been mixed up with the political matters and questions of the times, and that officer having heretofore been selected solely upon his personal worth and qualifications for the position, let us hope this example will be still followed by succeeding legislative bodies.

**TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT.**—A gentleman who has been in a daily printing office and who has been managing the News or Local Department of a first class journal, may hear something to his advantage by communicating immediately with the Editor of the Progress.

We clip the above from *The Raleigh Progress*, and as a matter of courtesy give it an insertion. A man of "brains" is badly needed in the Progress office.

**COLLECTOR FOR THE THIRD DISTRICT.**—Mr. Samuel H. Wiley has received the appointment of Collector for the Third Collection District of this State. We are extremely gratified to announce this appointment. Mr. Wiley is well known as a gentleman of ability and integrity, and the duties of his office will be faithfully and honestly discharged. The opinion seems to be formed abroad that there are not a sufficient number of properly qualified men in North Carolina to fill the various federal offices of the State; but this opinion, like many others upon matters affecting the good old Rip Van Winkle State, will in due time be found to be erroneous. There are plenty of them.

*The Boston Post* says: The General Postoffice has abandoned the suit against the editor of *The New York Tribune* for defaming the revenue by sending a letter to the negroes of North Carolina without a postage stamp, upon the ground that the letter wasn't worth three cents.

**JEREMY'S PATENT LEG.**—We would call the attention of those desiring artificial legs to the above patent. It is the most perfect piece of mechanism we ever saw. The wearer can use it in every respect as perfectly as the natural limb.—Every point is complete, and works almost equal to nature. We speak from actual knowledge.

**MR. JOHN F. HILDRETH,** traveling agent of the manufacturing company will be at the Railroad House in this town on Tuesday next, and we advise all who may be desirous of getting a leg to call and see him. Those who cannot pay the whole of the price in advance, can make arrangements satisfactory.

**DEATH OF MRS. MOORE.**—Mrs. Moore, the widow of the late Thomas Moore, the poet, died at Stoperton Cottage on Monday, September 4th, at the age of sixty-eight years. "Bessie," a place in her husband's poetry, but rarely a great poet, once attached to his wife. Through all his letters and journals he is "ever tired of referring to her," quoting what she said, telling what she did, describing how she looked, and recording how she was admired. He married her in 1811, and her history is summed up in this one phrase: "She was the only one of her kind, the only one of her generation of the Moore family."

**ALABAMA.**—The Convention has passed an ordinance dividing the State into six Congressional districts. The committee on the secession ordinance will report early this week. An ordinance also abolishing

slavery has been passed by a vote of 89 to 3. The ordinance erases all former provisions of the Constitution in relation to slaves. It is thought that the Legislature will pass all the necessary laws for the protection of the freedmen.

## EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.

*The Baltimore Gazette* says the promptitude with which the President has latterly granted pardons to so many of the wealthier and more influential men of the South leads us to infer that there is much truth in the rumor that he intends shortly to issue a general amnesty. If he is disposed to pardon those whose ability or wealth enabled them to render the most important service to the cause for which the South was contending, he can scarcely refuse to extend the same favor to men, who, having done less to uphold the Confederacy, must be less obnoxious to the Government. If then we are to presume that those now excepted from the benefits of the amnesty proclamation are to be mostly pardoned, it can only be done by means of another proclamation. That the President, even with the assistance of half a dozen Secretaries, can examine the case of each applicant for a pardon is impossible, and even if he could do so, the subject would occupy him for years. During all that time the lands of thousands of planters would be idle, warehouses would remain empty, and factories stand closed because of the inability of their owners to borrow money on property that is liable to confiscation. Nor can it be supposed, from the readiness with which the President disposes of the cases of those who call upon him, that he regards those with most favor who make personal application for pardon. He, of course, knows that those who can go to Washington and urge their claims are, in very many instances, the persons who can afford to wait the longest for what they ask. The great mass of applicants have not the means to get to Washington, nor have they influential friends in the North who might aid them. But if they are to be pardoned at all, it is very hard that their cases should not be acted on until after the applications of who call personally on the President are disposed of. The President must himself have considered these facts, and must also be aware that the class of people referred to can eventually only be reached by some general proclamation. As this is manifestly the only practicable mode of dealing with the subject, we think it very likely that the President intends, very soon, to take some such action as is reported.

**PETITION.**—The ladies of Portsmouth are now busily circulating for signatures a petition addressed to His Excellency, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, praying for the pardon and release from confinement of Jefferson Davis, President of the late Confederacy. The petition as said to be a model of beauty in its diction.

**SOMEWHAT Muddled.**—Slightly Overcast.—That sprightly sheet, and "live newspaper," *The Progress*, (which must always be pronounced very emphatically, especially the first syllable,) upon which we did mostly rely for election news, seems, in this particular respect at least, to be quite drowsy. We opened *The Progress* issued two days after the election confidently expecting to find the names of all the delegates elect to the approaching Convention; but lo! the returns were meagre. The editor had heard from but six precincts in his own county, and did not even take the time to give the totals of these; though by adding the columns we find the first name in the table adds even 146 net—all told—just two higher than a certain election inspector, once, thought figures run—his calculation being based upon the Multiplication table in Pike's Arithmetic. But still worse.—In giving the vote at High Point, the name of *Hollon* is put down at 60, *Counters* 7, and *Pump* 15. Here is evidently a big mistake. Such names we are confidently assured, were not run at High Point. *The Progress* must have got some other county mixed up with Guilford.—We do not claim Mr. Hollon or Mr. Counters or Mr. Pump. As to the first two names the blunder is unaccountable, and the third is explained only upon the supposition that as *The Progress* goes to press at a late hour of the night, at a time when, under trying circumstances, aggravated by an extra charge of "Raleigh lightning," "water" is the first thing the patient desires, especially after a hasty nap; and it is presumed that the editor being thus surrounded, and yet in an obnoxious state of mind, crusty and thirsty, dashed off his paragraph on the Guilford election, winding up with "Pump, 15," which figures we believe denote the price of "second hand water," as it was formerly called in the circus.

We learn that a negro in the process of changing to a white man is on exhibition in Indianapolis, Ind. Were it a white man changing to a negro in that locality, the transmigration would not be so wonderful.

**RANDOLPH COUNTY.**—Affairs in Randolph county are in a deplorable state—owing the depredations committed by those who were deserters during the war. It is almost dangerous for any person who displayed the least principle during the war, to be seen alone by this class of freebooters and pilferers. The only plan left for the respectable portion of the community to adopt is to shoot at first sight and without notice and all persons who, during the war were known to have committed robberies and other depredations upon quiet citizens, and who now, since the close of the war, maltreat and otherwise abuse those who helped to fight the battles of their country. We repeat to the white men of Randolph, shoot all such miscreants, no matter under what circumstances you may meet them. We understand that Mr. John Swafford was badly beaten, so that his life is despaired of, by a band of these marauders, at Franklinville, on the day of the election. Mr. Swafford's only offense is that he was a good Confederate soldier. The despicable wretches who thus treated Mr. Swafford should be shot by his friends no matter where or when they may be met.

**OFFICIAL VOTE OF ROCKINGHAM.**—Settle 772, Ward 420, Holderby 395, Gallows 301, Reynolds 201, Lindsay 77.

**MOBILE.**—Reports from Mobile represent the situation in that city and vicinity, with respect to the negroes, as so serious as to call for the immediate adoption of measures to prevent an outbreak. The Governor of the State is said to have ordered out a sufficient force for the purpose.

**AMNESTY OATH.**—The *Charlotte Democrat* contains the following from Gov. Holden. We are glad of the announcement, as many persons were laboring under the impression that the books were closed. Many were prevented from taking the oath before the recent election by various causes, we presume, who will be glad to avail themselves of the privilege at an early day. We suppose a similar order has been sent to all the Counties:

**N. C. EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.**  
Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 15, 1865.  
To the Clerk of each County Court:  
SIR:—You are hereby directed to repeat the Amnesty Oath books must further orders, as they will be kept open to allow the people to take said oath up to the time of voting for Governor, members of Congress, &c.

**OFFICIAL VOTE OF DAVIDSON.**—Jones, 541, Adams 509, Kendall, 372, Allen 376, Kinney, 396, Riley 338.

**GENERAL LEE AT WASHINGTON COLLEGE.**—The *Lexington (Va.) Gazette* thus announces the arrival of General Robert E. Lee at that town, preparatory to taking charge of Washington College:

"On Monday last (18th inst.) General Lee made his appearance on our streets. He had traveled across the country from Cumberland county, a hundred miles or more, on horseback—arriving a day sooner than he was expected, and taking our citizens entirely by surprise—not in the mode, but in the time of his coming; for his style of locomotion was already known and is perfectly in accordance with his quiet, unostentatious way of doing things. The General is, for the present, the guest of our worthy and well-known townsman, Colonel S. McD. Reid.

"The Trustees of the College meet to-day to take steps for filling the chair of 'Mental and Moral Philosophy,' now vacant, and for the transaction of other important business."

**ADVICE MATRIMONIAL.**—When the cooler days of autumn shall have succeeded the heated term, county clerks and the ministers anticipate frequent fees for "binding" certain portions of the human family. To those who anticipate entering the holy bonds of matrimony we affectionately commend the following advice on the subject, by a Persian poet:

"When thou art married, seek to please thy wife, but listen not to all she says.—From man's right side a rib was taken to form a woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight.—And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks but bends not.—Since then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

## IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.

Mrs. Maurice and Mrs. Adams, both well known in Greensboro in the Dress-making and Millinery business, have entered into a copartnership and gone to the Northern cities for the purpose of purchasing a full stock of Goods, which will be opened and on sale during the coming week. In connection with their usual business, we understand that these ladies intend to open, under the management of Mrs. Maurice, a Ladies' Furnishing Goods Store, near the Cape Fear Bank. We have no doubt these goods will be well selected and of the latest and best styles.

## Common Schools.—Communication from Rev. C. H. Wiley.

To His Excellency, W. W. Holden, Provisional Governor of North Carolina.

SIR: It seems to me to be due to the importance of the subject and to the relation which I have borne to it that I should make to you a statement of the history of the Common Schools of the State during the late civil war, and of their condition at the restoration of peace. It was known that I was Superintendent for the State when hostilities commenced, and that I was continued in this position during the war.

With my views of duty I could not resign the office which I held when the so-called ordinance of Secession was passed; nor could I refuse to act when re-elected by succeeding Legislatures during the progress of the attempted revolution. I have ever regarded our Common School system as the greatest temporal interest of our people; I had long labored with an honest purpose and ardent heart to promote their efficiency, and when the war commenced they were in a most hopeful condition, and full of encouraging promise for the future.

As a friend to moral progress I could not but dread the effects of civil war, whatever its objects; and when the recent convulsion came upon us, I believed it to be the duty of those engaged in promoting the religious and educational interests of the community to stand firm in their places and to labor with greater zeal and diligence than ever. My views on this subject are clearly shown in the records of the past; and I am thankful to be able to say that by word and action, under the pressure of every trial, and in the face of high and low, I was enabled to maintain the principle that no military or other necessities of a people can justify the suspension of their moral agencies.

It was perfectly clear to my mind that the closing of the Schools of the State would add to and aggravate the evils always incident to war; and I felt sure that if any part of the resources of the Literary Fund were once diverted from their proper use and their original purpose, the whole Fund would soon be wasted never again to be replaced.

With these convictions and witnessing with profound interest the unsettled condition of public opinion on every subject, and the disposition of many to cut loose from every fixed habit and principle of the past, I believed that God had placed me in my position to watch over and defend the interests of a great moral agency affecting the character and welfare of the whole State; nor did I have to wait an hour to witness the dangers threatening this institution, and the necessity of meeting and repelling them. At the first shock of the recent political earthquake I naturally turned to an institution dear as a child to me, from past labors, fears and prayers in its behalf as well as from its intrinsic importance—and like every other work of the past it seemed to reel and to be ready to fall into instant and total ruin.

To save this precious resource seemed essential to the successful prosecution of the military enterprises of the country. Many others regarding the war as likely to be of short duration were for suspending all the functions of civil organizations during the existence of hostilities, while another and not an influential class claimed that the officers and teachers of a system so extensive were most needed in the armies of the Confederacy.

To these open difficulties arising from short sighted but honest, earnest and general convictions as to public expediency, there were others of a more insidious and dangerous character, having their origin, mostly, in an inveterate but concealed hostility to popular rights and progress, and now availing itself of the confusion, emergencies, passions and apparent necessities of the times to work out its original purposes.

It was alleged that the Schools would have to be suspended for want of books, that their revenues were needed to buy bread for those whose material wants were more pressing than their mental—that Common Schools were an offspring of Northern fanaticism, that the children were needed to labor in the fields and shops, and that they could not pursue their studies to advantage at a time of such general excitement.

It is perfectly apparent that the Common School system as a mere machine, without a guiding hand, could not have surmounted any one of these obstacles; and it is equally clear to all conversant with the past that its interests had to be watched with ceaseless vigilance, and defended at the same time, at many points. Never in its history did it so much need a friend who would attach himself wholly to its interests, and make it his special mission during the passing revolution to nurse and defend it. I felt that Providence had devoted this great task to me; and what ever have been my failings of judgment, I am sure that I have stood at my post during all the long night of storm through which we passed, with straining eyes and a steady heart.

Early efforts were made to answer all objections to the existence and success of Common Schools—to expose the fatal delusions in regard to the relative importance of moral and physical agencies—to prove that a suspension of the Schools during the war, and the appropriation of their resources to other ends would be utterly disastrous—to correct popular prejudices, to diffuse sound sentiment, to unite in common efforts the friends of moral progress, to bring their joint influence to bear on the right points, to remove real difficulties, such as the want of text books, to impress right views on subordinate officers in regard to the great principles at stake, and to encourage them to persevering efforts, and to exercise an influence for good, and by legitimate means, on the higher political authorities.

It is unnecessary to detail the special efforts in any of these directions; the records of some are ample and will pass into history, while others are best known to Him in whose eye the actor ever felt himself to be.

The result is, that during four years of trials unexampled in history, of trials which have taxed to their utmost the energies of the people, which have exhausted the available resources of the country, and which have exercised a retarding if not a blighting influence on nearly every other interest of society, the most sensitive institution of the State maintained a healthy existence, and seemed but the more established from the ordeal through which it passed.

A severe moral battle was fought and won; and it was finally and firmly decided as a principle no more to be questioned that the Literary Fund was to be continued in the old and safe investments, the proceeds were always to be directed to the original purpose, and that the schools being as important in war as in peace were to be kept open as long as there were children to be taught and teachers to instruct them.

For obvious reasons the average length of the schools and the attendance of pupils were diminished; but public opinion had become fixed that they were never to be suspended, and they remained in a sound condition and the machinery was kept in working order during the whole of the war, and in that part of the State, not within the lines of hostile forces. My prayers were answered, my desires were accomplished; the common schools lived and discharged their useful functions through all the gloom and trial of civil war, and when the last gun was fired their doors were open, they counted their pupils by scores of thousands, and were shedding a cheerful radiance over the face of society.

New difficulties now present themselves in the way of this cause; but I cannot doubt in regard to the desires of those whose business it will be to reorganize the State, and to promote the order, security and prosperity of society.

It will, undoubtedly, be a difficult task to raise funds sufficient for the support of a general system of public schools; but ought we to say that it will be impossible? And if the enterprise is not clearly hopeless, should we not undertake it?—Can it be admitted that any people so poor to preserve the means of civilization? And can a community continue civilized and not educate its children? And is not a system of public district schools the cheapest of all educational systems? This process of reasoning, strictly logical, leads to an inevitable conclusion, to wit, that if we are able to maintain our civilization and our republican institutions, we are able to support a general system of public schools.

When the burden of educating the children of the State is thrown equally on all according to their means it is comparatively light to each individual; and when the schools are brought within the reach of all there is a vast saving of expense for board and fuel, for buildings and furniture, while the cost of tuition, paid by all, in the way of tax is much less than in any other system. And let us glance for a moment at some of the inducements for assuming at this time such a burden.

Behold the moral desolations created by the war! Thousands of poor children have been bereaved of their natural supports—hundreds of young men are so maimed as to be unable to earn a living by manual labor.

The machinery of the Common School system has not been stopped long enough to be rusted. This generation is familiar with the institution, while it is a work of extreme difficulty, as our former history proves, to establish and to operate successfully a system of public schools among a people who have not been educated for them, and by them.

The undeveloped resources of our State are boundless—there is no greater opening on earth for honest and skillful enterprise than in North Carolina.

In agriculture, in manufactures and in mining there is a glorious harvest awaiting the application of science; and in a hundred inviting and scarcely explored fields wealth will speedily and surely reward labor directed by intelligence.

And if our reliance is on foreign aid, can we expect an immigration of the kind of men we need into a State when their children must grow up in ignorance? We desire to see a large influx of intelligent men, clerical, from other States and Countries, and these are the very persons for whom good systems of public schools have the greatest attractions.

To all this let it be added that higher institutions of learning multiply and prosper only in communities where the spirit of education is fostered among the masses; and of this we have an ample and instructive illustration in our past career. There were more Colleges, Seminaries and Academies, Select and Classical Schools put in operation in North Carolina in the twenty-four years succeeding the establishment of Common Schools than in all our previous history; and the average condition of these institutions, though comparatively so numerous, was much more prosperous than in former times.

With such considerations before me, working profoundly impressed with a sense of our moral obligations in the premises, I have been anxiously considering different plans for raising funds to replace those which will probably be lost to a great extent by the necessary closing of our banking institutions; and I have taken the liberty of offering some suggestions in regard to this matter, in a communication to the public Treasurer. Need I ask your careful consideration of this whole subject?

Both you and the eminent gentleman who fills the office of Treasurer of the State have in former times shown a just appreciation of the importance of Common Schools; and now a great crisis in the history of the cause occurs at the very time of your elevation to the highest political dignity of the State, and there are presented motives for action which you will not fail to see and regard.

I need not suggest to you that the difficulties and dangers which appal and paralyze the timid serve only to inspire and draw out the energies of those worthy to lead in the prosecution of useful enterprise; and no one knows better than yourself how many precious hopes and interests of the future are dependent, under God, on the action of the present hour.

I deem it my duty respectfully to recommend that the approaching Convention take some action to relieve from uncertain responsibilities, those who were acting as chairmen of Boards of County Superintendents at the time of Johnston's surrender.

The machinery of the Common School system being then in operation, many of the persons referred to, were in possession of funds of the character of Confederate notes and bonds, held for the purpose of carrying on the Schools; and doubtless there were outstanding drafts which had not been presented to these officers, and they, in a supposed official capacity, had incurred other liabilities while all the currency and public securities in their hands, and for which they were under bonds, became entirely worthless.

It is due to add that those who had control of the Literary Fund during the war manifested a sincere desire to see it secured as far as possible, from the chances of destruction, and the proceeds applied to their original purposes; and to say that I am prepared cheerfully to furnish to you and to the Convention any information in my power, and that I would be pleased to have investigation, searching and fair, into my action and motives connected with our Common School.

I must express, in conclusion, my abiding interest in a cause which has long filled my heart, and you may depend on my hearty sympathy and support in any just schemes with regard to it which your wisdom and patriotism may suggest.

Very respectfully, and truly your obedient servant,  
C. H. WILEY.

GREENSBORO, N. C. Sept. 13, 1865.  
P. S. It will be understood, of course, that this is not designed as an official report, but merely as a statement from a private individual of affairs in relation to a public interest with which he was formerly connected.

**NEGRO REFUGEES.**—There has been for some time past quite a demand upon the city to take charge of the negro refugees arriving here and becoming sick, without any money or any other means to be taken care of. Many of these people have died during the past summer, and the city has had to defray the usual and necessary burial expenses until now it has become a great tax to meet. Two or three, and often more, die from neglect and want among the people every week, and to defray these expenses when the number is increasing rather than diminishing, by arrivals from the country, is more than can be expected from the city under the present condition of her financial affairs.—The acting mayor has ordered that the matter have an ending immediately, and very properly so. These people can go into the country if they will, and by so doing retrieve their health, and not become a burden to an already over taxed city.—*Willington Journal.*

**BIG GEN. VANCE.**—Some few weeks since several U. S. officers called on Gen. Vance at his farm near Asheville, when his wife excused him stating he had gone to mill. He has been ploughing and doing other farm work ever since the surrender. What an example to the young men of the South.—*Saturday Banner.*

**GEN. VANCE** and his brother *Zebulon B. Vance* belong to the true nobility of the land. They are men who work—who live in work under their direction, they are just the men who roll up their sleeves and go it. If any one should chance to visit the Governor we should not be surprised if he had gone to mill too, that is, if he have the grit to carry. Such men will live in history, and in the memories of the people, though fortune may compel them, as it now does many, to struggle for bread.—*Sentinel.*

**TRAGEDY IN NORTH CAROLINA.**—A late, dated Granville county, North Carolina, the 18th, says: "A fearful tragedy was enacted some days since near Buchanan, in this county. Mrs. Parthenia Harris, wife of Haman Harris, was cruelly murdered by a negro woman, who formerly belonged to the family, and still resided with them. Mrs. Harris was found dead in her yard, her head having been crushed with a rock so as to beat out her brains. The woman was arrested on suspicion, confessed the deed, and the neighbors executed summary punishment upon her by hanging her to a tree. No cause was assigned for the act."

**SECRETARY McCulloch** has ordered that all compound interest notes of the devaluation of \$100 be forwarded to Washington, in consequence of the number of counterfeiters on that description of note now in circulation. No more notes of that kind will be issued.

Among the prominent men now confined at Fort Pulaski are Governor Magrath, of South Carolina; G. A. Trenholm, late Treasurer of the Confederacy; D. L. Yulee, of Florida; Secretary Seddon, Judge Campbell, Gen. Moreau, and others.

Sir William R. Hamilton, who has been Ambassador Royal of England since 1817 and ranked as the greatest in that science, died a few weeks since.

*The Auburn Advertiser*, which is styled the home organ of Secretary Seward, states that President Johnson has decided that his administration shall be a unit on the subject of restoration. We are also told that Mr. Waad, who has the confidence of the President, has advised the radical office holders that they cannot expect to retain their places if they persist in opposing the Government.

The cooking academy in New York, is to be re-opened on a more extensive scale.

Sandfords Minstrels have arrived, and will give one of their grand entertainments at Garretts Hall this evening. The performance will consist of songs, dances, funny sayings, and late hits at the times.

[From The Panama Star.]  
**Ex-President Barrios Shot by Order of the Salvador Government.**

The P. R. R. Co.'s steamer, *Parkersburg*, Captain Bowditch, from Central American Ports, arrived at Panama on the 15th inst.

The most important item of intelligence from Central America is that the Government of Salvador had tried Ex-President General Barrios by Court Martial, and sentenced him to be shot. The unfortunate man was advised of his sentence at eleven o'clock on the night of the 23rd of August, and at four o'clock on the morning of the 29th, he was shot, being refused even three hours time to arrange his worldly affairs. The nation, excited by the authorities of Salvador, for the act is, that the death of Barrios was a necessity for the peace of the Republic. As yet we have no reliable means of knowing what feeling this act has caused in Salvador; but from what we can judge, it has met with censure. In Nicaragua the prejudice has given rise to general dissatisfaction against Salvador, as the former Government had delivered Barrios over to the latter, on the express stipulation that his life, under any circumstances, was to be spared, and the serious breach of faith on the part of Salvador will doubtless lead to an unprofitable discussion, and probably to a declaration of war between the two Republics.

In Panama the news of this death of Barrios has been received with profound regret, and given rise to expressions of the utmost horror both from natives and foreigners, as it no doubt also will in the United States and Europe.

A colored man is serving as jurymen in one of the courts in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A band of genuine negro minstrels, organized in Georgia, is concertizing out West.

The Indiana Legislature has been called to meet in special session November 13th.

In London a young man quarrelled with his sweetheart and boxed her ears. She was so affected that she drowned herself.

A Chicago dandy avoids improper familiarity by keeping a fanged rattlesnake in her bosom.

Miss Jones is held for trial in Albany on a charge of leading a young man from the path of rectitude.

The Southern Hotel, built and furnished at a cost of \$1,250,000, was opened at St. Louis on Wednesday.

Ex-Senator Foote announces his intention to devote his attention exclusively to the law in Nashville.

Captain E. J. Seranton, One hundred and Twenty-eighth United States Colored Troops, has been dismissed the service for marrying a colored woman of bad character.

An English veterinary surgeon had died of the cattle disease. He had made a post mortem examination of the body of a diseased animal.

Dr. Clark, Recorder of Rangoon, told an anti-infantile meeting in London that he was convinced that child murder was more frequent in England than in India.

An "Old Republican" in *The National Intelligencer* questions the right of Messrs. Stevens, Chase, Sumner, and others of that school, to prescribe a creed for the republican party—and intimates that if these politicians are not satisfied, they had better organize a party of their own.

The interest on the 1st of November on the fifty-two bonds will be paid on or after the 25th of September at any of the designated depositories of the United States.

**SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.**—We learn that this institution, located at Greenville, South Carolina, which was temporarily closed by the war, will be re-opened on November 1st, 1865, with its four Professors as before the war. Tuition free. The whole Baptist Church of the Southern States is interested in this institution.

**"NEGRO EQUALITY."**—Hon. John Sessala, Chairman of the Union States Central Committee of Pennsylvania, in an address to the people of that State, says, "this negro suffrage and negro equality are not, and could not possibly be, an issue in the October contest" for officers in Pennsylvania.

**NEW COTTON.**—The 1st bale of new cotton this season was brought to this market on Wednesday last, 29th inst., by Wm. McGinis, of Providence. It was purchased by Oates & Williams at 20 cents, gold.—*Char. Democrat.*

At a meeting of the New York College of Physicians, held a few evenings since, one of the speakers, Dr. Driscoll, prophesied that the cholera would make its appearance in this country within three weeks.

*The Cork Reporter* announces that the Government has ordered a number of gunboats and two men-of-war to be stationed off Bantry Bay and other stations on the west coast of Ireland.

Judge Doniphan, of the Covington Circuit Kentucky, has decided the expatriation law passed by the Legislature of that State to be unconstitutional. It is believed that the Court of Appeals will approve the decision.

A youth fifteen years old, residing near Marion Alabama, drank three glasses of buttermilk, ate three watermelons and a basket of peaches, on the same day died heartily, and died in the afternoon.

John L. Lamb, who formerly peddled papers in the Army of Potomac, is now worth \$100,000 and is one of the Directors of the Second National Bank just established in Richmond.



# THE PATRIOT.

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A. W. INGOLD,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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## PRICES FOR ADVERTISING.

Advertisements will be inserted in THE PATRIOT at the price of ONE DOLLAR per square of eight lines or less each insertion. A liberal deduction will be made in favor of those who may desire to advertise quarterly or yearly.

For announcing candidates for office THREE DOLLARS, to be paid in advance.

Notices of Respect will be charged FIVE DOLLARS each, to be paid for when handed in for publication.

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## Stonewall Jackson's Death.

Correspondence of The N. Y. World.

There is an event in the late war the details of which are known only to a few persons; and yet it is no exaggeration to say that many thousands would feel an interest in the particulars. I mean the death of Jackson. The minutiae circumstances attending it have never been published, and they are here recorded as matter of historical as well as personal interest. A few words will describe the situation of affairs. The Spring of 1862 saw a large Federal army assembled on the north bank of the Rappahannock, and on the 1st of May, General Hooker, its commander, had crossed, and firmly established himself at Chancellorsville. General Lee's forces were opposite Fredericksburg, chiefly a small body of infantry only, watching the upper fords. This latter was compelled to fall back before General Hooker's great force, stated by Major General Price, of the U. S. army, in *The New York Herald* to the number 150,000 men, and Lee hastened by forced marches from Fredericksburg towards Chancellorsville, to check the further advance of the enemy. This was on May 1, and the Confederate advance force under Jackson, on the same evening, attacked General Hooker's intrenchments facing toward Fredericksburg. They were found impregnable, the dense thickets having been converted into abatis, and every avenue of approach defended with artillery. General Lee therefore directed the assault to cease, and consulted his corps commanders as to further operations. Jackson suggested a rapid movement around the Federal front, and a determined attack upon the right flank of General Hooker, west of Chancellorsville. The ground on his left and in his front gave such enormous advantages to the Federal troops that our assault there was impossible, and the result of the consultation was the adoption of Jackson's suggestion to attack the enemy's right. Every preparation was made that night, and on the morning of May 2, Jackson set out with Hill, Rodes, and Colston's divisions, all 22,000 men to accomplish his undertaking. Chancellorsville was a single brick house of large dimensions, situated on the plank-road from Fredericksburg to Orange, and all around it were the thickets of the country known as the Wilderness. In this tangled undergrowth the Federal works had been thrown up, and such was the denseness of the woods that a column moving a mile or two to the south was not apt to be seen. Jackson calculated upon this, but fortune seemed against him. At the Catherine Furnace, a mile or two from the Federal line, his march was discovered, and a hot attack was made on his rear guard as he moved past. All seemed now discovered, but, strange to say, such was not the fact. The Federal officers saw him plainly, but the winding road which he pursued chanced here to bend toward the south, and it was afterward discovered that General Hooker supposed him to be in full retreat upon Richmond. Such at least was the statement of Federal officers. Jackson repulsed the attack upon his rear, continued his march, and striking into what is called the Brock road, turned the head of his column northward, and rapidly advanced around General Hooker's right flank. A cavalry force under Gen. Stuart had moved in front and on the flanks of the column, driving off scouting parties and other too in quiescent wayfarers; and on reaching the junction of the Orange and Germanna roads a heavy Federal picket was forced to retire. General Fitz Lee then informed Jackson that from a hill near at hand he could obtain a view of the Federal works, and proceeding thither, Jackson reconnoitered. This reconnaissance showed him that he was not far enough to the left, and he said briefly to an aide, "Tell my column to cross that road," pointing to the plank-road. His object was to reach the "old turnpike," which ran straight down into the Federal right flank. It was reached at about five in the evening, and without a moment's delay Jackson formed his line of battle for an attack. Rodes' division moved in front, supported at an interval of two hundred yards by Colston's, and behind these A. P. Hill's division marched in column like the artillery, on account of the almost impenetrable character of the thickets on each side of the road. Jackson's assault was sudden and terrible. It struck the Eleventh corps, commanded on this occasion by General Howard, and, completely surprised, they retreated in confusion upon the heavy works around Chancellorsville. Rodes and Colston followed them, took possession of the breast-works across the road, and a little after eight the Confederate troops were within less than a mile of Chancellorsville, preparing for a new and more determined attack. Jackson's plan

was worthy of being the last military project conceived by that resolute and enterprising intellect. He designed putting his entire force into action, extending his left, and placing that wing between Gen. Hooker and the Rappahannock. Then, unless the Federal commander could cut his way through, his army would be captured or destroyed. Jackson commenced the execution of this plan with vigor, and an obvious determination to strain every nerve and incur every hazard to accomplish so decisive a success. Rodes and Colston were directed to retire a short distance, and reform their lines, now greatly mingled, and Hill was ordered to move to the front and take their places. On fire with his great designs, Jackson then rode forth in front of the troops toward Chancellorsville; and here and then the bullet struck him which was to terminate his career. The details which follow are given on the authority of Jackson's staff officers, and one or two others who witnessed all that occurred. In relation to the most tragic portion of the scene, there remained, as will be seen, but a single witness. Jackson had ridden forward on the turnpike to reconnoiter, and ascertain if possible, in spite of the darkness of the night, the position of the Federal lines. The moon shone, but it was struggling with a bank of clouds, and afforded but a dim light. From the gloomy thickets on each side of the turnpike, looking more weird and sombre in the half light, came the melancholy notes of the whippoorwill. "I think there must have been ten thousand," said Gen. Stewart afterwards. Such was the scene amid which the events now about to be narrated took place. Jackson had advanced with some members of his staff, considerably beyond the building known as "Melzi Chancellors" about a mile from Chancellorsville, and had reached a point nearly opposite an old dismantled house in the woods near the road, whose shell-torn roof may still be seen, when he reined in his horse, and remaining perfectly quiet and motionless, listened intently for any indications of a movement in the Federal lines. They were scarcely two hundred yards in front of him, and seeing the danger to which he exposed himself, one of his staff officers said, "General, don't you think this is the wrong place for you?" He replied quickly, almost impatiently, "The danger is all over! the enemy is routed—go back and tell A. P. Hill to press right on!" The officer obeyed, but had scarcely disappeared, when a sudden volley was fired from the Confederate infantry in Jackson's rear, and on the right of the road—evidently directed upon him and his escort. The origin of this fire has never been discovered, and after Jackson's death there was little disposition to investigate an occurrence which occasioned bitter distress to all who by any possibility could have taken part in it. It is probable, however, that some movement of the Federal skirmishers had provoked the fire; if this is an error, the troops fired deliberately upon Jackson and his party, under the impression that they were a body of Federal cavalry reconnoitering. It is said that the men had orders to open upon any object in front, "especially upon cavalry," and the absence of pickets or advance force of any kind on the Confederate side explains the rest. The enemy were almost in contact with them; the Federal artillery, fully commanding the position of the troops, was expected to open every moment; and the men were just in that excited condition which induces troops to fire at any and every object they see. Whatever may have been the origin of this volley, it came, and many of the staff and escort were shot, and fell from their horses. Jackson wheeled to the left and galloped into the woods to get out of range of the bullets; but he had not gone twenty steps beyond the edge of the turnpike, in the thicket, when one of his brigades drawn up within thirty yards of him fired a volley in their turn, kneeling on the right knee, as the flash of the guns showed, as though prepared to "guard against cavalry." By this fire Jackson was wounded in three places. He received one ball in his left arm, two inches below the shoulder joint, shattering the bones and severing the chief artery—a second passed through the same arm between the elbow and wrist, making its exit through the palm of the hand—and a third ball entered the palm of his right hand, about the middle, and passing through broke two of the bones. At the moment when he was struck, he was holding his rein in his left hand, and his right was raised either in the singular gesture habitual to him, at times of excitement, or to protect his face from the onslaught of the trees. His left hand immediately dropped at his side, and his horse no longer controlled by the rein, and frightened at the firing, wheeled suddenly and ran from the fire in the direction of the Federal lines. Jackson's helpless condition now exposed him to a distressing accident. His horse ran violently between two trees, from one of which a horizontal bough extended, at about the height of his head, to the other; and, as he passed between the trees, this bough struck him in the face, tore off his cap, and threw him violently back on his horse. The blow was so violent as nearly to unseat him, but it did not do so, and rising erect again, he caught the bridle with the broken and bleeding fingers of his right hand, and succeeded in turning his horse back into the turnpike. Here, Capt. Wilbourn, of his staff, succeeded in catching the reins and checking the animal, who was almost frantic with terror, at the moment when, from loss of blood and exhaustion, Jackson was about to fall from the saddle. Horses mad with fright at the close firing were seen running in every direction, some of them

riders, others defying control; and in the wood lay many wounded and dying men. Jackson's whole party, except Capt. Wilbourn and a member of the signal corps, had been killed, wounded, or dispersed. The man riding just behind Jackson had his horse killed; a courier near was wounded and his horse ran into the Federal lines; Lieut. Morrison, aide-de-camp, threw himself from the saddle, and his horse fell dead a moment afterwards; Capt. Howard was wounded and carried by his horse into the Federal camp; Capt. Leigh had his horse shot under him; Capt. Forbes was killed; and Capt. Boswell, Jackson's chief engineer, was shot through the heart, and his dead body carried by his frightened horse into the lines of the enemy near at hand. Such was the result of the causeless fire. It had ceased as suddenly as it began, and the position in the road which Jackson now occupied was the same from which he had been driven. Capt. Wilbourn, who with Mr. Wynn, of the signal corps, was all that was left of the party, notices a singular circumstance which attracted his attention at this moment. The turnpike was utterly deserted with the exception of himself, his companion and Jackson; but in the skirting of the thicket on the left he observed some one sitting on his horse, by the side of the wood, and coolly looking on, motionless and silent. The unknown individual was clad in a dark dress which strongly resembled the Federal uniform; but it seemed impossible that he could have penetrated to that spot without being discovered, and what followed seemed to prove that he belonged to the Confederates. Capt. Wilbourn directed him to "ride up there and see what troops those were"—the men who had fired on Jackson—when the stranger slowly rode in the direction pointed out, but never returned with any answer. Who this silent personage was is left to posterity. Captain Wilbourn, who was standing by Jackson, now said, "they certainly must be our troops," to which the General assented with a nod of the head, but said nothing. He was looking up the road toward his lines "with apparent astonishment" and continued for some time to look in that direction as if unable to realize that he could have been fired upon and wounded by his own men.

His wound was bleeding profusely, the blood streaming down so as to fill his gauntlets, and it was necessary to secure assistance promptly. Captain Wilbourn asked him if he was much injured and urged him to make an effort to move his fingers, as his ability to do this would prove that his arm was not broken. He endeavored to do so, looking down at his hand during the attempt, but speedily gave it up, announcing that his arm was broken. An effort which his companion made to straighten it caused him great pain, and murmuring "You had better take me down," he leaned forward and fell into Captain Wilbourn's arms. He was so much exhausted by loss of blood that he was unable to take his feet out of his stirrups, and this was done by Mr. Wynn. He was then carried to the side of the road and laid under a small tree, where Captain Wilbourn supported his head while his companion went for a surgeon and ambulance to carry him to the rear, receiving strict instructions, however, not to mention the occurrence to any one but Dr. McGuire, or some other surgeon. Captain W. then made an examination of the General's wounds. Removing his field-glasses and haversack, which latter contained some paper and envelopes for dispatches, and two religious tracts, he put these on his own person for safety, and with a small pen knife proceeded to cut away the sleeves of the indurated overall, dress coat, and two shirts from the bleeding arm. While this duty was being performed, General Hill rode up with his staff, and dismounting beside the General, expressed his regret at the accident. To the question whether his wound was painful, Jackson replied, "Very painful," and added that "his arm was broken." General Hill pulled off his gauntlets, which were full of blood, and his sabre and belt were also removed. He then seemed easier, and having swallowed a mouthful of whiskey, which was held to his lips, appeared much refreshed. It seemed impossible to move him without making his wounds bleed afresh, but he was absolutely necessary to do so, as the enemy were not more than a hundred and fifty yards distant, and might advance at any moment—and all at once a proof was given of the dangerous position which he occupied. Captain Adams, of General Hill's staff, had ridden ten or fifteen yards ahead of the group, and was now heard calling out, "Halt! surrender! fire on them if they don't surrender!" At the next moment he came up with two Federal skirmishers, who at once surrendered with an air of astonishment, declaring that they were not aware they were in the Confederate lines. General Hill had drawn his pistol and mounted his horse; and he now returned to take command of his line and advance, promising Jackson to keep his accident from the knowledge of the troops, for which the General thanked him. He had scarcely gone when Lieutenant Morrison, who had come up, reported the Federal line advancing rapidly, and then within about a hundred yards of the spot, exclaimed: "Let us take the General up in our arms and carry him off!" But Jackson said faintly, "No, if you can help me up, I can walk." He was accordingly lifted up, and placed upon his feet, when the Federal batteries in front opened with great violence, and Capt. Leigh, who had just arrived with a litter, had his horse killed under him by a shell. He leaped to the ground, near Jackson, and the latter, leaning his right arm on Captain Leigh's shoulder, slowly dragged him

self along towards the Confederate lines, the blood from his wounded arm flowing profusely over Captain Leigh's uniform. Hill's lines were now in motion to meet the coming attack, and as the men passed Jackson, they saw, from the number and rank of his escort, that he must be a superior officer. "Who is that—who have you there?" was called; to which the reply was, "Oh, it's only a friend of ours who is wounded." These inquiries became at last so frequent that Jackson said to his escort, "When asked, just say it was a Confederate officer." It was with the utmost difficulty that the curiosity of the troops was evaded. They seemed to suspect something, and would go around the horses which were led along on each side of the General to conceal him, to see if they could discover who it was. At last one of them caught a glimpse of a man who had lost his cap as we have seen, in the woods, and was walking bareheaded in the moonlight, and suddenly the man exclaimed "in the most pitiful tone," says an eye witness:—"Great God! that is General Jackson!" An evasive reply was made, implying that this was a mistake, and the man looked from the speaker to Jackson with a bewildered air; but passed on without further comment. All this occurred before Jackson had been able to drag himself more than twenty steps; but Captain Leigh had the litter at hand, and his strength being completely exhausted, the General was placed upon it, and borne towards the rear. The litter was carried by two officers and two men, the rest of the escort walking beside it and leading the horses. They had scarcely begun to move, however, when the Federal artillery opened a furious fire upon the turnpike from the works in front of Chancellorsville, and a hurricane of shell and canister swept down the road. What the eye then saw was a scene of disorder. Fed troops, riders, horses, and utter confusion. The intended advance of the Confederates had doubtless been discovered, and this fire was directed along the road over which they would move. By this fire Generals Hill and Pender with several of their staffs were wounded, and one of the men carrying the litter was shot through both arms and dropped his burden. His companion did likewise, hastily flying from the dangerous locality, and for Captain Leigh, who caught the handle of the litter, it would have fallen to the ground. Lieutenant Smith had been leading his own and the General's horse, but the animals now broke away, in uncontrollable terror, and the rest of the party scattered to find shelter. Under these circumstances the litter was lowered by Captain Leigh and Lieutenant Smith into the road, and those officers lay down by it to protect themselves, in some degree, from the heavy fire of artillery which swept the turnpike and "struck millions of sparks from the flinty stones of the roadside." Jackson raised himself upon his elbow and attempted to get up, but Lieutenant Smith threw his arm across his breast and compelled him to desist. "They lay in this manner for some minutes without moving, the hurricanestill sweeping over them. "So far as I could see," wrote one of the officers, "men and horses were struggling with a most terrible death." The road was, otherwise, deserted. Jackson and his two officers were the sole living occupants of the spot. The fire of canister soon relaxed, though that of shot and shell continued, and Jackson rose to his feet. Leaning on the shoulders of the party who had rejoined him, he turned aside from the road, which was again filling with infantry, and struck into the woods—one of the officers following with the litter. Here he moved with difficulty among the troops who were lying down in the line of battle, and the party encountered General Pender, who had just been slightly wounded. He asked who it was that was wounded, and the reply was "a Confederate officer." General Pender, however, recognized Jackson and exclaimed, "Ah! General, I am sorry to see you have been wounded. The lines here are so much broken that I fear we will have to fall back." These words seemed to affect Jackson strongly. He raised his head, and said with a flash of the eye, "You must hold your ground General Pender! you must hold your ground sir!" This was the last order Jackson ever gave upon the field. His strength was now completely exhausted, and he asked to be permitted to lie down upon the ground. The hot fire of artillery which still continued, and the expected advance of the Federal infantry made it necessary to move on, and the litter was again put in requisition. The General, now nearly fainting, was laid upon it, and some litter-bearers having been procured, the whole party continued to move through the tangled woods, towards Melzi Chancellors. So dense was the undergrowth and the ground was so difficult that their progress was very slow. An accident now occurred Jackson's untimely agony. One of the men caught his foot in a vine, and stumbling fell go the handle of the litter, which fell heavily to the ground. Jackson fell upon his left shoulder where the bone had been shattered, and his agony must have been extreme. "For the first time," says one of the party, "he groaned and that most pitifully." He was raised, however, and a beam of moonlight passing through the foliage overhead revealed his pale face, closed eyes, and bleeding breast. Those around him thought that he was dying. What a death for such a man! All around him was the tangled wood, only half illuminated by the struggling moonbeams; above him burst the shells of the enemy, exploding, says an officer, "like showers of falling stars," and in the pauses came the melancholy notes

of the whippoorwill, borne on the night air. In this strange wilderness, the man of Port Republic and Manassas, who had led so many desperate charges, seemed about to close his eyes and die in the night. But such was not to be the result then. When asked by one of the officers whether he was much hurt, he opened his eyes and said quietly without further exhibition of pain, "No, my friend, don't trouble yourself about me." The litter was then raised upon the shoulders of the men, the party continued its way, and reaching an ambulance near Melzi Chancellors, placed the wounded General in it. He was then borne to the field hospital at Wilderness Run, some five miles distant. Here he lay throughout the next day, Sunday, listening to the thunder of the artillery and the long roll of the musketry from Chancellorsville, where Stuart, who had succeeded him in command, was pressing Gen. Hooker back towards the Rappahannock. His soul must have thrilled at that sound, so familiar, but he could take no part in the conflict. Lying faint and pale, in a tent in rear of the "Wilderness Tavern," he seemed to be perfectly resigned, and submitted to the painful probing of his wound with soldierly patience. It was obviously necessary to amputate the arm, and one of his surgeons asked, "If we find amputation necessary shall it be done at once?" to which he replied with alacrity, "Yes certainly, Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think right." The arm was then taken off, and he slept soundly after the operation, and on waking began to converse about the battle. "If I had not been wounded," he said, "or had I one hour more of daylight, I would have cut off the enemy from the road to the United States; and we would have them entirely surrounded, and they would have been obliged to surrender or cut their way out; they had no other alternative. My troops may sometimes fail in driving an enemy from a position, but the enemy always fails to drive my men from a position." It was about this time that we received the following from Gen. Lee: "I have just received your note informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy." The remaining details of Jackson's illness and death are known. He was removed to Guinea's Depot, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad where he gradually sank, pneumonia having attacked him. When told that his men on Sunday had advanced upon the enemy shouting "Charge, lead, remember Jackson!" he exclaimed, "It was just like them! it was just like them! They are a noble body of men! Them who live through this war," he added, "will be proud to say, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade' to their children." Looking soon afterwards at the stump of his arm, he said, "Many people would regard this as a misfortune. I regard it as one of the great blessings of my life." He subsequently said, "I consider these wounds a blessing; they were given me for some good and wise purpose, and I would not part with them if I could." His wife was now with him, and when she announced to him, weeping, his approaching death, he replied with perfect calmness, "Very good, very good; it is all right." These were nearly his last words. He soon afterwards became delirious, and was heard to mutter, "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!—Pass the infantry to the front!—Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions for the men!" Then his martial ardor disappeared, a smile diffused itself over his pale features, and he murmured, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees!" It was the river of death he was about to pass; and soon after uttering these words he expired.

A curious legend was told by the Rev. C. W. Bingham at the recent meeting of the Archaeological Institute in Dorset, England. The legend was that on a certain day in the year the young women of Abbotsbury used to go up to St. Catherine's Chapel, where they made use of the following prayer: "A husband, St. Catherine; handsome one, St. Catherine; a rich one, St. Catherine; a nice one, St. Catherine; and soon, St. Catherine." Mr. Beresford Hope, who at these gatherings is always equal to any emergency, modestly proposed that all gentlemen and married ladies should retire from the church, so as to afford the young ladies present the opportunity of using so desirable a prayer.

**DIED.**

At the residence of her parents, Jeremiah and E. A. Deane, of typhoid fever on the 4th of August, 1865, N. E. DEANES, aged 39 years, 1 month and 21 days. The deceased was a native member of the Christian church at Mt. Bethel, Rockingham county, N. C., for eight years, exemplifying the doctrine of the cross of Christ in her daily walk; and when the battle of life was ending, she rejoiced that she had fought the good fight, kept the faith, and was finishing her course and would soon wear a crown in glory. She died exhorting her friends and relatives to meet her in heaven.

On the 10th of the morning of the 5th of September, 1865, at the residence of Dr. J. A. McLean, Wake county, N. C., JOSEPH L. only son of Elder D. T. and N. E. Deane, aged 15 years, 6 months and 11 days. Thus in the morning of life in the midst of youthful hopes and bright dreams of the future, it has pleased Him who doeth all things well, to remove our loved one from the scenes of earth to realms of immortality, where the hand that gave the farewell token on earth now plucks the flowers of anarchy and the eye that gazed the last adieu to weeping friends now beholds the beauties that angels contemplate; for he remembered his Creator in early life, having embraced religion and joined the church of his fathers two years before his death.

"Farewell, dear ones, a short farewell, Till we shall meet again above, In the sweet grove where pleasures dwell, And trees of life bear fruit of love. There glory sits on every face, There friendship smiles in every eye— There shall our tongues proclaim the grace That us has brought to the sky." Progress please copy.

**The Execution of Andre—Account of an Eye-Witness.**

Leaving this house, we went up the road by which Andre walked to his death between two officers, and in arm, attended by an immense concourse of people, and guarded by a large detachment of troops. Nearly all the officers of the army, except Washington and his staff, were present. We passed the brick church, which stands on the site of the small stone church Andre was tried by a court-martial consisting of fourteen general officers. As we pursued our way, ascending the hill, we came to a spot where Washington had an observatory from which he could command the whole surrounding country and across the river, to observe the movements of the foe. And now we have come to a corn-field, and a lane by the side of it, which we enter by an old gate, said to be the same that was opened to admit the procession on the morning of October 2, 1780. We walked up the lane a few rods, and came to the cherry trees that mark the head and foot of the grave where Andre was buried, near the gallows on which he was hanged. He had hoped, he said, if he was to suffer death, he would be hanged, and not until he came in sight of the gallows did he know that he was to die as a spy. Then his fortitude forsook him; and when an officer asked him the cause of his emotion, he said: "I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode."

Here he stood, in sight of many thousands who covered the hillsides, and as he waited for the fatal moment he trembled, placing his foot on a stone and rolling it over, and choking in his throat in efforts to restrain his emotions. He recovered, and said: "It will be but a moment, anyway." He fumbled his own eyes with his white pocket handkerchief, and gave another to the marshal to pinion his arms. Raising the handkerchief from his eyes, he said: "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a man."

Colonel Tallman, now among the dead a Revolutionary soldier, and a resident of Tappan, was present at the execution, and from his lips I have had minute particulars of the scene.

Andre's remains were taken up in 1841 by the British Consul and removed to Westminster Abbey, where a splendid monument is reared to his memory. I remembered reading that a rough stone here bore an inscription to distinguish the spot where he suffered, but it was now not to be found. Looking around among the stones that were laid in the base of a wall on the side of the lane we found it there, but the inscription was nearly obliterated by the action of the elements. It was a boulder about three feet by two, and once bore the record: "Andre executed October 2, 1780." We pried it up with extempore levers, made out some figures and letters.—*Leaves Prime.*

**Queen Victoria's Appearance.**

Of late years, especially since the sad loss of her husband, Queen Victoria has undergone a great change, both in mind and body. She never was possessed of great beauty, and the charm of her presence always arose far more from the natural expression of an amiable disposition, than from any regularity of feature or manner. She never was endowed with the irresistible fascination of the Queen of Scots, nor with the imperious airs of Elizabeth, which extorted a reverence that could not be refused. Her eyes are blue and bright, her hair dark, and her complexion is now somewhat sallow. It is marked by deep lines of affliction, and yet these do not make her expression less attractive. It has been well observed, that sickness and sorrow refine most countenances, and here is another illustration of the truth of this saying. In the approaches of age she has gained that which may be called the beauty of goodness. It is undoubtedly true that old age, provided it be found in the way of righteousness, gives to the features a beauty of its own.

If the motions of the mind be good, the lines of the face will become more and more beautiful, as time wears on, and in the sensations of color, delicacy and the regularity of feature fade. This is certainly apparent in the face of Queen Victoria.

In stature she is rather inferior to the average height, and looks far more majestic when seated than standing; and yet whenever she is seen, she always bears the obvious mark of a noble lady. No one could meet her under any circumstances without perceiving at once that she is high bred and accustomed to command. She is little for dress; and at Balmoral, Osborne, and any of her palaces where she is in the bosom of her family, she wears plain, unpretending garments such as some, at least, of our fair countrywomen would not allow themselves to be seen in any time. She dislikes pomp and display, and does not often appear in public; never, except some great State occasion seems to demand it. Among all the Americans who have visited Europe, very few have seen Victoria, while nearly every traveler has looked upon Louis Napoleon and Eugene, who are frequently seen driving about Paris with the greatest freedom. In consequence of this reserve, the spectacle is much more impressive and attractive when she does appear.

She is an extremely good horsewoman, and cannot be steered with great address and fearlessness. At the encouragement of Cobham, a few years ago, she appeared on horseback and was, of course, the admired of all beholders, as she rode on the field on her dark bay "Templar." She wore a long, dark green robe of some thick, rich material, a closely fitting jacket, with but few ornaments, and a low dark hat, with a long black ostrich feather. In her hand she carried an elegant riding whip, with a handle of gold, and a carbuncle set in the top of it. She rode along the lines with grace, and really, for the time, one recalled to mind, irresistibly, the energetic presence of Elizabeth, as she passed before her soldiers at the time of the threatened invasion of the grand Armada, and with a burning words urged them to do and dare every honorable deed in behalf of old England and its virgin queen.

Victoria always appears well of review, and has that magnetic glance of the eye which leads every soldier to believe that his sovereign looks directly at him on such an occasion. This quality is not infrequently possessed by great generals, though few women ever have sufficient nerve to show it.

**North Carolina—Past and Present.**

Extract from an Address of Hon. T. L. COTTON, M. C., before the State Agricultural Society, Oct. 21, 1858.

"North Carolina has fifty thousand square miles of territory—just about the area of England. But while England, exclusive of Scotland and Wales, has a population of seventeen millions, North Carolina has barely one million. If this difference is not to continue, can we ever equal, or even approach, the population of England? What at Washington, persons have said to me, 'So you are from the piney region of North Carolina.' They sometimes seemed surprised when I told them that the section from which I came was more remote from that district covered with pines than Washington City itself, and even less like it in its external features. The fact that the principal lines of travel through our State have been along that comparatively narrow belt of level pine-forest, has made most persons from abroad suppose that the whole State is of that character."

It was in the month of July, 1584, that the first Europeans who ever touched the shores of any one of the old thirteen States, approached the coast of North Carolina, under the command of Amadas and Barlowe. In the report to Sir Walter Raleigh, drawn up by the latter, it is said that two days before they came in sight of the land, "W. smell so sweet and so strong a smell, as if it had been the wind from some delicate garden, abounding with all kinds of odiferous flowers." On reaching the land it was found "so full of grapes, as the very beating and surge of the sea overtopped them, of which we found such place, as well there as in all places else, both the sand and on the green soil, on the plains as in the mountains, as well as every shrub, as also climbing the tops of the hills, that I think in all the world like it. The soil was so good, and myself and my companions were so tired, that we were not able to find any difference as were elsewhere, find such islands, along which they found for two hundred miles, they found what appeared another great sea," between them and the main land. Everywhere they were struck with surprise, as they beheld the variety, the magnitude and beauty of the forest trees, which not only surpassed those of "Bohemia, Muscovia, or Siam," but "bettering the cedars of the Aunus, of the Indies, or Libanus."

Two years later, after a residence of twelve months on the main land, with a party of colonists, Ralph Lane declared the main to be the goodliest soil under the aspect of heaven; "the goodliest and most pleasing territory in the world," and the climate so wholesome, that we had not one sick since we landed on land here." He affirms that if it "were but horses and kine in some reasonable proportion, I dare assure myself, being inhabited with English, no realm in Christendom were comparable to it. For this already we find, that what commodities so ever Spain, France, or Italy, or the East parts, do yield to us, &c., these parts do abound with the growth of them all, and sundry other rich commodities, that no parts of the world, be they West or East Indies, have, here we find the greatest abundance of."

When we contemplate North Carolina at the present day, we recognise the features here described. There is on the coast the same long line of low sandy islands, probably formed by the deposits of sediment, where the fluvial waters from the interior are checked in their course by the opposing current of the Gulf stream. With the exception of the fine harbor of Beaufort, there are the same difficult inlets which terrified these early voyagers, and on their maps were marked with figures of sinking ships. Inside of the range there are the same broad and shallow seas, most abundantly supplied with fish, and those other inhabitants of the deep, which are alike calculated to minister to the necessities and luxuries of mankind. On the "main" there are lands not inferior to the fertility to the famous Deltas of the Nile, or the Mississippi. Cultivation for one hundred successive years, in the most exhausting of the grain crops, has not diminished their productiveness. Though the cost sometimes to render these swampy lands suitable for cultivation, yet no agricultural investment ever made in America, perhaps, yields a better return; and the fact affords another illustration of the truth, that Providence has decreed that the best things in life shall cost to attain them. And yet, up to this time, but a small proportion, many persons think not one-fiftieth part, of the swamp lands in the eastern portion of the State have been put into cultivation. When after the manner of Holland all this region shall have been reclaimed, the entire present population of the State might be removed to it, without being able to cultivate the half of it. Almost every portion of it, too, is penetrated by navigable streams. Passing toward a hundred miles or more from the coast, we reach that belt of pine land, which was formerly regarded as only valuable for its timber, and naval stores generally, but which later experiments show, may, without difficulty, be rendered highly productive. By the application of man or lime, it has been ascertained that most of this region can be made to yield abundant crops both of cotton and the cereals. Westward of this, these stretches for two or three hundred miles a moderately elevated, and arid country, presenting almost every variety of landscape, soil, and production. At its extreme borders, there rises up a mountainous region, with bolder scenery and a more bracing climate. Few of our citizens realize the extent of this district, or are aware of the fact that it is three hundred miles in length, and has probably more than forty peaks that surpass in altitude Mount Washington, long regarded as the most elevated point in the Atlantic States. Though this region does not present the glacier fields and eternal snows of the Alps, yet their want is amply atoned for by a vegetation rich as the tropics themselves can boast of. Rocky masses, immense heights, magnitude, and long ridges and freightful precipices are to be found; but the prevailing character of this section is one of such fertility that the forest trees attain their most magnificent proportions on the sides, and even about the tops of the highest mountains. There, too, are to be seen those strange, treeless tracts, which the original inhabitants supposed to be the foot-prints of the "Evil One," as he stepped from mountain to mountain. Their smooth, unulating surfaces, covered with waving grasses, suggest far different associations to the present beholders. The landscape is variegated, too, by tracts of rich and even forty miles extent, covered with dense