





# Patriot and Flag.

GREENSBOROUGH:

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

Desiring to place our paper upon the cash system, we have concluded to adopt the plan of some of our contemporaries, and after the first of May no new subscriber will be placed upon our list unless payment is made in advance; and the paper will be stopped at the end of the time paid for. This rule will be strictly adhered to. This plan will not be adopted with our old subscribers unless they desire it. We hope, however, that all of them will pay up back arrears, and direct us to put them on the cash list.

Absence of the editors at the time of going to press, will, we hope, be a sufficient excuse for any errors that may be found in this issue.

## READ THIS.

When Mr. Shelton disposed of the "Lexington and Yaddin Flag," all accounts due on the books were transferred to me to collect and pay out for certain purposes, and nearly two years having elapsed since said transfer, it is necessary that said accounts should be closed. Mr. Sherwood will attend Randolph and Davidson February Courts, when all who are in arrears, either to the "Lexington Flag" or to the "Patriot and Flag," will have an opportunity to settle their accounts, and we hope that they will avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded. Those who will now pay up promptly, will only be charged \$2, the advanced price, but if there is any longer delay, we shall have to add on the additional dollar.

JAMES A. LONO.

## THE REFORMER.

We would call attention to the prospectus of the "North Carolina Reformer," a new paper, which we design to issue from the "Patriot and Flag" office, to be devoted entirely to State matters. The "Reformer," although edited by the same persons, will have no connection whatever with the "Patriot and Flag." It is designed simply to discuss certain measures of reform, and to lay before the people information and facts in relation to our finances, our taxes, our revenue and our works of internal improvements. That our present revenue law is unequal and oppressive, and that a reform is needed in our banking system, are facts admitted by all, except, indeed, a few, whose burdens are light, and who annually reap a rich harvest from their bank investments. Those who advocate our present system of banking and who resist reform, we say are small in numbers; but they wield a powerful influence, and through the enjoyment of exclusive privileges for a long series of years, have become so strong that they no longer come as supplicants, but demand as a matter of right from the Legislature, a continuance of those privileges which serves only to enrich a few, but to oppress the many. Why is it, that the Bank influence is felt and exercised such a controlling power in our Legislative Halls? Why is it that no important measure can be carried through our Legislature if Bank influence and Bank interests are arrayed against it? It is simply because those who are interested in our Banks as stockholders, and the connections and relations of these stockholders and those who are at the head of these institutions, constitute and represent a large portion of the wealth, talent and intelligence of the State, and because from their position, the people who lack information, have been accustomed to look up to them as leaders, and as possessed of a kind of divine right to rule, and like the king of England incapable of doing anything wrong.

We have nothing to say against wealth or intelligence, our object is not to pull down, but to build up, and by disseminating knowledge to elevate the masses that they may think and act for themselves, and that in selecting their Representatives, they may choose men who have some knowledge of their rights and necessities, and who will have the moral courage to withstand any improper influence that may be brought to bear upon them, no matter from what source it come.

There are hundreds and thousands of our people who have no knowledge of the financial condition of the State, and of other State matters, except what information they get from their county candidates, and in many cases these candidates are utterly destitute of knowledge themselves, and advocate measures, not because they understand them, but simply because they are the principles of their party. We have therefore been induced to publish the "Reformer" as a paper not advocating the principles of any party, desiring as we say in our prospectus to lay before the people such facts as will ensure in our next Legislature, a sufficient majority, whether of Democrats, Whigs or Americans, to carry out such reforms as the necessities of the people require. And in order that we may be able to reach every man in the State we will send the "Reformer" to clubs of twenty for eight dollars, so that any man who desires to be informed of every thing of interest pertaining to the State, can do so for the small sum of forty cents. We could not afford to buy a press and materials and publish a paper for this price, but as we

have all the necessary materials on hand, we can do so, provided we can get a large circulation. No paper has ever before been offered so cheap in North Carolina, and we appeal to all classes, to all parties (for this is no party paper) to aid us in our enterprise, and to be active in getting up clubs. Nothing personal or abusive of either individuals or parties shall find a place in the columns of the "Reformer." It is intended to disseminate knowledge, it will be a record of facts, and nothing will be published as a fact, except what may be relied on as authentic.

Persons who are already subscribers to the "Patriot and Flag," by remitting us fifty cents, shall receive a copy of the "Reformer," and for \$2.50 cash, we will furnish to new subscribers the "Patriot and Flag" for one year, and a copy of the "Reformer." We shall feel under many obligations to the editors of such papers as will do us the courtesy of inserting our prospectus.

## DUNCAN K. McRAE, ESQ.

As will be seen from an article published in another column from the Daily "Herald," Mr. McRae has been making a speech in Wilmington, defending himself from the assaults made upon him by the press. The Herald speaks of Mr. McRae's effort as eloquent and marked with great ability, and that his defence was triumphant. We are not at all disposed to doubt the eloquence and ability of Mr. McRae, and are satisfied that the "Herald" has done nothing more than justice to his speech, but we regret that we have no information upon what points he touched. We take it for granted that he labored the question of distribution at great length, and that he succeeded in satisfying every candid and unprejudiced man that it is right, just, and proper, and in our present situation, highly necessary that North Carolina should have an equitable portion of this rich public domain; and that he also showed, as he might very easily have done, that on this question Southern Democracy, through a blind adherence to party, and to retain the spoils of office, were depriving North Carolina of participating in a rich inheritance by which she might pay her debts, build her Rail-Roads, educate her poor children, and lessen the taxes of her oppressed people. We take it for granted that Mr. McRae showed all this, and that on the question of distribution he is a good Whig; but we should like to know if his Whig principles extend any farther. Is he a one principle candidate? Is he in favor of internal improvements, and if so, how does he propose to raise the necessary funds with which to build them? What are his views in regard to our Banking system? Is he in favor of re-chartering the State Bank; and does he agree with Mr. Holden, that what we want is a large State Bank with a capital of \$4,500,000, on the "old and well tried system," with which Mr. Holden is so much in love? It is rumored with us that Mr. McRae is bitterly opposed to works of internal improvements, that he entertains the same ideas on this subject now, that he and the whole Democratic party did in 1842, when Mr. Loring, then the editor of the Standard, read him and others out of the party for making war upon the Banks, calling them boys "fresh from Blackstone, and fresher still in political economy." If this rumor is correct, we should like to know it, and if it is not, we hope that Mr. McRae in his next speech, will define his position on the question of internal improvements.

If we have to go over to the Democracy and have to vote for a Democrat, why we are entirely opposed to tacking ourselves to that portion of the party which still stands on the old Democratic platform of 1842—"opposition to internal improvements"—and at the head of which now stands Curtis H. Brogden. We are not willing that the Whig party for any consideration—even the public lands—shall ignore their internal improvement principles, and by voting for Mr. McRae or any other man who place themselves on this question just where the Democratic party stood fifteen years ago.—Unless we can develop the resources of the West by works of internal improvements, what do we in the West want with the public lands? Is it answered that we want them to increase our common school fund? So far as the East is concerned, the answer is very good; where under Democratic law, nearly all the funds are distributed. We are for distribution, but not for such distribution as will only enure to the benefit of the East, and from which the West can derive no profit.

## A CARD.

Messrs. Editors:—As the mutual friend of J. W. Thomas Esq., and Rev. W. I. Langdon, I am requested to lay before the public the following statement: That the connection heretofore existing between them in Glen Anna Female Seminary, has been dissolved, to day, by mutual consent. And to state further, in order to correct all rumors injurious to either of them, that the points of difference have been referred to mutual friends, and they have accepted the conditions of settlement proposed, and have agreed to be governed by them, which conditions do not involve the honor or character of either. Rev. W. I. Langdon recommends Glen Anna Female Seminary to public patronage. N. F. REID. Thomasville, Feb. 1st, 1858.

Attention is directed to the notice of Col. James M. Lilley & Son, proposing to conduct a class in "Surveying," which may be found in to-day's paper.

## TAXES—REVENUE.

In our last week's issue we promised to show how a sufficient amount of Revenue might be raised to pay the debts of the State and to extend our system of Railroads, without any further increase of taxes upon land and negroes, as these two species of property had already been taxed as high as they could bear; and that any further increase of taxes upon them, would have a tendency to depreciate our lands in value, would tend to increase emigration from our State, and would cause our slaves to be carried South, where their labor would be more remunerative. As the great object of works of internal improvements, is to benefit our agricultural interests, and to furnish market facilities, to our farmers, we would defeat the very object which we have in view, in building railroads, if for the purpose of building them, we lay such a tax upon land and negroes, as will depreciate the value of the one, and drive the other from the State. How then is money to be raised? A very considerable amount of Revenue, as we suggested last week, could be raised by increasing the legal rate of interest to seven per cent, and taxing interest and profits 4 cents on the dollar, and Bank capital 1 per cent, according to the Bill introduced into the last Legislature by Henry B. Elliott Esq., of Randolph county. And in explanation of that bill and to show what beneficial and important results it would bring about, we here subjoin an extract from the circular letter, addressed by Messrs Foster and Elliott, members of the House of Commons, of the last Legislature, to their constituents of the county of Randolph:

## REVENUE.

This is a subject which interests all classes of the community. It was ascertained that it was absolutely necessary to raise a little over \$70,000. The Committee of Finance, however, started out with a view of raising \$100,000, and framed their bill accordingly. The bill reported by the Committee and adopted by the Legislature increases our taxes about 25 per cent. To this bill we could not assent, for various reasons, but particularly because it kept up the old system of making the land and polls pay nearly all the taxes, and because we thought and knew a better system of taxation could be devised. One of your representatives, who was also a member of the Committee of Finance, proposed to the committee a plan by which the amount desired might be raised and the tax on land and polls be lessened. His proposition was to alter the legal rate of interest in North Carolina to 7 per cent., but it was hardly honored with a passing notice by the Committee, who seemed determined to have things their own way. He afterwards moved it in the House as an amendment to the Revenue bill, reported by the Committee, but it was ruled out of order upon a technical objection. He then introduced it as a separate bill upon its merits, but it failed to receive from the dominant party that attention, which he thought and still thinks it deserved.

His bill proposed to reduce the tax on land to 10 cents on the \$100 valuation, and the poll tax to 35 cents; and to make up the deficiency caused by this reduction, and also to supply the additional wants of the Treasury by putting interest to 7 per cent., and taxing interest and profits 4 cents on the dollar, and Bank capital 1 per cent. The figures show the following results:

There was last year \$27,300,000 of money bearing interest in the State, and the yield at 7 per cent, \$1,911,000 of interest. A tax of 4 cents on this would be \$6,440	
Deduct amount of tax on interest last year, 49,110	
You have as increase revenue from this source, \$27,300	
One per cent on \$5,416,950 Bank Capital of the State yields \$54,169	
Less the tax of 1854, (which was 30 cents) 16,349	
Increased Revenue from this source, \$38,129	
Now add the tax on Bank dividends, which, according to a decision of the Supreme Court are bound to pay it, and you have as follows: 10 per cent. dividend on \$5,416,950 Bank Capital is \$541,695—a tax of 4 cents on this is \$21,778	
Increased revenue, \$87,207	
Deduct 2 cents from tax on land as proposed, \$99,800,730, at 2 cents, is 1,996,015	
Deduct 5 cents on 214,284 taxable polls, 10,714	\$30,674
We then have in this way a net increase of Revenue of \$56,523	

The 25 per cent. increased tax on the other subjects of taxation, as reported by the Committee, added to this amount would have more than supplied our present wants.

We were not disposed to avoid the responsibility of raising revenue simply sufficient for the wants of the State, but we were not willing to be driven by the fear of such a charge being made against us, into the support of a system of taxation, which bears hardly upon these least able to bear it, especially after a refusal on the part of the majority, to place it upon those best able to bear it.

And as an abstract proposition apart from the amount of revenue to be raised by the bill spoken of, there are other considerations which it seems to us, ought to have induced its adoption. In most of the States South of us, the legal rate of interest is greater than in North Carolina, and the consequence is, that North Carolina capital is not in, is he? The custom is as common as it is ridiculous and annoying. The Buffalo Express instances a case in that city, where one of these askers of needless questions was effectually taken down. A member of a law firm in that city is sitting at his desk, busily engaged in important business, when the door opens, Mr. Auger walks in, takes his seat, and says, in a drawing tone, "Mr. — isn't it in?" The question was useless, of course, as there was no one else in the room but the two; but counsel arose, and with great urbanity replied, "I will see, sir." He looked under his chair, behind the stove, into the "pigeon holes" of his desk, and saying "I don't see him" sat down and went to writing. "Hold on squire," said the visitor, "you have taught me a lesson, sir, and I'll send you a peck of apples," and departed. N. F. Mirror.

Messrs. Foster, Elliott, and others, urged and pressed this bill upon the last Legislature, but the dominant party voted it down; and why did they do so? Because in the first place it was introduced by a member of the American party; and

one of the cardinal principles of democracy is opposition to every thing, no matter what, which does not originate with that party. And in the second place because the strength of the democratic party is in the East, and the policy of the east is to throw the great burden of taxation on lands, and to take it off of capital. The West having heretofore voted millions to build up works of internal improvements in the East, and thereby created a large State debt, it is now the policy of Eastern democracy to pile up the taxes on land, so that the West will not only have to bear the greater part of the burden to build their own roads, but also of paying off the debt incurred by appropriations to the East.

By raising the rate of interest to 7 per cent. it will not only produce the beneficial results pointed out by Messrs. Foster and Elliott, but it will place those who are taxed for money loaned at interest more on equality with the holders of our State bonds, and the \$350,000 railroad bonds which are not taxable. In other words it will be placing the poor men of the country, who pay the taxes to support the government, upon an equality with the rich capitalists of the State, who have their funds invested in these bonds, and pay no tax, or invested in bank stock which pays but a nominal tax when compared with the taxes on other species of property.

## A HARD CASE.

We think it very unkind and very hard for correspondents to require the editor of the Standard to publish such communications as the following, when Mr. Holden said so many hard things of Commodore Paulding, and differed so widely with the President about the arrest of Walker. Fidelity is certainly making fun of Mr. Holden:

## STAND BY THE PRESIDENT!

Messrs. Editors:—The Democrat that fails to give James Buchanan his hearty support in the present crisis, had as well be struck from the list, and give place to reliable and worthy men who have not heretofore acted with us.

The President's position in regard to the Mormons, the Filibusters, and the Kansas question is just and reasonable, and well sustained by the eternal principles of natural law. Now, this fidgety, fickle, faltering sort of support never avails in time of need. Better far have none of it. What motives seem to actuate the President on these exciting subjects? Is it not the good of our country to suppress the wild, fanatical, ungodly, lawless course of the Mormons? Is it not according to good neighborhood to keep within bounds the filibustering spirit? and is it not proper to observe the non-intervention policy in Kansas?

I feel as if the great Democratic heart is with James Buchanan, the glorious Union-loving Pennsylvania Democrat, and will sustain him.

## FIDELITAS.

Now, as the editor of the Standard has failed to give "James Buchanan his hearty support" "in regard to the Filibusters," according to Fidelitas, he should "be struck from the list, and give place to reliable and worthy men." Fidelitas justifies Buchanan on the grounds of "natural law." The law of nature we believe, is, that "might makes right"—and the main principle of Democracy, is, that to the "victors belong the spoils"—and we agree with Fidelitas, that there is no other way of justifying the acts of the progressive Democracy, except by natural law, that "might makes right."

## TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

The sixth, in the series of Monthly Temperance Lectures, was delivered on Tuesday evening last in the Presbyterian Church, by Rev. R. S. Moran of Salisbury; and was one of the very best Temperance Lectures to which we have ever listened. The speaker commenced by noticing in the following order, the various modes advocated for the extermination of the use of Alcoholic Liquors as a beverage: 1st. Self Government. 2nd. Moral Suasion. 3rd. The License Law; and 4th. Legal Prohibition. Showing conclusively by his arguments, that the three first had not accomplished the end whereunto they had been ordained, he advocated the fourth with a tact and ability which showed that he was no ordinary man. The temperance party of North Carolina ought to be proud of such a champion.

On Saturday last, Frederick Leonard, who had been committed to Yaddin Jail, charged with harboring or assisting a runaway slave, the property of Dempsey Brown of Randolph, was brought before Judge Dick, on habeas corpus. After a patient hearing of his case, Leonard was remanded back to Yaddin Jail.

## A Common Fault Rebuked.

How annoying it is when seated alone in your office to have some one open the door, look all round the room to be satisfied that you are its only occupant, and then ask "Mr. — (your partner, perhaps) is not in, is he?" The custom is as common as it is ridiculous and annoying. The Buffalo Express instances a case in that city, where one of these askers of needless questions was effectually taken down. A member of a law firm in that city is sitting at his desk, busily engaged in important business, when the door opens, Mr. Auger walks in, takes his seat, and says, in a drawing tone, "Mr. — isn't it in?" The question was useless, of course, as there was no one else in the room but the two; but counsel arose, and with great urbanity replied, "I will see, sir." He looked under his chair, behind the stove, into the "pigeon holes" of his desk, and saying "I don't see him" sat down and went to writing. "Hold on squire," said the visitor, "you have taught me a lesson, sir, and I'll send you a peck of apples," and departed. N. F. Mirror.

## THE ELECTION IN KANSAS.

The subjoined extracts from the correspondence of the Cincinnati Times may serve to explain the contradictory reports received from Kansas as to the result of the late election in that Territory for State officers and Members of the Legislature under the proposed State Government.

LEAVENWORTH, JANUARY 16, 1858. I have not sent you any "Returns" for several days, because I have been "waiting for the facts." Rev. Mr. Backus, a Presbyterian minister in this city, has just returned from Leecompton, and furnishes me with the following important information.

On Wednesday John Calhoun commenced counting the returns of the election for State officers and members of the Legislature held on the 4th instant. Governor Denver, the Speakers of the two Houses of the Territorial Legislature, Judge G. W. Smith, and several other candidates were present during the entire canvassing of the votes.

The Free-State party have a large majority in both branches of the Legislature, and this too when all the illegal and fictitious returns made were counted as legal. On joint ballot there will be two-thirds free-State in majority. This secures every thing the people desire.

The Calhoun ticket for State officers, headed by Marshall for Governor, has a majority of three hundred, by counting fictitious returns as legal. Gov. Denver urged Calhoun to throw out the Oxford and other returns, when they were so palpably fraudulent. The Speakers of the two Houses joined Gov. Denver in this request; but Calhoun said that his instructions were positive not to go behind the certificate of the judges of the election, and that he would not issue certificates to any one until the committee appointed by the Territorial Legislature, with full power to send for persons and paper, and to call upon the militia of the Territory for protection, to examine into any and all frauds at the recent election, could report; and that he would then issue certificates of election to whoever the Legislative Committee decided were entitled to them. To throw out either of these fictitious returns would elect the entire Free-State ticket, and there is no doubt but the Legislative Committee will throw them both out.

LATEST.—After the counting of the returns by Mr. Calhoun, of which I sent you an account last evening, Gov. DENVER proceeded to count the returns made to him on the submission of the Constitution, when, lo! it was discovered that the judges of the State election in several precincts had forwarded their returns to the Governor instead of to John Calhoun; and this suddenly changed the result, and given the Free-State ticket majorities after counting all the frauds as legal votes. These majorities, as they are borne at the top of horse flesh speed in every direction across the broad prairies of Kansas, sound the death-knell of the usurpers of this Territory.

The Free-State majorities are: Governor, 330; Lieutenant Governor, 501; Secretary of State, 301; Treasurer, 371; Auditor, 304; Parrott, member of Congress, 606. Total vote cast for State officers, 13,843.

## HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Free States members, 29

Calhounites, 15

## STATE SENATE.

Free State members, 13

Calhounite members, 16

Free States majority on joint ballot, 21

By TELEGRAPH.—The information contained in the following Telegraphic dispatch, received in this city yesterday, has an important connection with the statements of the foregoing letter:

"St. Louis, Jan. 25th.—A gentleman from Leavenworth on the 20th instant arrived here this evening. He reports having travelled from Weston to Booneville with a messenger and bearer of dispatches from Gen. Calhoun to the member of the Cabinet at Washington. The tenor of these dispatches, as derived from the messenger, is that Gen. Calhoun had rejected these returns of election which were sent to Governor Denver instead of to him, on the ground that they were not in accordance with the schedule of the Leecompton Convention, and are consequently null and void. This gives the State officers to the Democrats, with also a majority of one in Council of the two Houses."

## The \$10,000 Robbery.

The Savannah Georgian gives the following account of a heavy robbery, which we briefly noticed yesterday:

Recently, two young men from Wilmington, N. C. came South with a view of settling at Fernandina, Fla. They brought with them from their father, now in Wilmington, the sum of \$10,000 to start business with. The money was in notes, viz: \$9,500 Wilmington, N. C. Banks, and \$500 in South Carolina Banks. This they put in a trunk, and went to Fernandina, per steamer St. Johns, on her last trip. On leaving the boat, they for a moment left their trunk on the portico of the hotel, but on returning to take it, found it and their treasure carried off.

It is supposed that the thief had understood their object in Savannah, and gone down purposely with them to rob them of the money. They offer \$2,000 reward for its recovery.

## Suspicious Character Arrested.

A man calling himself A. Perry or A. Perry Ferguson, hailing from North Carolina, and having in his possession two negroes, alleged to be stolen, was arrested in Columbia, by the chief of police. Ferguson undertook to escape, leaving the negroes (a man and woman) behind, who were secured. The officers then pursued Ferguson, and after considerable exertion, overtook and arrested him about 8 miles above Columbia.—Western Democrat.

Correspondence of the Petersburg Express.

## Robbing Letters—Arrest.

RALEIGH, JAN. 29. Eds. Express:—Charles Camp, a young man employed in the office of the "Spirit of the Age," has been arrested by United States Marshall Jones of this District, for stealing letters and money from the Post-office in this city. He was taken before United States Commissioner Busbee, and required to enter into bonds for his appearance at the next term of the United States Court.

He was detected and the money taken from him before he left the Post-office. W.

## FROM UTAH.

The Sacramento Union gives the following as a dispatch received by a Mormon at Sacramento from a Mormon friend in Salt Lake City. No date is given, but it is recent, as it alludes to the arrival of the troops at Fort Bridger. It is interesting as being a Mormon's view of the state of affairs.

"The Mormon train, after leaving Carson Valley, got along very well and without any difficulty with Indians. Nine of us left the train at the head of Humboldt, and pushed on for our destination, Salt Lake City, arriving there eight days ahead of the train, making the trip in thirty days. We suffered considerably from the cold, but there was no snow of any account. We are all in good spirits. I will give you the particulars in regard to the war here. The troops arrived at Fort Bridger seven weeks ago, with an enormous caravan of horses, mules, and cattle. They wanted to come into the Valley to establish the laws of the United States and put down polygamy; release all those who wanted to leave, agreeing to furnish them teams and means to reach either California or the States.

"Some of the head officers have been into the city to purchase grain and such things as they wanted to use. They had a talk with Brigham, and told him they came to civilize the people, establish schools, &c. Brigham said to them that he didn't want them there, but told them if they would lay down their arms they might come and stay there this winter, and he would find them provisions for the winter, and they could leave in the spring for the States or California. They replied that they knew no orders only from the President of the United States, and were there to come into Salt Lake City in spite of Brigham. Brigham told them if they were bound to come why not come? What made them stay where they were?

"We have taken from them 1,500 head of cattle and burnt their wagons. We have now got the soldiers completely surrounded. Some of them have deserted and come into the Valley. They are well treated. The troops do not know what to do. If they give up their arms and come in peacefully they will be well treated; but if they undertake to come in by force they will all be killed. The Mormons are in high spirits, and say they will die rather than have the soldiers come into their midst. Hundreds of the boys are anxious to kill the soldiers, but Brigham won't let them. I do not feel alarmed, as I think it will come out all right in the end. I wish you were here to see a war dance."

## Double Murder by a Slave—Capture and Death of the Demon.

The Portsmouth (Va.) Transcript has the following account of a shocking affair, which was briefly alluded to yesterday, as having occurred in Gates county, North Carolina:

On Monday afternoon a negro man belonging to Mr. Seth Benton, of North Carolina, who had been hired out to work on a railroad, was to have left Holy Neck, in Nansemond county, on that day, with a number of others, for the place of his labor, but on the departure of the gang, he managed to be left behind. Shortly after, he proceeded to the house of Mrs. Holland, a widow lady, whom he murdered. He then went towards the residence of Mr. Wintwell Jones, but meeting him a short distance from his house, killed him also, and with a large club mangled his head in a shocking manner. He afterwards made for the house of Mr. Uriah Bawls, where he would doubtless have destroyed a whole family, had they not been apprised of his coming. Mr. Bawls went out with a double-barreled gun, and as the negro approached, he fired, but the charge being of small shot, it did not stop him, and Mr. B. discharged the other barrel with no better effect. The savage then pursued him, and was just upon his heels, when Mr. Bawls suddenly turned and struck him a severe blow with the breech of the gun, which fell him to the ground apparently lifeless. He, however, rose in a short time, when he discovered another woman, Mrs. Howell, but she succeeded in making her escape from him. By this time the alarm had spread through the neighborhood, and the negro was pursued by several persons well armed. He made for the swamp and attempted to hide himself, but was finally overtaken and shot. The excitement created in all that region was intense. The news spread rapidly from house to house, and it was supposed that a general insurrection had commenced. Messengers were sent in various directions. The people turned out in large numbers, and repaired in haste to the several points where it was supposed their services might be needed.

## Specie.

In the banks of the six cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, New Orleans, and Pittsburg, there is the extraordinary amount of \$54,815,000 in specie. In November last, the same banks had only \$17,732,000. The increase in two or three months has been, consequently, not less than \$37,083,000. It is supposed that banks in other parts of the country have likewise increased their specie, and that every thing looks favorable for a speedy resumption of payment throughout the country. Whether any thing like the activity in business which preceded the panic, will ensue follow the resumption, may be doubted. Men have been taught a lesson of caution, which will probably last six or twelve months, during which time responsibilities will be created with reluctance, and prices of most things, especially manufactured goods, will run low. At present it is not easy to sell in the Northern markets, at any price, the Southern manufactures of cotton goods.—Fayetteville Observer.

## Senator Seward.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer, speaking of Senator Seward's having recently been at a corn-shucking at Hon. J. S. Pendleton's in Culpeper county, Va., says: "Into the mysteries of a 'corn-shucking,' and everything else pertaining to negro slavery, Senator Seward was initiated long ago, in our good State of Georgia. In the county of Putnam where he for some time resided, and taught school, he has attended many a one, as far back as 1837, and was used to join as lustily in the chorus as any 'Old Ned' ever did. No doubt though that Senator Seward was 'delighted with the frolic.' It must have reminded him of the 'good old times.'"

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## Duncan K. McRae, Esq.

We had the pleasure of hearing the above named gentleman, last night, address a very large audience, composed of both political parties, in his own defence against the unjust attacks which have been made upon him by the Democratic press of the State, because he had dared to exercise what is believed to be the inalienable right of a Democrat—freedom of thought, and freedom of speech.

O! Mr. McRae's ability as a public speaker, it is not necessary for us to say anything. He is known throughout the State as one of the most effective popular speakers of the day, possessing as many of the elements of the orator as any one with whom we are acquainted. His audience last night certainly manifested the most unqualified appreciation of his power and his eloquence. His speech was necessarily a long one. It occupied very nearly if not quite three hours. And yet, during the whole of that time no man of his large audience—many of whom were standing—exhibited the least evidence of fatigue or impatience; but all of them were closely attentive, and deeply interested from the first to the last. This is a compliment which very few men can command from a Wilmington audience, for our people are proverbially restless, and impatient of long speeches.

We cannot attempt any thing like a report of Mr. McRae's remarks. It would be unjust to ourselves, for we took no notes and should be compelled to rely entirely upon memory. And it would be grossly unjust to him, because such a speech can not be reported, except by one who could give it entire. But we must say it was able and eloquent. It gave evidence of great industry and research. Every point which he made was sustained by the very highest Democratic authority. His defence was overwhelming.

At some future day, we shall place before our readers some of the points which he made, and the evidence by which he sustained himself. At present, we can only say that we rejoice that we have heard him; and, while we believe that he will make no impression upon the politicians, we feel assured that it will be far different with the people at large. They will remember, and reflect upon, and draw upon his words of wisdom and patriotism, and if he shall determine to take the stump as a candidate for Governor, and shall place his facts and figures before the people of the whole State, in his own impressive and forcible way, we shall feel justified in the comfortable hope that a better day is dawning for North Carolina.—Wilmington Herald, Jan. 29.

## Public Spirited Conduct of a German Banker.

The following extract of a letter received by a merchant of Mobile from his correspondent in the city of Hamburg, dated November 30, discloses a very noble act on the part of a celebrated banker of the latter:

To-day was one of the gloomiest days that our Exchange ever experienced. The bankers and brokers were so total despair, and no paper nor any share on stock could be transacted for money. Over twenty firms of the highest standing were in danger, and a perfect deluge of sorrow prevailed in the house. Suddenly Herr Heinrich Heine, (the cousin of the late Heinrich Heine, the famous poet,) the first banker of Hamburg, entered the room, took his seat—for the first time after a pause of three years—and called the brokers to bring him all the papers which they could not sell.

Within less than ten minutes, one million of Mark Banco some say two millions, were offered to him. He accepted all, and refused only those with his own name, or "Donner's of Altona," because "those," he said, "you can sell anywhere," and the panic was over, and the stocks rose, when three cheers were offered to the noble hearted citizen, Charles Heine—a honorable distinction, which never before was rendered to anybody on the Public Exchange in Hamburg.

## Corn.

We are sorry to learn that the damage to the corn crop in the counties above us is far more extensive than was supposed. A large portion of the corn is rapidly decaying. The cob is damp and soft, and as soon as it is piled up in the shocks and cribs, it begins to rot, and the decay rapidly extends to the grain and in many instances where the farmers thought they had gathered a sound crop, they have been surprised to find their corn cribs emitting a very offensive odor, and on opening the cribs, they have found the interior decayed and rotting rapidly. Many have attempted to arrest the decay by opening their cribs and spreading their corn, but with little partial success. In a recent exercise, a thousand several counties on the river, there was little corn seen that would be safe to ship. The recent wet and warm weather increased the destruction of the crop, and in some neighborhoods fears are expressed that scarce enough will be saved for food and seed. Prices have begun to advance, and if the destruction goes on, they will go much higher, and they will ultimately affect the prices of wheat and flour. The quantity of corn that will be shipped from the Ohio river the present season will be very much diminished by this disaster. If it has passed under our observation, be a correct indication of the condition of the crop, the amount fit for shipment south above the mouth of Green River will be very small. Evansville (Ind.) Journal of Jan. 5.

A Brilliant Entertainment was given last night at the British Legation in this city in honor of the marriage of the Prince Royal of England to Princess Frederica of Prussia. There was a great attendance of distinguished guests present who were entertained with the most elegant hospitality of the present representative of the Court of St. James. The party was kept up with great spirit until a late hour in the night, and at the supper table representatives of almost every civilized nation joined the many American guests in pledging the royal bridegroom.—Union.







## Selected Poetry.

### THE MOTHER'S HAND.

A wandering orphan child was I—  
But meanly, at the best, attired;  
For oh! my mother, scarce could buy  
The common food each week required.  
But when the anxious day had fled,  
It seemed to be her dearest joy  
To press her pale hand on my head,  
And pray that God would guide her boy.

But more each winter, more and more  
Stern suffering brought her to decay;  
And then an angel passed her door,  
And bore her lingering soul away.  
And I—like a lost lamb—was left;  
Who ne'er knelt by a dying bed;  
All other we on earth is brief,  
Save that which weeps a mother—des.

A woman's life was then my lot.  
Mid reckless deeds and desperate men;  
But still I never quite forgot  
The prayer I never heard again.  
And oft, when but induced to tread  
Such paths as lead to ruin and decay,  
I've felt her hand press my head,  
And that soft touch hath saved her boy.

Though hard their mockery to relieve  
Who ne'er would kneel and pray as I had;  
Her whom on earth I could not grieve,  
I could not now not grieve to heaven;  
And thus from many an action dead,  
Too dark for human eyes to see,  
The same fond hand upon my head,  
That blessed the boy, hath saved the man.

### Whisper a Blessing for Me.

The shadows of twilight are creeping,  
Soft over the branches of day;  
The flowers of the wildwoods are weeping,  
Farwelled to the sun's parting ray.  
My spirit is wandering to thee, love,  
In visions all gloriously bright;  
Then whisper a blessing for me, love,  
A blessing, a kiss, and good night!

In heaven now the pure stars are smiling,  
Like angel eyes watching me here;  
And music the lone heart beguiling,  
Scale gently and joy in my ear.  
My spirit is smiling on thee, love,  
And murmuring a song of delight;  
Then whisper a blessing for me, love,  
A blessing, a kiss, and good night!

Young voices in earnest tones blending,  
Rise clear through the still evening air;  
And angels their prayers are bending,  
To catch the low breathing of prayer!  
My spirit is praying for thee, love,  
Heaven clothe all thy pathway in light;  
Then whisper a blessing for me, love,  
A blessing, a kiss, and good night!

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

As near as I can remember, it was fifteen years ago this last winter, that I attended a dancing school in Detroit with a young lady then resident in the city. I had made up my mind some years ago that I would never get married, but it was such a pleasant business I couldn't find it in my heart to let the girl alone, so I paid her tuition fee, and attended the class in her company every night. About the middle of the term, several young people, ourselves included were talking in the ball-room on the subject of matrimony, and J. O. course, became interested as well as others. (On going home that evening I told my companion that I had determined to get married in the spring and asked her advice in making a selection for a wife. She made no reply for a moment, and I told her if she didn't know anybody, better fitted for me, I would like to have her think the matter over, and tell me by the last of the school what she thought of marrying me herself. I was joking all the time you must understand, and no more thought of marrying her than I have now of marrying Queen Victoria. She promised to think of it however, and I returned to my boarding-house, and gave the subject no further thought until some weeks later—and as luck would have it, on the last evening of the school, the subject was brought up in the conversation, just as we were preparing to return to our home for the night. After leaving the ball, we talked and chatted of different subjects, till we reached her residence. It was late and I did not enter the house though she strongly urged me to do so. I had bid her good-night and was turning away, when I happened to recollect the promise she had made to me, and I said:

"Helen, you promised to let me know to-night whether you would marry me this spring. Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes," said she, "I have been thinking about it, but I guess I am a little too young. If it wasn't for that, I would have no objection."

"Well, good-night, then," said I, "I didn't expect you would do it—but I'm bound to marry some one, and this spring too."

Before leaving her, I engaged to call the following evening. That night I slept soundly, and the next morning had forgotten all about my night's adventure. During the day I received an invitation to attend a ball to be held that evening, a few miles out of the city and I made arrangements accordingly. Towards dusk I remembered my agreements to see Helen, and I thought that I would run over a moment, and afterwards have time to attend the ball.

Arrived at the house, I met the lady at the doorway, and I thought for an instant that she was "rigged up" in extra style, which I was at loss to account for, though I believe I concluded that she had company and I was therefore in hope that I should not be detained long. Helen welcomed me into the parlor with a sweet smile, and took her seat beside me on the sofa. I was expecting every moment to see some stranger enter the room, and I had not yet become satisfied that we were alone, when she said:

"What did you say?"  
"I have concluded to marry you!"  
"O-o-h you have! Well, I suppose it's all right; when shall the event take place?"

"I thought, if it would suit you, that you might drive around next Sunday, and we will go to mother's at Dearborn, and be married!"

"Well," said I, "I'll see if I can," and as soon as possible I took my leave.

I didn't go to the ball that night—I forgot about it and sat over the stove till morning, thinking of what a scrape I got myself into. I even forgot to keep the fire going and almost froze in my seat. When daylight began to peep in at the windows I had made up my mind what I would do—I would go over and tell Helen that we must be married immediately, or not at all; and if she agreed to that, I saw no other way but to submit to my fate.

When I entered the gate, leading up to her house, I heard her singing a lively song and my conscience almost smote me for deceiving the girl as I had; but I summoned up courage to ring the bell, and pulling up my collar and throwing my head back, I anxiously awaited an answer to my summons.

She soon came to the door and I was again shown into the parlor as before.

"Helen," I commenced, "I—"

"Well, what?"

"I—I— we must be married to-day or I—I—don't think that I shall be able to be married at all!"

"Well, just as you please, Henry you may drive round about twelve o'clock and I will be ready."

I gave up! I drove up with my carriage and before night we were married. And that wife has been worth \$100,000 to me!—*Detroit Advertiser.*

"We'll meet again in the Morning."

Such was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the casement—

"Good-by, papa, good-by! Mamma has come for me to-night—don't, papa, meet again in the morning!"

It was as if an angel had spoken to that father, and his heart grew lighter under its burden, for something assured him that his little one had gone to the bosom of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven."

There is something cheering and inspiring to all who are in trouble in this "We'll meet again in the morning." It troubles up the fainting soul like a trumpet blast, and frightens away forever the dark shapes thronging the avenue of the outer life. Clouds may gather upon our paths—cares press their venomous lips against our cheeks—disappointments gather around us like an army with banners, but cannot destroy the hopes within us, if we have this motto on our lips: "All will be bright in the morning."

Here is one who is doomed to roam awhile in a foreign land, far from the scenes and friendships of his early years. Day by day, as he trudges on his pilgrimage, meeting only the cold smile of the stranger, his heart yearns for the communion of the loved ones at home, and silent prayers steal from his lips, that the good God will watch over and protect them from every peril. To such a one, how precious dear the thought that, though the darkness may now shadow his path, and distance lie like a Dead Sea between him and his friends, he shall yet "meet them all in the morning!"

Yonder is one who sits over a desolate hearthstone. The wife of his love—she whose voice has cheered him on to great and noble deeds—whose sympathies have been an axis, protecting him from every storm of fate—whose prayers brought down a balm from heaven for his every sorrow—this one has broken away from the home-shrine and wandered out in the shadowy realm whence none can ever return. Day by day, hour by hour, he has watched the shadows creeping toward her—the sunshine fading from her life, and now, as her coffin lies before him, it seems as if there was not one bright hope left him for the morrow. But the spirit of the departed one, hovering around him, whispers a moment in his ear, and he rises up from the lethargy of grief, strong still in the hope that he shall meet the loved one "again in the morning."

A pilgrim is wandering over life's dreary waste, helpless and cheerless. To him, earth's choicest fruits have been as the poison of asps, and its greatest conquests but gilded mockeries, withering as flowers do within his grasp. And now, see age scatters its dead blossoms in his way; he is growing foot sore and weary, and he longs to sit down and enjoy the calm of death. But even as he sinks fainting at the road-side there is a rustle of wings around him, a whispering of sweet words, and with the strength of a giant he leaps again on his way, singing the song of thanksgiving and deliverance. Hope is risen from the dead, he feels that "all will be bright in the morning."

So it is ever. Trouble may come upon us, and for awhile obscure the brightness of our lives. But it will not last forever. The cross we bear upon our shoulders may be heavy—our faith in Heaven may have gone down in doubt and darkness, but all is not yet lost—some star still twinkles in the heaven above us. Therefore, oh, brother! respond not wholly—look not always back. There is a rest in store; the day-break will soon dawn in golden fullness upon the darkness. Be patient, cheerful—bear your trials as the

olden martyrs did, and you shall yet find that "all be made right in the morning."

Oh, wild is the tempest and dark is the night,  
But soon will the day-break be dawning;  
Then 'till the friendships of yore  
Shall blossom once more,  
"And we'll all meet again in the morning!"

### THOUGHTS ON TYPE.

The printing press is the grandest invention since the death of "Tubal Cain." "It is a printing press," said a boy, standing by the ink trough, with a careless turban of brown paper on his head. "A printing press?" I queried, musing to myself. "A printing press?" "What do you point?" I asked. "Print?" said the boy, staring at me doubtfully. "Why, we print thoughts!" "Print thoughts!" I slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking at each other in mutual admiration, he in absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. "But, my boy," I asked in honest sobriety, "What are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them to print them?" "Thoughts are what comes out of peoples' minds," he replied; "Get hold of them, indeed!—Why, minds ain't nothing you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that mind ever made, wouldn't make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are first like air: you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any color, they don't weigh anything. Bill Deeputt, the sexton, weighs as much when his mind is gone out of him as he did before. No, sir, all the minds that ever lived, wouldn't weigh an ounce troy." "Then how do you print thoughts?" I asked. "Thoughts make tracks," he continued, arranging in his left hand a score of metal slips; "and with these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of man; and we can print it too. Talk about the mind's living forever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly to the ground, as if mind were lying there, incapable of immortality until the printer reaches it: a helping hand; "Why, the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been dead, if it hadn't been for boys like me, who have run the ink-rollers. Immortality, indeed! Why, people's minds," he continued, with his imagination climbing into the profoundly sublime, "people's minds wouldn't be immortal if twasn't for the printer, at any rate in this planetary burying ground. We are the chaps what manufacture immortality."

\* \* \* \* \* Give us one good healthy mind to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these bits of ink-pewter. He shan't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands."—*Elihu Buritt.*

### WITHOLDING CORN.

Between eighty and ninety years ago there lived, in the Connecticut river valley, two farmers, one of whom was named Hunt, and the other Clark. The former, in early life, had been a man of strong will, and some what hasty and violent in temper. Some times he had been beating his oxen over their heads with the handle of his whip, in a way to excite the pity of the bystanders, and when expostulated with, he excused himself by saying that he had the most fractious team in the town. By and by an alteration took place in the temper of farmer Hunt. He became mild and forbearing; and what was remarkable, his oxen seemed to improve in disposition at equal pace with himself. Farmer Hunt joined the church, and was an exemplary man. His neighbors saw the change both in himself and his team. It was a marvel to the whole town. One of his townsmen asked him for an explanation. Farmer Hunt said: "I have found out a secret about my cattle. Formerly, they were unmanageable. The more I whipped and clubbed them, the worse they acted. But now when they are contrary I go behind my load, sit down and sing Old Hundred, and strange as it may appear, no sooner have I ended than the oxen go along as quietly as a man could wish. I don't know how it is, but they really seem to like singing."

In the course of a few years the two farmers were chosen deacons of the church, and they both adorned their profession. About the time of their election a grievous famine prevailed in the valley, and the farmers generally were laying up their corn to plant the ensuing season.

A poor man, living in the town, went to deacon Hunt, and said, "I have come to buy a bushel of corn. Here is the money. It is about all I can gather."

The deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or money. He was keeping double the usual quantity for seed corn the next year, and had to stint his own family.

The man urged his suit, but in vain. At last he said, "Deacon, if you do not let me have the corn I shall curse you."

"Curse me!" replied the deacon, "how dare you do so?"

"Because," said the man, "the Bible says so."

"Nonsense," exclaimed deacon Hunt; "there is no such thing in the Bible."

"Yes, there is," replied the poor man. "Well," said the deacon, "if you

can find any such text I'll give you a bushel of corn."

They went into the house, where the man went to the old family Bible, turned to Prov. xi. 26, and read: "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught.—"Come along," said he, "and I will be as good as my word." He took him to the corn-house, measured out a full bushel of corn, helped the man put it into his bag, assisted him in slinging it upon his shoulders, and just before his departure, being somewhat of a wag, he said with a twinkle of the eye, "I say neighbour, after you have carried this corn home, go up to deacon Clark, and curse him out of another bushel."

### MY LAST NIGHT IN LONDON.

It was in the fall of 18—, that the ship to which I belonged, after a voyage of four months in the northern Atlantic hove in sight of the Sicily Islands; and we were anchored in the Downs; having been short of provisions for some time back, we were obliged to stop and replenish. The next day, however, we were towed up the river, and entered the dock on the 8th of October.

It was a grand sight for me, for I had never been in London, and the city seemed like the world in comparison to my humble village in the South of England.

We were to be paid off on the morrow, and I determined as soon as I was set at liberty, to take a stroll and see some of the sights about which I had often heard.

At twelve next day all hands proceeded to the office in Lesden Hall street, and received, severally, the amount due them. There was just £10 coming to me, and I started to see how I could best make it conducive to my pleasure.

I had been strolling around for some time, looking at the tower and other places of note, and finally walked into one of the parks, to see what I could of London fashions. I was leaning against a tree watching a party which attracted my attention, when I was suddenly accosted by a female, apparently about eighteen years of age, neatly dressed, and with an expression which, although pleasing, looked somewhat sad.

"What is it that you wish my good lady?" said I.

"She looked at me a moment and said: "You are a sailor, I suppose."

"Yes."

"How long have you been in London?"

"I arrived yesterday."

"Have you been here before?"

"Never."

"Well, then, perhaps I can be of some assistance to you; suppose we take a cab and drive out to Vauxhall this evening?"

I hesitated for a moment, for I thought to myself, she no doubt thinks I have plenty of money, and wishes to obtain a share. But then again, I thought, it makes no difference; I'll spend it anyhow, and consented.

She called a cab, and in a short time we were in Vauxhall. I pulled out my purse to pay the driver, when she said: "Never mind, sir, I have plenty; besides I invited you here, therefore I bear all the expense."

I was astonished, for I had never doubted that my money was the principle attraction, and I was puzzled to think what could be her object. After ordering refreshments, of which she ate and drank very little, but which she insisted on paying for, we strolled around the garden, listening to the music until towards evening, when I remarked that it would be best to return.

"Yes, it will soon be dark, and we had better go," said she, "you are a stranger in London, and it would be folly for you to look for a hotel to-night, and it would be ungenerous in me to allow you to. I live in—street, and if you will accept a room in my house, you will be perfectly welcome, and my husband, who is very fond of company, will be glad to see you."

While hesitating she called a cab and half forced me in. When we got out, I found myself in a narrow street dimly lighted, and before a large brick house, with iron railing in front. She opened the door and asked me to sit down a moment, and she went into a little room close by and returned almost immediately and said: "Husband has retired: I'll introduce you to him in the morning. Here is a light—take the room at the head of the stairs.—Good night."

I went up stairs to the room she had pointed out, opened the door and went in. It was furnished, you might say richly. The bed stood in the further corner of the room with blue damask curtains in front. I undressed quickly, as I was somewhat tired by my adventure, walked to the bed and drew aside the curtains, and there lay a man weltering in his blood with his throat cut from ear to ear.

I immediately dressed myself, with a presence of mind, which I have never been able to account for. I then tried the door which, to my horror, was locked. Looking around the room, my eyes fell upon the irons in the fireplace, I snatched upon one, and with one stroke broke the lock and opened the door. Running down stairs, I found the front door locked also. Having nothing to break the lock with, I darted into the first room I came to, and jumped from the window into the alley one side of the house, and had merely time to conceal myself, when I heard the people around crying murder, and

saw the very woman I came with, followed by several police, enter the house, thinking, I suppose, of course she would find me. I left as soon as the crowd gathered around, and passed unnoticed.

The next morning I was reading a paper, and almost the first thing that attracted my attention, was a notice of a bloody murder in—street, with a reward of £50 for the apprehension of the murderer. It went further, and in the description of the supposed person, described me better than I could myself—even to the manner in which I wore my beard. The first barber shop received that gratis, and changing my clothing which was also minutely described, I went down to the docks, and a bark being a hand short, I shipped in her for New York, and have never since, and never wish to spend another night in London.

### CAUGHT THE PANIC.

A tall, lank, Jerusalem sort of a fellow, pretty well under the influence of Mr. Alcohol, was observed swining to a lamp post on Fifth street last night. He was talking quite loudly to the aforsaid post, when a guardian of the night approached him.

"Come, sir, you are making too much noise!" said the watchman.

"Noise? who's that said noise?" asked the post-holder, as he skewed his head and endeavored in vain to give the intruder a sober look.

"It was me," replied the watchman, as he exposed his silver numbers to full view.

"You? and who are you? It taint me that's a making of the noise. No, sir. It's the banks that's making all the noise. They are a breakin', a crashin', and a smashin' of things to an incredible amount. Noise! It's the bankers that are a makin' of the noise. They are a blowin', a ripin' and a starvin' all round. It's the brokers that are makin' of the noise. They are a hollerin', an' a yelpin', and a screechin', like wild Injuns, over the times, that worsers everybody but themselves. No, sir, it aint me that's a makin' of the noise."

"You are as tight as a brick in a well wall," said the officer, amused at the good nature of the individual.

"Me tight? Who said I am tight? No sir, you are mistaken. It's not me that's tight. It's money that's tight. Go down on Third street, an' they'll tell you there that money is tight. Read the newspapers an' you find out that it's money that's tight. Me tight? I've got nary a red, but Kanawha, and nobody could get tight on that. No, sir, I'm not tight."

"Then you are drunk."

"Drunk? Stranger, yet out of it again. The world's drunk. The hull community is a staggerin' round, buttin' their heads agin stone walls and a skinnin' of their noses on the curbstone of adversity. Yes, sir, we're all drunk—that is, everybody's drunk but me. I'm sober; sober as a police judge on a rainy day. I ain't drunk; no, sir, stranger, I ain't drunk."

"What are you making such a fool of yourself for, then?"

"Fool? Sir, I'm no fool. I'm distressed. I've caught the contagion."

"Are you sick?"

"Exactly."

"What is the matter with you?"

"I've got the panics."

"The what?"

"The panics, sir; it's a goin' to carry off this time. I tried to escape by hard drink, but it's no use. The panics have got me sure."

The watchman, more amused than ever, tendered his sympathy, and what was better, his aid to the panic stricken individual. In the course of half an hour he had the pleasure of putting him into the door of his boarding house and pointing out to him the best remedy—a soft bed and long slumber.—*Cincinnati Times.*

### A Miser's Prayer.

The following singular prayer was made by John Ward, of Hackney, England.—The document, which was found in Ward's own hand-writing might be called the Miser's Prayer. It is one of the examples on record of men combining in themselves the utmost fanaticism with the total absence of anything like moral feeling.

"O, Lord, thou knowest that I have nine estates in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple in the county of Essex; I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee to have an eye of compassion on that county; and for the rest of the counties thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased.—O, Lord, enable the banks to answer all their bills and make my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, because I have insured it; and as thou hast said the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee that thou wilt not forget thy promise as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine upon the death of that profligate young man, Sir I. L. Keep my friends from sinking, and preserve me from thieves and house-breakers; and make all my servants so honest and faithful that they may attend to my interests, and never cheat me out of my property, night or day."

*Married.*—At Athens, (Penn.) on the 30th ult. Mr. Bee and Miss Flower.

Well hath this busy Bee  
Improved life's shining hour;  
He gathers honey now all day,  
From one sweet chosen flower;  
And from this hive, if heaven please,  
He'll disse a swarm of little bees.

**STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,**  
RANDOLPH COUNTY, Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, November Term, A. D., 1857.

Jonathan G. Anthony, Obed Anthony, Margaret Anthony, widow of James Anthony, and Emeline Kirkman,  
vs.  
Nelson Hodgkin.

Petition for sale of real estate for partition. In this case, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, Nelson Hodgkin, is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made for six weeks in the Patriot and Flag, a newspaper printed in the town of Greensborough, North Carolina, notifying the said non-resident defendant of the pending of this petition, 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 Asheborough, on the first Monday in February next, then and there to plead, answer, or demur to said petition, or judgment pro confesso will be entered as to him.

Witness, Benjamin F. Hoover, Clerk of our said Court at Office, the first Monday in November, 1857.

Issued 10th December, 1857.  
B. F. HOOVER, Clerk.  
Pr. adv. \$5. 966 6w.

**STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,**  
RANDOLPH COUNTY, Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, November Term, A. D., 1857.

Lewis Harlan, Administrator of Balaam Allred, deceased,  
vs.  
John Allred, Polly Chisolm, James Allred, Jonathan Allred, Riley Miller, and Rachel wife, James Patterson, and Martha Hayes, and Anna Hayes, and Anna Hayes, and Henry, and Martha his wife, Riley Vestal, and Polly his wife, Orin Williams, and Lorinda his wife, John Phillips, Joseph Phillips, James Phillips, and Thomas Vestal and wife Rachel.

Petition to sell lands to pay debts. In this case, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendants, Thomas Vestal and wife Rachel, Orin Williams, and John Phillips, Joseph Phillips, and James Phillips, are not inhabitants of this State: It is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made for six weeks in the Patriot and Flag, notifying said non-residents of the filing of this petition, and requiring them to be and appear before the Justices of our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for said county, at the Court House in Asheborough, on the first Monday in February, 1858, and then and there to plead, answer, or demur, or judgment pro confesso will be entered as to them.

Witness, Benjamin F. Hoover, Clerk of our said Court at Office, the first Monday in November, 1857.

Pr. adv. \$5. 966 6w.

**State of North Carolina, Randolph County, Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, November Term, A. D., 1857.**

John Bries, vs. Eli Hale.

Attachment levied on land. In this case, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant in this case, is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made for six weeks in the Patriot and Flag, a newspaper printed in the town of Greensborough, North Carolina, notifying said defendant of the foregoing levy, 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 Asheborough, on the first Monday in February next, then and there to plead or reply, or the land levied on, will be ordered to be sold to satisfy the plaintiff's claim and costs of suit.

Witness, Benjamin F. Hoover, Clerk of our said Court at Office, on this the first Monday in November, 1857.

Issued 10th December, 1857.  
B. F. HOOVER, Clerk.  
Pr. adv. \$5. 966 6w.

**State of North Carolina, Guilford County, Superior Court of Law,**  
Matilda Hammonds, vs. William Hammonds.

Petition for Divorce. It appearing to the satisfaction of the court, that the defendant, William Hammonds, is not an inhabitant of this State: It is therefore ordered by the court, that advertisement be made for six weeks in the Greensborough Patriot and Flag, for the said Hammonds to appear at the next Term of the Superior Court of Law, to be held for the county of Guilford, at the Court House in Greensborough, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday in March next, then and there to plead, answer, or demur to be suit against him, otherwise the plaintiff's claim will be taken pro confesso, and heard ex parte to him.

Witness, W. D. Trotter, Clerk of the Superior Court of Law of Guilford county, the 4th Monday after the 4th Monday in September, 1857.

W. D. TROTTER, Clerk.  
967 6w.

**2,000 Fresh Oranges.** Also, a fine lot of Bananas, just received at the Drug Store of T. J. PATRICK, Oct. 28, 1857. 957.

**20 TONS OF SWEET AND ENGLISH IRON** Just received and for sale, including all sizes of round, oval, flat and square Bar Iron which will be sold low for cash. 915 7 f) W. J. McCONNEL.

**Gents in want of a nice Pair of** Superior Hoots of Gold and Vest made in a superior manner to any other clothing offered for sale, would do well to look at the assortment we have before purchasing elsewhere. W. J. McCONNEL. 927-11

**Persons in Want of a Fine or** Common Coat would do well to examine my stock of French Cloths,—the largest stock in town. They will be sold very low. W. J. McCONNEL. 929-11

**An excellent assortment of Hats** and Caps may be found at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL. 959 11

**A Superior article of pure white** Lead, Dextr and oil, together with Putty in cans, and Glass assorted sizes, for sale by R. N. CALDWELL. 959 11

**GRASS SEED.**—Just to hand a large lot of Timothy Seed. Also, lawn Grass and Clover Seed. T. J. PATRICK. 951 11

**CHINESE SUGAR CANE SEED.**—Call at Garrett's Store, and get a supply of the best seed before they all go. Greensboro, Oct., 1857. 954 11

**JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE** Splendid 64 Octavo Rose Wood Piano which will be sold low for cash. W. J. McCONNEL. 919

**GENERAL assortment of Hardware,** Grain and Grass Seythes, Landa, Cordage, etc. R. G. LINDSAY, Corner of Elm and Market

**DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS.**—DR. MORSE, the inventor of the greater part of his life in traveling, having visited Europe, Asia, and Africa, as well as North America—has spent these years among the Indians of our Western country. It was in this way that the Indian Root Pills were first discovered. Dr. Morse was the first man to establish the fact that all diseases arise from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD; that our strength, health, and life depended upon the vital fluid.

When the various passages become clogged, and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its action. Becomes thick, corrupted and diseased; thus causing all the various ailments and distress of every name; one strengthened, one exhausted, our heads are sore, our eyes are red, and if nature is not assisted in throwing out the stagnant humors, the blood will become choked and cease to act, and thus our light of life will forever be blown off. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we have it in our power to put a medicine in your reach, namely, Morse's Indian Root Pills, manufactured from pure and wholesome ingredients, growing around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, for the health and recovery of diseased men. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sudoric, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a plant which is an expectorant, and that opens and cleanses the passages of the lungs, and thus the blood is purified. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and double strength to the kidneys, thus encoiraged they draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out bodily by the urinary of water passages, and thus the blood is purified.