

Patriot and Flag.

GREENSBOROUGH:

FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1855.

After the 1st of July the PATRIOT and FLAG will be conducted strictly on the C. S. M. system; and after the 1st of June, every subscriber finding a bill upon his paper, may know that he is a subscriber, and that the time paid for will expire just one month from that time. All accounts will be made out up to the 1st of July, and all bills are in arrears, and shall be paid by the 1st of July, and also, to pay in advance, will be strictly adhered to. After four weeks from the first appearance of the new state, the money must come, or the paper will stop.

OUR PLATFORM.

The independence, prosperity and perpetuity of our Republic, and the welfare of our people, are the objects of our efforts. We are for the justice of our laws, and the integrity of our rulers. We are for the principles of the Union, and the rights of the States. We are for the preservation of the Union, and the rights of the States. We are for the preservation of the Union, and the rights of the States.

NATIONAL.

1. The Constitution of the United States is the basis of our government. It is the foundation of our rights. It is the basis of our government. It is the foundation of our rights. It is the basis of our government. It is the foundation of our rights.

STATE.

1. That all free governments are based on the consent of the governed. It is the duty of the government to protect the rights of the people. It is the duty of the government to protect the rights of the people. It is the duty of the government to protect the rights of the people.

2. That the people have the right to alter, amend or abolish their government. It is the duty of the government to protect the rights of the people. It is the duty of the government to protect the rights of the people. It is the duty of the government to protect the rights of the people.

3. That the people have the right to elect their representatives. It is the duty of the government to protect the rights of the people. It is the duty of the government to protect the rights of the people. It is the duty of the government to protect the rights of the people.

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CONCERT.

We take pleasure in informing the citizens of Greensborough that Prof. Rives, the Blind Pianist and Vocalist, with accomplished assistants, will give a Concert this (Thursday) evening in the Young Men's Hall. Prof. R. has letters of recommendation from persons well known in this community, vouching for the character of his Concert, and his standing as a gentleman. We believe none who attend will regret it. Admission 25 cents. Doors open at 7 1/2 o'clock. Concert to commence at 8. Tickets to be had at Brittain's Hotel and the Drug Stores.

Death of Senator Evans.

The Washington papers announce the death of the Hon. Josiah J. Evans, the senior Senator from South Carolina. The Intelligence says he "died suddenly at his lodgings on Thursday night, the 6th instant, between 10 and 11 o'clock. The suddenness of this painful event added greatly to the general concern at the loss of so estimable a gentleman. He was in his seat in the Senate on Thursday with the punctuality which ever distinguished the discharge of his public duties, and in the evening dined with his colleague, Gov. Hammond. At 9 o'clock he returned to his lodgings and retired to bed, and soon after feeling ill, summoned assistance, but in the course of an hour he expired. He died of disease of the heart. He was about 66 years of age.

Hon. Thos. L. Clingman.

On Friday last week, the Hon. Thos. L. Clingman, a member of the House of Representatives from the mountain district, resigned his seat in that body, and on the same day took his seat in the Senate, under an appointment of Gov. Briggs.

A TRIP TO THE OCEAN.

It was announced in the Patriot last week, that the Senior Editor of this paper had gone to participate in the festivities of the Newbern celebration, in honor of the completion of the Rail Road to that place; and an intimation given that on his return, he would give in detail, the incidents of the trip. Some time having elapsed, and being pressed for room, we shall make our narrative short, omitting many things that we should, under other circumstances, put in print.

On Wednesday noon, April 28, we squeezed into a crowded car, bound for Newbern. Arriving at Goldsborough about sun down, we tarried for the night. There being but one tavern at Goldsborough, it was very much crowded, though we got a comfortable night's rest.

After breakfast, Thursday morning, April 29th, we again took our stand in the cars, passing by several embryo towns, the names of which we cannot recollect, by the ancient village of Kinston, the county seat of Lenoir, and amidst the roar of cannon, the firing of muskets and the welcome shouts of thousands, we arrived in safety at Newbern.

We found the streets of the town crowded with people, and among them, some ten or twelve superbly uniformed military companies, with their respective bands of music, in the height of their glory. After going through numerous evolutions, the military formed a procession, many others joining in, and marched to the Academy green, where a stage and seats had been prepared, to hear the addresses of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, of New York, (a native of Newbern,) and Henry W. Miller, Esq., of Raleigh. Judge Donnell acted as President of the assembly, calling upon the Rev. T. G. Haughton, an Episcopal minister, to open the meeting with prayer. After which Dr. Hawks was introduced to the audience, and spoke extemporaneously for a little over an hour. Dr. H. has a world-wide reputation for eloquence; but his reputation has not gone beyond the reality. His address could not have been excelled, for clearness, appropriateness, good sense, patriotic sentiment, and beauty of style.

At its conclusion, the celebrated patriotic song, "The Old North State," written by Judge Gaston, was sung by a large number of the congregation.

H. W. Miller, Esq., was then introduced to the audience, and proceeded to deliver a written address. Mr. M. delivered his address with a good deal of animation, and it was an able production; though a large portion of it, according to our humble judgment, had no immediate practical bearing upon the subject that called the large concourse of people together; it being rather an abstract political essay, than an internal improvement address.

When Mr. Miller concluded his address, the shades of the evening were fast approaching, and the multitude had as yet partaken of no dinner. They had been feasting on "reason," and now they craved a "flow" of something for the "inner man." Therefore, the invitation to repair to the new machine shop, was accepted with approbation. On arriving there, we found the biggest dinner we ever saw. There were 600 feet of table, and near 2500 plates, all filled with abundance; 500 or 600 bushels of oysters, and wines and liquors for all who desired to indulge. Every thing connected with the dinner, we believe, passed off agreeably; it had a plenty of that which was good. It was doubtless the most bountiful table ever set in North Carolina. And the gathering was probably the largest ever assembled in the State, it being estimated that there were 10 thousand present.

Dinner being over, the next thought that occupied many minds, was to secure a place to lodge for the night; the two ample Hotels being "done taking in." But a large number of the private houses were kindly opened to accommodate the visitors, and we presume most who desired sleep, found comfortable lodgings. We were hospitably entertained for the night at the residence of Mr. Jarvis.

On Thursday night, there was a free ball given at the new Depot, where a number of the ladies and gentlemen of Newbern, together with those from a distance, amused themselves till a late hour with music, dancing, and social converse.

Friday morning, April 30th, the town was again the scene of bustle and confusion. The Rail Road whistle was continually sounding in our ears: some were loading their baggage to take the cars back to their homes. Some were leisurely surveying the old but beautiful town; while others, unwilling to return till they saw more of Eastern Carolina, were arranging excursions on the water, or a trip to the ocean by Rail Road.

It fell to the fate of some 150, among whom was our humble self, to charter the Post Boy, a small steamer, commanded by Capt. Gray, for the purpose of visiting Beaufort Harbor. At 8 o'clock we left the wharf at Newbern, gliding down the placid waters of the Neuse, into Pamlico Sound, with high anticipations of a delightful voyage—it being with many of the company their first ride on the water. Everything went on swimmingly till after dinner. Most of the time land and plantations, and forests could be seen on either side; giving additional interest, as they appeared to recede from the swift sailing steamer.

It is said that every sweet has its bitter. Thus far, all had been pleasure; but shortly after dinner, in crossing Harbor Island

bar, the steamer grounded on a sand bar; and from that time till about sun down, there was trouble on board. We would clear one bar, strike off for a hundred yards or two, and lodge again. Working on this way till nearly night, we arrived in sight of a Government sentinel ship, to which boat about half of our party were sent in the small boats, the U. S. sentinels assisting with their side boat, to convey us from the Post Boy to the Government vessel.

At first, Capt. Gray found it difficult to induce the men to trust their corporeities in these little boats. They had never been on the "big water" before. The billows were rolling high; and how could such small boats safely carry a dozen heavy men a quarter to a half a mile across the waves? But after one or two successful trips to the Government vessel, confidence in the safety of these little boats was somewhat inspired in the minds of a sufficient number of the passengers to relieve the Post Boy of its heavy load, when it was enabled to travel up side of Uncle Sam's vessel, where it cast anchor, and where the company spent a sleepless night, a portion of them remaining in the Post Boy, and the balance tarrying in the Government vessel.

Saturday morning, May 1st, there came to our relief two sail boats, sent out from Beaufort. Capt. Gray then proposed to transfer the greater portion of the passengers to these sail boats, and hitch them on to the steamer, under the belief that by thus lightening the steamer's load, she would be able to navigate the shallower waters and proceed without further hindrance to Beaufort. But in this he was mistaken. And after many efforts to proceed with the steamer, the greater portion of the passengers were transferred to the Lighters, hoisted sails, and against wind and tide, worked their way safely into Beaufort Harbor about dark, on Saturday evening, the larger number of whom had been without rations from Friday dinner to Saturday night. It is reasonable to suppose that they were prepared to do honor to the beautiful supply of fish, oysters, &c., which were set before them at the Hotels in Beaufort.

The distance from Newbern by Rail Road is only some thirty-five miles. But round by the river and sound, we suppose it is the rise of a hundred. When the water was not too boisterous, it was delightful riding. And the attention of the passengers was constantly directed to some new object of attraction. At one time, all eyes would be turned to a drove of Marsh Ponies, a species of small wild horses, browsing on the distant banks; then a vessel would heave come in sight. Presently a porpoise or two would bounce out of the water near us; and then a covey of sea fowls would pass over the boat.

Sunday was pleasantly passed by the Post Boy's company in the town of Beaufort. And Monday morning the most of them were again on the water, visiting Shackleford's Beach, Fort Macon, and other places of attraction in the forenoon, and then crossing over to Morehead City, the terminus of the North Carolina and Atlantic Rail Road, to be ready to take the cars for Newbern in the evening.

At 2 o'clock, we took our seats in open flat cars at Morehead City, and had a delightful ride for some fifteen or twenty miles towards Newbern, when we came to an unfinished gap of five or six miles in the road, which we had to walk; provision being made to convey the ladies, some of the elderly gentlemen, and the baggage across the gap. Arriving to where the road was finished from Newbern, we found fine coaches ready to convey us to Newbern, where we arrived for supper.

Before we get too far off, we must refer specially to the town of Beaufort, and the embryo City of Morehead. Beaufort is situated along the banks of the ocean and contains, we suppose, about 1500 inhabitants, who are engaged in merchandise, fishing, &c. Very little mechanical work appearing to be done in the place. The sea breeze has full play through the town, and it can hardly be otherwise than healthy. The inhabitants appear to be moral. There are, we believe, three Churches in the town, viz: an Episcopal Methodist, a Missionary Baptist, and an Episcopalian; the Methodist being much the strongest, and that church only being supplied with a regular pastor.

Isaac Ramsey, Esq., who resides in this town, particularly endeavored himself to the up-countrymen, by his kindness and attentions; he furnishing them with boats and hands to work them, to convey us withersoever we might wish to go. And if any of our friends desire any business transacted at Beaufort, such as buying fish, selling produce, or attending to any Commission business, by entrusting it to Mr. Ramsey, it will be attended to just right.

Gov. Morehead used every exertion in his power to make this visit of his Western friends as pleasant and profitable as possible, by his kindness, he has their grateful acknowledgments. And notwithstanding the bad luck which attended the voyage of the Post Boy, we believe Capt. Gray is a perfect gentleman, and a skillful navigator. He appeared greatly mortified at the result of his trip; but we believe he did every thing in his power to meet the expectations of the company. After nearly all his passengers had been transferred to sail boats, the Post Boy returned to Newbern in safety, having on board a sick man and a half dozen others, who preferred to trust themselves in the steamer rather than the sail boats.

Morehead City is destined, at some day, to be a place of business and commercial importance, though it may take some years for capital and business to centre there. With one of the best harbors on the Atlantic coast, with rail road communication through almost the entire length of the State, and which will, in the course of time, reach the Mississippi valley, and the Pacific at San Francisco,—these important advantages, we say, will most assuredly, cause business to concentrate at Morehead City.

Some three miles above the terminus of the Rail Road, on the banks of Bogue Sound, and where vessels of very respectable dimensions can land, a company of individuals have laid off a town, calling it Carolina City, where a large Hotel is being erected. But if ever the place attains to the importance, in a commercial point, which we anticipate, Carolina City, and Morehead City, and the entire neck of land between them, will become one great City. So note it be!

We will now come back to Newbern.—This is a town of wealth and refinement, and at one time the leading commercial town of the State. It is a handsome place than we expected to find,—the streets being wide and clean, pleasantly shaded with stately elms. The wealth and the business talent and experience are all here, to take hold of the advantages afforded by the completion of the railroad, and at once restore to the town its former prosperity and a great deal more.

Tuesday morning, May 4th, we took an early breakfast in Newbern, and then struck a bee line for the rail road depot, bound for Goldsborough. The cars were again crowded; and just before arriving at Kinston, some portion of the running works of the baggage car gave way, causing a general breaking and scattering of the running gear of the car, some parts dragging on and tearing up the cross ties, and other portions of the machinery lying in every direction. The train being at very fast speed, it ran thus from a quarter to a half mile,—the engineer having the presence of mind to stop it gradually, fortunately no one was hurt except a black boy who was acting as brakeman, and who was caught between the baggage car and the foremost passenger car; he was considerably bruised, though it was believed no bones were broken. This boy received the grateful sympathies of the passengers, for sticking to his brake and doing his whole duty, in the midst of the most imminent danger; and a goodly number of the passengers testified their feelings of gratitude to him by presenting him with pieces of money.

Thus, we have hastily sketched off a few of the incidents of a week—to many the most eventful that ever has, or probably ever will happen to them. They passed through perils by sea and by land; experienced almost in the same day, every mode of traveling in use at the present day; feasted and fasted in quick succession; and experienced a great variety of emotions as could well be felt in the same length of time.

Ten Years Apprenticeship.

After a servile apprenticeship of some ten years, Mr. Clingman has been rewarded for betraying the confidence of his early friends, who first gave him position as a public man. Will all the other renegade Whigs be willing to wait patiently, and serve ten years? What say you, Messrs. Barringer, Osborne, Steel, Winslow, Kerr, Miller, &c.? When you look forward to the day when you will receive the reward of your treachery, does "distance lend enchantment to the view?" Look at what Clingman has endured,—even condescending to recognize Penitentiary birds and scape-gallows as "good Democrats," and worthy associates, provided they can bring votes to the party. Remember these things, and become reconciled to your fate. You will have to travel the same long and self-abasing road, or you will be disappointed in your political aspirations. You will be required to hug men to your bosoms, who, in former days you have looked upon with loathing and contempt. But, then, perhaps, it will do you good. It may be, in former days, that you were too proud, and needed humbling. We hope, in the end, your apprenticeship, will be beneficial.

WAKED UP.

The Renegade Whig and Aristocratic wing of the Democracy are becoming a little alarmed, since the announcement of Mr. McKee as a candidate for Governor. And although by a coalition of the renegades and aristocracy, Mr. Holden was tricked, and caused out of the nomination, (in the face of the fact that two-thirds of the masses of the party were for him,) he is placed in a situation which compels him to fight for his successful competitor, Judge Ellis, even though his heart be for Mr. McKee.

Last Saturday's Standard says it will "soon publish a pamphlet, the object of which will be to show that a distribution of the public lands or their proceeds would be impracticable, inadvisable and unconstitutional," &c., when under democratic Administrations, partial distribution, for the benefit of the new States, is constantly going on. It will require a good deal of sophistry to convince the people of North Carolina that they have no interest in the public domain; but must quietly surrender it all to the free-soilers of the North West.

OUR PLATFORM.

As intimated in our last, we this week publish our platform, and it is truly refreshing to us, as we have no doubt it will be to thousands who are longing earnestly to do something for North Carolina, to contemplate its fair and beautiful proportions. How simple, easy of comprehension, straightforward, and substantial it is; and how unlike to the misshapen, Janus-faced, halting, limping, ungainly and rotten contentment lately patched up by the democracy at Charlotte, made up as it is, of unsound materials and put together, by journeymen who lately did job work for the Whig Party, and who are now on a strike for higher wages.

It is a common remark, that the Whig Party is dead; and acting upon this supposition, many have been disposed to lay aside their principles, and go over entirely to democracy, or else laying aside all State issues, to join in with a portion of the democratic party to fight the battle of their country on a single National issue, the question of distribution. As to the first, we really pity them for the infatuation which is leading not only them, but their country on to destruction; and as to the latter, we think they are pursuing a mistaken policy, and one which is destructive of the best interests of the State. Distribution is not only just and Constitutional, but it is of great importance to North Carolina, especially at this time, that she should receive her just and equitable portion of the public domain. There are other questions however, of equal importance in themselves, and it is of the greatest importance, that they receive attention now, and that the people be brought to understand how material they are, and what bearing they have upon their interests, by way of lessening their taxes, building up Schools, and carrying out that system of Internal Improvements, which the necessities of the State require.

Modern democracy meets in Convention, lays down a platform for the express, if not avowed purpose of catching votes and cheating and deceiving the people—no reliance can be placed upon those who build it, and when the Legislature comes to act, the West is sure to find that they have sold their birth-right for a mess of pottage.

Who will come up and stand with us on this platform of ours, in which there is no deception, and which has been constructed with a special view to do justice to all? And who will step forth, relying upon God and the justice of his cause, to lead the mighty host to victory? Will nobly come! If so, we shall tread its planks alone, until it goes down amid the general crash which is sure to come, and that at no distant day, if the present ruinous and destructive policy of the Democratic party is persisted in.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that in pursuing this course, we are compelled to differ with so many of our Whig brethren. We regret this the more sincerely, because we are satisfied that they are truly and honestly devoted to the best interest of North Carolina, and are conscientiously pursuing a course which they think best calculated to promote her happiness and prosperity. But satisfied that they are pursuing a mistaken policy, and one which will in the end prove disastrous, we cannot with the present lights before us, take any other position than the one we have assumed.

We shall, as the campaign progresses, take up the planks of our platform seriatim, and enudge upon them, endeavoring to show such facts, and adduce such reasons as we think must, or at least ought to convince the people that the only true policy, and the only way to redeem North Carolina from her present low estate, and elevate her to her proper position, is to stand with us on the platform thus laid down.

We are disposed to do justice to all portions, all sections of our good old State, but identified with the West both by interest and education, our dearest affections are here, and we feel a lively interest in all that pertains to her welfare. We therefore appeal to our Western friends to think of these things; we would impress them upon the holders of our almost worthless and constantly depreciating Rail-Road stocks. We would press them upon the attention of those who, cut off from the commercial world, and look up within their mountain barriers, have waited long, too long for better things, have looked and hoped, until hope decayed had made the heart sick,—and we appeal to all to come up to our help, and by their countenance and aid to hold up our hands.

POLITICAL INTRIGUE.

It is generally believed that there has been a good deal of intriguing going on for some time, on the part of certain aspirants, to bring about changes in high political stations. On the death of Judge Potter, it is believed that a plan was at once put on foot to get Biggs out of the Senate; this effected, Gov. Briggs and Mr. Clingman can play into each other's hands. Briggs appoints Clingman to fill the place of Biggs, Senator Reid is to be coaxed or choked off, or be gotten rid of by some Federal appointment, making two Senatorial vacancies for the next Legislature to fill. Briggs is to transfer the Eastern democracy to Clingman, and, as one good turn deserves another, Clingman can hardly do less than give Briggs a bill of sale of the Western democracy. It is further believed, that Mr. Clingman has transferred his seat in

the House of Representatives to Mr. Avery, and that he will direct the democracy of his district to confirm the appointment. This, it is suspected, is the reason why Mr. Avery, so readily withdrew his name from the Charlotte convention as a candidate for Governor.

One of the controlling causes of Ellis's nomination for Governor was the fact, that his acceptance of the nomination made a vacancy on the Bench. Gov. Briggs having the temporary appointment of a Judge, as well as Senator, we predict that the place will be filled, with an eye to strengthening his own claims for the Senatorship.

LECOMPTON.

The position of the President and his friends in December last, and up until the latter part of April, was, that Kansas should be admitted with the Lecompton Constitution, recognised as legal, fair, and binding on the people of Kansas.

The administration and its forces stood exposed to the gallant charges and attacks of the conservatives in Congress during the four first months of the session, from time to time being defeated in the House.

Finally the House made their stand upon the Crittenden Bill. The Senate upon the President's Bill.

The Crittenden proposition was to admit Kansas on condition the people of Kansas by a fair vote, should approve of the Lecompton Constitution. And in case the people rejected Lecompton, then on fair and just terms they were to elect delegates to a new convention, which constitution was to be submitted to the people, and if they approved it, then Kansas was to come into the Union at once with a constitution of her own free choice, with slavery or without slavery.

The Executive Senate bill provided to admit Kansas with Lecompton fixed on the people, whether they wanted it or not.

After the Lecomptonist were routed and beaten down from time to time, and they found that a great issue was about to be made between the friends of Executive tyranny, and the friends of peace and conservative popular freedom on the other hand—at this, those who had shown a determination to make a most felonious assault upon the rule that the people of a Territory should make their own constitution, subject to the constitution of the United States; became alarmed. They knew that if they went to the country on this issue, they would be scoured and defeated. North, East and West. Rather than to be placed in this most deplorable condition, so clearly indicated from the voice of the people, coming up from all sections, the Lecomptonists determined to surrender, and to take in substance the Crittenden Bill; but to do this so indirectly, as to cover up as far as they could, the shame that necessarily attached to their defeat. They retreated, and rallied on the English Conference bill.

And pray what is this bill? It admits Kansas with Lecompton, provided the people want it. If not, the people of Kansas, as soon as they have inhabitants enough for a State, are to elect delegates to a new convention, which convention is to form a new constitution in republican form, submit it to the people, and if the majority approve and vote for this new constitution, then Kansas is to come into the Union.

How unlike is this English bill to the Senate's! How similar and like in substance is the English bill to the Crittenden bill!

It is an ungenerous and unmanly surrender to the noble Crittenden, and his gallant comrades, who had fought so boldly, firmly, and ably for the right, and for the peace of the Union. They would have secured more credit to themselves by taking the Crittenden bill letter for letter, and word for word. There is no more land tendered in the English bill to Kansas, than in the Crittenden bill—the usual quantity devoted to new States—the very quantity that she will get, let her come in when she may, and with any constitution. How ridiculous and how futile will it be to try to make the South believe that Lecompton is not submitted in substance and effect to the people of Kansas. It is submitted, common sense will so declare, and so find every where.

It is really funny to see the Lecomptonites, like the boy in the woods, wishing to keep up their courage, after such a thorough rout. Such a Waterloo defeat.

The Spartan band might well have stopped, and proclaimed their triumph as soon as the English Conference was reported.

In fact, their last few days fighting was to compel the enemies of the republic to cry enough in the very terms they had so justly and fairly tendered. However indirect were the terms of capitulation and surrender, they might well have proceeded to live their victims.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENT.

In obedience to an act of the Legislature, the Banks of this city resumed the payment of their debts on last Saturday. The delinquent institutions had predicted a shock to the commercial community, but it was felt only by themselves.—Richmond South.

The Virginia Banks would not resume payment, it seems, until compelled by law. When will the North Carolina Banks resume? When will the Farmer's Banks resume? Its bills will not pass, except at a discount, until it commences to redeem them.—Raleigh Standard.

The Standard, in the above paragraph, exhibits the same disposition displayed by a bad boy, who, seeing a neighbor a little under the weather, and receiving the scoffs and sneers of his fellows, exclaimed, "hit

him again, daddy; he's got no friends." We lay no claims to being the special defenders of the Farmers' Bank. We do own a dollar of its stock. We like to see fair play; and any close of forever must be very blind, who has failed to vote a combined effort on the part of the Bank Aristocracy of Raleigh and elsewhere, to crush out the Farmers' Bank. The same thing which tempted with the Fayetteville Bank, "Will the Farmers' Bank resume?" asks the Standard. When will the State Bank, of the Standard, resume? It is under the same obligation to pay its promises as the Farmers' Bank. Let it set the example, and we presume the Farmers' Bank will follow it.

The object of the Standard is too good to deceive any one. It is understood that all the Banks in North Carolina, with an early day, resume, spoke payment. But just before the time of resumption, the wire pullers of the Bank Aristocracy are required to throw out guarantees as to the solvency of any of the local Banks, as they may hope to effect, in order that soon as resumption takes place, there may be a general run on these small Banks. True, by this course, the interest of the stockholders, among whom are a number of widows and orphans, will unjustly suffer. But what care the Bank Aristocracy for that, if they can effect the overthrow of all the local Banks, secure perpetuity to their own swindling shops, and enjoy exclusive privileges from one generation to another!

We say again, as we have said before, we have no doubt of the solvency of the Farmer's Bank. We have taken it to our office all the time, have lost nothing yet, and we do not fear loss to the holder. Its affairs may not have been in every instance, managed as prudently as they should have been; but justice to the stockholders requires that the same leniency and forbearance be extended to it, which the other Banks receive.

Judge Biggs.

Hon. Asa Biggs has been appointed Judge of the United States District Court for this State, in place of Judge Potter, deceased, and has resigned his seat in the United States Senate.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

The Literary Board has published a most of the Democratic papers of the State, a tabular statement, showing the amount of the Spring Distribution to several species, for Common School purposes. A many of our readers feel an interest in every thing connected with the success of Common Schools, we subjoin the statement.—The whole amount of the Spring Distribution is \$90,425.04, distributed as follows:

Alamance,	1210 02	Johnston,	1347 95
Alexander,	600 33	Jones,	472 00
Anson,	1290 72	Lenoir,	741 81
Ashe,	1024 63	Lincoln,	839 88
Beaufort,	1405 92	Madison,	
Bertie,	1193 75	Mecklenburg,	688 91
Bladen,	993 88	Monroe,	770 25
Brunswick,	714 12	Martin,	836 21
Burke,	1180 53	Mecklenburg,	1105 88
Camden,	830 28	Montgomery,	739 55
Cabarrus,	1040 88	Morehead,	1025 25
Caldwell,	700 32	Nash,	918 58
Camden,	620 88	N. Hams's	1708 22
Carteret,	744 06	North's	1287 72
Caswell,	1453 32	Onslow,	814 46
Catawba,	988 09	Orange,	1704 41
Chatham,	1925 09	Perquimans	324 16
Cherokee,	894 30	Person's	724 46
Chowan,	630 21	Person,	1050 40
Cleveland,	1163 61	Polk,	1289 00
Columbus,	630 96	Polk,	
Craven,	1470 48	Randolph	1821 11
Cumberland,	1275 05	Richmond,	932 15
Currituck,	750 81	Robeson,	1329 60
Davison,	1694 76	Rockham	1484 25
Davis,	839 76	Rowan,	1479 40
Duplin,	1333 32	Richford	1486 25
Edgecombe,	1302 12	Sampson,	1475 25
Forsyth,	1275 71	Stanley,	701 71
Franklin,	1111 20	Stokes,	1018 40
Gaston,	867 36	Surry,	975 49
Gates,	825 36	Tyrell,	534 21
Graulville,	2076 36	Union,	1118 86
Green,	638 52	Wake,	2504 71
Guilford,	2217 60	Warren,	1434 92
Halifax,	1560 84	Washington,	257 60
Harnett,	850 70	Wayata,	101 70
Haywood,	828 84	Wayata,	128 00
Henderson,	825 96	Wilkes,	1307 06
Hertford,	798 72	Wilson,	710 49
Hyde,	790 20	Yadkin,	1141 22
Iredell,	1567 44	Yancey,	999 75
Jackson,			

The counties of Madison and Polk will receive their share from the counties from which they were formed; Jackson 50 75 cent. of the amount allotted to Madison, the balance from the share allotted to Polk.

LETTER OF A DYING WIFE.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband, (says the Nashville Gazette) was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear-marks, was written long before her husband was aware that the grasp of fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:—"When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day, when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold, white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all besides my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death until at last it has formed itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imagining of a girl, yet, dear George, it is so! Many weary nights have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle on silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down into the dark valley! "But I know in whom I have believed," and leaning on His arm, "I fear no evil." Do not blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you! I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and, pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death-damp from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final fight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last communion, until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpse of the unfading glories of the better world, where parting is unknown. Well do I know the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me; often we stood by the place, and, as we watched the mellow sunset, as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each, perhaps, has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot and I know will love it none the less, when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you will go there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches—"I am not lost, but gone before."

CONFIDE IN GOD.

Thereonce lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken coop, a solitary woman. She was some thirty years of age, tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere, from village to village, by the cognomen of "happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives; she was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked.—There was no comeliness in her; and yet there in that homely deformed body, the Great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set his royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again," would the chance visitor say, as he lounged at her door.

"La! yes, I'm forever at it. I don't know what people will think;" she would say, with her sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy."

"La! well, that's a fact; I am just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy; you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you; what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anything but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see, rich folks, like you, depend upon their families, and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, their wives, and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of trouble ahead. I can't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if he can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night, make my things come up just the same season after season, he can sartainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord; and the Lord takes care f'me."

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you are all the time supposing. Now, why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it."

"Ah! Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There, you are at fault again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart—he'll do you a despit' sight of mischief."

She was right; we do take the demon of care, of distrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, put it into our hearts, and wet and cherish the ugly monsters until we assimilate to their likeness. We caulk every pleasure with this gloomy fear of coming ill; we seldom trust that pleasures will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our misanthropy.

It would be well for us to imitate nappy Nancy, and "never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose its going to rain; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow—do whatever your hands find to do, and there leave it. Be more childlike towards the great Father who created us; learn to confide in his wisdom, and not in your own; and all "wait till the 'suppose' comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden if you would follow happy Nancy's rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils.

THE YOUNG WITNESS.

We think we have nowhere seen a more simple, touching, and beautiful narrative, showing forth the power of truth, than this which follows. It is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, the author of "County Margins," and a most pleasant and genial writer:

I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our higher courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of the truth. A little girl nine years of age was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer:

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be objected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here, my daughter." Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered.

"No, Sir," She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed. "I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir, I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is," inquired the Judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the Judge, "you have been sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State Prison—" answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the Judge.

"I shall not go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the Judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the Commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that," she said, "before I could read."

"Has any one talked to you about being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we knelted down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up there with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the Judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued, "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

CURIOUS LETTER.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin published the following letter from a married lady in town to her friend in the country:

MY DEAR MRS. H. —: I thank you heartily for your kind inquiries after Mr. Jenkins, and the rest of my family. Our son John and daughter Mary are in good health, but as to our daughter Caroline, she is beyond doubt, a most extraordinary being. It is with the utmost candor I inform you, that she has lately shown a strong propensity to drinking; and when she can get at her favorite liquor, she seems perfectly happy, she has not any appetite for solids, nor has she eaten an ounce since she came to town, which was on the 22nd of December last. There is no such thing as reasoning with her on this subject; her friends, indeed do not attempt to advise her; knowing it would be but fast labor. She has many ridiculous airs as a woman of quality, and more attendants than her brother notwithstanding she is single; appropos, it is my opinion, that if she does not alter her conduct in many respects no man will be troubled with her. She sleeps at least half of her time, and keeps more irregular hours than her father. When we talk seriously to her she seems to listen, but shows no mark of contrition; from the general tenor of her conduct, it is but too evident that she has not the least respect for us. — She is often, in appearance, thoughtful but never communicates the objects which engage her attention. She is sometimes very angry, without any apparent cause; at others as placid, we know not why. I will not say that she wants clarity, yet I never knew a tale of distress draw a tear from her, and I think she would not lose an hour's amusement to serve her best friends. Applause or censure she treats with equal indifference; she is of the rather indolent, even before strangers; When she converses, that delicacy which is quiet an ornament to her sex is laid aside, and I never saw the least appearance of a blush upon her countenance. She is, it is true, sometimes liberal, but bestows her favors in so imprudent a manner, that they are frequently received without thanks. Notwithstanding all these foibles, she has some good qualities, and it is but justice that they should be mentioned in order to balance the account. In the first place, she's not ambitious, for she covets no more than she has a right to possess. She is chaste as ice, and treats all men with equal indifference. If she now and then from an impetuosity of disposition, interrupts conversation, it is without any intention of offending. She never lays her head upon her pillow with resentment in her mind, nor suffers uneasiness from the recollection of past injuries, and as she treats her friends without ceremony, she is not offended at the want of it in others. But, alas! what are all of her virtues while she continues so fond of her bottle; a practice from which even the rhetoric of Cicero would not persuade her to desist. However, I hope we shall be able to give a better account of this extraordinary girl in a short time, as there must soon be an alteration either for the better or worse; I hope the former. Adieu my dear friend.

Yours, most truly,
CAROLINE SOPHIA JENKINS.

P. S. I had almost forgotten to inform you that she is seven weeks old to-morrow. C. S. J.

FIRST LOVE.

"Am I your only and first love?" asked a bright eyed girl as she reclined her classically moulded brow upon the shoulder of her lover.

"No, Leila, you are not my only, nor my first; I have loved another. Long years before I saw you, I loved another—and I love that other still."

"Love that other still, and better than me? Paul, why do you tell me that?" asked she, raising her dark blue eyes and gazing steadfastly into those of her lover, half in astonishment, half in sorrow, while her jewelled fingers tightened conclusively upon his arm.

"You asked me, Leila, and I answered with truth and sincerity; you would not have me deceive you, would you?"

"You love her still, then?"

"I love her still."

"And better than you do me?"

"Not better, but as well."

"And will you love her still?"

"Until death;—and even beyond death, over her last resting place will I strew spring's earliest flowers, and bedew the sacred spot with the purest tears that ever ever shed."

"Handsomer than I, is she not?"

"Her eyes are black as night, and her hair in glossy blackness outvies the wing of the raven. She hasn't your sweet blue eyes nor your soft brown hair; yet, Oh! Leila, her eyes have been the sweetest eyes, to me, that ever looked the look of eternal love."

"Paul, why do you wish to break my heart? Why have you taught me to love you so wildly and blindly, and when in the midst of my happiness, tell me that there is an impassable barrier between us? This night, Paul, we

hush! Think you that you could not share my heart with one that I do so dearly love?"

"Never, Paul, never!"

"You shall, Leila, and must! Listen for a moment, while I tell you my first love, and I am sure you will be willing to share with her then."

"I will listen, Paul, but will not share your love; I must have all or none; I am selfish in that respect, and who that loves as I do, is not? Forget me Paul, or forget her forever!"

"Forget her, Leila? Never! I would not lose one jot of her pure affection for the fairest face that ever bloomed; no, not for the girdle of Venus or the love of a second Helen?"

"Then, Paul, you are lost to me forever; we must part. Farewell to every dream of a brighter future. I love you too well, and am too proud to share your love with aught created. O! Paul, you have wronged me deeply;" and her exquisitely chiselled lips curled with indignant sorrow.

"Stupid, Leila, or you will deeply wrong me, also. I met this loved one, as I said before, long years ago, in one of the sweetest and sunniest vales of our broad Illinois; wandered with her, hand in hand, for years, beside the sparkling waters of my childhood's home. First by her smile of exquisite sweetness, she taught my heart that she loved me with unutterable fondness; and never have I doubted my trust in her has ever been steadfast and fearless; never has her eye looked coldly upon me, and never will it, till the death angel shall dim them for the long sleep. Oft in the still hours of night have I been awakened, as if by the sleep-god's wings, and beheld that face, those eyes gazing upon me with all the beatific tenderness of a guardian angel over a repenting prodigal; and a kiss would fall upon my brow more soothing than the dews of Hermon.—The same gentle hand has led me along life's flowery way, and beside its untroubled waters; and if ever my arm was raised to do a deed of wrong, or my heart steeled to conceive it, that gentle administrative voice came whispering in my ear, and stayed the one midway and drew the iron from the other.—And I do well remember, in my manhood's riper years, when deep sorrow fell upon my soul, and I would fain have drank oblivion from the wine cup's fiery brim, that same dark-eyed woman came, and bade me, in the name of God, to shun the fatal snare; and, twining her arms around my neck, while her eyes beamed with love's deep inspiration, she poured oil upon the troubled water; told me of purer hopes and higher aims, and in my ear whispered a golden word that has outlived all sorrow.

"Leila, would you know the name of first love? 'TIS MY MOTHER."

"O! Paul, I'll forgive you, and will share your love; indeed I will."

"I knew you would, Leila. Second love is as dear as the first."—*Waverly Magazine.*

Fashion and Folly.

This is an age of wonders rare,
Of vice and folly too;
Of notions that to me seem queer,
Of sights strange to the view,
And yet of all the silly things,
Of this most silly age.
Are those strange robes that Fastos flings
O'er top and foot and sage.

There's one who sports a Shanghai coat,
That hangs below his knees;
With whiskers like a Billy goat,
A fine resort of ease.
He struts and swells in bloated pride,
And thinks, "Now who but me!"
And acts as though the world beside,
Contained no Ape but he.

And here's another meets the view
Of rather doubtful gender;
He wears a shawl as ladies do,
Around his waist so slender.
What species of the race is he?
I try to tell me, overman I see;
Sure, such a looking thing can't be
One hundredth part a man.

And there's the Parson, richly dressed
In latest "cut and feather,"
With colored silk and satin vest,
And boots of patent leather,
His deeky is so stiff and high,
(Without one mote or speck.)
He leans to turn his venal eye,
Lest he should break his neck.

On Sunday morn he struts the aisle
Of God's pure house of prayer,
But thinks more of some fair one's smile
Than yon poor mourner's tear.
He reads a lection of some sort, I see,
In cold unmeasured tone,
Preached by some saint of yore,
Which now he calls his own.

And there's the maid so blithe and gay,
With nicely padded breast,
Who thinks the men who gaze will say,
"See what a glorious chest!"
From her small waist a hoop hangs down,
To show her little feet;
And thus equipped her gauds the town,
A most egregious cheat.

Others again, whose snowy breast
In native fulness swell,
So fearful that no eye may rest
Where those sweet billows dwell,
Must wear their dresses hanging low
Adown their shoulders bare.
That every man who looks may know
There is no cotton there.

And there's the little artless girl,
So innocent withal.
She, too, must enter fashion's whirl,
And dance at routs and ball.
With arms around her gaudy breast,
She cries and pleads and begs,
That as big sister shows her legs,
She ought to show her legs.

And thus it is: 't is foul Fashion's reign
Has crusted this broad green earth;
Nor modesty be deemed again
The gem of female worth,
Where can the Christian's hope now rest,
For maiden fashion pleading begs,
For maidens to expose their breasts,
And little girls their legs?

CHINESE SUGAR CANE SEED.

Call at Garrett's Store, and get a supply of these seed before they are all gone.

[illegible]

A Beautiful Head of Rich Glossy Hair, COME COMPLETELY PRESERVED TO THE GREYEST AGE.—And which they may not have it restored to former color; or bald, but would have the growth restored, or troubled with dandruff and itching but would have it removed, or troubled with scurfia, scald head, or other eruptions but would be cured, or with sick head ache (neuralgia) but would be cured. It will also remove all pimples from the face and skin.—Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative will do all this see circular and the following:

ANN ARBOR, November 5, 1856.

PROF. O. J. WOOD.—Dear Sir: I have heard much said of the wonderful effects of your Hair Restorative, but, having been so often cheated by quackery and quack nostrums, hair dyes, &c. I was disposed to place your Restorative in the same category with the thousand and one loudly trumpeted quack remedies, until I met you in Lawrence county some months since, when you gave me such assurance as induced the trial of your Restorative in my family—first by my good wife, whose hair had become very thin and entirely white, and before exhausting one of your large bottles, her hair was restored to its natural color, and one loudly trumpeted quack remedy thickened and became beautiful and glossy upon, and entirely over the head; she continues to use it, not simply because of its beautifying effects upon the hair, but because of its healthful influence upon the head and mind. Others of my family and friends are using your Restorative, with the happiest effects; therefore, my skepticism and doubts in reference to its character and value are entirely removed; and I can and do most cordially and confidentially recommend its use to all who would have their hair restored from white or gray (by reason of sickness or age) to original color and beauty, and by all young persons who would have their hair beautiful and glossy.

Very truly and gratefully yours,
SOLOMON MANN.

FRIEND WOOD: It was a long time after saw you at Blissfield before I got the bottle of Restorative for which you gave me an order upon your agent in Detroit, and when I got it we concluded to try it on Mrs. Mann's hair as the surest test of its power. It has done in reference to its character it would do; and others of my family and friends, having witnessed its effects, are now using and recommending its use to others as entitled to the highest consideration you claim for it.

Again, very respectfully and truly yours,
SOLOMON MANN.

CAPLBY, ILL., June 8, 1852.

I have used Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative and have admired its wonderful effects. My hair was becoming, as I thought, prematurely gray, but by the use of his Restorative it has resumed its original color, and, I have no doubt, permanently so.

S. BRASSE, Ex-Senator, U. S.

O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. Y., (in the great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment) and 114 Market Street, S. Louis, Mo.

And sold by all good Druggists: By T. Patrick and W. C. Porter, Greensboro', N. C. Feb. 5th, 1858. 972 3m.

TO THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.

There is a first rate line of Mail Coaches running daily on Sundays excepted, from the Rail Road at Charlotte to Asheville, where it connects with a line to the E. T. & Va. Rail Road, about sixty five miles E. of Knoxville, Tennessee, via the celebrated Warm Springs in Madison; and also a line to Georgia, via the popular Sulphur Springs, in Buncombe, passing by Waynesville, Franklin and Murphy, N. C.; and, through one of the most scenic and beautiful countries in the world, to a country unsurpassed in grand mountain scenery, famed by the pure mountain breezes, that will almost give re-animation to the dead.

Persons arriving at Charlotte from either direction on the Rail Road, are requested to give this line a trial, with the assurance that everything that can, will be done, to add to the pleasure of the trip, by the shortest, quickest, and shortest route from the N. C. Rail Road, to Knoxville and Nashville, Tennessee.

PETER ADAMS, Proprietor.

May, 2857. 941 ff.

DOZ. Double and Single Barrel

Shot Guns just received. Some very fine. Some double barreled Guns as low as \$10.00. 200 Kegs pure White Lead and Zinc Paint for sale low for cash. W. J. MCCONNEL, apr 1 992 ff.

VALUABLE LANDS.—I am desirous of disposing of my lands, situated in Davidson County, on Abbotts Creek, about four miles east of Lexington. Said tract contains some 250 acres, running up to the bridge at Berrier's Mills, and lying on both sides of Abbotts Creek, on which there are some valuable bottom lands. It is also valuable for timber—being well stocked with pine, oak, and walnut, and is quite convenient to the N. C. Rail Road. A steam saw mill is now in operation on an adjoining tract. Terms suit purchasers. For further particulars apply to James A. Loaz.

916 ff. ELIZABETH CALDCLEIGH

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.—W. C.

Porter having just received his fresh supply of Garden Seeds would most respectfully ask of those who would not be deprived of the luxury and enjoyment that a productive Garden offers, to call and examine his large and well selected stock, embracing almost every variety.

His seed are from the well established American Seed Garden of Wethersfield, Conn., and from the general satisfaction seed from this Garden have heretofore given, he feels well assured in warranting every paper to be fresh and pure.

February 15th 1858. 971 ff.

NEW GOODS!—THE SUBSCRIBER is now receiving one of the largest stock of Goods in Western Carolina, all fresh and new. Call and get a CATALOGUE and see for yourselves. You will find them equally as cheap, and probably cheaper than you can get elsewhere. Any article that should be kept in a retail store will be found in this large assortment of Goods. Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange.—Highest prices paid for flour and wheat.

W. J. MCCONNEL, apr 1 929-1 ff.

LIGHT! LIGHT! T. J. PATRICK has just received for sale a large lot of AMPS, consisting of

- Glass Fluid Lamps,
- Britannia Fluid do.,
- Brass Fluid do.,
- Fancy Fluid do.,
- Solar Lamps,
- Dark Lanterns,
- Pine Oil Lamps. Also,
- Burning Fluid. Lamp Oil, Candles and Lamp Wick.

(sep 18 951 ff)

Cheese! Cheese! A FIRST-CLASS article of English Dairy Cheese just received.

R. G. LINDSAY, Oct 27th, 1857. 927.

50 Shares N. C. Rail Road Stock FOR SALE. For terms apply to M. S. SHERWOOD. May 25 1857. 935 ff.

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS.—DR. MORSE, the discoverer of the greater part of his life in travelling visited Europe, Asia, and Africa, as well as North America; has spent three years among the Indians of our Western Territory, and 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 arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD, depend upon the 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; it is thus causing all the various sicknesses of every age; our strength is exhausted, our every faculty is deprived of it, and if nature is not assisted in its efforts to clear the stagnant humors, the blood is becoming choked and cease to act, and the vital force of life will forever be blown out. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And here comes in the medicine in your pocket, Morse's Indian Root Pills, made from the plants and roots which grow around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's laboratory, for the health and recovery of diseased man. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sudorific, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corrupted blood. The second is a plant which is an expectorant, that opens and unclogs the passages of the lungs, and thus, in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off phlegm and other humors from the lungs by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which cleanses and double strength to the kidneys, thus enabling them to draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out bountifully by the urinary or water passage, and which could not have been discharged in any other way. The fourth is Cathartic, and accompanies the other properties of the Pills while engaged in purifying the blood; the coarser particles of training which cannot pass by the other outlets, are thus taken up and conveyed out in great quantities by the bowels.

From the above, it is shown that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills not only enter the system, but become united with the blood, and they find way to every part, and completely rout out and cleanse the system from all impurity, and the life of the body which is in question, becomes perfectly healthy; consequently, all sicknesses and pains are driven from the system, for they cannot remain when the body becomes so pure and clean.

The reason why people are often distressed when sick, and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will purify the afflicted parts, and which will open the natural passages for the release to be out; hence a large quantity of food and the matter is lodged, and the stomach and intestines are literally clogged with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing a slow but sure fermentation, constantly mixing with the blood, which throws the corrupted matter through every vein and artery, until life is taken from the body by disease. Dr. Morse's Pills have added to themselves a victory over sickness, by restoring millions of the sick to health and happiness. Yes, thousands and who have been laid out in the arms of sickness, pain and anguish, and whose frames have been scorched by the burning elements of raging fever, and who have been brought, as it were, within a step of the grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead had it not been for this great and wonderful medicine, Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. And one or two doses being taken, they were astonished, and absolutely surprised, in witnessing their charming effects. Not only do they give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish, but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease, which is the blood. Therefore it will be shown, especially by those who use these Pills, that they will not only purify, that disease that is deeply rooted, will take its flight, and the flush of youth and beauty will again return, and the prospect of a long and happy life will cheer and brighten your days.

CAUTION.—Beware of a counterfeit signed A. B. Morse. All genuine have the names A. J. WHITE & CO. and the initials. Also the signature of A. J. White & Co. All others are spurious.

A. J. WHITE & CO., Sole Proprietors, 50 Leonard Street, New York.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are really all dealers in Medicines.

Agents wanted in every town, village and hamlet in the land. Parties desiring a large agency will address as above for terms.

Price 25 cents per box, five boxes will be sent on receipt of \$1, post-paid.

December 11th, 1857. 503 1.

A FORTUNE FOR Somebody!—Wishing to wind up my business in this part of the county, I now offer for sale all my valuable Property, known as the Franklinville Tobacco Factory, situated in the vicinity of Germantown, N. C. Every thing is complete for carrying on, extensively, as usual, the business of manufacturing tobacco. A large and commodious factory has been built expressly for the business, together with all necessary out houses, store house, stable, &c. The factory is well stocked with all machines, shapers, screws, tools, &c. In short, it is supplied with almost every article usual in such an establishment.

In connection with the factory, I sell and lease, in Plantation, about 100 acres of land, productive, some of it having sold for \$100 per acre. Any person wishing to bargain in this kind of property, would do well to call and examine the premises.

FR. L. GOLDEN.
Germantown, N. C., Feb. 2, 1857. 505

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between G. H. BALL and LUNN, in and to the business of the North, N. C., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Dunn will dispossess of the balance of the stock on hand, at cost, to all persons indebted to the firm of Ball & Dunn, either by note or book account, and is requested to call and settle the same with Mr. Dunn.

BRANSON G. GILMAN.
WILLIAM L. DUNN.
sep 4 505

Boiling Cloths and Burr Mill Stones.—The genuine Ackerly & Co. lots of all Nod from 1 to 11 inches kept in full supply on hand. Fr. Burr Mill Stones of any size to order, and water delivered at Wilmington. Factory and any Station on the N. C. R. R. LINSLEY.
R. G. LINSLEY.
April, 1856. Corner of Second and Market.

Coach Making.—James E. Thompson respectfully informs the public that he is still engaged in the Coach and Harness business in all its branches. A large stock of South English All kinds of Coach Harness kept on hand, or made to order. Now seeking time for those who wish to purchase during the Spring or Summer, to send in their orders. REPAIRING promptly attended to, and produce taken in exchange for work.
January, 1858. 506