

[From the Wadesboro Argus.]

OUR CANDIDATE.

We to-day redeem our pledge of placing at our masthead our candidate for Congress. In the name of Samuel H. Walkup, of Union, people of the Seventh district, you have a guarantee, that, as your Representative, he will be faithful to your interests, faithful to the South, faithful to the Union. All you have to do is to rally round your standard bearer, and give him the support which is due to him, to yourselves and to your country, for in sustaining him you are perpetuating the Union, endangered by the incessant agitation of the question of slavery, which, but for Democracy, would now be sleeping the sleep that knows no waking; but which, being necessary to their vitality, in spite of pledges to the contrary they thrust into the councils of the nation for the manufacture of political capital, regardless of the destruction which it is bringing upon our country.

In supporting him, you are expressing your condemnation of the high-handed and tyrannical measures of the Democratic Administration, which has squandered the public money, brought the power and influence and patronage of the Government into conflict with the freedom of elections—and has not even hesitated to shed the blood of your fellow countrymen to obtain advantage at an election.

Fellow citizens, we have not the time to say to you that we wish in this connection to-day, for the Argus must be at press in a few hours; but this we will say: you have now presented to you an opportunity of showing your loyalty to the Union—of rebuking the abominable and viciously corrupt party now in power—of coming out on the side of the people against a corrupt combination of lawless and conscienceless politicians, who have so long kept their hands over their eyes that they think and believe and declare that their corrupt organization is the Government, and so administer it that their own power is perpetuated, and that of the people enervated and destroyed. Imitate, now, the example of your brethren in Virginia, and do your duty as they did theirs, and remember this, that had they known their own power, they would have elected members of Congress in all the districts, in which, for the want of this knowledge, they had to be candidates. Forewarned, forearmed, rally, people, rally! The God of your fathers has given you this opportunity to overthrow the corruptionists, preserve the Union, and redeem yourselves and your children from the curse of mismanagement, misrule and misappropriation, and to secure to posterity the blessings of good government. Do your duty, like men, and all will be well.

What Democrats say about Government Expenditures.

We invite the attention of the reader to the following extract from a speech in the Senate of the United States, by the Hon. Andrew Johnson, Democratic Senator from Tennessee. It may be found in the Appendix to the Congressional Globe, 1857—58, page 873. Senator Johnson was speaking of the Government extravagance and corruption, and said:

"In 1790 the population of the United States was a fraction less than four millions; the expenditures for the Government were \$1,700,000. In 1858 the population is estimated at twenty-eight millions, and what are the expenditures?—Seventy-five millions of dollars. From 1790 to 1858, a period of sixty-eight years, the population of the United States has doubled seven times, while the expenditures have doubled thirty-five times, showing an increase of expenditures twenty-eight hundred per cent. greater than the increase of population in the same period. When we see such results, it is not time for us to ascertain, if we can, where we are going, and what is the maximum we are going to reach? If, as the Senator from Georgia [Mr. Toombs] remarked the other day, ours be the most corrupt Government on the face of the earth, this is the most corrupt part of it. It is in the power of Congress to prevent these enormous expenditures; and if we do not interpose we are responsible for them. The Government, sixty-nine years of age, secretly out of its swaddling clothes, is making more corrupt use of money in proportion to the amount collected from the people, as I honestly believe, than any other Government now on the face of the habitable globe."

This is truly an appalling picture of the career of a party which Mr. Toombs boasts, will at the close of Mr. Buchanan's term, have had the Presidency for forty-eight years to the Opposition's sixteen; and that "the Democrats have had a majority in Congress at least fifty-four years to the Opposition's ten years?"

These facts speak for themselves; and let Democratic politicians break the force of them, if they can. It is trifling with the common sense of the country, for Mr. Toombs to attempt to fix the responsibility of the immense waste of the people's money upon any other than the party now in power.—*People's Press.*

A Penitent Democrat at the Confessional.

Ans. W. Lynd, late editor of the Henderson (Miss.) Democrat, announces in a late number of that paper, his retirement from the editorial chair and his renunciation of Democracy. Here are his reasons for the step:

"I have, also, to acknowledge a change of sentiment, which is an additional reason for my retiring from this paper. I have tried the Democratic party of Minnesota, and found it wanting. Its leaders I have found corrupt and unscrupulous, and its enunciated principles, things made to read but not to follow. From conversation this spring with many of the leaders of the party, I became convinced that the hopes of success in the coming fall campaign, were entirely based upon anticipated bogus returns from Minnesota, Missouri, Cottonwood, Pipestone, Pembina, and other out-of-the-way counties; and I was not, therefore, surprised, on a late visit to St. Paul, to hear this broached to me and unblushingly anticipated, by Democrats high in State offices. The pollution of the ballot box seems, in their opinion, to be a legitimate road to success."

"Such a party—which occupies itself in squabbling about spoils, instead of fighting for principles—whose arrogant leaders openly advocate fraud and corruption, and whose internal organization is a system of petty jealousy, dishonesty, bribery and political wickedness—deserves the scorn and contempt of every honest man. There are few who know the dishonesty of a party until they become acquainted with the dishonesty of its leaders; and, with this as a touchstone of party honesty, I am forced to conclude that the Democratic party of Minnesota is most corrupt and depraved. To know it thoroughly, through its leaders is to hate it; to hate it, is to condemn it; and to condemn it, should be, with every true patriot, to leave it."

The American party of the Louisville (Ky.) district have nominated Robert Mallory for Congress, vice Hon. Humphrey Marshall, deceased.

The Patriot.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1859.

INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBBING.

As an inducement to our friends to interest themselves in extending the circulation of our paper, for every six new subscribers, we will send the seventh gratis; that is, for \$12.00 in advance, we will furnish seven copies of the paper for one year. Who will send us the largest club at these rates?

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers who had a cross mark on their papers are notified that their names will be erased from the mail box in seven days thereafter, unless payment of subscription be made before that time. Those who do not know the exact amount of their indebtedness, can send about what they suppose they owe, adding on the advance payment, and a receipt, with a statement of the account, will be returned.

AGENTS FOR THE PATRIOT.

J. L. GORRELL, Esq., is an Agent for the Patriot office, and is authorized to receive monies for subscriptions, advertisements, or job work, and receipt for the same.

ROBERT HANMER, of Graham, is an Agent for the Patriot office, and is authorized to receive monies for subscription, advertisements, or job work, and receipt for the same.

BENTON J. FIELD, of Rockingham, is an Agent for the Patriot office, and is authorized to receive monies for subscription, advertisements or job work, and receipt for the same.

FOR CONGRESS.

FIRST DISTRICT,
W. N. H. SMITH, Esq.

FIFTH DISTRICT,
Hon. JOHN A. GILMER.

SIXTH DISTRICT,
Gen. JAMES M. LEACH.

SEVENTH DISTRICT,
Gen. SAMUEL H. WALKUP.

EIGHTH DISTRICT,
Hon. Z. B. VANCE.

In What Does Democracy Consist?

That modern democracy is altogether different from democracy of former days, is a fact well known and well understood by all who have taken the least trouble to inform themselves. At one time, the democratic party was national, entertaining and advocating certain fixed principles, and, although those principles were always in conflict with the best interests of the country, yet they were well defined, and no man was regarded as a democrat, who did not profess and act up to them; but now, there is not one single principle of modern democracy entertained by a sufficient number of the party to entitle it to be called national; and, indeed, so far from the party being national, there is not a single principle upon which the leaders in any one State can agree. The democracy of the North insist that the Cincinnati platform contains the principle of Squatter Sovereignty, and therefore they approve of Buchanan's administration; the democracy of the South, on the contrary, insist that the Cincinnati platform contains no such principle, and therefore, they approve of the administration. The democracy of Pennsylvania are in favor of a specific tariff for protection, and for that reason, are in favor of Buchanan; the democracy of North Carolina are opposed to specific duties, and are for an ad valorem tariff, and therefore, they approve of the administration. In North Carolina, Mr. Branch is in favor of handing over \$20,000,000 to the President to purchase Cuba, and he is regarded as a sound, reliable democrat. In the same State, Mr. Scates is opposed to this thirty million bill—this uniting the purse and the sword—and Mr. Scates is also a democrat, equally sound with Mr. Branch. And so we might go on enumerating, and show that modern democracy, or the present imposition party, so far from being national, entertain no one single principle in common, but that they are split up and divided, not only the North against the South, but in the North and the South, they are again sub-divided, agreeing as to nothing, except that to the "victors belong the spoils," and that democracy of divine right, is entitled to all the offices.

We have been lead to make the above reflections from the following extract from an article which appeared in the Standard of the 25th ultimo:

Side issues, or such issues as the party in convention has omitted or declined to make, must not be urged as party tests; nor should those who present these issues be denounced or censured, provided they are true in all respects as Democrats.

Every Democrat, for example, would like to see a Railroad constructed to the Pacific. Some Democrats think the government possess the Constitutional right to construct the Road, or aid in its construction, while others deny the right. Why should they fall out about this difference of opinion? If a Democrat, on the question—a question on which the party does not seek to bind its members.

Then, as to specific duties: We all maintain that the revenue necessary to support the government must be a tariff on imported goods. We all favor a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection to American industry; we make revenue the object, protection the incident. No Democrat, any where in the whole country, is the advocate of protection for protection's sake. This is the federal doctrine, and the Democrats of Pennsylvania are as much opposed to it as we are. In laying the tariff a different question arises as to modes. Some contend—and among them President Buchanan—that some of the duties ought to be specific—that is, arbitrary, fixed, not ad valorem, not changing with the value of the article; while others hold that the only true principle is the ad valorem, and that, in training a tariff this principle should never be departed from. Both sides think they have good reasons for their opinions, and both are honest. Both are opposed to protection for protection's sake, and differ only as to the mode of raising revenue. Why should they fall out about this difference of opinion? Let them agree to disagree. They are one as to the mode of raising revenue, and differ only as to the mode. After all, tariffs are not the clearest and simplest of legislative workmanship. They are always more or less complicated, difficult to be imposed as they should be imposed, and hardly ever entirely satisfactory in their operations to those who labor most in framing them.

Next, as to Cuba: We are all for the acquisition of the Island on fair and honorable terms, but we differ as to the mode or mode of acquiring it. Some think the best plan is to wait; that the pen, when ripe will fall into our lap, especially if the tree be shaken a little now and then. Others think the best plan is to place money—say thirty millions of dollars—in the hands of the President, and request him to make suitable official offers, to close the bargain with Spain, and then to report the result to the Senate. These, then, are the two plans. All of us agree that we want Cuba, and we all have Cuba at some future day; all of us agree that if Spain should attempt to

sell it to any European power, or to Africanize it by emancipating the slaves on the island, we ought to take it at once on the ground of self-preservation, and treat about it afterwards. Agreeing as to the great object, why should they quarrel about the mode of attaining it? There is nothing in the Cincinnati platform which requires Democrats to advocate the acquisition of Cuba. Neither President, nor members of Congress, nor members of the party, have the right to prescribe Democratic tests. This right has been entrusted by the Democratic people with national conventions, and national conventions alone. It does not follow that a man is a better Democrat because he supports, than because he opposes, the thirty million bill. It is no party test. No primary meeting in the State, and no convention in the State has declared for it, or proposed to make it a test. It would be folly, then, in us, or in any one to attempt to make it a test of Democracy. For example, Dr. Shaw and Mr. Scates are said to be opposed to it, while Mr. Branch is in its favor. Why, let us vote for Dr. Shaw, and Mr. Scates, and Mr. Branch, just as if no question existed; let us vote for them, whether we are for or against the measure, or whether they are for or against it, for the plain reason that we are all for Cuba, and are determined not to fall out in the face of the enemy, about the means of acquiring it. That is our judgment.

Next and last, as to ad valorem taxation in North Carolina. Some Democrats think that the best or the only practicable mode of raising taxes is the ad valorem; others think that this mode ought to be set aside, and the ad valorem plan adopted. No man has a right to say that a Democrat who favors ad valorem is no Democrat, or that a Democrat who favors ad valorem is a Democrat. A State convention has considered the question, and no party test has, therefore been laid down. If we were against it we would labor fairly to have men nominated for the Legislature who would oppose it; if we were for it we would labor in the same way to have men nominated who were for it; but, as we valued our character as a good Democrat, and as we valued harmony and continued good feeling, we would vote for the measure, whether or not we agreed with it. This is the rule, friends, and the only rule by which the Democratic party of the State can be preserved and perpetuated. We must not let our freedom of thought and of opinion, only requiring, as we stated in the beginning of this article, that great principles shall neither be departed from nor corrupted, and that all the members of the party shall support such common sense as are fairly made in conventions and caucuses.

Let us either discard side issues or agree to disagree in relation to them. Standing squarely against the tariff, and adhering to a side issue, is a disavowal of the Constitution, let us present an undivided front to the common enemy.

The above extract is decidedly the coolest specimen of impudence, and exhibits a less regard for truth and consistency, than any article we ever saw, even in the Standard.—

The Standard claims for itself the power to kill and to make alive; how this it may, we care not, but one thing is certain, if we can cause the democracy of North Carolina to adopt as true, the sentiments and assertions of the above, it has the power to make the people believe a lie. "No democrat," says the Standard, "any where in the whole country, is the advocate of protection for protection's sake. That is the Federal doctrine, and the democrats of Pennsylvania are as much opposed to it as we are." We venture the assertion that there is not a single intelligent democrat in the State, who does not know that the above assertion in the Standard, is utterly destitute of truth, and who does not feel that the Standard in making it, has willfully and knowingly asserted what it knows is not true in point of fact, and that it is an attempt on the part of the Standard, to deceive and mislead.

We have published the above extract from the Standard that our readers who do not take that paper, might see for themselves, how unscrupulous the organs and leaders of the imposition party have become and to what length they will go to retain possession of the spoils.

DOUGLAS AND THE STANDARD.

Several months back, as our readers will recollect, we published several articles from the Standard denouncing Judge Douglas in the most unmeasured terms,—indeed, its expressions were so harsh as bordering on profanity—putting him entirely beyond the pale of the democratic party. Ever since the editor of the Standard rode on a log cabin, in 1840, from Hillsboro' to Raleigh—wore a conical cap and carried a big bound of hard cider, pronounced his famous eulogy on Clay, and then went over to Democracy and denounced Clay, as worse than a pick-pocket, we have always felt satisfied that, if occasion offered, he would make any charge which he might think would redound to his interest; but we did think he had gone so far on the Douglas question, that he never could get back,—but what cannot a man do who has the "power to kill and to make alive?"

But let us not judge the Standard too harshly. The Standard was opposed to Douglas because he was in favor of Squatter Sovereignty and therefore denounced him, but the Standard has now discovered that the Cincinnati Convention, "omitted or declined" to make Squatter Sovereignty "a test of Democracy," and consequently Douglas has a right to think what he pleases about it—therefore the Standard will now go for Douglas. In other words the Cincinnati Convention left Douglas a democrat, yet the Charleston Convention, although Douglas entertains the same opinions, and although democracy never changes, may impeach him, and then the Standard will oppose him.

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clips—battling manfully for his country, against a corrupt party clique, and if his friends in the several counties of the District do their duty, he will be triumphantly elected. We caution the people against false rumors on the eve of the election, and fraudulent voting on the day of election.

The Standard Answered.

The Charlotte Bulletin, a strong democratic paper published at Charlotte, having charged the democracy with having acted in bad faith towards the South, the Standard as supervisor-General of the North Carolina democracy, and as having the power to "kill and make alive," thus takes it to task:

When, where and how hath this "bad faith" been shown? Was it shown in annexing Texas? In passing and enforcing the fugitive slave law? In repealing the Missouri restriction, and letting the people of the South with their slaves into all the Territories? In recognizing slaves as property, and maintaining the equal rights of the South with those of the North? What does our contemporary mean? He says he is a Democrat, and yet he censures the only national policy in the country, the only party which has ever secured, or labored to secure for the South a scintilla of her rights! Is that Democracy?—Let the Democracy of old Mecklenburg answer.

Now, the Standard being possessed of such unlimited powers, we had no idea that the Bulletin would have the temerity to answer these weighty questions, for fear of being made to die the death at the hands of the fabled dictator; but we find that the Bulletin, it is little, is spunky, and in its issue of the 27th ult., it comes back at the Standard in the following style:

The questions above propounded were anticipated, and to some extent answered, in our reply to the Standard. We referred to the party acting in bad faith towards the South, and to the principles of the Standard, which we referred to as the principles of Popular Sovereignty—or Squatter Sovereignty, if the Standard prefers—which were engrafted in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, expounded by the leaders of the party at the North, and in the only thing at the South, but precisely opposite at the South, as shown by Messrs. Davis, Mason and Brown.

The Supreme Court declared in the Dred Scott decision that slaves are property; that slaveholders have the right to take them to the territories, therefore it becomes the duty of the Government to protect them after they are there.

This has not been the policy of the Government, for it has allowed the Territories to pass laws directly in opposition to the Constitution and the laws of Congress, and to enforce them. Have the people of the South no cause to complain of this? The Fugitive Slave Law is violated and denounced by the people of the North, and the property of slaveholders are wrested from the officer of the law, whilst the life of the owner is endangered in the effort to recover his property, yet the Administration, and the Standard, are in the forefront of the effort to enforce obedience to the law. Have the people of the South no cause to complain of this?

The repeal of the Missouri restriction evidently opened the door wider to "let in the people of the South with their slaves to all the Territories," that by a species of unbridled legislation, the rights of the South, the rights of slaveholders may be trampled under foot, in violation of the Constitution, the Fugitive Slave Law and the decision of the Supreme Court, which has been, and is, the Administration, and the Standard, are in the forefront of the effort to enforce obedience to the law. Have the people of the South no cause to complain of this?

We mean that the leaders of the Democratic party at the North, and the Standard, and the Standard, have suffered the Constitutional compact to be disregarded; the Fugitive Slave Law to be ignored; the decision of the Supreme Court to be contemned; the rights of slaveholders to be violated, and their lives endangered, without offering to the protection of Federal authority, or attempting to put down those lawless characters who seek to trample upon Southern Rights and Southern Institutions.

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And now with the Standard, we say "let the democracy of old Mecklenburg answer," let them say who is right, the Standard or the Bulletin. And what has Mr. Craige to say between these two worthies?

A New Feature.

This week's paper contains No. 3 of a series of essays upon Law. These treatises are written by a gentleman of the Bar who is fully competent to the task, and we doubt not they will be very interesting and instructive to a large number of our readers. This is a new feature in our paper, and as these essays will be continued for a considerable time, we confidently expect that many who have not heretofore taken our paper will be induced to subscribe. It is our desire and intention to make the Patriot the medium of all kinds of information, and short well written articles like that of Mr. G.'s are always acceptable, and are sure to find a place in our columns.

The People of Beaufort.

The citizens of Beaufort will long be remembered by the members of the State Educational Convention, for their hospitality and attention to them. The members of the Association were met at Morehead City by the steamer Caldwell, with a deputation of ladies and gentlemen from Beaufort, taken on board and conveyed to Fort Macon, where they found a bountiful supply of the creature comforts, prepared in the most tasteful style. After spending several hours at the Fort, in social enjoyment, the company again took passage in the steamers Caldwell and Johnson, and crossed over to the town of Beaufort, where every attention was paid them that could be asked. Everything passed off agreeably, and all who were in the excursion were highly pleased with the treatment they received.

It is generally considered, that in the Hotel line two is better than one,—ensuring more attention and better fare; we presume, therefore, that those who have heretofore patronized the Sheriff's, will rejoice that he has opposition, and be disposed to give the Mayor's a trial, and thereby learn who "feeds best," and furnishes the most comfortable rooms. The Sheriff's Hotel we will have to give the Mayor's the preference; of this, however, our readers can judge for themselves, by taking a peep at the jail lot, where these two public houses are located.

The attention of the vigilant State Solicitor for this District is called to these "Houses of Entertainment," and the enquiry respectfully made whether the proprietors for the time being are liable to indictment for not taking out license as Ordinaries?

Glen Anna Seminary.

Want of space prevents us from noticing the Commencement of the Glen Anna Seminary this week, we will do so in our next issue.

GEN. S. H. WALKUP.

It is with the greatest pleasure imaginable that we find at the head of the Wadesboro' Argus the name of Gen. S. H. Walkup, as the whig candidate for the seventh Congressional district in opposition to the Hon. Burton Craige. We have long known Mr. Walkup as a pure, honest, and intelligent man, and it was with great gratification that we witnessed the firm and independent stand he took on all questions during the last session of the Legislature. Mr. Walkup is a gentleman of ability—well informed, and well posted on all the political questions of the day; he has always been a firm, unflinching, and consistent whig, and if the whigs of the district will but do their duty, his election over Mr. Craige will be certain. Let no good whig, or any one who desires to be delivered from the corruption and extravagance of the imposition party say, or come to the conclusion, that he can't be elected. Let us have no croakers; let the word "cant" be henceforth and forever stricken from the Whig vocabulary. It was this that prevented the election of Mr. Goggin; it was this which prevented the election of a good Whig in the place of Gov. Ellis, last summer,—fearful and timid whigs said we can't; disaffected whigs said we can't, and the result was, Mr. Craige, a democrat, was run and badly beaten. It is now known that there were whigs enough in Virginia who staid at home, saying "we can't" to have elected Goggin. Then let the Whigs of the 7th district say we can, and they will elect Mr. Walkup.

Will Support the Traitor.

Is the Register answered? If not, we will make it plainer. The Register asks, "Will the Standard, like Mr. Scates, support Judge Douglas for the Presidency in the event of his nomination by the national Democratic Convention?" The Standard answers—yes. Let the Register make the most of that.—Standard.

Twelve months ago, the Standard pronounced Douglas as a traitor to the South, and formally read him out of the party, and yet it now says it will support him. And why support him? Has Douglas repented, has he taken back anything? So far from recanting the following letter which has just been published shows that he still stands firm on Squatter Sovereignty:

WASHINGTON, June 23, 1859.

My Dear Sir:—I have received your letter, inquiring whether my friends are at liberty to present my name to the Charleston Convention, for the Presidential nomination. Before this question can be finally determined, it will be necessary to understand distinctly upon what issues the canvass is to be conducted. If, as I have full faith they will, the Democratic party shall determine, in the Presidential election of 1860, to adhere to the principles engrafted in the compromise Measures of 1850; and ratified by the people in the election of 1852; and re-affirmed in the Kansas-Nebraska act of 1854; and incorporated into the Cincinnati Platform of 1856; as proposed by Mr. Buchanan in his letter accepting the nomination; and approved by the people in his election—in that event my friends will be at liberty to present my name to the convention, if they see proper to do so.

If, on the contrary, it should be the policy of the Democratic party, (which I cannot anticipate), to repudiate these, their time honored principles, on which we have achieved so many patriotic triumphs, and in lieu of them, the Convention shall interpolate into the creed of the party such new issues as the revival of the African Slave Trade; or a Congressional slave code for the territories; or the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States, either establishes or prohibits slavery in the territories, beyond the power of the people legally to control it as other property—it is due to candor to say that in such an event I could not accept the nomination, if tendered to me.

Trusting that this answer will be deemed sufficiently explicit.

I am, very respectfully, your friend,
S. A. DOUGLAS.

To J. B. Dow, Esq., Dubuque, Iowa.

The Harmonious Democracy.

The disagreement and contests of the democracy among themselves, have become so common, that we can scarcely record them all; the following is the last:

The Senior Editor of the Standard presents his compliments to Wm. A. Walsh, the writing Editor of the Worcester News, and informs him that he clearly perceives and thoroughly appreciates his insidious and unprovoked attacks. The Senior Editor will settle with Mr. Walsh after he election.—Standard.

Now with the Standard, we say "let the democracy of old Mecklenburg answer," let them say who is right, the Standard or the Bulletin. And what has Mr. Craige to say between these two worthies?

New Candidates.

We see by our exchanges that Mr. Linn B. Sanders, of Johnson, a democrat, is a candidate in the 4th district in opposition to Mr. Branch. In a discussion between these gentlemen at Raleigh last week, D. K. McKee Esq., exhibited considerable feeling,—propounded several questions to Mr. Branch, saying that he owed him a debt, and would, at the first opportunity, pay him off with interest.

In the 3rd district Mr. George Montgomery White, Dem., is a candidate in opposition to Mr. Winslow.

In the 7th district, S. H. Walkup, Esq., Whig, is a candidate in opposition to Mr. Craige.

In the 2nd district, Mr. Ruffin has no opposition, so far as we have heard.

A New "House of Entertainment."

Greensboro' is coming out, having not only a Mayor, clothed with all proper City authority, but also a new "Calaboose," just erected, for the convenience of those who are desirous of breaking into safe quarters, and who are opposed to boarding in the Sheriff's County Inn. And as proof of the necessity of a Calaboose, it was hardly finished before the worthy Mayor had applications for boarders.

It is generally considered, that in the Hotel line two is better than one,—ensuring more attention and better fare; we presume, therefore, that those who have heretofore patronized the Sheriff's, will rejoice that he has opposition, and be disposed to give the Mayor's a trial, and thereby learn who "feeds best," and furnishes the most comfortable rooms. The Sheriff's Hotel we will have to give the Mayor's the preference; of this, however, our readers can judge for themselves, by taking a peep at the jail lot, where these two public houses are located.

The attention of the vigilant State Solicitor for this District is called to these "Houses of Entertainment," and the enquiry respectfully made whether the proprietors for the time being are liable to indictment for not taking out license as Ordinaries?

Glen Anna Seminary.

Want of space prevents us from noticing the Commencement of the Glen Anna Seminary this week, we will do so in our next issue.

OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE.

The Examination of this Institution came off Monday and Tuesday of last week, and on Wednesday the Annual Anniversary Exercises took place. We were in attendance a part of the time, and were highly pleased with the exercises, so far as we had an opportunity to witness them. From our knowledge of the qualifications of the Principal, we have no hesitation in recommending this as a good school for the education of boys. No situation could combine more advantages for the location of such an institution. It is on a high, healthy ridge, thickly settled by enterprising, industrious, moral farmers,—living being cheap, and the temptations to dissipation being few.

The school is under the charge of J. M. Davis, A. M., as Principal, who has had several years experience in teaching, and who, we learn, intends to settle permanently at Oak Ridge, and devote himself to the Profession in which he is engaged.

On Wednesday the company in attendance was very large, and were highly entertained by addresses from twelve of the students.—The students having concluded their speeches, Andrew H. Joyce, Esq., of Stokes, was introduced to the audience, and delivered the Anniversary Address before the "Philomathean" Society. Mr. J's Address was a chaste production, and delivered in fine style.

We give the names of the students who delivered addresses, together with the subject of the address, as follows:

M. F. Randolph, Greens county—"Internal Improvement."

W. W. Ray

POET'S CORNER.

EARLY RISING.

BY SANE.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!" So Sancho Panza said, and so I say:
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, or try
To make it so the rest of the world might—
—A close monopoly by "patent right."

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep.
(I really can't avoid the iteration.)
But bless the man with curls long and deep,
Whose ear the rascal's name, or ear of situation,
Who first invented the pillow and night—
That artificial cut-off—Early rising.

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Overhears some solemn, sentimental old
Maxims like these very cheaply said;
But ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray first enquire about the rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The "time for honest folk to be a-bed!"
Is in the morning of reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it is fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thompson, who sang about the "reasons," said
It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed
At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis doubtless well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty and awake to truth—
But when, alas, a nice reverend fellow
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in both,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood—or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And from last from the softest of gulls,
To live as only in the night's light.
In sleep's sweet realm so cozily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only dream of sin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AUNT HANNAH AND THE CHURCH.

Aunt Hannah lived out of town.
"Did I never tell you what a time I had
at our church last winter?" said she to me
one evening.

"No! what of it?"
"Now ain't that strange? Thought I had
told everybody about it, to be sure. La,
well, 'twould be news to you then! You know
Nora, Tordale's darter. She came over to
our house, and said our congregation were
going to have a fair in the village meetin' house."

"Oh," said I, "who's going to preach?"
"Do," said she, mightily smiling, "we ain't
goin' to have preaching; a few young persons
of the congregation, who seem to take
a deeper interest in the Church's welfare
than the members themselves, desire to purchase
a few indispensable articles for the
meetin' house; and we thought, if all the
Church would give us with cakes, and
pies, and some other things, we would
appoint a night to sell them in the vestry of
the church, and take the proceeds to buy
the necessary things. The plan is well
received, especially by the young. You know
the money is to be spent for charitable
purposes, and, on that account, everything given
will sell for double its value."

"Well, I wouldn't have believed that there
was so much wisdom left in the world, as to
have conjured up," said I.

"'Tis even so," said Nora. "And what
will you give? You live on a farm, and farmers
produce lots of things that would be acceptable."

"Well, I will give you two roast turkeys
and six roast chickens," said I, thinking that
would be as much as anybody could expect
these hard times.

"I'm! Well, what else? 'Tis for the church
you give it, you know. Church members
should not be less anxious for their interest
than the world."

"You see I was a church member, and she
wasn't!"

"Well, I'll give a jar of peach jam," said I.
"That will help along some. A few
bushels of apples, or a roast pig would be
acceptable."

"She was so ravenous, I began to be sorry
I'd offered her anything. However, I thought
I'd go the whole hog or none, so I promised
the pig and apples."

"Of course you will give us cheese, and
pickles, and cakes, and milk and cream,
and then I think you will have done your part
at givin'." By the way we are to have historical
tableaux, and Mrs. Amos Bruce wanted
you to take the part of the Witch of Endor.

All you will have to do to be dressed to
represent that lady, and stand perfectly still
behind a curtain, and the people will pay
something to see you."

"Wall, I's old and ignorant, and didn't
know what I's about, so I consented. I sent
them the pig, and the turkeys, and the chickens,
and the apples, and the rest of the things
wanted up to the meetin' the day before the
fair. Our old chaise, somehow or other,
didn't look very well. There's a hole in the
top and sides, and some of the spokes of the
wheels are gone. The wheels squeaked power-
fully, too. Wall, we hadn't but just got into
town, when it seemed as if all the boys out
of jail came hollerin' and hootin' arter us
as if they were possessed."

"Hurra for the Witch of Endor! Her
chariot approacheth! Make way for her
majesty!"

"Do ask them unsightly critters to be civil,"
said I to my husband, "my patience is
gone entirely."

"At that he clambered out of the chaise, and
after 'em, lick-ert-split, tight as he could get
it. And oh, massy sakes, he dropped the reins
on the ground, and the old horse took a
trot to go, and he went. You see he knew
the way to the church, and put chaise for it.
Just as I was ridin' up to the meetin' house,
the meetin' house yard was full of folks,
laughin' and starin' as if they hadn't no re-
spectability in 'em. I got out of the chaise,
and made my way through the crowd, and
when they wouldn't make room, I elbowed
them right smartly. I'm desput this of
flesh, and when I lift 'em they gave back as
if they'd been struck with a dagger."

"Paid twenty cents to go into the church.
The tables inside did look beautiful. Nora,
she explained the fables to me. There were
grab boxes that contained a hundred things
worth one cent, and one thing worth ten, and
paid five cents a grab; and if you grabbed
right, you would get twice your money's
worth. And there was a ring cake. 'Twas
divided into fifteen slices. You paid a dollar
a slice, and one slice contained a ring worth
fifty cents. So that got the right slice
got a ring. And there were gess cakes,
and over so many kind of things, too
numerous to mention."

"Wall, they dress me up to represent the
Witch of Endor; I never was handsome, and
they rigged me up at such a rate that I
must have looked awful. I stood behind the
curtain, and people paid a ninny-pence to come
in and see me. Some went off mad; children
generally screamed. Some went off laugh-
in' as if they'd split. I evidently produced
a powerful impression on all that saw me."

"People at last came to see me faster than
they could be accommodated. I could hear

'em talking, around the tables, about the
Witch of Endor's pig, and turkeys, and cake;
and I began to feel, at length, dreadfully as
though I was making a fool of myself. I
stood there feelin' desputly, and had just
made up a face to cry over my unfortunate
condition, when all of a sudden, down came
the curtain, and there I stood right afore
'em all! They set up such a harrain' as I
never heard before or since. 'Elbowed my
way through 'em like wild fire, and made
for the curtain out place, and struck for home."

Well, I went home with all my Witch of
Endor riggin on. When husband came to the
door to let me in, he was so frightened
that he set the dog on me. The dog
came towards me, growled, and run as if he'd
break his neck, and I haven't seen him from
that day to this. I at last convinced my
husband that I was his beloved wife. When
I explained it all to him, the way he growled
was a caution."

Wall, they raised three hundred dollars at
that abominable fair. With it they bought
an ornamental chandelier, and silk pulpit
cushion, and hired carpenters to make gin-
ger bread work all over the meetin' house."

I'm just of Mrs. Deacon Ware's opinion
about church fairs, I am—that they are just
the most wicked swindles that orthodox
ever tolerated. Says they, 'you're killin' the
poor!' and I think so too. She says that the
old church members think I was desputly
put upon at the fair; and I declare, I don't
believe but what I was."

A STUMP SPEECH.

The following specimens of quaint humor
we find in one of our exchanges, under the
head of "California Correspondence." They
purport to be delivered by a stump candidate
at San Francisco:

Fellow-Republicans and Fellow-Sufferers:—I
am a plain and modest man, born at an early
period of my existence—when the great
city of San Francisco was but a few
occurred at home one night, when my mother
was out—I have struggled from the ob-
scurity, to which an unlucky star had domed
me, till I have risen like a bright exhalation
in the evening, to the very summit of
human greatness and grandeur. Gentlemen,
I have none. On the unhappy occasion of my
birth, a dismal and melancholy man, clothed
in the sombre hues of mourning, swapped
me away for another baby, and subsequently
lost me at a raffle. Sad event! But who can
control his fate? We are the creatures of
destiny—there is a divinity that shapes our
ends, rough hew them how he will!

I was intended by nature for a great
statesman. Had I lived in the days of Mani-
chaeus, I should have beaten that great chief-
tain in crossing the Alps; and it is a dead
certain thing that I could have distanced
him in crossing the Jordan. He never
performed the feat. I have done it. I have
crossed the Chagres river in a canoe, with
a dead and dumb 'homere' without a red
cent, or change of summer apparel. 'But a
light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes
merely through the world.' * * * 'Sir,
every man who has come here is a Colum-
bus.' He comes to discover new diggings.—
I am a Columbus. I was dead broke at
home as Columbus was, and I have come out
here to strike a new vein. But I am not
going to the mines! Oh, no! You don't
catch me up to my waist in ice water, with
a juvenile pickaxe and incipient crowbar,
laboring under a sun of one hundred degrees
in the shade, to dig out the filthy lucre. No,
sir! I am not on that lay. I hate labor—it
was an invention made to vex mankind. I
prefer an office, one that is lucrative and
not laborious; what you call a sinecure.—
And if I can't get one myself, I will go in
for any man who will divide on the dead
level, and no splits.

* * * 'Sir, where will you find a country
like this? Talk not of oriental gorgeous-
ness of eastern countries. Tell us not of
fairy scenes which poets, who revel in the
great warm bath of heavenly imaginations,
paint with golden pens, on leaves of satin.
The description of this beautiful country
should be written with the golden wand of
an angel, dipping in the sunset rays of a sun-
beam upon the blushing and delicate surface
of a rose-leaf. Excuse me, gentlemen, I ex-
cept only the rainy season and the time
when the dust flies.

"We love our native land; we honor her
flag; and would not trouble the Custom-
House if we had a fair show. But Congress
must not put on any airs, or we will take
care to make a great show generally. These
are my sentiments, gentlemen. If they
don't admit us into the Union, we will burn
upon the Custom-House and admit all liq-
uors free of duty. And now with a parting
blessing upon the girls we left behind us,
and the boys that are coming after us, we
will adjourn and take a private drink."

ALPHABETICAL QUERIES.
Why is the letter A like a meridian? Because
it is in the middle of day.
Why is the letter B like a hot fire? Because
it makes oil boil.
Why is the letter C like the ocean? Because
it makes the sea.
Why is the letter D like a fallen angel? Because
by association with evil it becomes a devil.
Why is the letter E like the end of time? Because
it is the beginning of eternity.
Why is the letter F like death? Because
it makes all fall.
Why is the letter G like wisdom? Because
it is the beginning of greatness and goodness.
Why is the letter H like the dying words
of John Quincy Adams? Because it is the
end of earth.
Why is the letter I like the American revo-
lution? Because it is the beginning of inde-
pendence.
Why is the letter J like the end of Spring? Because
it is the beginning of June.
Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Because
it is the end of pork.
Why is the letter L like a young lady giv-
ing away her sweetheart to another? Because
it makes over lover.
Why is the letter M like the first glass of
rum? Because it is the beginning of misery.
Why is the letter N like a newly married
woman? Because it is the end of maiden.
Why is the letter O like a courageous hero
in disguise? Because it makes her a hero.
Why is the letter P like two winds meet-
ing? Because it makes air a pair.
Why is the letter Q like a king? Because
it is attached to the Queen.
Why is the letter R like a treaty ratified? Because
it is the end of war.
Why is the letter S like the end of hogs? Because
it is the beginning of sausages.
Why is the letter T like victory? Because
it is the end of conquest.
Why is the letter U like fragrance? Because
it is in the centre of bud.
Why is the letter V like two extremes? Because
it is the beginning of vice and virtue.
Why is the letter W like a dying Chris-
tian? Because it is the end of sorrow.
Why is the letter X like a scolding wife? Because
it is the end of peace.
Why is the letter Y like light? Because
it is the centre of eye.
Why is the letter Z like S? Because it
is the end of the alphabet.

"I said, 'Tom, how is your wife?'
'She ain't no better, I thank you doctor.'

A COUNTRY WEDDING.

"Did I ever tell you of a certain wedding
I once attended? Its history runs on this
wise:

One stormy Thursday last winter, as I was
going to the Post Office, I was accosted by a
young man or old boy (I don't know which,
but shall leave you to judge) with the en-
quiry, 'I say, mister, can't you tell me, sir,
where Dominie Soule lives?'

"I suppose I am the man you are seeking,"
The young man's countenance changed.
The expression of intense anxiety passed
away, and was succeeded by one of ludicrous
bashfulness.

"Well, then, you be Dominie Soule, be ye?
Well I want to see you a few moments, if
you have no objections."

"None at all, sir. Be so kind as to walk
into my study with me where we can attend
to your business by the side of a comfortable
fire."

Once seated in the study, he asked again,
"You're Dominie Soule, the minister, be
ye?"

"I am."

"Be ye all alone?" looking sheepishly at
the half open bed room door.

"We are," said I as I closed it. I knew
what he wanted, and was wicked enough to
enjoy his embarrassment. After hitching and
shuffling and hemming awhile, he finally
spoke out:

"Well I come for you to go and marry
somebody to-night."

"Indeed, and how far is it?"

"Oh, it's only just about seven miles up
here, you know."

I wanted him to go and get some one else.
It stormed furiously, and I did not feel like
him feeling a cold north-easter that night. But
he said:

"No, the old folks want you, and the gals
want you, and so I want you, and the old
folks wouldn't like it if we didn't have you,
you know."

"Well if you must have me, I wish you
would postpone it till better weather. I will
then come up and marry you."

"O dear, that won't do, no how, for we've
postponed it once, and we wouldn't postpone
it again for nothing."

"Then said I to him, 'Sir, I'll tell you what
I'll do to you: you will come down here I will
marry you for nothing.'"

"No, that wouldn't do neither—cause the
old folks wants to see us get married, and
you must come any way—you shan't lose
nothing."

The poor fellow begged so hard I con-
cluded to go, and accordingly hired a horse
and cutter, and about 5 o'clock started on
my nuptial wedding mission.

I found the traveling exceedingly bad all
the way, and particularly so after I left the
main road. At length I reached the log-
house in which the fair bride lived. Hitch-
ing my horse, I went to the door and knock-
ed when a stern voice bade me "come in."

Entering the house I was invited to sit down
with all my overclothes on. I asked the old
man if they were going to have a wedding
that evening. He said they were. I
then looked around to see, if I could, where
the parties were coming from. There was
nothing to do but to wait, and so I let out
into the world. Very soon, however, I
heard a clattering up stairs, and to my as-
tonishment, the bridegroom and bride came
down the ladder. He backed down leading
her by both hands. They were seated.

"If you are ready for the ceremony, you
will please rise."

They stared at each other, at the old
folks, at me, but sat still. Twice I repeated
it, and twice was met by the same vacant
stare.

"If you want to get married stand up,"
said I. That they understood, and I pro-
ceeded to make the twain one. When I
came to this part of the ceremony, the mat-
ter ran thus:

"Do you take this woman?" &c.
"Most certainly, sir."

"Do you promise to love her above all
others?" &c.
"Why," said he, "I've done so this good
while."

I almost forgot the solemnity of the oc-
casion in my efforts to suppress laughter.—
When I came to the bride with this ques-
tion, "Do you take this?" &c.

"He's took me, ha'n't he, for to be his
wife; he's my husband, then, without my
taking him?"

"Do you promise to love him, above all
others, and that's long enough."

I smiled, but succeeded in governing my-
self so as to conclude the ceremony, which
throughout was of the same unique charac-
ter. When it was over, the bridegroom
passed around a bowl of good old strap, and
then gave me a cigar. Just as I was leav-
ing, he gave me some change; which I put
in a separate pocket to know just how much
I had. When I got home, I paid ten shil-
lings for my horse and cutter, and counting
my change, found he had given me a good
many shillings and sixpence. But as he had said,
I didn't "lose nothing"—the other three and
sixpence I had in fun.

[From the Virginia Conductor.]
AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.
Has the eye ever witnessed, or can it be
possible that human imagination can con-
ceive of anything more deplorable and shock-
ing, than to see a young man plunging head-
long into the yawning chasm of intemper-
ance, without giving one single thought to
the awful consequences that must ensue
of the misery and reproach he brings, not
only upon himself, but upon his friends?—
Why often is this sad picture, with all of
its dismal colors, brought to our sight; how
often do we see some noble, high-minded
youth—the pride of his father, and the hope
and joy of his mother—succumb to the
paths of virtue and rectitude. To those
who have thus resigned a life of happiness
and prosperity, to one of infamy, I would
ask, can you by such a life justify 'tender
unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, or
unto God the things that are God's?' Think
you, that when you appear before the great
tribunal of God, to answer for the 'deeds done
in the body,' that you will stand acquitted,
or that the words, 'Well done, good and
faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of
thy Lord,' will be the verdict, if you
thus abuse the mental and physical faculties
with which a kind Providence has endowed
you? Oh, no, you cannot be so totally ig-
norant of that Book which never lies, for it
distinctly and solemnly declares that no
drunkard shall ever see the kingdom of God!
Have you no kind friends whom you daily
grieve by your present course? Have you no
generous, indulgent father, whose highest
anticipations you have blighted? No kind
and loving mother, whose brightest dream-
ings to the grave? Have you no pure, gentle,
and tender sister, whose sensitive feelings
would be wounded, perhaps a younger brother,
who, by your example, you may lead
down to a drunkard's hell? Does not your
very life's blood curdle, and your higher na-
ture revolt, when you take into contemplation
this awful, horrible thought? Yes, it is
an awful, terrible thought! that you, by

your own folly and thoughtlessness, should
bring a brother to this dreadful end. Then,
I beseech you, by that noble, generous father,
whom you have so grievously disappoint-
ed—by that loving mother, whose peace of
mind you have destroyed, and whose broken
heart is charged up against you, and for
whom you will have to answer at the last great
tribunal—by that gentle sister, who pleads
for your reform so eloquently, by her looks
and tears—by that brother whom you so en-
danger. And should all these tender asser-
tions fail, by your own immortal soul,
which, if you persist, must be inevitably
damned, to renounce forever the accursed
demon.

Young men, you whose ambitions have
prompted you to climb the mountain steep
of fame, and bind the classic laurel round
your burning brows; you who would dive
into the secrets of science and gain renown—
yours is a noble enterprise, and well worth
of your greatest energies—do not, I be-
seech you, give up the brilliant scheme for
the "worm that dieth not, and the fire that
is not quenched," but push boldly forward;
let your words be, 'Upward, still upward!'

Keep this glorious star of Temperance al-
ways in view, and you will overcome all
obstacle. If you wish to insure yourself
against the self-reproach, dishonor, and
ruin that follow the drunkard's lot; if you
wish to insure your soul against the agonies
and despair of an awful hell—flee from the
deadly blight of intemperance as you would
from the venom of an asp; associate with
Temperance men; let her great and good
cause be your cause; fight bravely under
her banner, and you will come off more than
conquerors.

HENRY.

TRIMLY WARNING.—A Yankee editor thus
confessed to have dealings with Satan, for
the good of his readers of course:

I was sitting in my study, when I heard
a knock at the door.
"Come in," said I; when the door opened,
and who should walk in but—Satan!

"How d'ye do?" said he.
"Pretty well," said I.

"What are you about, preparing your lea-
der?"

"Yes," said I.

"Ah, I dare say you think you are doing
a great deal of good?"

"Well, not so much as I could wish; but
a little good I hope," said I.

"You have a large lot of readers?" said
he.

"Well pretty well for that," said I.

"And I dare say you are pretty proud of
them," remarked Satan.

"No I am not, for not one half of them
pay for their papers," said I.

"I found that," said he, "and I exclaim-
ed."

"Yes, that I do not one half of them
pay for their papers!"

"Well," said he, "then they are an immor-
tal lot; but let me have the list, I think I
can do a trifle myself with such people."

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—Mr. Crittenden
was engaged in defending a man who had
been indicted for a capital offence. After an
eloquent and powerful defence, he closed his
effort by the following striking and beauti-
ful Allegory:

"When God in his eternal counsel con-
ceived the thought of man's creation, he
called to him the three Ministers who wait
constantly upon the throne—Justice, Truth
and Mercy; and thus addressed them:

"Shall we make man?" Then said Justice,
"Oh God, make him not; for he will tram-
ple upon thy laws." Truth made answer
also: "Oh God, make him not; for he will
pollute thy sanctuary, and look up through
pollution upon thy knees, and looking up through
her tears, exclaimed, 'O God, make him: I
will watch over him with my care through
all the dark paths which he may have to
tread.' Then God made man, and said to
him, 'O man! thou art the child of Mercy, to
go and deal with thy brother.'"

The jury, when he finished, were drowned
in tears, and against evidence, and what
must have been their own convictions, brought
in a speedy verdict of not guilty.

JEFFERSON'S OPINION OF ARDENT SPIRITS.
The habit of using ardent spirits by men
in public office, has occasioned more injury
to the public service, and more trouble to
me, than any other circumstance, which has
occurred in the internal concerns of the
country, during my administration, and
were I to commence my administration,
with the knowledge I have acquired from
experience, the first question I would ask in
regard to every candidate for public office
would be, is he addicted to the use of ar-
dent spirits.

A wagfish chap whose vixen wife, by
drowning lost her precious life, called out his
neighbor at around, and told 'em that his
spouse was drowned; and in spite of search,
could not be found. He knew that, and he
very nook where she had tumbled in the
brook, and he had dragged along the shore,
above the place a mile or more. "Above
the place," the people cried, "why, what d'ye
mean?" The man replied, "of course you
don't suppose I'd go and waste the time to look
below! I've known the woman quite a spell,
and I learnt her fashions tolerably well; alive
or dead, she'd go, I swear, against the cur-
rent anyhow!"

Leigh Hunt wrote the following ex-
quisite lines upon the following incident.—
He brought some very agreeable intelligence,
most suddenly and unexpectedly to Mrs.
Carlyle, who rewarded him with a kiss:

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who loves to put
Sweets into your book, put that in;
Say I'm ugly—say I'm sad;
Say I'm fane and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old—but add
Jenny kissed me!"

Antipathy to reading sermons in the
pulpit is a well known characteristic of the
Scottish people. At Kirkcubright, at an in-
auguration, an old woman, the pulpit
stairs asked one of her companions if the
new minister was a reader. "An' how can
he read, woman?" was the reply; "the pur-
man's blin'." To which the first made an-
swer, "I'm glad to hear it; I wish they were
a' blin'."

One hundred able-bodied lawyers are
wilted in Minnesota, to break prairie land,
split rails, and cord wood. Eastern and
Southern papers please copy.

I know of no manner of speaking so
offensive as that of giving praise, and closing
it with an exception.

RAISING GRAPES.—Mr. Eben Wright, in a letter to the New-England Farmer, says:

Within a few days I have become possessed
of information in the culture of the grape
which is new to me. It may be so to some
others who would like to grow the Catawba
and Isabella in perfection, but are deterred
by repeated failures. A distinguished hor-
ticulturist, residing within half of Plymouth
Rock, told me a neighbor of his, who pleads
to ripen his Isabella in perfection, having
built a coping of some two feet on the top of
his trellis. Confirmatory of the above, I give
you an extract of a letter received from
Bridgeport, Connecticut, a few days since—
"I find no milder on my vines when they
are trained under a projecting cornice of my
barns, so that they get no rain or drip. I
have on a western exposure the most perfect
Catawba and Isabella vines thus protected;
while part of the same vines, which are not
so protected, but which continued beyond,
are ruined in fruit and leaves. This has oc-
curred for several years in succession. I
have no doubt that vines on a lofty trellis or
wall, with a coping of two or three feet,
would be entirely free."

WHAT IS A GOOD COW?—We think a cow
that comes to the standard of that owned
by Otis Hunt of Eastwater, New York. It
will pass for a good one. He gives the fol-
lowing statement of the amount of butter
made from her, per pound: "Amount made from
April 8 to July 8, 191 pounds; amount made dur-
ing the month of June, 74 pounds; amount
made during the year 516 pounds; besides
furnishing the milk and cream used in a
family of four persons (and occasional visi-
tors) all the time." The breed of this good
cow is given as "native," and the quality of
the milk and butter is excellent.

TO KEEP POTATOES FROM SPROUTING.—To
keep potatoes intended for the use of the table
for spring, until new potatoes grow, take
boiling water, pour it into a tub, turn in as
many papotes as the water will well cover,
pour off the water, handle the potatoes care-
fully laying up in a dry place on boards only
one layer deep, and see if you do not have
good potatoes the year round, without har-
diness and watery end caused by growing.
The neighbor I got my information from
says he has never failed, or had any trouble
from rotting or sprouting. Try a few.—
C. R. PRATER.

FEED FOR FATTENING.—A correspondent
of the *Mark Lane Express* says that wheat
boiled with a small quantity of roots will
fatten cattle faster than the same value of
best bruised oil-cake will do. Another has
fatted pigs on wheat boiled with potatoes,
and found them to "thrive most wonder-
fully." Lined cake is too high, compared
with most other food for stock—an evil
which farmers can readily remedy by refus-
ing to buy it.

The best way to strengthen a good
resolution is to act it out yourself. If you
resolve to repair an old fence, it strengthens
the resolution, and the fence too, to com-
mence at once.

The work of refining the English lan-
guage goes on bravely. The latest advance
is, instead of saying, he is, "raising the old
Harry," to remark that he is "elevating the
ancient Harry."

A wag on seeing an old gobbler try-
ing to swallow a cotton string, very facetious-
ly remarked, "That was the last attempt to
introduce cotton into Turkey."

Some rash individual says: "When I
lost my wife, every family in the town offered
me another; but when I lost my horse,
no one offered to make him good."

\$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—THE
QUAKER CITY Sewing Machine
works with two threads, making a double lock
stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if
every fourth stitch be cut. It is equally as
good as the best in the market. The Quaker
City Sewing Machine, made by the Quaker
City Sewing Machine Co., is the best in the
market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua-Makers
and House-keepers are invited to call and examine
them.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C.,
having tried other Machines, buys one of the Quaker
City and pronounces it far better than any before
used.