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ROBERT P. WARRING, Editor.

"The States—Distinct as the Willow, but one as the Sea."

RUFUS M. HERRON, Publisher.

VOL. 3.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 27, 1854.

NO. 14.

Business Cards, &c.

R. P. WARRING,

Attorney at Law,
Office in Longworth's Brick Building, 2nd floor.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

ELMS & JOHNSON.

Forwarding and Commission Merchants.
NO. 10 VENUE RANGE,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

W. W. ELMS. C. JOHNSON.
June 23, '54. 451f.

R. HAMILTON. R. M. OATES.

HAMILTON & OATES,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Corner of Richardson and Laurel Streets,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

June 9 1854 1y

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FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 2 Hayne Street,
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R. Dulin, {
J. K. Harrison & Co., { Charlotte, N. C.
Williams, Dixon & Co., {
B. Chandler, Chattanooga. Aug. 11, '54—6m

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Liberal advances made on Consignments.
Special attention given to the sale of Flour, Corn,
&c., and from a long experience in the business, we
feel confident of giving satisfaction.
March 17, 1854. 341y

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Mantillas and Shawls. Terms Cash. One Price Only.
March 17, 1854. 341y

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HATS,
OPPOSITE CHARLESTON HOTEL,
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(10-1y.) CHARLESTON, S. C.

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NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Commission for selling Cotton Fifty cents per Bale.
Sept. 23, 1853. 10-1y.

RAMSEY'S PIANO STORE.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
NUNN & CO.'S Patent
Diagonal Grand Pianos—
Hallet Davis & Co.'s Patent
Suspension Bridge Pianos;
"Chickering's" Traversers and
other best makers' Pianos, at
the Factory Prices.
Columbia, S. C., Sept. 23, 1853. 10-1y.

CAROLINA INN,

BY JENNINGS B. KERR.
Charlotte, N. C.
January 28, 1853. 281f

Mrs. A. W. WHELAN,

SHILLER AND DRESS MAKER.
(Residence, on Main Street, 3 doors south of Sadler's
Hotel.)
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Dresses cut and made by the celebrated A. B. C.
method, and warranted to fit. Orders solicited and
promptly attended to. Sept. 9, 1853—8-1y.

The American Hotel,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.
I BEG to announce to my friends, the public, and pres-
ent patrons of the above Hotel, that I have leased the
same for a term of years from the 1st of January next.
After which time, the entire property will be thor-
oughly repaired and renovated, and the house kept in first
class style. This Hotel is near the Depot, and pleasant-
ly situated, rendering it a desirable house for travelers
and families.
Dec 16, 1853. 221 C. M. RAY.

MARCH & SHARP,

AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Will attend to the sale of all kinds of Merchandise,
Produce, &c. Also, Real and Personal Property.
Or purchase and sell Slaves, &c., on Commission.
Sales Room—No. 12 Richardson street, and imme-
diately opposite the United States Hotel.
Feb 3, 1854. THOS. H. MARCH. J. H. SHARP.

Livery and Sales Stable,

BY S. H. REA,
At the stand formerly occupied by R. Morrison, in
Charlotte. Horses fed, hired and sold. Good ac-
commodations for Drivers. The custom of his friends
and the public generally solicited.
February 17, 1854. 30-5

WANTED.

300,000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT, for which the
highest cash prices will be paid, to be de-
livered at my Merchant Mill in Charlotte, at any time
after the 1st day of September next.
LEROY SPRINGS.
June 23, 1854. 481f

Extraordinary Adventures of a Man as a House-Maid.

Matrimonial Engagement—Feats of Agility—
Robbery, Arrest and Exposure.

(From the Albany Evening Journal.)

A few months ago, a robust looking person, dressed in the becoming garb of a female domestic, made application at Buri's intelligence office, in this city, for a situation to do ordinary housework. Soon after a lady from Schoharie county applied for "help;" but all whom she selected were unwilling to leave town. The "domestic" above referred to, however, expressed a willingness to engage, but the lady did not like her appearance. But finally she was reluctantly compelled to accept of her services. She accordingly ordered her to appear with her trunk at the Mansion House, at 6 o'clock, the following morning—where she found her, on time, quivering with terror, to whom she offered assistance—all the money she said she had—for conveying her box to the place of rendezvous. The lady settled the difficulty, placed her protégée in the stage and proceeded with her to her pleasant mansion in Old Schoharie.

Nothing transpired for several days to disturb either mistress or servant. The latter took hold with most wonderful industry—rising at 4 o'clock every morning, and working so long as any work was to be done. Indeed, so assiduous was she that the lady of the house reproved her for working harder and later than was necessary. Her only reply was that she "could not bear to be idle, and would rather work than play."

The first remark on eccentricities was made by a little girl, who, one morning entered the parlor with open mouth and eyes, exclaiming, "Oh! grandma, what do you think, that new girl goes down the cellar stairs at a single jump!" But this was not deemed sufficiently strange to excite any other remark than that she was "a smart girl." New developments, however, were in reserve.

A few evenings after, when all the workmen about the premises were at supper—fifteen or twenty in number—the household was startled by the curious laughter of the men. On enquiring the cause, it appeared that "Elizabeth" had, on a banister, jumped square over the broad table, dishes and all at a bound, and offered to wager a new bonnet that she would do the same thing if a chair were placed on top of the table—only stipulating for a single step backward. No one, however, accepted the wager, but all concurred that "she was a little the smartest critter in the diggings."

In the course of time, a fellow servant girl (with whom the strange girl roomed) informed her mistress that she could not remain any longer in the family if "Elizabeth" did not leave." She refused to assign any reason for this intimation; but "Elizabeth," when arraigned, said the other servants were angry with her, because she refused to contribute a dollar to the "Priest." As this was known to be true, "Elizabeth" was told to go to her work and the other girl to leave if she persisted in her demand.

"Elizabeth" continued to grow in favor with all hands, in spite of her apparent stupidity; but she was particularly intimate with one "Patrick," with whom she often took evening rambles. Her mistress chided her for this intimacy, warning her against all "gay deceivers," but she closed all reproach by the very unexpected information that "Patrick" and she were engaged to be married!

No one suspected any thing amiss in "Elizabeth," until one morning, on the return of the gentleman of the house, after several weeks' absence. The family, consisting of sons, daughters, son-in-law, grand children, &c., were quietly seated at breakfast, with Elizabeth, serving at table. The gentleman scrutinized her pretty closely, when, as she retired, the breakfast circle was startled by his throwing down his knife and fork and exclaiming, "That girl's a man—didn't you notice her beard?" "Now don't be boyish with your nonsense," from his wife, and a hearty laugh from the whole group, was all the response he received for his wonderful discovery. "Elizabeth" continued to work with great vigor and efficiency than any girl ever did work before, and the family received their usual congratulations at their good luck in having picked up so "good a girl."

In a week or two the gentleman of the house had occasion to leave home for a time, and was about to get into his carriage, when it occurred to him that there might not be money enough in the safe for household and business purposes until his return. He looked through his account book, and found that there should be some \$375 in gold in the safe, besides some paper money. On looking to see whether he was right, he found the paper money, but the gold had disappeared. Here was a "go." "Who was the robber?" was the next question. He decided in his own mind that there was but one person in the house with wit enough to get hold of the keys and remove the money, unobserved. And who was the favorite and trusted nurse of the grand children, whose mistress was then absent. It was determined, therefore, that she should be arrested, her trunk searched, &c. A search warrant was accordingly obtained, with directions to the officer to stand in readiness to come when sent for.

As if to confirm the justness of these suspicions, the girl informed the son-in-law, whose children she had nursed, that she was going to leave in a few days—although she had previously frequently expressed a desire to always live with the family who had uniformly treated her with great kindness. "What do you mean, Mary, by this sudden determination?" "I only mean that I cannot stay here any longer. I shall leave on Monday morning." So the officer was told to be on hand early Monday morning, just before the stage left, so as to have the absconding servant's trunks searched. Before he came, however, the girl herself asked her employer to search her trunks. This was a confirmation strong as holy writ, that she was the thief. "Why do you want me to search your trunks?" "To see that they contain nothing but what belongs to me." "Did you suppose you were suspected of theft?" "No, but I suppose I might be." "Why?" "Because there are those about the house who are stealing every thing they can lay their hands on, and I cannot stay where they are." "Because, when I went to tell Mrs. —, she said she would not listen to complaints from servants about each other, and compelled me to be silent." "To whom do you refer?" "To Elizabeth," who has been stealing something every day. She then proceeded to name several articles which she knew

"Elizabeth" had stolen, and to justify herself for the course she had resolved upon.

This revelation changed the aspect of affairs, and the fact that the same day "Elizabeth" announced her determination to leave the next morning, did not render them any the less interesting, but promised a more speedy denouement than was anticipated. It was against her trunk that the search-warrant was now directed, just as it was ready to be placed on the stage. She demurred, but the law, at this stage of the proceedings, knows no demurrers, and the trunk was uncovered. And such an uncoversing! Rolls of linen, silk hoods, a dozen fine linen chemises, fine dresses, pieces of cotton cloth, shoes, dressing gowns, lace, one man's linen shirt, big enough for "daddy Lambert," and sundry other commodities, indicating the wardrobe of an heiress rather than that of a cook. The spectators looked on amazed, and the mystery was not rendered any the less a mystery, by a very badly written letter, to the following effect:

"Dear Lizzy—Hurry to us, as your mother is dying. When you come, I will do all I promised. I have the money for you, and if you haven't enough to get here with, if your friends will furnish it, we will return it. There will be a wagon for you at Lambertville. Come immediately."

This letter, it afterwards appeared, she had induced a servant in a neighboring family to write, saying that she wished to show it as an excuse for her desire to leave so suddenly. "But," says the girl, "this won't have a post mark, and they will detect you." "Oh! leave that to me," was her reply; "when I hand the letter I will take it out of the envelope." But the letter was found prematurely, and in spite of her protestations, she was hurried off to jail—the officer believing that when she saw the jail she would relent and confess. But not so! On entering the cell, she looked round rather complacently, and ordered up her baggage. This was refused her, but she persisted in her request, that her request was complied with, so readily, that she should only take what she required for her use while in prison. On doing so, a razor and a strap fell out of a bundle, and on being told that she could not retain articles so useless to her, she begged piteously for them, as "the only thing left to her by her dear, dead father." Of course, no humane officer of the law could disregard such a plea, and she was allowed to retain them.

As soon as the arrest was made public, with the news that her trunk had been found filled with stolen goods, the neighbors with whom she associated, came flocking to her house with all sorts of articles which they had received from her as presents. Many of the articles were recognized by her family, but others were not; but enough were identified to render the guilt of the prisoner clear enough for a jury.

Her trial came on, when her counsel advised her to plead guilty. This, at first, she refused to do; but finally consented—not, however, until she had remained over night in custody of the Under Sheriff, at his house. He persuaded her to this course, and took so much interest in her case that very unkind suspicions found utterance; how unjustly, the sequel will show. In consideration of her plea of guilty, the Judge was very merciful, and sentenced her to three months in the Albany Penitentiary.

Here she arrived a few days ago, and the worthy warden received her kindly, introduced her to the female department, and from thence into the bathing room, from where a series of loud screams for "Mr. Pillsbury" were soon heard; and on his appearing the matron hid her blushes, and requested him to "TAKE THAT MAN AWAY!" Mr. Pillsbury, like a gentleman, as he is, complied with this very reasonable request—had the lusty rascal cropped and attired in proper garments, set him to work among those of his own sex, where he now is, with as proper a crop of beard as any man could desire, and such a crop as he could any day have had while a house maid, and as he would have had, but for the semi-daily application of the razor left him by his dear, dead father!

The rascal refused to own to the stealing of the \$375 being determined, doubtless, to get hold of it so soon as he is released from his present quarters. This denouement has wonderfully stirred up the dull blood of the Schoharie Dutch, and greatly disappointed those who had a promise of an opportunity to "dance at the wedding" of Patrick and Elizabeth!

A STRANGE HIDING PLACE.—In 1747 Sir Robert Strange joined the rebellion and became an active partizan of the house of Stuart. After the fatal battle of Culloden he shared in all the sufferings of the Prince Pretender. Once, when hotly pursued by the Royalists, he entered a house and concealed himself beneath the hooped petticoat of one of the fair occupants. In this strange hiding place he remained until the pursuers had gone away, when he exchanged clothes with a servant of the family and left the neighborhood. This is one of the few instances where an exiled spirit of humanity has overcome the natural delicacy of the sex. This honor to her sex and to human nature was the Lady Isabella Lumsden, daughter of the Bishop of Galloway. With a grateful recollection of his narrow escape, Sir Robert returned two years afterwards and married his fair preserver.

Fanny Fern wrote a letter to the president of the late Ohio baby convention. She said—"How could I choose? I should turn from black eyes to blue, from blue to gray, from gray to hazel. I would be led captive by a dimple, fascinated by a ringlet, enchanted by a rosy cheek or a snowy shoulder. My dear sir, I would be as bewildered as a bee in a ten acre lot of full blown roses. Please accept my best wishes for the success of your novel, beautiful and admirable enterprise. May the anathema of no disappointed mother haunt the sleeping or the waking hours of the awarding committee."

CAUTION TO LADIES MAKING PRESERVES.—An esteemed lady of our acquaintance was suddenly taken ill yesterday. She had been engaged in preserving tomatoes in a copper or bell-metal kettle, and partook of a small quantity of fruit. A short time after she became distressingly dizzy and alarmingly ill. The verdigris from the metal doubtless caused the attack. An active emetic was given the sufferer, and the white of eggs administered, which happily effected speedy relief. Much caution should be observed by persons using metal vessels of this kind.

A Modern Ananias.

BY A. JAX, ESQ.

"Old Steve," or "lying Stephens," as he was familiarly termed, by virtue of a strong original genius and indefatigable perseverance and application, had acquired the reputation of being the greatest liar that ever existed in the State of —. Whenever he made his appearance, therefore, at muster or training, he was sure to be surrounded by a host of eager listeners. He greatly excelled the renowned Munchausen, who simply told extravagant stories, and sometimes blundered on the truth. Steve, on the other hand, never told a word of truth even by mistake in all his life, and lied circumstantially, and in every particular. In short it came to him as natural as eating and drinking, or rather as breathing, for he not only lied to listeners, but even when he had no other person to talk to, he would tell lies to himself, just to keep his hand in! This fact was ascertained beyond a doubt by his denying it in the most solemn manner when somebody accused him of the practice.

It was Mr. Stephens' good misfortune one time to lose a great deal of money on a horse-race. This made him feel uncommonly serious, so he went to a camp-meeting, which was held about five miles from his residence, to see if he could make up a little by "shaking props" with the boys. They happened, however, to be too much for him that time, and he was completely cleaned out. "This made our friend feel if possible more serious than ever, and there happened to be a powerful preacher there, who could make himself heard at the distance of a mile, he thought he would turn over a new leaf at once. When he got home, therefore, the first thing he did was to send for the minister. The worthy man came and to his amazement found that Stephens wanted to join the church.

"I have no hesitation in laying your proposition before the brethren," said the good old man, trying to smother a laugh.

"Of course you hain't," responded Steve, with great confidence.

"And if you could give satisfactory evidence of the amendment, Mr. Stephens," continued the minister, emphasizing the word, "they might take you on probation; at any rate, we have a meeting to-night, and can let you know to-morrow."

"Probation be—dogged!" ejaculated Steve as the minister hastily retreated; "why can't they let me jine at once, will I feel like it?"

The proposition, as might have been expected, created a real sensation. There was hardly a member of the church, male or female, who had not, at some time or other, been victimized by Stephens' slanderous tongue and they could hardly bear his name with patience. Some of them went so far as to say that if he joined they would leave, and that settled the matter, for they were among the "fore-hand-d" members who could not afford to lose them. However to avoid any trouble with an unscrupulous fellow like Steve, it was resolved to break the matter to him as easily as possible. Two of the most respectable men of the church were appointed to call on him, and it was generally understood, such was their known mildness of disposition, that every possible excuse consistent with truth would be made for not receiving him.

The rest of the story must be told in Steve's own words.

"When old Deacon Peabody came along I sat in the back door with a hoe-handle, and I hope to suffer if I wasn't mad enough to rare right up. A cousin of my wife's, whose sister was a member, had come over and told us all about it."

"Good mornin, Mr. Stephens," said the old hypocrite, with a face as long as a yard of pomp water.

"I said nothing, but kept on whitening."

"I came down to see you this mornin'," says he.

"Wal, says I, 'how do you like my looks?'"

"O," says he, "what I mean is, that I came down to labor with you!"

"Work away, then, why don't you?" was all he got out of me.

"But Mr. Stephens," said he very solemnly, "the church sent me down to talk with you a minute."

"Wal, you've bin talkin' for more than five minutes, Deacon Peabody, says I, and you've said nothin' yet; now when are you goin' to begin?"

The old Israelite looked mad enough to bite my head off at a snap, but he thought it best to keep cool, so he drew a long breath and went on:

"Nobody wants to hurt your feelings, or make any trouble, Mr. Stephens, but the church have come to the conclusion that perhaps on the whole, under the circumstances, and in view of every thing, it might be best all round, and taking all things into consideration, for you not to be hasty in applying for admission. They think on mature reflection, that it might be as well if you'd condescend to postpone it a little while, say for a year or eighteen months."

"Then? Wal, now, Deacon, what makes em think so? The church ain't fall, is it?" This was a hard question. The old serpent knew very well that it wouldn't answer for him to say he didn't know—for he knew fast enough—and knew that I knew he did. So says he:

"Mr. Stephens, I'm sorry you're so riled about it; you've no occasion, I didn't come to offend; if you know as well as I do why the church don't accept you."

"If I knew, I wouldn't ask you to tell me, Deacon Peabody."

"Well," says he, "don't you know what large stories you're in the habit of telling?"

"Who says I tell large stories?" says I, "it's an untruth and you can't prove it ain't. Now, ain't it a shame for a man like you to go round scandalizing a neighbor that way? What story of mine did you ever hear that wasn't true? Come, lay your finger on the first story and I won't say another word."

"Why, there's so many on 'em, answered the Deacon, that it is almost impossible to specify any one in particular. But now I think on't; don't you remember that story you told about your father, being killed by a bear?"

"My father being killed by a bear?" says I; "there it is now! That's just the way folks like about me! It's an untruth, like the rest on 'em, and you ought to be ashamed, Deacon Peabody, to be running round tellin' things that ain't so."

"Well," said he, pretty short, "you made that 'ere observation about often enough; if you didn't say your father was killed by a bear, what was it you did say?"

"I'll tell you: I said that father was one of the first men to bring sheep into this town, and that's no untruth, is it?"

"No," said he, "it ain't."

"And I said that one day he lost one of them ere sheep in the woods—and that's likely if it ain't true—and when he was looking for it, I said he came across a bear. The bear growled at dad, and he hollered at the bear; and finally the bear came at him, and tore all his insides out, and then your father, Deacon Peabody—who was a respectable man, sir, and would never a gone about town scandalizing his neighbors—your father heard my father holler and came up, and seeing how matters stood, ran for the doctor. When the doctor came, the first thing he did was to catch a sheep and cut its insides out and put them in the place of dad's, and I never said dad was killed by that bear?"

"No, sir! I told the naked truth. I said he grew as well as he ever was, except that he hankered after hay all the winter, and had wood enough grown to make him an overcoat in the spring! You don't call that a large story, I hope. If you won't let a fellow jine the church because he tells the truth, you won't find many decent members, I guess!"

"The old man riz right up and walked away without saying a word. What he thought I never could find out, for the old christian has never opened his head to me since.—Curry Bag.

Why Epidemics Rage at Night.

It was in one night that four thousand persons perished of the plague in London. It was by night that the army of Sennacherib was destroyed. Both in England and on the Continent a large portion of cholera cases in its several forms have been observed to have occurred between one and two o'clock in the morning. The danger of exposure to the night air has been a theme of physicians from time immemorial, but it is remarkable that they never yet called in the aid of chemistry to account for the fact.

It is at night that the stratum of air nearest the ground must always be the most charged with the particles of animalized matter given out from the skin and deleterious gases, such as carbonic acid, the product of respiration, and sulphureted hydrogen, the product of the sewers. In the day gases and various substance of all kinds rise in the air by the rarefaction of the heat. At night, when this rarefaction leaves, they fall by an increase of gravity if imperfectly mixed with the atmosphere; while the gases involved during the night, instead of ascending, remain at nearly the same level. It is known that carbonic acid gas at a low temperature partakes nearly of the nature of a fluid that it may be poured out of one vessel into another. It rises at the temperature at which it is exhaled from the lungs, but its tendency is towards the floor or the bed of the sleeper in cold and unventilated rooms.

At Hamburg the alarm of cholera at night in some parts of the city was so great that many refused to go to bed, lest they should be attacked unawares in their sleep. Sitting up they probably kept their stoves or open fires burning for the sake of warmth, and that warmth gives the expansion to any deleterious gases present, which would best promote their escape and promote their dilution in the atmosphere. The means of safety were then unconsciously assured. At Sierra Leone the natives have a practice in the sickly season of keeping fires constantly burning in their huts at night, assigning that the fires keep away the evil spirits, to which, in their ignorance, they attribute the fever and ague. Latterly, Europeans have begun to adopt the same practice, and those who have tried it assert that they have now entire immunity from the tropical fevers to which they were formerly subjected.

In the epidemics of the middle ages fires used to be lighted in the streets for the purification of the air, and in the plague of London in 1665 fires in the streets were at one time kept burning incessantly, till extinguished by a violent storm of rain. Latterly trains of gunpowder have been fired and cannons discharged for the same object; but it is obvious that these measures, although sound in principle, must necessarily, out of doors, be on too small a scale, as measured against an ocean of atmospheric air, to produce any sensible effect. Within doors, however, the case is different. It is quite possible to heat a room sufficiently to produce a rarefaction and consequent dilution of any malignant gases it may contain, and it is of course the air of the room, and that alone, at night which comes in contact with the lungs of the person sleeping.—Westminster Review.

PROMOTION IN THE ARMY.—The War Department has issued an order carrying into effect the Act of the last Congress authorizing the promotion of non-commissioned officers in the Army. The order directs that one-fourth of the vacancies occurring annually shall be filled by promotions from the non-commissioned grades. These promotions are to be given as a reward for meritorious services. Each candidate must be physically sound, and of good moral habits, and likewise pass muster before a board of officers in arithmetic, geometry, geography, astronomy, history, the constitution and government of our country, and the general principles which regulate international intercourse. The adoption of these regulations are calculated to have a good effect in stimulating the non-commissioned officers in the discharge of their duties, and in leading them to qualify themselves for promotion.

THE MAILED.—We understand that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the South Carolina Railroad, held here on Friday, that body passed resolutions setting forth their determination, that unless the Post Office Department continue their old schedule at the present rate of compensation, or increase it for the new schedule proposed, they will refuse to carry the mails after the 1st proximo.—South Carolinian.

NEW YORK BANKS.—Within the last three years the banks of New York city have doubled in number. The aggregate at the present time is fifty-eight.

Lieutenant Beck with has found a new route to Carson valley, which besides being better than the northern one as regards supplies of wood, water &c., shortens the distance to California about one hundred and fifty miles.

Bancroft Court.

Our Superior Court is in session this week. There are no criminal trials of much importance. Our civil docket, although the county has been divided, numbers now over two hundred cases. Judge Person is presiding, and having been with him at a number of the Courts on the Western Circuit, we can testify to the fact that our Judge has ever been on the bench in North Carolina who has given more general satisfaction. The quiet dignity of this department—his kind, gentle, but decided conduct on the bench—his learning and readiness upon every point sprung before him—have endeared him to the people, and have commanded the respect of every member of the profession who has practiced before him. In fact we have not known any judicial officer who, upon his first circuit, has created so favorable an impression among the members of the bar as Judge Person. We have heard almost every whig lawyer in this court circuit who is a member of the next Legislature declare his determination to support Judge Person for the office he now occupies. It is useless to say the Democratic members will do the same. They acknowledge and believe in his abilities, and consider him as the forerunner of the triumph of Young America in the Old North State. His appointment furnishes another evidence of the sagacity and sound judgment displayed by Gov. Reid in the selection of men to serve the State. Asheville News.

From the Mobile Register, Sept. 27.

As a faithful chronicler of events, we point to this action of the Board of Missions as another mile stone passed in the journey which fanaticism is making to the goal of disunion. Politicians and clergymen in the free states are vying with each other in pushing the country on to the verge of this untried and unknown abyss. In the northern pulpits the gospel is no longer preached, but abolitionism; and we are credibly informed that some congregations are actually dividing and a portion seceding on the ground that the abolition mania monopolizes the sacred desk and they are making new churches for the express purpose of hearing the gospel preached.

The precise point at which the action of the Board of Missions turned was a proposition to continue its missionary efforts among the Choctaw Indians. These Indians are slaveholders, and the ground of offence to this "Christian Board," is, that they have taken some measures to protect their property against abolition missionaries. The board has thus renounced the doctrine of "peace and goodwill to men," and joined in the howl which sedition and fanaticism have raised to excite hatred and jealousy and finally a rupture between the North and the South. To the southern man there is in all this madness one consideration of genuine comfort and consolation. The issue of this Union question is with the North. The evil which threatens the integrity and peace of the country is there. It is for the North to settle it according to the estimate which it chooses to put upon a blood-bought Union, in comparison with a miserable abstraction, as senseless and impracticable in its aims as it is reckless of the interest and safety of its own race in the means to reach them. "If fanaticism succeeds, the Union goes to pieces." If the constitution triumph the Union is safe.

It is not the fire-eaters now that are plotting against the Union. In that quarter there is unbroken silence. They await the issue which four years ago they foresaw, sooner or later, was to be precipitated on the country. When the time for defence comes, they will be found true to the cause with which their sympathies are entwined; and they are not without hope that, in a cause so sacred as that of defence against an unprovoked and unnatural aggression, the people of the slave States, forgetting and burying all other differences, will be found with one heart and mind and with locked shields to meet the deadly onslaught of an enemy waving the flaming sword in the falsified name of the "higher-law" of God.

LOVING AND LIKING.—Of the French language, Cozzing is reported to have said in a dispute, "Why, what on earth, sir, can be expected of a language that has but one word for liking and loving, and put a fine woman and a leg of mutton on a par, as 'J'aime Julie; J'aime un gigot'?" Our American woman, however, are open to the brilliant Englishman's sarcasm, confounding, as they do, the words to such an extent that their distinction is practically annihilated. To like, as a contemporary observer, is altogether too tame an expression for a lady's choice. She loves everything for which she has any affection, penchant, appetite, or fancy. "Oh, I dearly love turnips!" exclaimed a lady, the other day at the table, says the Post, who merely meant to say that she liked the vegetable in question. "Do you indeed?" exclaimed an ascetic old bachelor of her