

The North Carolina Whig.

A. C. WILLIAMSON, EDITOR.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

J. I. HULLTON, PUBLISHER.

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TERMS:

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Poetry.



To the Winds.

Talk to my heart, oh winds,
Talk to my heart, oh winds,
My spirit always finds
With you a new delight—
Finds always new delight.
To your silver talk at night,
Give me your soft embraces
As you used to long ago,
In your shadowy trying place,
When you seemed to love me so,
When you sweetly kissed me so,
On the green hills long ago.

Come up from your cool bed,
In the still twilight air,
For the dearest hope lies dead,
That was ever dear to me—
Come up from your cool bed,
And tell me all about the dead.

Talk to me, for oft you go,
Winds, lovely winds of night
About the chamber door,
With sheets so dainty white,
If they sleep through all the night,
In the beds so chill and white?

Talk to me, winds, and say,
If to the grave he rest?
For oh, life's little day
Is a weary one at best—
Talk to my heart and say,
If death will give me rest.

Miscellaneous.

The Lady and the Thief.

In spite of the heroic courage which has been occasionally displayed by women, we may be allowed to question if many of the men would have found themselves capable of pursuing the course adopted by the heroine of the following anecdote, which I can recommend to my readers, both for its interest and its authenticity.

A young lady whom we will call Madame Aubrey, inhabited (with her husband) a house in the little town of C—. The only inhabitants of this house, which was in the outskirts of the town, and buried in an immense garden, were Mous and Madame Aubrey, their child about a year old, and one domestic, who had quite recently entered their service. At nine o'clock in the evening, perfect silence reigned throughout the little town. At ten every light was extinguished, except in the rare occurrence of a dance, a wedding, or some similar festivity. You can from this imagine the silence and solitude of the old house, buried in a thicket of lilacs and acacias, and at least three hundred paces from the street.

One gloomy evening in November, Madame Aubrey was at home, awaiting with some anxiety the return of her husband, who had been summoned in the morning to a village about two miles from C—. As Mous Aubrey expected to bring home a large sum of money, he had armed himself with a pair of pistols, a precaution which somewhat alarmed his wife.

It was six o'clock and Madame Aubrey had just gone to her chamber, attended by her domestic, for the purpose of putting her little boy to bed. This chamber, which was high and large, was situated on the first floor, looking upon the garden. The wood bedstead, by the side of the window, was covered with red furniture, and old family portraits, with their stercoraceous faces, gave this room rather a dreary aspect. A large and deep alcove, behind which was placed the baby's crib, contained the bed, and occupied a large proportion of the side of the apartment opposite the fire-place. The curtains of the alcove were drawn, but at one corner, where they had been accidentally displaced, a small portion of the bedstead was visible. This was a venerable old structure, covered with the elaborate carving and curious scrolls in which the chisel of the cabinet-maker of the last century so much delighted.

The night was dark and gloomy, a true autumnal night. The rain beat in torrents against the windows, and the trees, bent by the furious wind, scratched with their long fingers against the glass and the sides of the house, making a concert which would have effectually drowned any human cry for succor.

Madame Aubrey was seated upon a low chair beside the fire, the light of which, mingled with that of a lamp placed upon the chimney-piece, threw out in strong relief certain objects, leaving the rest enveloped in darkness.

The young mother held upon her knees the infant, whom she was undressing, while the servant at the other end of the chamber, recited some orders given by her mistress. The toilet of the little boy was complete, and Madame Aubrey glanced towards the crib to assure herself that it was quite ready for its little inmate, whose eyes were already closed.

ing. At this moment the fire blazing up, threw a strong light upon the bed. Madame Aubrey stifled a scream, for where the curtain was, as I have said, displaced, she distinctly saw two great feet covered with crimson shoes, the nails of which reflecting the fire-light, had caught her eye.

A thousand thoughts passed at once thro' Madame Aubrey's mind. This hidden man was no doubt a thief, an assassin. She was helpless and without any immediate prospect of a protector, for she did not expect her husband until eight o'clock, and it was now but half past six. What could she do? how wait for his return?

Madame Aubrey had neither uttered a cry nor made a movement, but she feared that if the servant should make the same discovery, she would be less prudent.

The thief to all appearance intended to remain for the present in the same position in which he then was, doubtless with the purpose of issuing out in the middle of the night and possessing himself of the sum which M. Aubrey expected to bring home with him. But if he found himself discovered, and knew that two women were the only occupants of the house, would he not leave his hiding place and ensure their silence by their death?

Then might not the servant be the accomplice of the thief? Various suspicious circumstances which Madame Aubrey had noticed but dismissed as groundless, returned to her mind. In a moment she made up her mind that under some pretext she must stand away the servant.

"You know," said she with an unflinching voice, "that dish which my husband is so fond of, and which I taught you to prepare. There will be plenty of time to cook it for supper, although I forgot to mention it before, if you go directly about it."

"But," answered the servant, "shall not you want me to help you as usual?"

"No, no, I will do every thing myself.—Your master would be much vexed, I am sure, to return from his long and disagreeable walk and find nothing for supper."

After some hesitation the woman left the room. The sound of her feet died away on the stairs, and Madame Aubrey found herself alone with her child and with those two feet, which, half revealed and half concealed, remained immovable at their post.

She was seated near the chimney, still holding her infant upon her knees, and addressing to him almost mechanically her usual caressing phrases, while her eyes remained fixed upon the terrible vision.

The baby cried, oppressed by sleepiness, but the cry was near to those terrible feet. How dare she approach them! At last, making a violent effort, she said, "Come then, my baby, you shall go to bed," and getting up, with the child in her arms, she directed her trembling steps toward the crib—toward those terrible feet. She placed the infant on his little bed, talking to him in a caressing voice, of which she could hardly feel the tremor. Then she began to rock him, and to sing the lullaby with which she was accustomed to lull him to sleep. While uttering the sweet monotonous notes, which only the force of habit enabled her to articulate, she felt as if a dagger were hanging over her, which might at any moment kill her without the least of assistance.

At last the infant slept, and Madame A. returned to her seat. She did not quit the chamber, both because she wished to keep sight of the thief, and on account of her child. This was not, to be sure, the victim on whom the robber would be likely to waste his blows, but for all that, every mother will comprehend that she could not resolve to quit him.

The clock struck seven. Another hour, a whole hour before she could hope for the arrival of her husband. The eyes of the young woman remained fixed by a sort of fascination upon the two feet which were to her a continual menace of death. The most profound silence reigned throughout the chamber. The child slept peacefully; his mother's hands crossed upon her knees, her lips apart, her breath oppressed,—is motionless as a statue.

From time to time a noise was heard below in the garden, each time causing a thrill of hope to the watcher; but again and again did she find that which she had taken for her husband's footsteps was nothing but the driving wind, and the trees which brushed the sides of the house. The unhappy woman felt alone and deserted.

Suddenly the feet moved. Good Heaven, thought she, can he be coming out? But it was only a slight movement made, without doubt to relieve his uncomfortable position, for the feet were soon as motionless as ever. Ah, what fervent prayers ascended to God during that trying period.

It was half-past seven. Courage, another half hour and Monsieur Aubrey will be at home.

But resuming in a moment her composure, she put one finger upon her lips, and with the other hand pointed to the two feet which believed themselves invisible.

Monsieur Aubrey would not have deserved to be the husband of this brave woman, if he had not preserved as much coolness, and sang roared as she had shown. Assuring her by a gesture that he understood all, he said aloud, "excuse me one moment, my love. I have left down stairs something which I know you would like to see."

He left the room, but returned in a moment with a pistol in his hand. He examined the priming then approaching the bed cautiously, he seized one of the feet in his left hand, while the forehead of his right hand was placed upon the trigger of his pistol.

"You are dead if you resist!" cried he. The tascal who owned the feet did not seem inclined to prove the sincerity of his threat. He cried for mercy, and suffered himself to be dragged by the foot to the middle of the room, where he proved on examination to be a large and ill-looking fellow, armed with a dagger carefully sharpened.—He crouched like a coward before the pistol, and confessed that he was an accomplice of the servant, who had warned him of the expected booty. Nothing remained but to deliver them both to the officers of justice, Madame Aubrey indeed begged her husband to permit their escape, but he very wisely refused.

During all this, the little child slept peacefully in his crib. When Monsieur Aubrey heard the particulars, he embraced his wife, saying, "Really, I did not know you were such a heroine."

But in spite of her courage, Madame Aubrey was seized the same night with a brain fever which lasted her for many weeks, and during which she saved of nothing but those two great feet.

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.
BY LIBERTY CHURCH.

Many years ago it was a custom in the State of Maine, in most of the towns, to celebrate the memorable event of the surrender of Cornwallis, by going through a mock performance representing that important fact in our country's history.

The little town of Waterford, situated upon the banks of the broad and majestic Crooked River, resolved not to be behind hand in so great an affair. Accordingly a meeting was called at the old town house on the 11th, to make the necessary arrangements. Deacon Moses Jones, as he was called, was chosen to act the character of Washington, and Squire Bajer Wood the character of Cornwallis. The under officers, soldiers, &c., were to be selected by the selectmen, whose duty was to furnish uniforms and pay such other expenses as the affair might require.

Now as Messrs. Jones and Wood are the principal heroes of this sketch, a short description of their characters may not be out of place. Deacon Jones was a wealthy farmer, pious and religious, (at least he thought he was) and was on the whole a very worthy man. The worst thing about him was a bad habit of taking "a drop too much," but then this was not thought a great deal of, for every body in their days took such' occasionally.

Squire Wood was the village lawyer, very aristocratic, but withal a very decent man. The Squire imagined that he knew considerable more than what his neighbors gave him credit for. This may be safely set down as his greatest fault. Both the Squire and the Deacon felt proud of their positions in the great affair, and both meant to do their best.

The morning of the great day dawned beautifully. The Deacon dressed as Gen. Washington, and mounted on his "iron gray," rode at an early hour, to a grove near the village, where the ceremony was to take place.

Cornwallis (pro tem.) was also up and dressed before light, and stationed himself, with his men dressed as British, behind the "Hills."

The programme of the day's performance was as follows: The two companies were to meet in front of the tavern, on the common, exchange shots, skirmish a little—in which Cornwallis was to be most essentially whipped, and then ignominiously surrender.

"Well, old boy," said the immortal, as he called his horse's ears with the cocked hat; "what's thunder do you want?"

"General George Washington!" replied Cornwallis, "I surrender you to yourself, sword and meal!"

"You do, do ye?" sneeringly replied the General.

"Yes, General," said Cornwallis, "the British Lion prostrates himself at the foot of the American Eagle!"

"EAGLE EYOLE!" yelled Washington, rolling his horse up and hitting the Briton a tremendous blow on the head with the flat of his sword; "do ye call me an eagle? Take that! and that! and that!" yelled the infuriated Washington; "ye'll call me an eagle again, ye'll mean sneaking cuss!"

Cornwallis was down, but only for a moment, for he jumped up and shook himself, and then with an entirely unlooked for recuperation on the part of the fallen foe, and in direct defiance of historical fact, he pitched into Washington like a thousand of brick, and in spite of the efforts of the men of both sides, succeeded in giving the "immortal" a tremendous licking. So the day that commenced so gloriously most ignominiously ended.

For many years after the "Surrender," there was a coldness between the Deacon and Squire, but as time rolled on and their locks became frosted over with white, they learned to call it a "joke." Both are living now, and whenever they meet they smoke their pipes and talk about "that scrape," like a couple of good, jolly old men, as they are.

Political.

From the Raleigh Register.

"A SCRAP OF HISTORY."

We invite attention to the communication over the signature of "Veritas" below—which, in order to give greater prominence to the interesting scrap of history it produces, we have inserted in leaded matter. It shows, in a conclusive light, how little faith is to be reposed in the sincerity of those local leaders who are so clamorous for an extension of suffrage, the rights of the poor man, &c., &c.

MR. GALLS—I notice in one of your late Editorials that you say: "During the Session of the Legislature of 1848-49, the agitation for amending the Constitution was renewed in that body, and much time and money spent in the discussion of a bill to carry out an amendment which, in effect, destroyed the taxation check of the Senate and placed that power over property completely in the hands of the non-property holders."—Again: in 1850, the same hobby was mounted by the local candidates for Governor."

Now this is true; but there is one important fact connected with the history of Free Suffrage, which is not very generally known, and which, I think, the public should be more generally apprized of, to-wit: After the discussion had ceased (at the Session of 1848-49) on the Free Suffrage Bill, the vote was taken and the bill was passed by a majority of one! Whereupon, Mr. Wooten, a local member from one of the Eastern Counties, arose from his seat and asked leave of the Speaker to change his vote, and did change it! Thus, this deluging measure of the Democratic party was knocked in the head by a leading member of that party!

There was no effort made by that party at that Session to renegeate. The "Standard" did not denounce the conduct of Mr. Wooten, as it did those who voted against the same measure last Session. And when Mr. Kayser called the attention of the House and the Country to mark that it was a Democrat that had defeated the Democratic measure, I well remember that the only response that was made to his remarks was a general burst of laughter from the Democrats, with the exception of Mr. Wooten, who grew very angry and remarked that he was a free man, and represented a free people and would vote as he pleased, without any advice or instructions from the gentlemen from Herford.

seems to be acceptable to the ultraists of South Carolina, as they understand it. How the extremes of sections and parties are so antagonistic as the Barnburners and the Nullicians can find a common ground on this platform is difficult to discover. But fraternal unity is the order of the day, and a common prize in view may be sufficient to convert positions hitherto at variance into a common field of action. Some of the Barnburner journals such as the New York Evening Post, get over all difficulties in the manifesto by pronouncing it a nullity. They declare that it was hurried through a dispersing Convention at the breaking of its session, when such confusion prevailed that an understanding vote and full vote could not be had upon it. We have yet to see how far an actual union between the discordant extremes of the party can be made practicable upon this substantial basis.

GENERAL PIERCE AT HOME.

A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Concord, New Hampshire, General Pierce's place of residence, says:

Concord, Monday, June 7, 1852.

At about half past two last Saturday afternoon, all here were thrown in great confusion by the telegraphic report that our neighbor, Frank Pierce, had received the nomination at the Democratic Convention at Baltimore. What a man in Concord could believe it. What an idea! Frank Pierce—"the Hero of many a well-fought battle," a candidate for the Presidency of these United States! He is a superior lawyer, and can, like Choate, exercise a mighty influence upon the jury. Also for the Democratic party when reduced to such an extent! He never can be elected. A more immoral, dissipated man never walked our streets.—He was obliged to leave Washington, when a Senator there, because he was almost continually intoxicated! Thus much of the Democratic candidate for President. We hope that high office will never be disgraced by such a man.

Yours, &c., BELA.

We have heard similar reports from other quarters—which, if true, tend to explain General Pierce's marvelous facility in falling from his horse.

Habit of intemperance are not crimes punishable by the law of the land—and they may be indulged by a private individual to his heart's content. But we do not consider that they enhance one's fitness for office, and least of all, for the first office in the gift of the American people. The President of the United States holds in his hands all the laws of the Union; and he is to a very great extent, the arbiter of peace and war. A man addicted to habitual intoxication would be an unsafe depository of such vast powers.—Richmond Whig.

THE STICK OF CANDY.

The Hartford Courant states that at the New Hampshire Democratic Convention which some time last winter, nominated Gen. Pierce for the Presidency, the Convention was addressed by Gov. Steele, who expressed his gratification at the selection, and related the following anecdote to exhibit the character of the man: We give it to the Governor's words:

"Sir," said Gov. Steele, "I have known the whole career of General Pierce from the day he first took his seat in this hall. I have admired his exploits in Congress and in Mexico. But I have an incident in my mind which I will relate, which, in my humble judgment, exhibits the character of the man in a more illustrious light than all his efforts in the forum or the field:

"It was something more than twenty years ago (General Pierce was then some what younger than he is now) he was traveling through one of the western towns of this State, and as he entered the principal village he beheld three boys eating candy. At a brief distance he beheld another boy sitting alone, and that boy was not eating, but he was crying. Gen. Pierce feeling interested in so strange a circumstance, inquired into the case, and ascertained that he was crying because he had no money to buy candy. No sooner had he learned the facts in the case, than, with that noble generosity which has ever distinguished Pierce through his life, he put his hand in his pocket, drew forth a cent, bought a stick of candy and gave it to the boy, although the boy was a total stranger to Gen. Pierce!"

What a sublime and thrilling incident!—What matchless generosity! Almost equal to the "But" story! Well may General Pierce exclaim, "Save me from my friends!"

We can however readily understand why the above narrative should be intensely interesting to Democratic politicians. It is because the Whig boys have, for four years, been eating candy, and the Democratic boy, poor fellow, is "sitting alone, and that boy is not eating, but he is crying!" Hence the significance and the point of the anecdote. Hence the popularity of Pierce. Elect him to the Presidency, and he will put his hand in his official pocket, draw forth a cent, buy a stick of candy, and give it to the boy, although the boy was a total stranger to Gen. Pierce, till the Baltimore Convention!

WHEELING BRIDGE CASE.

The Committee of Congress on Post Offices and Post Roads, to whom was referred the subject of the Wheeling Bridge, with petitions that such constitutional action might be taken as would preserve that important structure from the destruction threatened to it under the adverse decision of the Supreme Court, have, through Dr. Ods, their Chairman, submitted a report which contains a thorough review of all the facts in the case, and presents the subject before Congress in such an attitude as would seem not only to justify, but demand the exercise of the constitutional power of declaring the bridge a post road, and thus prevent its demolition, and the serious injury to important interests which may result therefrom. The Committee also, by a dispassionate avowal that the United States, by an irrevocable contract entered into in 1832, formed a compact with the State of Ohio for the construction of a road "from the Atlantic seaboard to the Ohio river, and through the State of Ohio," which contemplated the construction of a bridge at the point where the Wheeling bridge now stands as the only means by which that road could be constructed "through the State of Ohio." The report says:

That Congress understood this contract to include the bridging of the Ohio river, may justly be inferred from the several reports made by its committees during the sessions of the 25th and 29th Congresses, and from the further fact that Congress has actually caused surveys and estimates to be made for that special object.

That this was also the understanding of the contracting party, is fully demonstrated by a joint resolution of the Ohio legislature, passed January 12, 1836.

This resolution of the Legislature of Ohio, declarative of her understanding, and calling upon Congress for the fulfillment of this solemn contract, together with numerous memorials from citizens of the United States upon the same subject were received by Congress, and referred to an appropriate standing committee. This committee, on the 19th January, 1837, made a very elaborate and favorable report upon the subject, accompanied by a bill authorizing the construction of a wire suspension bridge at Wheeling by the General Government. Estimates and surveys for such a bridge were made, under the authority and by the engineers of the General Government. Three surveys fixed the location of the bridge upon its present site, and at a height something less than its present elevation. Congress having failed, however, to make the requisite appropriations for the construction of this work, the enterprise, under authority from the Legislature of Virginia and Ohio, was undertaken and executed by the Wheeling and Belmont Bridge Company.

Of the great necessity of the bridge as a postal route and of the action recommended to Congress, the Committee thus speaks in the closing paragraphs of the report:

So great at times have been the difficulty and delay in crossing the river, that Congress, in order to facilitate the transit of the mail, has been repeatedly invoked to bridge the river at this point.

During the year 1836 the mail was detained at different times, by reason of floods and ice, thirty-two days; in 1837, seventeen days; in 1838, thirty-eight days; in 1840, eighteen days; in 1841, twenty-four days. So great indeed, was the derangement of the mail in consequence of the uncertainty, the difficulty, and the delay in crossing the river at Wheeling, that Mr. Kendall, then Postmaster General in his communication to Congress on the 20th March, 1840, recommended a suitable bridge across the Ohio river at Wheeling by the general government.

Individual enterprise, stimulated by the necessities of the country, has accomplished that which the general government has failed to do. That "suitable bridge" is there; and, in view of the postal necessity for its continued use, the committee regard it as the imperative duty of Congress to establish both the wire suspension and the wooden bridges as post routes, and thus throw around them every protection which Congress has the right to bestow, regarding with equal favor the transit across, and the carrying trade beneath these bridges.

After a careful and full investigation of all the facts and important interests connected with this case, your Committee are fully persuaded that the memorialists should receive such judicious protection as Congress, and Congress alone can yield them. Not that Congress should legislate a repeal of the decree of the court; but if, in the exercise of its clearly defined constitutional duty, "to regulate commerce among the several States," and "to establish military roads and post routes," it should call into exercise other principles of adjustment more in accordance with the spirit and improvements of the age than the antiquated common-law doctrines, and thus give the court the elements of a more satisfactory decision than it had at the time of its decree, it will have accomplished all that can be expected, and all that the memorialists desire.

CONNECTION OF THE OCEANS.

The rapid transit from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so long considered almost Utopian, is within a short period to be consummated. How are the dreams of Columbus about the near cut to India, becoming a reality, and what will now be the long sought North Western passage—the search after which has perished so many lives, and carried the hearts of the world, at least, of the noblest women in the world. But in our subject. A contemporary thus expatiates on the anticipated completion of the Panama Railway.

"A great achievement will that day bear witness of, which shall bear the locomotive puff on the Atlantic border, and the locomotive or two hours, short at the Pacific wave.—Such a day is near at hand. It will probably be one of the days of the present summer—already has much of the task been accomplished. The tread of the iron horse now echoes along the isthmus, and his shrill snarl startles the frightened beasts and birds of the forests. He will soon feed at one ocean and rest at the other. The two

great seas, introduced by steam, a lineal descendant of both, will shake their fluid hands. Great will be the oceanic gratulation—great the gratulation of the world. Such an event may well be the wonder of a century. A great problem, which has long engaged the speculation of the curious and enterprising, will be solved. Spain, England, France, Portugal, had long turned wistful eyes toward this narrow streak of land that held the orbiculus parvi. Projects had been started, surveys made, explorers sent over the route, all having in view the ultimate connection by a transverse canal or road of these two seas. It was supposed that the thing could be, in time achieved; but when, and by whom, were questions involved in obscurity. Some future might see it, but how distant none could tell. It was one of those gigantic performances, too great for any single nation, and requiring the co-operation of the world.

"How unexpectedly, and by what strange agency is the great event accomplished? A difficulty starts up between Mexico and the United States—a new empire in the land of the setting sun rewards the prowess of our arms. A straggling population follows the progress of our title. Soon a few yellow sands are discovered gleaming along the margin of the streams of the newly conquered country. The seas freighted with daily all Yankeeum is a sight. The cities pour forth their busy crowds—each town and village sends out its sturdy sons. All practical advances to the modern Opfr are thronged. The solitudes of Panama become vocal. Ocean steamers crowd the opposite ports. Here is a forty mile hiatus in the communication of steam. American enterprise will not tolerate it. It will not later on a man's back. It has to sympathize with the east. A New York author and a few New York merchants essay the vast attempt. The money is subscribed—the steers sailing along the almost impassable crests—levels are attempted to be searched out—maps are made—soon, the pick, the barrow and the shanty indicate the contemplated track—Iron rails are scattered along the line—a locomotive with its steadily-footed gear, works a laden train over a portion of the route; and a few arrivals more from Europe will announce that the deed is done—the great feat of the age accomplished, and ocean lashed to ocean by bars of iron.

"This work is fraught with tremendous consequences to the civilization, the population, and the commerce of the globe. They are advanced by it a hundred years. In the long and tedious journey to the ports of the Pacific, months are struck out and thousands of miles annihilated. In the great compression of time and space, a month is represented by an hour, and miles by inches.—The dangerous doubling of the Cape of Storms is superseded. Countless articles of utility or luxury, that would otherwise perish, or sustain irreparable injury on the miserable voyage, may soon, by this shorter and quicker transit, effect safe passage from European or Atlantic cities to the growing States of the farthest West. The circumference of the globe is drawn into a smaller circle. The swarms of China and Japan come into nearer neighborhood. The cutting off of several thousand miles between us and these unequal peoples, may be the means of introducing Celestial laborers into a hundred departments of American enterprise and toil, may, even, eventually, substitute Chinese for African muscles in the cotton fields of the South.—[Phila. Daily Register.

MEDICINES, &c.

Charlotte Drug Store.

New Establishment.

FOX & CALDWELL,
Successors to Fox & Orr.

DR. J. C. FOX & P. C. CALDWELL, having formed a partnership in the above named office for the sale of the largest and most general assortment of MEDICINES, PATENT OILS, DEER STONES, FERROUS, PAINFUL MEDICINES, &c., &c., and offer them at the lowest price, and in the most judicious manner, than ever before offered. They hope by short prices to offer such inducements to Physicians and Country Merchants, every article in our line cheaper than ever offered in the bank country.

Our stock consists of fresh and warranted goods. If it were additional will be made from time to time, as the wants of the country may demand. March 23, 1852. J. C. FOX & P. C. CALDWELL.

200 BOXES GRAY'S GINTEWINE, large BOTTLES 20 cents, Small do, 25 cents.

12 BOTTLES Congress Water, in quart BOTTLES.

100 BOTTLES Sand's Epping's and Townsend's Sarsaparilla; 500.

Roswell's Tonic Mixture, Just received and for sale by FOX & CALDWELL.

SULPHATE OF QUININE, 100 BOTTLES for sale at \$1.75 per bottle by FOX & CALDWELL.

5,000 POUNDS WHITE LEAD in 1000 lbs. packages, at \$8.00 per hundred.

500 GALLONS LINED OIL, for sale by FOX & CALDWELL.

1,000 POUNDS BLUES FIRE, for sale by FOX & CALDWELL.

1,000 POUNDS BLUES FIRE, for sale by FOX & CALDWELL.