The North Carolina Whig.

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

VOLUME 5. CHARLOTTE, N. C., NOVEMBER 4, 1856. NUMBER 37.

THOMAS J. HOLTON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months; and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, fine sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents

SASH, DOOR & BLIND FACTORY,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

HAVING associated ourselves together for the purpose of carrying on the

CARPENTER AND JOINER'S BUSINESS

in all its branches, we take this method of informing the public that we are now ready to furnish Doors at short notice, in a superior manner. All kinds of Lumber ripped and jointed to order, at our Sash and Blind machine, in connection, which turns off Sash and Blinds in the most superior style. A supply of Sash of various sizes kept constantly on hand at reasonable prices.

☞ Orders from a distance for Sash or Blinds or any work in our line will be promptly attended to.

We have on hand and expect to keep a supply of the best Lumber the country affords.

Our shop is on the corner of College-street, Kestler's Methodist Church, where one of us can be seen at any time.

Have building in the latest style of work put up in the city, ready for use. We would invite the attention of the citizens of Charlotte to the above, hoping to receive a share of their patronage, with a determination on our part to do our work in the best manner, and dispatch our business.

RUDISILL & WHISNANT.

May 27, 1856. 14tf

☞ Thankful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon me by the citizens of Charlotte and the surrounding country heretofore, I ask a continuance of the same, feeling assured that no pains will be spared to please.

JONAS RUDISILL.

J. & E. B. Stowe,
MANUFACTURERS OF
COTTON GOODS & YARN,
Stowesville, Gaston county, N. C.,

HAVING opened a House for the sale of their Goods in Charlotte, invite all the citizens of Mecklenburg to visit their House. Their Goods are Cheap, and a call from buyers is respectfully solicited.

They also keep a good supply of

GROCERIES,

to which they continue to make additions.

JASPER STOWE.
E. B. STOWE.

Charlotte, April 1, 1856. 6tf

☞ Notice. ☜

PERSONS Owing accounts at the Charlotte Book Store, for the year 1855, must call and settle the first opportunity.

LOWRIE & ENNISS.

April 8, 1856. 7tf

☞ New Establishment. ☜

THE undersigned, having established himself permanently in Charlotte, intends carrying on the following branches of business, viz:

Silver Plating, Gun and Locksmithing, Bell Hanging; Silver, Brass and all similar Metal Work repaired; Composition Metal Inks and Boxes of the most durable kind made, and warranted to be superior to any other kind for Mill and Factory purposes.

All of the above branches I warrant to turn out in a workmanlike style.

☞ Orders at a distance that wish to have first work done, I will give particular attention to executing as soon as possible.

Terms of a distance will vary from time to time, as circumstances or others may direct, except the cash will have to be required and returned on the shortest time possible.

I would give any number of references as to workmanship, but I deem it unnecessary as I will let the work to speak for itself. So send on your work as soon as possible.

☞ JOBBING will be done.

Please give a call at my shop, opposite the Presbyterian Church.

JOHN M. MASON.

Charlotte, March 18, 1856. 4tf

Encourage this Knocking.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his thanks to those who favored him with a call during the last year, and he would respectfully inform the public that he has removed to the Shop lately occupied by Messrs. George & Alexander, adjoining Mr. J. Rudisill's Planing Mills where he is prepared to do work, and warrant it to be first rate, and work as low as any good work can be done in the State.

Turning, Cutting Screws, Repairing
BOILERS AND ENGINES
of all descriptions, casting and repairing
Mill Spindles, Wood Planers, Ploughs,
Ironing Wagons,
and in
HORSE-SHOEING, &c.,

I will compare work with any one for neatness, ease and dispatch. Interlocking shoes $1.25; common $1; cast steel shoes $2; steel plates $2.

☞ I have also created an Air Furnace for melting Brass, which answers finely. The public can get Brass and Composition Castings by calling at the above establishment and furnishing patterns. Also, Brass melted over at a reduced price, with neatness and dispatch.

☞ Old Copper and Brass wanted.

S. J. PERRY.

Jan. 8, 1856. 46tf

☞ Last Notice. ☜

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that all the Notes and Accounts of SPRATT & ALLISON—SPRATT, DANIEL & Co., and ALLISON & DANIEL, are transferred to the undersigned, for the benefit of the creditors of said firms respectively, and that they are in the hands of J. R. DANIEL, for immediate collection.—A longer indulgence cannot be given, as the debts must be paid.

JOHN ALLISON.
J. R. DANIEL.

Dec. 30, 1855. 13tf

Fair Notice.

THE Copartnership of MOORE & BYERLY has this day expired. All those indebted to the firm and wishing to save cost, are requested to come forward immediately and make settlement, as the Business of the firm must and shall be settled in a few days.

MOORE & BYERLY.

July 31, 1856. 24tf

Notice.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public generally, that he will continue the

Tinning Business

at the old stand, where all orders for work will be punctually attended to.

R. W. MOORE.

Aug. 1, 1856. 25tf

MANSION HOUSE,
SALISBURY, N. C.

THIS Establishment is conveniently situated to the New Court House and Rail Road Depot and every effort will be made by the proprietor to make all that may call on him comfortable while they stay.

☞ Remember the nearest Hotel to the Depot and Court House.

W. B. GRANT.

June 3, 1856. 13tf

☞ Notice. ☜

THE CHARLOTTE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY continues to take risks against loss by Fire on Houses, Goods, Produce, &c., at moderate rates.

☞ Office in Brawley's Building, upstairs.

DIRECTORS:

M. B. TAYLOR, *President.*
S. P. ALEXANDER, *Vice President.*
J. A. YOUNG,
J. H. WHITE,
J. H. CARSON,
C. OVERMAN,
A. C. STEELE, } *Executive Committee.*
J. H. WILSON, *Attorney.*
E. NYE HUTCHISON, *Secretary.*

Aug. 12, 1856. 25tf

Read This and Take Notice!

AS SURVIVING PARTNER of SPRINGS & WEDDINGTON, now I come up the business of Same firm. I therefore notify all indebted, either by Note or Book Account, most of Cheraw Creek or Rocky River Section, that longer indulgence will not be given. As the largest number of said Notes and Accounts have now stood too long unpaid, the shortest and quickest course will be pursued for their collection. Call at the Grocery Store of Spring & McLeod's, Charlotte, or at the Store on Rocky River, where the business will be continued, and settle the same forthwith.

LEROY SPRINGS,
Surviving Partner.

Charlotte, Aug. 5, 1856. 32tf

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

THOMAS TROTTER & SON have just received and will be regularly receiving additions to their choice stock of Watches, Jewelry, &c., comprising the most select, best and cheapest assortment ever offered in this place. Also, a rich assortment of

Fashionable Jewelry, Chains, &c.

All of which will be sold low for cash, or on short time to punctual dealers.

THOMAS TROTTER & SON.

Charlotte, June 17, 1856. 1

To the Merchants of Charlotte, and North Carolina generally.

WE call the attention of Merchants, that we are largely engaged in the

FORWARDING BUSINESS.

We measure every package consigned to us, to prevent over charges in Freight.

We do not demand upon our wagons to deliver our goods, but have the very best help, all exclusive, therefore no detention for workers.

Where persons contract with us for all their business, we will make terms very liberal without such contract, it is from 10 to 25 cents per package according to size and value.

Bills of Lading will after the 1st of July, follow the goods.

WYATT, STOGNER & LLOYD.
Charleston, So. Ca.

Refer to John Caldwell, Esq., President of the S. C. R. Road; Messrs. Lee & Co., Charleston.

June 17, 1856. 17—1Y

☞ Notice. ☜

IN CONSEQUENCE of having lost by the fire which occurred in this place, on the morning of the 27th of May last, various Notes and Claims against numerous persons in this and adjoining counties, which notes and claims, being the property of A. C. Steele, A. Brittain & Co., and others, which were placed in my hands for collection: All persons, therefore, against whom any of such claims are still running unsettled, are hereby notified, that unless they appear immediately and close up the same, by note or cash, I shall be compelled to file, forthwith, Bills in Equity, thereby subjecting such persons to additional and unnecessary costs.

S. W. DAVIS.

Charlotte, June 17, 1856. 1

Cotton Saw Gins.

THE Subscriber having purchased the GIN MAKING ESTABLISHMENT of Wm. Campbell, is prepared to sell COTTON SAW GINS made of the best materials, and put up in the best manner, with all necessary screws and screw nuts.

JAMES M. ELLIOTT,
Winnsboro, Fairfield Dist., S. C.

April 22, 1856. 9 6m

A. F. BREVARD,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
CONCORD, (CABARRUS CO.,) N. C.,

WILL attend to business committed to his care in Cabarrus and the adjoining counties.

February 5, 1856. 36tf

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

DR. R. M. CORR

WILL be pleased to receive Professional Calls in the departments of MEDICINE and SURGERY. Unless professionally absent, he may be found at his residence, Fort Mill Depot, York District, S. C.

Feb. 12, 1856. tf

BONDS *for the Delivery of Property,* FOR SALE HERE.

Deeds and Bonds for sale at this Office.

Poetry.

New York Dispatch.

A PRETTY LYRIC.

We'll part no more, Oh never!
Let ghosts as cold they brow,
Our hearts are joined forever
By a chain that can not sever,
Misfortune's clouds have vanished,
The Genius our bower join;
And every care is banished,
No more to come again.

Hope's star is brightly burning
Within its brilliant dome,
Also tells of joy returning
To cheer our rural home.
It shines through gloom to gladden,
Dispelling grief and care,
For naught to let or hinder
While it remaineth there.

'Mid flowery vales we'll wander,
And by the laughing stream,
Our bosoms growing fonder
'Neath Love's enchanting beam.
Or, yonder not reposing
In plenty, side by side,
Each morn fresh joys disclosing,
Through life we'll gently glide.

Miscellaneous.

From Peterson's National Magazine

THE COQUETTE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

CHAPTER II.

PAUL DENNING carried with him to his boyhood home a heart sick and weary.

He had wildly loved the beautiful and fascinating Mattie Archer; and the city belle, who counted her admirers by the name of "legion," had turned, for a time, from them all—and, awaking to the knowledge that she possessed a heart formed for better things than the idle butterfly life she was leading, had, in her encouragement of the young lawyer, been true to her better nature.

But it was for a brief season only. The life she had led had made Miss Archer too much of a coquette to receive exclusively for a length of time any man's attentions; other lovers must share her smiles; her better impulses were banished; and though she loved Denning better than any other on earth, yet her coquetties at times almost drove him mad with jealousy.

Matters stood thus when a new suitor—the wealthy Mr. Hunter just returned from the El Dorado of modern adventurers—appeared in society, and strove to win the fair belle. And the show and glitter of his almost fabulous wealth, his gay equipage, the dazzle of the jewels he could bestow upon her, and, still more, the command of her father, who stood on the verge of ruin, that she should bring him a son-in-law whose wealth would most effectually avert the impending crisis in his mercantile affairs—all these blinded her to the fact that she did not bestow one particle of love where she promised her hand.

Not until, in his desperation, Paul Denning sought her presence and demanded her love, did she awake. Then the struggle was wild and bitter; and yet, were she free again, she would not become his for *he was poor!* Her proud, worldly heart conquered; but her lips were white, which said,

"Paul Denning, I am Mr Hunter's promised wife. We have been friends—let us remain so still. I would not have our friendship broken."

With a bitter and proud retort that she was "free as air," he flung off the white hand, which, sparkling with costly gems, was laid appealingly upon his arm, said, huskily, "May the gold for which you sold yourself give you happiness!" and so they parted—he to his studies again, and she to superintend her bridal *trousseau.*

No one dreamed how in her bridal hour she took her marriage vows upon her with white lips; while her scorning angel stood by her side and worshiped,

"You have sold yourself to misery!" and her heart sanctioned it.

No one knew how much of suffering Paul Denning bore with him to the quietude of his country home, whither he had fled that he might not make one of the group who gathered with congratulations about the new made bride.

"It is enough! The spell is broken, and you are free!" he had scornfully exclaimed, in that moment when she had discarded him; and those words were true.

Had Mattie Archer, ere she took her marriage vows upon her, repented and pleaded for his love again, he would have told her and truly too, that he felt that love no longer. A feeling akin to scorn and pity for her who had proved herself so mercenary swayed him; but though his dream of love was over, his heart was aching yet, with that suffering which every one experiences that they *have* loved an unworthy object.

And then, heart sick and weary, his thoughts wandered back into the days of the past, where the bright sunlight of an earlier and purer affection flooded his whole being with a rosy light: the haunting gaze of tender eyes followed him reproachfully; and he knew that even as *he* had acted a falsehood, and wronged the trust of a gentle heart, he had been met and foiled with his own weapons, and the punishment which Mattie Archer's desertion had caused him was but just.

"Paul," said his favorite younger sister Lizzy, on the morning of the third day of his visit, "the Butlers give a party to-morrow night, and your worshipful presence is most respectfully solicited. I shall claim you for my exclusive escort."

"And so, in lieu of a more agreeable beau, my little Lizzy will accept the company of an old bach like me!" and fondly stroked his pet sister's sunny curls.

"Yes, indeed—but I forgot to mention that you will meet there a certain lady who may slightly shake your bachelor sentiments. She is an old acquaintance—and one whom I shall not object in the least to receive as a sister-in-law," said Lizzie, archly.

"An old acquaintance!—pray, who can she be?" queried Paul.

"Oh, never mind—I prefer to keep you in suspense! Meantime, coax your hair into curl, and trim your incipient *moustache*, for I want you to look your very best on the occasion," she replied, teazingly.

"Nay—but, Lizzy, I shall keep you prisoner here till you satisfy my curiosity," and Paul shut the door and stood with his back against it.

"Well, then," and Lizzy pouted—"open the door and I'll tell you. You have probably heard of little Mary Derwent?" and she bounded away.

A red flush tinged Denning's cheek and even dyed his forehead, and he walked the floor in agitation.

"Mary here!" he murmured; but why had that name power to move him thus, but that its owner had been, or was still very dear to him?

"Oh, don't look so horrow-stricken, sir lawyer," said Lizzy, putting her curly head through the half open door, "just as if we didn't know all about your flirtations with this Miss Poole. You recollect Kate Butler used to visit at Hanover, and of course she heard all about your 'college divinity,' and brought home the news. Of course you've corresponded with her ever since, and intend soon to make her Mrs. Paul Denning, *Esquire!*" and with a light laugh the mischievous little witch was gone.

"And who is Mary Derwent?" I hear asked.

Well, good reader mine, she was a gentle, blue-eyed, brown-haired girl—not beautiful by any means, but very pretty, graceful, and loveable withal—whom he had met in his old days of college life at Hanover—and where he had learned other lessons than those his *Alma Mater* taught, and conned a sweeter book—woman's heart.

In those days there had been many a May-day ramble through the forests, to gather bouquets of the pale pink and white arbutus, purple foxglove, and pale anemone,—many a long walk, after a long day's study, beneath the delicious summer moonlight—many a stroll in the autumn woods, when

"Ere in the Northern gale
The Summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on"—

and, under winter skies, cold, clear as steel, and sparkling with burning constellations, there had been the gay sleigh-ride, and merry singing-school—and in all these had little Mary Derwent been Paul Denning's companion.

There had been many a tender pressure of the hand, purchance a stolen kiss, at the gate of her father's house; and a new light sparkled in the gentle Mary's blue eyes, and a richer bloom tinted her delicate cheek those days, for she was taking her first degree in that heart love which every woman, at some future period of her life, acquires.

Time passed, and Paul Denning graduated. There was a long walk that starlit August evening; and though no love-vows were uttered, they were implied in the long, lingering, tender farewell; and Mary went to her blissful dreams, and he to the eager world-strife.

Three years went by, and they had met but twice during that time—once at her home, and once at the house of a mutual friend where Mary visited, in the city where he was pursuing his profession, but a correspondence had kept alive the old regard.

When they parted in the city—Mary to return to her country home—Paul had seized an opportunity to whisper tenderly, "In spring, Mary, I shall have completed my profession and established myself—in spring I shall see you again—then——" but, though the sentence was unfinished, the loving and trusting girl's heart understood what remained unsaid. And happy dreams came to her as she laid her head upon her pillow that night. And how were those dreams fulfilled?

Alas, for Paul Denning's vows! The meek-eyed spring came and passed—but, panting summer died in the embrace of stalwart autumn—winter was born, grew old hoary, and wore a shroud of snows to its down and die in—and still he came not. Poor Mary Derwent!

And all the while the forgetful lover was basking in the smiles of the city belle, with never a thought for her who had so counted upon his words and promises—until in that hour when the new love, mocking, fled and then his heart stretched forth its tendrils for the old.

And there, where his gay sister left him, Paul Denning stood long silent. Mary Derwent was near him—and they should, they *must* meet! And how. Would she, neglected as she had been, receive him with the gentle regard of olden days? or, calling her wrongs to memory, would she scorn him as he felt he deserved? His conscience whispered that he had acted ungenerously, unfairly, madly.

The morrow evening came; and in a crowded apartment they stood side by side. Mary Derwent was slightly pale, but there was no agitation in her manner; her hand trembled not as it met his; her voice wavered not as she greeted him; her blue-veined eyelids drooped not, and no blush dyed her cheek.

She neither avoided or sought his presence, and her whole demeanor was calm and composed; she betrayed no sign that they had ever met before, nor once referred to the past. He could not fathom it; he knew not that she had called her woman's pride to her aid, and her heart was forcing back the memories which, spite of herself, would rise before her.

The evening passed gayly—the party was over—Lizzie Denning, despite her brother-escort, had departed homeward with another favored *cavalier*—and Paul, lingering, found the opportunity he so desired, a minute's conversation with Mary Derwent alone in the hall.

All his love had revived tenfold; looking upon her delicate, gentle face, he wondered how he had ever permitted himself to bend at another shrine; and by a bold stroke he resolved to win her.

"Mary, darling! you have *not* forgotten the old times?" he said, in a rapid and tender whisper as he stood beside her—and he passed his arm caressingly around her, and would have touched her white forehead with his lips.

In an instant, like a frightened fawn, but with tender emotions rippling all over her averted face, she sprang from his embrace.

"Mary, one kiss—I beseech!" he exclaimed, passionately.

"I cannot!" she replied.

"By the memory of our old friendship!"

"For that very reason I ought not!" she said, tremblingly.

"By our old *love!*" he pleaded.

"No! that could not have been love which was so easily transferred to *another*," she replied, proudly.

Denning's cheek flushed.

"Listen, Mary. I have played the fool—the villian—but you alone are dear to me now. Hear me, I beseech of you."

"Your vows have been spoken to another *too lately* for *me* to hear them now. Paul, Paul, I will not reproach you, but I cannot listen!" and in another instant he was alone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHATHAM COAL AND IRON.—We have been informed that Mr. Haughton, of Chatham sold his plantation on Deep River the other day for the handsome sum of ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH, to an English Company. Mr. Temple Unthank also sold his plantation in the immediate vicinity for *ten thousand dollars* to the same company. The first named tract is supposed to be underlaid with bituminous coal of the very best quality. The Unthank tract contains an inexhaustible bed of the best magnetic iron ore. The company that made this purchase, we are gratified to learn, have already commenced the erection of the necessary buildings, furnaces and machinery for the manufacturing of Iron on an extensive scale. When the value of Deep River is brought into direct and certain communication with the great markets of the world by the completion of the works of Internal Improvement now under way, it is bound to become the garden spot of the old North State, the paradise of the whole world. This good reader is no delusion—but prophecy—that is bound by the nature of circumstances—and fate itself, to be shortly fulfilled.—*Greensboro Times.*

SNOW.—Our citizens were surprised to find, on going out yesterday morning, a considerable coating of snow on the tops of the houses. We learn that it snowed nearly all night, and but for the rain the ground would have been covered to the depth of several inches. Fires and overcoats have thus been brought into early requisition.—*Lynchburg Virginian of Tuesday.*

PLACE FOR THE POSTAGE STAMP.—Let all remember the upper right hand corner of a letter is the proper place for the postage stamp. By placing it there it saves the postmaster much time and trouble.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20.

The coroner's jury on the McIntyre homicide rendered a verdict that the wound which produced death was inflicted by some person unknown.

From our Correspondent.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 23, 1856.

This has been the Milliner's gala day on King street, about a dozen of the largest establishments in that line all advertised to open their fall stocks to day. This lords of creation was voted out of this great mart of fashionable shopping for this day, in order that hoops, whalebones and flounces might enjoy the monopoly for one day in the year, free from the contact with masculine small clothes. The quality, quantity and variety of French Millinery that will meet the wondering gaze of the fair daughters of Charleston to day will be perfectly dazzling, bewildering and astounding, and will be sensibly felt through all the pocket nerves of many a fond husband doating upon a *dear* wife.

The Hon. Richard Yeadon, senior Editor and proprietor of the Charleston Courier, returned home yesterday from his summer tour North where he has been spending the summer in drinking Saratoga water, writing poetry and fighting abolitionists and black Republicans. He was met at the depot and tendered the hospitalities of the city by a large concourse of friends, admirers and fellow citizens. Last night he entertained a select party of his friends at his hospitable mansion on Wentworth street and I am told they had quite a merry time of it. He received, at the late election, the highest vote ever polled for a representative from Charleston, which was done politically as a compliment to him for carrying the war into Africa, and bearding the lion of black republicanism in his den. He will probably give a "blow out" to the press in a short time which will doubtless be a "grand gloomy and peculiar" affair, with all "gloomy" left out.

The yellow fever, that fearful scourge of the South, has at last left us, there not having been a death for the last two days. The Board of health have concluded to discontinue their daily reports on account of the want of material out of which to make them. It was expected that the continued cool weather with which we have been favored for some week past would have a happy effect upon the health of the city. That hope has now been realized, and we are once more free from the epidemic, which has been very mild, it is true, but which has done much injury to the fall trade. Every thing indicates the approach of cold weather, and every preparation is being made in the way of coal, fire wood and winter clothing. Millar's Almanac and the "Busy Bee" both speak of much frost, ice and snow, which are rather uncommon visitors here even in the winter months. It would be acting the part of prudence to hope for the better and prepare for the worst.

Some sensation has lately been created in the mercantile and commercial circles by the defalcation and elopement of a free colored barber of some property and reputation, known as F. C. Revels, and the proprietor of a flashy ten cent establishment attached to the Calder House. I took a peep into his tonsorial saloon a few days since, where sweet memories of the past still linger, and I pronounced it as fine and well furnished an establishment as I ever saw. He became involved in an amount larger than he could pay, and promised to settle up by giving leg heat in the form of a running account, leasing a large number of creditors in the lurch. Revels has certainly acted badly, and deserves censure, but he has only imitated his superiors on a small scale. If he could have failed for $100,000, it would have made a hero of him for life, and after death he would have been canonized. Such is the stuff that our corporations are made of in this day of fine women, fast men and blooded horses.

The interneciene war which was lately being waged between the rival republics of Mount Pleasant and Sullivan's Island, has been "honorably adjusted" in the language of the code of honor. The excitement and interest caused by the late election—swallowed up and buried in oblivion the minor differences of this Lilliputian war, which had well nigh terminated in serious results, and might have involved the city and the state, in all the horrors of civil war. The leaders of the two parties known as "Punchinello" and "See Wee," met in single combat like David and Goliath, and settled the vexed question of superiority, the former who was the champion of the Island coming off victorious.

Charles Macbeth, Esq. was yesterday elected Recorder, or Judge of the city court, vice Judge Rice who is incapacitated from continued ill health. Mr. Macbeth is a profound lawyer and an able advocate, and will no doubt discharge the duties of his office with even a greater degree of satisfaction and ability than did his predecessor—Judge Rice has held the office for many years, but for some months past he has been in declining health, and is now confined to his bed, with but little prospect of ever rising again.

The meeting of the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for South Carolina commences its session at Yorkville on the 19th of November. I had promised myself the pleasure of a flying trip up to my old home at that time, and if I can make it convenient I may pass up as far as Charlotte. It would afford me much pleasure to see my old friends and acquaintances at both places, but as I have not the command of my own time, I may not be able to leave my office business.

ASHLEY.

DEATH OF A SEXTON OFFICIATING AT A FUNERAL.—On Wednesday last, Mr John Hall, the sexton and undertaker connected with Rev. Dr. Lunt's church in Quincy, died suddenly while driving a horse to a funeral. He was 56 years of age, and it is supposed the cause of death was an affection of the heart. As he was riding along it was noticed that his hat fell from his head to the ground, and that he appeared insensible of the fact; this circumstance caused some one to approach him, when he was found to be perfectly lifeless, though he sat erect and rigid, holding the reins with a firm grasp.—*Boston Post.*

MR. FILLMORE AT HOME.

Mr. Yeaden, editor of the Charleston Courier, who recently called upon Mr Fillmore at his home in Buffalo, writes to his journal the following pleasant description of the incidents of the visit:

THE HON. MILLARD FILLMORE.

"A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

Soon after my arrival at Buffalo, and I had properly stowed myself and luggage at the American Hotel, I despatched to Mr. Fillmore, who dwelt not far off, by a civil and kind Irish waiter, my card, enclosed in an envelope stamped with the image or "counterfeit presentment" of that distinguished and truly constitutional and patriotic statesman. Immediately after dinner he called on me, and after some friendly converse, invited me to take tea and spend the evening with him. I gladly accepted the invitation, telling him that my only object in taking Buffalo, in my way to Niagara, was to see *him* and shake *his honest* hand. At the appointed time, 6 o'clock, P. M., I repaired to Mr. Fillmore's residence. He lives in a neat and commodious, but unambitious wooden dwelling of two stories in Delaware street, with every indication of comfort, modest elegance, and good taste about it, yet without any show of either ostentation or wealth. His circumstances are, I believe moderate, but easy, a wise and yet liberal economy ruling in his domestic and household arrangements. The drawing room was neatly and tastefully furnished, and adorned with several fine family portraits and other beautiful paintings, one of which, "the removal of Christ from the Cross, after the Crucifixion," is a copy from Rubens celebrated original, in the Cathedral at Milan, and was a present to Mrs. Fillmore in her lifetime by an European gentleman.

In manliness of form, and in manly beauty, in well proportioned stature, limbs and bulk, in fine frontal development, intelligent and benevolent physiognomy, and in ease, grace and kindness of manner, Mr. Fillmore is one of the finest specimens, physically and specially, of the *genus homo*, that it has ever been my lot to meet with, either in Europe or America. Goodness and humanity seem to pervade his whole manner, to emanate from his countenance, and they certainly find utterance in his gentle and engaging tones—and integrity, public and private, reigns in his heart of hearts. He is wholly above intrigue, trick or deception, and is that *rara avis in terris*, an honest politician and statesman, acting with a single heart, his country's good. Of all statesmen of the present era, he may justly be most closely conformed to the school and the model of the illustrious and pure minded Washington.

At Mr. Fillmore's, in addition to his son and himself, I met Horace H. Day, Esq., of New York city, (a gentleman, who, judging from the elegance and finesse of his conversation, is quite *Horn* tion in its habitudes and tastes) and Elam R. Jewett, Esq., former editor of the Buffalo Advertiser, two warm political and personal friends of Mr. Fillmore, and exceedingly intelligent and agreeable gentlemen. The areopagus and ladies of the tea-table soon claimed our devoirs, and I was then presented first to Miss Fuller, a relative, and then to Mrs. Fuller, her mother, who entered the room afterwards; the young lady doing the honors and hospitalities of the occasion with easy grace. The meal was a social and cheerful one, without formalities or embarrassing ceremonies, every one being made to feel perfectly at home, in the enjoyment of both the physical and the colloquial feast.

The social tea having been thus pleasantly despatched, the gentlemen returned to the drawing room, and there we resumed and continued, with unflagging zest and interest, our colloquial discourse, on political and other subjects, until past 10 o'clock, P. M., when I retired, my host pressing for a longer stay. It would not be proper to lift the curtain of private life, and make public the converse of the parlor; but I may say, without any violation of social propriety, that I regard the evening spent with Mr. Fillmore and his friends, as one to be marked with a white feather in my life. I may add that he and his friends were confident of carrying, in the coming election N. York, Maryland, Delaware and Tennessee, with strong hopes of Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Kentucky, California, and with no despair of Virginia and several other States, especially since Ex Governor Floyd's declaration, (in his speech at the New York Merchants' Exchange,) as one sure to be chosen a Democratic Presidential Elector for his own State, that a compromise or fusion should take place between the Buchanan and Fillmore parties, in order to defeat the Southern renegade, and that he stood ready, if necessary, to cast his electoral vote for Mr Fillmore, and that the democracy of his State would back him in so doing. I repeat to you that Fillmore stock is on the rise, and that rapidly; and it need not surprise you should the Buffalo prove an animal of such speed and bottom combined as to beat the old Race of Pennsylvania and the Pathfinder of nowhere in the Pennsylvania race.

I have the satisfaction of being able to state on Mr. Fillmore's own authority, from his own lips, that he is against repealing the Nebraska Act, or restoring the Missouri Compromise line, and is utterly opposed to any further agitation of the slavery question and for restoring harmony and giving permanent repose and peace to our now distracted country. He agreed, too, with me that he and Buchanan at the North were ugging each other's teeth, and were waging common war against the common enemy that were seeking to poison our political life with the serpent and destructive element of political treasonism.

I took leave of the noble, the conservative, the constitutional, the patriotic Ex-President, who was true to the South, to the Union, and to the Constitution, when a slaveholder had proved a broken reed, and who seems commissioned by Providence to save the commonwealth from impending evil, strife and confusion. His course there was such as to compel me to be a reader and his investitures now with the Presidential